

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A New Departure.

WITH the beginning of the present series of this periodical under the name of *THE CENTURY* (November, 1881), a new enlargement of the contents of the magazine took place, amounting to about fourteen pages in each number. This enlargement was effected by the omission of ruled lines and the extension of the printed page. The pressure of original matter on our columns has since then so greatly increased, that it seems necessary to make still more room for the work of both our old and new contributors. There are several causes which tend to create the pressure of which we speak. Our readers are aware of the fact that most of the American authors whose names were conspicuous in the early volumes of the magazine are still living, and many of them are still writing for *THE CENTURY*. In addition to these, several well known American and foreign writers have since been added to our list of contributors; and, in the meantime, the magazine has drawn around it a brilliant company of young writers who must be provided with an outlet for their teeming stories, essays, and poems. Moreover, it would seem that during the thirteen years since we began the preparation of the magazine's first issue, the average of literary ability throughout the community has risen in quality,—at any rate, we know that we find ourselves constantly compelled to decline contributions well worthy of acceptance, for the sole reason that we have no room for them.

Under these circumstances, and in order to make room for a larger amount of original work,—for matter of greater pith and moment,—we purpose to omit the three departments of "Literature," "Home and Society," and the "World's Work," and in place of them to establish a new department (not necessarily regular in its appearance) entitled "Open Letters." This new department will be the place for brief and pithy signed essays on all subjects; and in this department, and elsewhere in the magazine and in the remaining regular departments, we shall continue to treat—we trust not less well than heretofore, though not so constantly—of the most important points in current literature and current invention. It seems to us to be the province of a magazine like *THE CENTURY* to make room for original and creative writing, for the work of the imagination, for novels, short stories; for criticism of the highest order on literature, art, politics, and morals; for fresh and authoritative reports from the world of science (science in its broadest sense); original accounts of travel in new lands and old; and original historical and biographical writing,—it seems to us, we say, the province of this magazine to make room for contributions like these, rather than to encumber its pages with departmental records, such as may be elsewhere and earlier obtained, namely in our weekly and daily periodicals.

This further virtual enlargement of the magazine will give opportunity for still greater variety of theme and thoroughness of treatment in the contents of each number of *THE CENTURY*.

### The Effects of Civil Service Reform upon Parties.

THE probable effects of Civil Service Reform upon our national parties is an interesting subject of speculation. Hitherto it cannot be said that either party, as such, has done anything to promote the reform, though neither has offered any but a passive opposition to it. The majority of the leaders on both sides in the Houses of Congress cast their votes for the measure; but it was evident that most of them did so because they had become convinced that the people demanded reform, and not because they cared for it themselves. As for the mass of voters, there can be no doubt that the great majority in both parties are heartily in favor of reform, although its leading advocates have been, for the most part, adherents of the Republican organization. Thus far, then, neither party has gained any particular credit by its conduct toward civil service reform, while at the same time neither can be set down as its avowed opponent.

But now that the reform has been begun, it remains to be seen what attitude the two parties will assume toward it, and what effects it will have upon them. In the first place, then, it is not likely that either party will actively oppose the reform; for if party lines were drawn on this issue, the defeat of the opposition party would be certain and complete. The people are so well informed on the subject and so determined on reform, that no party could now take its stand on the old doctrine of spoils with the least chance of success. There are indications, indeed, that some of the Democrats, believing that their party will win the Presidential election in 1884, are inclined to retain the old system, so far as possible, that they may reap a rich harvest of offices on their accession to power; but, in view of the strong and ever increasing sentiment in favor of reform, these bad counsels are not likely to prevail with the masses of the party.

Meanwhile, the Republicans, owing to their control of national administration, will necessarily have the largest share in carrying out the reform, and they have it in their power, by administering the new law with fidelity and zeal, not only to make the reform a complete success, but to win back for themselves some of the popularity which they have lost. But the conduct of the Republican managers in the past does not promise on their part any special devotion to reform methods in the future; and therefore, if parties remain in their present form, their attitude toward civil service reform will probably be neither one of open hostility nor of active support, but of reluctant acquiescence.

But there is another aspect of the case which is deserving of consideration. If the civil service is reformed, and the offices are thus removed from partisan control, will not the change have the effect of loosening the bonds of party, and thereby help to break up the existing organizations preparatory to the formation of new ones? Under a normal condition of affairs such a result would be impossible; for political parties, as a rule, have some higher object than the mere dis-



tribution of spoils. A party is supposed to be based upon some principle or some system of policy, which its members believe in and which their organization is designed to carry into effect; and so long as the party is working for the success of its principles, no question of spoils can dissolve or divide it. But our national parties at the present time are not based upon principle, nor is there a single measure of living interest to the people, on which the members of either party are agreed. Under such circumstances, it would seem natural and eminently desirable that the old parties should be dissolved, or else re-organized on a new basis so as to represent some positive principles, and there is already in the country a strong sentiment in favor of such a change. But hitherto the traditions of the past, the power of organization, and the desire for the spoils of office have held the old parties firmly together and effectually prevented the re-arrangement which so many desire.

But the force of tradition is now virtually spent, as last autumn's elections abundantly prove, and hence the existing parties have no motive to action except the desire for office, and no bond of union except the power of organization, which is wielded by the office-holders and office-seekers themselves. If, then, the offices are removed from partisan control, this last remaining bond will be snapped asunder; and it is hard to see how, in that case, the existing organizations can be longer maintained.

We look, therefore, for a re-arrangement of parties before many years, as a consequence of reforming the civil service; and if this should happen, it will not be the least of the benefits which the reform will bring us, for a more unsatisfactory division of parties than that now existing it would be hard to conceive, and almost any change would be an improvement. For some years past the case has been that a man, in casting a vote, had not the least idea what principles or what policy his vote would promote,—whether one that he approved or one that he disapproved; and so long as this state of affairs continues, it is impossible for any man of convictions to attach himself cordially to either party. A man of principle can only belong to a party of principle; and as existing parties have no principles at all, such men have nowhere to go to. Young men in particular, and educated young men most of all, find nothing in the old parties to attract or rouse enthusiasm, and they will welcome civil service reform with additional pleasure if it shall have the effect of dissolving these bodies and thereby preparing the way for new parties based upon principles and animated by ideas.

#### The Appointment of Postmasters.

THE new measure of civil service reform seems to be all that is needed for the offices to which it relates, and, if properly executed, it will effectually remove the clerkships and many other minor offices from partisan control, besides improving the quality and self-respect of the officers themselves. At first, indeed, the operation of the law is restricted to the larger offices having fifty or more persons employed; but provision is made for extending the system to the smaller offices also, after it has been established and tested in the larger ones. In this way the appoint-

ment of all the minor officers will be provided for, with the exception of the postmasters; but for these no provision has yet been made. It is obvious, however, that the reform will not be complete until some method is adopted for appointing these officers which will remove them also from partisan control and make them the servants of the people and not the servants of a party.

At the present time all postmasters whose yearly salary is less than one thousand dollars—and there are more than forty-four thousand of them—are appointed by the Postmaster-General; and according to the pernicious custom now in vogue, he is expected to make both appointments and removals at the instigation of members of Congress. The postmasters thus appointed are commissioned for an indefinite period, and, if the service were conducted on business principles, would hold their offices as long as they filled them well. But, under the present system, they are liable to removal at any time when the member of Congress from their district so demands; while, on the advent of the opposite party to power, there may be a wholesale removal of all the postmasters in the country. The effect of this partisan management is to make the postmasters the agents of the party that controls the administration; and so long as this system is retained in the post-offices, the reform of the civil service will be but half accomplished.

It seems clear, however, that in the case of postmasters the method of selection by competitive examination will not serve, for no such examination can test those qualities which in a postmaster are most imperatively required. The clerical duties in the smaller post-offices are of trifling amount and fully within the competence of any person who can transact business of a simple kind; but certain moral and other qualities are required in a postmaster, which no examination can reveal, and which can only be ascertained by personal acquaintance. Both the Government and the people have to trust the postmaster, the one with its money, the other with its letters; and he to whom such matters are confided ought, above all things, to be a man of known integrity and responsibility and of good business habits, and it is obvious that such qualities as these cannot be determined by competitive examination.

Moreover, the public convenience must be consulted; and hence in a thinly settled district it is often necessary to appoint the most available man, whether he is ideally fitted for the place or not. In many post-offices the salary is not sufficient for a man to live on, and they must therefore be held by persons engaged in other business; and in such cases it may be necessary to appoint a man whose place of business is so situated as to accommodate the people, though his scholarship may be slight and his other qualifications not all that could be desired.

These considerations, we say, show that the system of competitive examination cannot be applied in the case of postmasters, but that their fitness must be ascertained by other means and, in particular, by the testimony of those who are personally acquainted with them. It is obvious, however, that the Postmaster-General cannot himself make the investigation necessary to determine the fitness of candidates for such a mass of offices, scattered as they are over three million square



miles of territory, and he must, therefore, depend in each case on the advice of persons living in the neighborhood in which the officer is to serve. Hence the custom has arisen of taking the advice of Congressmen, the effect of which is, as above remarked, to make the postal service an agency of the party in power; and what we want is some method of appointment that will free the service from this partisan influence.

Some have suggested that the choice of postmasters should be given to the people; but this cannot be done without a change in the constitution, and besides, there is nothing in such a method of selection to recommend it to the friends of reform. We have too many elective offices now,—so many that it is impossible for the people to ascertain the qualifications of all the candidates,—and it is very undesirable to increase the number. Nor is it by any means certain that choice by the people would always put the fittest man into a purely business position like a post-office, while it would not improbably perpetuate the partisan character of the service, which it is the special object of civil service reform to abolish. It seems far better to retain the method of appointment by the Postmaster-General, only adopting some means for determining the fitness of candidates without resorting to the advice of members of Congress.

Now, it would seem that persons already employed in the postal service and living in the vicinity of the office to be filled would be the best judges of the qualifications of the candidates, and it would seem to be easy to make the services of such persons available for this purpose. Suppose that there be appointed in each State one or more boards of examiners, composed of persons employed in the postal service, and charged with the duty of examining all applicants for

post-offices and ascertaining their qualifications. In the performance of this duty they should not be restricted to the methods employed in the case of clerks, but should use whatever means should be necessary to determine the character and business capacity of the applicants. The natural place for such a board to meet would be at one of the large distributing offices, where they would have ready means of communication with the neighboring towns, and where information about the candidates could be readily obtained. Each board would have a definite territory assigned to it, and its members should be so selected that they could easily assemble for the performance of their duties. Then, when a post-office was to be filled, the board of examiners within whose district it was situated would inquire into the fitness of the applicants and report to the Postmaster-General the names of those best qualified, with the comparative merits of each, and he would appoint the officer from among this number.

Such a method of selection could be easily established, as the appointment of the examining boards and the general supervision of the system would be intrusted to the Civil Service Commission; and the work of examination and inquiry could be easily performed. No objection can be made to the plan on constitutional grounds; for the Postmaster-General owes his power of appointment to an act of Congress, and Congress, in conferring the power, may undoubtedly impose rules and regulations for its exercise.

That some such method of appointment, if successfully put into practice, would result in the improvement of the postal service, seems hardly doubtful; for it would free it from the dictation of members of Congress and divest it entirely of its partisan character.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

### On the Late Dr. Leonard Bacon and the Abolitionists.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in paying a tribute to the character and memory of his eminent father, in *THE CENTURY* for March, did not confine himself to themes which he is qualified, by adequate information and a judicial temper, to discuss, instead of reviving and seeking to justify his father's old controversy with the abolitionists and setting up in his behalf the preposterous claim that his name is above every name on the roll of anti-slavery worthies.

This claim, as "a matter of interest to public morals," I am constrained to challenge, and if in doing so I speak of matters concerning which, in charity to the dead, I would gladly be silent, the responsibility must rest upon him who has forced upon me the unwelcome discussion.

That Dr. Bacon, senior, opposed the abolitionists with might and main his filial eulogist frankly admits; but he insists that this opposition originated in a discriminating estimate of the character and surroundings of slavery and of the duties of slave-masters, and in repugnance to the "false positions, bad logic, and

in some cases malignant passions" of Mr. Garrison and "the little ring of his personal adherents," whose great fault, it seems, was that they did not, like Dr. Bacon, confine their denunciations of slavery to the "system," and fill their mouths at the same time with excuses for the poor unfortunate slave-holders,—who were assumed to be in an agony of desire to rid themselves of slavery, while unable to do so, being in the condition of the boy who locked himself into a closet with the key in his own pocket, and so was unable to get out when his father called him to turn the grindstone.

The vocabulary of the abolitionists, too, it appears, was very objectionable, including, as it did, such words as "man-stealer" and "pirate," which they applied, Dr. Bacon says, to "the legal guardian of a decrepit negro," or to "one holding a family of slaves in transit for a free State with intent to emancipate them." Dr. Bacon, no doubt, believes this to be true; but he is mistaken—it is only caricature. The abolitionists neither uttered any such nonsense, nor made any such application of their principles. Their definition of slavery was elastic enough to cover every genuine case of conscience. They always sympathized



with any slave-holder who, convinced of the wrongfulness of slavery, desired in good faith to find a way of escape from the grip of cruel laws. They had in their ranks not a few men of this class, who had thus escaped from the "system." The names of Nelson, Birney, Brisbane, and half a score of others, will readily occur to those acquainted with the reform. We always lent a helping hand to such men, never breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax. The criticisms of the late Dr. Bacon and others upon the doctrine of the sinfulness of slave-holding were exactly upon a level with those of a certain class of Gradgrind philosophers upon the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule. The late Joseph Barker, it will be remembered, could demonstrate the absurdity of these in five minutes at any time. It was only necessary to quibble over the words with an astute pettifogger's ingenuity. The abolitionists were practical men; they said bluntly, "Slavery is a sin," and meant it; they accepted the definition of slavery written for them in the statutes of the South, dealing with slave-holding in a common-sense way as a sin to be repented of and forsaken, and refusing to be turned aside by apologetic casuistry, from whatever source it might come.

The abolitionists learned their vocabulary from authorities older than the late Dr. Bacon. They remembered that it was John Wesley who said, "Slavery is the sum of all villainies"—"men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers." They remembered also the words of Jonathan Edwards: "To hold a man in a state of slavery is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty or of man-stealing." They called to mind, moreover, the words of the Presbyterian Church, which, according to Dr. Bacon, "represented the thought, culture, and conscience of the South," and which, in 1794, in a note on the eighth commandment, said: "The law was made for man-stealers. \* \* \* Stealers of men are all those who bring off slaves or freemen, and keep, sell, or buy them." The height and depth and length and breadth of their fanaticism may thus be measured. They followed the light of these great examples, from which the ministry and churches—led by Bacon, Stuart, and Hodge—revolted and turned away. When the abolitionists struck at slavery, these men started up with their casuistry and their metaphysics to break the force of their appeals, seeking to "pinch them between the jaws of a definition," as if the letter had been devised to entrap and stifle the spirit! The whole purpose and effect of their ingenuity was to shield from censure the religious slave-holders, whose example was more powerful than that of any other class in sustaining slavery. Whenever a slave-holding clergyman or pious layman was arraigned, these men always set up the cry of persecution in his behalf, and thousands of people were led to think that slave-holding, if only well mixed with prayers, hymns, and hallelujahs, and flavored by a flaming zeal for revivals, missions, etc., was really quite a scriptural and commendable practice. Notwithstanding this class of slave-holders had taken part in enacting the laws forbidding emancipation, and never so much as sought their repeal, those laws were held to be their sufficient excuse for continuing to hold slaves. Just here was the practical issue between the abolitionists and their religious opponents. It was this attitude of the Northern churches

and clergy that encouraged the South to resist the antislavery movement, to deny the right of discussion, and finally to organize the rebellion.

There was a time when Dr. Bacon's opposition to slavery or, rather, to slavery extension, was earnest and effective, and, remembering this, we should not be unwilling to let the blots upon his earlier record pass unnoticed, if his champions did not compel us, "as a matter of interest to public morals," to set them in the light. The simple truth is that Dr. Bacon was one of the blind leaders of the blind multitude who, fifty years ago, "did not see how slavery was to be got rid of," and who were forever wandering about in a metaphysical cloud, throwing obstructions in the way of those whose vision was clear. Against the "system" of slavery as "thoroughly bad and wrong," he could inveigh most eloquently; but of what avail was that so long as he excused slave-holding? His followers were forever saying, "We are abolitionists as much as anybody, BUT"; and the "but" was the only emphatic word, the rest being mere wind. Dr. Bacon's opinion, in 1830, was that the slave-holders then upon the stage were guiltless in upholding the system; for he said, in so many words: "For the existence of slavery in the United States those, and those only, are accountable who bore a part in originating such a constitution of society." The guilty, in other words, were dead, the living were innocent! Here is the explanation of his opposition to Garrison, who held, on the contrary, that the slave-holders were wrong-doers, and summoned them to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. Dr. Bacon, instead of fighting slavery, fought the abolitionists, as the bull fought the locomotive, and with a similar result. He and Joseph Tracy invented a society by which they hoped to divert popular support from the antislavery associations; but it fell still-born, because it aimed at point-no-point, and was like "a cake unturned"—cinders on one side, dough on the other.

Dr. Bacon early in life fell into the toils of the Colonization Society—a circumstance which his son carefully avoids mentioning. He supported it with his voice and pen for more than twenty years, and never, so far as I know, publicly renounced it. That society, as may be seen by its official documents, commended itself to the South as calculated to "contribute effectually to the continuance and strength of slavery," and to "augment instead of diminishing the value of slave property." It opposed emancipation, except upon "the condition that the emancipated shall leave the country." It held it to be "an ordination of Providence, no more to be changed than the laws of nature," that the improvement and elevation of the negroes in this country was impossible. Dr. Bacon himself wrote: "Here a slave cannot really be emancipated. You cannot raise him from the abyss of his degradation. You may call him free, you may enact a statute-book of laws to make him free, but you cannot bleach him into the enjoyment of freedom." Was this, I wonder, the "lucid and tenacious argument" that inspired Lincoln to issue his immortal proclamation? Holding to this doctrine of the invincibility of "negrophobia," it was only natural that Dr. Bacon, when the people of New Haven, with Judge Daggett at their head, rose up in a tempest of wrath to prevent the establishment in that city of a manual labor school for



negroes, should have had no plea to make for the education of the colored race. And when the Legislature of Connecticut, under the inspiration of leading colonizationists, passed a law making it a crime to give instruction in that State to any colored child from another State; and when that noble Quaker woman, Prudence Crandall, broke the law and was sent to jail,—it was equally natural that Dr. Bacon should look on in silence.

When all the efforts, vigilantly pursued for years, to put the abolitionists down, had utterly failed, and their movement had become a power that could be no longer successfully resisted; and when the Mexican war opened even the eyes of the blind to the designs of the slave power,—then it was that Dr. Bacon and his followers wheeled into line, and did good service in resisting the further encroachments of slavery. I do not begrudge those men their penny—nay, I would even increase their wages a hundred-fold; but the claim that they bore the heat and burden of the day, and should be crowned as leaders, I resent as a fraud upon history.

Whatever light President Lincoln may have gained from the writings of Dr. Bacon, it is certain that he did not recognize him as the leader of the antislavery movement. When he wished to avail himself of the advice of the oldest and wisest of the antislavery host, it was not Dr. Bacon, but Garrison, who was invited to the White House; and when he sought to honor that host in the person of its truest representative, it was Garrison who was officially invited to witness the raising of the redeemed and regenerated flag above the battered walls of Sumter. And when the victorious antislavery workers, including all the great leaders of the Republican party, desired to testify their grateful appreciation of the labors of the man who, above all others, was the founder of the grand movement, they did not so much as think of Dr. Bacon, but joined in placing in Garrison's hands the sum of thirty thousand dollars as a support for him in his declining years.

Dr. Bacon wishes "the ingenuous youth of America" to understand that "Mr. Garrison and his society never succeeded in anything," and that "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished in pursuance of principles that he abhorred." What principles are here referred to I am at a loss to conceive. If they were in any sense antislavery principles, certainly Mr. Garrison was far enough from abhorring them. Does Dr. Bacon mean to accuse the Republican party of opposing slavery on principles that were *not* antislavery? As to measures, Mr. Garrison, it is true, did not always agree with the party,—as, for instance, when it set itself about returning fugitive slaves and refused to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, as an inducement to the rebellious South to return to the Union; but these measures can hardly have been adopted "in pursuance" of any principles deserving to be called antislavery. The one great measure for which Mr. Garrison contended was immediate emancipation, and "the final extinction of slavery was accomplished" in just that way. The freedmen, moreover, were not colonized in Africa, as Dr. Bacon said they ought to be, but emancipated on the soil, and made citizens of the United States. What is more, Mr. Garrison had his way in the final

annulment of those compromises of the Constitution which he said were "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Nothing is more certain than that "the ingenuous youth of America," to the end of time, will discern in all this a measure of success justifying the words of that noble Englishman, John Bright: "To Mr. Garrison it has been given, in a manner not often permitted to those who do great things of this kind, to see the ripe fruit of his vast labors,"—a measure of success, moreover, which came as a fit reward of the devotion and self-sacrifice of a life of which Whittier, our American poet of freedom, has said that "its fitting garland should be the Alpine flower that symbolizes noble purity."

*Oliver Johnson.*

#### On Culture in New England Villages.\*

ARE there any truths, any facts, that the story-teller is bound to respect? Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks" takes us into the very heart of a New England community a hundred years ago. We hear its racy speech, its dialect,—which was not simply bad grammar and false pronunciation,—its brave defiance, its bold orthodoxy, and feel its deep, underlying humility. Behind the veil of Hawthorne's weird and somber imagination throbs the real, actual life of the times of which he wrote, and generations yet to come will turn to his pages, finding there the very souls of their ancestors as well as the records of their ways, their dress, their food, their modes of speech.

Old New England is well taken care of. But what kind of an idea will our descendants form of country life and manners in the New England of to-day, if they take some of its own story-tellers as its exponents.

