

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The President and the Supreme Court.

It was hardly to be expected that the action of the President in nominating Mr. Conkling to the Supreme Bench would be followed by universal approval of the act. The selection for such a place of any man known chiefly as an active politician inevitably exposed the motives which led to the choice, as well as the choice itself, to severe criticism; but in Mr. Conkling's case the President went a step farther than this. He took a man whose reputation has been that of a bitter partisan, a member of a faction to which he himself, until he reached the White House, had always belonged. It was only natural that the choice of such a candidate should be regarded by the opposite faction with jealousy and distrust, and a striking illustration of this sort of temper was afforded by the criticism of the nomination which appeared in what would a year ago have been termed a leading "Half-breed" newspaper, that 'Guiteau had made a Supreme Judge as well as a President.'

Curious enough, the Stalwart organs did not seem to be overjoyed at the event either, the feeling among them evidently being precisely what Mr. Conkling's probably was, that he was too great a man for the place, and that, as it was in large measure to Mr. Conkling's favor that the President owed his political consequence, it was a case of the creature rewarding his creator with something which each of them, in his secret soul, would smile at as the prize of a great political ambition. It must be said that there was a good deal in this view. A judge of the Supreme Court has no patronage, cannot reward friends or punish enemies, and has consequently no control over conventions or nominations. He can only administer law and dispense justice, and if he does this well, his only reward is gaining the reputation of a good judge. To nominate Mr. Conkling was in a certain sense to shelve him, and looking at it in this way, no Stalwart could really feel that it was the act of a faithful political friend. All Stalwart politicians have an antique and simple way of looking at the art of government as only a more public branch of the struggle for existence, and, in their eyes, the President complimented his too close friend with a seat on the bench much as, in other countries and more barbarous times, he might have sent him a bow-string or signed his death-warrant.

The only class in the community which said nothing about the nomination was the bar—a singular fact, upon which we have seen no comment whatever. A small number of Senators were found ready to vote against Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Hoar, in a very deliberate speech, declared that the nomination was unfit to be made. The unfitness chiefly consisted of a total lack of professional qualifications. His unjudicial, or, to put it more accurately, his fiercely partisan, temper may be passed over, because there is no doubt that the exercise of judicial functions, the imperative

necessity of listening to both sides, and the habit of weighing evidence, always tend to diminish this defect, and often in time to do away with it altogether. Bitter partisans, after being made judges, have grown out of their partisanship in a wonderful way. But a more fundamental difficulty was the doubt as to whether Mr. Conkling had that experience and learning as a lawyer which brought him within the class from which judges of the Supreme Court have been hitherto drawn. This was a doubt on which the bar might have been expected to throw some light. If, as his friends maintained, Mr. Conkling was really one of the first lawyers of the country, in the enjoyment of a professional practice which placed him in the same rank with the other prominent candidates for the place, it would seem to have been very easy for them to establish the fact. A man cannot occupy such a position in secret; those, at least, who meet him in court must know how powerful he is as an advocate, how learned he is as a lawyer. On the other hand, if he had no practice at all, the nomination was manifestly one in which the bar had such a direct interest as to make some remonstrance almost imperative. The bar, however, remained absolutely silent. Confirmation was treated, from the first, as a foregone conclusion, and the Senators who opposed it were left to record their futile protest without any support. Such inaction in a similar case in the last generation would have been impossible; although, indeed, there were then enough lawyers of the first rank in the Senate itself to have settled any question of the professional standing of a candidate for the Supreme Court, from their own knowledge of the leaders of the bar. The divorce between "politics" and the bar, which has been effected to so great an extent since the war, never had a more curious illustration than in the total silence with which this nomination was received by the whole profession.

The investigation which the bar refused to make into the professional standing of Mr. Conkling was, however, pretty thoroughly made by the press, and the facts of his career as a lawyer were, at the time of his selection, accessible to any one who had the slightest desire to know what they were. He had undoubtedly had some practice. As a young man he had been a rural district-attorney for a short time, and this office had given him a sort of experience that must have been useful in familiarizing him with the ordinary routine of the trial of criminal cases—a branch of the law which would, of course, be of little use to him on the Supreme Bench. At an early age he left the regular practice of the law, and went into politics with a zeal and fervor such as have been displayed by few other men in our time, and in twenty years he became a complete master of the art of management through patronage. He had, however, so devoted himself to this, that he had seldom found time to speak in the Senate on any important measure, and never had made himself an authority in that body on matters of law. His system of politics, indeed, compelled him to devote so much

time and attention to men, that he had but little left to spare for measures at all. Occasionally he appeared with a brief in the Supreme Court, retained, as Senators often are retained, chiefly on account of his position. This, however, was of more real value to him in a professional point of view in the Departments, where he sometimes argued points of law before judges who felt that the retention of their places depended, in a measure, on reaching conclusions which might commend themselves to powerful Senators like himself. When he retired from politics last year, it was loudly asserted by his friends that he was "returning" to a lucrative practice at the bar, and stories were published by them with regard to his prospective income which brought a smile to the lips of every lawyer who knows what "returning" to the bar after an absence of twenty years means. That these stories should have been believed at all, shows what a strange effect public position of any kind has on the imagination. It was almost a matter of mathematical demonstration that Mr. Conkling was not "returning" to any practice whatever.

That a politician with a legal career of this sort should have been nominated to the Supreme Bench twice, first as a chief-justice of the United States,—a position held by Marshall and Taney,—and then as associate-justice, and in both cases should have declined the place, almost as beneath his notice, will one of these days be looked upon as a bit of politico-legal burlesque—to which the finishing touch was given by the fact that, in the second instance, the President who selected him was himself a lawyer from his own State, presumably having a full knowledge of his lack of qualification, and who had just shown his appreciation of the qualities really needed in a judge by his selection for another vacancy on the same bench of the chief-justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court—a lawyer pure and simple, selected solely as such, and having no political backing of any kind. The refusal of Mr. Conkling to take the place does not absolve the President for the part played by him in the farce. The most charitable explanation of his action possible is that he felt sure in advance that the gift would be declined. But it is hardly less a degradation of the nominating power, and hardly less an indication of contempt for the Supreme Court, to make use of judicial patronage for the purpose of complimenting broken-down and discredited partisans, than it would be to pack the bench with them.

It must be said, however, that this explanation has been generally suggested, and that the President is enjoying the benefit of it. If he has made one singularly bad nomination, he has offset it by two singularly good ones. The refusal of Mr. Conkling was followed by the appointment of Judge Blatchford, a lawyer of high standing and long judicial experience, and having almost as little political influence behind him as Judge Gray. The President is, on the whole, more likely to be remembered in connection with the Court for the strength which he has infused into it, than for the harm which he seemed at one time willing to do it. The indignation of the country will, no doubt, prevent the Conkling episode from taking rank as a precedent. Indeed, a repetition may be regarded as impossible, for the country will probably never produce another Conkling.

A Diplomatic Scandal.

NO BETTER proof could be offered of the quiet and pacific condition of politics, since the change of administration, than the good humor with which the exposure of the wonderful diplomatic feats performed in the course of our attempt to mediate between Chili and Peru have been received by the public. When it was discovered some years since that General Schenck, as our minister to London, had made use of his position in connection with a mining venture, the scandal created an uproar from one end of the country to the other. But the Schenck scandal, in magnitude, was a mere bagatelle to the Peruvian scandal. The outline of the chief events which gave rise to it are worth recalling.

The Chilians engaged in a war with Peru, in which we had no earthly interest except as spectators, and as being generally friends of peace. During the Hayes administration, following the usual course in such matters, the State Department offered the mediation of the United States, which, however was not accepted. Chili then prosecuted the war to a successful termination, conquered Peru and her ally Bolivia, occupied the conquered territory, seized the capital, declared martial law, and—the Peruvians having, with one of their rapid constitutional changes, set up a new government under a politician named Calderon—seized Calderon and sent him off to Chili. Under the laws of war which the United States and all other modern countries have been in the habit of acting upon, there was no objection to these proceedings. The right of conquest confers an absolute right upon the conqueror to take such measures for preserving order in the conquered territory as he thinks best. And martial law means nothing more nor less than the will of the commanding general. The conqueror, too, has the right not only to preserve order, but to indemnify himself for the expenses of the war, and the expenditure of blood and treasure, by the annexation of such part of the conquered territory as he considers necessary. We did so after the Mexican war, and the Germans did so after their victory over France, ten years ago. Undoubtedly the Chilians would have now proceeded to annex an important part of Peru, had not new and strange forces appeared on the scene to thwart their designs.

The accession of General Garfield to the presidency brought Mr. Blaine to the State Department, and one of his first acts was to recall our minister to Peru, Mr. Christiancy, a lawyer of experience and capacity, and put in his place General Hurlbut, a politician who had done work for Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Blaine's friends, on the stump. The fitness of General Hurlbut for that or any other post under Government may be inferred from his military career. During the war he was in charge of the Department of the Gulf, and made use of his position to fill his pockets with bribes for passing cotton through the lines. His administration of his command was investigated toward the close of the war by a special commission, of which General W. F. Smith and the late James T. Brady were members, and they reported him guilty of this and other serious offenses. Since then the matter has come up in the courts, and, within a few months, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that General

Hurlbut was guilty of corruption in a very glaring case, in which the cotton was entitled to pass without any action by him, but was stopped in order that toll might be levied on it.

Just before the arrival of this diplomat in Peru, the government of the dictator Pierola had crumbled to pieces, and, partly by the aid of the Chilians, the new Calderon government had been set up in its place. This government was, however, a mere shell, and was not officially recognized by the ministers of the European governments at Lima as a *de facto* government. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, Mr. Blaine sent word to Mr. Christiancy that, if Calderon represented the "character and intelligence" of Peru, his government might be recognized—instructions which Mr. Christiancy thought were equivalent to a direction to recognize him, not so much because he regarded him as representing any "character and intelligence" at all, as because he had been taking a good deal of pains to explain, in his dispatches to Mr. Blaine, that he did not think there were any "character and intelligence" worth mentioning in Peru. The peculiarity of the instruction lay in the fact that it applied an absolutely novel test to determine the existence of a government. When one country "recognizes" a foreign government, what it does is simply to admit that a certain fact exists; what is called a *de facto* government is simply one which, apart from all question of right and authority, preserves order, administers justice, levies and collects taxes throughout a definite extent of territory. It must have physical force behind it, but whether it represents "character" or "intelligence" is no more to the purpose than whether it is a monarchy or a republic.

Mr. Hurlbut now arrived on the scene, and Calderon having been recognized as carrying on a government "based" on character and intelligence, our new minister proceeded to issue proclamations, in the shape of dispatches not unlike the *pronunciamientos* of South American statesmen, in which he announced the hitherto unheard-of principle of international law, that a conquering nation in the position of Chili could not annex the territory of a conquered country like Peru, unless it were first proved impossible for the conquered country to pay a money indemnity. While Mr. Hurlbut was setting forth this principle to the Chilians, the latter, who had declared martial law in Peru, suddenly seized Calderon himself, and brought his government to an abrupt termination by carrying him off to Chili.

Martial law being what it is, and having been declared by the Chilians, our government had as little to do with the arrest of Calderon as it had previously with the disappearance of Pierola. His incarceration really simplified the situation, because it left the Chilian commander the only government in existence. Nevertheless, this treatment of Calderon was bitterly resented by Mr. Blaine, one of whose last acts was to dispatch an envoy to demand an explanation, under instructions which, if executed by Mr. Trescott, would have led Chili and the United States to the verge of, if not into, war. Fortunately, the departure of Mr. Blaine from the State Department led to a modification of the instructions.

Now for the explanation of all this diplomacy. Peru is bankrupt, and has two sets of creditors—one in

Europe, and the other in the United States. The first are mainly *bona fide* creditors—bond-holders; the second are speculators, who have bought up claims against Peru, growing out of alleged discoveries of guano and nitrates a generation ago, swollen them to fabulous amounts, and tried to get the State Department to press them against Peru. French bankers represented the one; an adventurer of our own, named Shipherd, the other. The most valuable assets of Peru consist of the guano deposits and the nitrate beds. Consequently, these speculators and creditors, fearing that Chili would take them, went to work to get the United States to mediate between the two countries, and arrange terms of peace which would secure them against loss. For this purpose the French creditors got up a company, known as the "Crédit Industriel," which undertook to perform the work of mediation on reasonable terms, part of which was to be the concession of the agency for the sale of the guano and nitrate deposits to an American house; and, to advance this project, it entered into a contract with an American house, the chief member of which was the American minister to Paris, by which his pecuniary returns were dependent on his government's carrying the scheme through. Meanwhile, Shipherd appeared in a corporate form as the Peruvian Company, and in this, apparently, Mr. Hurlbut, our minister to Peru, was to be made interested. At any rate, there was some hitherto unexplained connection between this scheme and the indignation expressed over the arrest of Calderon.

Such is the present condition of the Peruvian scandal, the detailed investigation of which has been taken up by Congress. An extraordinary thing in connection with it is the remarkable number of governments, corporations, and individuals who have first and last interfered in the interest of peace of South America, and the very slight effect they have thus far had on the settlement of the quarrel, when compared with the wide-spread scandal of all kinds that their efforts have produced. The United States, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Christiancy, General Hurlbut, Mr. Shipherd, the Peruvian Company, the "Crédit Industriel," Mr. Levi P. Morton, have all "taken a hand" in arranging the terms of peace; yet the peace is actually being settled by Chili herself, while it leaves us, who were originally disinterested spectators, with a Secretary of State and two foreign ministers under a cloud, and a Congressional committee in session to investigate what is already one of the most extensive and curious, and threatens to be one of the most prolific, diplomatic scandals of modern times.

One Parson in Politics.

THE clergy have had to take not a little admonition of late respecting their political duties. They deserve it, and they ought to profit by it. Ministers are not too nice to bear the ordinary burdens of citizenship; they ought to ask no exemptions, and to shirk no obligations. A consecration that ignores the heaviest responsibilities is a snare.

Happily, those who preach this doctrine to the preachers are not without shining examples of the salutary influence of clergymen upon politics. The

kind of work that may be done by men of this profession has been illustrated by Leonard Bacon and Theodore D. Woolsey, and Julius H. Seelye, and James Freeman Clarke, and others like them—clergymen who have maintained the closest relations with the political life of their day, and have often brought the light of a sound morality to bear upon pending issues. This is a kind of work that always needs doing; and if the clergyman has any special function in politics it would seem to be that of standing up for truth and righteousness and a large patriotism, against the trickery and jobbery and paltry partisanship that often infest political organizations.

