

As any tempted down for Eastern pearls or gold.

## IV.

Creeping upon them over stones and weed,  
(Rough road indeed!)

I see how bright their eyes, their black hair shine,

Their forms how fine,  
Well-built as antique bronzes, every limb  
Polished and slim,

And hard as smooth-worn granite off which slide

Spray, wave, and tide.  
But when one sees me, straight they all  
desist—

Up like a mist  
They rise, and (drifted in on grassy shelves)  
The mocking elves  
Laugh as, in cracks and crannies finger-  
wide,

Secure they hide.  
And thence by devious routes and dark they  
fare

To headlands bare,  
Where met again, in denser troops they  
throng

The ways along,  
And one, the last, your form and face as-  
sumes

As morning blooms,  
Growing upon me as the morning grows;  
But ere the sun has risen she, too, goes.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Century Magazine.

"A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet." SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY by any other name would be just as good. Names do not make magazines, but magazines give significance to names. That which the reading world has come to regard with affection as SCRIBNER, is what the name represents to them in literature and art. We wholly sympathize with them in this sentimental regard for the name, and wish it were never to be dropped, for it means more to us than it ever could mean to a subscriber and reader; but the reasons for the change are imperative, and we do not propose to indulge in weak regrets over the inevitable. We propose, instead, to give the new name a hearty welcome, and to determine that it shall mean more to the public than the old one ever did.

It becomes us just here—and we do it with great heartiness—to acknowledge the universal and long-continued kindness of both the American and the British press toward our enterprise. They have from the beginning recognized the earnestness of our purpose, and the genuineness of our achievements, both in literary and pictorial art. The reception of our work in America was not so much to be wondered at, perhaps, but the practical recognition of the merits of the magazine in Great Britain has been as surprising as it has been gratifying. We have received from the English the most generous treatment—from the press, the publishers, the book-sellers, and the people, and it is a great pleasure to greet them as a constituent part of the audience which we address in this article.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE begins its career from a high vantage-ground. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY started eleven years ago without a subscriber. THE CENTURY starts with virtually one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. The former was begun without experience, and with everything to learn; the latter lifts its

fresh ensign upon a field of conquest. The former was obliged to go out among the men and women of letters and ask for contributions, which, in many instances, were doubtfully or questioningly rendered; the latter is overwhelmed with voluntary offers of the best material from the best pens. The former sought in vain among artists and engravers for such illustrations as would satisfy its wants and realize its ideal; the latter begins with all the talent at its command which SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY helped to discover and develop. It is not boasting to assert our belief that in every department of the work of an illustrated popular magazine there never existed so skillful, accomplished, and effective a corps of artistic and literary workers as are grouped around THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to-day as it starts out upon its most promising career. It has the men and women and it has the capital it needs for the success it desires and fully intends to deserve and achieve.

We raise a new flag to-day, but it represents the same things and practically the same men that the old one represented. The same business manager is at the front, and the same editorial force controls and directs the pages of the magazine that has been upon them from the beginning. The same man directs the art department who made SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY famous as a reformer in the arts of designing and wood-engraving. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was the child of experiment; THE CENTURY is the offspring of experience.

We emphasize the new step by beginning what we call a new series. We mean by this phrase simply the embodiment of a fresh effort for excellence. We intend that THE CENTURY shall be a better magazine than SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ever was, and that the new series shall present so marked an improvement over that which preceded it that the new name shall not shine in a reflected glory, but shall acquire a sig-

nificance entirely its own. It was many years, for instance, before SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY thoroughly grasped and adopted the scheme for presenting, as the best of all magazine material, the elaborate discussion of living practical questions. This kind of discussion will have special prominence in the new series. It is a new business for a popular literary magazine, and one in which there is great promise for the country. Another feature of the new series will be popular studies of history. We made only one attempt at this in the first series, and we know better how to manage it now. There is nothing that opens before us now more attractive than this field of illustrated historical research and representation. These two features of themselves would warrant us in denominating the future numbers of the magazine a new series, but we aim to make every department so fresh and excellent as to deserve the distinction.

We trust our readers will pardon us if we indulge in a little sentiment to-day. The men who devise and carry on the important enterprises of the world grow weary after a time, and die. We look back upon the work and the achievements of the past eleven years, that have been so full of interest and so fruitful of results, and rejoice that we and our companions have had the privilege of establishing an agency so powerful in the molding of public opinion, and the elevation of public sentiment, as a widely circulated magazine. It has been a great privilege to meet monthly a million men and women in these pages, and to speak to them of morals, religion, politics, literature, and life, and to present to them some of the choicest offerings of prose and verse that the genius of the country can produce. For many years we hope to meet the readers of THE CENTURY in a constantly increasing circle, with better gifts in our hands, but we know that the time must come when we must cease from labor, and relinquish our work to other and younger hands. We envy these coming men their great and interesting future. It is not likely that this magazine will ever change its name again. Its life, which is the product of a great multitude of lives, is likely to go on for years, perhaps for centuries, so that those who are now children will both produce and read the magazine which receives to-day what will doubtless be its final name. So we are able to give to it a persistence of life which we cannot retain for ourselves. If we fail to do this, it will not be for lack of effort to that end. May THE CENTURY MAGAZINE "live long and prosper," and may it be met with the hearty good-will with which it greets the public to-day!

#### The Contingency of "Inability."

WHILE President Garfield's life was trembling in the balance, there were, of course, strong considerations which made against the assumption of presidential duty by the Vice-President,—but there can be no question that the contingency which the Constitution names as the basis of such an assumption existed during this whole period. It was a genuine case of "inability." Why was not the Vice-President engaged in the performance of his duty during this period? We suppose, in the first place, that such an assumption of duty might have had a depressing effect upon the President, and so might have hindered his recovery. There would have been abundant pop-

ular sympathy with this view, and there is doubtless a great multitude of people who would have regarded this assumption of a plain duty as indelicate and inconsiderate, under the circumstances. The real difficulty, however, was farther back than this, and it is time it were fully discussed and understood.

The American people have regarded the Vice-President as one who formed no part of an administration, but only as one chosen to take a dead President's place, and to have no important function except in the contingency of death. In all respects he is regarded as a possible President, and not as one who forms any part of any administration, except when, by the death of the President, he comes into an administration of his own. For instance, or illustration, we saw Vice-President Arthur operating at Albany in the interest of an enemy of the administration, so little did he regard himself as having any identification with the interests of the President elected with him on the same ticket, by the same votes. If Vice-President Arthur had been a member of the Government, with a seat in the Cabinet, he could not possibly have made this signal blunder. And here is the difficulty. We have made the Vice-President the President of the Senate, so as to give him something to do, but there is not the slightest natural relation between his office of Vice-President and the Senate. Where he belongs is in the Cabinet. We know of no way in which he can be identified with the Government, except by giving him a voice in its counsels, and were this done, it would be easy for him to preside in the absence or inability of the President. We do not have any trouble of this kind with the Lieutenant-Governor of a State, or with the vice-president of a corporation. The latter would not think of electing a new board of directors as a preliminary to his engaging in presidential duties, in case of the absence or sickness of the president. Then why must our vice-presidential function be so clumsy a matter?

If our Vice-Presidents, upon assuming presidential duties, had not taken on the idea that they must revolutionize everything, and have a cabinet of their own choosing, and if the politicians and the people did not expect them to do it, we should have less difficulty. We elect a President, and he chooses his advisers and organizes a government. This is exactly what the people have elected him to do. He is the prime favorite and the trusted leader of his party, and it is this government of which the Vice-President should be a member, and over which he should be called upon to preside whenever his superior may be disabled. On the death of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson declared that he "did not propose to administer upon the estate of Abraham Lincoln." It was his way of saying that he was not, and had never been, a part of the Government under Lincoln—that he did not approve his policy, and did not propose to continue it. We all know how little he won to his own reputation by his changes, and how little the country had reason to rejoice in them.

Now it seems to us that there ought not to have been any formal meeting of the Cabinet after the President was shot, without Vice-President Arthur in the chair. If there were no formal meetings, on account of the absence of the President, then there undoubtedly ought to have been. It ought to be easy

for a Vice-President to take the President's place. We do not know how it ever can be, unless in some way the Vice-President is identified with the Government, and we do not see how he can be identified with the Government unless he has a seat in its deliberations. It has been a great mistake to separate the Vice-President from all administrative functions. We see no reason why it is not just as proper to give him a vote in the Cabinet as a casting vote in the Senate. One is certainly no more arbitrary than the other, while the reasons for attaching him to, and identifying him with, the Government, far outweigh all that can be urged for retaining him as President of the Senate. It has always been a curse to the country—this maintenance of separate interests and separate ambitions on the part of those holding the vice-presidential office. Hitherto, those who, through the death of the President, have come into the presidential office, have been, without an exception, failures. They have undertaken to institute a policy and government of their own, and to make their administrations widely different from those of their predecessors. What John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson did, the country is only too familiar with. They disgraced themselves, and damaged the country. If they had all simply undertaken to "administer upon the estates" of their predecessors, they would have achieved a sweet renown, but they set themselves up as wiser men, of a divergent or opposing policy, and miserably failed.

By making our Vice-Presidents members of the Government, they would not only be ready to assume presidential functions without a jar, in case of "inability" on the part of the President, but they would find themselves so thoroughly *en rapport* with the Government, in case of the President's death, that they would not be tempted to make fools of themselves by establishing a new government. There ought to be some way devised for securing an end so devoutly to be desired, and now is the time to devise and enact it. Wise men and good legislators ought to find some way of identifying the Vice-President with the administration of his own party and time. It would save the country from infinite trouble and loss. If President Garfield could have trustfully and confidently laid all his responsibilities upon Mr. Arthur's shoulders, from the time he was shot, it would have done more for his recovery than anything else we can think of.

#### Public Spirit.

THERE is no point at which personal meanness betrays itself so strongly and surely as it does when brought into relation to schemes of public improvement. Set a subscription paper going through a community, to raise money for some public object, and it will usually sift out the mean men as certainly as a screen will sift the dust from a bushel of coal. We have a great many men who are not stingy with their families, who are by no means parsimonious, yet who have insuperable objections to giving away anything that does not minister directly to their personal comfort or gratification. A church is wanted, or a public library, or a park, or something else for the common benefit, and the want and the effort to meet it furnish a very reliable test of the character of those appealed to. We have rich men

in every community so notoriously stingy, and so unfriendly to all schemes of public improvement, that they are not even approached for a contribution. On the other hand, we have men in every community who have what we call "public spirit." Nothing that can minister to the general good ever receives a cold welcome from them, or a niggardly response to its appeal.

Very few men are so stolidly selfish that they cannot see that membership in a family involves certain duties toward the family—support, protection, mutual assistance. The head of a family—no matter how selfish and stingy he may be—recognizes the fact that he owes to that family shelter, sustenance, clothing, education, etc. Very few, too, fail to see that, as citizens, they owe certain duties to the town they live in, to the state, to the nation. They pay their taxes, and expect to pay them. It cannot be said that they always do this willingly or honestly, but they know that they must pay something for the laws that protect them, for the roads that give them passage across the country, and for the support of the Government. As heads of families and citizens of the state, they apprehend the fact that they owe duties whose fulfillment costs money. What is necessary beyond this is that they should see that membership in a social community involves duties just as really and distinctly as family ties or citizenship. No man can belong to a social community—as all men do who are not hermits—without having imposed upon him a great many duties. He owes it to that community to make it, so far as he can, intelligent, comfortable, respectable. There is no wise scheme of improvement to which he does not owe his support and encouragement; and he cannot turn his back upon any such scheme without a failure in the offices of good neighborhood, or without convicting himself of a mean selfishness that is disgraceful to him, and to the family and town to which he belongs.

There is another aspect of this matter which goes to intensify the meanness of treating niggardly the various schemes of public improvement. As there are some who will not do their duties, there are others who, in consequence of this delinquency, are compelled to do more than their duty, and often more than they can afford to do. With a profound sense of the public need and a warm desire to fill that need, they are impelled to do more than their part, and are thus made, through the failure of others, to suffer hardship. There are such men as these, thank heaven! in every community, else civilization would suffer or stand still. Now, the meanness of making these large-hearted and free-handed men carry more than their share of social duty, and bear more than their share of the public burden, is utterly disgraceful to those who are selfish and inconsiderate enough to indulge in it. It is of the same character as covering up one's property to avoid taxation, thus forcing honest men to pay more than their share for the support of the state. A man who can be guilty of it could hardly be trusted alone in the room with the coppers that close the lids of his dead mother's eyes. This shirking one's part in the burdens of society, and virtually forcing what one owes out of other pockets, is about as un-

manly a thing as can be conceived. How much better than thieving it is, we leave those guilty of it to ascertain.

If we could reach the young men of the land just starting out in life, we would adjure them to assume from the first every public burden, and carry it manfully to the end. The dodging of public burdens cannot be indulged in without introducing dry-rot into character, or without damaging reputation. To fail in his social obligations injures a man's self-respect, and reduces fearfully the respect in which he is held by the community. Of course it injures his influence, and it ought to do so. A man who cannot be relied upon to do his part in a community, can have no voice in shaping the life of that community. He can only carry the force of a mean example, and be a drag and a disgrace instead of an uplifting influence. One of the first things a young man should do in entering actively upon life is to ascertain what he can do to make things better around him. It is not necessary for him to wait to be invited. If the people see that he is helpful and ready to work, room will quickly be made for him. At least, let him never consent to be a beneficiary, or take and use what others have given without adding anything to the common stock. Occupying a free pew in church and paying nothing for what costs somebody something, by those who are not helplessly and hopelessly poor, is disgraceful and demoralizing to the last degree.

#### Communication.

A WORD TO THE FRIENDS OF AMERICA ABROAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I should like to say a word, through your columns, to the friends of America abroad. Recent events have brought shame to our own citizens and discouragement to those in England and elsewhere

who watch with interest and sympathy the course of affairs in the United States. But, in point of fact, the Conkling scandal, with its ghastly companion—the assassination,—these events are not evidences of decadence, but rather the incidents of reform; just as, twenty years ago, our civil war and its companion tragedy of assassination were not, as some supposed, the evidences of retrogression and downfall, but rather the incidents of progress.

Within our first century we have established a free state, and, at enormous cost, have cured the community of its deadliest elements of disintegration—namely, slavery and the spirit of sectionalism. After this work was accomplished, the minds of all thinking men were fixed upon the necessity of purifying and in some ways remodeling the Government itself. If this new reform can be brought about at any time within our second century, the United States may then be said to have amply fulfilled the just expectations of those who are interested in the experiment of a free republican government in the New World.

Our first reform, when the evil itself was blacker and apparently more hopeless of cure, cost us a civil war and the life of a President. In our second and less difficult reform a President has been sacrificed, while the war has been one only of "politics," therefore more ignoble and narrow in its methods and its field.

Nearly a hundred years had to go by before slavery was abolished; but so rapid is now the march of events that the spoils-system gives promise of perishing within a few decades from the beginning of the agitation against it.

Even after this reform is accomplished, much will remain to be done to make our political and social life all that could be wished. Meanwhile, we can truly say to our "kin beyond sea" that this is not the time to despair of the Republic. Very truly yours,

G.

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## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Hints to Horseback Riders.

NOT a little of the comfort and safety of the rider depends on the excellence of the paraphernalia of his turn-out. To secure a good saddle, one should deal only with a first-class maker. The trees of saddles have to be thoroughly seasoned, as in riding a great strain is on the horn of the saddle. Twenty years is the usual length of time necessary for seasoning. London houses keep their stock labeled with the date of placing in store, so that the trees made in 1861 are now going into use. There is no saddle safer for horse and rider than a perfectly plain, well-built English hunting-saddle. When we say rider, we mean men and women, boys and girls. A saddle, to be safe, must fit horse and rider; a tall person should ride in a long, narrow saddle, to enable the grip of the knees to be firm; a short and stout person requires a rather square, short-seated saddle. Without a feeling of comfort there can

be no grace in the saddle, and an ungraceful rider had better walk. Every saddle should be fitted for three-buckled girths. Those known as the "Fitz William" girth are the proper sort. A pair consists of one wide girth furnished with two buckles on either end, and a second, narrower girth, provided with one buckle on either end. These three buckles take three stout straps firmly nailed to the tree of the saddle. A lady's saddle, to be safe, should be fitted with a hunting stirrup. This make of stirrup is unique; it is an ordinary burnished steel stirrup, in the eye of which is sewn the stirrup-leather; the leather passes over an iron runner on the near side of the saddle and is buckled into another leather strap about two inches wide, and long enough to pass under the horse, directly over the girths, and buckle on the off side to another short strap sewn on an iron runner. This adjustment enables a horsewoman to shorten or lengthen her own stirrup, even at a fair rate of speed.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

[We print below two editorials, entitled "The Lesson of the Year" and "Poverty as a Discipline," written by Doctor Holland for the December number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. That on "Poverty as a Discipline" is unfinished and unrevised, but we print it just as it was written, adding a quotation from President Garfield, of which Doctor Holland intended to make use.]

### The Lesson of the Year.

THE assassination of President Garfield was, without question, the most impressive event of the year, and one of the most impressive that has occurred within the memory of men now living. Never, perhaps, from so small a motive was a man struck down from so high a place. All the accompaniments of his death were impressive in the most profound degree.

The open attack upon his life; his long suffering, borne with heroic patience; the intense interest in the progress of his illness felt all over the civilized world; his removal to the ocean amid the hushed hearts and voices of millions of men; his death and burial amid symbols of mourning that blackened a continent and even darkened the air across the sea; the unprecedented expressions of grief and sympathy that came from other governments and peoples,—all contributed to make this death of our chief magistrate one of the most striking events of history. There are some points of this great tragedy which may profitably be recalled, with reference to the lesson they convey, and we propose to do this here.

First, we suppose it is true that there was never so much and such earnest prayer offered for one man's life as was offered, during his illness, for that of the President. And it did not avail anything. Let us have a word about this. The people did not know that they were praying for a dead man. There was undoubtedly never a moment, from the time the President was shot until he died, that he could have been saved without the performance of a miracle, and this was not prayed for. The people did not dream of asking for the performance of a miracle. They would have presumed to ask for nothing more than the illumination of the minds of those who had the President in their care and under their treatment, and for the forwarding of all those processes of healing established by nature and exercised within an organization not injured beyond the possibility of restoration. There is no doubt that many of the earnest petitioners for the President's cure were disappointed, and received a shock to their faith, on the denial of their prayers; and to these so much, at least, as this ought to be said: the earnest prayers of a great nation that turned unitedly to God in its distress are certain of an answer.

In the first place, the universal turning of the eyes Godward for help is an invaluable good in itself. The death of the President, or, rather, his long dying, was the cause of the revivification of the relig-

ious life of the country. Men were taught to pray by their great desire and their conscious helplessness. What every Christian man is bound to believe and assert is that all this tide of earnest prayer shall return to the nation in blessings equivalent to that which was sought. How this sad event has unified the national feeling! How can we be sufficiently grateful for this? The North and South came nearer together over the coffin of the lamented President than they had done since the war. It is quite possible that death has accomplished this much-desired result more surely than life would have done.

When the assassination took place we were in the beginnings of a fierce factional strife, instituted to break down the President's power. How far this strife would have gone in breaking the influence of the Administration we can never know, of course, but we can see that the prime mover in this most inexcusable factional strife has been politically slain, and that he who proposed to control the Senate of the United States, the Administration, and his own State, could make no headway against a dying man.

If he ever enter politics again, it will not be as dictator to his party, but as a humble and loyal servitor. If this death of the President shall serve, in any notable degree, to kill the power of the political machine, as represented by such men as Roscoe Conkling, he will not have died in vain, and the people who prayed for the President's life will have received a large installment of the equivalent of that life.