For example: In a recent number of one of our best periodicals, there is a story of to-day, the scene of which is laid in an Eastern village, whose name is given, so there is no room for doubt. We know that this town has its railroads, its telegraphs, its marble quarries, its well-tilled, profitable farms. It has good schools and substantial churches. It takes the city dailies and the best magazines. It is next door, as it were, to an academy of more than local repute, which sends many of its students to Harvard, Yale, and other colleges. Now, does any one suppose that such a town would tolerate, year after year, in its most influential pulpit, a clergyman who persistently violated the plainest rules of grammar, and all the proprieties of English speech? The "parsons" of New England are educated men, men of thought and culture. As a rule they are the conservators, not the violators, of refinement and good-breeding. They do not vex the ears of the dying saints to whom they would administer consolation by saying "scripter," nor "continooally," nor "speritooal," nor "sech." Men of enough social standing and influence to be elected deacons in the principal church of a thriving, intelligent New England town, do not to-day speak of their young daughters as "gals," nor do their wives interlard their speech with such choice morsels as "I haven't nothin' to say to sech remarks." The leading "ladies" of such towns, even if their leadership has

\* [Mrs. Dorr's remarks are an unintended supplement to Mr. Warner's, in this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.]



more to do with church sociables and sewing societies than with five-o'clock teas, are certainly not guilty, nowadays, of such solecisms of speech and manner as they are charged with in this and kindred stories. A provincialism is one thing; gross ignorance or vulgarity is quite another. A recent critic, speaking of Mr. Howells's Marcia, says: "There are girls, even in village life, whose horizon is wider, whose culture is more generous." But why that somewhat condescending "even"?

Let me give an outline of what is going on this winter in, at least, one New England village. It has had for ten years or more its Shakspeare Club, under most competent leadership. Under the suggestive name of "Friends in Council," a company of women meet on every alternate Wednesday from the first of October to the last of May. A scheme of study is made out a full year in advance. Each member knows just what is expected of her, just what thought or knowledge she must contribute for the general good. Greek, Roman, and mediæval history have been successively studied, with the aid of books, charts, pictures, essays, and talks. The contemporaneous history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the study of this winter. This society, limited by its constitution to twenty-five members, has very little red tape, no "refreshments" of a material sort. It aims at doing solid work, and it does it. Four years ago another society, having a somewhat wider scope, was formed in the same village. It is called "The Fortnightly," and is under the auspices of one of the churches, meeting in the church parlors on alternate Saturdays. Any woman, or girl over sixteen, whose name is presented with proper indorsements, can become a member of "The Fortnightly" by signing the constitution and the payment of a small annual fee. It embraces all ranks—from the wives and daughters of governors and senators to sewing and shop girls, and they meet on terms of perfect equality. It has three standing committees—one on benevolent work, one on studies, and one called the social committee.

"The Fortnightly," ever since its formation, has had large and enthusiastic classes on history, art, and literature; and it cares for a mission school. This winter its members are studying the lives and works of representative women—biography, rather than history. At each of its regular meetings there are essays, readings, recitations, and talks.

Two book clubs, and several musical associations and reading societies keep, at least, this one village from the dull torpor, the intellectual stagnation, on which some of our American novelists dilate with such unctious in their stories of country life. The truth is that the quieter lives of country-women give them some advantages over their city sisters. It is they who during the long winter evenings do the reading and thinking. Books take the place of the dinner-party, the dance, the opera.

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

#### Will the Jews Return to Palestine?\*

MISS EMMA LAZARUS has won such merited praise for her warm and impassioned championship, both in verse and prose, of the Jewish race, that it may

\* [See Sidney Lanier on this subject, — page 131. — EDITOR.]

seem ungracious in an American Israelite—who has long been aware of her genius and powers—to take exception to the logic and tendency of the article from her vigorous pen in the February issue of your magazine, under the title "The Jewish Problem." But the importance of the subject referred to and the necessity of due caution in its discussion lead me to regret that Miss Lazarus has written in so positive and unqualified a strain. I refer, not to her just and admirable summary of Jewish history, but to her advocacy of a separate Jewish nationality.

1. It is most assuredly an exaggeration to state that "whenever two Israelites of ordinary intelligence come together, the possibility, nay the probability, of again forming a united nation is seriously discussed."

2. To Mr. Oliphant's personal efforts in behalf of the persecuted Russian Hebrews, I bear grateful testimony; but the difficulties in the way of colonizing at present a strip of land in Gilead—his special project—which have been pointed out by experienced critics, counterbalance, in my opinion, the extravagant laudations of a few enthusiastic advocates, who, because Scripture has been interpreted as predicting the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, deem it a religious duty to favor every scheme for its colonization. Neither the land nor the Jewish people is ready for such a utopian movement. When the Turk is expelled from Europe, and the Jewish proletariat abroad—who alone appear most desirous of emigration—are better equipped for industrial and agricultural work, it is a possibility that the fertile valleys of Palestine may be settled by colonists—but not by large numbers, who will be attracted elsewhere.

3. It is most unfortunate that Miss Lazarus cites the views of a young Russian Jew as summing up "the desires and ambitions of the nation." Among such views it is stated that "the religious mission of the Jews belongs to the past." No objection is made to intermarriage, and a central government, either in Palestine or South America, is advocated. If the mission of Judaism is past, the Russian Jews might save all further persecution by becoming Christians. If it be true that "the racial tie binds Jews together, even though they discard all religion," why form a separate nationality, unless to establish a little free religious and atheistic *commune*, under the Jewish name? Certainly a new Ezra, whom Miss Lazarus states the Jews of our generation "can surely furnish," if he be at all worthy of his ancient namesake, would be rather uncomfortable for such utopians.

4. It is unwise to advocate a separate nationality for the Jews at a time when anti-Semites are creating the impression that Jews can never be patriots, but are only Palestinians, Semites, Orientals. In fact, at the recent Anti-Semitic Dresden Congress, it was resolved that the Jews be sent back to Palestine. Even those Jews who share the traditional belief in a future restoration,—and who are rather proud of being recognized as Americans in America, Frenchmen in France, Englishmen in England, and so on in every land which guarantees them civil and religious liberty,—would resent such a polite invitation. In fact, to advocate such a plan now, in this century of political emancipation in every country save Russia, Roumania, and Coney Island, is a tacit confession that our



enemies are right, and that the Jews cannot be patriots, and have no fatherland but Palestine. There are, however, reverent Israelites,—among them some of our most scholarly and representative rabbis,—who think that Judaism's best work has been done outside of Palestine, and believe that the traditional view about a literal restoration must be modified or abandoned. At any rate, the most conservative Jew will understand that if, in Miss Lazarus' words, "it has been reserved for Christians to proclaim the speedy advent of that Jewish triumph"—the restoration—the conversion of the Jews is an event generally associated by pious Christians with the final ingathering of the Jewish nation.

5. But, it may be asked, if the prospect of emigration *en masse* to Palestine and the establishment of a separate nationality be denied them, what hope is afforded the million and more Russian Israelites, and the several hundred thousand in Roumania, belonging to the poorer classes? The answer is, they must remain where they are, and it is the duty of their leaders and spokesmen to champion their rights, even as the German Israelites have finally acquired their political emancipation. It has been a long contest in Germany since Moses Mendelssohn taught the German that the Jew could be both a man and a brother. Let the Russian Mendelssohn, let the Russian Heine, let the Russian Börne, let the Russian Zunz and Riesser and the rest, step forward and champion their brethren at the bar of European public opinion. The world will respect such action as indicative of a nobler manhood and a higher faith. Riesser did not spare his own brethren. Mendelssohn and his school fought the bigotry and superstition which degraded their co-religionists, and made their religion a mass of antiquated forms and nerveless practices. Let the true restoration be preached to the hundreds of thousands who are ignorant of modern culture and modern industries. Let the best preparation for citizenship in enlightened lands begin in the scattered towns and governments of Russia by better schools and improved facilities for training the children, so that they may be transformed into men akin in spirit and aim to the brilliant writers, poets, philanthropists, and statesmen who are the pride and boast of other lands, where once the stone of reproach weighed heavily upon the Jew, which he has bravely rolled away. To begin this work is the duty primarily of the wealthy Russian Israelite; and the example of a few like Baron Guinzberg, Abraham Brodsky, and Poliakoff, is worthy of wider and more general emulation. Nor can it be doubted that in such a movement might be enlisted the aid of the "Alliance Israélite"—which was not founded to colonize Palestine, but to educate the illiterate Jewish population of the East, and plant schools in all directions. If, in addition to such efforts on the part of Jews to secure political emancipation and social and educational reform, the Church shall more generally imitate the action of a few of its representatives in Russia, and strive to awaken a Christianity more in accord with the gentle teachings of its Founder,—who can doubt that in a decade or two the Jewish problem in Russia will have been solved, and the Russian Israelite will have no more ground of complaint than his brethren in France, England, and America?

In the brief space necessarily accorded a communica-

tion of this kind, and in a magazine like THE CENTURY, I have not attempted any detailed criticism. Let me add that paper schemes for the colonization of Palestine, which are chronicled with all the gravity of an item about the sea-serpent, are not original with Mr. Oliphant or George Eliot. In the "New York World," of September 28, 1866, Mr. Henry Durand, of Geneva, Switzerland, had a far more practicable plea for the settlement of Palestine by Jew and Christian, and the revival of the Orient by the development of its industry and commerce. It was expected by Mr. Durand and his friends that the Jews would aid, Turkey would coöperate, the Rothschilds provide capital, and the Emperor Napoleon give his support. But Mr. Durand's scheme shared the fate of all the pseudo-Messiahs who appear in the East from time to time—it ended in smoke; and so will every attempt, under present circumstances, to colonize Palestine on any large scale with a view of organizing a Jewish nation. That such a phantasy should be seriously advocated in our day is not so surprising when one reflects that the present whereabouts of the Ten Tribes still forms a subject of effervescent dispute, and within recent years a unique literature has appeared devoted to the claims of the Anglo-Saxon race to be considered their lineal descendants. It is only in England, perhaps, that such ideas can germinate "with miraculous rapidity."

Abram S. Isaacs.

#### On Higher Education for Women.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I know that you'll think it perfectly horrid of me and too forward and dreadful for anything to write to you in this bold way without knowing you at all, but I *do* hope that you'll excuse me, as there is something I feel it my duty to write to you about. (It seems too funny to write "Mr." instead of "Miss" or "Mrs.," as I most always do, for upon my word and honor, I never, never wrote to a gentleman before except once when I ———) But any way, I feel ever so safe, as you can't possibly know what my monogram stands for, and my signature is *ex officio*, or whatever you call it when you don't give your real name. But as I was saying, I want to speak to you about this just too dreadful fuss they are all making about what they call higher education for women and co-education. Horrid, tiresome old things, I'd just like to shake them.

Why, I declare! It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back, and sleeves that never fit at the shoulders, and carry their change in a bag, and ask for the "franchise" (whatever that is), and make all kinds of ridiculous plans, and don't know any more about flirting or dancing the German than the man in the moon. It quite makes the cold shivers run down my back to think of them. (Don't you consider this description just too awfully cutting and sarcastic for anything?)

I know well enough that they tell all of us girls that what women need is more *real* knowledge; but,



I'm sure, I simply can't see the good of it. It's awfully true as the poet says, "What is knowledge but grieving?" (Don't you consider Owen Meredith just too splendid and grand for this world? I quite dote on that sweet and dreamy Lucille.)

I'm sure you can get all the knowledge and accomplishments you want at lots and lots of establishments like Madame de Sagesse's. (Why, they even teach calisthenics there!) That's where I graduated last spring, and they gave me a diploma which was just every bit as large as the one Cousin Jack took at college ever and ever so many years ago, and exactly like it, only it was in English and didn't have a lot of letters after my name like his — A. B. or Ph. B. or whatever they are, just as if you were a drawing pencil and had to be stamped to show if you were very, *very* soft or only middling. But it was thick and crackly and real, *real* parchment; and it was tied with the most lovely shade of *clair de lune* blue that you ever saw in all your born days, "*gros grain*," too, and must have cost, oh! ever and ever so much a yard. French I think, because it exactly matched the bows on my white muslin. (Worth!) It was just too becoming to live, as Cousin Jack said. (I've ripped off one of the bows and send it to you around this manuscript, it looks so neat. You can keep it.)

But I am afraid you may think me frivolous and wandering from my subject; but really I feel so awfully nervous at the idea that this will be printed, and that then I will be a real live authoress just like George Eliot, or May Agnes Fleming, or Rosa Bonheur, and lots and lots more, that I really and truly can't write quite my best. (Though, upon my word, I should hope that now, when I have finished my education and received a prize for English composition, my writing is not so awfully bad that I have to apologize for it, because if I thought so, I would just throw it in the fire and burn it, and sink right through the floor, and it would be the death of me, and I would, as Byron says, "wither like a flower and like a flower die." Isn't that sentiment quite too soulful and heavenly? I know it's awfully wicked for a girl to read Byron; but I do just whenever I get a chance, and I think he's perfectly grand and divine, but I haven't read much lately, because the key of the book-case fell down the register last year, and so I can't open it.) Oh, dear me, what a frightfully long parenthesis! Almost a page. But please don't think that I can't keep my mind fixed on one subject, for I can, as you will easily see when I tell you that I was marked "double 10" for Logic, one whole term, while at Madame de Sagesse's.

But I must not let my thoughts wander any more or you may get the idea that I am not serious-minded. It's just too ridiculously preposterous the idea that a girl with any sort of pretension to good looks should just go and ruin her chances by seeming to know anything about all those dreadful mathematics like Soshiology (Dear me! I hope that's spelt correctly, though somehow or other it don't look quite right to

me). It only makes all the men afraid of her. So where's the good of it? What's the use of bothering your brains if the men won't like you any better for it?

Then they give another reason for the need of "higher" education, *vis.*: That many women are poor and want to earn their own living and want a diploma from a college to certify as to their fitness. As for the diploma, I have shown that you can get it at a school if you think it's going to do you any good. As for being poor, I don't see the need of that either. Why don't they go and live with some relations? Or marry some *rich* man? Or if they are ridiculously stuck up and want to be "independant," why there are lots of ways of making money. They can do spatter-work or worsted work, or paint plaques. It's awfully easy. I never took any drawing lessons at school (because the drawing teacher wasn't a bit young and poetic-looking, as an artist ought to be) and have taken only six painting lessons in my whole life, and yet I paint beautifully (this may seem conceited but it isn't). This winter I made a plaque and only painted seven weeks on it, and sent it to a fair and it sold the very first night for ten dollars. I'm sure that shows it was good. In fact I didn't like to part with it, so I made Cousin Jack promise to buy it for me and he did. He's just devoted to me.

I forgot to tell you that I'm the secretaryess of the North-American — literary — society (no real writers, you know, but only amateurs who could be if they wanted to), and so I have a great deal of experience in reading the very best essays, and I have often noticed that most of those that cry about the "right" of women are those "left" by men. (Isn't that an awfully well turned sentence?)

Anyway, I feel sure that you can get lots of culture now in New York, if you really want it and can get invited to the right places. What with the "Causeries de Lundi" and the "Goethe Lectures" and "Tasso Readings," and "Raphael Conversazione" and "Nineteenth Century Club" and "Biology Class" and so on *ad infantum*. (You see I can quote Latin too, if I want to, but I don't think it's good taste to air your learning — it seems too dogmatic.)

But I shall have to stop now as I am afraid you will (Ought you say *will* here or *shall*?) get angry with me, if I keep you any longer from your printing; and besides, I have a most important engagement with my dressmaker, and anyway if I cross this sheet a third time I am afraid you may, here and there, have some difficulty in reading it *current calamo*.

Beleve (I'm never quite sure whether it is *ie* or *ei*, but I haven't time to look for the dictionary) me —

Yours for health,

PINKIE ROSEBUD.

P. S. — You may have this even if you don't think you can afford to pay all it's worth; but I should like to receive something, so as to be able to say that I have been paid for my writing, because you know that always shows it's good.

P. R.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Present Aspect of the Irish Question.

AS TRAVELER, lawyer, university professor, historian, and member of Parliament, Mr. James Bryce writes on the Irish question (in the present number of *THE CENTURY*) with a training, experience, and authority that are not associated with every utterance on this momentous and perplexing question. As a study of the historical, political, social, racial and temperamental phases of the subject, Mr. Bryce's essay seems to us remarkable. He writes, apparently, totally without prejudice; he criticises both sides impartially and without remorse; and he presents his views with a lucidity that makes certain things clear which to many minds, especially those at a distance, have long remained dark.\*

Writing, as he does in this case, largely for a foreign audience, Mr. Bryce has not seen fit to discuss pending remedies, or to give his personal opinion as to what precise course England should take at the present moment. The thoughtful reader of his essay is, however, able to make his own deductions as to the wisest policy the dominant party can now pursue.

Although the Irish question is in a less acute phase now than it was a year ago, Ireland is still the main difficulty of English politicians, and English opinion seems, unfortunately, more than ever divided as to the measures needed to pacify the sister island. The discovery of the Phoenix Park murderers and the conspiracy whose behests they carried out; the signs which such an event as the attempt to destroy the Government offices in London gives, that the desperate party is still active, have driven many, even of those who sympathize with Irish demands, into the belief that for the present nothing can be done, and that the British Parliament must wait till Ireland is more "quiet and contented" before a system of popular local government is created in Ireland, or any other concessions are made to Irish demands.

But to us who watch the struggle calmly from the other side of the Atlantic, such a view seems mistaken. It is a mistake not to follow up the remedial measures already taken, by other measures which will complete their work. It is a mistake not to use the present lull in popular agitation for the purpose of carrying out reforms which could not be so well discussed in the midst of clamor. Above all, it is a mistake to allow the dynamite and dagger conspirators to feel that they have gained their object of preventing reforms, and further embittering the minds of both nations. Nothing pleases these ruffians better than that English statesmen and the English people should identify the Irish people with themselves, and make their outrages a reason for pausing in the path of conciliation.

To us, therefore, it seems that the ministry of Mr.

Gladstone ought to persevere in the policy which it announced three years ago, and in which the Land Act of 1881 was so great a step. It may, and indeed it ought, at the same time to repress conspiracy and outrage with the firmest hand. It can do so all the more confidently if the rest of its conduct, and its willingness to listen to reasonable proposals, show that it is not the victim of panic. These murders and explosions must be the work of a not very large band of fanatics. But the fact that they have not excited more reprobation in Ireland, and have been promoted by certain Irishmen in America, and applauded by others, shows better than anything else the depth of hatred which is felt toward the English Government in Ireland. If England has done so little to lessen this hatred by her well-meant efforts during the last fifty years or more, might she not try the experiment of leaving the Irish more to themselves, and letting them learn, by a little disagreeable experience, how hard a thing governing is, and how great are the evils of disorder? Perhaps, if the patriots of Ireland had more responsibility thrown on them, they might learn a little more wisdom and moderation.

One word more may be said as to the attitude of the English: and it is a word of praise for the self-control which they have shown under provocations which in most countries of Europe would have produced an outbreak of fury against the people from whom come assassins and the organizers of explosions. We remember how the insurgents of the Commune were dealt with after the capture of Paris in 1871; how Russia has dealt with Poland; how Austria dealt, in 1849, with the Hungarians who had met her in open war. An American may feel some pride in seeing that, whether English policy toward Ireland is wise or not, the English nation does not forget either its courage or its humanity even when most sorely tempted.

### The Outlook for Statesmen in America.

THERE are evidences, in recent events, which point to a reversal of the ratio that has heretofore existed, in American politics, between the man of native but uneducated force on the one hand, and the scholarly and experienced publicist on the other. Hitherto the former has been much in demand; and both for his intrinsic merits and as a counterbalance to an over-refined culture, his importance could not be gainsaid. The conditions of American life before the war, when our frontier began almost at the doors of the Capitol, produced a large proportion of such men. War always lays emphasis on natural vigor and skill, and the hasty character of our struggle made prominent for the time in military life, and the momentum of the struggle afterward carried into political life, many whose equipment for legislative duties was an energetic, self-reliant, and martial disposition, rather than a contemplative habit of mind, or a culti-

\* The essay on Lord Beaconsfield and that on Mr. Gladstone, in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1882, and March, 1882, respectively, were also written by Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce is widely known in America as the author of that standard historical work, "The Holy Roman Empire."



vated experience. Once in a while the instincts of the self-made man (as distinguished from the college-made man) are fine enough to lead to broad views, but in general his horizon is narrow and bordered by prejudices; he speaks well of the bridge that has carried him over, but of no other. Such a man is apt to regard legislation as the science of applied selfishness, and to legislate for but one type (himself) or for his other self—the party. But, even if we consider legislation on a merely selfish plane, the fact remains that laws must be made for a wide diversity of selfishnesses, and this requires not so much ideas as the capacity for dealing with ideas. The more successful the self-educated man has been,—whether in railroads, or silver mining, or sheep-raising,—the more likely he is to be incapacitated for the broad work of the legislator. Indeed, to do his constituents justice, he is usually chosen, not for his knowledge of tariff principles or of constitutional distinctions, but in outright advocacy of some interest for which he is certain to stand up and be counted, on every occasion. This was well enough in war times, when there was one overmastering interest. But with the inauguration of President Garfield the war spirit expended the last of its momentum, and the country once more recovered the civic temper and turned to economic questions pure and simple. The result is inevitable that the current of progress will sweep past this type of public man and leave him in a shallow bayou of his own. He will have his uses, but his days of leadership are numbered.