Now and then, however, we witness the irruption into politics of a member of the clerical profession who, on entering political life, appears to leave his morals where the Mussulman leaves his shoes—outside the door; who seems to suppose that his usefulness in that sphere depends on forgetting the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and on going down into the dirt with the dirtiest of partisans. It is notorious that the most unscrupulous men who have ever appeared in political life have had clergymen among their staunch adherents. Quite a body-guard of clerical retainers have attached themselves to the fortune of Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts; and even Jim Fisk had his ministerial eulogist.

We should be sorry to class the Rev. Dr. Newman, of this city, among political parsons without conscience. But the short speech made by this gentleman at the late dinner of the Lincoln Club was a most surprising performance, and should be carefully read by clergymen who wish to learn how not to go into politics. "I am proud," said this orator, "to belong to that section of the party known as Stalwarts. I do so from religious principle and from intellectual principle." Precisely what this "section of the party" stands for, the reverend doctor does not stop to tell us, but his subsequent remarks throw some light upon the question. Stalwartism, as Dr. Newman understands it, consists in the worship of Roscoe Conkling. "The names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant have been mentioned," proceeds our Stalwart apostle. "I want to speak another name,—a name that will live when the bronze has melted, and the marble crumbled—a name that will live while the stars shine, and that name is Roscoe Conkling. A majestic model of a man; a man of more than Attic eloquence, of more than Roman logic; a man who can hold up his hand as did Aristides of old, and say there is no stain of bribe there; a man who preferred to go down and out of sight rather than sacrifice a principle."

Something of this is matter of opinion, and more is matter of taste. Dr. Newman may be right in his prediction that the name of Conkling will outlast the bronzes and the marbles; so, for that matter, will the names of Turveydrop and Chadband. That Mr. Conkling is a "majestic model of a man" is a truth concerning which no one who enters into Mr. Conkling's consciousness as intimately as Dr. Newman does could be in doubt; and the panegyric upon this great man's eloquence and logic need not be too sharply challenged. We may cheerfully admit, also, that Mr. Conkling is not suspected of taking

money-bribes: is this virtue so rare as to set its possessor on a pinnacle above all other men?

There is, however, a word or two to be said in this connection, to which we beg leave to call the attention of this clerical expounder of political morality. Mr. Conkling may have received no bribes; is he guiltless of bestowing them? The candidate for Congress who takes out his pocket-book and pays a man ten dollars to vote for him is guilty of bribery. The candidate for Congress who says to his friend, "Get me nominated and elected, and I will secure you the post-office in your town, or a clerkship in the Treasury Department, worth eighteen hundred dollars a year," is equally guilty of bribery. That is a corrupt consideration. And even though there is no express bargain, if the corrupt consideration, suggested or expected, is allowed to influence the political action of the candidate's friend, the moral quality of the transaction is precisely the same. "Bribery," says a high authority, "is the administration of a bribe or reward that it may be a motive in the performance of functions for which the proper motive ought to be a conscientious sense of duty." Whenever offices are distributed in such a way as to reward political workers for personal services, the essence of the transaction is bribery. And it is a meaner and more immoral transaction to bribe a man with a Government office, than to bribe him with your own money. Now, this is a kind of transaction to which Mr. Conkling has devoted the best part of his life. He is not alone in it, but he is one of the most conspicuous of those who have been addicted to it. In view of this fact, a judicious teacher of morality would omit the comparison to Aristides.

Dr. Newman further glorifies his ideal statesman by describing him as "a man who preferred to go down and out of sight rather than sacrifice a principle." We might ask whether Mr. Conkling's prolonged and shameless efforts at Albany to get himself back into the United States Senate were a part of his going down and out. But instead we shall ask what is the "principle," allegiance to which, on the part of Mr. Conkling, kindles all this ardor in the breast of a clergyman? It is the "principle" known as "the courtesy of the Senate." It is the "principle" by which the Administration Senators claim the right of controlling all the appointments made by the President in their several States. The Constitution directs the President to make certain appointments: Mr. Conkling's "principle" takes this power out of his hands. It was for the defense of this gross and outrageous usurpation that Mr. Conkling was willing (?) to "go down and out of sight"—for this, and nothing else. And here is a minister of the gospel applauding him for this monstrous assumption, and finding in it the crowning proof of his greatness!

There is one other exhibition of "principle" which may have inflamed the enthusiasm of Mr. Conkling's clerical eulogist. The man who, in the Chicago Convention, exhausted the adjectives in expressing his detestation of "bolters," goes to Albany and organizes a bolt in his own interest, seeking an alliance with the Democrats to defeat the majority of his own party. The egotism, the babyism, and the inconsistency of this transaction have no parallel on any page of our political history. Mr. Conkling did indeed "go down

and out of sight." From the pity and the scorn of his countrymen he did well to hide himself, even though the hiding was delayed till after he had been well beaten in the senatorial contest. The President who picked him up to place him in the highest judicial position in the land gave a rude shock to those who had begun to believe in Mr. Arthur's discretion; and the clergyman who has ornamented him with tinsel eulogy has not adorned his own sacred calling.

Jews and Jew-baiters.

PREJUDICES often survive the reason for their existence, like some ill weeds that grow again after they have been uprooted. In the Middle Ages, the Jews were believed to be an accursed race of deicides. The guilt of Herod and of the chief priests of Pilate's time was supposed to have diffused itself, by a transfer and transmission understood only by the speculative theologian, to the whole Jewish race. It was, therefore, considered most meritorious and well-pleasing to God to make their lives as wretched as possible, in atonement for the suffering of Christ. According to law, distinctive badges were worn by these heirs of perdition, that nobody might mistake them for Christians, and they were required to dwell in separate quarters, that they might not by any chance associate with so-called Christians—an arrangement which, no doubt, saved the Jews from a great deal of bad company.

In some countries, laws were made to keep them from increasing; in others, they were occasionally thinned out by persecution and massacre. When any great drought or other scourge befell a nation, the anger of heaven was appeased by a crusade against the Jews, who were banished or put to death for the sins of high-priest Ananias, as in like manner the Puritans in Boston sought to turn away the wrath of God, disclosed in Philip's War, by fresh severities against the Quakers. There was not much encouragement to people situated as the Jews were to keep visible property, and hence they came to be dealers in money—the financiers of Europe; and since the Jew was destined to perdition anyhow,—damned *ex officio*,—he alone in England was permitted to receive usury for his money.

To justify all this outrage, prejudice easily invented charges against the Jews more injurious than that of taking exorbitant interest. It would have been wonderful, indeed, if the Jew, badgered, beaten, and banished from land to land, did not in turn lay up a store of hatred on his own side that would now and then break out in words and acts. But the wildest stories were set a-going, of children carried off by Jews to be circumcised and even to be crucified. It was under the stimulus of such slanders that, at the close of the thirteenth century, the Jews, after suffering outrage and robbery, were exiled from England, many of them being plundered and pitched into the sea on their passage to the Continent by mariners zealous to promote Christianity.

Not all of Christendom has come out of barbarism yet. There are regions where the Jews still suffer from the folly and fanaticism of their neighbors. In Russia to-day, as in England five hundred years ago, the irresponsible despotism and blind fanaticism that

bear so heavily upon the Jews seek to justify themselves by recounting wrongs, real and imaginary, wrought by the Jew. But all the rest of Christendom has long since found out that the simple remedy for all the wrongs, real or imaginary, wrought by the Jews is the admission of Jews to stand before the law on the same level with other human beings. The Jews are not worse than other people. The rascally Jew is not more villainous than the rascally Christian. The race furnishes, by all account, a larger proportion of eminent men than any other. Dr. Guthrie, the Scotch divine, was accustomed to say that the best brains of modern times were in the heads of Jews. Those who cling tenaciously to a prejudice against the Jewish race will none the less follow the political lead of Disraeli, or the theological leadership of Neander, or admire the philosophy of Spinoza and of Moses Mendelssohn, the poetry of Heine, the music of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and in a hundred ways will come under the influence of the Jewish intellect, which plays so large a part in human thought and human affairs.

The greatest paradox of history is the fact that Christendom reveres more than all other literature that which came from the pen of Jews, believing that to them was given a closer communion with God than to other people, while this same Christendom is ready to believe all slanders against the race that gave birth to that greatest of ancient poets—the author of the book of Job, as well as to Isaiah, to Daniel, to John, and to Paul—not to mention a name more deeply revered than all. It is never safe to accept the account given of the downtrodden by those who oppress them. Oppression no doubt degrades the oppressed, as it certainly does the oppressor, but it will not do to take the word of the tyrant for the character of the slave under his heel.

Putting away the "Pathies."

AT the last meeting of the New York State Medical Society, a most important change was effected in the ethics of medical practice. This consisted in the adoption of a new code for the guidance of the faculty, virtually permitting a physician of the "old school" to consult with any physician of the other schools in good standing he may choose. This is a wise and timely measure, and must result in a great improvement in the tone of the profession, raising it in the respect of every one, and divesting it of much that is discreditable. In the eyes of the law, both schools have the same privileges and standing; there are well-conducted State homeopathic as well as allopathic asylums and hospitals; there are regularly chartered colleges of both schools; and it is high time that arbitrary distinctions should be at an end.

The action of the State Society at Albany has naturally drawn forth the adverse criticism of men whose ideas are as narrow and illiberal as those of the most bigoted theologians. It has even been insinuated by one Philadelphia medical journal that the new code was suggested by the specialists of the regular school in New York City, who, knowing that a large number of rich and influential people in that city employed homeopaths, wished for a change that would permit them to meet their "irregular" brethren in consulta-

tion. Equally silly and hastily formed opinions have been expressed by other non-progressive critics, who seem to cling as fondly to the traditional blue laws of their school as the venerable Puritan clung to his iron-bound Bible with one hand, while with the other he piled fagots upon the fire built to consume the unfortunate witch.

After all, the duty of the physician is to relieve human suffering, and whether he does so by the use of the heroic measures of Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, or the infinitesimal doses of the Lilliputs, it matters not. The clever and successful practitioner seizes the best remedy that presents itself, and does not stop to inquire whether he violates any code in so doing. The old school are making daily use of the remedies of the "homeopaths," while the latter do not hesitate to administer remedies not included in their pharmacopœia. In America, Doctor Henry G. Piffard, of New York, and in England, Doctor Sidney Ringer, were among the first of "allopaths" to call attention to the value of the homeopathic use of certain drugs.

What is really needed in medicine is a putting away of the "pathies" which belong to the quacks, to the creatures who thrive on printing-ink and "testimonials," and who prey upon the credulity and superstition of the general public. If such an amalgamation as will probably follow the passage of the new code does occur, it will mark an era in medical progress that must carry with it a more scientific exactness. The weaker men in both schools must be crowded to the wall, and at the bedside of the patient there will be a practical and fair application of what is good in each system.

Under the new *régime*, the public ought to be able to judge more clearly of the character and ability of their physicians. The question will not be so much of the school as of the honorable standing of the individual among his comrades of both schools. When he is called hard names by his fellows, it ought hereafter to mean something more than a difference of opinion on matters of theory. Let the public now be on its guard against supposedly "regular" physicians, who are known among their brethren as "commercial doctors." These men, with the indorsement of titles, or a membership in some respectable medical society, prostitute their learning by indulgence in "clap-trap," by the recommendation of "cures," and by useless and unnecessary operations, performed on every occasion and upon every patient, no matter what may be his disease. One will discover that some particular part of the body is the seat of a morbid process, and will proceed to remove it by a mysterious operation; while another will prescribe a remedy which can be procured only at a certain place, and can be taken only in a certain position. A more matter-of-fact practitioner will suggest the extent and value of his practice by means of a pile of bank-notes of large denominations exposed upon his desk. With these men no code of ethics is of the slightest use, and their more honest and plodding fellow-physicians must bear the disgrace thus brought upon their calling. But if the profession itself finds it difficult to deal technically with such men, the public, as we have said, ought to be better able to discern them now that the allopaths are disposed, in their public attitude and pri-

vate conversation, to reserve their harsh criticisms for real offenders.

New Reasons for Peace.

A GREAT many Englishmen visit America, but a great many more would come over annually if it were not for the English Channel. The general belief of English people who have not crossed the ocean is that, in its effects upon the human system and the human mind, the voyage is just what the effect of the Channel crossing would be if the latter were prolonged for as many days as it is hours. In other words, they look upon the Atlantic Ocean as a larger and more pestilent Channel, and very naturally they refuse to venture upon it. The ingenuity of nature in the production of human misery was never more completely matched by the lack of ingenuity on the part of man to overcome it than in this matter of the Channel crossing. It is not necessary to enter into details concerning a subject which either experience, oral narrative, or literature has made familiar to every intelligent reader.

Of late, however, the scheme has been revived of a submarine tunnel, which, if successful, would effectually and forever abolish what may be said to be one of the greatest evils of civilized life. But along with the news of the revived project—news of the deepest personal interest to every traveling American (and what American does not travel?)—comes the intelligence of an opposition to the scheme, based upon military grounds. It seems that if the tunnel is built—presto! the tight little island is no longer an island! Should *both* ends of the tunnel, by delay, mismanagement, or chance of any kind, fall into the hands of the enemy, and remain therein a single day, the Continental hosts, to the number of one hundred thousand in the twenty-four hours, may pass dry-shod, like the Israelites of old! Then—exit England!

Now, what we have to say is that if this opposition should be successful—if the fear of war should prevent the abatement of this gigantic nuisance—if every tribute paid to Neptune by every Englishman who crosses the Channel is, in reality, a tribute paid to Cæsar, then Cæsar, then war, is doomed! But we do not believe the opposition will be successful. Both England and America are largely ruled by the imagination, but there is something else that has still more power over these kindred nations, and that is common sense. The common sense of America is in favor of the building of a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by any one who is able to build it, and the country cannot be frightened out of the idea by the fears of imagined wars. If the specter of war is to be called up to oppose such steps in the march of human progress as the Channel Tunnel and the Isthmus Canal, then the military idea is destined to receive a check such as no peace convention has ever yet been able to administer to it. Already the idea of international arbitration is taking firm hold of the minds of men. It will take many a long year, and perhaps more than a single century, for this idea to become a fixed policy—and, still more important, a fixed habit—among nations; but that the time is gradually and surely approaching, there can be no doubt. We do not know who there will be to regret

the advent of the era of peace, unless it be the poets, who will not like to say :

"Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

Yet the poets, with the rest of us, must look the facts in the face, and prepare to bid good-by to the soldier type of hero. War has played a great part in human civilization—it has helped along religion, as well as art; but its days of usefulness as an element in human progress are nearly numbered. The world does not yet quite see how it can get along without it. But the world has given up other ideas as firmly held. For many centuries, the Holy Roman Empire and its allied idea of the Papacy seemed the very rocks and foundations of social order and spiritual happiness and progress, but the former has utterly disappeared, and the latter no longer appeals to the human mind as it once did. And still the world moves. It will be found, too, that the world will move when there are no longer armaments, by sea or land, and when every battle will be considered murder in the first degree. We shall then have our inter-

oceanic canals and our submarine tunnels wherever and whenever they are needed, and the poet will still, it is hoped, not lack for heroes. The unbuilt Isthmus canals have already had their heroic victims,—numerous as in battle,—and the engineer who builds the Channel tunnel will require all the pluck, all the resources and energy of a general who conducts a great campaign against a powerful foe.