Again, the foreign participation in the profound interest excited by this calamity was a great good, not easily to be measured in all its relations and bearings. President Garfield was a man of the people, who rose, by sheer force of genius and character, to the highest place a human being can occupy. He was not the tool of a party. He had not sought the place to which he was elected. He was thoroughly educated for any political position, and he became President because he was our best man.

These facts had come to be recognized all over Europe, so that when he was stricken down the shock was felt from highest to humblest, from the heads of governments to the lowest of their peoples. The expressions of grief and sympathy that came from all these were an honor alike to the great Republic, and to the manhood which that Republic, in harmony with its ideal standards and theories, had elevated to its highest place. The death of the President has turned the hearts of the nations to us as no other event has done during the last century, so that his months of suffering may have won for us more than a life of service would have done.

A most valuable part of the lesson conveyed by the President's death relates to the vice-presidential office. It is devoutly to be hoped that Vice-President Arthur will follow loyally in the footsteps of his great predecessor. If he shall do so, we may practically have our President with us during the period of this Administration, so that we shall be deprived of no great

bleeding by his death. The Being to whom we prayed so earnestly could not give us back a life destroyed, but he could, and we believe He will, perpetuate its influence through the term of the President's successor. Still we have had a great scare, and the circumstances from which it rose are not likely to be repeated. This one lesson we have learned—that the nomination of a vice-president by a party convention is no light matter. Such a nomination is never to be made to satisfy a faction, or to oil the wheels of a party machine. Just as much care should be taken to get a first-class man for the second place on the ticket as for the first. No man ever took the presidential chair with a fairer prospect of long life than President Garfield, but he was no proof against the assassin's bullet, and his work passed over to a man who began his term of office without the slightest expectation of ever occupying the White House. We have no wish to be offensive to a man who has undertaken to bear a great burden, to which he has been unexpectedly, and, we believe, unwillingly called, but, as a people, we have learned from him and the circumstances by which he is surrounded that too much care in the choice of a vice-president cannot possibly be taken. If the death of the President has impressed this important truth upon the country, then another great good has been bestowed upon it. Of this thing we are certain, viz. : that no nation can pray for a great good, as ours has done, and be refused.

The nation did not get just what it asked for, because it could not be granted, but we believe it has secured by its prayers an equivalent good, and that out of the death of the President will come a great treasure of peace, harmony, and prosperity. The nation is better for this death, which has so stirred and affected it, and in a sense the great, good man has died for us. Death alone could have sufficiently emphasized the lesson of his life, harmonized our jealousies and strifes, attracted to us the sympathy of the world, and brought some of our political methods to the test which proves their unworthiness.

#### Poverty as a Discipline.

WE often hear it said of a man that he has had great advantages. We have meant by this simply the advantages which wealth could buy—university training, travel, high society, unlimited books, etc. It is not often that we hear poverty spoken of as an advantage, yet we believe it to be demonstrably true that, of all the advantages which come to any young man, this is the greatest. The young man who is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world and the necessity of establishing his own position, is denied the most powerful stimulus to labor and development. The young men who are coming every year out of the colleges and the professional schools of the country, and starting into active life, will win success or sink into failure mainly in accordance with the amount of stimulus under which their education has been acquired. If they have been obliged to labor until they have learned the value of money; if they have been forced into close economies, and learned, also, how difficult it is to keep it; if they have grown up with the consciousness upon them that everything they hope

for in the world must be won by their own unaided force and industry; if they have acquired thrifty habits and self-helpfulness and self-trust,—they enter life with great and most assuring advantages. No amount of wealth given to a young man can possibly give him so good a prospect of a true success as poverty that has secured such advantages as these.

Twice within the easy memory of this generation a man who started at the lowest extreme of the social scale has risen to be the President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln rose from his nest of leaves in a Western log-cabin to be twice the elected ruler of the nation, at a most momentous period of the national history, traversing in the passage every degree of the social scale. The poor frontiersman's child, the flat-boatman, the day-laborer, the indigent student, the humble country lawyer, the politician, the stump-speaker, the legislator, the statesman, the President, and chief of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen,—who believes for a moment that, had he been rich at the start, he would have ended where he did? It was the discipline of poverty that made him what he was. It gave him a profound sympathy with the people, most of whom are engaged in a struggle with poverty from the cradle to the grave. It stimulated and trained his powers to their highest development, and it helped him to form those habits of industry and economy that are essential to the best success.

James A. Garfield, whom we have just laid in the tomb with tears of affectionate reverence, was another instance of the beneficent influences of poverty. He rose from as low a place as Lincoln, and took even a higher flight than he. The most brilliant man who ever occupied the Presidential chair, and rapidly becoming the most admired and best beloved ruler in the world, he was mourned when, in realizing one of the many coincidences that existed between his life and that of Lincoln, he was murdered by an assassin, as man was never mourned before. His marvelous accomplishments and powers won for him the respect of the great, and his sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world. \* \* \*

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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#### Doctor Holland.

DOCTOR HOLLAND'S death, though occurring at a time when years of mental vigor and usefulness might fairly have been hoped for, was still delayed till his life had reached a singular completeness. He had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. His life had grown broader and richer to its close. Though keenly sensitive to sharp criticism, and often suffering from it, still he was buoyed up through all his busy career by the grateful affection of untold thousands and the love of all who were near him. He lived long enough not only to be able to say honestly that he had forgiven all his en-

emies, but long enough also to gain the reverence and attachment of those who had planted the deepest thorns in his side. While retiring from all business control, and from a very large part of his editorial labors, he lived to see the magazine in which he was interested start afresh on its new career, in its new quarters, and under its new name. The first number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was placed in his hands not many days before his death.

Knowing during the last few years that his end might come at any time, he had set his house in order, and, while still enjoying life to the utmost, and clinging to it with almost passionate fondness, he had made ready to depart at a moment's notice. It is a thought to be cherished that at the last he was not separated, either by distance or by wasting illness, from his congenial work and from his daily companions.

It is hard to do here, in these columns, for our lamented chief what he so often has done for his own comrades stricken down at his side. Though Doctor Holland was thoroughly prepared in his own mind for a sudden taking off, the shock was one for which those nearest to him could not, though ever so well warned, be really prepared; and, besides, he had been so much stronger of late—so much more busy, cheerful, and hopeful. Enough for us to say that that spirit of sympathy and helpfulness, that courtesy and gentle consideration which were so deeply characteristic of his published writings and of his dealings with all—friends or utter strangers—with whom he came in contact,—enough to say that these qualities of his heart had endeared him to his editorial and business associates in a peculiar manner. Every one of them remembers not only the uniform and unfailing gentleness of his manner, but also many acts of especial and extraordinary tenderness and forbearance. Even in cases where the springs of action must have been hard for him to understand, he still trusted; never once did he knowingly give pain to those beneath him in authority. He trusted his associates and all employed in the work of the magazine with a completeness that not only helped each to develop to the utmost his individual capacity, but which attached all of them to him in the bonds of personal affection and devoted loyalty. His quick sympathy, his warm encouragement, the inspiration of his generous confidence, his winning and fatherly presence,—all these we shall miss beyond words.

We think there can be few who doubt the sincerity of Doctor Holland's moral writings. No one could have been as near to him as we have been without feeling that these were the spontaneous expression of a big-hearted and genuinely helpful nature. He wished every man well. More than this, he could not do otherwise than extend his hand to help every man who came near him. The gratitude of thousands of hearts to whom, even by means other than his published writings and lectures, he has done good,—by a pressure of the hand, by a word fitly spoken, by a letter of good cheer,—all these attest that to which we also wish to bear our testimony—the sincerity of his utterances and the unconquerable desire to serve his fellows in everything that he undertook. His writings show little interest in and little knowledge of theology. If in them

he preached in season—and, as it is charged, sometimes out of season also—the religion of Jesus Christ, the world may be sure that it was in no perfunctory, dogmatic, or Pharisaical spirit, but that he bore honest witness to an experience that had taken possession of his heart, and had given peace and inspiration to his life.

For years Doctor Holland had shaped the affairs of his office so that his own retirement might make as little break as possible in the conduct and spirit of the magazine. But in one sense Doctor Holland neither will nor can have a successor. There is, in fact, no one man who stands in the same relation as he to the great masses of American readers. One motive of his in going into a magazine enterprise was the desire to have a mouthpiece through which to express his own thoughts on current events. With a few exceptions, he wrote with his own hand every article which has appeared, during the last eleven years, under the head of "Topics of the Time." He announced there his personal opinions, and announced, as well, the changes that occurred in them. He wrote occasionally for other unsigned departments, but allowed in these considerable latitude of opinion. Hereafter the department of "Topics of the Time," like other unsigned departments, will be written by various pens, besides those connected with the editorial corps. In addition to this it should be said that, when Doctor Holland's name disappears from the cover, no other will take its place there.

In endeavoring to carry on the work before us in the spirit in which it was begun, we—and our associates, both editorial and business—shall be as grateful as Doctor Holland always was for right-minded and intelligent criticism, from whatever source it may come, and as unmoved as he by unjust and jealous aspersion. We believe that the best memorial we can build for our beloved chief and our friend is the honorable future of this magazine,—an enterprise which owes, and always will owe, so much to his far-sighted, courageous, and large-hearted management.

#### Memorial Meeting at Springfield.

A MEETING was held in the Memorial Church at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday evening, October 16, 1881, the day after the funeral, to do honor to the memory of Doctor Holland. We are indebted mainly to the report of "The Springfield Republican" for the following record:

"It was a deeply sympathetic audience which filled the Memorial Church \* \* \* to listen to the just and tender words of tribute paid to the memory of Doctor Holland. Fitting, too, was it that this last service should be held in the church with the founding of which he was so intimately identified, and its name henceforth takes on a double appropriateness and significance."

Rev. Dr. Eustis, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and was assisted in the religious exercises by Rev. Dr. Terhune, Rev. J. W. Harding, and Rev. Dr. Gladden. A poem, read by the latter on this occasion, appears in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. A letter of regret from Rev. Dr. R. H. Seelye of Haverhill, and a telegram from President Porter of Yale, both former pastors of Dr. Holland,

were read. Among the hymns sung was the thanksgiving hymn from "Bitter-Sweet," to the tune of Duke Street. Doctor Eastis said that Doctor Holland was a remarkably successful man; that during his life he had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. But there was one desire that was not gratified, namely, that he might write a hymn which should be sung in all the churches. He thought that, if the congregation would sing this hymn at this time, it would be proved to be one worthy of such use.

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,  
For bending wheat and blasted maize,  
For health and sickness, Lord of light,  
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

"We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—  
To Thee of causes still the cause,—  
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;  
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

"We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;  
We come to Thee with no complaint;  
In Providence Thy will is done,  
And that is sacred to the saint."

REV. DR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

"IN speaking of Doctor Holland's relations to the churches of this city, I will say that when I came here in '47 I found him a member of my church. He was a young physician trying to get into practice. I remember he came to my study one day, and said he had an invitation to go to Vicksburg to superintend the city's schools. I expressed my surprise that he should be willing to go to a city with such a bad reputation, and his reply was that it was a matter of necessity—that he was obliged to renounce his profession and devote himself to something else. At the end of two years he returned, and found the way opened for him to become connected with the 'Republican,' a paper which had just been founded, and which I have always regarded as one of the two remarkable productions of this small inland town—this paper and Webster's Dictionary. Had it been some wonderful machinery it would not have been surprising, for such skill is what we cultivate. But this was a literary production, and all the more remarkable because started here in the smallness of the town, and with so little to encourage an enterprise of such a nature.

"We all regard, as Christians, every man's life as planned for him by God. Doctor Holland was unfitted to be a physician; God had made him to be a journalist and he couldn't change that plan, just as Doctor Bushnell undertook to be a journalist when God had made him and ordained him, if anybody ever was in these later days, to preach the Gospel. And, as he used to say, it was the weight of a wafer that turned him from journalism to the ministry. And so circumstances, providentially arranged, prepared the way for Doctor Holland to become connected with the 'Republican.'"

Passing from the story of Mr. Bowles's engagement of Doctor Holland on the "Republican," Dr. Buckingham told of his relations with the Springfield churches.

"After his return from Vicksburg he became connected with the North Church, in accordance with my advice, for he said it was a church that he could help, and where I thought he would find a freer and

better development than in the older church. In addition to his faithful work here in the social and religious life of the church, he made himself especially valuable as the leader of the choir. You should have seen him sing, as well as hear him, to understand what he meant by the service of song in the house of the Lord! His noble mien, his reverent and exultant manner, as he carried the praises of the congregation up to heaven! The picture of the choir boys is a pleasant one, but commonplace in comparison with this magnificent specimen of manhood and Christian service.

"But we come now to his connection with this church. There was no church of any denomination in this part of the city. He, with a few others, conceived the idea of having one that, while it was evangelical, should be undenominational. He found no sympathy, I am ashamed to say, among some of our church members and ministers, for obstacles were thrown in his way and he was needlessly perplexed; and if he had not loved the cause of Christ more than most, he never would have sacrificed his peace of mind, and continued to push on to success as he did this enterprise.

"And here let me give you an idea of Doctor Holland's cast of mind, to explain his mode of thinking upon religious subjects. He once said to me: 'Christianity, in the form of abstract statement and in the shape of a creed, has not any particular interest nor very much meaning. I have to test things through my heart and best feelings. If they seem good and true and like Christ, it satisfies me, and nothing else does.' This will explain the little regard he had in his writings for formal orthodoxy. He followed the dictates of his heart rather than the teachings of any theological school, and, keeping his heart warm with love to God and love to man, and drinking in continually the spirit of Christ, he never was guilty of heresy. But he was all his life having a richer and more abundant experience of divine grace in his own soul, and it was conveyed, through his writings and through his personal intercourse, to the hearts of others. It is a striking fact in this connection, as his friend Mr. Eggleston will tell you, perhaps, that while he was so jealous of the religious liberty of others, and championed their claims so manfully, he never needed indulgence for heresy of his own. He believed in the Bible, and he adored and trusted in Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and he was always true to such a Christianity, whether in his Sunday-school teachings, or daily newspaper, or monthly periodical, or in his novels or poems. He was a pure-minded, conscientious, and useful church-member, and all who have ever been associated with him in such relations can bear the freest testimony in this respect to his singular simplicity, to his tender piety, to his conscientious fidelity and generous liberality in all the relations he sustained to these churches and to religious efforts in this city."

GEORGE S. MERRIAM'S ADDRESS.

"DOCTOR HOLLAND was essentially a preacher. He was ordained by natural endowment, and by steady, enthusiastic purpose, to the ministry of moral guidance and inspiration. So long as a man's highest business is to shape his life to the noblest ends, and so long as some men can, out of their own larger experience and

proficiency, throw light on the path of others, giving them wisdom and heart for the great work, so long the preacher's vocation will endure.

"That vocation has hitherto been largely exercised by personal speech from pulpit or platform, and largely through the instrumentality of the church. Doctor Holland was an able and successful speaker. His relation to the church was one of loyalty and friendship. But his life fell at a time when a new engine of influence was largely supplementing the old. While those who speak from the pulpit are glad to number their hearers by the hundreds, the daily editor counts his by tens of thousands. While the church is anxiously debating how it can reach and hold the people, every man looks on his door-step for his morning paper before he goes to his breakfast. It is the newspaper that, beyond any other influence, now comes home to men's business and bosoms. The limitation upon that influence is that it too often lacks that clearness and emphasis of moral purpose which has largely characterized, with whatever defects and drawbacks, the ministry of the pulpit. It was the especial distinction of Doctor Holland that he used the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. As a moral teacher, he found a weapon superior to the old as a rifle is superior to a cross-bow, or a locomotive to a stage-coach. No less did he enlarge and ennoble the function of journalism, by putting it to a new and higher use. He showed that a newspaper might do something more than tell the news; something besides discuss what is doing at Washington; something more, even, than to act as guide and judge in literature, and art, and public affairs. He used the daily or the monthly journal to purify and sweeten the fountains of personal and family life. He spoke continually the word that should inspire young men to be pure, and women to be strong; the word that shed poetry over the home life; the word that threw on every interest the light of conscience and the warmth of moral feeling.

"I do not mean, of course, that Doctor Holland was the first or the only one to direct the power of the press to the conduct of personal life. Nor probably did it come to him at first as a distinct and deliberate plan. Said Cromwell, 'A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' It was without premeditation that Doctor Holland began the series of writings in which was his first great success as a popular moralist. He had written on local history and light social satires when, one morning, Mr. Bowles suggested to him that he should write a series of letters in a familiar and popular style. On that hint, and before leaving the office, he wrote the first of the Timothy Titcomb letters. It was his good fortune to be allied with a man, Samuel Bowles, who won the unique distinction of creating in a provincial town a newspaper of the first class, and whose enlarging conception of journalism welcomed and incorporated that specific function of personal moral teaching which Doctor Holland introduced. So, in his later career, he was fortunate in being associated with men skillful and strong to unite with his talents the other requisites for building up a great periodical. So he accomplished his work, not by conceiving and creating a career, but, so to speak, by meeting the hand of Providence half-way. He was faithful to the light

that was in him; he was open-eyed and sensitive to the conditions of the time; he met the opportunity as it offered. And thus he did the work that was given him to do. He did a work large in itself; large in the impress it left on two great periodicals; large as an omen of the nobler work to be done by the press, an instance of the new and greater channels through which God fulfills his purposes.

"I do not attempt to speak of the elements of his intellectual power—to dwell on his observation, his reading of human nature, his sympathy, imagination, eloquence. But one element of his success and merit is to be noted—he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of the common people. He represented that democratic quality in literature which our social conditions demand and are only beginning to get. Take from your shelf at random a standard author, other than a novelist, and read a page to the first man you chance to meet. Ten to one he listens with a sort of uncomprehending look; the voice comes to him muffled, as of some one speaking in the next room. For most authors write out of a mental habit and equipment which is unfamiliar to the common people; they use a literary dialect—the dialect of a class, as much as is the dialect of science or theology. But, take almost any book of Doctor Holland, and read from it to any man or woman of common intelligence: the eye responds; they understand what he means; they agree or deny; they comprehend, they are moved, influenced. He was a man of the people, and the common people heard him gladly.

"It is fit that we should honor his memory as we are doing. But already his monument is built—built, as must be every monument that is worth anything, by his own life. He has that memorial which we all desire beyond any other—the love of a few hearts, in which he will never become a memory, but live in that nobler, tenderer, more sacred relation which death brings. He has that distinction, given to the fortunate few, to be remembered by thousands with a warmer emotion than admiration—with personal gratitude for some high impulse given when perhaps the will was faltering, some clear light shed when the path was dark. His influence remains, invisible but powerful, upon the newspaper and the magazine that owed so much to him—the influence of a generous humanity, a regard for moral ends. In a hundred thousand homes his books are lying—not dust-covered, but in familiar use; and in each home he is a companion, counselor, friend. A great and sacred gift was intrusted to him. He used it faithfully, reverently, gratefully. The story has reached a worthy end; the poem is finished; and we thank the Creator and Giver."

#### DOCTOR EDWARD EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

DOCTOR EGGLESTON traced the connection between the later growth of Doctor Holland and the vicissitudes of his early life, saying with the poet Herder, "My whole life has been but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." When Doctor Holland went to a wider field in the metropolis and founded the leading magazine of America, he went with his character already molded by his life in this community. He had despairingly thought in his young manhood that the world had no place for him; he had tried several

things and failed—like many a young man passing through similar struggles to-day who is destined to play an important part in the world. People afterward wonder they have not recognized such men before. It is always perfectly safe to be kind and not to snub a young and ambitious man. We should make a little smoother and a little sweeter and better, if we can, the pathway of a struggling, ambitious, and sensitive young man as Doctor Holland was in those earlier years. The trials of this period, however, only served to strengthen and develop the man.

As Doctor Eggleston expresses most of the sentiments of his address more fully in his article in this number of *THE CENTURY*, it is not necessary to give any further report here.