On the other hand, it must be owned that the national legislative service is not yet being recruited largely from the scholarly classes. The House of Representatives has been steadily losing intellectual caste ever since the war, until now there is little left to lose; as to the present Senate, it is probably not the peer of any one of its predecessors, even in sound presidential timber, to say nothing of economic learning, or that liberalizing culture which is particularly needed in a democracy as a check to the abundant philistinism of the merely practical man. Fancy the Congress of the United States, forty years ago, either desiring or being compelled to go outside the Capitol for material for a Tariff Commission! Are we to have no great successors to our great men—none with the imagination of Seward or Webster, or the altruism of Sumner? Is the future greatness of America, as Whitman maintains, to consist only in the greatness of the average? Looking down from the gallery of the House, a foreigner, with a literal idea of representative government, might naturally draw conclusions the most unfavorable to our intellectual and moral character as a nation. Few foreigners know how remote from the tides of every-day activity is at the present time an annual session of Congress; nor do they know that, though for the time government here may seem to be robbed of its representative character, still, even under present conditions, the people are as sure to be heard on a commanding issue (though a little tardily) as in England or France. When it comes to a direct vote on any one question which concerns a large class of voters, the ordinary politician is anxiously to be on the popular side. His skill is frequently expended in trying to prevent a question from becoming a commanding issue. His opportunity is in

maneuver, in tact, in compromise, in dodging a direct vote. He does not want to make a bad record, or to antagonize anybody, and when he steals, it is by schemes that rob merely the Government or some friendless interest. He knows that, being under our saturnine exteriors a happy people, and being hardly aware of a governing power, we not only grow indifferent to wrongs that do not come home to us, but are slow in arousing to those that do. From this state of affairs we take refuge in a blind belief in our luck,—a sentiment which is to us what national prestige is to other nations,—and feed ourselves with the hope that something is going to pull us out of the slough besides our own virtue and wisdom. But it is evident that this indifference cannot last. It is the result of conditions that are rapidly disappearing; and once they are gone, the normal interest of Americans in political affairs will assert itself like trodden grass.

The causes which have produced the marked reluctance to enter public life on the part of those who naturally should control it, are in part the subject of an able paper in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," by Mr. James Bryce, one of the keenest observers and fairest minds in England. Though writing for an English audience, Mr. Bryce has not been misled by false analogies between England and America—between politics which are concentrated in a single body and are the social life of England, extending even into its educational institutions, and the politics which, as we have indicated, are little more than an incident in the material conquest of America. "The chief practical use of history," he says, "is to prevent one from being taken in by historical analogies"; and, as a part of his argument, he makes clear to the London critic of the novel "Democracy" exactly how much weight is attached to the negro-minstrel view of American politics, which it seems that critic has been taking seriously as the fate that threatens English constitutional government from this side the Atlantic. Without underrating our legislative evils or the difficulty of eradicating them, Mr. Bryce does justice to the best feature in the present aspect,—the increased public sensitiveness to purity in candidates for office. We have nowhere seen remark of the fact that in New York State the exciting campaign of last fall was conducted almost without personal vituperation of the candidates,—a fact which argues well for the increased willingness of able and honest men to accept office. Mr. Bryce's paper, though written before the election, is not, however, impaired by that event; and the reader who thinks the Civil Service Reform bill either an unnecessary, or a final, measure, may well go back and consider the evils which have been its occasion, as they are outlined by an unprejudiced historical student.

There are many reasons for believing that our politics have touched bottom in their moral and intellectual decline. Assuming that the Reform bill shall be fully executed and its scope extended (which are now the issues), and that this shall be followed, as logic demands, by State and municipal legislation of a similar spirit and scope—the trade of the gambling politician will lose its prop and substance. Moreover, together with the return of a larger proportion of the best men to public life, there will be before long a



new generation upon the scene,—a generation born since the war, young men educated in a commercial era, and with new blood that runs unclotted by the great conflict. Sectional questions will no longer afford the uneducated demagogue a political advantage, as such, over the scholar, the lawyer, or the merchant. For the first time in half a century, the stigma has been removed from the honorable pursuit of politics. As our social conditions continue to approximate those of England, the lingering prejudice against college-bred men will disappear, and that element will occupy the prominence in legislation which it enjoys in other phases of our national life.

One naturally asks, What is being done to feed the sources of future influence in the new profession which will virtually be established when the people resume their sovereignty? Already our best institutions of learning are shaping their instruction to meet the demand of the times. Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins now afford excellent facilities for a thorough education in political science and for the discussion of current public problems; while, at Columbia, the subject occupies a special department, with prize lectureships for the best original work. Besides the teachings of the best attainable text-books, much is accomplished by the personal influence of the instructors, who in some instances have awakened the pupils to enthusiastic interest in the subject. It is through such personal agencies, if at all, that a higher tone is to be reached in our public life. What could not be expected of a professorship of politics with such a man in the chair, for instance, as Dr. Lieber, or Charles Sumner, or President Woolsey, or Mr. George William Curtis?

It is easy to scoff at the absurdity of educating men for a profession so dependent upon the suffrages of their neighbors; but are not lawyers and physicians thus dependent? And is not the spoils system merely an interference with the law of supply and demand? And when the superiority of the educated statesman were once evident, would he not be employed as readily and as long as the lawyer or the physician? For one result of the vital teaching of political principles will be the preparation of educated men, if not to lead, at least to select the leaders.

Stripped of its old bombast, the truth still remains that the political interest of the world is centered in America, and awaits the realization of our destiny. We cannot too soon or too laboriously set to work to create an atmosphere about the minds of young men which will nourish a high ideal of political duty, and make a political career as honorable here as in England. Emerson, in "The Fortune of the Republic,"—that noble last word of warning and encouragement to his countrymen,—exclaims, with a prescience of patriotic faith: "I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

#### Over-organized School Systems.

THERE has been in New York, during the past winter, a very unusual interest in the public schools of the city. This interest has been due largely to a series of articles in the "Mail and Express" newspaper, in which the workings of the system were exhibited

more thoroughly and systematically than they ever before have been in the daily press. Commenting upon these articles, the editor of the "Popular Science Monthly," in a recent number of that magazine, struck a lusty blow at machine education. In deference to public opinion on the subject, the Board of Education, at the beginning of the new year, undertook, in the words of one of its members, to "ease up the machine" by modifying the course of study, and making a few changes in the direction of elasticity. These changes have not been long enough in operation to enable one to judge fairly of their effects. Our purpose here is to indicate the main features of the machine as it has existed in New York for some years past, and to point from them a moral for schools of other cities. It will be necessary, then, to restrict our view to those particular features of the system which bear upon the end in view.

The distinguishing peculiarity of the New York system is the superintendency. That, more than anything else, makes it the machine it is. The course of study prescribes what subjects, and what portions of each subject, shall be taught in each grade. It is the duty of the assistant superintendents to find out whether the exact ground laid down for each class has been covered by it, and how well the work has been done. In order to this, they visit each school at least once every year, and examine every class. The results of the examinations, recorded on a scale of percentages, are reported to the superintendent, and from these reports he estimates the character of the instruction. In this way, by having the same men examine all the schools, and by comparing one school and one class with another, a wonderful uniformity is secured, both in methods and in results. Every school is made just as much like every other school as possible. Children of the same grade in different schools are taught the same parts of the same subjects in the same way at the same time.

Even this, however, is not enough. In order to secure the completest uniformity, another step is necessary. If the liberty were given him, each teacher might use his own method of reaching the result supposed to be aimed at—the education of the pupil. Such diversity is effectually prevented by a provision which makes the teacher's standing dependent upon the percentage obtained by his class in examination. If the class obtains a certain per cent., the teacher is marked "excellent"; for a somewhat smaller per cent., he is marked "good"; and for a still smaller, "fair" or "bad." If two "fairs" or any worse mark stand against a teacher's name in the superintendent's book, he is a marked man, in more senses than one. The teacher's standing being thus entirely dependent upon the percentage obtained by his class in the yearly examination, the strongest incentive is provided for him to teach, not in the way that seems to him best for the class, but in the way that will enable his class to meet the questions of the examiners. It follows that he does not desire liberty in regard to his methods of teaching. He wants to know exactly how much of each subject will be required by the examiner, and just how that official wishes the subject taught. Theoretically the teacher is required by the examiners to develop in his class the ability to think and to reason; practically, he is driven to obtain "good marks" by



drilling them upon such questions as he has reason to expect will be asked at examination.

Just at present the New York system is in a transition state, in which the principals temporarily have far more liberty to use their own methods than they have had for twenty years past. The "Manual," a teacher's hand-book, in which are laid down minute directions in regard to methods, is in process of revision. This manual has proved an excellent servant, but a bad master. Originally written as a book of suggestions in regard to methods, it was made mandatory by the Board of Education, against the protest even of its authors. What effect the revised manual, used according to its original suggestive purpose, will have upon the system it is impossible to predict; but as this system has been working for many years, as it is still working to a large extent, through the momentum gathered in these years, and as it is in danger of working again after the revision of the manual, a more complete and effective method of stifling individuality in teacher and pupil could not be devised. As a machine, the system is perfect; but the end of this machine is its own perfection, and not the development of the faculties of the children. Under such conditions as these, education becomes a mere drill; stuffing is encouraged, or rather demanded; the relation between teacher and pupil is made, so far as possible, entirely mechanical; and the training is robbed of that ethical element, that relation to character and conduct, which should be its most important constituent.

A certain degree of organization in schools is absolutely necessary. An ungraded school is chaotic. The evils of disorganization have been clearly perceived; and the steps of grading the single school, of securing uniformity in different schools of the same grade, and of appointing a superintendent, a part of whose duty it is to see that the schools do preserve a certain degree of uniformity, have already been taken in most of our cities. The tendency seems to be toward the New York type, and the danger is that in shunning the evils of a lack of system, system is likely to be sought for its own sake. If this be granted—that schools in our American cities are tending toward over-organization,—it becomes a problem of very great importance how to secure a reasonable degree of system without crippling the teacher in his efforts toward the free expansion of the pupil's mind. Some machinery, doubtless, we must have; but the end of education is the development of character, and character cannot be machine-made by any process whatever.

In the solution of this problem, superintendents of schools must bear the most important part. A thorough knowledge of the principles of education, and a wise adaptation of those principles, will enable superintendents to develop their schools in the right direction. Their supervision should be intelligent and sympathetic; they should be the helpers, and not merely the judges, of their teachers; they should explain why certain methods are founded on right principles, and why certain others are not; they should occasionally take hold of a class and develop a subject in the teacher's presence, in order to show how underlying principles may be practically applied. A large part of these duties might be performed by principals,

who ought to be men fitted for such work. The distribution of supervisory functions is a mere matter of detail. The teachers' standing should not depend entirely upon periodical examinations of their classes in the New York style. Courses of lectures by eminent educators should be provided for teachers, and they should have the means of making a continual advance in the science and art of their profession.

In ways like these the problem we have indicated may be solved, and the dangers of over-organization, so strikingly exemplified by the school system of New York, may be avoided.

#### Two Rich Men.

Two men have lately passed away from life among us whom we should have been glad to make immortal. William E. Dodge and Peter Cooper were conspicuous examples of men of wealth using their wealth in promoting the wealth of others. They, in their own manner of living, solved the problem of capital and labor. If all rich men followed their system, and found riches to be only a means of doing good, all envy, jealousy, and hatred of the rich would fade from the hearts of the poor, and society would be freed from one of its most vexatious annoyances and most threatening dangers. But where one rich man appreciates the true use of wealth, a hundred regard it only as an instrument for luxurious indulgence and vulgar display, or for miserly and meaningless hoarding. It is this false use of wealth that loosens all the joints of society and makes our future uncertain. The reason why the two men whom we have named were fountains of blessing, is to be found not in demagogism, by which a Tweed gives coal to the poor as a means to secure votes, but in a benevolence which seeks the welfare of others as its end. Dodge and Cooper sought no office nor worldly honors. They were too noble to be receivers. They lived on the higher plane of giving. They understood the Master's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." They had an exquisite delight (such as the miser or spendthrift never knew) in an economy of benevolence, and made it the business of their lives to minister to the wants of men. What to the mass of men would be self-denial was to them the healthy outflow of a generous spirit. To have these streams dried up is a calamity not only to those who were immediately benefited, but to the whole city, which loses the force of these living examples of virtue.

The great, greedy crowd of money-getters were rebuked and bewildered when they saw the venerable man of fourscore and ten still planning how best to help the deserving poor. The weak creatures who make up fashionable society could not but get a glimpse of an idea that there were higher prizes than dog-carts and yachts, and all the paraphernalia of social distinction.

Peter Cooper was the antipodal energy to that of certain other rich men in our community, dead and living. The one energy came from heaven, the other came from a very different place. The one infuses health into the community; the other poisons everything it touches. The one energy is modest and loving; the other is brass-browed as Satan, and stirs up the fires of hell in the human breast.

To the youth of our city and country the two benevolent lives to which we have referred have been



a useful lesson. How many of these may have been brought over to the practice of virtue by these honored names! How many young men, ready to start in the selfish life of the multitude, may have been checked by the discovery in these examples of a truer happiness to be pursued by a holier road!

The best sermon that can be preached on the subject of riches and their use is to point to these noble lives. They are facts and not theories. They cannot

be doubted or denied. They lived among us and left the truth established concretely for the examination and admiration of all. They have made more glowing and striking the contrast between the pure joys of beneficence and the feverish excitements, jealousies, trickeries, dishonesties, and cruelties of the grasp for gain. Many theoretic nostrums are recommended for diseased society, but lives like those of Dodge and Cooper give health wherever their influence extends.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

### On the Dynamite Policy—by an Irish-American.

THE Irish land question, and the past and present condition of the Irish peasantry, have assumed during the last two or three years more general interest outside of Great Britain than at any previous period of time. This has been brought about, in my opinion, by the persistent efforts of Mr. Charles S. Parnell and his colleagues in the British Parliament, in organizing the Land League and keeping the subject of the wrongs of Ireland before Parliament, in and out of time. Mr. Parnell has, no doubt, believed that this was the best and only effective means of obtaining redress for his long-suffering countrymen. That there has been in the past, and there is now, wide-spread distress and unnecessary suffering inflicted on the Irish peasantry and farmers with small holdings, in the South and West of Ireland, there is no question. That these poor people, overworked, badly fed, and scantily clothed, have suffered wrongs inhuman in character, and which no other people would bear with such patience and Christian fortitude, is a fact clear to those who have visited Ireland to study the condition of the people with unbiassed feelings, and gifted with the power of close observation.

I have traveled through Ireland five times during the last ten years, and I know from personal observation that these people have flagrant wrongs heaped upon them, and the bulk of them work harder, with less encouragement, and have less left when the year's rent is paid, than any similar class in Europe. Every available article raised on their small holdings is saved and sold to meet the rent when due. I have witnessed dozens of ejections under circumstances that seemed heartless and cruel and sufficient to make one's blood run cold.

These noticeable wrongs and consequent suffering of the peasantry and small tenants, forcibly ejected from their homes by unsympathetic landlords, naturally engender bitter and hostile feelings which break out occasionally in acts of violence toward the agents, for the owners of the land seldom appear among the tenants. These acts are usually magnified and exaggerated by the English press, and it only gives one side of the story. It has always seemed strange to me, in discussing these questions with intelligent Englishmen, who are fair and generous on other subjects, that they do not understand the Irish question, or

from prejudice they misrepresent the true condition of the Irish situation.

These long-continued grievances and hardships of the small tenants are traceable, in my opinion, to a class known as non-resident landlords, who have their rents collected and their business transacted through efficient agents, a body of men as heartless as their masters. These Irish landlords spend the bulk of their income, and all of their time, in England and on the continent. They seem to be without national pride or human instincts so far as their tenants are concerned. They take no steps and spend no money to help elevate or improve the wretched condition of the small farmers in the South and West of Ireland. There are no people who are more grateful and responsive to just and fair treatment than the Irish peasants, but they have but few chances to exhibit these feelings in the districts of Ireland named. Every Irish-American, worthy of the name, is deeply interested in the best way to bring about reform and build up a better and healthier state of feeling between landlord and tenant in a peaceful and equitable manner.

But just here I desire to say, in the most emphatic language, that every respectable Irish-American whom I know, condemns the acts of the low-lived scoundrels who take any part, directly or indirectly, in such attempts as have been recently made to destroy life and property by the hellish method of dynamite, or crimes like the Phoenix Park murders. Such low and dastardly acts bring the cause into disrepute, and those who commit them are not and cannot be true friends of Ireland. These crimes alienate the friendship and sympathy of the enlightened Christians of all nationalities,—a sympathy which is sure to be extended toward any brave people who are suffering from unjust laws.

*P. T. Quinn.*

### Nathaniel Hawthorne Again.

THERE are two or three points in connection with the fragmentary story left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and published recently under the name of "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," which seem to me to have been but imperfectly considered by the critics. The story, with its accompanying "studies," calls our attention to the methods of a great artist as well as of a great



genius. That has often been said. We can see the artist sporting with the gaunt, solid frame-work of his images as if they were toy structures. In the early days we were taught to believe that gloom mastered the man, but by the help of these "studies," we see that it was he who called forth the gloom and remanded it to its place again,—circumscribing, shaping it, summoning the sunshine to touch it into delicate fantastic forms, molding it as perfectly as the creative mind ever molds its creature. He is as much the conjurer as Prospero, who summoned the "spirits of the vasty deep," or as Shakspeare, who summoned Prospero.

It is clear enough to the ordinary reader that the early chapters of the story, while more than tentative, are far less than final. The author has got the order of attendance regulated. The story has taken shape not only to the reader's mind, but clearly has a shaping nearly satisfactory to the author, although far from being illuminated, intensified, enriched, as Hawthorne always enriched his perfect work, with poetical fancies and spiritual suggestion. There is here and there a grain of coarseness, not yet refined; of crudeness, not yet polished; some inelegance of diction which would have tried his very soul to see in print. In this respect—in its finish and polish—the work in the first seven chapters is behind the "American Note-Books," which bear the marks of being written in leisure moments when the writer could pause to pursue a fancy or elaborate a description. In these chapters, he is either fitting together previous studies, as he means the parts to stand—bending the beams, so to speak, to make them take their final shape and place, or, in some spurt of the imagination, fashioning with great rapidity some connecting structure, in too much haste and glow to be nice in the elaboration. The stress of the workmanship is visible; but its greatness and solidity are worthy of the study of our modern school of novelists.

The persons are greatly typical—Elsie, with the mysteries of womanhood; Ned, with the spirit of a nobleman working in the atmosphere of democracy; the grim Doctor, with the implacable passions of a granitic nature, gradually, though never entirely, yielding to the gentle rain of human sympathies,—even the musty corners of his cobwebby study breaking into that golden glow which cobwebs may take on when lifted into the sunshine; Colcord, with that wholly spiritual but impotent nature which Hawthorne had previously painted in Clifford; Lord Braithwaite, with the Italian subtlety and instinctive diabolism of a descendant of the Borgias. These are all great types, and clearly marked. It is easy to see that if the author had carried out his purpose, the uncertainties of touch would have disappeared, the moral significance of the characters would have been intensified, the mystery would have taken truer relations to realities, the passions would have become, not more typical of the profounder passions of society, but more in harmony with the beautiful spiritual forces. As it stands now, imperfect in a hundred ways, but pretty fully blocked out, there is nothing inferior in the conception to that of the "Scarlet Letter."

Each part of the picture has its own local atmosphere. In New England, the bleakness of winter, the somberness of innumerable grave-yards, the

stillness of a wilderness, the gloom of Calvinistic theology; in England, the sensuous steam of the roasting-spit and the clatter of old silver, rising amid the antique glories of old ruins. Parts of the English picture are finished; other parts are hardly even plotted, while in the American portion the story is evidently completely plotted, but scarcely a thing polished. Elsie's share in the story is only hinted. It is clearly not intended to be great, but rather sunny, and effective as sunshine. She is no heroine, but she is reserved to be the delight of the reader's eye, for his heart to rest upon in the midst of the darker hues of the story; while Ned is to be no hero, but, like Hamlet, the sport of Destiny. Both Ned and Elsie are exquisitely conceived, but they are to be the puppets of great and unrevealed powers. As Hamlet's love yields, and Ophelia goes down, when ambition and revenge enter, so here, when the implacable spirit of age-long jealousy and inherited hate are to be considered, love is a minor affair, flinging its gleam upon the canvas, but no more. It is enough for the author's purposes if it be there in the morning to brighten the hill-tops, and in the evening to lend its tints to the western clouds.

But the point which interests me most, and which, I think, has been less clearly brought out by the critics, is one that touches close upon the methods of our present novelists, who, like Hawthorne, like Irving and Cooper, and John Neal and Bancroft and Motley, go abroad for a larger intellectual atmosphere, but, unlike those writers, strike a malarial tract of it, and come home to us with a cold chill upon them. With Hawthorne, this certainly was not the case. We find everywhere in these studies, as we find in Irving, the broader horizon which foreign travel gives. The shy, deep-eyed New Englander was peculiarly fitted by nature to find poetical inspiration in the Old World. He loved its past long before he had seen it, and found in its traditions the mysterious working of forces which had reached over to America. He loved the old somber atmosphere as only an American can. How well he could create its counterfeit is seen in the Puritan novels. Better than any of the English romancers, better even than Scott, it seems to me, he could feel the poetical charm and spiritual influence of an old, ivy-crowned castle, or of a "venerable brotherhood" of English elms. But he preserved, in the glaring light of an English dining-hall, the essential sanity of mind that accompanied his stage-coach rides among the New England hills. His was a mind brooding over the mystery of life, searching, in human faces and human speech, as well as among the ruins of man's work, for the key to his graver action. The movements of his persons are everywhere under control. He is the wizard, weaving the mystery, but keeping the key to it, and never involving himself in his own meshes. The mystery was one of superstitions,—an atmosphere for which he was not responsible, but which he must work into his web, with all its dreamy additions, as a thing found in existence. His was not the business of science to dispel illusions, but to show them. His pictures were always such as required this setting. Note, in the Italian novel, how he prepared the background, taking in the art and culture, the subtlety and passion of the Italy of the Middle Ages.



His stage is to present the scenery, not alone of kings and dead antiquities, but the artistic aspirations embodied in antique ruins, the faded passions represented in crypts and moldy dungeons. He was picturing a world in ruins, a world dead hundreds of years ago, but in and out of which life is still creeping, affected still by the dead past. The life of to-day is small compared with its background. Man, as an individual, is infinitesimal; but the shadow of mankind, as it lingers from the past and broods over to-day, is vast and awful. This is the motive of the New England romances, particularly of the "House of the Seven Gables," and the motive grew stronger when the author was planning this last work. He was most certainly trying his hand at that international novel of which we hear so much. His studies ran in that direction, and his mind was at work powerfully in the effort to disentangle modern England from monumental England, to get the life of to-day square against the magnificent débris of old castles and old inherited glories, and to contrast with this the working idea of the American system, which he, both from his patriotic and his manly instinct, considered the loftier ideal.