Communication.

The Weak Point of Mormonism: A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In the letter which you did me the favor to insert in the March CENTURY, calling attention to the "weak point in Mormonism," your types would have been justified in crediting me with having enjoyed excellent opportunities for judging of the "point" in question, but went quite beyond the truth in giving me an "experience of several years in Utah." The curtailment made necessary by your lack of space explains the source of an error, the correction of which will serve the public little, but fact and myself much.

Yours truly,

CHARLES R. BLISS.

Boston, Mass.

LITERATURE.

Morley's "Life of Cobden."*

MR. MORLEY'S volume would have been more interesting, though not, perhaps, so permanently valuable, had it been shorter. The political and economic career of Cobden furnishes little material in the way of biographical incident, and the story is a tolerably familiar one. The history of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the negotiation of the commercial treaty with France, which constitute the two great successes of his life, and take up a large number of Mr. Morley's pages, are trite, though Mr. Morley manages, by a sort of *tour de force*, to give even these worn topics a fresh life in allowing us to see them through the glowing atmosphere of Cobden's enthusiasm. The importance of the rest of Cobden's political work Mr. Morley a good deal exaggerates by the detail in which he deals with it. It is, perhaps, yet too early to attempt to estimate the position which the doctrines of the "Manchester school" will take in history; but Cobden's opposition to the Crimean war, and his dream of universal peace through the progress of true economic ideas, had these alone been his title to public recollection, would never have made his name known throughout the civilized world. He was essentially an economic reformer, and, as he seems to have cared little for forms of government provided the work of economic reform was not allowed to lag, so he held in very slight esteem the ordinary political impulses of his day. He has been blamed for his indif-

ference to the moral questions involved in the rise and establishment of the Second Empire in France. How, it was said at the time, could a man filled with the enthusiasm of humanity sit calmly down with a usurper whose hands were still dripping with the blood of his enslaved fellow-countrymen, to discuss the tariff on iron? For precisely the same reason that he wasted years in opposing the settled policy of Palmerston and the entire country, when he knew that opposition was fruitless—because his interest in economical principles, and his view of war as the enemy of economic progress, blinded him to all other considerations. He was no statesman, for the simple reason that statesmanship precludes the idea of an exclusive attention to any one set of political considerations.

His life was, publicly, a splendid success; privately, the impression left by Mr. Morley's account—and it is obvious that he has drawn the picture with as light a hand as possible—is that of a failure. With great talents for business and the certainty of fortune before him, his devotion to the public cause which he took up made a wreck of his worldly affairs, and compelled him, in advanced life, to become the beneficiary of his political following. A buoyant disposition enabled him to face what seemed like ruin with cheerfulness, and, to the reader of Mr. Morley's volume, there is nothing more curious than the fact that he should have suffered so little from what, to most men, would be the torture involved in deliberately shutting his eyes to the wreck he was making of his future for the sake of devoting himself to the advancement

* The Life of Richard Cobden. By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

been duly provided, and thus each colonist becomes self-supporting from the hour of his arrival, and is soon able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language of the people to coöperate in promoting the general aims of the colony. Numbering in all about eight hundred, including branches and offshoots in other parts of Palestine, and having about a thousand acres under cultivation, they seem to have avoided the mistakes of the Jaffa colonists, and to have established friendly relations with the people and the local authorities. Should they continue to show the same tact and discretion they may prosper until, by the recurrence of periodical outbreaks of Moslem fury, they are swept away, as the river Kishon, which flows through their farms, sweeps away all accumulations of labor upon its banks when its swollen torrents rush to the sea.

It is doubtful if any effort by Christians toward the colonization of Palestine will succeed in the face of climatic and political complications. Hebrews may find more in the language and customs of the country to harmonize with their history and traditions, yet it is to be doubted if they can achieve any greater success. A pilgrimage to El Khuds is pleasing in anticipation, enjoyable in execution, and charming in retrospect; but a residence and a life career where commerce and traffic is inconsiderable, and where daily bread will depend on daily labor in the open field, is not to

the taste of the fiscal and commercial Hebrew of modern times. While investigating the Jaffa colony, I met at the Jewish hotel a French gentleman who was largely interested in grape-culture and the wines of Bordeaux. In discussing with him the feasibility of a Jewish colony and matters relating to the "return of the Jews," as prophesied in the Old Testament Scriptures, I learned that he was a Hebrew and had given some thought to the subject. He seemed a practical man, and I asked his view of the matter. His reply was emphatic.

"It will be impossible," said he, "to bring Jews of different nationalities together and make them live in harmony. As a matter of fact, a French Jew has his prejudices, and will not affiliate with Englishmen and Germans of the same creed: their national antagonisms are too strong! In my judgment, it will require a greater miracle to bring all the Jews together than was required for their dispersion, and a greater miracle still, each day, to prevent their eager departure to the countries of their birth."

The success of colonies must of necessity depend on the climate and the products of the territory, and history teaches that successful colonies have never been established upon the sites of decayed empires, or upon ground exhausted by the civilizations of the past.

J. Augustus Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PURITY of heart, directness and simplicity of expression, a fine musical instinct, an extraordinary felicity in the use of images and similes, and a severe artistic conscientiousness characterize the verse of Longfellow, from the earliest beginning down to his latest poem. In his poetry, as in his genial, benevolent life and conversation, there was nothing violent, nothing electric, as in the poetry of Shelley, Browning, or Emerson. He did not crowd a new thought into every line, like the Concord poet. Though more evenly sustained, perhaps, than Bryant, his best poetry does not reach the imaginative height and intensity of those few passages where Bryant is intensely imaginative. His charm is serene and pervasive. Though so simple in structure, many imitators during the last fifty years have found the poetry of Longfellow essentially inimitable. For if he used plain and simple speech, it was not because he despised his audience, but because it was his disposition and habit to express his thought fully and with the utmost clearness. This tendency would, of course, have landed him oftener

in sheer commonplace had it not been for the poet's sense of fitness and of beauty, cultivated by a life-time devoted to the study of the highest models in every language.

There never was a better proof than Longfellow of the truism that a poet's individuality does not rest upon eccentricity, nor even upon marked peculiarity of style,—that in order to be one's self it is not necessary to be strange. He had a manner, but very little mannerism; and though this manner consisted largely in a very simple use of language, still it was almost as easy to detect an unsigned poem by Longfellow as by any other poet. We were staying once in a little English village; near the ivy-covered inn was a public fountain, and over the fountain an unsigned poetic inscription of a few lines—trite and commonplace in thought, yet expressed with such clearness and propriety that we thought at once of Longfellow, and were not surprised when afterward we were told that he had written it "for the occasion." Propriety,—taste in the choice of subject, taste in the choice of meter, taste in the choice of words,—a rounded and restful

completeness in telling the story, in expressing the idea: this is a characteristic of the lyrical writings of Longfellow. It is this sense of propriety, joined to imaginative insight, that gives us, in one of Longfellow's most vivid and characteristic poems, such perfect and exquisite lines as these:

"Lo! in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls." *

It is this sense of propriety, allied to the qualities which we have mentioned, which has given to the world so many lines, stanzas, and lyrics that have become actually household words. Other poets of our generation have stirred us more profoundly: but but one other has the English-speaking world accepted, and absorbed into current thought and speech, so many poetic phrases. No other poet of our time has struck out so many pieces which have gone at once, and as a whole, into general intellectual circulation.

Longfellow, we have said, did not "originate ideas" to any great extent. Indeed, we have known a reward to be offered, in heated literary argument, to any one who could discover a single strong, imaginative thought in Longfellow which was not obviously quoted from some other writer. This was a rash wager, but it is evident that, even if he did not often invent ideas, he was a most prolific and felicitous inventor and adapter of images. We could easily cover pages of the magazine with quotations to prove the assertion, but the memory of every reader will supply him at once with a sufficient number of examples. As has recently been said, everything was to him an image of something else; he seemed to think "double, swan and shadow."

The poetry of Longfellow—to read it with care might almost be called a "liberal education," from so many sources of history, of literature, of life, and of nature is its inspiration drawn. We fear there is no one man who can fairly be called a typical American, but Longfellow was a type, certainly, of many Americans—a type of a large part of "the national mind." While loving best, and having the utmost faith in and hope for his own new world, he had the national love and hunger for the picturesque life, the art, and the traditions of the old world. It was long ago pointed out that he scarcely ever wrote a page that did not have in it the words "old," "olden," "ancient," or equivalent expressions. But this, we should say, might be rather a sign of his American nationality than a proof of his being a foreigner at heart. It is true that America was made for Europeans, but it may be said with equal truth that Europe was made for Americans.

The stream of Longfellow's poetry, beautiful from the first, grew broader and deeper to its end. In all his prime he wrote nothing more spirited and vigorous than "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," "A Ballad of the French Fleet," and "The Leap of Roushan Beg"; among his latest poems nothing more pathetic than "The Chamber over the Gate." It was in his

old age that his harp gave forth those deep tones which move us in "Morituri Salutamus," and the sonnets entitled "Three Friends of Mine." From the latter series we quote the fourth, the one on Charles Sumner—a sonnet which will come home now with a new and more poignant meaning, not only to those of our elders who were his personal companions, but to many others who never saw the poet's face, yet to whom he has always been a living, revered, and beloved presence:

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good-night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed:
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

Practical Education in the Common Schools.

THE perennial demand for "practical" education in the public schools is just now exceptionally strenuous. At a recent conference of teachers and school committees, this question was discussed: "How shall we educate our pupils so as to fit them for the practical duties of life, such as farming and the various industrial pursuits?" That is a fair statement of the problem as it is urged in many quarters.

In trying to solve it, everything depends on the meaning of that short word "fit." If by "fitting" pupils for farming and other industrial pursuits is meant giving them technical instruction in agriculture and the various handicrafts, then it is doubtful whether the public schools can attempt it. It is true that, in some parts of Austria, small "school-gardens" have been established in connection with many of the public schools, in which most of the common grains and other plants of the country are cultivated, the names of which are taught to the children, thus giving them object lessons in botany, by which they become somewhat familiar with the flora of their own neighborhood and learn something, also, of the structure and habits of plants. As much as this might be done in connection with many of our suburban and country schools. But this would go but a little way toward fitting boys to be farmers. In the public schools of Boston, girls are taught sewing; and this branch of "practical" education might well be taught in other places. But it is not easy to see how our schools can undertake to give any instruction in the methods of agriculture, or of those other industrial trades by which men and women earn their livelihood.

It might be possible to establish in every considerable town a public workshop, into which boys could go out of school-hours and learn the use of various mechanical tools, under the instruction of a competent mechanic. Most school-boys in the cities and larger towns have much spare time on their hands, which might well be put to some such use. Perhaps a portion of the funds provided by taxation for public schools could be profitably expended in furnishing such schools as these. To do this would require legislation in most of the States; but it is open

* "Santa Filomena."

to any benevolent gentleman to offer the boys of his own town such an opportunity. If it should be appreciated and improved, the public authorities might be led to adopt the same plan. Beyond some such simple provisions as these, we do not see how industrial education can be furnished to the pupils of our public schools. The handicrafts are so many, and their methods are so constantly changing, as civilization becomes more complex and the practical arts are multiplied and modified, that it would be quite out of the question to teach them all, even if skilled instructors could be obtained, which is equally out of the question.

Besides, it is hardly the function of public schools to impart any kind of special or technical education. We cannot "fit" boys to be ministers, or doctors, or lawyers, or farmers, or carpenters, or shoe-makers; we cannot train girls to be artists in pigments, or in music, or in millinery, or in cookery; all we can undertake to do in our public schools is to train the intellect and develop the character of the pupils so that they shall be intelligent, industrious, contented, and virtuous citizens. It ought to be possible to give the pupils of these schools a mental and moral discipline that shall "fit" them for any calling in life, and not more for one honest calling than for another.

The thing to be first sought, and the thing most often neglected in our public teaching, is the development of a sound character in the pupils. The State cannot teach religion, but it can require its teachers to enforce the virtues of industry, self-reliance, truthfulness, purity, honesty, justice, kindness, and courtesy; it can make the inculcation of these virtues a chief part of the teacher's work. The education that neglects or undervalues morality is worse than worthless; it "fits" the pupil to be a malefactor.

The next thing to be sought is to awaken the minds of the pupils, to stimulate their thirst for knowledge, to train them in habits of inquiry. The successful teacher is the one who makes his pupils think patiently and independently, who stirs them up to original investigation. Any pupil who has had this done for him has been "fitted," so far as his mind is concerned, for success in any calling.

As to the subjects taught in our common schools, it is plain that the old-fashioned rudiments of an English education are essential, though the amount of time given to some of them might well be reduced. Every pupil should learn to read the English language readily and intelligibly, and to speak and write it with a good degree of propriety. Some knowledge of geography is also important, though the time generally devoted to this study is fully twice as much as it is entitled to. Exactly the same thing may be said of arithmetic. In many of our graded-school systems, boys and girls are kept studying arithmetic for ten full years. Half of that time is ample for acquiring all necessary knowledge of that science. Some acquaintance with the history of our own country, and with the forms of our government, indicating the political relations and duties of citizens, is also indispensable. All these subjects must be taught in the public schools. In most of the public schools they are taught, and in the district and grammar schools, where the great majority of the children of the State finish their schooling, not much else is taught. A little music and

sometimes a little drawing may be added; but this is about all that is attempted in the great majority of our common schools. The high-schools are much more ambitious, not to say pretentious, but only a very small minority of the children taught by the State ever reach the high-schools.

Now, doubtless, a teacher who knows how to teach may manage, even in this narrow curriculum, to awaken the mental faculties and broaden the horizon of his pupils; but it is evident that a little wider range of subjects would make this work much easier. For it is not only necessary to awaken the love of study, but also to direct it toward subjects that will afford the student a life-long pursuit. We want to give our boys and girls a training that shall enable them not merely to make a living, but to find contentment and enjoyment in life.