#### ROSWELL SMITH'S ADDRESS.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH, Doctor Holland's business associate since the foundation of the magazine, said that he was not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Doctor Holland, but to give some expression to the affection in which he was held by his associates. He told in brief the story of his acquaintance with the Doctor, and of the foundation of the magazine. Doctor Holland, he said, was a man who decided the most important questions with almost lightning rapidity; he never saw a man whose decisions upon important questions were so instantaneous. He used to say that he put his confidence in men rather than in things.

Doctor Holland knew that he had been often charged with a want of orthodoxy. The speaker had heard him repeat with zest the story of a clergyman of Springfield who, when absent from home, was asked by some one what were Doctor Holland's religious opinions. He replied: "Have you read Doctor Holland's books, and can you not learn his beliefs there?" The answer was: "Yes, I have read his books, but first I come across something which makes me think he is a Unitarian, and then I read on and find something which leads me to think that he is a 'Christian!'" His orthodoxy was of the type of the apostle James, rather than that of Paul; but his writings sometimes reminded one of the story of the young minister who preached to the students of Union College. The venerable Doctor Nott complimented him very much on his sermon, saying, "The first half was pure Calvinism, and the last half pure Arminianism, and I liked it, for that is just the way it is in the Bible." Doctor Holland appreciated the fact that he was a misunderstood man, and that he was credited with the holding of sentiments and the advocating of views which he thoroughly abhorred; and one motive, he said, in starting a literary magazine was that he might set himself right on the record. Furthermore, he wished to "round out," as he expressed it, his literary life.

No man held the clerical profession in higher esteem than Doctor Holland. Indeed, his estimate of it was so high, and his desire that it should attain the highest usefulness was such, that it led him to be impatient with its defects; and the same is true of his love for the church and his respect for the prayer-meeting. He felt that these were the hope of the world, and he could not tolerate stupidity or intolerance in either the one or the other. Ministers had no truer friend than he, and very many of them recog-

nized it and held him in the highest regard. No minister ever came to him to consult him about leaving his chosen profession and going into literature, or into any other pursuit, but Doctor Holland turned him back and exhorted him, with the greatest earnestness, to stick to the preaching of the Gospel as the highest earthly calling.

"The whole generation of men of the age of Doctor Gladden, Doctor Eggleston, and myself, who were ten years younger than Doctor Holland, read his earlier works with the greatest interest, and we feel that we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, for the influence he exercised upon our lives.

"You have heard here to-night how Doctor Holland was interested in the work of, and had helped to build up, three churches in this city. His love for this Memorial Church is well known to this audience. In New York he united with the Brick Church. And now, during the last summer of his life, he has been engaged in the work of enlarging and almost rebuilding the church at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, originally built by Rev. Dr. Bethune."

The speaker then read a statement by one of the editors of the magazine, describing Doctor Holland's last day at his office, which was the last day of his life:

"Doctor Holland was at his post till the very last. His last day was a busy one, and one full of interest and pleasure. He was writing his editorials; he was talking over new projects; he had time to go out to see some beautiful stained-glass windows, whose rich and exquisite tones gave him the greatest delight; but especially the day was devoted by him to thoughts of our late President, whom he knew personally. The first thing he said in the morning when he came in was something about Garfield; he burst out with an ejaculation of 'What a magnificent man the President was—what a knight-errant!' He went on to describe his appearance in the House of Representatives, the hush that went over the House when he arose to speak, and the ease and courtliness of his bearing.

"Doctor Holland was engaged that day in writing an editorial (which remains unfinished) on poverty as a means of developing character; and his illustrations were taken from the lives of Lincoln and Garfield. While writing this a book was handed to him, entitled 'Garfield's Words.' For an hour or so he pored over its pages, reading aloud to one of his associates the passages that struck him as most telling. He laughed his approval at one bit after another of sententious humor; his voice trembled at every passage made pathetic by the President's tragic fate. Among the quotations he was greatly pleased to find one peculiarly appropriate to the subject of which he was at that very moment treating.

"The last poem that was submitted to him as editor, and accepted by him, was a poem on Garfield, written by one of the younger members of the editorial staff; and the last words that he himself wrote, in the unfinished editorial, were about the President, and might almost be used as his own epitaph."

#### Other Tributes to Doctor Holland.

IN a number of churches sermons have been preached on Doctor Holland, or fitting allusions have

been made to his character and his life-work. We quote the following from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gladden, preached on the morning of October 16th, in the North Church, Springfield:

"Doctor Holland's methods of preaching were various and well chosen. Upon the platform, so long as he had strength for such service, he lifted up his voice in behalf of truth and righteousness; and if the lyceum had kept to such straightforward and wholesome talk as he always dealt in, the lyceum would not have ceased to be a power in the land. When it demitted the function of teaching and went into the show business, exhibiting for an admission fee all sorts of literary and unliterary monstrosities, then its days were numbered. But Doctor Holland's lyceum lectures, gathered into two snug volumes, are all instinct with sound morality and wholesome common-sense, and all aglow with the author's hearty purpose to help his hearers into cleaner and brighter and larger living. He was a pleasant speaker, too, as we remember him,—dignified, direct, convincing; with the living voice he was no mean preacher.

"His earlier essays, those in the *Titcomb Letters*, 'Gold Foil,' in 'Lessons in Life,' in 'Letters to the Joneses,' as well as his later editorials, were, of course, in great part ethical or religious in their character. In those earlier volumes such titles as 'Providence,' 'Alms-giving,' 'Does Sensuality Pay?' 'The Sins of Our Neighbors,' 'The Canonization of the Vicious,' 'The Food of Life,' 'Unnecessary Burdens,' 'Faith in Humanity,' 'Truth and Truthfulness,' show the bent of the author's mind; and all recent readers of SCRIBNER know how often the 'Topics of the Time' are topics of the very highest human concernment—themes with which the pulpit is appointed to deal. I think that the service rendered by Doctor Holland to public morality by his editorial discussions in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, by his hot indignation against the rascalities of politics, by his trenchant assaults upon the vices of the time, by his hearty advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues of temperance and thrift and self-help; by his unflinching assertion of the supremacy of the values of character above the values of art,—has been worth to this generation more than this generation will ever know till it measures the harvests of time in the garner of eternity.

"Of Doctor Holland's novels, substantially the same thing may be said. Most, if not all, of them were novels with a purpose. It was not merely for the sake of telling a pleasant story, not merely for the sake of describing real life, that he wrote, but also with the ulterior purpose of exposing and redressing some wrongs, of helping forward some good causes, of making social life better than it is. There are those who say that this is not good art. The fact is, that there are not a few people, nowadays, without a purpose, and these are not apt to take kindly to novels with a purpose. But when they set up their standard of purposelessness, and call on the world to conform to it, we must beg to demur. The history of literary art does not warrant their canons. The classics of fiction comprise many tales whose conscious end was service. Shall we say that Brooke's 'Fool of Quality,' and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and Charles Kingsley's 'Alton

Locke,' and Dickens's 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Bleak House,' and Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place,' are not legitimate fiction, because they try to do a little good, while they give a little pleasure? Doctor Holland had thought this matter all over early in his career, as he shows us in 'Kathrina,' and his judgment upon it never wavered. An editorial of his in a late number of his magazine deals with it vigorously. He speaks of this doctrine, that art has no higher end than pleasure, with strong dissent. 'We claim for the novel,' he says, 'the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade. Every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written.' I think that this doctrine of art is vastly higher and more catholic than that which he is confuting. And when he goes on to say, in good round words, 'The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifier,' I confess that he carries with him my sympathy.

"At any rate, it is enough to say that he understood what he was about, when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows.

"And the same thing is true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with the great interests of character, and the great spiritual laws. We may not agree with him in all the lessons that he seeks to teach in these poems; I own that I do not; but we cannot deny the lofty purpose and the earnest thought that pulsate through them all. Whatever we may say of their philosophy, the spirit that breathes through them is large and free.

"When I thus exalt the moral and religious element that characterizes all that Doctor Holland wrote, I would not wish to be understood as denying to his stories and poems that quality which the pagan critics insist upon—the power of giving pleasure. Not only in the felicitous and picturesque rhetoric, and the stirring music of his words, but also in his quick insight into character, and his happy delineations of men and manners, he has delighted a great multitude of readers. In his stories, especially, while he has always aimed at some high purpose, he has succeeded in imparting a great deal of pleasure, not only to those who read for the plot, but also to those who enjoy the unfolding of character and the representation of life. It was never Doctor Holland's doctrine that one who would do men good must study to displease them,—quite otherwise; and he has honestly striven, and not without success, not only to leave the world better than he found it, but also to leave it happier."

THE following is from a sermon preached October 16th, in Grace Church, New York, by Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D. :

"And here it is, in the light of these words of His own, that we come to understand the meaning of the cross of Christ. If love is to be the king of your life and mine, my brothers, if with us here, amid all the strife and rivalry that make up our week-day world, the voice that bids us love is to be regnant over all other voices, somewhere or other there must be the spell that compels us to do so. An apostle had found that spell when he wrote 'The love of Christ constraineth me,' and other men than he, aye, a mighty multitude whom no man can number, have looked also into the face crowned with thorns, and have learned there how to love !

"More than any other, it is the lesson for which our time is waiting. Oh, how clever, how persistent, how aggressive we Americans are ! It is simply true that there is no conceivable enterprise demanding capital, courage, the sacrifice of time and strength, which would not, if it were proposed to-morrow, find a host of investors and followers. But the quieter, larger courage that, deep in the love of God and man, gives itself to brighten and enrich and purify the sum of human life—that is not so common. The apostolic spirit that sent men forth aflame with a love of souls that would not let them rest—it is this that we need to have rekindled. Not by capital, not by culture, not by conquest, does any nation or any character become really noble or enduringly great, but rather by alliance with His life who gave the world, anew, the great commandment, and then translated it by His cross.

"One such character I desire to mention here this morning, just because, to so many of us, its influence has perhaps been so little known and so imperfectly appreciated. A man of letters died in this city during the past week who, though he came here ten years ago from New England, was perhaps known personally to but few of this congregation. I speak of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, for some time the editor of a monthly magazine in this city, and for the greater part of his life an assiduous and prolific writer.

"He was a man of good gifts, consecrated by a great motive. Of clear and vigorous intellect, he was best of all, like Noah of old, a preacher of righteousness, and one of rare power and singular sweetness. Writing of plain and homely themes, he never touched one of them that he did not ennoble; and over all that he wrote there breathed the spirit of one who loved God, and who, therefore, like Ben Adhem, "loved his

fellow-man." His writings found an acceptance which has often puzzled the critics, and confounded the literary prophets. But their secret was not far to seek. They helped men. They lifted them up. They rebuked meanness. They encouraged all nobler aspirations. They were always a word for "God and the right," spoken with courage, but spoken most of all in a tone of manly and brotherly sympathy that could not be misunderstood. In a word, this large influence (to which for one I gladly own to having been a debtor) owed its power for good,—a power steadfast and wide-spreading, I believe, as yet beyond adequate estimate,—to a character touched itself by the spell of a divine love, and lifted by that spell into a throne of happy and wholesome influence over the hearts and lives of other men."

#### Communication.

"THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Since writing the article on this subject in the November number of your magazine, I have visited the museum at Naples to examine the statue called the Capuan Venus, and find, as I had supposed, that the arms are a modern restoration, having been broken off nearly at the same points as those of the Melian statue. I found, also, a terracotta statuette which very closely corresponds with the latter, holding an apple in the left hand, but with the wings of Victory.

No critic of my theory can be more aware of the gaps in my demonstration than I am; but, in all investigations where the actual proof is wanting, the highest probability stands its next friend; and this, I confidently maintain, ranges itself on my side. No other theory so fully accounts for all the facts. I do not ignore the known fact that the original Niké Apteros, like the original Athena Polias, was in wood; but there is no evidence that, like that sacred image, it was taken from the Acropolis on the Persian invasion, and it was probably, therefore, destroyed at that time with the temple. The latter, we know by the frieze, was reconstructed after the victories over the Persians, and, if we may judge from the style of the frieze, after the Parthenon. The substitution of a new statue for the wooden one lost would most naturally fall on the school of Scopas. Pausanias mentions the temple, but says nothing of the statue in his enumeration of those he saw on the Acropolis—conclusive proof that neither the original nor a substitute was there at the time of his visit.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

#### LITERATURE.

##### Garfield's Words.\*

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the wise and witty sayings of the man who had been,

\* Garfield's Words: Suggestive Passages from the Public and Private Writings of James Abram Garfield. Compiled by William Ralston Balch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

before he became President, a sort of Socrates of the prairies, were gathered and printed with the title: "The President's Words." That book is in some regards the raciest and most truly American thing that has been printed, not excepting the "Biglow Papers." What was done for Lincoln, Mr. Balch has done for Garfield. Lincoln's sayings have more

humor and a deeper pathos, Garfield's are naturally more philosophical, are broader in their range, and have more rhetorical poise. There are, however, strong points of resemblance. Both speak sententiously, wittily, and with marked common-sense. Garfield has the finish of the schools, Lincoln the laconic terseness of the up-country. Lincoln appeals oftener and more directly to feeling, Garfield touches profounder questions and sheds more light on principles.

If James A. Garfield had had the good luck to represent a district fronting on Massachusetts Bay, instead of one on the south shore of Lake Erie, he would not have had to wait for the presidency and martyrdom to bring into relief his gift for "saying things." It is hard for us here, in the sea-board cities, to realize that the good gifts of broad statesmanship and the genius for felicitous utterance may come from the Galilee beyond the mountains. Athens holds the pen, but she records few heroes besides those of Athens. For a decade, at least, Garfield has been making perhaps the wisest, broadest, and most influential speeches uttered in either house of Congress; but his recognition was tardy. His speeches always attracted attention, but how few of us, here in the centers of thought, recognized the fact that one of the most highly cultivated men in the nation, the peer of our best statesmen, was the representative from the Western Reserve! Some of the sentences in this most valuable little book seem to shine with General Garfield's own experience of the world. "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up," he says, and we hear the echo of his boyish perseverance in the sentence. There are maxims here that indicate the very secret of his success. "Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing." "If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it." "Do not, I beseech you, be content to enter upon any business which does not require and compel constant intellectual growth." "If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it." He says: "I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities are buttoned up under his coat." And here is a generalized confession: "To every man of great original power there comes, in early youth, a moment of sudden discovery—of self-recognition—when his own nature is revealed to himself, when he catches for the first time a strain of that immortal song to which his own spirit answers, and which becomes thenceforth and forever the inspiration of his life—

"Like noble music unto noble words."

And the following extract from his oration on the death of Mr. Starkweather is strangely pathetic when we remember the revelation of character which Garfield's own sufferings brought to the nation: "I have sometimes thought that we cannot know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness, and pain bring out the real character of a man."

These pages are full of disclosures of Garfield's knightly spirit, as, for instance, the saying: "If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—it is a

man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil." And this: "I am glad to have the opportunity of standing up against a rabble of men who hasten to make weathercocks of themselves." "I have always said that my whole public life was an experiment to determine whether an intelligent people would sustain a man in acting sensibly on each proposition that arose, and in doing nothing for mere show or demagogical effect." "It is not manly to lie even about Satan." "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion." "The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions." "The great Carlyle has said that the best gift God ever gave to man was an eye that could really see; I venture to add that an equally rare and not less important gift is the courage to tell what one sees."

What an insight we get into his character from this sentence out of a private letter, written on the first day of 1867, in the exciting times of Andrew Johnson!—"I am trying to do two things: dare to be a radical and not be a fool, which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty." So do we find the secret of his freshness and continual growth in his constant self-culture, as here disclosed. "I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself becoming a fossil." This last is from a private letter, and contains the only confusing juncture of different metaphors that we have met in Garfield's writing.

In the very interesting but all too brief sketch with which the editor introduces the book, we see the steady widening of his vision under the influence of his growing culture. He read James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" several times, and felt then that he had hitherto seen religion too narrowly. But he writes to Dr. Boynton: "I hope I have lost none of my desire to be a true man, and keep ever before me the character of the great Nazarene." His recipe for cheerfulness, in a private letter in 1874, is: "To look upon life with a view of doing as much good to others as possible, and, as far as possible, to strip ourselves of what the French call egoism." We remember that when Garfield went into the war the soldiers called him "the praying colonel," and if his religious life was less in people's eye at a later period, it was none the less a strong force in molding him to a high ideal. "The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others." This is true Christian consolation. And again: "It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought."

But it is in his statesmanship that we recognize the real largeness of the man. The roots of his arguments take hold of the history of the race, and the whole nature of men. "There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States," he said more than twenty years ago. How swiftly does his honest heart and clear head go to the root of the financial question when he denounces "all methods of paying debts by sleight-of-hand." "Financial subjects," he says, "are nuts and clover for demagogues." The argument for governmental education is put into seven

words: "School-houses are less expensive than rebellions." And the economical relations of the working-man are all in this: "The laborer has but one commodity to sell—his day's work. It is his sole reliance. He must sell it to-day, or it is lost forever."

His views of our history were large, untouched with partisan or sectional narrowness, and going straight to the core of the matter. "Virginia and Massachusetts were two focal centers from which sprang the life-forces of this republic. They were, in many ways, complements of each other, each supplying what the other lacked, and both uniting to endow the republic with its noblest and most enduring qualities." Here, again, is a truth proven by American history in the earliest colonial times as strongly as by recent events: "Emigration follows the path of liberty." A general principle of statesmanship of the most far-reaching application is this: "Whatever the people can do without legislation will be better done than by the intervention of the State or nation."

He judges all things largely. Of John Stuart Mill, he says: "I can't see that he ever came to comprehend human life as a reality." His views of education were exceedingly broad—abreast those of the foremost and wisest educational reformers of our time. The sharp criticisms of some prevalent methods to be found in the extracts under this head would be most wholesome if the men who need them were likely ever to see them. We have room for but one significant remark: "It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house."

#### Gladden's "The Lord's Prayer."\*

MR. RUSKIN, in some pithy letters addressed to the English clergy, made the inquiry, "Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms that a plain man can understand it?" and suggested that this might be reached by "explaining in their completeness and life the terms of the Lord's Prayer." Mr. Gladden has acted upon this suggestion, and the result is an admirably simple and effective presentation of what may be called the substance of religion. Few preachers speak the speech of the common people as he does. His sermons have in a rare degree the quality of genuineness. Not one word has the false ring of cant or sentimentality. He uses illustrations freely, and always to illustrate, never to adorn. There is plainness of style, but there is richness of substance—the richness which comes from carrying the great simple truths of religion into the boundless field of individual and social conduct. As to the substance of the teaching, it may be described as the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount closely applied to American communities in this present year of grace.

\* The Lord's Prayer. Seven Homilies. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The stress is thrown upon practical conduct, but there is a pervading atmosphere of reverence and trust; the ethical and the spiritual quality are closely blended. It is a strong, manly, helpful book.

In the break-up of old beliefs, it is the men who in their own lives dig down afresh to the springs of faith, hope, and love who can speak the living word to the people. Such preachers are necessarily few, and their most effective access to the great constituency who need them is no longer by the voice, but through the press. Mr. Gladden is one of the most effective and most useful of these pen-preachers. There may be men more eminent for originality, for philosophical and poetical genius, but he unites the great qualities of absolute sincerity, near and first-hand acquaintance with spiritual realities, and the simple, direct way of speech which the multitude understands.