The results of this study are seen in the long and penetrating analysis of the old warden's character and that of his *confrères*. Looked at as a delineation, though far from complete, of national characteristics, the work is deeper and loftier to my thinking than those works of to-day which claim to portray national traits,—because it goes below the surface. Hawthorne was an artist, and loved the beauty of the Old World; but he had the Puritan manhood, and his struggle to show the finer meaning of it is almost painful.

James Herbert Morse.

#### On Mr. Cable's Readings.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has been giving some readings from his own books in Hartford, one in public, and two in private parlors. An ordinary "reading" is one of the entertainments that reconcile us to the brevity of life and beget a longing to go to the land where there will be no more sighing and no more reading. But Mr. Cable is not an elocutionist, and has none of the smart bravery of the professional which we admire, and praise, and shun. He is just an interpreter of his own writings, and by a method so simple and so without pretence that it seems to lack all art—until we attempt to account for the effect produced. This effect was not so satisfactory before a large and miscellaneous audience as in presence of a small, compact, and more sympathetic one, partly because the selections were not so judiciously made for the public performance, and partly because of the limitations in the writer himself and in his material.

Mr. Cable's work is delicate and subtle, and his interpretations of it must be the same. The love scene between Aurora and Honoré Grandissime is a fascinating model for all apprentices in the art of fiction, full of tenderness, witchery, and the utmost archness and finesse of a woman about to capitulate. To broaden and exaggerate this refined and delicate scene so as to satisfy the spectators and listeners in the back seats of a large

hall, to substitute for the bashful, half-broken utterances of love the loud tones of the eloquent elocutionist, is to lose a certain charm of the proceeding. If you have ever tried to make love through an ear-trumpet, you will understand what I mean. The public reading of this was delightful, but it lacked the subtle shading which the author gave it in private.

That which thoroughly captivated his hearers in the private readings was "Posson Jone," the last sketch in "Old Creole Days." In originality of creation, in exquisite moral distinctions, in distinct dramatic force, this seems to be the most important addition that American literature has received in many years. It has refinement, breadth, and humor; it gives us two new types; it is as complete as a miniature portrait, and yet it is so freely and largely placed upon the canvas that we feel no limitations. The author has not given us a study of two men only, but a wide picture of human life.

Mr. Cable is a master of the Creole dialect, and in his mouth the broken English of Jules St. Ange, delicious in its elisions and accent, interpreted to us perfectly the character of the insouciant, conscienceless, kind-hearted, volatile Creole. The writer does not describe him nor analyze him; he simply places Jules before us with a dramatic skill that is very rare. And the reader brings him out from the page in all his airy substantiality and elusive, non-moral gayety.

"What a man thing right *is right*; 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith, do you thing I would go again' my conscien'?"

It is not the drinking of coffee, but the buying it on the Sabbath that troubles the parson.

"Ah! *c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cock-fight Sunday evening."

"Ah!" continued St. Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez—me, I like the *Cattolique* rilligion the bez—for me it is the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St. Ange, "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe—everybody, I thing,—*mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

While the author was unfolding to his audience a life and society unfamiliar to them and entrancing them with pictures the reality of which none doubted and the spell of which none cared to escape, it occurred to me that here was the solution of all the pother we have recently got into about the realistic and the ideal schools in fiction. In "Posson Jone," an awkward, camp-meeting, country preacher is the victim of a vulgar confidence game; the scenes are the street, a drinking place, a gambling saloon, a bull-ring, and a calaboose; there is not a "respectable" character in it. Where shall we look for a more faithful picture of low life? Where shall we find another so vividly set forth in all its sordid details? And yet see how art steps in, with the wand of genius, to make literature! Over the whole the author has cast



an ideal light; over a picture that, in the hands of a bungling realist, would have been coarse and repellent he has thrown the idealizing grace that makes it one of the most charming sketches in the world. Here is nature, as nature only ought to be in literature, elevated but never departed from. For me it is a good deal truer than a police report, and it adds something to life that I would not part with.

This is not the place for a discussion of Mr. Cable's genius. I only took up my pen to say that those who are so fortunate as to have an opportunity to hear this author interpret his own fascinating creations have a great pleasure ready for them.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

#### Barnay as "Mark Antony."

HERR BARNAY'S vocation was unmistakably pre-ordained when he was endowed by Nature with his musical, resonant, flexible voice, his graceful and impressive presence, his noble head with its Roman cast of feature and commanding poise. Add to these physical gifts, the quick, electric fire, the happy blending of Oriental fervor with western versatility and vivacity characteristic of his Hungarian temperament, and we have the natural actor, who, no less than the poet, is born, not made. Possessing these splendid inherent qualifications, Herr Barnay has strengthened and developed them by the careful training, the earnest and laborious study of a conscientious artist. He is master of all the devices of the stage, using a freedom and variety of dramatic resource that occasionally (though only occasionally) verge upon the melodramatic. His art belongs to the romantic, realistic school, as opposed to the classic and antique. I use, advisedly, the apparently contradictory terms "romantic" and "realistic," for the great romantic revival initiated in literature by Rousseau and his followers, and developed by Goethe, Byron, Scott, and all the poets of the eighteenth century, was but the protest of truth, nature, and realism, against cant in morals and the artificial in art. By the singular effect of a violent reaction, romanticism to-day in its turn has come to signify the very antithesis of truth and reality. But this interpretation is only a passing accident resulting from the extreme point to which the movement was carried, and does not alter the fact that the best art may be at the same time very romantic and very real. Herr Barnay is seen to most advantage in characters that call into play these two qualities; while he lacks the serene repose, the majesty, the restrained power of the finest classic art, he is peculiarly fitted for the rendering of brilliant, fiery, and impetuous rôles. As *Mark Antony*, his masterly interpretation of the spirit of the part was not a little enhanced by his appropriate type of face and figure, which made the illusion complete. Never before was more adequate expression given to the triumvir's personal attributes,—his grace, elegance, and magnetism, his moral weakness and intellectual strength, his genuine but superficial sympathy, his unscrupulous ambition, his insinuating, nay, irresistible oratory. Herr Barnay is wonderfully fine and subtle in the scene immediately following the assassination; the studied self-control of his manner, the deeply calculated effect

of his conciliatory words to the conspirators, and the apparent sincerity with which he clasps the hand of each in turn, are worthy of all praise. But beyond praise is his sudden, overwhelming outburst of passionate grief, when the murderers have departed and he flings himself upon Cæsar's corpse.

"O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers."

This is one of those "great moments" of spontaneity and power that are the touchstone of quality, and that set the stamp upon the actor of genius as distinguished from the actor of talent.

Barnay's delivery of the funeral oration leaves nothing to be desired. Thé Roman mob (evidently drilled according to the rules of the Meiningen company, to which Barnay at one time belonged) bring his speech into admirable relief, swayed and controlled, as they seem to be, by his commanding voice and cunning rhetoric. Leaning forward on his arms over the pulpit he addresses them at first in a colloquial tone, only gradually working up to the eloquent, declamatory style of the orator, and visibly studying the effect of every inflection upon these coarse, expressive faces. He is extremely forcible and original in the concluding passage of the speech:

"But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny."

Here he leaves the hearse, beside which he has been standing, and winds in and out among the mob, hissing forth these lines with half suppressed horror and indignation, directly inciting, as it were, each individual to the terrible act of "mutiny!"

Within the limits of his temperament, which, as we have said, is marked by energy, enthusiasm, and impetuosity, Barnay is an actor of the first rank. His repertory is extensive and varied; but if it were only for his *Mark Antony*, he would deserve to be classed with the very few actors who seem not so much to interpret as to reveal Shakspeare.

*Emma Lazarus.*

#### On Indian Education and Self-support.

THE antagonism felt toward the Indian seems to result, not so much from conflicts incident to our possessing the land, as from his sociologic status which differs so widely from our own. It is a comparatively recent suggestion that a social condition similar to that of the Indian preceded our present advancement, and that an intelligent study of archaic forms of society may reveal the sources of some of the laws and customs which are still potent in our midst. This suggestion, however, has not yet affected the bulk of our people, and the indiscriminate name of "savage" is still sufficient, practically, to cut the Indian off from human interest and sympathy.

Indian society is generally supposed to be without law or order—a sort of random life; but careful investigation is showing that most, if not all, of the tribes are organized into gentes, the gens being based



upon relationship; these gentes combine to form *fratres*, the fratres join to form the tribe, and tribes unite to form confederacies. The gens is, so to speak, the social unit. It possesses a distinctive name, significant of its religious or social ancestry; it has a system of names which are given to its members; it has its hereditary chief, elective chiefs, and soldiers; its location in the tribal circle is fixed; and it has its functions and duties in the religious and secular tribal ceremonies. It is, therefore, a little community possessed of distinct powers, but lacking the means of perpetuation because of the law which forbids a member of a gens to marry within his gens. Thus the tie of marriage and collateral relationship binds the gentes together. Each Indian, therefore, is born into his gens where he is thenceforth fixed, for he may not set up his tent and establish his home except with his gens, where his immediate interests and responsibilities center. The influence of the gens holds even when the Indians have broken up the tribal circle and scattered out on individual farms; and many generations will pass before all traces of this ancient social form will cease to exist.

War among the Indians is generally a private enterprise. When a man desires to avenge a wrong, or wishes to wander forth in quest of booty, or, if in the recklessness of sorrow, he desires to risk his life to assuage his grief, he steps out into the tribal circle or open space, and announces his intention to go on the war-path. Then, when he has fulfilled certain ceremonies, he departs, and is followed by those of his kindred or friends who care to join in the venture. Each one goes voluntarily,—no one is urged or forced to be of the party. War, therefore, rarely involves any considerable part of the tribe, and there is no record of a war ever being the unanimous wish of the tribe. Warfare, partaking of this private and irresponsible character, is more disastrous than when organized and national, since it renders life and possessions exposed to individual caprice. This custom, so detrimental to the advancement of a people, is, in part, counteracted by the authority vested in the chief.

It is the duty of the chief to prevent quarrels, to settle those that take place, to preserve harmony in the tribe, and to make peace with other tribes. His office is semi-religious, and he cannot go on the war-path, or lead his people in battle, unless under the stress of defensive warfare. Our failure to understand the private character of war-parties and the peaceful duties of the chiefs has led to mistakes. Negotiations have been entered into between the Government and Indian soldiers, and not with the chiefs of the tribe, who were quiet at home. The tribe, not being officially represented, either in the war or in the settlement, regarded the whole transaction as a private arrangement, which could not concern it as a whole. "Paper chiefs," as the Indians often call those Indian soldiers whom our army has sometimes caught and negotiated with, possess much less influence in the tribe than we are wont to fancy. Indians are never counted as chiefs unless they are initiated into the office by the regular tribal form.

Indian society has, therefore, its peculiar organization, and is both real and effective. The same is true of the religion of the Indian. It, too, binds him fast with minute observances, intricate ceremonials, long

rituals, on the exact performance of which the welfare of his daily life and his future depends. The Indian's religious duties begin in his childhood and last throughout all his days. Fixity, not freedom, is the characteristic of the primitive forms of his society.

Incapacity and aversion to labor are supposed to be characteristic of the Indian, and are spoken of in connection with his being a hunter, and, in the popular notion, to be a hunter is to live for sport and the pleasures of the chase. When the food supply is derived alone from the precarious chase, the occupation of the hunter becomes one of grave responsibility and labor. Among many of the tribes, the hunting was under the control of leaders, who were appointed to the office with certain religious ceremonies, and any person undertaking private hunting-ventures without the knowledge and sanction of these leaders would incur serious punishment. These rules were rigidly observed in the buffalo country.

Thus the life of an Indian man after reaching maturity was filled with activities and dangers, and it was impossible to avoid such a life in a land devoid of animals capable of being domesticated. Sex determined the occupation of the individual. The men composed the combatant force; they were the protectors and hunters. The women formed the non-combatant part of the community, and were the agricultural and industrial portion of the people. Many of the peculiarities of the Indian race and custom are traceable to the absence of domestic animals. Our more fortunate race, being bred on a continent where lived the sheep and the ox, laid upon these animals the burden of food supply, and the mind, thus freed from its most pressing need, asserted its creative power and devised better modes of living, and gradually society developed into coördinated forms and industries. It is a suggestive speculation to consider what would have been our present condition had our immediate ancestors been forced to accept the poverty of this country in respect to animals, cereals, and fruits. When we look at the Indian mode of life, it is important to remember his environment on this continent and its potent limitations.

It is worth noticing that the Indians have not invented a lock and key, as it opens a singular vista concerning their estimate of possessions. When about to leave their villages, they place their goods in cache to prevent loss from their enemies. Thieving among them is rare; the chiefs enforce the return of articles stolen. It would almost drop the race from the list of mankind to assert that Indians never stole; but it may truly be stated that stealing is not a characteristic trait. The contrary prejudice on our part is queerly indicated in the following quotation from an official communication: "They (the Indians spoken of) are honest, or at least as honest as it is usual for Indians to be. I have never known them to steal, and their word can usually be relied upon."

Treachery toward a friend is almost unknown among Indians. Toward an enemy it is as it is with us: "All is fair in war." To the outside observer vengeance often seems indiscriminately practiced by the Indians; but according to their laws of the responsibility of kinship, the acts find explanation. Among the Indians, kindred rise and fall together; any or all can be held responsible for the act of any one of kin



whether all are cognizant of the act or not. According to our law, innocent and ignorant persons may thus be made to suffer; but according to Indian law, kinship must bear the burden. It is not many centuries since a similar code held us in its clutch.

When fairly dealt with, the Indians are, as a rule, friendly, honest, and true. Truthfulness is an Indian trait, the ideal man is "straight." "I have talked to you without branches," said a venerable chief. The Indian idea of truth is simple, literal, hugging close to the fact, and this idea is consonant with his elaborate social and religious ceremonies. "It is," or "It is not," covers all the ground to the Indian, and he finds it difficult to comprehend the contingencies which hedge about our life and thought.

A careful study of the Indian reveals him to be a man bearing the marks of a common human nature. His peculiar environment has developed him in lines which do not coincide with our lines of development. If his ancient environment were to continue unaltered, there would be little hope of any speedy or great modification of his ancient social and religious forms; but his environment has already changed, and he is to-day stranded upon unknown and untried circumstances. For this change we are directly responsible, as well as for the difficulties involved and their solution. We have corralled the Indian and tried by various expedients to postpone facing the problem of his future, until at last further delay is impossible. His future is indissolubly linked to our own, and the welfare of both races demands careful consideration of the question before us and the difficulties involved in it.

According to the last report of the Indian Commissioner, there are in the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, 262,366 Indians. Of this number 64,393 belong to the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory and the Six Nations of New York State, leaving 197,973 Indians whose treaties and relations place them in direct line with our responsibility. The amount of land held in reservations is 224,259 square miles, covering an area of 143,525,960 acres. Deducting the amount belonging to the civilized tribes before mentioned, which is 19,672,147 acres, of which only 9,500,352 are classed as tillable, there remains 123,853,813 acres, contained in about 124 reservations, not including the Pueblo villages. These reservations are under the management of fifty-six agencies, and are scattered over eleven States and nine territories. There are, besides, 15,434 Indians living at large without Governmental supervision or special land provision, and this number does not include the remnants of tribes living in the Eastern States.

The wide extent of country over which these tracts of land are spread, the variety of products, and the character of the soil, should prevent too sweeping generalizations when one is considering how the Indians are to become self-supporting on these lands.

Heretofore, the question of Indian land tenure has overshadowed all other considerations pertaining to his welfare. Important as is this question, the statistics contained in the commissioner's report show it to be less simple than has been supposed. Of the 123,853,813 acres contained in the 124 reservations and set apart for the support of the 197,973 Indians, only

8,096,463 acres are reported as tillable, which would give not quite five acres to each Indian. This calculation, however, is based upon an even distribution of the tillable land, according to the location of the population, but the report shows that the tillable land is very unevenly distributed. Another obstacle, perhaps, is the Indian's view of land tenure. He does not see how land, which is as necessary to the welfare of animated nature as air and water, can be withdrawn from the common weal and appropriated to the use of an individual.

The question, therefore, of the Indian becoming self-supporting is something more than giving the Indians titles, and telling them "to go to work on their lands," even if every Indian were adapted to farming.

Agriculture, where the land is suitable, will undoubtedly be the employment of a large number of Indians; but it is clearly impossible for all, since there does not remain enough tillable land to yield support from the soil alone. The inexperienced labor of the Indian adds to the difficulty, and this arises from his isolation and consequent lack of training by means of observation and contact with farmers. It may not be inopportune to allude here to the fact that heretofore tilling the land has been considered by the Indians as woman's work, and the Indian man possesses the aversion, common in our own race, of one sex entering upon the conventional occupation of the opposite sex. Nor is civilization as viewed by the Indian woman without its drawbacks. Their status is one of independence in many ways, particularly as to property. Once when our laws respecting married women were being explained to them, an Indian matron exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a white woman!"

A considerable portion of the land classed as tillable requires irrigation, and to make such land profitable, capital and intelligent labor are needed to construct ditches, canals, flumes, etc., and to keep them in repair. A considerable portion of the land reserved is suitable for herding, and there are many persons in our midst who advocate this occupation for the Indians as especially suitable, and quote the advance of our race in the remote past, through herding. The environment of our race was very different from the conditions of this continent, where the absence of animals capable of domestication has left the Indian without an heredity which would tend to make him successful in the care of animals. Herding is to-day, not a pastoral occupation, but a business requiring capital, executive ability, and a knowledge of the market. None of these requirements are at present possible to the Indian, particularly with his barrier of language and ignorance of commercial methods.

Looking at the Indian tribes from a close personal knowledge and study of their life and customs, it seems plainly indicated that variety of occupation and modes of winning self-support is to be the rule with them, as it is with us. Nor can one expect that every Indian will become an industrious, enterprising landholder. There will be such among the tribes, but there will also be the shiftless, indolent class that exists in every community. Our method of treating the race has been to level down, and to attempt to make all alike. The results have been unfortunate. It is the salvation of a people to permit those who can to advance and distance the less vigorous.



The industrial schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Hampton, Virginia, and Forest Grove, Oregon, are movements toward recognizing the value of the individual Indian. At these schools he is taught trades, the worth of labor, and personal responsibility, and, thus is prepared to cope with the world and earn his own living. The Indian has always been a kind of artisan, and his hand is skilled by long heredity to steady lines and strokes, more fine than heavy. The trend of his past turns him toward the shop where the work of the eye and hand is coordinated. To the truth of this statement, it is only needful to call to mind the silver work of Northern and Southern Indians, the bows and arrows and other weapons, the wrought bone implements, the pipes, both historic and prehistoric; nor should woman's handicraft be forgotten,—her weaving, quill embroidery, the articles made of skin, bark, and wood; her pottery-making and free-hand ornamentation. Our museums bear ample testimony to the industrial ability of our native races. The Indian, therefore, is not lazy; but he does not labor as we labor; he has not learned the value of persistent work, which begets provision and care for the future, and his environment in the past has been of such a character as to furnish no suggestion as to the need of such care-taking, but rather the contrary. The one thing imperatively needed for the Indian is industrial education. Educate him thus, and he becomes a friendly neighbor and co-worker; keep him in ignorance and isolation, and he becomes dangerous to his own future and to those about him.

The Commission's report states that the number of Indian children who are of school age (exclusive of the five civilized tribes) is 34,662; and this is an underestimate, as several tribes are not reported. The number of reservation schools is given as 73 boarding, 105 day, and 2 night schools. These schools are maintained at a cost to the Government of \$278,733, exclusive of rations and of part of the clothing. Various religious societies contribute \$58,725, and the State of New York \$17,644. The industrial schools at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Forest Grove, Oregon, and the Indian department at Hampton, Virginia, receive from the Government \$91,394, and religious societies give to these institutions \$49,882. It is not improper to state that, but for generous outside support, the effectiveness of these schools would be seriously curtailed. Those now in operation can accommodate only 10,202 children, leaving a school population of 24,460 without any possible means of education or instruction in the ways of civilized life.

Where is the block in the way of educating these children? It is in Congress, which should appropriate the money. It is but just to say that there are men in Congress who appreciate the need of education for the Indian, who desire to have the money appropriated; but they are surrounded by such a dead-weight of indifference and ignorance that they can make little headway. This year the appropriations are inadequate, considering the needs and just demands. Treaty obligations, the appeal of the Indians through their agents, the urgent request of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the plain setting forth of the Secretary of the Interior, failed to move the Congressmen from their short-sighted policy and false notions of economy. It is cause for congratulation that the

present Secretary of the Interior is seriously and practically in earnest to secure education for the Indian. In his report he offsets war expenses against a plan for educating annually 10,000 Indian children, and adds:

"It is believed that with an annual expenditure of between five and six million dollars, during the next fifteen years, for educational purposes of the character indicated, the danger of Indian outbreaks may be avoided, and the great mass of Indian youth at least made self-supporting."

That such prudent counsel should fall short of practice for the lack of money gives rise to the query whether there remains any other available resource by which industrial education can be provided for the Indian in the near future. Turning to the report, we find that a considerable part of the 115,957,350 acres classed as untillable is adapted to herding. Men with capital and various corporations are coveting these plains, and even now negotiations are pending for the purchase of millions of these acres. Other portions of the untillable land lie in regions of known mineral wealth. Valuable mines have already been discovered, and prospecting parties are secretly pushing their investigations. The day is not far distant when these lands will also fall into the hands of those who can develop their hidden wealth.

The great reservations are sure to be broken up, and it is best that they should be, best for the Indians, best for civilization and for our own race. Isolation is ruin to the Indians, and brings injury to us as well. There is no safety for any people except in education, law, and freedom.