Let us suppose that a boy is to be a farmer. It is notorious that boys in these days do not take kindly to the farmer's life. What is the reason? Is it that the farmer's gains are slow or that his labor is severe? These reasons partly explain the fact, but neither of them is the strongest reason. The loneliness of the farmer's life is a weightier consideration. The girls and boys now growing up, whether in the towns or in the country, do not like the isolation and solitude of the farms. They would rather live in less comfort, and work harder for less net wages, at more disagreeable labor, in the factory villages and in the cities, because they like to be in the crowd. They depend on outside excitements. "There is nothing going on in the country." That is the uniform reason given for preferring life in the city.

The first thing to do in "fitting" a boy for the life of a farmer is, therefore, to get this notion out of his head. The reason why life is so lonely in the country is that his mental resources are so small, and his own knowledge of the objects round about him is so limited. If we could give the boys who are destined for such life as this a kind of training which would enable them to see that there is something going on in the country all the while,—something of marvelous and thrilling interest,—that would help greatly in fitting them to their environment, and in enabling them to find contentment and reward in their work. Would not this result be secured, at least in part, by giving a portion of the years now spent in the everlasting grind of arithmetic and geography to the study of natural history, the materials of which are under the farmer's feet, and on every side of his path, and in the air all about him? Would not some knowledge of the minerals, the plants, and the animals of his own neighborhood, and some enthusiasm in prosecuting his studies among them, wonderfully broaden the farmer's life, and dispel much of its loneliness?

It would be easy to show how the study, in some elementary way, of these and perhaps other sciences of nature would do the same service for those who are to spend their lives in other industrial pursuits, enlarging their horizon, multiplying their resources, and showing them how to extract from the world about them a higher enjoyment than is to be found in the diversions and dissipations on which the multitudes are trying to feed their cravings.

The kind of education that fits the men and women who are to live by agriculture or the various handi-

crafts to find meaning and recompense in life, would be practical education in the highest sense of the word. And it is worth inquiring whether, by reforming the courses of study in our common schools so as to make room for such subjects as have been mentioned above, this end would not in some good degree be gained.

Minister and Citizen.

THERE have been lively discussions lately, in the press and elsewhere, as to the part American clergymen may, can, or do play in public affairs. It has been intimated that a clergyman is partly deprived, in America, of those extra official opportunities of usefulness and influence which, in England, especially abound.

There is a certain correctness in such a view as this. In England, a clergyman—that is, a clergyman of the Established Church (and in England all others are designated simply as ministers)—may be, and in the country often is, a magistrate. In cities he is eligible for election as a school commissioner, as member of the local board of charities, and other similar bodies. No such usage obtains among us, or if it does it is exceptional. Nor is the reason for it obscure. In England there is an Established Church, and bishops sit in Parliament and help, as “peers spiritual,” to make the laws. From such a condition of things the step is natural and easy to a usage which puts both clergymen and ministers in places, as we should say, of “political influence.” But imagine Cardinal McClosky running against Mr. Conkling for the position of United States Senator, or Bishop Simpson contending with his fellow-citizen Mr. Randall for the speakership of the House of Representatives! Such a thing we say is not to be thought of. We have no state Church, though it used to look sometimes in New York, on St. Patrick’s Day, as if we had an Established Church. It is undesirable that clergymen should hold, or be candidates for, positions which make them the nominees of political parties. If a clergyman is to “run” for an office, one who belongs to that class in the community which esteems ministers will be inclined to say, “Let it not be my minister, but some other minister.” We do not want one whose office brings him into such tender and sacred relations with the most serious facts of our lives to subject himself to the rough usage received by a candidate in a lively political campaign.

And yet we do not want him to forget that he is a man, and a citizen, as well as a minister. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that ministers who have remembered this, and who have illustrated it by conspicuous and long continued services to the state and to the community, have been those ministers whom we have most of all delighted to honor. There went to his rest, not long since, an eminent citizen of New York who was not less eminent as a citizen than he was as a minister. And yet, as a minister in the communion of which he was a life-long member he was, distinctly and undeniably, its foremost man,—not by any eminence of self-assertion or of ecclesiastical rank, for he ministered in a fellowship which knows no distinctions of ecclesiastical

rank, but simply and supremely by the divine right of his noble gifts and nobler service. The pastor of a large city congregation, which, like other city congregations, expected little from its minister in the way of pastoral service, he yet made his name a proverb for pastoral fidelity. The preacher in a pulpit which demanded from him who undertook to fill it the best that his brain and heart could bring to an exacting and critical people, he never disappointed by meagerness, though he sometimes taxed severely those who listened to him by his seemingly exhaustless fullness. A thinker of genuine insight, and with a mind so open that it welcomed truth from all quarters and honored it, though disguised sometimes in strangest “motley,” he kept himself abreast of the best scholarship of his time, and was as profoundly interested in his ministerial work the day he laid it down as when, more than forty years before, he took it up.

And yet this minister (we are speaking, we need hardly say, of the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows) was no less eminent as a citizen than he was as a divine. The civil war and the organization of the Sanitary Commission gave him, some may say, an opportunity to which he owed much of his subsequent usefulness and fame. But, “the gods give chances, and they who are their children seize them,” the proverb runs, and it was so here. Dr. Bellows had the courage in a great national crisis to see his opportunity to serve his country, and to seize it. In his pulpit, first of all, he spoke such words as helped to decide doubtful men and to nerve timid ones; and then, when he came down out of his pulpit, he took his rare gift of organization and administration and put it to work in the service of his imperiled country.

That preëminent ministry of helpfulness and leadership was but a type of all the rest. There is no good cause that has been contended for, whether on the platform or at the polls, in which Dr. Bellows was not felt and heard. With characteristic modesty, he was wont to wait till his fellow-citizens summoned him before obtruding himself upon the public notice; but when the call came, he never shrank from obeying it. And all this (for this, after all, is the point of our little homily), without the smallest loss of his influence or dignity as a clergyman. Dr. Bellows not only *looked* his profession (unlike, in this, some modern ministers, especially of the younger generation, whose appearance is a cross between a billiard-marker’s and a commercial traveler’s), he honored and adorned it. He will always be thought of in connection with it. A minister in an unorthodox communion, according to prevailing standards, he yet made himself to be recognized and respected everywhere for his ministerial office as well as for his personal character. And thus he will be remembered and regretted—as an exemplary and faithful divine, and no less as a public-spirited and influential citizen. This, we venture to submit, any minister may be in any American community, in his measure and according to his gifts. His people will not begrudge him the time he gives to public interests, though they may never wish to see him elected to office; and the community will not disesteem him as a minister because he chooses to remember that he also is a citizen and a man.

The Free Library Movement.

NEW ENGLAND has long had a habit of providing for the culture of her people by the free lending of books. A sort of obligation is put upon rich men in the old territory of Puritanism to do something for the public, and especially for the native city or village. The story of the Boston man whose will was contested because he had not left anything to Harvard University, is but a burlesque of a real New England feeling that one who has made a fortune is under obligations to do something for the land that made him a man by pinching his boyhood. When we see such foundations as that in St. Johnsbury, Vermont,—one example of many,—we count that country happy whose sons are grateful, filial, and enlightened. It is from Boston that this spirit has radiated through the hill-country, once considered so forbidding, now rendered so home-like and habitable by domestic virtue and public spirit.

But the *direct* influence of New England on the country at large is not very great, and is growing less. With all its culture, New England is rather provincial. Her early isolation and Puritan sense of divine election seem to have got into her blood. The country at large is only remotely known at Boston, which has never taken the nation fully into its sympathies, and this limitation of view on the part of home-staying New-Englanders makes their metropolis seem half-foreign to the rest of the country. It is only after a New England idea has undergone a transplanting to the metropolis that it becomes national in its influence. Slow as our great mart has been to receive or conceive new ideas beyond the sphere of commerce, it is the real and only center of diffusion. The art movement, the literary movement, the philanthropic movement of this generation have their capital where once the Dutch trade in wampum, beaver-skins, and match-coats had its center, to wit: on Manhattan Island. So that a liberal movement for popular education by free libraries, set afoot in New York and Brooklyn, will produce, perhaps, a wide-spread awakening on the same subject in the towns and villages of the country. The old reproach, that we teach our children how to read in free schools but do not teach them the love of reading, will be in fair way for removal whenever literature shall be as free to the poor in New York as it is in Boston.

As long ago as the colonial time, the complaint was current that literary institutions did not flourish in New York. No doubt the motley origin of the people of the old city had much to do with it. From the very beginning of New Amsterdam, the French Huguenots divided the town with the Dutch, and there were also people of other nations. "English carpenters from Stamford" built the first Dutch church, and when the little village at the lower end of Manhattan was a quarter of a century old, there were eighteen languages spoken within its narrow walls. When, in 1664, an English population and the tyranny of royal governors was overlaid on the Dutch and French background, one cannot wonder that the community was divided into cliques by national prejudices. Public spirit grows with difficulty among people who speak different tongues, go to different churches, and have different traditions. What does grow in such

a place, however, is the metropolitan spirit: national and sectarian prejudices in New York were early blunted by mutual attrition, and that wide and tolerant sympathy so characteristic of the metropolis of to-day came out of the multifarious origins of her early trading population.

We have not wanted for libraries, though they have had other purposes than those proposed in a free library. It is foolish to blame the Astor Library, as many do, for not doing a work for which it was not intended. The Astor is primarily for scholarly people. The student is the people's proxy, the nation's eyes. No library in America, perhaps, offers such conveniences to special students as the Astor. He whose researches are not very extensive can there consult any works he may ask for, without cost or ceremony of introduction. The scholar pursuing a given line of study, and bringing proper credentials, may gain admittance to classified alcoves, where he can have the invaluable privilege of seeing and examining all that the library affords on his theme; and some of our writers have come to have a sentimental home attachment to the quiet alcoves of the Astor. Even the British Museum Library, a sort of paradise for scholars, where everybody is incredibly obliging and polite, has no such arrangement as that by which the Astor permits the accredited scholar to range at will among its treasures. This privilege we possibly owe to Washington Irving, who had much to do with the early plans of the library, and who knew a scholar's wants; and though the privilege has no doubt been abused by impostors, it is to be hoped that it will never be taken away. To the gentlemen of the Astor family we owe this substantial gift, and it would be ungrateful to find fault that they have not made a popular library out of what was meant to serve another purpose. It is a pity that a building holding such treasures is not quite fire-proof, and that the light in the old halls is not better. The most valuable eyes in America are injured by its dusky twilight on dark days. And it is to be hoped that the liberality of some wealthy men may enable it to complete its collections, particularly in the important department of American history, since the Astor is the main source of information to scholars in New York City. It is to be regretted that the fine collection on American history made by the State Library at Albany could not be located where it would be more accessible to students. Neither Albany high-school pupils nor members of the State Legislature, who are its most numerous clients, seem quite capable of using to advantage its rare treasures, which are hardly known to many special students.

There are, besides the Astor Library, other public libraries, such as the Mercantile, with its vast membership, the Society Library,—a joint stock association,—with an ancient history, high prices, and an aristocratic patronage. The Lenox is not to be accounted among public libraries in any other sense than that it is exempt from taxation. It is open neither to the public nor to scholars engaged in special research, nor does there seem to be any warrant for believing that it ever will be opened as a working library. A library founded and managed in this exclusive spirit works injury to scholarship; it makes the rare and expensive books needed by scholars and authors more rare and expensive, by retiring a large

number of them from use. Private collectors, who buy books only as curiosities, render a similar disservice to letters. Nor can the libraries of learned associations, such as the Historical Society, be fairly accounted public, since their books are for the use of members and the acquaintances of members. For practical purposes, this great metropolis has but two or three public libraries: the Mercantile, which is a lending library, charging a rate that is not high, but out of the reach of the poor; the free reading-room of the Cooper Institute, whose books are to be used only in the rooms; and the Astor Library, which is accessible to all, but only in hours which practically confine its benefits to students, since its books are never loaned to be carried out of the building.

Brooklyn seems to be in a fair way to realize the project of a free lending library through Mr. Seney's liberality, and Baltimore has been tendered a munificent gift for the same purpose by Mr. Pratt. New York's free library is yet in the brain of projectors, not having up to this time touched the pockets of givers. But the great merchants—the burgher princes of the metropolis—have never failed in these later years to sustain any movement having reasonable prospect of serving the city and the world, and we do not doubt of the ultimate success of the Free Library, now that it is fairly propounded and advocated by influential men. It is to be hoped that the proposition to distribute books through the police-stations will not be accepted. A free library ought to guard itself carefully against all appearance of shabbiness; and to the poor the station-house seems a sort of porter's lodge to perdition. The distribution through the public schools would be less objectionable, but the tendency of this might be to lower the standard of books purchased and the public estimation of the library. We think that means can easily be devised for distributing over the wide territorial extent of New York without calling in the aid of other institutions. It is important that a strict censorship be kept upon the books of such a library, that it may not become a fountain of corruption instead of a source of enlightenment.

But why should the movement for free libraries be confined to great cities? A library is of more use in an educational way than a high-school. The taste for good reading is the true door to culture, and if the taste for good reading be once established in a young person, there is an absolute certainty of the attainment of a degree of culture which persevering years in school cannot give. It is not enough to have free schools. A wide-spread movement for libraries, which shall be either wholly free or exceeding cheap, would be a most wholesome one. The abolition of the low-priced pirated productions, which we hope to see brought about by copyright, would leave the field free for libraries, and libraries would render American as well as English literature of easy access to the humblest.

A Third Offer of Prizes for Wood-engraving.

By reference to page 230 of the present number, the reader will find the report of the Committee of Award setting forth the results of the second annual competition for the prizes for wood-engraving offered by this magazine in April, 1881. These results are of so successful and promising a nature that, in making a third offer, we are induced to add an additional prize to competitors of the first and second year. The demand for first-rate engravers continues to keep pace with the rapid growth in public favor of the best American work, and the reasons urged by us, a year ago, for the establishment of instruction in the art in technical and art schools have gained rather than lost in cogency. In Philadelphia, by the efforts of Miss Emily Sartain, a class in wood-engraving has been organized in connection with the Academy of Design, and, we are told, is fully justifying the faith of those who united in its establishment. The number of those from Boston who have already competed for these prizes is so large that we shall not be surprised to hear that a similar experiment is to be set on foot in that city.

In Cincinnati, a city of most liberal investments in art,—investments which have already produced a large return of good designers and artists,—the project has been favorably considered, but, we believe, has been dropped for want of funds. The past year has seen, as every succeeding year is likely to see, such improvement of individual engravers, that it is safe to regard as confirmed that the present high state of the art in America is not accidental, but is in the constitution of the national mind and hand. So long as there are good paintings, there will be a popular demand for their reproduction by the wood-cut, and with the spread of a taste for the former will come an increased demand that the latter shall always be as good as the best. With this desire in view, we announce herewith the

TERMS OF THE THIRD COMPETITION.