We should also note that Mr. Gladden's theological position is in the ranks of liberal orthodoxy, and that he illustrates the best characteristic methods prevalent among that school of teachers. They have felt the influences of modern thought, and accepted new conclusions to an extent which they seldom define with much exactness to their hearers, or perhaps to themselves. Their general aim is to draw both from older and newer ways of thought those elements which, in their immediate application, are practical and fructifying. Their concern is almost wholly with the practical conduct of life, using the phrase in its large sense to include obedience and trust toward a higher power. They are apt to speak with a good deal of positiveness, as of things certain and indisputable. By this strongly affirmative quality they sometimes go rather one side of the more thoughtful and inquiring class of minds, but they exactly hit the want of the average man. The mass of mankind, whether they acknowledge it or not, rest in religion, as in most other things, upon authority. They must of necessity take the word of some one who they suppose knows better than they do. Men are at this time more sensitive than ever to the voice of a teacher which rings with the clear tones of a deep personal confidence in his own message. It is a most trying combination of functions which requires a preacher to be at once a student of truth and a guide to his flock, at a time when so profound a recasting of thought is going on, and so much uncertainty rests upon its ultimate issues. To the mind of the preacher who is both thoughtful and earnest, there is at times something like a conflict between love of truth and love of his people. If he speaks too positively, he misrepresents his own mind; if with too much qualification, he perplexes those whom he wants to help. The best of the liberal orthodox, like Phillips Brooks and Washington Gladden, extend their emphasis not only to the ethical and spiritual realities of earthly life, but to the personality and fatherhood of God, the providential government of the world, the life beyond death, and the authority of Jesus Christ.

"Barbara," said the Old Madame presently, breaking through the reverie caused by their first few words, "did my eyes deceive me yesterday? Have you cut adrift? Have you made up your mind that you can do without fine dresses and silver dishes and ——"

"Why, I always have," said Barbara, looking up simply.

"That is true," said Elizabeth. "And so they do not count for much. And you think you know what love is—you baby? You really think you love this sailor-lad? Tell me, how much do you love him, child?"

"As much, Madame dear," said Barbara, shyly, dimpling, glancing half askance, "perhaps as much, grandmamma, as you loved Cousin Louis."

"Say you so? Then it were enough to carry its light through life and throw it far across the dark shadows of death, my child! And you," she said, turning suddenly and severely to young Ben. "Is it for life, or for a holiday, a pleasuring, a pastime?"

He looked at her as if, in spite of the claims of parentage and her all but century of reign, he examined her right to ask. "Since Barbara promised me," said he at last, "I have felt, Old Madame, like one inside a church."

"Something in him," said Elizabeth. "Not altogether the sweetness of the senses, but the sacredness of the sacrament."

And although they were not married for twice a twelvemonth, Elizabeth considered that she had married them that morning. And the reddest bonnet-rouge among the fishermen had a thrill as if all thrones were leveled when, at old Ben Benvoisie's funeral,—

in the simple procession where none rode,—after young Ben and Barbara, they saw Hope and Old Madame walk, as became the next of kin.

And so one year and another crept into the past. And at length Old Madame fell ill.

"I am going now, Hope," she said. "I should like to see Barbara's baby before I go. But remember that there is money for my burial in the little coffer. And there is still the Dernier's wood-land to sell ——"

"Do not think of such things now," said Hope. "God will take care of us in some way. He always has. We are as much a part of the universe as the rest of it."

"We are put in this world to think of such things," said Elizabeth. "We are put in this world to live in it, not to live in another. Now I am going to another. We shall see what that will be. From this I have had all it had to give. I came into it with the reverence and revenue of princes. I go out of it a beggar," she cried, in a tone that tore Hope's heart. "I came into it in purple—I go out of it in rags ——"

Rags. Before they laid her away with those who had made part of her career of splendor and of sorrow, they opened the little hair-coffer,—moths had eaten the grave-clothes and a mouse had made its nest in the bank-notes. And to-day nothing is left of Chaslesmarie or Champernoune—not even a name and hardly a memory; and the blood ennobled by the King of France is the common blood of the fishers of the island given once with all its serfs and vassals—the island-fishers who sell you a string of herring for a shilling.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### New Patches on an Old Garment.

It seems to be agreed that something must be done about the civil service. Here and there a happy optimist still asseverates that our service is the best in the world, and here and there an inveterate machinist stands amidst the fragments of his shattered machine wondering at the foolishness of the "doctrinaires" who think that parties could be better managed without patronage; but sober citizens generally admit that Mr. Miller, one of the new Senators from New York, was not far out of the way when he declared, in a recent speech before the New York Republican convention, that "by the logic of events, this question has passed out of the category of discussion. It is no longer a question," he continued, "whether we shall have a reformed service, but how it shall best be done."

This is the problem to which our statesmen are now turning their attention. And it must be said that

the clumsy way in which some of them deal with it indicates dense ignorance of the whole subject. This is not to be wondered at. So busy have these gentlemen been in carrying elections and in distributing patronage that they have found scant time to attend to the routine duties of their offices; the task of informing themselves about the history and the science of civil administration has been quite out of the question. If they had only had time to acquaint themselves with the results of experience in dealing with such problems, they would address themselves to the problem before them much less uncertainly than they are now doing. There is really a large and instructive literature dealing with the subject. The reports that have been made to Congress within the last fourteen years are valuable; it would be interesting, but not, we fear, re-assuring, to learn how many of the present members of Congress have read them. Other nations have also given careful heed to this matter. Questions

of administration have become vital questions to our European neighbors; with their vast debts and their costly armaments, it has been necessary for them to reduce the expense and increase the efficiency of their civil service; the best wits of their wisest men have been enlisted in this study; the experiments that they have tried and the results that they have reached would certainly have some value for our statesmen.

We are inclined to credit President Arthur with a sincere wish to improve the civil service. He feels, by this time, the burdensomeness of the present system, and he sees that something must be done to relieve the President of an intolerable load. He has made, as yet, no official suggestions of reform, but one proposition intended to be practical has been reported as coming from him. This proposition is that the civil offices be divided equally among the Congressional districts, and that each member of Congress be required to make the appointments assigned to his district, and be held responsible for them.

The project is vague. Would the Democratic as well as the Republican districts share in this division? Would the Democrats in the House of Representatives, as well as the Republicans, be called on to make appointments? Probably that is not intended. President Arthur has not yet been suspected of any design to make the service unpartisan. The offices would be divided among the Republican districts. Whenever any district ceased to be Republican, it would cease to receive dividends of patronage, and, very likely, the places filled from that district would be vacated to make room for the quota of some other district won by the Republicans from the Democrats. The vicissitudes of office-holding under such a system would not be lessened, and it needs no very lively imagination to picture the scandals it would breed. Besides, one wants to know what would become of the Senators under this arrangement. Are they to be wholly relieved of the duty of dispensing patronage?

This method of disposing of the offices is not a new invention. It was formerly in actual operation in England; the appointments under the Government were divided among the members of Parliament belonging to the administration party, and there was a secretary of patronage, whose business it was to see that each honorable gentleman got for his friends the number of places to which he was entitled, and no more. If the results of that experiment had been known, it is not likely that this proposition would have been made. The capital defect in the plan is, however, that it confuses the legislative and executive departments, and confers power where there is no responsibility. The allowing of members of the legislature to appoint all the subordinate officers in the executive departments is a political solecism. The fact that this is, substantially, the present system is not, really, an argument in its favor. It is declared that the members of Congress would be held responsible for the appointments they made. How, we beg to know, could such a responsibility be enforced?

Another scheme of reform is attributed to ex-Secretary Windom. It contemplates the division of the offices among the States in the ratio of their population, and the appointment of a committee in each State, who shall conduct examinations for admission to

the civil service, and send to Washington lists of successful competitors, from which the quota of the State shall be filled. This plan also needs expounding. Is this State committee to be composed wholly of Republicans? Is the examination to be competitive, and if so, are Democrats to be permitted to compete? To whom and on what conditions will the lists be open? If the object of this proposition be to secure a non-partisan civil service, to which ascertained merit and not political favor shall be the condition of admission, the object is a good one; whether the method suggested is practicable or not cannot well be told till we know more about it. On the whole, it is doubtful whether the old garment could be well mended with these new patches.

Two bills are now before Congress which deal with the whole subject comprehensively. The one is known as the Pendleton Bill, and it provides for the appointment of a civil service commission, whose duty it shall be to devise rules by which, "so far as practicable, all citizens duly qualified shall be allowed equal opportunities, on grounds of personal fitness, for securing appointments, employment, and promotion in the subordinate civil service of the United States." The bill further provides that the capacity of applicants for office shall be tested by open competitive examination; that the offices shall be graded, and that original entrance to the service shall be at the lowest grade; that there shall be a period of probation before the appointment shall be confirmed, and that promotions from one grade to another shall be won by competition. In short, the bill proposes simply to organize and apply to all the large offices in the country the methods of appointment which have been tested in the New York Custom-house and in the New York and Boston post-offices for several years, and the value of which in improving the service has been abundantly demonstrated.

The other bill mentioned is known as the Willis Bill. Its object is "to prevent extortion from persons in the public service, and bribery and coercion by such persons." It makes the levying of assessments for political purposes on Government clerks a misdemeanor, and provides heavy penalties for all persons, official or unofficial, who shall be caught in any such attempt. If all reports are true, the evils which this bill is designed to remedy are not all extirpated, even from the New York Post-office.

These two bills ought to be well studied and thoroughly debated. If they are not practicable, let us know why. It is to be hoped that the ambition to invent new methods of reform will not lead our lawmakers to remain in ignorance of methods which experience has justified.

#### Garfield on Civil Service Reform.

IN the death of President Garfield, the cause of civil service reform lost one of its earliest friends and advocates. He was a supporter of the Jencks Bill, in 1866—the first measure presented in Congress for the introduction of a system of competitive examinations for applicants for the lower grades of official positions. If we are not mistaken, he was the first member of Congress to establish such examinations to guide him in the appointment of West Point cadets

and midshipmen at the Naval Academy. These appointments had always been regarded as the political or personal patronage of a representative in Congress; as vacancies occurred to be filled from his district, General Garfield gave them to lads (selected from the best pupils in the high schools) who passed the most satisfactory examination before a committee of teachers and physicians. Early in his Congressional service, he introduced the custom, when there was a contest for a vacant postmastership, of asking the people who got their mail at the office in question to hold an election. He would then recommend the man having the most votes, on the ground that the neighbors of the candidates were the best judges of their qualifications. He never regarded the offices in his district as in any sense his property, and was always averse to deciding between the claims of aspirants.

As a Congressman, General Garfield occupied an exceptionally independent position. He never sought the office to which he was eight times elected. His first and all subsequent nominations grew out of the free and emphatic preference of an overwhelming majority of his party, and the preponderance of his party in his district was so great that his election was always the certain sequence of his nomination. He therefore had no political debts to pay, and was under no obligations to the politicians of his district which he had to discharge by putting them in office. Thus he never got entangled in the vicious system of patronage which has enervated and corrupted so many of the ablest men in public life. As soon as the great questions left to Congress and the people as the legacy of the Civil War began to be put in the way of settlement, his candid, investigating, and independent mind could not fail to be impressed with the need of improving the civil service. One of his earliest utterances in Congress upon this subject will be found in a speech delivered in the House in 1870, in which, referring to the evil of the existing system of Congressional dictation in the making of appointments, he said:

"We press appointments upon the departments; we crowd the doors; we fill the corridors; senators and representatives through the offices and the bureaus until the public business is obstructed, the patience of the officers worn out, and sometimes, for fear of losing their places through our influence, they at last give way and appoint men, not because they are fit for the position, but because we ask it."

Two years later, in April, 1872, he spoke with great earnestness and force against the pernicious patronage system. We have space for only two brief quotations from his remarks, but they will suffice to show how strongly he was impressed with the magnitude of the evil, and how he saw at that early day that the only way of escape from it was in the direction of a permanent service, with appointments for fitness, promotion for merit, and removal only for cause.

"This state of things has grown up gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees, until the old adjustment of the different departments of the Government is wholly changed. I affirm that this present custom is an apostasy from the original policy of the Government,—an apostasy alarming in its character,—and that the chief reason why a reform in the civil service is required is that the three powers, or particularly the

two powers of the Government, the legislative and the executive, may be restored to their independence, may be left unawed and uninfluenced by the pressure of personal dictation and control. \* \* \*

"There is no great and eminently successful department of this Government which has not been made so by being taken out of the ordinary channels of political management. Is there a man here who would be willing to turn the Coast-Survey service over to the fate of our ordinary civil service? In that bureau we have a system of promotion by merit, which has given us those distinguished and noble men who in that service have crowned the nation with honor. So with the Light-house Board, and so with all the branches of our service which have really been an honor to human nature and a glory to the nation itself. It is because we want to lift other departments to a similarly high plane that we ask the power of Congress to some measure of civil service reform."

In his speeches upon the stump, between 1870 and 1880, General Garfield frequently urged the need of reform measures to elevate the civil service. Many extracts might be made from reports of these speeches in the public prints. A single one, however, will answer our purpose, which is to show how deep was his interest in the reform movement, and how entirely he was in accord with its main lines of thought and action. At Athens, Ohio, August 26th, 1879, in a political address, he said:

"Let it once be fully understood that continuance in office depends solely upon the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties, and that no man is to be removed merely to make place for another, and the reform will be half accomplished. Again, the appointing power must be liberated from Congressional control; this must be done both for the sake of the service and for the protection of the legislators. The Constitution shields members of Congress from arrest during their attendance upon the sessions of Congress, and while going to and from the same. This is done, not for their sake, but because the country has need of their unobstructed service."

In a thoughtful article entitled "A Century of Congress," which he contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" in the summer of 1877, General Garfield condemned the evils of the patronage system in language of unmistakable directness. After referring to President Jackson's course, in turning out all the office-holders who had not aided his election, he said:

"From that time forward the civil offices of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strive, and twenty-five years ago the corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the Federal offices numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country, and the great increase in the number of public offices occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives of political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. \* \* \* From the President downward through all the grades of official authority, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics."

In the same article, after showing how the power of appointment has been virtually usurped by the senators and representatives, and the just powers of the executive crippled, and pointing out the injurious influence upon the members of the legislative branch of the Government themselves of being made seekers for office for their constituents, General Garfield said:

"To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the Executive and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involves him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public offices as the reward of mere party zeal."

So far, the record of General Garfield on this subject is clear and bright. No member of Congress had studied the matter so thoroughly, or had expressed himself about it so courageously. His later well-remembered utterances, in his letter accepting the nomination to the presidency and in his inaugural address, were, however, regarded as hesitating and uncertain. Doubtless the practical difficulties in the way of carrying this reform through Congress looked large to him; he knew the temper of the legislators in both houses, and he had not, we must remember, that aroused public sentiment behind him which has been evoked by his death. If his movements were somewhat cautious, we need not wonder.

His proposition to fix the tenure of the minor offices was, it must be owned, not much better than a make-shift. The suggestion that in making appointments, "the Executive should seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice," was hailed by the official dispensers of patronage as a concession to their claims, but it is not certain that they would have gained much by it. A very large number of the minor offices, including three-fourths of all the post-offices, may have to be filled, even under a reformed civil service, by some such method. The suggestion, it will be observed, does not apply to the Government offices at Washington. One remark, found both in the letter and in the inaugural, should be well remembered,—that the aid of legislation is required to render any reform of the service effective or permanent.

The settled beliefs of General Garfield appear in the passages quoted above; and although his later outgivings may have been somewhat dubious, it is reasonable to suppose that when he had found his feet, and had begun to wield a little more deliberately the great powers intrusted to him, he would have used his resources of leadership in making effective the principles to which he had so fully committed himself. Those who had good opportunities to know, assert that this measure was regarded by him as tentative. This is confirmed by the nature of the situation. Garfield was in no sense of the term a representative politician. As he himself said, he was interested in conflicts of minds, and not in conflicts of men. This indisposition

to the work of the trading politician, and the fact already mentioned that he had no political debts to pay, kept him, as a Congressman, singularly in ignorance of the partisan forces with which, after his election to the presidency, he had to contend. There is reason to think that he underestimated the opposition "limited tenure" would be likely to meet from the politicians, and that toward the last he saw how inadequate would be a measure which, while it might somewhat reduce the bulk of the partisan pressure for office, would not to any great extent remove its causes, and would chiefly alter the times at which such pressure would occur.

One service that he did render to this reform must not be overlooked. He slew that dragon named the Courtesy of the Senate. He had denounced it, years before, in his place in the House; upon the threshold of his administration he destroyed it. It was the deadliest foe of reform, and he attacked it in its lair. The weapons with which he struck were not the weapons of civil service reform; but they did the business. President Garfield regained, for the Executive, powers which had long been usurped by the Senate. It is to be hoped that none of his successors will surrender what he won at the cost of his life; and if the prerogatives of the Executive are vigorously maintained, the way will be clear for civil service reform.

#### Communism in the Book Trade.

WE Americans have always been prone to take comfort from the imperviousness of our society to socialistic, communistic, or agrarian ideas. Where property is so widely distributed, where the common people are land-owners, and often, in a small way, money-lenders—communistic theories make no deep impression. The New York beer-garden socialists may smoke their pipes and spend their breaths in saloon oratory, but Americans see, in all their yeasty talk, only a diverting farce. The agitation of such questions is foreign to our atmosphere. In this country it is a growth as strange as a well-developed *Victoria regia* would be. A communist in America is something to be put under glass, protected from chilling winds, and kept for observation and wonder. This is why the reporter, who sniffs the strange and abnormal as quickly as a hound does a fox, runs after every dying wave of European agitation that breaks into froth upon our shores. The local socialist leaders, with the help of the newspapers, make a sensation, without making an impression—such a sensation as that made by the two-headed girl and the Chinese giant.

But there is a many-sidedness, a plausibility, an insidiousness about anti-property notions, and we cannot be too sure that they will not make headway in some form among us. Such theories are harmless enough so long as they are heard only in the oratory of the beer-garden, but when in a modified way they make their appearance, as they have done of late years, in the thought and practice of a most respectable and important branch of trade, it is time for us to feel less secure in regard to the economic foundations of American civilization. Book-sellers and publishers constitute a guild that has always been remarkable for the intelligence of its members. If not a learned profession, book-publishing is at least a business in which

general knowledge is important. Perhaps we might call publishing a learned trade. It would be difficult for a man to hold relations with books so intimate as are those of a publisher without becoming a man of information. When, therefore, clear-headed publishers, in a matter pertaining to their own business, adopt a theory and use arguments whose only logical result is communism, there is occasion for inquiry into the soundness of our theories of property.

The tendency we are marking is but another illustration of the warping influence on the understanding of an injustice long practiced. Just as the confiscation of Irish estates, the plundering of monasteries, and the capture by privateering expeditions of richly laden Spanish caracks, tended to obscure the sense of property-right in the English of Elizabeth's time, so has the long-continued injustice of our copyright law warped the public conscience itself, until the simple principle of ownership of that which a man has produced—the groundwork of all property-holding and commercial civilization—can no longer be applied to the highest products of diligence and intelligence. We have been told that copyright is not a natural right; but that it is good public policy to remunerate an author, and that the most practicable way of paying him seems to be to give him a monopoly of the sale of his book for a limited term of years in his own country. Of course under this formula the author has no rights. We only pay him because we think it wise to encourage him. The foreign author is another affair; we may make all we can out of his works, since no public policy obliges us to "encourage" English writers by paying them for their labor. We have thus rigged a very nice and plausible bit of unadulterated communism, under which we can do as we please with the painfully wrought product of a scholar's life, and snap our fingers in the face and eyes of the ten commandments.