A considerable portion of the land held for the Indians is not secured by treaty, but by executive order; and when land of this tenure is withdrawn, little if any compensation will be given to the Indians. A detailed examination of the treaty lands shows that it is not prudent to delay longer the conserving of the land capital of the Indians. The income which can be secured from the sale of surplus lands will be none too large to meet the needs of industrial schools fitted to prepare the Indian youth to earn their living by intelligent labor, by which alone they can secure their future welfare and advancement. The well known "Civilization Fund" was derived from the sale of Indian lands. To that fund was mainly due the establishment of the industrial schools at Carlisle, Forest Grove, and Hampton, which herald the day of right-doing toward the native inhabitants of our land.

A. C. Fletcher.

#### On the Galloping Horse in Art.

THE article entitled "The Horse in Motion," which appeared in the *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, for July, 1882, describes how, at the instance and the expense of the public-spirited Governor Stanford of California, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, a physician, and Mr. Eadward Muybridge, a photographer, investigated the sequence of attitudes taken by animals in quick motion, and their causes, and how in the five-thousandth part of a second an attitude was photographed at each foot of the stride of a galloping horse.

The truths discovered by these gentlemen are a most



valuable addition to scientific knowledge, but it is the object of this article to prove that they have arrived at false conclusions with regard to the pictorial representation of the galloping horse. They call the manner in which painters have depicted the gait "the conventional and mythical gallop," and ask "if animal motion is always to be taught to follow such severely false models, wherein is it better teaching than that of the priests of Osiris, with whom all forms were stereotyped for thousands of years, and the last stages of their art were worse than the first";\* and in such manner Dr. Stillman in his writings, and Mr. Muybridge in his lectures, contend that with the knowledge they have given them, artists are "false to their mission" if they "willfully persist in perpetuating a falsehood."

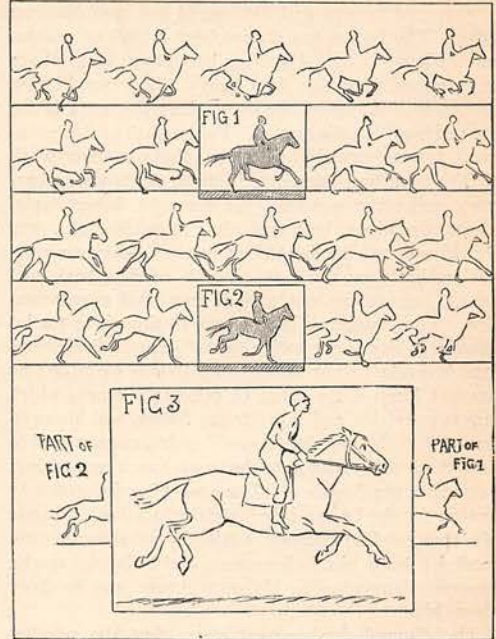
They seem to misunderstand the art of the pictorial artist, which is to reproduce by pigments sensations through our eyes similar to those produced through his eyes when he saw what he depicts, or what, from his previous experience, he knows would be produced had he seen what he depicts; and so, disregarding the important question of the effect produced on our eyes by objects in quick motion, they insist that artists should represent them as if our eyes were photographic cameras.

If the reader of this article will fix his eyes on any object, and then close them and open them as quickly as he can for one or two seconds, he will find that the object has not disappeared, though it has seemed to quiver, and yet each time the eyes were closed the object was shut out from sight; and if he possessed photographic cameras instead of eyes, the representation of what he saw would be a series of dark blanks and unquivering objects. He will also find that if he shuts his eyes for the space of one second and opens them for a second, he will then have alternate representations of blanks and unquivering objects, as the camera would give them. He will find, also, that winking as fast as he can, he does not open and close his eyes oftener than from three to four times in a second; so that the eyes do not give detached sensations of changes, which occur as often as four times in a second, and the impressions produced on them when more strongly affected, or for a longer portion of those short periods of time, eliminate those produced on them when less strongly affected, or for a shorter portion of the time.

The pace of a fast running horse is about a mile in one minute and forty seconds; that is, five thousand two hundred and eighty feet in one hundred seconds, or very nearly fifty-three feet in a second; so that if each stride of the gallop is twenty feet in length, the time taken in making it is twenty fifty-thirds of a second, or less than two-fifths of a second, and the time between each of the twenty positions taken by cameras set a foot apart, while the horse is making the sequence of attitudes given by them, is one fifty-third of a second, and this was the case with Governor Stanford's mare Florence Anderson, whose stride was nineteen feet nine inches long.

A copy of the photographic illustrations of the attitudes during a stride of Florence Anderson is here

given. The imitation of one of these twenty attitudes must be what Dr. Stillman advocates when, after criticising the manner in which painters have represented a horse galloping, he writes: "We are told that



the object is to represent action; would not that object be more readily attained if some position were represented which was known to be true, instead of one that is proved to be impossible?"

The winking experiment has proved that none of those attitudes will be seen detached, since they lasted but a five-thousandth portion of a second, and the sensation produced through the eyes must be a blending of impressions produced by a series of those positions. Let us consider two of those attitudes—Figure 1 and Figure 2; neither of these recalls to us our sensations when we saw a horse galloping. In Figure 1, we recognize the position taken by a horse who endeavors to commence his stride, but is restrained by his rider; he rises with three of his feet in the air, feels the restraint, and quietly settles down again, one foot remaining on the ground during the movement, which requires about a second for its operation. In Figure 2, we recognize the attitude of a horse kicking, except that the position of the near fore leg is not one which would last a second; but the "off" fore leg, rigidly planted on the ground, checks any idea of a change in its position for about a second of time.

Figure 3 is made up of the fore part of Figure 1 and the hind part of Figure 2; but this represents the galloping horse in what Dr. Stillman calls the "conventional and mythical gallop." So that manner does represent the fore legs and the hind legs in positions they actually take during the stride; but they are not in those positions at the same time. Let us make a chronometrical examination of this difference: Figure 1 and Figure 2 represent attitudes at distances apart equal to one-half of the stride, there being nine atti-

\* See "The Horse in Motion," page 102. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



tudes between each; so that it having been shown that the whole stride is taken in two-fifths of a second, then one-fifth of a second is the time which elapses between the fore legs being in the position shown in Figure 3 and the hind legs being in the position there shown. The winking experiment shows that the eyes do not take note of their closure at intervals of one-fourth of a second; so it has "been proved to be impossible" that they should appreciate the difference of one-fifth of a second in the positions of the fore and hind legs.

On further examination, it will be seen, that for ten feet of the stride both the hind feet are off the ground, and for ten feet both the fore feet are off the ground, in four of the positions both fore and hind feet being off the ground; so that the impression on the eyes for half the time is that of both hind feet off the ground, and for half the time is that of both fore feet off the ground. One hind foot touches the ground for three feet, then both hind feet touch the ground for three feet, and then the other hind foot touches the ground for three feet. One fore foot touches the ground for five feet, and the other for five feet, one hind foot and one fore foot touching the ground at the same time in two of the positions.

If the reader will make another experiment, and move one of his arms backward and forward as if striking a series of blows as quickly as he can, and observe the effect in a mirror, he will find that the resultant effect on the eyes is the well-defined outline of the knuckles when the arm is at full stretch, the rest of its positions being indistinct. This effect may be accounted for partly because, however swiftly the movement may be given, there must be a pause at the reversal of the movement from forward to backward, and partly because the eyes are also excited by the reversal more than by the continuous movement in one direction.

In our winking experiment, the sensations produced while the eyes were closed are eliminated by the more powerful impressions produced during the longer period when the eyes are partly and fully open; and so with regard to the effect of the sequence of attitudes of the galloping horse, the impressions of the quick, involved actions of one foot after another touching the ground for one-tenth of a second are eliminated by those of the more conspicuous actions lasting throughout the whole stride of fore or hind legs, swing-

ing in the air from positions near each other under the belly to the extreme boundary of the attitudes; and, like the knuckles in the experiment of the outstretched and retreating arm, the positions, when the legs are most outstretched, are those which most powerfully affect our eyes, and those positions, when painted, recall our sensations when we see horses galloping, while those shown on a photograph taken in the five thousandth part of a second do not recall those sensations.

George Snell.

"Strangulatus pro Republicâ."

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1881, was published a fac-simile of the late President Garfield's singular death-bed autograph, "*Strangulatus pro Republicâ*," and editorial comment was made to the effect that "the most diligent search and inquiry have failed to discover an earlier use of the Latin phrase."

It has just chanced to me to find in a familiar book a passage which may be held to cast some light on the source and sense of President Garfield's self-composed epitaph. In Bishop Ellicott's "Life of Christ," page 307, note 1, an extract is made from the commentaries of Dr. (now Bishop) Lightfoot ("Horæ Hebraicæ") on the Gospel of Matthew, in discussion of the term ἀπήγγεστο as applied to the suicide of Judas Iscariot. "The explanation of Lightfoot," says Bishop Ellicott, "according to which ἀπήγγεστο is to be translated '*strangulatus est, a Diabolo scilicet*,' is obviously untenable. We may say truly with Chrysostom, that it was the mediate work of Satan, but must refer the immediate perpetration of the deed to Judas himself."

Here we seem to have a chance glimpse into some rabbinical tradition or superstition that those who are killed directly by satanic agency "*strangulati sunt*." I do not venture to offer this as any adequate elucidation of the tantalizing and obscure ἀπαξ λεγόμενον of the late President's death-bed. But General Garfield was widely read, alike in theological and general letters; and who knows but that the idea—so natural in his then condition—that his assassination was due to direct diabolical agency, may not have knit itself more or less unconsciously in his mind about a dimly remembered phrase which in some sort suggested the source rather than the method of the deed?

Edward S. Gregory.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Feb. 19, 1883.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Through the Wood.

THROUGH the woodlands when the day  
Drives the dusky night away,  
And the hill-top's pearly height  
Catches first the creeping light,  
And above the valley pale,  
Slow the night-mists lift their veil—  
Then, with whistle clear and low,  
Down the woodland path I go:

Dim the dew upon the grass  
Prints my footsteps as I pass,

And the cowslip's carpet sweet  
Crushes 'neath my springing feet,  
And the daisy-blossom's eye  
Closes as my step draws nigh,  
Lest I bruise her tiny cup,  
Ere her lord, the sun, is up!

First I chirrup to the bird,  
Ere from rest he scarce hath stirred;  
Whistle shrill with laughing lip  
Just to see the rabbit slip  
Through the fern or budding clover  
That his swift form closes over;



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### College Presidents and the Power of Appointment.

A COLLEGE president is a purely American institution; no officer having the same name or functions is found in European universities. In Germany, a *rector magnificus*, who is the presiding officer in the faculty and the official representative of the university on all public occasions, is elected annually by his colleagues in the academical senate; but he has no control over the latter, nor, in fact, any recognized powers which do not also belong to every other full professor. He is therefore not a president in the American sense, having more limited functions and responsibility. A nearer equivalent to our presidential office is that of the curator of the German university—a resident Government officer, who looks after the financial affairs of the institution, and has a general supervision over all its departments. He has, however, in reality small power, but reports all cases requiring interference to the minister of public instruction and worship (*cultusminister*), who governs the university through his agency. The curator is, moreover, not a member of the faculty, and has nothing to do with any kind of teaching. He is purely an administrative officer, and exerts his power by means of his influence with the Government, to which he stands approximately in the same relation as an American college president does to the board of trustees. In other respects, however, the differences of the two systems are more striking than their points of resemblance.

Nominally, a college president is usually the representative of the governing body of the institution, and holds office only so long as his administration and general policy are acceptable to the board of trustees. As a matter of fact, however, the president, if he be an able and energetic man, governs the board, which, as a rule, registers his will, appoints his candidates for professorships, and in all except the financial management leaves his hands free. A man with a definite purpose, and the power to defend it, has always an advantage over thirty or forty men with mere general impressions on the subject of education, but with no previous training which enables them to form sound and definite conclusions. In the matter of appointments, the president has again the advantage, in being better able to judge of the standing and scholarly reputation of every applicant in the special departments, and, if he distrusts his own judgment, he knows better where to turn to obtain reliable information; while among the lawyers, merchants, and clergymen constituting the board of trustees, the number is small of those capable of forming an opinion as to the merit of a chemist, physicist, or philologist. It therefore follows that, whenever the trustees undertake to consult their own preferences, disregarding the president's recommendation, they usually make a mistake; and, as every one knows, mistakes in appointments are the most serious ones that the governing boards of educational institutions

can make, and are, moreover, very hard to remedy. It is such a common thing, for men who have no special claim to scholarship themselves, to undervalue the difficulties of acquiring it; and in consequence, a very lax notion is apt to prevail that, if the candidate for this or that professorship has hitherto devoted his time to something else, he can easily "catch up" and make himself proficient in a new department, if he only sets earnestly about it. It is this baneful idea which produces so many bad appointments in the faculties of many colleges, and which makes the scholarship of the average college graduate so unsatisfactory as it generally is. The tendency toward specialization in modern life is so great that no man (unless he be a genius of rare caliber) can make himself really prominent in any science or department of knowledge for which he has not trained himself from a comparatively early age by long and serious study; and even a relative proficiency, which would enable him to give elementary instruction, is not acquired by a year of "cramming" or unsystematic preparation, such as a man is forced to adopt who accepts a professorship the requirements of which are beyond his actual attainments at the time of appointment.

We have said that the president of a college is, as a rule, better qualified for the task of selecting a faculty than the trustees in whom the right of appointment is actually vested. But even a president is far from possessing the intellectual equipment necessary for so difficult a task. No one man, however able and learned, can possibly have a sufficient insight into all the branches of knowledge which have to be represented in a college faculty to determine the relative proficiency of the many applicants who present themselves for any vacancy in the body of instructors. If he has made a specialty of philosophy, or philology, or history, he is apt to have but the vaguest notions about the sciences, and is scarcely competent to judge concerning the acquirements of competing scientists. It is in order to supplement this inevitable limitation in the judgment of any individual, however learned, that the German Government, although reserving for itself the final decision, practically vests the power of appointment in the academic senate, of which all the full or ordinary professors of the university are members. When a vacancy occurs, the names of the various candidates are discussed, and specialists in the same department are invited to express their opinions freely. If the decision rested with these specialists, — who may be rivals in the same field and not above a little professional jealousy, — the wisdom of this method might well be questioned; but, in the first place, every branch of knowledge is so numerous represented at a German university, that the jealousy of any one man would have but small influence; and secondly, the faculty at large, and especially the professors of kindred sciences, exercise a wholesome restraint upon any one who would allow personal



feelings to bias his judgment. The generous rivalry between the various German universities makes every academic senate anxious to strengthen itself by the acquisition of the most distinguished names in every science, because the reputation of the university, by which alone students are attracted, depends solely upon this one consideration—the strength of its faculty. It is a very frequent occurrence that a single man of great repute brings a sudden rush of students to a comparatively obscure university; and as these students must pursue several studies, and pay direct fees to the professors whose lectures they attend, it is obvious that all are benefited by the distinction of a new colleague. It may therefore be asserted that the general sense of any considerable body of scholars in a question of appointment, after a free discussion, is apt to be as near an approximation toward the absolute right as we can ever hope to arrive at. The German Government, at all events, recognizes this fact, first, in its consultation of the academical senate; and secondly, in its acceptance of its preference. The custom is for the senate to send to the minister of public instruction three names, accompanying each with a recommendation specifying the qualifications of each nominee for the office. The rector also, in behalf of the senate, respectfully indicates who is its first choice, and as a rule the Government acts upon this advice. There is no law binding the minister in this matter, but practically a well-established precedent is as good as a law.

In France, where much more laxness and favoritism prevail in state appointments, a similar system is now in vogue. If a vacancy occurs in the Collège de France, the Government refers the names of all the candidates to the class in L'Institut de France comprising the specialists in this or that particular science. A graduated list is also prepared by the faculty of the college, and if its recommendation coincides with that of the Institute, the appointment is forthwith made; in case of a divergence of views, tradition limits the minister to a choice between the two or three candidates who have been placed among the first upon the lists of the two learned bodies. This method has resulted in bringing together in the faculty of the Collège de France unquestionably the most eminent scientists and scholars whom the country possesses; and it is the general opinion, among men who are competent to judge, that the classes in the Institute as well as the faculty of the college have fulfilled their function admirably, and have usually named the worthiest candidate.

The conclusion deducible from the experience both of Germany and France thus points in the same direction, viz.: nomination of professors, not by a board of business men, but by a board of scholars. This plan was long ago adopted at Yale, but, so far as we know, has not had a fair trial in any other American university. And yet the faculties of the larger American colleges comprise many distinguished scholars, whose vote for a new colleague would certainly be more weighty and more intelligent than that of an equal number of clergymen, lawyers, and retired millionaires. Would any one contend that the collective faculty of Harvard College would not be more competent to judge of the relative qualifications of a dozen candidates for a professorship than the corporation,

assisted by President Eliot? What the corporation, in nine cases out of ten, would probably do, would be to register its approval of the president's choice; and that a president, be he never so able, cannot in every instance be equally competent to choose, we have already shown. The experiment is therefore worthy of a more general trial, to give the faculty the right of nomination, while the board of trustees might still retain the right of appointment. As matters now stand, there may be good reason to fear that the latter (priding themselves on their practical sense and crediting the faculty with a slight deficiency in this direction) would not duly heed the recommendations of the former. But some weight the faculty's nomination would certainly carry, especially when accompanied by explicit reasons for its choice; and, in the course of time, the proposed innovation could not fail to have a marked effect in doing away with much unworthy favoritism, and elevating the standard of scholarship in our institutions of learning.

It might be urged, as an objection to our plan, that American colleges are not intended to foster independent scientific research, like the German universities, but are merely training-schools for young men in the ordinary branches of knowledge. "We have no need of professors," it might be said, "such as Draper, Marsh, and Whitney, who lead the vanguard of knowledge, each in his own specialty; and the kind of men we do need,—men who are fairly well-versed in various sciences and languages, and are capable of imparting what they know,—a president and a board of trustees are fully capable of selecting without the aid of any learned body." It is of course difficult to answer those who take this position; but we are very confident that, among the friends of our great universities, there is scarcely one who would avow such an opinion. It is a generally admitted fact that we have outgrown, or are daily outgrowing, the old English college system, in conformity to which our older universities were modeled. Harvard to-day resembles Berlin more than it does Oxford; Cornell and Johns Hopkins are fashioned rather after German prototypes; and Yale every year makes generous concessions to the scientific spirit of the age. If this evolution toward higher and more useful forms is to continue, the demand for eminent specialists in professors' chairs will be increased rather than diminished; and the professor of the old-fashioned type, who took to teaching as a *pis aller*, because he saw small chance of success in the law or the ministry, will have to limit his aspirations to grammar-schools and seminaries. It is as a means of facilitating this development that we have recommended giving the faculties a consultative voice in appointments. We are far from expecting, from the adoption of the measure, any sudden and radical change in the character of the teaching body in our institutions of learning. That, however, in the great majority of cases it would exert a gradual and wholesome influence in the right direction seems scarcely to admit of doubt.

The experience of the medical schools that have tried the experiment with questionable success need not discourage any one. Professional jealousies are apt to influence medical men to an extent which is rarely observed among scholars, and their continual rivalries frequently vitiate their judgments of each other, and



make them more willing to recognize the merits of an inferior than those of an equal. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely strange that their selection of colleagues should, in many instances, have been an unfortunate one. College professors are rarely placed in such direct antagonism to each other, and there are good reasons for believing that they would show themselves capable of a comparatively unbiased choice.

#### The Real Basis of Party Harmony.

A GREAT deal has been said of late about the importance of harmonizing the Republican party. The party was defeated last year in several States where it had been accustomed to win, and disastrously so in the State of New York; and this defeat was undoubtedly due to the dissensions in the party ranks. Meanwhile, the near approach of a Presidential election renders it of vital importance to the party leaders and those who live by politics to have their party in a condition to win, and this is impossible unless the differences that exist within it can be in some way removed. These differences are in part of a factional character, and it seems to be the factional quarrels alone that the politicians are concerned about. The remarks that have appeared on the subject in the newspapers, and the various plans that have been proposed for securing the harmony desired, all have reference to these factional differences, and it seems to be thought that if these can be removed, the union of the party will be effectually secured.

It has been proposed, therefore, that here in New York, where the dissensions in the party have been most bitter and their effects most disastrous, the party committees and associations shall be re-organized so as to admit the leaders of both factions, and that a convention of leading Republicans shall be held in the early summer to devise all necessary means for bringing the factional contest to an end. This plan for securing harmony seems to satisfy the organs of both the opposing groups, and it may be put in practice before this reaches our readers; and if it results as its authors believe it will, we may expect ere long to see Stalwarts and Half-breeds, Grant men and Blaine men, and all the other factions into which the party is now divided sitting together in harmony around the council table.

But meanwhile, the party leaders, amid all their efforts for harmony, have neglected to present any system of principles for their party to support. We beg, therefore, to remind them that, without such a system of principles to serve as a bond of union and a motive to action, no real harmony can be secured or would be desirable if it could be secured. The only use of a party is to be the exponent of some principle; and if a party cannot agree as to what principles it will advocate, it has no sufficient reason to exist, and must inevitably dissolve as soon as important questions arise and demand solution. A party, in the proper sense of the term, is a body of men who do agree in their political principles, and who combine in order the more effectually to carry them into practice. Unless, therefore, the Republican leaders can present a system of principles on which their followers will unite, their party will go to pieces at last, in spite of

all efforts to save it; while, on the other hand, if harmony of views can be secured, mere factional differences will give little trouble.

Now it is notorious that, at the present time, the party has no principles at all, and it is hard to see what principle or what policy can be found on which its members can agree. The questions of most immediate importance in our public affairs to-day are those relating to the tariff, the civil service, and the government of corporations; and on all these questions the most diverse opinions prevail within the party ranks. On the subject of the tariff, the disagreement is as wide as it can be; for the party contains men of all grades of opinion, from extreme protectionists to extreme free-traders, so that it cannot take a decisive stand upon this question without alienating a large portion of its members. In regard to civil service reform, there is not much disagreement among the rank and file; and if the party leaders would take up this reform in earnest and make it a party measure, it would serve, for a time at least, as a real bond of union. But, unfortunately, on this question the leaders themselves are in disagreement with their followers; and even if they should suddenly change their attitude and become advocates of reform, most people, we fear, would doubt the genuineness of their conversion. These considerations show how difficult is the task of harmonizing the Republican party, and how futile is the attempt to do so by merely healing factional discords.