I. To the engravers of the first, second, and third best blocks to be made during the current year by persons who, before June 1st, 1882, have never engraved for pay or taken part in former competitions—the proofs to be submitted to us by Dec. 1st, 1882—we will pay respectively \$100, \$75, and \$50

II. For the best block engraved during the year by any one who has taken part in former competitions, except prize winners \$50

III. For the best block to be done during the year by any prize winner in former competitions \$50

IV. Competing blocks must be accompanied by two fine press-proofs and by the original.

V. No subject must be chosen by an engraver until he has secured permission from the owner of the original, or, if copyrighted in America or Europe, from the holder of the copyright, to publish the engraving in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE without cost to the magazine.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE idea of extent—of great length and breadth,—the idea of large numbers, both of miles and inhabitants; the idea of enormous products; of gigantic mountain ranges; of big trees in immense forests; of endless rivers and unbounded prairies—this idea of extent and quantity is the one most commonly associated with the name of America. Our inventions are myriad; our bridges, our public buildings, our factories, our railroad systems, our charities, are enormous. Our national capital is a "city of magnificent distances." Besides this, we used to have, and we have not yet quite lost, a reputation for loudness of voice and manners, and a spirit of braggadocio based upon the general largeness of all things American.

It is a curious thing that the æsthetic products of America, those even that are considered most individual to the country, and some of those which have had the widest foreign vogue, are characterized rather by their condensation of manner and subtlety of thought and expression, than by that other more obvious American quality of physical force and extent. In America the arts have a strong tendency to refinement and even spirituality. We have had only two or three painters of "big pictures." We have eight or ten painters, at least, whom it would be hard to surpass in any one country of Europe to-day in the rarer qualities of technique. It is in America that wood-engraving has been carried to the highest delicacy of expression, and that the art of making stained glass has reached a delicacy and richness that well nigh equals, and a variety that surpasses, the best epochs of glass-making.

The only thing enormous about American literature is the "great daily" system, which has reached its culmination in our western cities. Longfellow, Lowell (except in his humorous works), and Holmes, are mainly regarded abroad as scholars and citizens of the world. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bret Harte, names like these, stand preëminently for American literature to the foreign audience; and how intense, condensed, and subtle the art of these writers! Even Whitman, with all his rank virility, writes about, but not for, the populace. Where is there more subtle description of out-of-door nature than in the books of Thoreau and Burroughs? Holmes is regarded by competent foreign critics as the first living English master of the delicate art of what is rather vaguely called *vers de société*. Bret Harte is the American humorist most widely quoted both at home and abroad. The humor of Warner is most refined and elusive. Our later novelists, Howells, James, and Cable, are famed for the delicacy of their observation and style. American

writers have long produced the best "single number" stories; while the English have, until very lately at least, been ahead of us in the production of first-class serial novels. A great danger, indeed, of the tendency of all American art is over-refinement, over-subtlety—resulting sometimes in self-consciousness and pettiness of execution.

Geographically speaking, it would seem as if America should have given birth to Carlyle, with his prodigality of expression, rather than to Emerson with his brevity, reticence, and subtlety of phrase. And yet Emerson is the natural, as well as the finest flower of our new-world life. His thoughts, by their sympathetic national quality, have taken hold of the minds of the thinking part of our vast population, as have the thoughts of no other man. He has inspired our men of action. He has inspired the inspirers,—the ministers of every creed, the school-teachers, the writers.

But other men of thought; other wits (and some, like Bryant, regard Emerson chiefly as a wit), other preachers will arise and do their work in other epochs of the national life. As a prophet and preacher he may be supplanted, temporarily at least. In fact there must always be some living preacher whose message will come to our hearts with peculiar directness and authenticity. The continuance of Emerson's fame and power as an author will depend upon the verdict of posterity as to his art. No one can authoritatively predict what that verdict will be. But it is not presumptuous to discuss the point and to give one's own convictions. It seems to us that Emerson's thoughts, expressed either in prose or verse, are packed tight for a long journey. Especially does this seem clear with regard to his poetry. Harsh and limping as much of his verse may be, there are lines, couplets, stanzas, and whole poems that have about them the flavor of immortality. Hating jingle, he sometimes stumbled into discord,—but for all that there is no poet that has written on this side of the water, who has produced so many lines of poetry not only weighty with deep and novel thought, but beautiful in form and texture,—with a beauty like Shakspeare, like Shelley (whom he underrated), like Keats. When Emerson's line is good, it is unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound: the vowels, the consonants, the syllables are exquisitely musical. It may be said of Emerson as of Michael Angelo, when he "deigns to be beautiful" how piercing the quality of beauty!

There is one thing in which Emerson, as a poet, is preëminent. Not even Wordsworth can excel him in his power to put a moral idea into artistic form.

"No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

The poem entitled "Terminus" is a striking example of Emerson's best art. Philosophic and original

* The two last published essays of Emerson are "Impressions of Carlyle in 1848," and "The Superlative," which appeared in this magazine for May, 1881, and February, 1882. See also an illustrated paper on "The Homes and Haunts of Emerson," by F. B. Sanborn, in the number for February, 1879. Mention is made of Emerson in Carlyle's Irish notes on page 249 of the June number of THE CENTURY.

in thought, and musical in diction,—regularly irregular in metre,—like all his poems, it

“ — mounts to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise.”

“TERMINUS.

“It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: ‘No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root,
Fancy departs: no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There’s not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the falling river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb.’

“As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
‘Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.’”

But whatever rank may be assigned in the future to the great poet departed,—the greatest of the new world,—there is an immortality in which he is secure. There is no doubt of the weight and extent of Emerson’s influence, as a thinker and writer, in our own day and generation. “He who is of his own time, is for all time.”

Institutional Charity.

ELSEWHERE in these pages will be found the history of a great charity reform in connection with the work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. The story which it tells is instructive, and, with the growth of the country and the growth in it of wealth, it becomes increasingly important. We are not as yet cursed, in America, with those ancient bequests which make it the duty of twelve respectable widows, on every Good Friday morning, to scramble for sixpences on their benefactor’s tomb, or which distribute loaves and shillings, so far as they will go, on Christmas-day to any who may ask for them. But we have already developed a vast system of institutional charity, comprising alms-houses, asylums, and the like, maintained by the State and practically free to all comers. The degradation, through a voluntary self-pauperization which these may work in their beneficiaries, has elsewhere been pointed out; but there is another aspect of the administration of institutional charity which needs constantly to be kept in mind. It is its influence in the education of a pauper class, who, find-

ing it easy to winter in the poor-house, and to tramp the streets and roads in the summer time, abandon honest labor, and dedicate themselves to that view of life which regards the world as owing them a living without their having earned it. “The story of Margaret,” to which Mr. Smalley alludes, shows how easily such a system as ours may breed a race of paupers, who are criminals as well as paupers, and the facility with which access is had to our public institutions is a matter which demands the most anxious consideration of every lover of his country.

A free hospital sounds like a noble thing; but if men are to be educated in unthrift, because of the assurance that they will be taken care of under all emergencies, and that any forecast as to those emergencies is a thing with which they need not trouble themselves, then we have inaugurated a system which, by a law as sure and certain as that of gravitation, drags down and dishonors the whole social fabric. No man can accustom himself to taking for nothing that which is not his, and which, with reasonable precaution, he could have provided for himself, without being deteriorated in the process.

Again it needs to be remembered, that with the growth of institutional charity comes the creation of a class known as the institutional official. We have the alms-house-keeper and his assistants; we have men and women who are employed in our asylums and hospitals in a work which easily becomes hardening, if not brutalizing. Under our present system these persons hold their places largely through political influence. Appointments are the reward of political service, and paupers are led to vote in brigades. We have thus a class whose interest it is to maintain and perpetuate the system of institutional charity on its most expensive scale, and who, because they are not appointed for merit, are unlikely to regard their positions otherwise than as opportunities for gain. Moreover, those positions afford them an opportunity to tyrannize over the weak, and often to indulge their passions without restraint. The inside history of some of our alms-houses is a story of horror and shame. The operation of State charity thus becomes doubly infamous,—degrading those who administer it and those for whom it is administered.

It is over against such a condition of things as this that such organizations as the State Charities Aid Association of New York must needs array themselves. They are needed to furnish for the oversight of all such institutions a band of men and women of high character, single motives, and unflinching courage, who will watch the workings of our institutional charities and let into them air and daylight. The average official in our public institutions soon comes to regard himself as administering his office by divine right. He resents inquiry or inspection. He has derived his authority, he tells you, from the member of the Legislature who secured his appointment, or the Commissioners who designated him. And when, as a citizen, you come to the door of the institution which he superintends and demand to be admitted and to examine it, he resents your visit as an intrusion. Here, then, is the issue. Let us understand that it is time to make it squarely. He is your servant, not that of the Commissioners. You are a tax-payer. You, and others like you, build and support the alms-

house and the hospital. The gentry in the Legislature and the Commissioners generally represent the very smallest pecuniary interest in these properties. They are yours, as one of those citizens who own property and are taxed for the maintenance of the charities of the State. Stand on your rights. Let no Legislature have the insolence to challenge them. See to it that in your State a law is enacted which shall make it the duty of a judge of the Supreme Court to admit representatives of the tax-payers as voluntary visitors and inspectors of State charities. And then let it be remembered that in such voluntary oversight and service lies the hope of the country in regard to all matters of wise and righteous dealing with the poor and the disabled.

A Successful Man's Failure.

WE have been informed lately, in connection with a noble benefaction for the education of negroes in the South, that there are multitudes of benevolent people who are waiting to give away their money in charity, if only they knew what to do with it. And the implication is that no better service could be rendered to philanthropy than to provide for these embryo benefactors the counsel that shall rightly guide them in the distribution of their wealth. This may be so; but it is difficult to see why anybody in our country who desires to do good with his money should be troubled in finding trustworthy channels through which to distribute it. There are certain great enterprises—educational, scientific, humane, or religious,—which are of approved character and of unquestioned record. It is a great pity that men of wealth, instead of being so often eager to institute some scheme which shall merely perpetuate their own names, should not be willing to strengthen these. If they desire to associate their names with them, let them designate their gift for some special department, and then, as in England, call them "foundations," which shall bear their own names, as the "Smith," "Jones," "Brown," or "Robinson Foundation." But there are colleges and museums of art and missionary enterprises in abundance, about which all wise men are agreed, which it is far better should be enlarged than that a new machinery, working in parallel lines, should be created. For the new machinery implies the new machine; and the new machine implies the new staff of workers who are to run it. And thus you multiply agencies for doing work which is substantially identical, where one agency might readily accomplish the whole. Moreover, the indiscriminate multiplication of charitable agencies renders increasingly probable the imperfect and erroneous administration of charitable work. Such work demands gifts and aptitudes which are not common; and yet, in our day, almost every rich man thinks he can institute a charity and make it permanently helpful.

In this connection the history of the late Mr. Stewart is instructive. Mr. Stewart was a very gifted shop-keeper, whose rare talent in a single line gave him both fame and wealth. But he knew as little of charity as he cared for it; and when he came, at the close of his life, to attempt something in that direction, he blundered with a facility and self-confidence which ought to be enduringly instructive. It had been urged upon him that he owed something to the work-

ing-girls who had done so much to build up his fortune; and so, tardily and ignorantly, he set about a scheme in their behalf. He built a huge structure, capable of housing a thousand people. Every feature of this structure, in view of the purpose for which it was designed, was a glaring incongruity,—and then, when he had completed it, he condescended to ask the counsel of experts as to carrying his scheme into practical execution. He was informed by those whose counsel he ought long before to have sought that the very character of his building prohibited it from being useful. He was shown that to assemble one thousand young women under one roof in a working-woman's house, was to necessitate one of two things: either a police so vigilant and so intrusive as to be to any decent girl intolerable; or else, a laxity so provocative of evil as almost to guarantee it. He was shown that he ought to have built a series of small houses, each with a matron or housekeeper of its own, and each to contain a dozen girls, at most, where the surveillance could have been constant without being obtrusive, and where something like domesticity would have made a home in name a home in fact. But Mr. Stewart believed supremely in Mr. Stewart. Successful men generally believe in themselves. He showed this in his architecture, which was hideous, where it might as easily have been graceful and pleasing. He showed it in his charitable plans to which he gave but little thought, and in which he chose to be sufficient to himself. And so his great wealth has resulted in no service to his fellow town-people and in scanty honor to his memory.

It is a story which may profitably be read by other rich men. There are existing agencies for charitable and philanthropic work which should be strengthened, but, that wealthy and generous citizens desire to give money, is hardly a sufficient reason for multiplying new and untried schemes for its expenditure. We want not so much the new machinery as a larger wisdom to inform that which already exists.

American Art-students Abroad.

AMERICA being the only civilized country in the world that inherits no works of art, and being also one of the smallest producers of art works, is the only country in the world that obstructs the entrance into it of works of art produced beyond its own limits. It not only seriously obstructs the importation of foreign art productions, but it has lately, it seems, gone to work to obstruct the importation of all works of art produced abroad by American painters and sculptors, by means of increased consular charges. When to these increased and onerous charges we add the thirty-five per cent. which the poor American student must pay on the value of his frame before he can get his framed picture into his own country, it will be seen that the Government deals neither generously nor wisely with the American art student abroad. A petition is being circulated among American artists and art students, resident in Europe, calling upon the Secretary of State to relieve them of these unjust burdens.

Mr. Frelinghuysen will doubtless be able and willing to reduce the consular costs, but whether he will be able to go further and get the duties taken off the frames is another question. The petition begs "for such revision of duties as will enable American artists to

send their works framed to America, entirely free of duty." That is a matter for Congress to act upon, and we fear it will be difficult to make a Congressman understand why one frame is not as good as another for any picture—if it fits and looks "spruce." We doubt if a Congressman would like the artist's frame anyhow. He would, we are quite sure, think it a requirement of good taste, as well as of good government, to "protect" one of Mr. Whistler's frames, for instance, completely out of the country.

Puritans and Witches.

IN an article entitled "Putting away the Pathies" in "Topics of the Time" for May, we said that "the venerable Puritan clung to his iron-bound Bible with one hand, while with the other he piled fagots upon the fire built to consume the unfortunate witch." Several American correspondents have replied to this that no fires were ever built to consume any witch in Massachusetts.

We did not say there were. We did not refer to Massachusetts. There were other Puritans beside those in America. If our correspondents will refer to Lecky they will find, for instance, that Scotch witchcraft was but the result of Scotch Puritanism. They will also learn that there were more executions for witchcraft during the few years of the Commonwealth than in the whole period before or since. In this and other works they will find frequent reference to Puritanical pyrotechnics.