The phrase is ingeniously worded—the words "public policy" and "monopoly" are handled with skill—and, like other communistic utterances, the formula has, at first sight, a seeming fairness. But a homely old English proverb reminds us that goose and gander may be eaten with the same sauce. A principle which has so many possible applications as this should not be confined to men of letters. It is so big with blessings to mankind that it would be a sin to give authors a copyright "monopoly" of its inestimable benefits. It ought to work both ways, in school phrase. A. has written a book, after years of thought. It is the ripe fruit of his life. He has spent money in collecting a library preparatory to its production. He has traveled far and observed much. The book represents his time, his money, his intelligence. B., who is a publisher, says: "I do not grant you any ownership in this book. But it is probably good public policy to remunerate authors, and I propose to allow you a monopoly of the sales for a limited term of years and over a limited area of territory. In all other countries and beyond a certain period, the book-trade and the public will enrich themselves at your expense and drink to your health out of the profits derived from your toil." B., the publisher, at length builds a house, into which he puts, in differing proportions, just what A. put into his book, namely, time, money, and thought. It is now the turn of A. to speak philosophically: "I also

recognize the fact that it is good public policy to remunerate the man who uses his time, his money, and his intelligence. There seems no better way to recompense one who has built a house than by giving him a partial monopoly of it for a limited time. I propose that the parlor, the kitchen, and two sleeping chambers be granted to you for twenty-eight years. The remainder of the house belongs to whoever can first succeed in occupying it, and after your monopoly expires, you having been sufficiently remunerated, the house will belong to the public."

But we are told that copyright is not a natural right. If by that is meant that in a "state of nature" there was no such thing as copyright, one may grant it. There could be no need for copyright until the modern facility for multiplying copies made it possible for unscrupulous people to make unjust profits out of another man's toil. In a "state of nature," or barbarism, there are no well-defined rights of property. The Indian hunter must divide his newly killed deer, according to well-known rules, among those who arrive after it is killed; to each his portion, in the order of his coming. Barbarism is communism. Every lazy man in a village of wigwags can claim food from the store of any provident tribesman. Thus barbarism perpetuates itself by refusing to industry its natural recompense.

As civilization advances, the house comes to belong to the builder, the fish to him who caught and dried them, the corn to the household that planted betimes, and at length the intellectual offspring of intellect is also secured to the producer. The logic of civilization is inevitable—either the rule of property in what a man makes is universal, or it should be wholly abolished. Some of our intelligent and upright publishers made haste to recognize this fact, frankly and fully, before the vulgar and sweeping piracy of the lowest rank of book-venders partially shifted the interest of the reputable houses to the right side of the scale. If a book does not belong to him who wrote it, then a horse does not belong to him who bred him, or a ship to him who built it. The question is not between the author and publisher, but between civilization and barbarism, sound economy and communism. Either copyright is the author's honest and equitable right, or the beer-garden philosophers are the angels that proclaim the millennium of general division and redistribution.

The treaty now being agitated is the half loaf better than none, but until American publishers and English publishers—who have been as unwilling to see the whole truth as those upon this side—recognize the fact that a man's right to the work of his brain is something deeper than a question of trade and expediency, there will be no just and final settlement.

#### A Forgotten Obligation to the Ministry.

A LARGE obligation sometimes puts out of sight a smaller one. There is an incidental service rendered to society in this country by the Christian ministry, which is more likely to be forgotten than the obligation due to them for their own immediate work.

Emerson has somewhere said that quiet and studious lives are the chief corrective of a money-making

age. Now, the life of a minister can hardly be called a quiet one, and it is not always possible to the busy pastor to lead a studious life, in the general sense of that term. And yet, the kind of life usually led by ministers is, beyond question, the most efficient antidote to a money-making spirit that our society knows. The minister is often the one man in his circle who stands for something higher than mere getting. We know well enough that there are divers kinds of men in the ministry. There are those who go about seeking fat pastures for the shepherd, and those who speculate in something besides metaphysics, and there are clerical sponges. It is impossible that any profession should fail to get its share of men who fall below the standard of their calling. But, speaking generally, the Christian ministry sets up a light-house in each community, by giving to it a man whose life indicates that there are other ends of living than the gross one of getting and keeping. "Let us not for the sake of living lose what men should live for," was written in Latin on the banners of one of the regiments that fought under Cromwell. And this is what the life of a minister says to those about him: "Let us not, in our haste to accumulate, forget those things which make accumulations valuable."

For, while the ministry stands for religion and morals, it stands also for culture and knowledge. The man of business has no time, or thinks he has none (which comes to the same thing), to know what is going on in the world of thought. But his minister knows, and conversation with the minister reminds him that there is, even here below, a world above that world of things in which he is so busy. Historical and scientific knowledge, and the humanizing influence of literature, sift through the pulpit to the people. If the ministers in America had never mentioned Darwin's theory of the evolution of the human race, large bodies of people would have known no more about the storm of debate that raged in the upper air than they know of a cyclone going on in the sun. The pulpit is not an arena for free discussion, it is true,—the debate is generally one-sided,—but it is a never-closed channel for the diffusion of knowledge, and a continual reminder that above the sphere of things in human life, is a sphere of thought.

In the country village, the minister is not so exclusively an authority as he was in the old days, when he was usually the only liberally educated man in the town. But he is a source of intellectual enlightenment; his conversation or that which is dropped incidentally in his sermon, stirs the mind of some lad with curiosity. Books are mentioned of which the boy has never heard, and dim vistas of knowledge open up before his eyes. The hills that stand about the town seem too strait for him, the humdrum of life too narrow. He, too, will study, and will know of these things whereof the parson speaks. And so another is presently added to the ranks of educated men, by the contagion of culture. This is the history of the intellectual awakening of many of our great men. The minister touched them with admiration for his superior information, and they straightway got a Latin grammar and began to push at that narrow door of knowledge.

It is the fashion to accuse the ministry of a certain reluctance to receive new ideas—a reluctance that inheres, perhaps, in all professions with long-standing tra-

ditions. But after all reduction, who shall tell the debt we owe it for its educating influence? It is not a small matter that every Sunday thousands of discourses by educated men are given in all parts of the country. A profession that counts many of the finest minds, and has the attention of so large a proportion of the people, cannot help stimulating exceedingly the intellectual life of the nation. If we leave out of sight its religious work, and even its moral teaching, the debt we owe the ministry for its influence on the general education of the people is incalculable.

When Frederick Oberlin, in his half-barbarous parish in the Vosges, planted schools, taught the people to build bridges, and substituted good French for their miserable *patois*, he did a work that has rarely been accomplished in the life of an individual man. But it was typical of what, in a large and diffused manner, and partly by indirect methods, the clerical profession is doing for our social life. The minister is often the center of interest in education in a community, and he sometimes brings with him a higher standard and better methods than have before prevailed. The constant interchange of educated ministers from one part of the country to another, is one of the influences that has kept our language from splitting into widely divergent dialects. For, in how many towns is the minister's speech the standard.

To confess this obligation to the clerical profession, is to remind us of the additional responsibility which the possession of a minister's influence involves. The secular education of the minister, so influential on those about him, ought to be broadened, his historical knowledge should be full, his scientific information fresh, the culture of his literary taste considerable. A wider education for the ministry means a larger general culture for the people. It is even possible that the nasal quality of voice by which so many of our people bewray themselves, might be quite done away with in time, if we could have two generations of ministers trained to speak the mother-tongue with full and sonorous utterance. Not that ministers are worse offenders in this regard than the rest of us, but as a class they have more influence. Again, if ministers generally understood the principles which underlie approved educational methods, there would be a more rapid improvement in schools, for their public spirit and enlightened interest in education are beyond question. But in urging these additional responsibilities upon the clergy, we are only recognizing the force of the old French maxim, *noblesse oblige*. If nobility imposes extraordinary obligations, so does influence.

#### The Good-natured Man.

GOOD-NATURE, like the tongue in the anecdote of Æsop, is the best thing in the world, but also the worst thing in the world. In its own sphere it is as divine as the sunshine. If it does not drive the world forward, it saves much of the force that would otherwise be required. It is the great lubricant of human affairs. Oiling the machinery is as indispensable a work as lighting a fire under the boiler, and your true master of men, while he applies driving force, does not spare the good-nature that makes smooth work by decreasing the resistance. The genuine school-master, for example, knows that the best products of

intellectual culture grow in the sunlight, and that the storms which clear the air should be exceptional. We talk much, nowadays, of the cheering effect of decoration on the home, and of the blessing of open fires; but a little old-fashioned good-nature in parents and children is brighter than an artistic dado, and goes to the heart more immediately than a sentimental wood-fire, on brazen andirons of the style of Queen Anne or Ghengis Khan. Decorating a house that is never irradiated with hearty good-nature is like frescoing a cellar wall.

But a Hebrew philosopher long since discovered that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," and the greater part of all the evils in the world grow either from the root of untimeliness or that of out-of-place-ness. Inappropriateness curdles everything—even good-nature is an unmitigated evil when it gets out of place or season.

In one of our large cities, in the worst days of ring speculation, a citizen declared his intention to vote for the candidate for mayor nominated by the party opposed to his own. Both candidates, he said, were honest, but the one his own party had nominated was too good-natured. The other man was equally honest and far less obliging—a man for the times, who would not spare anybody's feelings. We have had many public officers whose honesty has been rendered un-serviceable by their good-natured disinclination to put even a rogue to inconvenience.

There is a good-nature that is the genuine result of goodness of heart, and there is a good-nature born of laziness of spirit. Some men are unwilling to incommode others because they love their own ease. Good-nature that comes of spiritual discipline or an unselfish heart is stamped with the divine image; but the good-nature that seeks only to avoid trouble is a spurious coin. It is easier for a well-dressed lady to bestow a piece of money on a pitiable-looking wretch of a woman than it would be for her to stop and observe that the borrowed baby of the beggar is drugged, and further, to reflect that in supporting such mendicants the giver is only cherishing the human vermin that make the world loathsome.

This indolent good-nature is the bane of our political and commercial life. Men are selected for places of trust because they are "good fellows." Now, as a general rule, the good fellow is the worst fellow in the world to put in a place of trust. The good fellow means well, but nothing is so impotent as the good fellow's good intentions. Before the war, it used to be said that Northern politicians wanted backbone. But, indeed, the training of the office-seeker, like that of the acrobat, is directed to the producing of suppleness and elasticity in the spine. The good fellow is chosen on account of flexibility. He cannot well say no. It is not the art of good-fellowship to say no. He is honest enough in a lazy way—the good fellow does not steal. But he cannot say no when the rogue approaches him, and so, though he does not grow rich at public expense, the money leaks away all the same.

Impotent good-nature is not so villainous as direct theft, but the effect on the treasure-chest is much the same. Good-nature shuts its eyes and folds its hands while theft takes the safe-key from his pocket. Your good fellow can never quite believe that a rogue will steal.

It is not so wonderful, after all, that popular elections put this sort of good-natured men into responsible places. The marvel is that men of business training do the same thing in commercial affairs. They generally select the good fellow for a bank-cashier, for example. He is a good man to meet the public, he will bring business to the bank. But they do not reflect on the amount of distress it will give their good-natured cashier to say no, when some tottering business house or some speculating adventurer seeks an "accommodation." To accommodate is what the good-natured man likes to do—it is cruel to ask him to refuse the people who beat like waves against the walls of a moneyed institution. Sooner or later the obliging cashier grows tired of the everlasting no, and the unstable borrowers "effect an entrance," as the reporters say of burglars. When the bank fails, everybody is astonished—the cashier was always "the best fellow in the world." They do not reflect that his good-fellowship was actually his disqualification.

Directors in financial corporations, such as banks, savings-banks, life-insurance companies, seem to be generally remarkable for sunny good-nature. They are selected to watch the active officers, and their supposed watchfulness lends credit to the corporation. But millions of dollars are stolen every year without the knowledge of these prominent directors, who probably think it their main duty as gentlemen not to give offense to the executive officers of their institutions by overmuch watchfulness. It is notorious that the bank and insurance examiners of the State often find loans of the most improper kind on the books of life-insurance companies and savings-banks. The directors would not stoop to examine too closely into the administration of the institution to the support of whose credit they have freely lent their names. They are good-natured accessories to crimes which leave many a family penniless.

When a great journalist, now dead, was asked the secret of success in his profession, he said: "Industry and ugliness." There are other professions besides that of the journalist in which ugliness is a valuable quality. Public teachers generally need a fair allowance of it. We once heard an old Kentuckian describe a fashionable preacher: "He's a beautiful speaker, but a horse-thief could sit under his preaching without being disturbed."

Inestimable as is good-nature, it is a dangerous quality in men who are the appointed guardians of other men's morals or money. Unruffled good temper is not the best recommendation one can give in all cases—it is not the highest virtue of a watch-dog, for example.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Public Service and Private Business.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, in his first message to Congress, quotes, with evident appreciation, a passage from the letter in which the late candidate for the vice-presidency accepted his nomination, and in which he said: "It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to those which regulate the conduct of successful private business." We are glad that President Arthur indorses so warmly this sentiment of candidate Arthur. It is an admirable sentiment, and it is admirably expressed. No reform of the civil service is demanded which this proposition does not involve. If President Arthur will throw the whole weight of his administration into the work of making this maxim the rule of the public service, he will revolutionize the methods of appointment and removal, and will make for himself a lasting name.

Nobody will venture to dispute the soundness of the proposition thus laid down by the highest authority. Why should not the public service be managed on the principles which regulate successful private business? These principles are the result of experience; they are calculated to secure, and do secure, honesty and efficiency, vigilance and economy; does not the Government, in the administration of its high trusts and in its vast transactions, need these virtues in its service quite as much as any private business needs them? Who would justify the members of a political administration in adhering to methods of conducting public affairs which, as intelligent business men, they would repudiate as wasteful and ruinous in their own business? President Arthur is right. The public service ought to be managed on business principles. Let us see what this means.

It means, in the first place, that the public service, at least so far as the subordinate places are concerned, ought to be wholly unpartisan. No successful business man asks an applicant for the position of clerk or salesman to which of the political parties he belongs. No business man thinks it important that his clerks should agree with him in their political, or their religious, or their literary opinions. What he wants to know is, whether they are capable of performing the duties of the position for which they apply—whether they are honest, and faithful, and obliging. He will not be guilty of the folly of limiting himself to one-half of the labor-market by an arbitrary and senseless rule which confines his selection of employees to one political party. The men who are responsible for the public service ought to be governed, if President Arthur's maxim is true, by these considerations, and by no others. There are a few important political offices which ought, undoubtedly, to be filled by men who understand, and who will endeavor to carry out, the political policy of the administration. But with the great majority of all the positions in the public service it makes no difference whatever whether the men who hold them are Republicans or Demo-

crats. The Government wants the most capable and trustworthy servants, be they Democrats, or be they Republicans; and it is a distinct repudiation of the plainest business principles when the Government restricts itself, in its search for the best men, to one-half of the population.

Another of these business principles is well formulated by President Arthur. "Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness." The principle will be disputed by no intelligent person. The only question is how to apply it. How shall fitness be ascertained? Not one in ten of all the persons appointed to office is personally known to the persons making the appointments. When the Secretary of the Treasury holds in his hand the recommendation of a candidate to a clerkship, signed by various local dignities a thousand miles from Washington, he has not "ascertained" the fitness of the person recommended. Nor is he much more certain after the Congressman from that district has indorsed the application. Doubtless he ought to be, but doubtless he is not. That the person applying is a friend of the Congressman is probable enough; that he is the best man for that place is by no means clear. How shall the fact be ascertained? It is evident that the task of making fit appointments is not an easy one. A business man has only a score or two, or a hundred or two, clerks and salesmen to appoint; in a great department of the Government, especially when the head changes once in four years or oftener, the difficulty is much greater. It is to the solution of this practical difficulty that the civil service reformers have addressed themselves; and they claim to have found out a way in which the fitness of applicants for office can be ascertained with a good degree of accuracy. They say that their method has been tried, and that it works admirably. They point to strong testimonies of its success in documents accompanying President Arthur's message, which he has not overlooked. If it has been ascertained that this method of ascertaining the fitness of candidates for public office is a good method, then the method ought to be adopted. Private business adopts improved methods as soon as their superiority is made manifest. But there need be no disputing about methods. Let President Arthur adhere to his principle, and we are content. "Original appointments should be made upon ascertained fitness." If that rule be thoroughly enforced, the methods are not important.

"The tenure of office should be stable." This is another of the business principles that President Arthur wishes to apply to the public service, and it is the best of them all. "The tenure of office should be stable." How stable? As stable as service would be in any good business house. This is the logic of the President's argument. If the same rules which apply to successful private business are to govern the public service, then capable and experienced officials will not be turned out of office every year nor every four years. What merchant would consent to a regulation by which his clerks and subordinates should be "rotated?"

out of his employ as soon as they had fairly learned their duties, and their places be filled with inexperienced men? What bank would tolerate such an itinerancy in its offices? What private firm would not suffer by the neglect to avail itself of the fruits of experience and training gained by those in its employ? If business principles are applied to the public offices, then the tenure will be during good behavior. President Garfield's scheme of fixing the tenure of all the offices was of doubtful wisdom. Doubtless it would be better to have the terms fixed at four or six years, than to have the offices all emptied and refilled every year or two at the demand of members of Congress; but why should the United States deprive itself of training and experience in its service by any such hard and fast rule?

The constitutional tenure is during good behavior, and the first limitation of the term of some of the offices to four years was in the interest of the spoils system; the intent was to make a sweep of these offices in order to fill them with political workers. It was just here that the public service began to depart from business principles; it is just here that the first step toward reform ought to be taken, by abolishing the fixed term of all the subordinate appointive offices, and by allowing the Government to conform its rules of removal, as well as of appointment, "to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business."

Such is President Arthur's doctrine of the civil service, and it is good doctrine. It is to be hoped that he will live up to it.

#### The Disappearance of the School-master.

CHARLES LAMB once indited a whimsical "Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," but it is in no spirit of irony or mere sentiment that we are disposed to regret the vanishing race of school-masters. Nowadays there are teachers of grades—men and women appointed to fetch a pupil through a certain stage of his education, and then pass him along to the driver of the next. But the excess of systemization under which our common schools groan, being burdened, and the high regard paid to the quantitative analysis of learning in examinations, has pretty much done away with the school-master. The individual genius and personal quality of the teacher have been crowded to the wall by the overloaded course of study and the exactitude of system.

One stage of progress is often the most dangerous obstruction to the next. When a country, for example, has won by years of war, or centuries of struggle, a republican or liberal government, the people at once fall to worshipping that which has been acquired. The orator makes his way to the hearts of patriotic listeners by a wreath of eulogies with which to crown the idol of "republican institutions." After awhile, when some one ventures to point out certain defects in these institutions, and certain respects in which other forms of government work more perfectly, the reformer seems to be a croaker, an iconoclast, an irreverent blasphemer of the national gods, a desecrator of the shrine of patriotic egotism.

A sort of apotheosis has taken place in the matter of the American school system. It was, in its inception, so great an advance on the irregular and spasmodic methods which preceded it, that men came to esteem it well-nigh perfect. In its beginnings

there was an enthusiastic advocacy, in its gradual adoption a justifiable exultation. It came to have the sacredness of a holy cause; and popular education, though by no means originally or exclusively American, became a national boast. Did not foreign travelers wonder to see our working-men reading the daily newspaper? There was an aroma of philanthropy and democratic equality about the common school, and it became a favorite theme for holiday eulogy. To find fault with it seems to some people nothing short of attacking the sacred cause of human enlightenment.

Now the great evil of this state of mind is that it fosters abuses. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good many excellent things besides liberty. But the singing of pæans to things in their present state is not conducive to watchfulness. There is nothing in this rather imperfect world that may not be improved, and there is nothing that does not easily slip into abuse through laxity or a mistake of aim. The harm of general laudation is that it covers a multitude of sins which ought to be brought to light. It arrests progress in right directions, and aggravates all tendencies to extremes.