It must be remarked also that the Democratic party is in much the same predicament as its rival, and for the same reason—disagreement on matters of principle. Last year (rather prematurely, as it would appear from late events) it was announced amid general jollification that all differences in the Democratic ranks had been healed, and that Tammanyites and Tildenites, who had so long been at variance, would hereafter work together in harmony. But now the party has struck a rock in the shape of the tariff question, and is in imminent danger of shipwreck; the divergence of views that has been developed being quite as great as that existing among the Republicans. This experience of the Democrats ought to serve as a warning to the Republican leaders and to politicians generally, that the only sufficient bond of union in political affairs is devotion to a common principle, and that if they wish to win success they must get their principles first and their party afterwards.

Meanwhile, the people do not care whether either party is harmonized; they care only to have their government well conducted and its abuses reformed; and if neither of the existing parties will do this work, they will readily provide a new one that will. What we specially need in our public affairs is a party of progress and reform—a party that will not sit lazily down, content with its past achievements, as the Republicans have of late been doing, nor resist important reforms, as the Democrats have too often done; but which will be ready at all times, wherever abuses exist or injustice is committed, to act with energy in the work of reform. The Republican party has done good work of this sort in years past, and if it will continue to do so the people will sustain it; if not, it must soon pass away to make room for some other organization which will better serve the interests of a progressive civilization.



### The Greatest Need of the Working Class.

It would seem that the working classes, in their endeavor to improve their lot in life, have largely misdirected their efforts, by seeking too exclusively to increase their income instead of trying to get more happiness out of the income they now receive. For a generation past, the workmen of all civilized countries have striven by every means they could devise to raise their wages, in the evident belief that wages could be raised even in opposition to economic forces and natural laws, and in the further belief that a sufficient increase in their income was the one thing needful to make them happy. In these endeavors, too, they have had the sympathy, and, so far as possible, the assistance of their friends in the higher ranks of society; and so exclusively have the efforts of both been turned in this direction that the "labor question" has come to be almost synonymous with the question of raising wages.

Now it is certainly desirable that the incomes of the mass of men should be increased wherever an increase is possible, and it is specially desirable in the case of manual laborers, whose present incomes are so small. But it is clear to all instructed minds that the machinery of trades-unions and strikes, and schemes for state aid to industry, and all the other devices that have been proposed to increase the laborer's earnings can do comparatively little toward accomplishing their purpose, and the history of the past thirty years shows very clearly that they have done but little.

The trades-unions, indeed, by organizing the workmen and enabling them to act in concert, have made the class more influential and more respected by other classes; and this result is worth something in times like these, when associated action is becoming essential in all departments of affairs, and when isolated effort is in general of little avail. But if we ask ourselves what the unions have done toward raising the rate of wages, we must acknowledge that, if they had accomplished nothing except in this direction, they would hardly be able to justify their existence.

Some friends of the workmen, especially professed economists, seeing that any considerable increase in their wages was not to be looked for, save as a result of the general advance in civilization and their own self-improvement, have urged their adoption of the coöperative system as the best means of increasing their income and improving their condition. Unfortunately, however, the result of most of the experiments in productive coöperation has not been such as to raise high hopes of accomplishing much during the present generation in this direction, for only a few of them have been markedly successful.

But still it is urged that the way to increase the laborer's happiness is to increase his pecuniary means, and some persons even talk as if the increase of means was in itself the chief happiness to be desired. So the laborers are told that they must save as much as possible of their earnings and thus obtain an addition to their income from invested capital. Now every man ought to save something for unprosperous seasons and for old age; but the amount that a workingman can save is small, and the interest it will yield is but a trifle, and unless he has the mercantile talent, so as to engage in business for himself, there is no good reason why he should deny himself all the comforts

of life in order to accumulate this little capital. Capital is only a means to an end; and if a man is to spend his whole life in accumulating the means without ever enjoying the end, what is the good of the means?

It seems to us that what the workmen most need, for the present at least, is to learn better how to use the income they now receive. Of course, if a man only earns enough to furnish himself and family with the bare necessities of life, he can do little toward improving his lot till he has more pecuniary means. But many workmen earn more than enough for the necessities of life, and are able to procure some of the comforts and even luxuries also. But in choosing the kind of comforts and luxuries they will enjoy, the mass of workmen are apt to show little wisdom; and it is here that the greatest improvement in their affairs is to be looked for. They are apt, especially the more ignorant of them, to prefer the coarser pleasures to the more refined, and the transient to the enduring; and it seems to us that by the choice of higher and more enduring pleasures, and by greater wisdom in using the means they have to secure such pleasures, their happiness can be best promoted.

What are the purposes to which workmen apply their surplus means? Many of them, it is true, save something for investment, and many also in this country purchase a cottage to be their home, and to secure such a home is one of the best uses to which their money can be put. But if we consider the pleasures that workmen generally choose, when they have the means to procure them and the time to enjoy them, we shall find few among them that any person of refinement would enjoy, while we shall find some that are positively hurtful and pernicious. In the first place, we know what enormous sums many of them spend for liquors and tobacco, things which, even when moderately used, yield but a transient pleasure and no real benefit at all. Not that all workmen are addicted to dram-drinking, as has sometimes been charged; on the contrary, most of our native American laborers are temperate in this respect, and the ranks of the total abstainers have been mainly recruited from this class. But among the foreigners who have settled in this country the habit of drinking, even to excess, is widely prevalent; and we cannot see that men who indulge in this habit are entitled to much sympathy in case they find their income insufficient, after supplying them with grog, to purchase the ordinary comforts of life.

Again, the amusements of the working classes are often of a low and even vulgar kind; and one of the greatest improvements in their life would be the adoption of some more refined enjoyments in place of the vulgar shows, the trifling sports, and the insipid reading in which they now indulge. It is true that, in this respect, the whole American people need refining and elevating, and not the working classes alone, for many of our richest men show little more ability to amuse themselves in a refined and sensible way than the workmen do. But the rich can, in a pecuniary sense, better afford to throw away money on unrefined amusements and vulgar display than workmen can, for their means are sufficient to admit of some waste; whereas the workmen, if they are to get the greatest possible happiness out of the means they have, must studiously avoid all expenditure for things



of no value, or they will have nothing to spend for those finer pleasures which are so much better and more enduring. There has been of late years, we are glad to say, a considerable advance in this respect among the workmen, as seen especially in their increased attention to music, art, and to the cultivation of flowers; but a vast deal more remains to be done to raise the amusements and recreations of the laboring class to the standard required by a cultivated taste.

But the most important source of happiness of a cheap yet elevated kind is to be found in reading, affording as it does both amusement and instruction; and whoever can lead workmen to a better practice in this regard will render them an inestimable service. A taste for reading, indeed, is even now rapidly spreading among the better portion of the working class, and this is in itself an encouraging sign; but the reading is often so low in quality, so little able to amuse or to instruct, that the benefit obtained from it is but trifling in comparison with what it ought to be. Workmen read the newspapers, and thus become familiar, to a certain extent, with the course of affairs throughout the world; but the quality of the newspapers they often read shows at once the pooriness of their literary taste and the meagerness of their information. Besides the newspapers, their principal reading is fiction, and this rarely of the best; while of the vast stores of information, historical, biographical, scientific, and other kinds, which English literature contains, their knowledge is in general of the most meager sort. Yet the majority of working people have abundant time and energy for the prosecution of such reading, and only need to form a taste for it in order to obtain a pleasure of the noblest kind.

Finally, the working classes can secure a great addition to their present enjoyments by cultivating among themselves a more refined society and gentler manners. There has been already a noticeable improvement in this respect among our native work-

ingmen especially, and the manners of many of them will now compare favorably with those of the business classes; though it must be added that the manners of the business classes themselves admit of no little improvement. But among a certain portion of the working class, very abundant in the city of New York, manners seem to be an unknown art, while society, in any proper sense of the term, would appear to be an impossibility. Yet there is no good reason why the manners of working people should not be refined and agreeable; and with better manners and the wider information and quickened intelligence that would come by better and more extended reading, the working people might do much to improve their social surroundings.

We have thus noted some of the ways in which working people can, if they will, obtain a far higher order of happiness than they now enjoy, with little or no increase of expense. Some of the pleasures which the rich man enjoys are and must remain beyond their reach; the spacious halls, the costly furnishings, the expensive journeys and other pleasures which only wealth can afford, can never be theirs, and it is vain to sigh for the unattainable. But the pleasure and improvement that come from reading can be cheaply obtained by means of circulating libraries; many refined amusements cost little more than vulgar ones do, while the pleasure that comes from good manners and good society can be had without any expense at all. When we compare the life of an ordinary mechanic with that of a country clergyman who earns but little more; when we see the latter with his books, his universal interests, and his refined society; the former with few books, and those not of the best, with his vulgar amusements, and his unsatisfying society, it seems too obvious to need pointing out that what the working classes most need is not to get more money, but to learn how to get more happiness by means of the money they now have.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

### A Study of Sea-sickness.

WHEN a landsman perambulates the hurricane deck during his first few days at sea, his feet come down upon the deck with a force and emphasis quite in contrast with the quiet glide of an experienced seaman. This stamping upon the deck means that, in addition to the five senses commonly known, there is also a muscular sense, which is one of the most important of them all. Through the influence of this sense, as one walks under accustomed conditions, he directs the muscles engaged in walking in a manner almost automatic, and the nervous supply to the muscles engaged in the act of locomotion is quite exactly proportioned to the amount of muscular force demanded. But if the conditions are unfamiliar; if, for instance, the surface beneath the feet rises and falls in an irregular and quite unexpected manner, there is too much nervous stimulus applied to one group of muscles and too little to another, and hence the muscular contractions are too great in one direction and too little in another. First, then, one foot comes down with an excessive muscular impulse, against a

rising deck; then, the muscular sense giving alarm, an insufficient impulse is given to the other, which is now approaching a receding surface, and it fails to reach the deck by the muscular action of stepping, and the weight of the body coming upon that side, forces the foot down by gravitation; hence, one step is a stamp and the other a fall. All this is perplexing and disappointing to the nerves engaged in the act of locomotion, and the nervous centers which control the muscular impulses are irritated and exhausted.

Every one remembers having in the darkness made muscular preparation to step up or down where no step existed, and how this disappointed muscular action was accompanied by both mental and physical perturbation; how the face was flushed, the heart palpitated, and the breath came rapidly. This, on a different scale, is what happens at almost every step to the novice on the steamer's deck. It is not remarkable that such a series of little nervous shocks should react upon the nervous centers, and induce disturbance of circulation or revulsion of the digestive organs.

While the function of locomotion is by no means the



most important one in inducing the nervous disturbance of sea-sickness, it is an important element, especially during the first few days of ship life. This fact may be verified by any one susceptible to sea-sickness who will leave the deck or saloon, where walking or sitting may be accompanied with little inconvenience, and pass along one of the narrow passages leading between the rows of state-rooms. One who can traverse the deck with courageous defiance of sea-sickness, will, in the narrow passage, often turn pale, and experience a most unpleasant weakening of the knees. The reason is that, in making one's way along the narrow passage, there is an earnest endeavor to keep the body in uniform relation to the sides of the passage. On deck, however, the steps are directed in devious ways, and the body sways freely from side to side. Hence, on deck there is much less restraint and tension, and therefore fewer muscular disappointments.

But it is known that one may sit quietly in a steamer chair or lie in a state-room and still experience all the horrors of *nausea marina*. Another source of nervous perplexity, then, of no small consequence, will be found in the inclination to breathe synchronously with the swing of the vessel. We are all familiar with the instinctive act of making long and full inspirations and expirations as one rises and falls in a swing. If the ship's motions were only in one direction, and if they were uniform in time, they would produce in one sitting on the deck, or reclining in a berth, the same agreeable effect as the swinging of a hammock on shore; but unfortunately there are too many elements of disturbance in the rhythm of the ship's movements to react in such an agreeable manner.

It is not during the storm, when mountain waves lift the prow of the vessel now high in the air, and now plunge it as though it were steered for the ocean's bed, that sea-sickness most prevails. It is the chopping sea after the storm that conquers the stomach of even the weather-worn sea-farer. One may look across the deck of a ship from side to side, and beyond to the horizon, in such a way as to mark the motion of the vessel as it rolls. Perhaps it will be found that with each roll the ship's side rises and falls through a space of ten or more feet, yet the motion is so agreeable that no one on board is sick, and none but those who are watching even think that there is a roll. But if, an hour later, the ship has entered a chop sea, caused by a change of wind or a current, the ship's roll may be less than half what it was before, but more than half the people on board are thinking of their stomachs. The unenviable notoriety of the English Channel, as a region where the stoutest knees tremble and the ruddiest faces grow pale, arises not from any superiority in the height of waves, but from their unequal character. When the ship rolls regularly, once in so many seconds, the people breathe regularly; but when the ship's motions lose uniformity, the irregularity in performing the function would be a sufficient cause for general nervous disturbance.

Many years ago, Dr. Darwin, in stating his views of sea-sickness, declared that disturbance of the visual function was the cause of the trouble. His opponents, however, met him with the statement that a blind person could be sea-sick, and as Dr. Darwin could not gain-say the fact, his theory was not considered sound, and it practically dropped out of sight. There was, never-

theless, more truth in Darwin's view than his opponents were willing to concede. He was correct in his opinion that visual disturbance could produce sea-sickness. But as comparatively little attention had at that time been directed to the muscular adjustments of the eyes, it did not occur to him that muscular confusion in adjusting the eyes, or other organs, would bring about the nervous reactions which he was considering.

When the eyes are directed to an object they are automatically adjusted, not only in their focus individually, but in their relations to each other, so that the most perfect image may be obtained, not only in each eye, but in corresponding parts of the retina of the two eyes; thus not only is each eye adjusted to the object, but a stereoscopic effect is produced. These various adjustments are performed through the instrumentality of a series of muscular contractions, and hence the act of looking at an object is an exceedingly complicated one, bringing into play many muscles and nerves. When one is upon the solid land and changes his gaze from one object to another, the adjustment is completed in harmony with the movements of all the other muscles of the body, and with the experience of the individual. The adjustments are, in an emphatic degree, automatic; and if the changes are not too sudden or unusual, the sensation is agreeable. On shipboard, however, the relation of objects to the eyes is constantly changing. If the changes were uniform, the ocular muscles and nerves would soon accustom themselves to the new state of things, and act regularly and with ease. Owing, however, to the constantly varying relations of things at sea, this complicated system of muscles is in an unceasing state of perplexity. Many persons will experience a sensation of discomfort, and even nausea, when looking at a curtain or scenic fixture at a theater if a current of air causes either to fluctuate in an unsteady or unexpected way.

It is this perplexity of ocular muscles which renders the state-room the most unpleasant part of the ship to the sea-sick subject. On deck or in the large saloons, the eyes, being directed to distant objects, are adjusted with comparative ease. In the state-room, however, all objects are seen at close range, and the acts of accommodation, and of corresponding movements of the eyes, must be sharply and quickly performed. Hence, in the act of dressing, when one looks at articles of wardrobe, at buttons and other small things, and especially when one looks in the little state-room mirror, the head swims, the face loses color, and nausea quickly supervenes.

No other examples need be adduced to show that sea-sickness is a direct result of muscular disappointments and nervous perplexities, arising from the unaccustomed efforts to regulate certain functions with respect to the novel and extremely unsettled state of things on the ship.

Accepting this proposition, we are in position to inquire what can be done to mitigate or prevent the evil. Sea-sickness, probably, can never be abolished; but it is not unreasonable to expect that its effect and duration can be greatly modified. In considering preventives, attention should be first directed to general conditions and precautions. From what has already been said, it is evident that sea travelers are subjected to very unusual demands upon their nervous energies. Hence, advantage should be taken of every circum-



stance calculated to increase the nervous power, and everything tending to depress it should be strictly avoided. Abundance of oxygen in the lungs, a cheerful state of mind, and sufficient physical exercise, all tend to an increase of nervous power; while a vitiated atmosphere, a despondent state of mind, and the use of improper foods or the improper use of drugs, tend to depress the nervous forces. No drug will prevent sea-sickness, except so far as it acts by blunting or destroying nervous susceptibilities. Most people who cross the ocean do it in the hope of renewing and increasing their store of nervous energies. Nothing could be more illogical than to commence this process by depressing the nervous functions by the use of stupefying drugs. It may, under extreme circumstances, be better to use a medicine for temporary relief than to suffer from excessive nausea, or from those other forms of sea-sickness, headache, dyspepsia, or diarrhea; and it is proper that one should be provided with a small quantity of bromide of ammonium, which is the most effectual means of temporary relief to nausea or headache, and with such medicine as may be needed to arrest serious disturbance of the digestive organs. These should be used only as occasion absolutely demands, and not as preventives.

Again, the diet on shipboard should correspond as nearly as possible with what the individual has been accustomed to at home. Many persons take wine on shipboard as a preventive of sea-sickness. If one is accustomed to wine at dinner when on shore, the fact of being on the ship is not a reason for changing the habit; but if one is at home an abstainer, he would be much better off without wine on the voyage than with it. Champagne is extremely liable to induce dyspepsia at sea, and is often mischievous in its influence. The same may be said of lemons and of other acids which are sometimes recommended.

Another precept which should be earnestly impressed upon every person who goes to sea is, that no one, merely on account of sea-sickness, should keep the state-room during the day. No matter how severe the illness induced by the vessel, the traveler should leave the stifling air of the state-room, and inhale the fresh breeze upon the deck, if the weather permits; or, at least, in bad weather, enjoy such freedom of breathing and of movement as may be obtained in the saloons.

In regard to the function of locomotion, the sooner the muscular sense of the feet and legs is educated the better. The mental and muscular exhilaration incidental to walking, running, or dancing upon the deck, will more than compensate for the disturbance caused by the difficulties of locomotion at first experienced. The most deplorably sea-sick individual can leave the steamer chair long enough to take a run from one end of the ship to the other, and the excursion will repay the effort, which should be renewed at least every hour or two of the most disconsolate day of the voyage. But in short trips, as in crossing the English Channel, the more completely the locomotive faculties are suspended, the less disagreeable will it be for the individual.

Strict attention should be directed to the state of the respiration. Many a threatened sickness may be averted by drawing a few deep, full inspirations at regular and rather rapid intervals. One who is overtaken by sea-sickness, while lying quietly in the berth

in the darkness of night, may be quite sure that he or she is breathing in the same unsteady manner in which the ship is moved upon the water. If the sufferer, at the first premonition of sickness, would rouse sufficiently to attend properly and earnestly to the breathing process, it is probable that the nausea would pass away as suddenly as it came. Under all circumstances, then, the breathing should be strictly dissociated from the motions of the ship. By attention to this precept for a short time, varying from one to three or four days in different individuals, the respiratory acts will become quite independent of external influences, and will be carried on in the accustomed and regular manner, without further thought on the part of the traveler.

It would seem less easy to regulate the function of vision at sea, yet much may be accomplished in this direction, and as in the case of breathing, after some attention during the early part of a voyage, the function will be managed without an effort of will. When on deck, the view should be directed to the distant sea. When reclining in the steamer chair, one should look at the clouds, or the horizon, and in walking the gaze should not be fixed upon the objects passed. In conversation, the eyes should not be directed to the face of the person conversed with. In the state-room, the eyes may be directed indifferently about the place, and while dressing and undressing they may be closed, except when it is necessary to find an article wanted. The greatest difficulty will be experienced at the tables in the dining saloon. The popular idea that the almost universal desertion of the tables during two or three of the early days of the voyage is owing to the odor of food, is largely a mistake. The great source of trouble is, that at the table one looks at plates and dishes intently, and for a considerable time, at very short range. The act of seeing, under the circumstances, demands, for perfect vision, that all the muscles of the eyes shall be on the alert, and at this short range the greatest tension is demanded. The perpetual changing of relative distances from the eyes of the articles upon the table, renders each new adjustment unsatisfactory as soon as it is made. But the function of adjustment may be so suspended that objects will be seen only in the most vague and indistinct manner. By thus suspending the faculty of accommodation at table, one may go through a meal scarcely seeing any object with greater clearness of vision than is absolutely necessary for finding the articles needed.

It is supposed that young children are less susceptible than grown persons to nausea at sea. An explanation is found in the fact that there exists in them a much higher degree of muscular adaptability and flexibility of tissues. Especially in children is the function of accommodation of the eyes accomplished with far greater ease than in adults. On the other hand, aged persons enjoy comparative immunity from sea-sickness, though in this respect they are less fortunate than children. In the old, the function of accommodation of the eyes is usually so completely suspended that they make less effort in that direction, and hence experience fewer disappointments from that cause. Those persons who have weak or disproportioned ocular muscles may find greater trouble in managing the accommodation of the eyes than others, and in those



cases the susceptibility to sea-sickness may be greater than usual, and may continue even after considerable experience at sea. On the contrary, if the muscular insufficiencies are so great that it is impossible for the eyes to act together, there may be little irritation arising from the visual function.