It is true nobody was burned in the Salem witchcraft craze—but one old man of eighty died a worse death, by being very slowly pressed to death, in the horrible manner known to Old English Law. Witchcraft was a common superstition of the time. In Connecticut a reputed witch was pitched into the river

to see if she would float; one was hanged to the yard-arm on an emigrant ship coming to Maryland, to silence the clamor of the crew; in North Carolina, one was put to death; while in an out-of-the-way place in the State of New York it is said there was a mild witchcraft excitement in this very century. But only under the influence of an intense religious fervor and a stern and sincere faith, like that of early New England, could there have been a veritable crusade against witches, led by the most learned divines, like Mather, and countenanced by the most eminent judges, like Sewall. In Virginia, where religion and morality were lower than in New England, it was thought sufficient to drive the devil out of a witch by dipping her into the water; in Pennsylvania, the Quakers acquitted the only woman accused of witchcraft, but threw a sop to popular prejudice by finding her guilty of the common fame of being a witch, and binding her over to keep the peace.

Is not the foolish sensitiveness about our forefathers a mark of the provincialism of our intellectual life? All of our local historians are engaged in defending somebody. Mr. Brodhead is a strong advocate for the claims of the Dutch; Mr. Scharf slashes at everybody who shrugs a shoulder at Maryland; Mr. Lodge has a particular mission to defend Massachusetts "through thick and thin"; Dr. Ellis and Mr. Palfrey are almost as apologetic, and Dr. De Costa takes the stray and rather profligate churchmen of New England, like Thomas Morton, under his wing. But there is not enough to choose among the colonists to make it possible for one set of descendants to throw stones at another. We of New York, whose forerunners were guilty of the horrible legal massacres that followed the "Negro Plot," are not worthy to cast a tiny pebble at Salem and Boston.

LITERATURE.

Ayres's "The Orthoëpist" and "The Verbalist."*

THE first of these manuals is a very respectable book, as such books go. The pronunciations given are ordinarily ones in good usage, if not the only ones in good usage; and the man who follows them will rarely have reason to complain of his guide. This is largely due to the fact that the compiler has himself taken the pains to follow the best authorities. In the few cases in which he ventures to "hazard impressions of his own," as he puts it, the success he meets with seems hardly to pay for the risk he runs. Moreover, he is haunted by that same phantom which besets so many writers who treat of orthoëpy. This is not, as might be supposed, the fancy that there exists one uniform standard correct pronunciation of English wherever

it is spoken on the globe. This is bad enough, but there is something worse. Many have a feeling—it would hardly be just to call it a deliberate opinion—that somewhere, carefully laid away from the common eye, is to be found a pure and perfect ideal of pronunciation, independent of usage. To gain this the aspirations of all orthoëpists are, or ought to be, directed, and their exertions put forth without ceasing. Until this has been secured they have no right to be at peace. The quest of the Holy Grail is nothing compared to such a search, and if the article sought for is actually to be found, Mr. Ayres is not the Galahad who will succeed in the achievement. But, for all this, the book is a very good book, and will be of service to those who use it right—that is, who use it as a guide and not as an authority.

We wish we could say as much in praise of the book that follows. Use breeds a habit in a man, and to works like "The Verbalist" we have attained to the habit of patient resignation. The gross blunders they make, the absurd opinions they advance, have long

* The Orthoëpist. A pronouncing manual, containing about three thousand five hundred words. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Verbalist. A manual devoted to brief discussions of the right and the wrong use of words, etc. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Herbert Spencer in America.

THE visit of Mr. Herbert Spencer to this country cannot fail to be greeted with pleasure by all intelligent Americans. Few of his many admirers, indeed, are likely to see him; for he comes without any intention of speaking in public, and expects generally to go about very quietly. But, whether one actually sees him or not, there is a certain sort of pleasure in feeling that one to whom we owe so much is at last in our country, and is coming into daily contact with our ways of living and thinking. The people of the United States may fitly welcome Mr. Spencer as a friend. It has been said—and, we believe, with truth—that he has found a greater number of intelligent and sympathetic readers in this country than in England. This sympathy may be partly due to the strongly democratic character of Mr. Spencer's political philosophy. His earliest work, "Social Statics," has always found many interested readers in America; and, although in some respects it does not represent the author's matured opinions, there can be no doubt that it is the very best text-book of sound democratic political philosophy that has ever been published. It is a pity that all our legislators could not have its wise lessons instilled into their minds in early youth, even as one learns how to compute compound interest, or studies the rudiments of history or geography. Much jobbery and much ill-advised legislation would doubtless be prevented.

Popular as the "Social Statics" has been, it was only ten years after its publication that it began to be known in America. Thirty years ago foreign literature found its way to this country much more slowly than at present. It was in 1860 that Mr. Spencer's name began to be somewhat generally known to American readers; and the book to which this popular reputation was primarily due was the little book on "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical,"* which was published in America in that year, before its publication in England. This admirable little book has been very widely read. It is familiar to many who have not the leisure or the learning requisite for grappling with Mr. Spencer's larger works, and the easy and graceful style in which it is written has made it a general favorite. The reasons why a scientific training should be made the basis of a liberal education—or, for that matter, of any and every kind of education—have probably never been so cogently and elegantly set forth as in the opening chapter, "What Knowledge is of Most Worth." Wonderfully suggestive are the illustrations which show the imperative need of a scientific training for the adequate performance of every part of the business of life. Whether as individuals, as parents, or as citizens, we cannot escape from the necessity. Rich with suggestions of future prog-

ress, too, are the incidental descriptions which illustrate the wide sweep that the author would give to certain studies, such as history, for example. If you had read a complete account of every battle fought since the beginning of the world, and had learned by heart the biography of every monarch that ever lived, your vote at the next election would not be likely to be any the more judicious. Unorganizable facts, of no use in establishing general principles for the conduct of life, are wanting in the chief value that facts can possess. "Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive." What the citizen needs to know is the natural history of society,—every fact which can help us to an understanding of the way in which nations grow, and the conditions under which they prosper or languish. Not only do we need to know in minute detail the structure and methods of governments, political and ecclesiastical, but we should study the history of industry, the economic circumstances of every community, the state of commerce and of the arts, the prevailing habits of thought, down even to the commonest superstitions, the habits of life, the homes, the æsthetic culture, the literature,—everything, in short, that goes to make up the life of a people. On this great scale history is now beginning to be written, as the result of that introduction of scientific method which Mr. Spencer urges as essential to the treatment of any and every subject of study.

The influence of Mr. Spencer's views is to be seen very plainly in the changes which have taken place in our systems and methods of education during the past twenty years. Not only has there been a very marked increase in the relative quantity of scientific study, but there has also been a notable improvement in our methods of teaching. To abandon rote-learning, to stimulate instead of repressing the natural curiosity of the pupil, to strengthen the observing faculties and the judgment, and, as far as possible, to appeal to whatever native ingenuity the pupil may possess—these are the chief desiderata in teaching. They are desiderata very difficult to secure, because work of this sort requires high intelligence on the part of teachers, and high intelligence is far more scarce than one could wish. There has, nevertheless, been a very noticeable tendency in our schools and colleges since 1860 toward the adoption of this more efficient style of teaching; and it would not be too much to say that, among all the changes that are generally admitted to have been signal improvements, there is not one that is not in harmony with the arguments set forth by Mr. Spencer in his priceless little treatise.

The Courtesies of Travel.

PHILADELPHIA has erected a new railway station—or, to speak more accurately, the great corporation which has lately undertaken to annex New Jersey has

* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

done so. It is not so big as some others, but it is a marvel of wise and tasteful contrivance, and has some features which, in this country at any rate, are entirely new. The most attractive among them all is its large staff of appropriately uniformed, intelligent, and civil attendants. It is possible to get a courteous answer to a question, and a traveler arrives and departs with a new and strange feeling that he is something else than a trespasser or an idiot—a conviction not unnaturally resulting from the treatment which travelers ordinarily receive when seeking necessary information.

It is an improvement which might wisely be imitated in other quarters. The "gentlemanly conductor" is a person often met with in the local columns of the provincial newspaper. But elsewhere he is largely an extinct species; and as for the other varieties of the genus "railway employé," they are, as a rule—well, not engaging. There is about them an air of bored impatience, an abruptness and indifference, and, when it comes to questions of baggage, of physical savagery, which makes them often simply a terror to timid people.

Of course, there is a reason for this in the manners of travelers themselves. We Americans complain generally of the rudeness of servants in hotels, porters upon railway trains, and elsewhere; forgetting that the manners of those who serve are but the coarser reproduction of those who are served. In the matter of a pleasing voice and courteous address, who has not been charmed with the English maid-servant, even in an inn? But these things are the product of a civilization which inculcates gentle manners in the classes who serve, through a scrupulous observance of them, toward everybody, by those who are served. And it may as well be understood that we shall never have any substantial improvement in these particulars until reformation begins at the top. The wild Irishman who dashes your dinner down on the table before you, at a hotel, as if he were playing quoits with the plates, will not acquire a more considerate fashion of ministrations unless, somehow, he is softened and subdued by the gentler bearing of the traveler whom he serves.

But, meantime, it is worth while to remember that the growth of great corporations, and of the American system of doing things on a grand scale, affords a good opportunity for introducing into their administration a more thorough discipline in this matter of good manners. If the great railways are to own and govern the country, let them commend their sway, as in Philadelphia, by the considerate thoughtfulness which is exercised. Let them encourage travel by handling the traveler a little less as if he were a bale of dry-goods, to be shoved and pushed and hustled without mercy. The public will prefer routes of travel where the last person who is considered is not the passenger, and where the servants of the company are promoted or dismissed in accordance with some fixed rule which construes fidelity to include courtesy.

So much for the traveler in his relations to the corporations that transport him. And now a word as to the relations of travelers to one another. It is common to say that, in losing the old stage-coach, we have lost that comfortable sociability which once made travel so great a charm. But we have lost something more. We have lost that humane instinct which, in the olden times, made all travelers considerate of one another. Travel

—*travail*; the derivation of the word is suggestive. It was work, and hard work, in the old days, and out of the common strain and the common hardship came a coöperative and fraternal spirit which transformed its hardships into pleasurable memories. But the Pullman car is a refrigerator. In transporting fruit from California, the first condition is that there shall be coldness, and then—isolation. The nectarines must not touch each other. In like manner, as we multiply the luxuries of travel, we multiply barriers between the travelers. It is not merely that there are parlor-cars: it is that in these, and in the ordinary American railway carriage, also, the first consideration comes, more and more, to be personal comfort, and not mutual consideration. The grudging answer, the reluctance to impart information, the almost brutal struggle for the best, which increasingly disregards weakness and age and woman—these are things which one sees now more frequently and unpleasantly than of old. We talk of the garrulous and interrogative American: but where is he? Vanished, as utterly as the Massasoit Indians. An English gentleman, who lately traversed the continent, said that he had never traveled in a country in which his fellow-travelers were so reserved.

It is a mistake, if it is no more. There is no one whose horizon may not be widened if he will only avail himself of the wholesome education of the fellowships of travel. It is easy to be too much upon one's guard. All travelers are not swindlers, and courtesy is not necessarily familiarity. As it is, one is reminded of that countryman of ours who, having crossed the Atlantic with a room-mate who, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, had not addressed to him one word, parted from him, saying airily: "Well, good-bye! You will now proceed, I suppose, to your home at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum!"

Darwin's Attitude toward Religion.

It is no longer customary to greet every mention of Darwin's name with a jest concerning the ancestral ape. The development theory has grown and thriven in spite of the various phases of adverse feeling which have indicated the attitude of orthodoxy toward it. Thirty years ago the discussion of the whole matter was confined to scientific circles. The public did not recognize its existence as the great modifying influence in the world of thought, which it was so sure to become. This indifference was succeeded by a sudden alarm. The suggestion that a secret conspiracy against Christianity was hatching roused the fears of its advocates. Nobody seemed to think it was at all worth while to find out what this terrible new doctrine was. Discretion formed a small part of the valor which assailed it with every imaginable weapon. The age did not countenance the rack and the thumb-screw, so the next best thing must be done, and faithfully it was done. No effort was spared to denounce, sneer, laugh the Darwinian theory out of existence. It was the Antichrist, and Darwin himself the great High-priest of Atheism. It was credited with the most preposterous ideas; odds and ends of hypotheses and reasoning were patched together, and when the man of straw had been elaborately constructed he was speedily demolished.

This opposition Darwin expected. In "The Origin of Species," published in 1859, he says :

"Although I am fully convinced of the truth of the views given in this volume under the form of an abstract, I by no means expect to convince experienced naturalists, whose minds are stocked with a multitude of facts all viewed, during a long course of years, from a point of view directly opposite to mine, * * * but I look with confidence to the future, to the young and rising naturalists, who will be able to view both sides of the question with impartiality" [p. 436].

What he evidently did not expect was, that in the turn of the tide of popular sentiment the violent invective and ignorant condemnation which had, at least, the dignity of earnestness, should be followed by an equally ignorant levity. An eminent English scientist, a personal acquaintance of Mr. Darwin, speaking of him some years ago, said that a remarkable change had come over him with this change of popular feeling. He had become so utterly disgusted with meeting on every hand flat jokes and silly travesties of his views, that he became almost a recluse from the society in which he was liable to encounter them. It is not difficult to see how a man tremendously in earnest should be ready to meet any violence of opposition, however unjust and ignorant, and yet shrink away from pointless jokes about what was the serious work of his life.

In order to look fairly at the attitude which Darwin sustains toward religion, it is necessary to clear away some of the rubbish with which the question has been encumbered. Science is not *ir*-religious, it is simply *extra*-religious. Science and religion do not deal with the same questions, they do not cover the same ground. Within their own proper limits they touch only on one side—the Theistic. Science, strained to its last legitimate point, can only confirm the truths of natural religion. With the truths of revelation, from the very nature of the case, it can have nothing to do. It bears exactly the same relation to the Koran, the Rig Veda, and the Zend Avesta that it does to the Bible. The logic of its facts teaches the existence of a Creator and a Lawgiver to the universe. Science deals not with the nature of the first cause, but only with processes, and it does not even undertake to give the *rationale* of these processes. It is only when science exceeds its proper limits that it trenches upon religious belief; as it is only when religion outruns its powers that it condemns true science. There can be no real antagonism between the two, since each is an expression toward man of the mind of God. It is because of what is false in each that any seeming antagonism exists. The responsibility for this antagonism lay, in the first instance, at the door, if not of religion, at least of the Church. The older sciences in their youth sought her protection and were thrust out to perish. In view of this the Christians of the present should at least be honest and fair, they should make the small concession of examining the subject before undertaking to refute its arguments or denounce its errors.