There can be no doubt that our school system in this country has well-nigh lost its flexibility. It is not subject to the guidance of enlightened thought. The primary grades, for example, have received little benefit from the discoveries and devices of Froebel. This may arise partly from the severe spirit in which some of Froebel's most sincere disciples in this country have sought to enforce the mint, anise, and cummin of his system, and partly from the shallow quackery of some mere money-makers, who have advertised modified and Americanized kindergartens, from which all that was substantial or essential in the Froebelian system had been eliminated. But the principles of child-nature are universal, and the great truths announced by Pestalozzi and Froebel have had little really important influence on our system. That, of all things, a little child should be constantly employed and never kept in a state of enforced quiet, is a fundamental principle with all the great masters of education in this century. But our "system" puts fifty or more children, of five or six years of age, under the care of one inexperienced teacher, who is enjoined to "keep them quiet" at all hazards. It is not surprising that President Garfield thought it wonderful that a child's love of education should survive "the outrages of the school-room." The very first step in the American system directly contravenes the strongest law of a child's nature; we make school hateful at the outset by making it a place of enforced inactivity of both mind and body. For a little child who is required to be quiet, cannot study. The long school hours are to him only a sort of imprisonment with enforced silence, from which he gladly escapes at the end of the tedious day. There are ways in which Froebel's more natural system could be applied in a measure, inexpensively, to all our primary schools.

It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a board of education to teach the greatest

possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school-teacher of the present day. It is certain he would have found himself hopelessly trammelled, as many an aspiring teacher finds himself trammelled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine—who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to develop the men and women of the future—gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "Board." Then there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive into the already overcrowded course some special study. The arts of design are often useful in a business way, therefore drawing shall be universally exacted of the pupils. Music is charming at home, therefore the vocal teacher must have place. In one considerable city, a wealthy merchant in the Board of Education, who found telegraphy valuable in his own office, has succeeded in putting every boy and girl in the town to clicking telegraph keys.

But, no matter what is put into the course, it is rare that anything is taken out. The school-master finds no place on which to stand. His individuality is utterly repressed. He is a mere cog-wheel in a great machine. He sinks down at last to the level mediocrity which machines always produce; he becomes a hearer of lessons, a marker of registers, a worker for examination week. It is not chiefly his fault that he does not do higher work. There is hardly space for it, and there is no market for it.

We debate about courses of study and modes of procedure in our schools, but the chief thing, after all, is to get a genuine teacher. The master of the famous "Gunnery" school, whose death recently attracted so much attention to his methods, did not teach anything that was not to be found in other schools of the same class. He was not even specially remarkable for his own scholarship, nor for extraordinary attainment in his pupils. But there was in him a manliness which communicated to his scholars something better even than the knowledge they acquired. There is a school district on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, where the Roman Catholic and Protestant voters have long struggled for control. Sometimes a Catholic teacher would receive the appointment, and, as he would not read the Bible in school, the Protestants would refuse to let their children learn the multiplication table from him. Then the Protestants would put in a teacher. But whichever carried the day, there was much uniformity in the stupidity of the teacher and the inefficiency of the school. It did not occur to any one that the quality of the teacher, as a teacher, was of more importance to the district than the religion to which he might belong in a nominal and hereditary way. But it chanced, in the summer just passed, that the district secured a genuine whole-hearted school-master. He was a Catholic, but Protestants soon forgot it, as he was not a propagandist. The boys and girls, for the first time, were eager for school hours and in love with school days. The district forgot the battle of religions in their feeling that the teacher was giving them something they had never had before.

All the world over, human short-sightedness puts the means for the end. The organization and regular conduct of a school system is of value only as it helps the schools to attain their main end. The minister of public instruction who boasted that he could look at his watch and know just what question was being asked at that moment in every school of a given grade in France, was a good illustration of the system-worshiper. A system of education that defeats its own end by destroying the free and individual action of the teacher is the nightmare of human progress. No doubt, teachers of enthusiastic devotion may do much under existing conditions, but it seems a pity to spend so much time and effort in producing unfavorable conditions.

#### The Situation in Ireland.

WHY do not things settle down in Ireland? is the question which those naturally ask who have watched the struggle of the last three years, noted the demands of the peasantry, and perceived what a long way the Land Act passed by Mr. Gladstone's government went toward satisfying those demands. Why is the news always of outrage on the one side, arrests on the other? Was the Land Act really an insufficient measure of reform? Or is the land question, after all, not the crucial question in Ireland? Natural as such a question is, it is one which those will hardly ask who understand Irish character, and know how old and deep is the resentment which the bulk of the Irish population feel toward what they still call "the English Government." Of the material grievances Ireland had to complain of, the Protestant establishment and the condition of the tenantry were no doubt the gravest, and the latter far graver than the former. But they were not the only grievances; so that to settle them is not to settle everything.

For many years past there has been in Ireland a party which, whether it called itself Repealer, or National, or Fenian, or Home Rule, has substantially had always the same object—that of shaking off the rule of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and making the island, if possible, absolutely independent; if not, then at least practically so for most purposes. This party has enjoyed the sympathy of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and of a large section of the Roman Catholic middle class, as well as of some few Protestants. But it had from them little more than sympathy. They did not care enough to take up arms or do anything more than vote for Home Rule candidates. Fenianism, though it seems to have made a sort of scare in England, was never really formidable. Perceiving this, Mr. Davitt, who is the ablest man the National party has produced of late years, resolved to rouse the peasantry and win their support by appealing to their material interests. He organized the Land League, and the movement at once acquired an importance it had never had before. There was now something definite to struggle for, something more solid than a green banner and visions of national independence. No equally skillful move had been made since the days of Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. Gladstone's government recognized the change in the situation, and finding that the loyal Protestant population of the north of Ireland supported the demand for a sweeping change in the land laws, they conceded it, and forced the Act of last session through,

many of their own supporters making extremely wry faces over a measure so opposed to ordinary English ideas. They hoped thus to undo the alliance between the tenant farmers and the Nationalists which the Land League had created. They removed the motive, the practical grievance, which that alliance had rested on, and trusted that nationalism would relapse into its previous weakness.

To a great extent they have succeeded. There can be little doubt, in spite of the disturbances cabled from Ireland, that the great mass of the tenant farmers will take advantage of the Act and pay their rents so far as they can. They will recognize, probably they have recognized already, that no further concessions can at present be expected from the British Parliament, so that the wise course is to make the most of the Act. Thus the Land League will lose much of the active support it has had. But there remain, still unappeased, and not likely to be appeased, the Nationalists, many of whom looked on the land agitation as only an engine in the contest for independence. Fearing to lose all of what they had gained, they of course do their best to keep the excitement alive, to deter farmers from applying to the Land Court, to minimize the advantages which that court offers. It is the easier to do this because during the past two years a habit of lawlessness has grown up in which there is something attractive. There is a fascination in the act of conspiracy. It quickens the pulse and begets a sense of power—power all the dearer because it is secret. The Land League courts, and the people who (probably in many cases without the sanction of the Land League courts) carried on the land war by shooting at agents, or maiming cattle, or beating tenants who had paid their rents, cannot be expected to give up their practices at once, especially as the most active men among them are Nationalists, who dread nothing so much as the contentment of Ireland and a good feeling between her and Great Britain, since that would make their cause hopeless.

"But then," some one asks, "why do not those tenant farmers who are going to use the Land Act repudiate the Land League courts and the outrages one reads of?" They have got what they wanted, or nearly all of it; "why do they not show their gratitude by helping to reëstablish order?" The truth is, that gratitude counts for little in politics anywhere; and all the less in this particular case because the people think that it was English fear, not English goodwill, that gave them the Land Act. Besides, they have for more than a century been in the habit of regarding the Government (whether Liberal or Tory makes no difference), the law and its ministers, as their natural enemies. They have been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare against landlords—that is to say, against the exercise of those full legal rights which the law gave the landlord, but which their sentiment disapproved. An act done in the course of this warfare, even if the law calls it a crime, appeared to them in the light rather of an act of war, a sort of irregular foray on the enemy, than of an offense against the peace and good order of society. Hence, even those who took no active part in what are called agrarian outrages did not exert themselves to check them, would not give evidence, would not as jurymen find a verdict of guilty—not to add, that they would possibly

risk their own lives by doing so. This old habit is not to be got rid of at once, and it makes the great difficulty which those who govern Ireland have to reckon with. It is quite sufficient to account for the continuance of disorders in Ireland now, and it may last for years to come. Nothing seems likely to extinguish it but the growth of a feeling among the people that the law is on their side, and that outrages on individuals are threats to themselves.

If the Land Act succeeds, if rents are reduced, and are paid regularly, and if a large number of farmers become land-owners, the Irish peasant may become, probably will become, as firm a supporter of the rights of property as the French peasant is. All this must take time. Confidence is a plant of slow growth; so too is material prosperity in an old country without remarkable physical resources; and it may be long before either the contentment of the peasants, or a sense of the commercial advantages which English connection gives, or even the bestowal of a better and more popular system of local self-government, allays that desire for national independence which is strong enough to keep the people restless, yet apparently never strong enough (unless when backed by some material interest) to unite them in its cause.

#### George Eliot and Emerson.

ON the horizon of almost every mind there rise at times the spectral clouds of Doubt and Disbelief. The timid turn away and try to forget, or shiver in uncertain apprehension: the brave man pushes to close grips with the terror, to find if it be fact or phantom, or if perchance it be even a disguised friend.

It is profoundly interesting to study those lives in which the tendency to religious disbelief has been conscientiously accepted and lived out. The result of such observation is not always what we should expect. For instance, there has lately died in England a man who gave up all belief in God and immortality, yet who was, his friends tell us, of pure life and lovable character, and who carried his disbelief with buoyancy of spirit, and every appearance of happiness. On his tomb is the inscription: "I was not, and I was conceived: I lived and did a little work: I am not, and grieve not." We are not told whether this summing up of his story was from Professor Clifford's own hand; but it might well have been, for it expresses his belief and temper.

In the November number of *THE CENTURY*, there was given a personal sketch of George Eliot, which showed the far different effect upon her mind of convictions like Professor Clifford's. Mr. Myers's delicate and sympathetic presentation of her character, from the standpoint of loyal and reverent friendship, confirmed the impression given by her books, that the renunciation of belief in God and immortality wrought in her a profound and abiding sadness. Her unshaken fidelity to duty, amid the shadows that lay upon her spirit and upon the universe, affects us as most heroic and pathetic. The use to which she put that great pain, in drawing from it a finer sympathy and service to the fellow-beings whom she saw as orphans with her in a fatherless universe, is a supreme example of how the bitterest personal experience may be made to bear sweet fruit. But still, to her just and truth-loving mind, the world appeared a sadder place than it was in

the light of the old faith. She did not profess, like Professor Clifford, and like Harriet Martineau, to find no real loss in giving up the hope of a future life, with its disclosure of a light in which earth's miseries and mysteries shall all be reconciled as parts of a supreme good.

This confession, visible between all the lines of her later work, of a great sadness consequent on the loss of a spiritual faith and hope, seems to us to indicate the sanity and truth of her genius and character. Given those premises—no God and no hereafter—and there can rightly be but one conclusion, a profound gloom investing human destiny. Such words as those of Professor Clifford fall on the mind with a sense of bravado and unreality. He may have been happy in the enthusiasm with which he preached his new creed, yet one hardly envies such happiness. It was impossible to a nature with the deeper insight and wider sympathy which belonged to George Eliot. Rightly said Marcus Aurelius: "It is well to die, if there be gods; and it is sad to live, if there be none." It is the latter alternative to which the philosophy based solely on material science compels those who faithfully follow its teaching. "God we have none," then, most surely, "sad is it to live!" How inevitably the two things are bound together was shown by the life of this greatest Englishwoman of our time. For she had the gifts that best might win joy and comfort—fidelity to conscience, domestic happiness, intellectual power, friends, success,—all were hers. Hers was the great endowment of a noble sympathy with mankind, and a keen susceptibility to beauty and grandeur. Yet, led by the philosophy which she accepted and the intellectual associations amid which her life was cast, to disbelieve in God and immortality, she thereupon found the universe a sad place, lightened by courage and mutual tenderness, yet sad to the very heart. Honor to the brave soul that followed so faithfully its thought of truth, and, finding the conclusion bitter, would not call it sweet!

But, looking upon that conclusion, thus fully wrought out, thus shown in vivid reality, the mind draws back with a profound instinct of denial. It says: The world is good, life is good, the inmost meaning of the universe is something blessed and divine. That, we incline to say, is the deepest thing we feel and the surest thing we know. That is the impression which comes home to the healthiest minds. That is the voice which the ineffable beauty of nature speaks to the soul. That is the suggestion of the majestic order in which creation marches. That is the message of the teachers who outrank all the pedants of the schools,—the message of human life at its deepest and highest, of love and labor, of fatherhood and motherhood, of conquered temptation, of aspiration and prayer, of all that brave hearts endure and loving hearts feel. Life is blessed and divine; its very shadows hint at the sun which they obscure, its meaning is better than our best thought, and shall hereafter be disclosed to us. And any intellectual theory which in its outworking destroys this serene confidence impresses us as untrustworthy. No matter how ingenious its arguments: its roots do not strike down to the inmost truth and reality.

In geometry, that science which Plato made the type of our spiritual knowledge,—its truths being most certain, yet wholly independent of sense-evi-

dence,—there is one way of demonstrating some particular truth which is called *reductio ad absurdum*. It consists in assuming that the point in question is not true; in arguing from that basis, and reaching from it as a necessary conclusion some statement so absurd that the mind revolts from it and thereupon discredits the assumption which led to an incredible result. In a like way, a life like George Eliot's may be taken as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the philosophy she accepted. We listen to its clever arguments, we grant them plausible, perhaps we find no flaw. But put them to the working proof. Make them the lens through which a great soul looks at human life, and lo! the whole world is seen wrapped in the lurid hue of a sadness without hope! We reject the lens, we dismiss the philosophy. We trust the great intuitions of humanity, moving on like a majestic river, in which to-day's doubts and denials will hereafter show as a moment's backward eddy.

Mr. Myers quotes from George Eliot this notable utterance:

"I gather a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own moral powers and life experience, which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering human nature."

There is more than humility in this. The world is never without its men of spiritual vision,—a kind of insight into reality essentially different from George Eliot's keen analysis of human nature. It is a genius of higher order than hers; it is telescopic, reaching the heavens, where hers was microscopic, revealing the things of earth. Mr. Myers names George Eliot, Carlyle, and Ruskin as three prophets. But we have in Emerson a greater prophet than any of the three; healthy where Carlyle was dyspeptic; serene and all-viewing where Ruskin is partial and passionate; a seer where George Eliot was an analyst. She knew the thought of her day and generation, and was mastered by it: he knows it, and masters it. No one is freer than he from bondage to tradition. No one sees more clearly the meanings of science. He is so free from all false or exaggerated fervors that to many he seems cold. In him the brilliant rays of color—of insight, passion, tenderness, imagination, worship, love—seem to blend in the clear white light of truth. And his sincere message rings always with a jubilant tone of faith, and hope, and joy. In everything he sees divinity,—the token and the very presence of God. For him, life pours from every urn a wine of exquisite joy, which never intoxicates, but yields a celestial vigor. With the heavens opening above and about him, he yet keeps his feet always on the firm ground of familiar fact. His poems are inspirations of serene joy. The present is to him so full that he will scarcely dwell on the future. Yet, in his "Threnody," born of a great sorrow, we have the foretaste, and almost the present sense, of eternity. How nobly, in "Social Aims," he writes of Immortality. He goes deeper than any conviction about man's futurity, to that absolute trust in all-ruling good which is the heart of spiritual faith. "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not." And from that citadel of the soul, how lofty a glance he throws upon the future:

—“Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties,—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.” This is like what is said in the “Threnody,” in a passage whose tenderness matches its moral energy and inspiration:

“—*What is excellent  
As God lives, is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,  
Heart's love will meet thee again.*  
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye  
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.  
Not of adamant and gold  
Built he heaven stark and cold;  
No, but a nest of bending reeds,  
Flowering grass, and scented weeds:

Or like a traveler's fleeing tent,  
Or bow above the tempest bent;  
Built of tears and sacred flames  
And virtue reaching to its aims;  
Built of furtherance and pursuing,  
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.”

Emerson's “Threnody,” Tennyson's “In Memoriam,”—these are but new versions of mankind's eternal gospel; from the grave itself is born the great assurance of something above and beyond death. It is through the noblest life here that the life hereafter is revealed. “Not,” says Emerson, “by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear, to a use the most sublime.”

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### The Exhibition of American Wood-Engraving.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: The late exhibition of American wood-engraving at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (the first of real importance held in this country), was a most interesting one, embracing, as it did, three well-filled rooms, and containing specimens of the work of the past and present. Here the public had an opportunity of judging for themselves, by actual comparison, of the merits of different engravers and of different methods. Proofs of all varieties of wood-engraving were shown, from the conventional cutting of the old-fashioned wood-drawing—slick, clean, and pretty—to the wildest and most independent efforts of the “new school” of painters and engravers. Almost every engraver of note had, at least, a few specimens, and a great number of the younger men were well represented. I cannot give a complete review of the exhibition, but will mention some of its most salient features.

One lingered longest and with most pleasure over the collections of T. Cole and W. B. Closson, not only for their own exquisite workmanship, but for the splendid originals which they had so carefully rendered. W. J. Linton's block of “The Raft,” after George Harvey, was a masterly treatment of a large subject, and worthy of all praise. His head after Titian seemed to be a new departure for Linton. J. G. Smithwick's “Drumming out a Tory,” after Reinhart, calls for special comment for skillful and brilliant handling, and his proof after Boughton's “Autumn” is a proof any one might covet. J. P. Davis's “Eager for the Fray,” after Shirlaw, is a representative example of his best workmanship. Fred. Juengling's exhibit, arranged in chronological order, was full of interest, beginning, as it did, with a rendering of a conventional wood-drawing for the “Fireside Companion,” 1870, and ending with a large block after a painting by R. Swain Gifford, 1880. His best effort was the head of “The Professor,” for which he received honorable mention in the *Salon* Exhibition of 1881. French's well-chosen specimens after Abbey, Pyle, and others were delicate and refined. Marsh's “Moths” one can never see too often, but one

missed some of his beautiful proofs after Mrs. Foote, Lathrop, and others. Kruell's collection of masterly portraits was headed by “Dean Stanley”; for his engraving of flesh and use of white line he is unequaled. King's specimens of tint-work after James Beard's drawings showed remarkable skill, especially in the way of mechanical execution. J. H. E. Whitney's wood-cut copies of etchings attracted much attention; the dry point and line effect of his head of “Jo,” after Whistler, is one of the most remarkable things ever done on the block. Miss Powell's cut of “At the Piano,” after Whistler's painting, was a very successful effort. Thomas Johnson's portrait of the mother of President Garfield showed great strength and directness.

These are only a few of the great number who merit special praise, if space permitted, among whom were Andrew, Miss Barber, Dana, Heinemann, Hellawell, Kingsley, Speer, and many others.

The delicate “Winifred Dysart,” by Closson, after George Fuller's painting, and “Autumn Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills,” after Thayer, and the “First Communion,” after Bastien Lepage, both engraved by Cole, should put an end forever to all controversies as to superiority of old methods over new ones. These proofs show a delicacy and subtlety of expression never before attained in wood-cuts, as well as a quality of line never yet excelled.

After a careful survey of the whole exhibition, one gives a sigh of regret that such excellent engraving has, in so many cases, gone to waste on weakly pretty, and often petty drawings. It would seem, indeed, that reform in the future must come through the artist, rather than the engraver, who now seems able to accomplish any task set before him far better than ever before in the history of the art.

The late exhibit also confirms the opinion already expressed in SCRIBNER, that the American school have won their laurels as that of the best engravers in the world by their subtle and delicate rendering of small and medium-sized blocks. As far as large blocks go, we still have, with rare exceptions, little to show in comparison with the splendid work done by the English and French schools.

A. W. D.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Ghosts in our Foreign Policy.

NOWHERE do ideas outlive their time so stubbornly as in the foreign policy of nations. The English jealousy of the hereditary enemy across the Channel persisted long after there was any need for it, and it is only in this generation that the people of the United States have entirely recovered from the anti-British feeling that came down from the days of George III. and Lord North. There are instances all through the pages of history of the survival of certain national antipathies, jealousies, fears, and the policy based on these sentiments, long after there was any occasion for them. Nations have been embroiled in destructive wars by the mere ghosts of ideas—post-pliocene survivals that walked the earth as though they had a legitimate place in the existing order of things.