Sea-sickness, then, is the result of reflex irritations arising from little surprises to the muscles, and shocks to the nerves engaged in performing certain important functions,—notably of locomotion, respiration, and vision,—and when the groups of muscles thus engaged are once educated to the surrounding circumstances, the nervous revulsions are not experienced. Proper attention to the exercise of these functions may so far mitigate the trouble as to make it rather an inconvenience than a distressing illness. Let it be distinctly understood that medicines can only prevent sea-sickness by inducing nervous insensibility, and that such a stupefying process is directly opposed to the object of the voyage when this is undertaken for the promotion of health. Every article of diet likely to disturb the digestive organs should be avoided, and an abundant supply of oxygen should be inhaled. The feet should be educated, the respiration regulated, and the vision restricted. If close attention is given to these directions, little fear of serious sickness need be apprehended; and a voyage which might otherwise be remembered with the most disagreeable associations may be rendered a season of almost uninterrupted enjoyment

*George T. Stevens.*

#### Free Trade with Canada.

It seems to me strange that the question of an American Zollverein was not brought prominently before the Tariff Commission. The people of the United States have been so educated to a belief in protection that it would be folly for any political party to work seriously for free trade or a tariff for revenue only, but a change might, perhaps, be made which, while seemingly a concession to the free-traders, would in reality strengthen the protective character of the tariff. A protective tariff should be a discriminating tariff, so arranged as to shut off the competition of strong manufacturing nations, while encouraging trade with countries likely to afford a market for manufactured products. The United States have nothing to fear from the competition of Canada or Mexico, and free trade with them would give American manufactures a greatly extended field. American capitalists are now interesting themselves in the development of Mexico, and a great deal of attention has been paid, of late, to the resources of that country; but the prevailing feeling with regard to Canada is one of indifference, occasioned by ignorance of its resources.

To the average American, the name of Canada calls to mind a narrow strip of inhospitable country lying to the north-east of the United States, and inhabited by an unprogressive people. It is now, in fact, the name for the whole of British North America, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—a territory almost as large as the whole of Europe, rich in minerals, and possessing the finest fisheries and the largest area of land adapted for the production of first-class wheat in the world. The most fertile

part of Canada lies in the north-west, although the crop reports for 1882 show a higher yield of wheat per acre in Ontario than in any of the American states. Over the whole of the Canadian north-west territory, formerly known as the Hudson Bay territory, from the American boundary, line forty-nine, to latitude sixty degrees, the same flora prevails, and there is little difference in the climate, although it becomes warmer toward the west on account of the Chinook breezes which come through the passes of the Rockies and cause a rise of sixty degrees in the temperature in a few hours. The valley of the Peace river, twelve hundred miles north-west of Winnipeg, is said to have a finer climate than Manitoba. In explanation of this uniformity of temperature in such a wide range of latitude, Professor Macoun says: "It was long ago asserted as a principle by geologists, that land in quantity situated to the southward of latitude forty degrees north, very materially raises the temperature of lands lying to the north of such parallel." He gives meteorological tables showing that there is almost no variation in the temperature between forty-nine and sixty degrees, and that the climate compares favorably with that of European countries in the same latitudes.

Almost the whole of this vast territory will yield from twenty-eight to forty bushels of wheat per acre. United States Consul Taylor, who has made a study of the Canadian north-west for years, has gained for himself the nickname of Saskatchewan Taylor, on account of his praises of the section of country bordering on the Saskatchewan river. He says three-fourths of the wheat producing area of North America lies within the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway is being pushed through to British Columbia with an energy almost unparalleled in railway construction; and during the last three years, Manitoba has been filling up with settlers almost as rapidly as the Western States did in their most progressive days. Already a prosperous trade has grown up between this part of Canada and the cities of the eastern provinces, Winnipeg alone purchasing \$12,000,000 worth of goods from them last year. As Manitoba and the north-west territory become thickly settled, and the wonderful resources of Canada's most western province, British Columbia, are developed, this trade will grow to enormous proportions. At present, most of the settlers are Canadians and Europeans, but the time will come when the stream of migrants from the Eastern States will be diverted to this region, and then, unless free trade prevails, the United States will experience what Canada did during the rapid development of the Western States,—a loss of population without any compensating advantages in the way of trade, while eastern Canada will be built up by the trade of the north-west.

But remove the tariff wall between the two countries, and the bulk of this trade may be secured by the United States, for settled Ontario is separated from Manitoba by a stretch of one thousand miles of rocky country, enormously rich in minerals and timber, but almost useless for agricultural purposes, while the territory of the United States is well settled to the borders of Manitoba. Chicago is many miles nearer to Winnipeg than Toronto, and St. Paul and Minneapolis are nearer still. These cities could control most



of the north-west trade, if the tariff were abolished, and the cities of the Eastern States could compete on equal terms with those of eastern Canada.

Of course, this would not prove advantageous to eastern Canada, whose growth would be greatly retarded. The effect it would have upon the north-west is not so apparent, but it would certainly strike a blow at the future greatness of Winnipeg, Manitoba's chief city, which has in four years grown from a straggling village to a flourishing modern city with a population of about 30,000. So long as the protective tariff is maintained, and the Canadian Pacific Railway does the carrying trade for the north-west, Winnipeg will be the gate-way of western Canada, and, controlling the trade of the largest wheat producing area in the world, will become a second Chicago. Already some of the manufacturers of Ontario, to save the expense of carriage, have started factories there, and others will doubtless follow suit. With free trade between the two countries, Winnipeg would have few if any advantages over St. Paul and Minneapolis as the distributing center of the north-west, and would be exposed to competition not only with them but with Chicago.

Appearances would indicate that Canadians are strongly imbued with the protection idea, as at the last two elections, when it was made the issue, the conservatives favoring and the reformers opposing it, a large majority of the former were elected. But many of those who voted for protection did so merely with a view to forcing the United States, by retaliation, to entertain the idea of reciprocity. Americans could rely upon the full support of the reformers, with a liberal sprinkling of conservatives, in negotiations for free trade; and, as many of the conservative members were elected by small majorities, a slight change in public sentiment might make a great change in parliamentary representation. The conservatives themselves could consistently favor an American *zollverein*, for many of their leaders and newspapers expressed themselves in favor of actual free trade, but opposed the one-sided policy that would confer upon Americans favors which they refused to Canadians. But that was before the north-west trade had developed; and as the policy of the present Government is to build up trade between the provinces, they might with reason object to a measure that would divert trade to the United States. The Canadian customs act of 1879, now in force, provides for the admission of natural products free of duty whenever the United States are willing to reciprocate; and the people of Montreal favor the abolition of the duty on grain in any event, as a great part of the grain export trade of the Western States is lost to the city, it is claimed, on account of the bonding system.

*Watson Griffin.*

#### A Novel Suggestion Concerning Prisoners.

A PLAN which is believed to be new, and which appears to have great merit, has been proposed for the reformation of prison discipline. It has been proposed\* that prisoners shall be paid for the labor which they perform; that, so far as may be, there shall be no restriction of the industries or honest occupations

which prisoners may follow; that they shall be allowed to engage in trades and industries on their own account, and that they shall even be permitted to traffic with the outside world so far as may be compatible with insurance against escape and the commission of frauds or other unlawful practices, and that all prisoners shall be entirely dependent upon their industry for their living and comfort except in cases of sickness or other disability; that they shall support themselves by their labor, be entitled to the savings of their labor, and grow rich or remain poor by their labor; in fine, that true individual liberty be not only taught but enforced when the State by the sequestration of criminals has put it out of their power to be a present danger to society. It is proposed to teach criminals, by experience, the true meaning of liberty; to impress upon the past enemies of order the habits of thought and action which it is desired they shall acquire, by giving them a practical experience of the value to the individual of harmonious society.

Whenever society undertakes to punish offenders, it acts purely and simply for its protection. The idea of offense has its origin in the idea of danger, and even in the days when punishments were most cruel and brutal, protection was, as it ever must be, the ultimate purpose—else why have supposed offenders always been selected for punishment? Short of killing, sequestration is the most sure and obvious means society has of protecting itself from offenders, and as the humanizing influence of civilization extends itself, it is not unlikely that the mildest method of producing any desired result will always be the one employed. For our present purpose we may say that, with few possible exceptions, sequestration is so far as it is necessary and therefore so far as it is right or desirable for society to go in its dealing with individuals. Liberty, however, is so highly prized that society condemns the securement in all cases of perpetual protection by means of perpetual imprisonment, and hopes by the application of other measures to induce criminals to change their ways. The question, then, is, How shall the State deal with the criminal during the term of sequestration which it sees fit to impose, in order that the effects of that sequestration shall be as good and permanent as possible? How shall society treat those whom it has imprisoned for acting in a way it thinks injurious to its interests, so that they may come to think as society thinks upon the matter? What is the most efficacious way of making the bad see that it is for their interest to be good, of counteracting the effect of the first downward step of those who have yielded to temptation, of raising from wretchedness those who are more unfortunate than vicious; who are criminals, and into whose hearts the warm light of sympathy and human affection has never entered, or may only have been seen at the most, with the agony of despair, beyond their reach?

Is the mind enlarged or the nature softened by the deep brand of social stigma? Does the constant reminder given by the surroundings and the treatment of a condition of alienation from the world, without any evidence of kindness, sympathy, or human love from the world, tend to make the imprisoned criminal love the world? Where criminals are kept together in

\* See two articles on Prison Reform in the Newport (R. I.) "Daily News," April 18 and April 20, 1883.



large numbers, each bearing the same iniquitous stigma, all being constantly made to feel that they and the world are at odds, is it natural that the sympathy among them in their common degradation should grow less; that the fraternity of wrong should be diminished, or that they should learn to love the power which holds them? Does unrewarding, indiscriminating, repressive and absolute slavery, upon a herding system, prepare the individual for a proper use of freedom? Is the habit of temperance in thought and action, and of regard for the rights of others, to be learned amid surroundings which are violent in their manifestations, and in which the natural rights of man are disregarded? In fine, is not experience alone the means of producing conviction upon the minds of the great majority of men? Must not the presentation of a theory be enforced by the demonstration of its truth before men will accept it, and does not the history of the world show that moral truth, which, in this case at least, means expediency, is only to be discovered and accepted as such by the demonstration of experience? Is not, then, that plan of conversion for criminals the best which will give to them a practical experience, which most of them have never had, of the ways in which men may live honestly and happily? If the exercise of true liberty be that which society wishes the criminal to learn, is it unreasonable to propose that he shall be taught the value of liberty by enforcing upon him an experience thereof? Or is a proper understanding of liberty more likely to be learned by adding to imprisonment all the incidents of slavery!

Let criminals learn the value of social order by giving them interests in prison, which will demonstrate to them the value of social order. If they may earn money they will probably be no slower than other mortals in discovering that the best way of keeping money is not by encouraging theft, robbery, and social confusion. If those criminals who, for great crimes, have been given long terms of imprisonment, have the opportunity, they will not be unlikely to avail themselves of it to make the lack of total freedom as bearable as possible by increasing their worldly possessions. They, then, the greater criminals, may become the strongest converts to social order, and may use their influence for its encouragement with those whose terms of imprisonment are shorter, and who will perhaps be a part of the world into which they themselves will one day go with their accumulated property. It seems hardly too much to hope that the ranks of crime may thus be attacked from within, and the axe laid at the root of the tree.

*Charles Acton Ives.*

#### A Piece of History Worth Writing.

IF ever an author can be criticised for not making a different book from that which he professes the intention to make, Mr. Lewis Rosenthal may be suspected of having laid himself open to such a criticism in the second edition of his thorough and readable volume, "America and France," recently published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. He has proposed to himself to exhibit the influence which the revolt of the British colonies of America in 1776, and the popular government which they founded, exerted upon France during the remaining years of that century. His vol-

ume consists of a very exhaustive citation of facts and opinions drawn from the literature of that period. By stopping at this point he, unfortunately, not only fails to achieve the result at which, from the title of the book, we infer that he aimed, but he achieves exactly the opposite result. We infer that he wished to show, what undoubtedly can be shown, that France owns a large share of whatever liberalizing and popularizing influence her political institutions have experienced, since the accession of Louis XVI., to the establishment of popular sovereignty in America, and to her own part in bringing that result about. By stopping, however, as he does, at the downfall of Robespierre, Mr. Rosenthal establishes, if anything, precisely the contrary result. Balancing our accounts with France at the close of the eighteenth century, it would appear that all France got from us as the fruit of French contributions to our independence, was not popular sovereignty, not constitutional liberty, not peace, power, and prosperity, but fifteen years of Bonapartist ruffianism, terminating in a restoration of Bourbonism with seven other spirits of despotism worse than the first. What reflecting man who saw Louis XVIII. escorted through the streets of Paris by the allied armies, in 1814, if he had been compelled to judge by the events that were passed or passing, and had been forbidden to forecast the future, would not have been forced to the conclusion that, so far as France was concerned, the influence of American independence "was evil, and for evil only good!"

But I take it for granted that that is not Mr. Rosenthal's theory of American influence upon France. But if it is not, his book is incomplete. To judge the influence of the political experiment made in the United States in the eighteenth century upon France, by what it developed in France within that century, would be as illogical as to measure the influence of Christianity upon the world in the fifteenth century by the accession of the Borgias to the pontifical throne, or in the sixteenth century by the incorporation of the Society of Jesus. In fact, the influence of American political operations in the eighteenth century upon France have only become palpable and well defined since the War for the Union of 1861-5. Till then, our republic was generally regarded by Europeans as an experiment which would be soon overtaken by the disasters which had in turn overtaken all the so-called republics of antiquity.

The result of that struggle completely changed the opinions of thinking men of all parties upon that point, and it would be no exaggeration to say that no constitution in Europe was, at the close, what it was when the war commenced. Since then the prejudices of the privileged classes, and of the disciples of the doctrines of Divine Right and of Passive Obedience, have been constantly weakening, while the faith of the people of Europe in man's right to share in the government which he pays for with his treasure, and is expected to defend with his blood, has been constantly and rapidly strengthening. The extinction of Bonapartism and the formation of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, in France within five years after the triumph of the Constitution in the United States, in 1865, was more directly the fruit or logical consequence of American Independence than the French Revolution of '89 was; while the latter and



its disastrous sequence were more directly the outcome of an inevitable reaction against despotism in church and state, the credit of which is usually ascribed to the encyclopedists or the *philosophes*, as it is the fashion to call them in France.

Hence we say, with the highest appreciation of what Mr. Rosenthal has already done, that his work is incomplete. He has not yet achieved what the title of his book justified us in expecting of him. However, "a work well begun is half done," and this is well begun. He evidently is fond of his subject; he is not afraid of labor; and he knows how such work should be done. We therefore call upon him to prosecute his theme. Let him show how the death of Lincoln produced an emotion in France never manifested at the decease of any European sovereign. Let him show how promptly after the news of General Lee's surrender, in 1865, the French Army moved precipitately out of Mexico, deserting the "chromo" emperor it had planted there; how the blow thus given to Napoleon's prestige in France compelled him to a transaction with the opposition, and to concede to their importunities a free press and parliamentary government; how this concession compelled him, in order to divert the attention of the press and the tribune from the past and to prevent too close a scrutiny of his own title to the crown he wore, to plunge headlong into a war with the first military power in Europe, and within a twelvemonth to exchange his palace for a prison; how, during that war, the diplomatic concerns of her powerful antagonist were confided to the Minister of the United States in Paris, as the only one of the nations whose authority was sure to be respected; how, upon the downfall of the empire, a popular government was organized in France upon the Jeffersonian model, which has lasted already longer than the average governments of France for the last two hundred years, and which has to-day as good a prospect of longevity as any government in the world.

With these facts, and others like them, of scarcely less critical significance which abound, Mr. Rosenthal, with his thoroughness of research, his judgment in selection, and skill in presentation, will demonstrate as he claims to have already but has not yet demonstrated, "that the people of the United States may feel justified in the belief that they have fulfilled the great law of compensation, and have amply repaid the debt of gratitude which they owed the French nation for services rendered in the War of Independence."

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## Woodman's Portrait of John Brown.\*

NORTH TOPEKA, KANSAS, October 30, 1882.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received yours of the 24th ultimo. My portrait of John Brown was painted at the suggestion of Colonel A. G. Hawes, of San Francisco, who was with Brown in the Ossawatimie fight. Colonel Hawes told me that no good portrait of Brown existed; that the ones with the beard did not look like him, and that those without were characterless. On my way east from California, I visited the

\* See frontispiece.

Historical Society Rooms here in search of information relating to likenesses of Brown, and the Secretary, Judge Adams, showed me the pictures of Brown in his possession; but they made no impression upon me until he finally produced from a long neglected drawer an old photograph which had been sent, among other effects of Governor Thayer, to the society from Boston. Using this as a basis upon which to build, I added to it every essential point of likeness in the others, and produced the portrait from which the photograph was taken which you now have in your possession,—aided by my memory of Brown, with whom I once held a very animated conversation in the hallway of Cooper Institute years ago, when I was not much more than a boy.

Truly yours,

Selden J. Woodman.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

TOPEKA, KANSAS, October 31, 1882.

EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: The photograph which Mr. Woodman used as the principal basis for his portrait of John Brown was procured by the Kansas Historical Society with the collection of the materials of Kansas History made up by Dr. Thomas H. Webb, of Boston, who was the Secretary of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Company, which was organized through the action of Hon. Eli Thayer, of Worcester. That company was very influential in promoting emigration to Kansas throughout the Territorial period. Captain John Brown, Jr., when visiting the rooms of the State Historical Society three years ago, remarked to me that the photograph was an excellent likeness of his father. I saw Captain Brown in 1856, when he was shaven, and this picture is the only one of many which I have seen that recalls his features to my memory. I regard Mr. Woodman's portrait as an excellent and characteristic likeness of Captain John Brown as I saw him.

F. G. Adams,

Secretary.

DANVERS, 8 mo., 16, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Thy portrait of John Brown is by far the best I have ever seen. It is the *man*—not only the physical man, but his inner self also. It is he at his best and truest.

Thanking thee for the picture, I am

Very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

To Selden J. Woodman.

I have seen Mr. Woodman's portrait of my husband. I think it a very good likeness of him, and the more I see it, the more I like it.

Mrs. John Brown.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, November 15, 1882.

DU MAURIER'S DRAWINGS. We wish to state that while we were indebted to the publishers of "Punch" for the right to reproduce certain drawings by Mr. du Maurier in our May number, the drawings themselves are the property of the artist, and were by him kindly lent to us for reengraving.—ED.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Caucus Reform.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of the National Civil Service Act comes the popular demand for a reform in the methods of political nominations. The leaders of the Civil Service Reform movement have for years past insisted, and it is now generally admitted, that the evils of "patronage" are closely related to the abuses by which the tricky and unscrupulous politician secures the control of his particular district or ward. The connection is not hard to trace. The art of political management, even of the lowest sort, is not to be learned in a day. Nor can the conscientious citizen who is stirred by a sincere desire to lend a hand in securing worthy nominations to offices of trust and honor accomplish his ends by casual attendance at the caucus or the primary.

Even in communities like many of the New England cities, where the traditions of the old town meeting are in a great measure preserved by a widespread sense of public duty which leads men of high standing and repute to attend and share in the party management, the caucus is fast drifting into the hands of wire-pullers and log-rollers such as have brought disgrace upon the primaries of Brooklyn and New York and the ward meetings of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

"Practical politics," to use the cant phrase, require practice; and the skilled minority who devote their time to "running" the ward or the district will always defeat, in the long run, the honest, intelligent, and public-spirited but *disinterested* majority, however numerically powerful, for the simple reason that the former depend for their daily bread upon their successful manipulation of the nominating machine, while the moving impulse of the latter is, at best, a sense of duty, strong perhaps at fitful intervals of great public excitement, but by no means to be depended upon for the steady, persistent everyday work which success at the primary of to-day demands. As has been well said by a writer in this magazine: "The men who do and control the work of these election organizations give to it more than two or three hours in one or two evenings in each year. They give to it substantially their whole time—as the men must do who are to do so great a work, and do it so well."\*

A glance at the list of officers of the Republican district associations in the city of New York alone will show the stake which the district "leader" has in his work. In 1882 nearly two-thirds of the presidents of these select and exclusive little clubs were office-holders in state or municipal departments, and each, admittedly, owed his place to the fact that he was counted on to "carry his district in his pocket."

That these salaried positions have been used in the past mainly to reward political services shows plainly enough what is expected of a district leader. He and

his henchmen are bound to get and keep control of the nominating machinery of their association; and with certain definite returns at their probable disposal in event of success, it is not surprising that they seek to keep down the number of those entitled to claim a share in the allotted reward.

With the growth of the great evil of official patronage, the abuses of the primary in the form of false enrollments, fraudulent expulsions, stuffed ballots, and the like, have developed with equal pace. But the evil has about run its course, and the proverbial conservatism of the American people has at last begun to fret under what has come to be an intolerable abuse. In the very States where the farce of the caucus has been the most flagrant, the intelligent demand for measures of reform is the loudest, and public opinion seems to indicate that the people understand just where the evil lies, and have determined to check it by rational methods. No amount of reorganization, no reënrollment, nor the adoption of other measures for temporary relief, such as the bosses have relied upon in the past, will satisfy us to-day. We have at last learned that we cannot let a Tweed dispense the public offices in return for controlling this district or that committee, and then expect his henchmen to refrain from the dirty work by which alone they can secure their pay. So long as running the primary means winning a salaried office, for just so long there will be men at hand ready to carry the primary by any and every sort of fraud. They may be, and doubtless often are, in the minority. But until the caucus is protected by the most stringent penalties they will be a winning minority, and even the most severe penal enactments will not deter men from fraud and perjury while the rewards of patronage are left to tempt them.

### Vicarious Benevolence.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Musty and stale seems that ancient philosophy. The cornerstone of modern civilization is a maxim that exactly reverses the ancient apothegm. "If you want a thing done, get somebody else to do it." This is the law of the large system of industry, the foundation of all the great fortunes. The power of commanding the services of others, of laying tribute on the farms and factories, the brain and the sinew of your neighbors, was never more coveted and never more effectually employed than at this day.

This modern method of commerce has been introduced, with much success, into what is called benevolence. In the olden time it was the fashion, if you saw a good work that ought to be done, to go and do it yourself. It was supposed, formerly, that the opportunity to perform a kind act was a providential indication of duty, and that the best discipline of life was gained in promptly seizing such opportunities. Even now, we find a few philanthropists who cling to this old-fashioned philosophy, and who seem bent on doing

\* "The People's Problem." Albert Stickney, in this magazine, for July, 1881.



every day what good they can, with their own means and with their own hands. But the prevalent mode of benevolence is a great refinement on this old way. It seems to be the fruit of a species of altruism much more highly developed than any known to our fathers. The blessedness of giving is assumed to be the highest blessedness; we want our neighbors to enjoy this blessedness to the full. Why should we selfishly deprive them of any portion of it? If there is any giving to be done, then let us urge them to do it; so shall we most effectually promote their happiness. Thus has arisen the great system of vicarious benevolence whose line has gone out into all the earth, and whose circulars arrive by every mail.