The first book in which Mr. Darwin published his theory was the "Origin of Species," 1849. This differs very widely from the works he has published since; it is a "general statement" of his conclusions, backed by comparatively few facts. His later method

is to publish little more than a full record of his close and careful observation of nature.

The publication of this "abstract," before his facts were ready to be given with it, may have been a mistake. He was urged to the course by his failing health and the fear that the results of his life-work were about to be anticipated by some other man. His earlier work would have taken a different position if he had given a full record of the phenomena, and let the theory take care of itself. It is so much easier to refute general statements than specific facts. Oratory will do the one, while it would take solid years of honest work to vitiate the testimony of the other. Mr. Darwin's later works are marvels of skill. They seem to be mere records of observations taken with every precaution against error, and told with a directness and simplicity that make the writing seem mere child's play, and yet written and arranged with such consummate ability that while one is following the facts, the theory is read between the lines.

From the character of his earlier and his later work, we are forced to go back if we would find any didactic statement of Mr. Darwin's attitude toward religion. In the "Origin of Species," p. 429, he says: "I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of any one. It is satisfactory as showing how transient such impressions are to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely, the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, 'as subversive of natural and inferentially of revealed religion.' A celebrated author and divine has written to me that 'he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws.'" Again he says (pp. 436-7): "Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. * * * There is a grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved."

Many of the most brilliant as well as the most religious minds of the century have for years felt entirely free from anxiety in regard to the growth and spread of the theory of evolution: feeling that it did not touch, that in the nature of the case it could not touch the essential Divine truth. They held the view just quoted from Darwin, that science deals not with the nature of the power which works, but with the methods by which it acts: it is a question not of the initial cause, but of processes. It would be as absurd to accuse Stephenson of denying the existence of steam, because he concentrates his attention upon the development and the explanation of the steam-engine,

as to assume on the evidence of the evolution hypothesis that Darwin denies the existence of a Creator, because he is occupied in making clear the laws under which He creates. There is a confusion of thought in regard to the meaning of the word law, when applied to nature, which occasions much of the difficulty. Law is not a power, but merely the recognized mode in which some power acts. It is surely a nobler

thought of God to hold that He acts in some coherent and logical fashion, than to believe that He is governed by mere caprice; it does not lessen the dignity of power to recognize that it works through reasonable methods. Physical law is merely the formulation of the orderliness of the Divine working; it is not a rival power seeking to displace God, but only the witness to man of His omnipotence.

LITERATURE.

Von Holst's "Calhoun."*

THE life of Calhoun is necessarily a record of the growth and development of his opinions. Dr. Von Holst has not made it much more, for he could not. Of his private and domestic existence no records have been preserved, and we can only trace his career through the debates of Congress over the slavery question. It was in these that he waged, fought, won, and also lost his battle. It was in these that, as a statesman and leader of opinion, Calhoun made his mark upon the history of his time.

Dr. Von Holst, who with patient industry has unraveled the progress of Calhoun's opinions from the opening to the close, seems to think that he was a great man. That such will be the judgment of history we can hardly believe. His rôle was that of an "expounder" of the Constitution. Dr. Von Holst shows very conclusively that in his early days, before he became absorbed with the idea of the importance of slavery, he was a liberal constructionist of the Constitution. At the time of his first appearance in Congress the word "nation," which later on he "struck from the political and constitutional dictionary of the United States as having no basis whatever to rest upon, either in fact or in law," was frequently on his lips. National interests were first in his mind. He was in favor of internal improvements, of a national bank, and of a tariff for protection. Dr. Von Holst probably goes too far in saying that in considering such questions he proceeded, "as a matter of course," from the assumption that "the first question a statesman has to ask himself is not what is constitutional, but what is wise and politic, unless it contravenes a provision of the Constitution, and to take it for granted that the constitutional power exists, until the contrary is proved." With a written constitution there can hardly be such a thing as a presumption that powers have been granted, or a burden of proving that they have not been granted, upon those who deny it. Here, as in a few other cases, Dr. Von Holst betrays a slight unfamiliarity with the legal conceptions which lie at the bottom of our system of government. Questions of constitutional interpretation do not strike him precisely as they would an American; but the difference is so slight as to have little substantial effect upon the value of the conclusions he reaches.

Calhoun, at any rate in early life, took broad views of the powers of Congress under the Constitution. Later, he went to the opposite extreme, and devoted all the powers of his mind to resolving the Union into a mere confederation of States. The central idea of the resolutions which he introduced in the Senate in 1837 was simply this. Dr. Von Holst devotes some space to an analysis of them. They all are models of worthless reasoning. Every state entered the Union by its own voluntary act. Consequently any interference with the "domestic institutions" of any of them, "with a view to their alteration," was not warranted by the Constitution. It followed from this that it was the duty of the Federal Government to use its power in such a manner as to give "increased stability and security" to the domestic institutions of the States that compose the Union. Here we perceive the early federalism of Calhoun coming very queerly into play to reinforce his later narrow system of interpretation. Each State was sovereign, and no one could interfere to ameliorate the institution of slavery; there was no objection, however, to interference for the purpose of making slavery more enduring. Consequently, not only must all attacks on slavery in the States in which it already existed be discouraged and repressed, but it must be introduced in new territories and States whenever such an extension would give to the Southern and South-western States any advantage which would need to strengthen or render them more secure as Slave States.

There is obviously no coherent system in all this. It is impossible to reconcile the different theories of the Constitution from which such views spring. If Calhoun had been a consistent, strict constructionist, he might have deduced the principle of States' rights, and even that of secession, from the Constitution; and though he would have had no very solid ground to stand upon, the conclusion would have logically flowed from the premises that the Government was merely a new confederation. On the other hand, by adopting liberal principles of construction, he might have reached the conclusion that the Central Government had full power over the domestic institutions of the Territories, and could foster the growth of slavery in them as much as it pleased. But what he endeavored to do was to frame a system which should be one of strict construction at one point and liberal construction at another, and we therefore find naturally enough that what he really produced was not

* American Statesmen. John C. Calhoun. By Dr. H. Von Holst. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1882.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Century's" First Year under its New Name.

It has been the custom of the editor of this magazine to write occasionally to its readers an open letter; to felicitate himself and them upon the prosperity of an institution in which he and they are supposed to be equally interested; and to tell, in friendly confidence, those "secrets of Panchinello" which it is desirable should be known, not only to the present audience, but to all the world besides.

By way of honoring this pleasant custom, we beg leave to remind our readers that this October number completes the first year of the old periodical under its new name of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, and that, during this year, the magazine, owing to the enlargement effected last November, has been able to give a much greater amount and variety both of reading matter and of illustrations than ever before. What is still better, if the reader will examine the indices of the two volumes of the past year, he will find that never before in the history of this magazine, and seldom in that of any similar publication, has there been, in any single year, so able and so distinguished a list of contributors. Under these circumstances it is not strange that we can add the fact that the circulation of *THE CENTURY* during the magazine year now closed has been large beyond precedent. Every number of the magazine under its new name has had many thousands of readers more than the corresponding issues of preceding years.

Notwithstanding the astonishing growth during the past few years of the circulation of the magazine in Great Britain, *THE CENTURY* will adhere to its strictly American character. We say "notwithstanding," but perhaps it would be as well to say "on account of"; for if it is not the genuine American quality of the periodical that has attracted the curiosity, the interest, and the generous support of the hospitable intellectual public of "Our Old Home," we do not know what quality it can be. And we think that so long as *THE CENTURY* continues fairly to represent American life and thought, it will keep and will widen its foreign, as well as its home, audience.

During the year to come the magazine will, therefore, be especially characterized by the large amount, and, we believe, by the unusual value, of its additions to American fiction—from Howells, Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burnett, Henry James, and others; and by its original contributions to American history, especially in the two series of papers by Eggleston and Cable. Yet, to be American does not imply that one must be provincial, or that the only subjects with which an American magazine must deal, and the only writers it must employ, are American subjects and American writers: otherwise Americans (of all men!) must care nothing for "abroad"; otherwise we should have to strike from our lists—past, present, and to come—such names as those of Carlyle, Froude, Morris, MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Rossetti, Lang, Saintsbury, Myers, Kegan Paul, Sir Julius Benedict, Marston, Bryce, Gosse, Dobson, Wallace, Hughes, Tourguéneff and Daudet.

We do not propose, however, to summarize here *THE CENTURY*'s elsewhere printed prospectus for the coming year. But in calling attention to this, editorially, we wish to say that while we expect to abide by it with all possible punctiliousness, we, as usual, reserve the right,—under pressure of "timeliness," or of other specifically unexpected demands,—to vary the programme autocratically, always for "the greatest good of the greatest number" of our readers.

"Our readers!"—The most anonymous and impersonal of editors could not write that immemorial phrase, under such fortunate circumstances as the present, without some sort of sentimental* feeling concerning it; without just a touch of honorable pride; without, indeed, a serious sense of responsibility. For, think what that means, with the "rule of five" (as it may be called), which quintuples the original purchaser and reader of each individual copy of a monthly periodical, and which makes the actual readers of *THE CENTURY* to number between six and seven hundred thousand persons,—an innumerable company scattered throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world! When one contemplates this enormous, watchful, and sensitive audience, no detail connected with the work of such a magazine as this seems trivial—neither writer, artist, engraver, printer, nor member of the editorial corps, can unduly magnify his office.

The best actors, the most accomplished and experienced speakers, lean heavily upon their audiences for support. Every one connected as contributor, publisher, or editor, with a periodical like *THE CENTURY*, feels the encouragement and inspiration that come from a great, an intelligent, and a generous audience. This magazine from its foundation has had the warm and sustaining sympathy of a large and always increasing constituency. In entering upon a new year, and one in which we hope to be able to do still better for "our readers" than in the past, we can say that we have no enemies of whom we are not proud, and no rivals who are not a credit to us; while our friends are more numerous than ever before in our history.

The Young South.

It is a commonplace of Northern politicians that the South has always wielded an influence in our national affairs altogether disproportionate to its population, its wealth, and its general intelligence. How this came about, under the old régime, it is easy to see: the men who owned the property and possessed the culture were forced to the front to look after their interests; there was, therefore, always in Congress, from the South, a trained band of expert parliamentarians and adroit managers, who easily took the lead in legislation.

These conditions have passed away, and we still see Southern men maintaining much of the old ascendancy in our national discussions. We may explain this partly as a political survival. The habit of sending their best men to Congress still holds in the

Southern communities. It is a good habit and ought never to be abandoned. There is no call for sectional competition, but a State is fairly entitled to whatever advantage it may gain by keeping in Congress a strong delegation.

From that large class who were able to devote an ample leisure to the pursuits of statesmanship came the Southern leaders of the last generation. Most of the families belonging to this class have lost their property, and have been obliged to turn their energies to bread-winning; the new organization of labor promises far larger rewards, but it demands also much more careful attention; the time and thought of the ruling class of the South must henceforth be largely given to business. Shall we, then, find in the South, in the next generation, the stuff out of which leaders can be made? The prospect might seem dubious to a superficial observer, yet there are signs that the Southern people will be as well led in the future as they have been in the past.

The Southern States are now rearing a large number of young men before whom the outlook is bright. Some of them are sons of the old ruling families, but many of them have sprung from the lower and middle classes. They enjoy the advantages of poverty; they have no money to spend in luxuries or diversions; they have fortunes to retrieve or to gain; they have grown up since the war, and have inherited less than could be expected of its resentments. "Well," said a bright fellow at the close of a college commencement in Virginia last summer, "Lee and Jackson have been turned over in their graves but once to-day." The sigh of relief with which he said it indicates the feeling of many of these young men. They keep no grudges and have no wish to fight the war over again. The sentiment of patriotism is getting a deep root in their natures.

Yet they are full of faith in the future of their own section. Well they may be. During their lifetime the industry of the South has been revolutionized, and the results already achieved are marvelous. An era of prosperity has begun; and there are few intelligent men at the South to-day who will not at once confess that it is destined to be a far brighter era than they have ever seen. Free labor is unlocking the wealth of farms and mines and falling waters in a way that slave-labor never could have done. New machinery, new methods are bringing in a new day. In the midst of the stir and movement of this industrial revolution these young men are growing up. Hope and expectation are in the air: the stern discipline of poverty goads them on, and the promise of great success allures them. All the conditions are favorable for the development of strong character; and any one who will visit the Southern colleges and schools will find in them a generation of students, alert, vigorous, manly, and tremendously in earnest. Probably they do not spend, on an average, one-third as much money *per capita* as is spent by the students of the New England colleges; and in the refinements of scholarship the average Southern student would be found inferior to the average Northern student; but they are making the most of their opportunities. They ought to have better opportunities. Most of the Southern colleges and schools are crippled for lack of funds, and much more of the flood of Northern bounty might

well be turned southward, to the endowment of schools and colleges for whites as well as blacks. The generous sentiment of the young South would thus be strengthened, and the bonds of union more firmly joined. But whatever may be done in this direction, it is evident that a race of exceptional moral earnestness and mental vigor is now growing up in the South, and that it is sure to be heard from. If the young fellows in the Northern colleges expect to hold their own in the competition for leadership, they must devote less of their resources to base-ball and rowing and champagne suppers, and "come down to business."

Mr. Howells on Divorce.

We do not know whether the moral consideration was the chief one in view with the author of "A Modern Instance," the last chapters of which are printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*; but we are inclined to believe that since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there has appeared no American work of fiction having a stronger and wider moral bearing, or of greater power to affect public sentiment. "A Modern Instance" is a work of fuller maturity and of deeper philosophic subtlety than Mrs. Stowe's "epoch-making" book; its teachings are not so obvious, nor do they touch upon quite so palpable a theme. They are not likely to have so definite an influence as the inspiration of a Presidential party. They are not even concerned directly with human laws. They are addressed to the hearts and consciences of men and women in all grades of society and in all parts of the country. The effects of these teachings, therefore, can hardly be so immediate or so tangible as in the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but we are sure that they will be pervasive, lasting, and most salutary.

Other writers have discussed in these pages the statistics of divorce and the subject of divorce legislation, notably the Rev. Dr. Gladden, in his essay entitled "The Increase of Divorce."* Mr. Howells's argument is of a different kind. It is one that applies to the individual conscience; it touches and lays bare the springs of human conduct; it holds up a mirror, not merely to the hopelessly selfish and impure heart, but to many others; for there is hardly a human soul bound by sacred ties to another that might not be startled, warned, and strengthened by the image he or she can find in this divining glass fashioned by a true artist.