It seems quite possible that the American fear of European interference may be one of these walking fossils. When that most clear-headed and straightforward president, James Monroe, in the middle of his second term, enunciated the doctrine that the American Government would neither embroil itself in Europe nor consent that the European powers should "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere," his declaration was a timely and fitly spoken word. Monroe was president of twenty-four sparsely settled States containing about ten millions of people, of whom a million and a half were slaves. The country, almost up to the very beginning of his presidency, had been sorely divided between a party that leaned toward British traditions, and one that held to a French alliance and an antipathy to England. In Europe the "balance-of-power" doctrine reigned supreme, and there was danger that American alliances or conquests might be sought as make-weights. Mexico had but recently achieved her independence, and in the year the Monroe doctrine was promulgated had overthrown the short-lived empire of Iturbide, and, following the example of the United States, had become a republic. The future of the continent was beginning to disclose itself. America was to be republican. But there was ground to fear that the European governments, fresh from the reestablishment of Bourbonism in France, and hostile to every movement of republicanism, might attempt to arrest the course of events on the American continent. It was the master-stroke of statesmanship, at this juncture, to announce, as Monroe did, with the utmost candor and friendliness, that we should regard any attempt to extend the European system to this continent "as dangerous to our peace and safety." It was a declaration of independence for the hemisphere.

The doctrine has by no means become obsolete, though it has been sometimes seriously overworked. Any attempt to extend the European system to

America by conquest or forcible interference would be regarded as no less hostile to our peace now than such an attempt would have been in the time of the clear-sighted President Monroe. But the fears of that day are groundless in this. The national self-assertion necessary in the time of weakness is out of place now. In the fifty-eight or nine years that have passed since the Monroe doctrine was pronounced, the ten millions have grown to fifty and the face of European politics has changed. The great powers have recovered from their reaction against the French Revolution, and have grown more liberal. The European system is no longer what it was. But even if there were a disposition to introduce the European system into America to-day, the United States is clearly master of the situation, at least so far as the northern half of the continent is concerned. There is nothing that could resist the power of this Government if it were disposed to seize the whole of North America. We can afford to talk less about the Monroe doctrine; for nowadays it enforces itself.

As for the isthmian canal, it may be necessary to insist on special guarantees and it may not. At least, it would be unfortunate for the United States to be placed in a position of obstruction toward a work of world-wide interest. We have talked of a canal across the Panama isthmus for more than a generation. But our hands are filled with work that lies within our own bounds. Far-reaching railways, great bridges, delta improvements, and coast surveys have absorbed the engineering enterprise of the nation. On the other hand, it is natural that an old and cultivated country like France, under a liberal government and with a peaceful policy, should seek opportunities in America for her enterprise and skill. It would be a subject for regret if we should withhold our admiration from such engineers as the heroic Blanchet, for example, who a few weeks ago fell a victim to his zeal for the canal. No interest that we may feel in the rival schemes of American projectors, no ghost of possible European interference, should prevent our heartily applauding the courage and skill of the great French engineers who have undertaken the boldest work of the world.

There is already reason to fear that a scheme is on foot to revive the annexation movement, in connection with the canal excitement. One hears from some public men, in conversation, a vague intimation that Santo Domingo is a "strategic point" of great importance. It controls the isthmus, we are told, and if we do not get it, somebody else will; consequently it will be necessary for us to seize it. But no European power would care to become involved in a war with the United States for the sake of acquiring a West India island. It is not needful that we should rob a neighbor to prevent his being plundered by some one else.

The desire for adjacent territory was a natural one in the early history of the country, when Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi were held by foreign powers. But the policy of annexation is likewise a survival. We have no need of territory. To begin to annex islands or provinces filled with an uncongenial people would be to enter on a career fatal to our system of government. We have no machinery appropriate to the management of remote provinces, as the English have. Our attempt to handle Mormonism under a provincial system shows how difficult it is for a republic like ours, which has no prime minister, all powerful and wholly responsible, to govern in this way. Our system is not suited to schemes of conquest. This republic ought to make its citizenship so desirable that States beyond its limits would seek admission to it. But there should never be a single foot of ground in it peopled by subjugated inhabitants. We are strong enough and remote enough to enforce easily the non-interference of Europe. We do not want any "strategic points," however much they may be desired by American speculators and jobbing corporations. It is a good time to put a new doctrine alongside the Monroe doctrine, namely: that this republic does not wish to annex any territory but that which seeks annexation, and that it does not want any people who are not capable of autonomy under our federal system. All others are only a weakness to us.

#### Authors' Rights.

THE question of international copyright has so often approached a settlement, and so often failed to reach one, that our hopes for a favorable issue of the present movement are not glowing. We venture to predict, moreover, that so long as the question is taken up from the wrong end, so long as the rights of authors are essentially ignored, just so long will the question remain virtually unsettled, no matter what treaties are made or what statutes are passed. For it is idle to call the proposed treaty a scheme for the protection of authors. It is notoriously a scheme for the protection of publishers; and authors are by it protected only so far and so long as the proposed protection is supposed to be for the benefit of publishers. The treaty has been recommended to the authorities by a long list of American authors, but let no one suppose that authors as a class acquiesce therein, except as a compromise of their rights, and as "the half-loaf that is better than no bread."

Now we hold it to be self-evident that, in a question of absolute right, there can be no compromise that will last. The history of slavery in this country is a proof of this; and we do not hesitate to say that it was easier to frame a plausible justification of slavery from the Bible itself, than it is to justify the theft of literary property allowed under our laws, and justified by our law-makers. We do not lose sight of the fact that there have been and are English as well as American pirates, and that generous sums have been paid, for many years past, by all the principal American publishers to foreign writers. But it still remains true that American publishers, as a class, have been from the beginning opposed to any legislation which would put the English author on a par with other holders of salable property.

If it is denied—and it certainly is denied by many—that, under all circumstances, it is best to do right; and if it is found necessary to argue questions like this upon a lower plane—even in this case, the arguments of thrift lean to the side of justice. If all the leading publishers of the United States had long ago insisted, as a few of them did, upon a just and honorable international copyright law, in the interests primarily of the producers of literature, they would all at this moment have been in the undisturbed enjoyment of the most valuable modern literary properties, both at home and abroad, instead of being driven to the wall by the small fry of piratical publishers. Events have proved that publishers have been blind to their own interests in the past—we believe they are blind to their own interests in the present—in not insisting upon a more liberal, that is to say, a more just, convention between England and America. They propose to set up a convention through which the English publishers can, it is believed, drive a coach and four; and they call upon the British Government to "protect" English printers from their American rivals!

During generation after generation a gigantic wrong has been perpetrated by the Government and Congress of the United States upon the authors of both America and England. Against this injustice one great writer after another, in these countries, has risen up, and protested, and passed away, embittered in mind and comparatively poor in property—poor, while others have helped themselves on the road to wealth from the fruits of his labors. By reason of this injustice, the literary production of our own country has been cramped and well-nigh crushed.

But, at this late date in an unfortunate history, somebody suddenly finds himself hurt! Is it the author? No, for he was bruised, spat upon, and driven out-of-doors long ago. Is it the paper-maker? No; for he is doing a thriving trade. It is the "legitimate" publisher whose toes are at last trodden upon, and who now asks the governments of two great nations to devise some alleviation for his miseries! To our minds this is not a dignified spectacle. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Frelinghuysen that the first concern of the treaty should be the outraged rights of the producers of literature in America and England. It is a question whether the Administration cannot better afford to "fail" in the pursuit of absolute justice, than to "succeed" with a compromise.

#### On a Recent Social Phenomenon.

ADVENTURERS, dead-beats, frauds, impostors, charlatans, social pretenders, conscienceless cranks, and the whole tribe of the morally deficient would have comparatively little opportunity to do harm in this world, and would meet with but few of the emoluments and rewards which they crave, were it not for the weak and good-natured acquiescence of the upright. Just as, in the narrow circle of what is called society, if a person has been consistently rude and neglectful of polite obligations throughout a life-time, he or she is, though perhaps somewhat avoided, yet still generally forgiven,—so in society at large, if a man has once achieved the reputation of being morally crooked, his irregularities are more easily pardoned because they are numerous than they would be if they were ex-

ceptional; and if he possess a handful of the minor virtues his little crimes are all the more readily condoned. "If a fellow sing me a good song, or serve me a good dinner, what care I for the sanctity of his soul?"

But further than this, there is a downright sentiment of admiration, in the minds of many supposedly good men, of a successful "fraud." Speculators and adventurers in the financial world show an astonishing persistency in "defying public opinion." But beneath their bravado is the comfortable and well-founded conviction that if they can only make a "brilliant success," there will be a reserve of sincere admiration beneath the general condemnation of the community.

Especially is there admiration of those talents whereby even a bastard fame is secured. A fame which is nothing but notoriety is still something that affects the imagination of men. It is looked upon as a manifestation of power, and there are few indeed who do not respect power, of whatever kind. There are many who forget that, given a certain amount of ability, allied to callousness of conscience, or given good education, cleverness, and a lack of self-respect, a great many things can be accomplished which tend easily to notoriety. The moment a man of brains consents to accept notoriety in the place of good fame, he will find an easy path to his goal.

A few weeks ago, a British author visited America to make a second survey of its territory and institutions after an interval of eleven years. No important section of the country was left by him unvisited—from New England to California, from Oregon to Georgia. A historian ranking with the first of his generation in his own country, a professor in one of the great universities, a member of Parliament, and a friend of not a few of our leading men, he was received everywhere with sincere and unchronicled hospitality. Except in the notices of his public lectures, delivered in two of our leading cities, his comings and goings were scarcely mentioned in the papers. When he arrived in New York from England the newspapers contained the announcement in a single line; when he left, the "great dailies" did not dedicate so much as a paragraph to his departure. Yet he carried with him the respect and good wishes of the best portion of the community, and his visit here is likely to be not without effect upon at least some important part of the relations between the two countries.

About the time that Mr. James Bryce set sail for Europe, a young writer arrived on our shores, whose career here we do not intend to describe in detail, but which it is within bounds to say has been such as could only be possible with a person conspicuously lacking in both natural refinement and acquired taste. The author of a book whose good qualities have been heartily praised in these pages, he has lent himself to a double scheme of advertising (both of himself and of a dramatic caricature of himself) unprecedented in the annals of either literature or the stage, and has thereby counted himself out of the company of self-respecting men of letters. It was soon seen that what this young man wished for in America was not so much reputation and its legitimate rewards as notoriety, and the money and prestige that come that way. The people and the press at large understood the situation at once and exactly. But a certain portion of the society

that wishes to be amused at all hazards acted with the same insincerity that characterized the stranger's performances; played into the hands of his shrewd and business-like managers; and did all in its power to feed the vanity and thrift of one who has placed upon his own brow the stigma of a literary mountebank. Lurking beneath this insincere social acceptance it is easy to detect an admiration, cherished even by those who themselves keep to the straight path, for success achieved at whatever cost of dignity or conscience.

#### Kindness and Blindness.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a person who has been through sickness or trouble say: "It was worth while to undergo it, to find out how much kindness there is in the world." That is a common experience when trouble comes in such a form that those about the sufferer see it and know it. A man, living where he is well known, has a trying sickness, and friends and neighbors vie with each other in attentions—kind messages, delicacies to tempt the appetite, offers of watching and tendance. A poor woman on a railway journey loses her ticket and money, and the passengers, hearing of it, are quick to make up a purse for her. Let somebody find a case of destitution and suffering, and go about to tell his neighbors and ask their help, and he will find almost every one glad to help. There is in the heart of every Christian community a vast fund of latent kindness and sympathy, and the only thing necessary to call it out is the knowledge of somebody who needs it.

No doubt many people have asked themselves why it was that President Garfield's case called out such an immeasurable flood of sympathy and tenderness. The man's high worth partly explains it; his position as chosen chief of a great people, the tragic suddenness of his fall, the long suspense with its chills of fear and flushes of hope, the mutual excitation of millions of hearts under one emotion,—all these things helped to swell the tide. But at the center of it all was just this,—a suffering *man* and his suffering family. It was not what Garfield had in distinction from other men, but what he had in common with them, that touched most deeply the common heart; not that he was President, but that he had fought his way up, as other men fight theirs; not that he fell suddenly, but that he dragged through weary, languishing months, such as we all either have undergone or have seen in our friends. His mother and wife were held in the nation's heart, and in the world's heart, because every mother and every wife knows what it is to watch and pray for a life dearer than her own. It was the commonness of the experience, its typical and not its exceptional character, that made it so profoundly moving,—that, and the fact that the sufferers met their lot with such steadfast fortitude, such patience and submission and mutual love, as we all would wish for in our own hour of trial.

And what sent the matter deeper and deeper home to every one was the circumstance that day by day we knew all about it. Each phase of the disease, each incident,—the wife hastening to her husband's side, every fluctuation of hope and fear, the pathetic journey to Long Branch,—it all was told by the newspapers so minutely that we seemed to see it all before us.

While the President was slowly dying, there lay in hospital at Washington a wounded midshipman, who, after languishing for half a year, passed away just before the President. His case was barely mentioned by the papers, because the disease was pyæmia, and yielded some suggestion as to the probabilities of the more illustrious sufferer. But if by some chance that midshipman's case had been known to us from the first, as Garfield's was; his fortitude and gentleness had fully come to our knowledge; if we had known how, it may be, his mother or sister watched and prayed,—in that case, our hearts would have been touched with a tenderness not dissimilar to that with which we kept our long vigil beside the dying President.

The love of man for his brother man—that was the greatest meaning of the sorrow in which the whole world was united. That it was which must have made it, to purer eyes than ours, not a tragedy, but a triumph. For the sympathy flowing out from millions of hearts to that one sufferer brought those millions into a sublime community with one another. Before the bulletin-board, strangers spoke to one another like friends. Statesmen and patriots had vainly striven to reconcile North and South—and here, by this dying bed, North and South were one. America, England, France, Germany—the whole circle of Christian nations—were lifted for an instant into conscious brotherhood, a beckoning presage of the coming future when wars shall be no more.

The rod whose blow brought these waters from the rock was one case of patient suffering, brought closely and continuously home to the knowledge of all. So deep are the fountains of kindness and mutual love in the hearts of mankind!

Why is it, then, that so many of us live unloving and unfriended lives? Why is it that to countless lonely hearts the touch of loving sympathy is almost unknown? Nothing is more moving than the surprise with which people often greet some little delicate

attention or appreciation. Wordsworth might well say that it was not unkindness and ingratitude that to him were most pathetic:

"Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning!"

—because glad surprise at a trifling kindness tells of a life to which kindness has been a stranger.

The wall that shuts out kindness is not cruelty—it is negligence and inattention. When trouble is thrust before our eyes, we are not indifferent to it. But it may lie close beside our path, and we fail to see it, because we are intent on our own pursuit. A man's personal interests tend all the time to harden into a shell of self-absorption, shutting out the sight of his neighbors. When some shock of catastrophe to a neighbor breaks through the shell, startles him, makes him see, he is ready and glad to help. For the average man among us is not at heart a heathen or a brute. Eighteen centuries of Christian influence have not been wasted. And yet every community, every street, almost every household, has its lonely, uncheered lives. All about such lives are great reservoirs of that human good-will—that appreciation, sympathy, friendly response,—for which they are starving; and the reservoirs are sealed up only because people kind at heart have not learned to keep their eyes open. That is the consummate human accomplishment, the art of arts—to see. The most effective word which Jesus spoke to rouse benevolence simply set men on using thought and imagination to enter into other people's lives: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Put yourself in your neighbor's place; then almost instinctively you will do the right thing to him. To respond to a want or sorrow which thrusts itself in one's face—that any decent man will do. To divine the want which is not told, to read by a fine sympathy the story of the lives that touch ours—that is the "open sesame" before which the barriers go down, and the commonplace earth becomes a paradise.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Two Letters on the International Copyright Question.

THE QUESTION FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE following letter from Miss Harriet Martineau was found among the papers of the late Dr. Mackenzie, of Philadelphia. It is a melancholy warning to authors not to expect a satisfactory adjustment of their rights until some political leader has the statesmanship to see and the courage to insist that (as Mr. Towne says below) the question is primarily a moral and not an economic one, and must be treated on a moral plane:

TYNEMOUTH, Dec. 24, 1843.

SIR: The immediate effect of our memorial to Congress was to occasion the question of an International Copyright to be referred to a committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Clay was chairman. The committee reported in favor of such a measure, and presented the draught of a bill for the purpose; but the session

closed before the matter reached the other house, where, also, it was understood it would have been thrown out.

Since that time, our own Government has appointed another mode of proceeding. Parliament has empowered the Queen in council to proceed by treaty with the heads of other governments. Yet, the will of the President (even if Mr. Clay should be the next, which I strongly doubt) must, in such a case, depend greatly upon that of the people.

The popular will, however, is rapidly coming round to the point we wish. The chief benefit of our former proceeding was in causing a discussion of the question, far and wide. Some friends of mine obtained permission to argue the question in the New York "Evening Post," and it ended in the complete conversion of that respectable paper, and of many by its means.

Of late the American book-sellers have almost to a

and affairs. The function is not second to any other in an enlightened country. Men of letters are the intellectual judiciary, and the whole tone of public and private life is lifted up when the character of the literary guild is improved. The statesmen who now find their account in yielding to the vulgar desire to get pillaged literature at a low rate, must themselves go down to history by means of the recording pens of men of letters. It is not in the training of the true literary man to seek mean revenges—half the merit of literature lies in sincerity and impartiality. But there were English statesmen of great figure in the last century, who repelled colonial overtures for the abolition of the slave-trade, without argument, simply and selfishly saying: "You must not meddle with a trade that brings so much money to England." These men do not appear well in the light which our later culture holds up to them. The historian in the twentieth century, who shall set himself to the task of analyzing the degree of enlightenment attained by us, will not admire those public men of our time who obstruct so great a reform, in the interest of a dishonorable trade,

any more than we applaud the mercenary decisions once made in favor of piracy and the slave-trade.

If the present movement should fail, the next will probably be a far more comprehensive one, made by men of letters themselves, who are the real principals in the case. It is hard to organize authors as such—there are too many questions of literary position involved. But we can readily organize, on a business basis, an association of producers of literary property, which shall include writers of every rank and grade, who have a property-interest in copyrights. Such an association would seek to reform the whole theory of literary property. For it is a disgrace which the law-makers of America will have to bear, that men of letters in this late age should have to persuade reluctant legislators to give, through an intricate diplomacy, a partial protection from pillage to the productions of brain labor, that ought to stand on the common footing of all other property. The nineteenth century is drawing toward its close while yet Jews in Russia and writers in America are alike excluded from the equality before the law accorded to other classes.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A New Kind of "Boss."

SINCE the close of the war, various attempts have been made in Southern States to set on foot independent political movements through a division of the negro vote. None of these has met with much success except the Mahone movement in Virginia, and that has had a complete triumph. By the aid of the local Republican "machine" and the support of the negroes, Senator Mahone has created a new party, beaten the Democrats at the polls, and secured possession of the State Government. The movement of the Virginia Re-adjusters has been watched at the North with much distrust, owing to the fact that re-adjustment appeared, at first, to be merely a new name for repudiation. Had the Democrats ever shown a serious intention to provide for the payment of the debt of the State—had they appealed to their followers, not merely in the name of honesty, but with a practical declaration of an honest political programme, the Re-adjusters would have been placed in a very awkward position. As it was, the professions of the Bourbons amounted to little more than solemn asseverations that they were more honest than their opponents; but as they did not promise distinctly what they would do with the obligations of the State, if successful, their declaration was easily met by the Re-adjusters' denial that, so far as integrity went, there was anything to choose between the two parties. This made it easy for many organs of opinion at the North to urge that on

other grounds there might be reasons for wishing the new party success, and these grounds were found in the possibility that the defeat of the Democrats would make a break in the "Solid South," teach the negroes the value of their power as voters, help to accustom them to combinations for political objects of their own, and thus pave the way for what the South so much needs for its prosperity and security, the destruction of the old party lines.