"Artist" we say, for if the author had forgotten his art under the stress of his moral message, he would have been untrue, not only to his own conscience but to life. We doubt if Mr. Howells's art was ever seen in greater perfection than in this his latest work. The precise method of which he is a master—consisting of minute observation and exact diction—has been ripened by years of conscientious literary labor, and is here brought to bear upon the most important human relations. The evolution of the moral purpose is mainly through the trend of the story, through dramatic situations; but the author no more hesitates to put a "moral" into words than does Hawthorne, George Eliot, or the Greek tragedians. The words into which is put the moral of "A Modern Instance"

* See *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for January, 1882. Also page 783 of the same magazine for March.

have all the more weight because they are accompanied by so fair a statement of the highest argument that can be brought forward in behalf of an opposite conclusion. It would not be just to limit the moral meaning of Mr. Howells's serious, many-sided, and artistic work to what is its most timely, and appears to be its most deliberately intended point; but, unless we are mistaken, the gist of the whole matter, so far as it is directly expressed, is contained in a passage which is printed in its proper connection in this number,—but which is worth reprinting, not only here but in every journal in the United States. It is Atherton, the clear-headed, clean-hearted lawyer and man of the world, who speaks; he speaks to one whose heart and judgment for a while wavered, but whose act remained pure throughout; to a man whom destiny had forced into the attitude of friendship, and then love, for a woman who had been abandoned by a selfish and unworthy husband. "Have you really come back," says Atherton, "have you really come back here to give your father's honest name, and the example of a man of your own blameless life, in support of conditions that tempt people to marry with a mental reservation, and that weaken every marriage bond with the guilty hope of escape whenever a fickle mind, or secret lust, or wicked will may dictate? Have you come to join yourself to those miserable specters who go shrinking through the world, afraid of their own past, and anxious to hide it from those they hold dear; or do you propose to defy the world, to help form within it the community of outcasts with whom shame is not shame, nor dishonor dishonor?"

A Wise Printer.

A DEBT of gratitude, too long deferred, has been recently paid by the printers of London. The first printer in England has had his services acknowledged by the placing of a new stained-glass window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. In this window, Caxton, represented as a dignified, elderly man, in a dark-green, fur-trimmed robe, and in front of a printing-press, occupies the central position. To the left, dressed as a monk and writing in a book, is the venerable Bede, the representative of mediæval scholarship and of early book-making arts. In the window to the right, Erasmus, the wise and witty, once professor at Oxford, appears as a corrector of the press (as he was for Manutius and Froben), and as the forerunner of modern thought and science. It is the art that Caxton practiced that brings together the old and the new learning, and makes both the inheritance of the world. The titles of some of Caxton's books—the "Sept Pseaumes," "Dictes," and "Golden Legend," the arms of the county of Kent, where he was born (about 1422), and of the city of London, where he worked,—his trade-mark or device, with the year 1477, when it is supposed he began to print in England—these more clearly identify the man and his work. In its proper place shines the legend *Fiat lux*. From this fitly-chosen text, "Let there be light," on the last day of April, when the window was unveiled for the first time, Canon Farrar preached a sermon to an overflowing congregation.

In this sermon, and in the newspaper criticisms of the memorial, deserved tribute was paid to Caxton's

worth as a man. His gratitude to his parents, of whom he says: "I am bounden to pray for my fader and moder's soules that in my youth sent me to schoole, by whiche, by the suffraunce of God, I get my living I hope truly"; his inferred fidelity as a favored apprentice of the London mercer, Large; his subsequent distinction as governor of the English merchants at Bruges, where he lived from 1442 to 1475; the respect shown him by the government and nobles of his own and other countries; his unwearied diligence as a translator and printer—all these, and more, have been fairly put before English readers. And there has been no lack of praise concerning the good done by printing. Yet there is now, as there has been for many years, a tincture of regret that Caxton did not do more. Gibbon pityingly notices him as a printer of frivolous books. Dibdin, the bibliographer, who aided the Roxburge Club in putting up a tablet to Caxton's memory, cannot conceal his regret that Caxton did next to nothing for the revival of classical literature. Other English authors have too swiftly admitted that Caxton, although a worthy man, was not a great printer,—not to be compared with Froben and Manutius, with the Stephens and the Elzevirs,—and have implied that it is a national misfortune that Caxton did not print classic texts.

Is there not here too much of old-time pedantry? To be a great printer, must one print in Latin or Greek? A great deal of printing has been done during this century, with good results, but how much of it is in the learned languages? And which has been of more benefit to the reading world, the books in dead or in living tongues?

So far from being a fault, Caxton's preference for English is his most honorable distinction. He was the first of the early printers to see that the mission of printing was more to the people than to the patricians—that then and thereafter it was to get its greatest support from the uneducated or half educated. Not one of his contemporaries had the wit to see this truth. At Rome and Paris, at Strasburg and Venice—everywhere but in London—the early printers were catering to the tastes of ecclesiastics, scholars, or men of rank and wealth. More than nine-tenths of the books they printed were in Latin, and unreadable by common people. It is a question whether the new art of printing from types did as much for the education of ignorant people during its first half-century as had been previously done by the ruder art of printing from engraved blocks. Nor were there evidences of any intent to send downward the benefits of printing. The new art was welcomed in monasteries, but they did not found Bible and Tract Societies; in colleges and universities, but they did not aid in the establishment of newspapers and magazines; at courts, but it was not by courtesy that the liberty of the press was conceded. Printing had to begin as all healthy plant-growth begins, at the bottom and not at the top. Its roots stretched deep and wide in the soil, in coarse surroundings, among very rude people, before there was any noticeable flower or fruit.

Caxton saw that the world was getting ready for a new literature; but how little he found ready-made to his hand! Who were the readable English authors, and what were the books of merit, not scholastic or dialectic, of the fifteenth century? Begin counting on

the fingers, and you will soon stop. To provide the new reading, Caxton was obliged to translate from Latin, French, and Flemish. The character of the man and the literary tastes of his times are shown by his works. His first translation, "Stories about the Trojan War," begun, reluctantly, at the order of the Duchess of Burgundy, and finished in 1471, was so sought for that he "lerner at my [his] grete charge and dispence to ordeyne this sayd boke in prynte, after the manner and forme as ye may here see." The success of this book determined his future. Returning to England, he devoted his time, from 1477 to his death in 1491, to the translation and printing of books, of which he published fifty-six, in all about eighteen thousand pages, mostly in folio,—a great task for a man after he was fifty-five years old. One-half of these books are distinctly moral or religious, but of the most elementary form; the other half are histories, romances, poetry, and legend,—all translated, as Caxton assures us in one of his prefaces, "for the amendement of manners and the increase of vertuous lyving." Whatever critics may think of their literary merits they did a great deal for the making of England. No doubt Caxton builded better than he knew, for in providing good books that people would buy and read, he whetted a rapidly growing taste for books of a higher order. In a century English readers were ready to put away childish things, and were ready to read, and did read, Bacon and Shakspeare. How wisely English-speaking people have made use of the printing-press is not to be told in a paragraph. It is enough to say that with them printing is as practical now as it was in the beginning—that it does something more than keep the records of the past: it makes the present and molds the future.

"American Art Students Abroad."*

As will be seen by the following correspondence, we were not mistaken in supposing that Mr. Frelinghuysen would do what he could to lighten the burden upon American artists abroad who desire to send their works home. In his letter to us, Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, Munich, stated that, "Virtually, the works of an American artist are free of duty; but they have always been subject to the payment of the small sum of fifty cents for consul's certificate. This last year, however, when the consular fees have been reduced on manufactured goods to a minimum, the same certificate for an American artist's work has been raised in value, so that the American artist must now pay two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) for consular certificate, and an additional two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) for the invoice. That, at least, has been the law practiced in Munich. From various consuls who have been questioned in regard to the matter, a diversity of opinions have been received in regard to the value of an invoice, or, in fact, whether an invoice is at all necessary."

By the following letters it will be seen that artists will not, hereafter, be mulcted in the unreasonable sum of five dollars. But we hope that the Government will yet see its way clear to throwing off the two dollars, letting the odd fifty cents, formerly an optional rate, stand as the legal rate.

* See page 459 THE CENTURY for July, 1882.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
August 9, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

SIR: Mr. Adee showed me the letter, addressed to you on the 17th of April last by Mr. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club of Munich, Bavaria, and which you had informally submitted to him for the purpose of obtaining an answer to the inquiries therein made touching the proper fee to be collected by the United States consuls abroad for the certification and invoicing of the original paintings of American artists shipped to the United States.

As the question so presented was one of considerable interest to a large class of American citizens abroad, and was one, moreover, for which the precedents found in this department afforded no certain solution, I referred Mr. Moore's letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. I have just received Mr. Folger's reply (a copy of which I inclose herewith), in which he decides that the ordinary certificate required upon all invoices, whether on the free list or not, may be combined with the special certificate that the article invoiced is the production of an American artist, and a single fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged therefor.

I am pleased to be able to communicate to you this decision, made in the interest of a meritorious class of our citizens abroad.

The letter addressed to you by Mr. Moore is herewith returned.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, August 4, 1882.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, submitting a copy of a letter from Mr. C. M. Moore, Secretary of the American Artists' Club, of Munich, addressed to the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, in regard to the exaction by United States consuls of a fee of two dollars and fifty cents for the declaration attached to the invoices of works of American artists (form 156, Consular Regulations), in addition to the usual fee of two dollars and fifty cents for certificate to invoice.

I concur with you in the opinion that American artists, in sending their productions to the United States, should not be subjected to the imposition of greater consular fees than those paid by shippers of dutiable merchandise, and would suggest that the certificate (form 156) may be properly consolidated with the ordinary certificate (form 149), and the fee of two dollars and fifty cents charged for the combined certificate. This modification is suggested for the reason that an invoice without the ordinary certificate would not be a certified invoice.

In regard to the suggestion of Mr. Moore that the consular invoice should be dispensed with, I would state that the rule is that such invoices shall be procured in all cases, whether the goods be dutiable or free, and the production of such invoices is advantageous, not only to the Government, but also to the artists, who frequently wish to have their works shipped to interior ports without examination at the original port of entry, which privilege could not be allowed in the absence of a regular consular invoice.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary.

Murder by Burial.

No scientific discoveries have been made in our generation of greater importance than those of M. Pasteur. As many of our readers are aware, they relate to the propagation of disease through living organ-

isms, those known as *bacilli* and *bacteria* being most frequently connected with the morbid processes of disease. M. Pasteur finds that these microscopic forms of life exist especially in dead bodies; that they work their way up through the soil to the surface, are taken into the intestines of grazing cattle or are distributed by the winds, and so, it would seem probable, propagate a whole school of diseases—such as small-pox, scarlatina, typhoid and typhus fevers, diphtheria, tubercular consumption, pneumonia, erysipelas, etc., etc., and perhaps yellow fever. M. Pasteur mentions the splenic fever which prevails in France and other countries of Europe, and which annually destroys thousands of cattle and sheep. In one such case he discovered that an epidemic of this disease was followed after some years by its fresh outbreak among cattle that had been grazing in the fields where, previously, victims of the same disease had been buried under the pastures. The little *bacteria* had worked their way from the buried carcasses to the surface, and were found in swarms in the intestines of earth-worms gathered there.

It ought to be the business of scientific people to show the relation of these facts—if they can be accepted as facts—to our present method of disposing of the dead. If the breezes that blow from Greenwood, Mt. Auburn, and Laurel Hill, are laden with germs which propagate the diseases that have already slain our kindred, then the most expensive feature of those cities of the dead is not their costly monuments. It is worth while to ask ourselves whether the disciples of cremation have not a truth on their side, and whether some amendment is not needed in the modes of burial which, in this country especially, seem designed to resist the operations of nature as long as possible, and so to make a dead body a source of indefinite evil.

Indeed, the whole matter of our burial customs is one which urgently needs revision. It is astonishing that, in connection with risks so many and various as are involved in our modes of burying our dead, there should have been, in modern times, so little care and forethought. The dwellers in proximity to grave-yards who have been poisoned by their drainage, include a vast multitude whose number has never been reckoned.

Concerning such dangers, however, there has been of late a considerable awakening and some measure of reform, but the direct and immediate exposures which our funerals bring with them are perils to which, as a rule, people seem strangely indifferent. There is a custom which obtains in some of our chief cities which requires the attendance of a physician (draped usually in such a way as unmistakably to identify him) at the funeral of his patient. A cynic noting this on one occasion, remarked grimly: "Do they lead him behind the corpse in order that he may bear witness to his own work? It is a somewhat cruel retribution, and expensive, too, for a funeral takes out of the time of a popular physician some of the most precious and

pecuniarily fruitful hours of his day." To which his listener replied: "True, but it is to be remembered that the doctor sees his account in the occasion. No imprudences are more profitable to the profession than those in connection with funerals." And this can easily be understood. People who are rendering the last offices to loved ones are indifferent to considerations by which at other times they would not hesitate to be governed. They would not choose to stand, for instance, in a draft, or with uncovered head on a cold winter's day, or on the wet ground, or in the snow, or linger among the death-disseminating vapors of a vault. But all these things kindred and friends will do, and are expected to do, in connection with funerals; and the withholding of the slightest mark of respect on such an occasion, whatever the rendering of it may cost, would be resented as an almost brutal indifference. Of course, there is something in such risks which must be accepted as inseparable from the occasion; but is there any reason why they should not be diminished, as far as possible, by those who have the official charge of such occasions? Does the undertaker need to make business brisk by the careful disregard with which he orders matters, so that relatives and friends shall jeopard their lives in honoring their dead? Who wants the ill-fitting and impracticable pair of gloves which the sexton tenders on such occasions, and which can usually neither be worn nor given away? But suppose this funereal personage should keep at hand a few skull-caps with which to cover the heads of those who take off their hats. Suppose it were demanded of cemetery companies, whose profits are usually in inverse ratio to their expenditures for their patrons, that, instead of requiring mourners and kindred to stand about a grave in the mud and slush, they should provide a decent temporary platform, and if need be a movable awning, which should shelter, for the time, those who come to the grave on their sad errand. Suppose that it were insisted that funeral processions in church porches should be arranged with a little less regard to scenic effect, and a little more consideration for the health and safety of the living. Suppose it were understood that no clergyman ought to be required to go down into a vault and read the Burial Service, while the undertaker and his assistants stand safe outside,—an experience which, not long ago, sent to his grave one of the foremost clergymen of our day. There is an especial sensitiveness, in the case of persons emotionally excited, which renders them preëminently liable to exposure or infection; and yet these are the very people who, ordinarily, in connection with death or infection, are most recklessly exposed.

It is time that the American people, the most patient, long-suffering, and all-enduring people on earth, should utter some explicit protest in regard to these matters; and anybody who shall institute a wholesome reform in this matter will make himself a benefactor of his generation.