It seems now to be doubtful whether the chief practical result achieved by Senator Mahone and his followers is not simply and solely a new demonstration of the fact that the negro vote can be used by unscrupulous leaders who know how to influence it, no matter what their objects may be. It hardly needed a re-adjuster party or the repudiation of Southern debts to teach us this; for the carpet-bag governments set up throughout the South at the close of the war had proved it already. The demagogues of the reconstruction period cast the negro vote as they pleased, and they cast it, too, for purposes as directly antagonistic to the true interests of the blacks as any for which the Bourbons since their disappearance have used it. It has now been "voted" by Mahone in Virginia in precisely the same way. The fact is, and the sooner the fact is recognized the sooner we shall be rid of many dangerous illusions with regard to the future of the country, that the negroes constitute a peasantry wholly untrained in, and ignorant of, those ideas of

constitutional liberty and progress which are the birthright of every white voter; that they are gregarious and emotional rather than intelligent, and are easily led in any direction by white men of energy and determination. Such white men may be demagogues, as in the case of Mahone, or they may be filled with a sincere desire to effect desirable political objects; but their relation to the negro vote, until the character of that vote is materially changed through education and material improvement, will be substantially what it is now.

The importance of the Mahone movement lies in the fact that it will probably be followed by other movements of a similar kind in other parts of the South. Mahone's imitators will not necessarily make use of his cry, for in most of the Southern States repudiation is a dead question. But almost any cry will, for the reasons we have mentioned, do equally well. In any movement, an Independent now starts with the advantage that he is necessarily an enemy of the Bourbons, and can therefore advertise himself as a friend of liberal ideas, and count upon a certain amount of sympathy as a friend of the negro. Such movements, if they are allowed to remain local, can do little harm, and may do much good if they fall, as here and there they must fall, into the hands of men with something more than mere selfish interests at stake. But it is evidently the intention in certain quarters at the North to utilize them for a purpose which Republicans have the right to consider good in itself, but which can only be advanced, in this case, by means full of danger to the country. The purpose is to strengthen the Republican party at the South; the means, the use of Federal patronage in aid of any independent movement that may be started. How far the Administration of President Garfield actually went in placing the Federal "machine" in Virginia at the disposal of General Mahone and his friends, it is difficult to say; but that it was extensively used, and became a potent factor in the campaign, there can be no doubt. It is now proposed that in Georgia, or South Carolina, or wherever an Independent leader shows any "strength" among the negroes, this scandalous abuse of power shall be repeated, and that the custom-houses and post-offices of the general Government shall be converted into local political machines to stimulate the movement.

It is hard to believe that any Administration which avows itself in favor of civil-service reform can lend itself to a scheme so inconsistent with all professions of reform as this. If it is wrong to use the custom-house in New York for the control of the primaries, and if we make a boast of the successful working of competitive examinations in New York, how is it possible, without the most unblushing effrontery, to insist that in Charleston or Savannah the Government officials should take an active part in politics, and use their positions to advance the interests of this or that politician? There are many reasons why such a course would be more immoral and likely to produce worse results in the South even than in the North. Here civil-service abuses are at least understood as such. The voting population is active and intelligent, and accustomed to take care of itself, no matter how the leaders may crack their whips, and there is a constant discussion of men and measures going on in the

press. But at the South, the Government is looked upon by the negro even now as a second Providence. What it approves is right; what it opposes is wrong, and its appearance in local politics is an indication of a moral preference which the negro, in his present stage of development, can but yield to. He reads no newspapers, and thinks but little for himself. He regards the Administration at Washington, the moment that it intervenes actively in his affairs, with the eye, not of reason, but of faith. For this very reason, absolute non-intervention by the authorities at Washington is necessary in order that he should gain the idea that thinking and acting for himself, deciding upon what he wants and what he dislikes, and combining with other voters to secure the one and prevent the other, constitute the true road to safety and progress. As we have said, the principal difficulty with this negro vote as it exists to-day is its emotional and gregarious character. To change and improve it we must rely upon time. The way to perpetuate and aggravate its present evils is for the Administration at Washington to interfere with it. The use of the negro vote by white politicians has, since the war, made the history of the South a history of rotten boroughs: first, carpet-bag rotten boroughs, then Bourbon rotten boroughs, and now we are threatened with a sort of Independent rotten-borough system, based on the old negro vote, an Independent "boss" to bring it out and direct it, and the Administration machine to make bargains with the boss with a view to the control of the next presidential convention. Public opinion in the North is hardly likely, when the plan is understood, to lend itself to so criminal and corrupting a political programme, even though its promoters masquerade as Independents, Reformers, or friends of the negro.

#### Science in American Colleges.

WHEN Luther, in a letter to a friend, classed college faculties *a priori* with the Pope, as his most determined prospective enemies, he drew a legitimate inference, justified by the history of learned corporations in past times. The great battles of thought by which civilization has been advanced have rarely been fought within the universities, but chiefly outside of them, although frequently by men who have received their training within them. Very slowly and reluctantly yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the universities have first tolerated, then countenanced, and in the course of generations at last openly approved new systems of thought which revolutionized the hoary but comfortable routine inherited from past ages. That this conservatism has its uses, we do not in the least question; and, on the whole, it is within certain limits much safer and more dignified than a hot-headed zeal for progressive innovations. Nevertheless, when carried beyond these limits it is suicidal, and interferes seriously with the usefulness of academic teaching.

The fact may not be generally conceded, but the old mediæval *trivium* and *quadrivium*, comprising the seven liberal arts (grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, astronomy, geometry, and arithmetic), remain to this day, in most of our colleges, the pattern after which the curriculum is modeled. Some few amplifications, such as physics, zoölogy, and a very rudimentary teaching of the modern languages, have been introduced almost

everywhere, but scientific study, such as is cultivated at the German universities, has as yet gained a secure foot-hold only at about three of our colleges; even at these institutions Germanic and comparative philology are in their infancy. When the importance of these studies is urged upon members of the faculties or the boards of trustees, the same reply is always received, viz., that the classics absorb so much time, that within the short course of four years, no room can be found for serious scientific study. If a man wishes to become a scientific specialist, it is said, let him enter one of the scientific schools, and if he wishes to study modern philology, let him go to Germany.

Now all this has a certain show of reason. Yet it is not an answer to the question, but an evasion of it. It is the business of our great educational institutions to supply just the kind of knowledge which will equip a man most completely, if not for his special profession, then in a more general way, for the struggle for existence. His education should enable him to utilize to the very best advantage the conditions which surround him. That this should be the aim of all training, collegiate and elementary, few, outside of college faculties, will dispute. But how do our colleges meet this universal demand? By requiring of every applicant for admission that he shall have spent from three to five years in familiarizing himself with the grammar and literature of two exceedingly difficult ancient languages, which he never will either speak or write correctly, and which, in nine cases out of ten, will be of no practical value to him whatever. Thereupon follow four additional years of training in these same defunct languages, minute study of prosodic rules, accents, and other scholarly niceties, while the modern languages and the useful sciences hold an inferior and half-recognized position as matters of secondary importance.

Now, what is really the cause of this anomalous arrangement? Simply the fact that since the study of Latin grammar was first introduced, into Europe, in the sixth century (although as a literary study Latin could hardly be said to have had any existence until the day of Poggio, in the fifteenth), humanity has accepted the stale truisms regarding its use mechanically, as it does any inherited belief, and has shrunk from examining the validity of these claims by the light of modern knowledge. There is no question that in the Middle Ages, when every science except mathematics was in its infancy, the introduction of the classics was a movement of enormous importance. It was so much better than any means of intellectual training which had previously existed that very likely the old *trivium* and *quadrivium* did represent the best college course which could be devised with the literary and scientific resources of that time. But is that any reason why, with the unparalleled progress of the arts and sciences which the last century has witnessed, we should still continue to look with this exclusive reverence upon the Greek and Roman writers? We will yield to no one in appreciation of their beauties, but, even granting all that their advocates claim, can they by any possibility be entitled to usurp so large a share of the time and energy of our youth, to the exclusion of knowledge which has so much more direct bearing upon the affairs of life?

There is hardly a man of keen sense and insight who, after having left college, does not have daily occasion to regret his inability to account rationally for the phenomena which everywhere thrust themselves upon his attention. If he is a merchant, there are a hundred facts which he must take into consideration in determining his daily sales and purchases, and the more accurately he can estimate the effects of present and prospective events upon the market, the surer he is of success and the swifter his road to fortune. But how much time is given to the study of sociology and political economy in the academic curriculum, as compared to Latin and Greek? It is only within the last two or three years that these studies have received any attention whatever, for few would seriously contend that the so-called political economy which is cultivated in many of our old-fashioned colleges is in any sense a science, or has any tendency to sharpen one's powers of rational observation in after life. But a most important step has now been taken in the recognition of these studies, in their modern acceptation, as legitimately belonging to an academic course.

What we have said in regard to sociology applies, *mutatis mutandis*, with equal force to other sciences. Physics, zoölogy, geology, etc., interpret the deep and essential rationality of nature's methods, and in connection with biology enable man to form an approximate estimate of his own place in the physical universe. There is beauty as well as strength in all true knowledge, and as means of mental training alone, even a rudimentary acquaintance with these sciences is, in its way, quite as valuable as the epistolary and rhetorical elegance and the refinement supposed to be derived from the study of the classics. So long as we are all born into this world and are to live by our faculty to utilize its resources, it is our first business to explore its properties, its history, and the mode of its development. There is, however, no reason why we should not devote part of our time to the study, also, of those two remarkable eras of civilization represented by the Greeks and the Romans; and if a man looks forward to a profession in which acquaintance with the ancient classics is of practical value, by all means let him adhere to the present college course. But these professions are very few. We are of opinion that, as refining influences and agencies of culture, the sciences, if taught with the same thoroughness and care as the classics have hitherto been taught, will yield results not to be despised. Indeed, the gradual remodeling of our college course in the spirit here indicated is merely a question of time, and all that the ultra conservatives can accomplish is merely to delay the reform.

#### Christianity and Commerce.

SINCE the days when the Greeks had but one word with which to describe the retailer and the rascal, much improvement has taken place in the morals of trade. Fraud and knavery still exist, but the great volume of business in Europe and America is done by men who do not misrepresent their wares, and who do not intend to cheat their customers. Many cheap and worthless fabrics are manufactured, but most of those who deal in them reveal their true character to those who purchase them. In the majority of our larger business-

houses you can take the salesman's word; he will not tell you that the cloth is "all wool" when it is half cotton; he will not represent the plated ware as solid silver. There are knaves in all branches of business, but they do not ordinarily thrive in trade; the commercial value of common honesty has become tolerably evident to sagacious business men. In this respect there has been a great change for the better within a quarter of a century.

The principal evils connected with commercial life at the present day do not arise out of what is commonly called dishonesty. The worst malefactors in the business world to-day are men who do not lie nor cheat; whose word is good on the Exchange; who fulfill their contracts when they can, and who always intend to keep strictly within the letter of the law. Fraud is not their weapon; they have ample justification for all they do in the statutes of the State and the maxims of political economy. An aggressive selfishness that knows no pity and feels no shame can manage to perpetrate untold injuries without incurring the penalty of any human law.

This type of selfishness finds an ample opportunity in the present organization of industry and trade. The tendencies are all toward consolidation and monopoly. Great capitalists or great companies are steadily replacing the multitude of smaller makers and dealers. The industrial conditions are such that this process is likely to go on. Whatever may be true of biology, the law of natural selection seems to rule in commerce. "To him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away," no longer seems a paradox.

These great accumulations of capital are, of course, mainly impersonal and immoral. The soullessness of corporations is a proverb. The people who draw the dividends come into no personal relations with the people who do the work; their traffic is with shares and per cents, not with spinners or brakemen. The great proprietors are not much better than the great companies. As wealth enlarges, the distance widens between employer and employed. It is impossible, of course, for one of our railroad magnates, or one of our great merchants or mill-owners, to know all the persons who gain their livelihood in his service, and the impossibility is one over which selfishness rejoices. The less of acquaintance there is between master and man, the less room there is for considerations of justice and humanity. Scrooge would much rather discuss labor as an abstract element in the cost of production than consider the wage of Bob Cratchit or the stipend paid to the widow Jones's daughter. So it comes about that the business carried on by merchant-princes or railroad-kings shows few signs of personal ownership or management. Machinery increases and humanity decreases. It sometimes happens that a man becomes, to all intents and purposes, a corporation. What becomes of his soul in the transmigration nobody knows, but it disappears. Can this be the process referred to in the pungent question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Not only do great accumulations of capital possess a natural advantage over small ones, but this advantage is pushed with the intent to destroy the small concerns. We have learned to talk very coolly of the big fish eating the little ones; that predatory habit seems

quite a matter of course. The great merchant or manufacturer deliberately sets to work to kill off his small competitors; by canceling his own profits and reducing his pay-rolls for a season, he drives them from the field. All this is done in the way of legal and "legitimate" traffic; whose business is it if the great dealer chooses to sell his wares for less than cost? Doubtless the public will pay, by and by, for the crushing out of competition; but the public is near-sighted in such matters, and readily unites with the strong in trampling down the weak. This work of extermination is often accompanied with the proffer of courtesy and even friendliness; it is not uncommon for the great railroads or the great mills to extend their protection to the little ones—"such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering them [with mortgages] and devouring them."

If the small capitalists are thus driven to the wall in their conflict with the great proprietors and the great companies, much less can laborers hold their own in the struggle for their share of the profits of production. The power of aggregated and organized capital to dictate terms to labor has been amply demonstrated. It is simply true to say that this power is exerted, not uniformly, but for the most part, in a perfectly selfish manner. The welfare of the work-people does not enter into the problem; the question is simply one of the percentage of profit. A great railroad company forces the wages of its brakemen from a dollar and a half down to a dollar and a quarter a day, in order that it may keep the dividends on its stock up to eight per cent. This is not illegal; it is not dishonest, according to the usual acceptance of that word; the company is free to fix its own tariff of wages; if the brakemen do not wish to work for a dollar and a quarter a day, they can take themselves off. The managers who make the reduction, and the directors who approve it, expect, however, that the workmen will submit. They do not, first of all, ask themselves how a man with a wife and five young children can live on a dollar and a quarter a day; they chiefly wish to know how the regular semi-annual dividend of four or five per cent. can be secured. Are not all these matters determined by the equivalence of supply and demand? Is not this economic law the guide of conscience and the end of controversy for every business man?

The last question brings us to the heart of the matter. For a pagan the answer is easy: need the Christian vex himself with scruples? How about the Golden Rule? Has that anything to do with business? "We that are strong," says an apostle, "ought to bear the burdens of the weak." Is there room to apply such a maxim as this in the relations of capitalists and laborers? "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"—is that a maxim that should ever come into the mind when wages are lowered that dividends may be raised? What has the Christian rule to do with the transactions of commercial life?

A large share of all the business men of this country profess and call themselves Christians, yet the thought of practicing in their business these plain rules of Christianity enters the minds of but few of them. The love that worketh no ill to his neighbor is not yet the law of commercial life. Not fraud or trickery, but

selfishness, undisguised and absolute, governs the realm of exchanges. Political economy assumes this as the normal principle; and not many are found who, in behalf of Christianity, venture to question the assumption. It seems to be taken for granted that Christian ethics has no place in the commercial realm: that this is one of the kingdoms of this world that never was given to Christ. Clearly the millennium is yet a great way off.

Nevertheless, it is coming. The signs of its coming are seen here and there upon the earth. It has been demonstrated that the affairs of great corporations may be successfully managed, even when much thought is given to the welfare of the people employed. The factory village that was once a wilderness has been seen to blossom like the rose, in bright fulfillment of the old prophet's vision. There are business houses in all our cities in which the interests of employer and employed appear to each to be mutual. There are business men who think habitually of the welfare of their neighbors; who forbear to push the advantage that wealth gives them to the destruction of their rivals; who fighten by their good-will the pressure of the economic laws. It is possible, even in these fierce times, for a business man to mix Christian kindness with thrift and enterprise. The day will come when the phenomenon will be less rare.

#### The Outrages in Russia.

EVERY day it is becoming more evident that no part of humanity can be hurt without pain to the whole body. The inhuman and almost incredible outrages upon the Jews in Russia have drawn forth a world-wide sympathy, and a protest almost unprecedented in its swiftness. The quick and burning indignation expressed so universally and so conspicuously in America is all the more significant owing to the unusual feeling of friendship existing between this country and Russia. But all Christendom has, with one voice, proclaimed its detestation of the crimes committed by the populace—nor is the Government acquitted of its supposed share in the guilt of the people.

"Men have been murdered, women outraged, children dashed to pieces or burned alive; whole streets occupied by Hebrews razed to the ground and desolated by fire; thousands of families reduced to beggary, and many banished from their homes. One hundred and sixty towns and villages feel this scourge of persecution. Three hundred houses and six hundred shops were plundered at Warsaw while a garrison of twenty thousand soldiers was kept within barracks and made no sign, and that, too, on the morning when in the name of Christ peace and good-will were proclaimed over all the earth." These are the words in which Mr. Everts, in his speech at Chickering Hall, summarized the situation in Russia, as described by the latest dispatches. It may be that there was exaggeration in these earlier reports, but there has been enough

cruelty and horror to warrant the general outburst of sympathy and anger. With such desolation either in progress or in danger of recurring, the first duty of the Russian Government is repression. It is claimed that the authorities have already done all in their power; but wherever there is non-interference, such as Mr. Everts has charged, other countries will hold the authorities responsible. The world will not be satisfied with excuses so long as there is one man in uniform who will obey the order of an officer. But after repression will come other and no less urgent duties—first and foremost must come whatever reparation may be possible,—and next, the persecuted race must be given (as even in Russia is now acknowledged) equal rights before the law. Even then the duty of the governing classes will not be completed. Without forgetting the glass-house in which we ourselves live,—we, who have seen the anti-negro riots of New York and the anti-Chinese riots of San Francisco,—it must still be said that Russia's most apparent duty is to civilize herself.

For it must be remembered that the Jews, everywhere, notwithstanding their inflexible exclusiveness, are, in a great measure, what they are made by the people among whom their lot is cast.\* The amelioration of the condition of the masses in Russia will react upon the Israelites. Even if the latter are, as it is charged, bad citizens—it is not merely the fault of the laws which discriminate against them, but it is because they live in a community not wholly enlightened. Certainly, the race through which the Christian world has received its Bible and its religion, and that has shown an unequaled vitality during eighteen centuries of oppression,—surely such a people does not need to prove its power of development under fair and equal conditions.

It is, of course, not with a view of palliating infamies or excusing the guilty, either in high places or low, that we open our pages this month to a remarkable statement by a Russian writer of the views of her people on the subject of the Russian Jews. It is important to be informed of the alleged local occasions for dislike, and the special suspicions, even if groundless, which attach to the Jews of Russia. Besides, a nation which has been arraigned as Russia is at this moment arraigned before the civilized world, has the right to be heard in its own defense. The paper here printed is but the opening of a discussion in the pages of this magazine, which will not only have to do with the situation in Russia, but will deal fundamentally with the question of the relations between Israelites and Christians in America. We expect to lay before our readers, in the next number of *THE CENTURY*, a reply to the charges contained in Madame Ragozin's paper. Considering the extraordinary character of these charges, and the extremely mediæval aspect of some of them, it is no more than just that meantime there should be a "suspension of opinion."

\* See "Was Lord Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" in this number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.