It is beautiful to see how quickly the promptings of this new kind of charity spring into the mind when any human need arises. The first thought of most men seems to be not "How much can we do toward relieving this need?" but rather "How much can we get other people to do?" Each man begins to think of other men who can be induced to contribute; each neighborhood looks, at once, beyond its own borders to other neighborhoods upon which it may confer the blessedness of bearing its burdens. Mr. Hale's motto, "Look out and not in," finds in this habit of mind one of its most striking illustrations: for when there are contributions to be made the modern philanthropist begins at once to look out for contributors, and not to look into his own pocket at all.

If there is a church debt to pay, a hospital to build, an orphanage to found, immediately the thoughts of those who stand nearest to the project, and who are to be most deeply benefited by it, are turned to distant places, inquiring how they may obtain this good thing at the smallest possible cost to themselves. Those benevolent gentlemen who have had large experience in the work of raising church debts testify that the people who have contracted these debts and are responsible for their payment are almost always well content to sit and wait, in the expectation that other people, somewhere and somehow, will lift their burden for them.

The church that confronts a deficit in its annual budget turns instinctively to this unfailling resource. "Go to!" say the financiers; "let us arrange a lecture course; there are a number of benevolent gentlemen who go about delivering gratuitous lectures for the benefit of impecunious societies; doubtless we can impress them into the service, and it would be a pity to put ourselves out to pay these bills and thus deprive them of the privilege and pleasure of serving us for nothing." It is not alone the poor who have discovered this new way to pay old debts; those who are well-to-do often resort to it. From rich and prosperous communities applications are all the while coming to publishers of books and periodicals for gifts of their publications to incipient libraries and reading-rooms. They do not beg these books because they are unable to buy them; they do it spontaneously, because this great principle of vicarious benevolence has become so firmly rooted in their natures. In a financial point of view the advantages of this method are not always apparent; for it is evident that people often spend much more time and labor in getting others to pay their debts or perform their charities than it would cost them to earn the necessary

money by their ordinary vocations; but money is of small consequence when compared with the moral and spiritual benefit conferred on those to whom they thus transfer their obligations. What a blessed day it will be when everybody sees somebody else bearing the burdens that naturally fall to him, and when nobody finds any good thing to do that he cannot get somebody else to do for him!

Seriously, however, it begins to be a question whether this double-distilled altruism is not becoming overstrained,—whether, in short, it is not turning out to be something very like rank selfishness. The disposition of multitudes to fasten their own burdens upon the shoulders of those who can hardly be called neighbors—of utter strangers, indeed—is becoming slightly exasperating. Into every great city pours a constant procession of solicitors with causes to present; and every man who has ever been detected in any sort of charity finds them always at his doors. There are colleges and schools to build or to endow, churches to aid, philanthropies of all sorts to promote. Many of these are deserving charities; not a few of them have a right to present their claims in New York and New England, for they represent causes that can obtain no adequate local support. But there is plenty of evidence that communities which are abundantly able to establish and maintain their own schools and churches, send their agents off to beg in distant places. "Of course," writes a shrewd and experienced donor, "there are two sides to this question. Some colleges in the West and South must be founded and sustained by people at a distance. But, in some cases, I am inclined to think that ten thousand dollars subscribed for any given work by the people in the locality would be worth more to the community than a hundred thousand dollars got from a distance. Is it not part of the work that educated men ought to do in connection with the colleges they are planting, to stimulate and develop the grace of liberality among the people of their own neighborhood?" It is surely a question whether communities, as well as individuals, may not be permanently injured by the formation of a mendicant habit; and whether the awakening of local pride and of a disposition to support their own institutions and take care of themselves would not be an immense gain to the people of some localities.

One thing is certain: this business of vicarious benevolence is seriously overdone. A great amount of money has been gathered in the East during the last fifty years by all sorts of solicitors; but the onset of this army is becoming so overpowering that there is great danger of a reaction which shall dry up these streams of benevolence altogether. It makes little difference whether the goose that laid the golden egg is killed outright or worried to death.

#### Vagrant Parsons.

THE children of light are not yet so wise in their generation as they might be; if they were, ministerial vagrants would not abound and flourish as they do. It is evident that a good share of the saints yet deserve, if they do not covet, the appellation of "the Lord's silly people." The way in which churches here and there are victimized by clerical adventurers argues ill for the discretion of church authorities.



We are frequently hearing of questionable characters who have suddenly come from nobody knows where, and have hoisted themselves into vacant pulpits, where, for awhile, they subsist, feeding the flock with such moldy fodder as they can manage to scrape together, borrowing all the money they can, often robbing the weak and unwary of that which money cannot restore, and finally going away, usually in some haste, leaving the churches thus possessed and debauched in the condition of the boy in the New Testament out of whom the demon was cast.

Many of these ministerial tramps have no ministerial standing, and make no distinct claim of any; they usually pretend to be connected with some religious body not well known in the neighborhoods where they are operating, but they show no papers; their only credentials are a glib tongue, a sanctimonious tone, and a brazen face. Almost always they make great pretensions to orthodoxy, and their notions of conduct are apt to be extremely rigid. By these professions they gain the confidence of the more austere among the church officers, and contrive to secure a hearing.

Worldly-minded people are inclined to say that any church which suffers an unknown man, bringing no credentials and vouched for by nobody, to vault into its pulpit and to gain access as a clergyman to the homes of its people is unfit to be the custodian of any important trust, and cannot too soon be rent asunder and blotted out. Extinction is, indeed, the just penalty for such stupid infidelity. But in the infliction of this penalty precious interests suffer and innocent persons are injured. *THE CENTURY* goes to many readers in those distant parishes which the ministerial adventurers generally infest. Let them lay to heart this admonition. Let them impress upon all those who have the care of these churches the danger of harboring such persons. Let them see to it that a stringent rule is adopted in every church, by which no man shall be suffered to stand one moment in its pulpit unless he can give a clear account of himself and present to its officers ample and unquestionable evidence, indorsed by persons well known to them, of his good standing in the ministry.

The official lists of clergymen published by the various denominations ought to guarantee the good standing of all whose names are found in them. Certainly, a man who cannot show his name in one of these official lists ought not to be employed by a church until he can clearly explain why it is not in any of them. But, unfortunately, the presence of a name in one of these ministerial rolls is not always conclusive evidence that the person bearing it has a right to be recognized as a minister of the gospel. Ecclesiastical

bodies are sometimes extremely careless in admitting ministers to their fellowship; the vilest men sometimes get in on the flimsiest credentials. A few years ago a man who had figured in a disgusting scandal, and who had been summarily expelled from the ministry of his own denomination, appeared at the doors of a respectable ecclesiastical body in the North-west and sought admission. It had been but four or five years since he was driven out of the pulpit, and the details of his villainy had been in all the newspapers, East and West; but with unblushing effrontery he undertook to reinstate himself in the ministry of another denomination. He had no papers, save an honorary degree of master of arts conferred on him before his downfall by a too-confiding college, and some similar documents, but he contrived to get an invitation to preach before the body. His fluency and fervor captivated his hearers, and in a burst of confidence they admitted him to their membership and put his name upon their roll. Armed with this certificate he was soon standing as a candidate in the pulpit of one of the leading churches of the West. Here again his smooth tongue won him many adherents, and it was by a mere accident that his true character was discovered in time to prevent the church from calling him to its pastorate. The indecent haste with which this notorious fellow was admitted to membership in a dignified ecclesiastical body, and thus duly accredited as a preacher of the gospel, seems incredible; but the story is an instance, not so rare as it ought to be, of the way things are sometimes done in religious assemblies.

Before us lies a formal confession, by a Presbytery at the West, of the manner in which it placed upon its roll the name of a man almost equally notorious, whose credentials were equally unsatisfactory. There is call for far sharper scrutiny into the character of candidates for ministerial fellowship than some of the ecclesiastical bodies are wont to exercise. Their doctrinal beliefs are apt to be carefully looked into; any variation from the creed of the church is speedily discovered and not readily forgiven; but the question whether the candidate has a good character and a clean record has been asked with much less urgency.

There seems to be no way of insuring the churches against wicked men and deceivers, but if the denominations would exercise proper care in keeping the names of disreputable men out of their ministerial lists, and if the local churches would rigidly refuse to have any dealings with men whose names do not appear in the latest of these lists, the path of the ministerial vagrant would be much more thorny than he now finds it.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

### What is the New Theology?

THE arrival of a new theology is currently reported, and many have been running to and fro with tidings about it, but without greatly increasing our knowledge

of its form or content. At last a man has come who seems to know what it is not, which, when you are studying theology, is the first thing you want to know, and also what it is, which is the last thing you are likely to find out. Mr. T. T. Munger's book of ser-



mons on "The Freedom of Faith,"\* with the prefatory essay, in which he undertakes to answer the question proposed above, is the most complete and intelligible exposition yet offered of that new philosophy of Christianity which seems to be emerging from the present chaos of mingled dogmatism and doubt.

Of formal theology very little will be found, however, in this suggestive and inspiring book. Somebody should send it, at once, to Mr. Matthew Arnold; for it is a book of literature rather than of dogma, a book that eschews the method of the system-makers and sets forth Christianity in terms of life, instead of giving us the results of an analysis by which life is destroyed. As literature, these sermons of Mr. Munger's will prove a delight to all who find pleasure in clear, sinewy, musical, picturesque English speech; their art is as exquisite as that of Newman; it is a strong saying, but I do not fear contradiction when I say that there is no more perfect English in any recent volumes of discourses or essays.

It must not be supposed that, in avoiding the method of a formal logic, Mr. Munger has lapsed into looseness or inconsequence of thought, albeit that criticism is sure to overtake him. A new philosophy often seems *no* philosophy to those whose thoughts have been run in the molds of one that is older. The explanations which it offers are unintelligible to those who will not occupy its point of view, and they therefore pronounce it misty and incoherent. It is common to hear the most clear and cogent reasonings condemned as loose and inconsistent, simply because they do not consist with the theories of those who condemn them. The man who stands in the fog sees the objects near him with tolerable clearness, but his neighbor, who stands a little way off, appears to him to be enveloped in a mist far denser than that which surrounds him. And when he hears his neighbor speak with some confidence of things visible, he cries: "Nonsense! I can see none of those things! And that man cannot see them. Just look at the density of the fog bank that encompasses him!" This fable teaches a lesson that may as well be learned by those who are always accusing their neighbors of being in a fog. If, therefore, any one should say that Mr. Munger's method lacks coherency, it will not be true. His book gives us, indeed, a theory of the Christian religion broad, self-consistent, and harmonious; a doctrine that glorifies the Scripture from which it is drawn, that spreads the light of its large interpretation over the facts of nature and the events of history, and that finds in the axioms of morality stepping-stones instead of stumbling-blocks.

I wish I had time to tell in this place something more definite about this book. The introductory essay upon the new theology, to which I have referred, is likely to be accepted, by most of those who are regarded as being identified with that phase of modern thought which is so described, as a most judicious and sufficient statement of the lines on which it is moving and the spirit by which it is governed. If it shall be so accepted, both by the confessors and the critics of the new theology, it ought to do something toward steadying the movements of the more rash among the former, and also toward reassuring the more timid

among the latter. "With the noisy, thoughtless shouters for the new because it seems to be new, and with the sullen, obstinate shouters for the old because it is old, these pages," says the author, "have little to do. There is, however," he continues, "a large class of earnest, reflecting minds, who recognize a certain development of doctrine, a transfer of emphasis, a change of temper, a widened habit of thought, a broader research, that justify the use of some term by which to designate it."

This essay, and the volume which it introduces, give to this spirit and tendency a calm and fair expression. The new theology, as Mr. Munger understands it, does not propose to do without clear statements; nor does it part with the historic faith of the church; nor does it reject any of the doctrines that have been regarded as distinctly evangelical, as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, the Judgment, Retribution, and Salvation by faith, although it explains some of these by a new philosophy; nor is it iconoclastic in its temper; nor does it incline to any breach with the old churches. Its peculiarity, as he interprets it, consists in "claiming for itself a somewhat larger and broader use of the reason than has been accorded to theology"; "it seeks to interpret the Scriptures in a more natural way," and "to replace an excessive individuality by a truer view of the solidarity of the race"; it "recognizes a new relation to natural science"; it "offers a contrast to the old in claiming for itself a wider study of men"; and it consents to the necessity of a restatement of the doctrine of retribution. All this is reasoned with the broadest candor and the nicest discrimination. I should think that the fears of the most anxious defenders of the old theology would be somewhat chastened as they read this temperate, reverent, and spiritually luminous account of what the new theology means to be. Surely the very essence of the gospel is here; no precious element is wanting; and the insight of faith, and the purity of sentiment, and the heroism of purpose that shine from every chapter of this noble book will commend themselves to ingenuous and devout men of all creeds.

*Washington Gladden.*

#### American Holidays.

It may be difficult to say just why we are not a holiday people, or just why we should be one. But the fact remains. We are not. At least, when we compare that portion of the New World peopled from New England as a center with the Old World in this respect, and on gala days note the agility with which the average American shrivels into slippers and dressing gown behind the morning newspaper, and the corresponding agility with which his transatlantic neighbor glides into his good clothes and goes to church, or takes his family to meet his friend's family at the public resort, or bestirs himself at home to fulfill the strictly social duties of the season.

We are a people of commonplace habits. We have a strong eye for going ahead, and a very suspicious side glance at recreation. We drive things pretty hard. Vacations we are apt to regard as effeminate inventions for clergymen and invalids. Nor do we seem to have much of a genius for using our vaca-

\* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



tions when we get them. The man who has spent the whole week shut up in a counting-room, lies abed Sunday morning, and gets up late to putter with the furnace or regulate the clocks, or to figure up stray accounts in a ledger which he brought home under his arm the night before, and then takes a nap after dinner, and goes to church with his wife in the evening—what matters it to him that there are millions of cubic feet of oxygen outside for just such lungs as his, and a clean five miles awaiting just such a pair of legs as he has been twisting under a high desk for six days? Or another, a trifle more rational though hardly less prosaic, adopts the rôle of the sportsman. *He* looks with scorn upon the domestic ledger-worm and regulator of clocks. *He* thirsts for Nature. So he packs his ammunition, selects his flies, and starts for the wilderness. Sometimes he takes with him the family photographs, and he has been known even to leave his post-office address behind; but this is purely phenomenal. As a rule, he exhibits a manly and sturdy disregard of all such sentimentality, and declares that it is an essential part of his recreation to forget, for the time being, that he is either a father or a husband. To be sure, it may be no part of his wife's recreation to have him forget it; and she may be as weary as he of the monotony of the "common round" and the sameness of the landscape from the nursery window.

But, to illustrate more broadly, we shall select the typical, unworldly, good, old-fashioned sort of American. As all such are said to spring from New England, we will locate him there, in the neighborhood of Plymouth Rock. He has not many holidays. His ancestors came here, indeed, it would seem, for a perpetual holiday; but they had seen so much Popish abuse of holidays abroad, that they concluded to celebrate none except the Sabbath and Thanksgiving Day. Later on, as things progressed, and the good old-fashioned sort of American found himself possessed of a country, he added the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, and, in some quarters, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. But still he clings to but one day as the annual holiday of the nation; the one religious festival of the people; the *holy day par excellence*; the only day when, from the White House and from every executive mansion in every sovereign State, there is issued a solemn command for all people to suspend labor, to thank God, and to rejoice. And how is this American holiday uniformly observed? By eating turkey!

Now, in all seriousness, how shall we account for this—in one view amusing, but in another and on the whole grave—aspect of American life? To what causes shall we refer this difference between the New World and the Old; between the mirthful, merry-making, social genius of other countries, and the somber, severe, and prosaic genius of our own holidays?

The most obvious answer—and one which suggests the whole solution—is furnished by our history, a history written with a pen of iron upon tables of flint. It opens with a chapter of stern discipline; with the toughening and even—we might say—caulousing hardships of colonial times; with a people isolated from their fatherland and all its associations, and compelled to bend their energies, on a dreary

coast, with a severe climate, and in a savage wilderness, to the one occupation of wresting a living from the soil and defending their homes from plunder. It has been developed ever since with this birthmark upon its features, this spirit of somber earnestness animating every page.

As a result of these conditions, what we read, written over every point of the prospect, is the one great word *business*. The average American thinks of little more and cares for nothing less than "business." It is the charmed noun which comes to his awakening intelligence at morn; the "open sesame" which guides his way at noon; the "combination" with which he locks his safe at night. It is his talisman and phylactery, his fetich, his watchword, his countersign, his shibboleth. Ask him what the Creator was engaged with during the first six days, and he will probably answer, in all good faith, "Business." Inquire what he proposes to do with his boy, and he will probably reply: "Put him into business, of course." Indeed, so impressed have we become with the far-reaching power of our word, that we have erected it into a kind of synonym for all worthiness. When a man is in earnest about anything, is sincere, goes to the point, and shows that he means to win his way and succeed, our average American calls attention to it by dryly remarking, "That man 'means business.'" What would our vocabulary do without the word? It intrudes even where it is least legitimate. It creeps from the market to the studio, the laboratory, the library, and the pulpit. It asserts its influence over art, science, literature, and religion.

In our chase after the Almighty Dollar, the individual is pushed to the utmost. Every faculty must be strained to the point of snapping, and every moment devoted without reserve. And, withal, there is such a sense of uncertainty about every position gained, of half ownership in every object earned, of feverish desire to make assurance doubly sure, to accomplish great results in a moment, to adopt fictitious means, short cuts, risks, speculations, ventures—in short, so much brain wear, solicitude, and uneasiness as can leave neither time nor taste for anything but "affairs," and must either wear out the machine prematurely, or, at best, leave it in the end nothing but a machine in the place of a man—an apparatus for working, in the place of a soul for living.

In this condition of affairs it is important for Americans to keep as young as possible by saving as much time as they can for recreation, even at the risk of not growing quite so rich. Let us add a suggestion to American philanthropists: Endow amusements! So far, we fear our social scientists and benevolent benefactors have bestowed their efforts too exclusively upon the hospital and asylum side of society, or, when they have pushed out beyond the limits of hygiene and sanitary regulations, have been too ready to stop with establishing reading-rooms, workingmen's clubs, holly-tree inns, and free lyceum lecture courses. Let us do no less than we are doing for the sick people and the bad people, but—in the name of all that is humane—let us have a larger thought also for the blue people, that neglected class who may have learned how to think, and been "reformed" and "cultured" from head to foot, but who have never learned one accomplishment, indispensable to a liberal education,—how to laugh!



We repeat, then, for the eyes of philanthropists, public benefactors, and social economists—not to mention any readers of a patronizing disposition who may be thinking of making their wills and casting about them for an “object”: Endow amusements; back up talent in its efforts to brush off the rust from the jaded and stupid folk; found institutions for the promotion of mirth; establish anti-dyspeptic schools and societies for the suppression of bile; encourage lyceum amusement courses in the towns, and build and support a *Théâtre Américain* in every city. In short, take this whole matter of cheering the people—just as you have taken the whole matter of moralizing them—out of the hands of private traffic and into the hands of public benevolence.

Charles W. Ward.

#### Did “Abolition” Abolish?

IN the old days before the war, it used to be a favorite feature of the annual programme of the Boston Abolitionists to use opprobrious language concerning eminent persons lately deceased, out of the pale of their very exclusive communion, especially when such persons were held in peculiar love or veneration. “We are nothing if not critical,” Mr. Phillips used to say, in the gayety of his heart, on those occasions, by way of explanation to any whose feelings happened to be incidentally lacerated; adding (with an attitude), “O slavery, slavery, wilt thou not suffer us to bury our dead in silence?” All which used to be received with unbounded delight by the queer people on the platform and with violent indignation by the crowd, thus insuring much talk in the newspapers and a large attendance at the next annual meeting, and promoting the cause of universal liberty.

It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Oliver Johnson’s open letter in *THE CENTURY* for May, that the peculiar taste that used to characterize his little party no longer survives in its survivors. He is reluctantly “constrained” by my article, “A Good Fight Finished,” to say evil things about my father, “concerning which, in charity to the dead, he would gladly be silent.” He does not “protest too much.” But for this assurance, it might have been inferred, from the fact that, immediately upon my father’s death, he had hastened to say the same things, with such publicity as he could command, and have them sent to the surviving children, that the ancient propensity of his society was not wholly extinct in his bosom. But we recognize with pleasure the mellowing influence of age, so that the very things which only two years ago Mr. Johnson rushed forward to say, with alacrity, over a recent grave, he now repeats reluctantly, being forced thereto by my article of last March.

On the one point on which the controversy mainly turned, between Christian antislavery men and the so-called abolitionists, happily there is controversy no longer. Says Mr. Johnson, in *THE CENTURY*, concerning his old associates: “Their definition of slavery [slave-holding] was *elastic*.” Exactly so. It was the very accusation that Dr. Bacon used to bring against them, that they loved to operate with an “elastic” definition of the main word. They “resolved,” that by slave-holding we mean “slave-holding and something more, but were unable to stick to their

resolutions. The “elastic” word, stretched to cover more than it meant, was always springing back, in spite of them and without their being aware of it, to its proper, current, and habitual meaning. It was through the practice of operating with “elastic definitions,” so that their words meant sometimes one thing and sometimes another, that that incapacity of perceiving the scope of their own arguments was generated, which is illustrated anew in Mr. Johnson’s confession of an “elastic definition.” He supposes that he “confesses and avoids”; but really confesses without avoiding.

The distinct allegations which Mr. Johnson makes against my father’s sixty years of blameless, unselfish service to liberty and humanity are briefly disposed of. From his boyhood Dr. Bacon took an ardent and philanthropic interest in the project of a colony of free colored men in Africa that should grow into a nation; and to this enterprise he gave generously of his counsels and his prayers, his scanty means, and his unpaid labors. In the code of morals established at Mr. Garrison’s printing-office, this was the blackest of crimes. But there is far less need of apologizing for the hearts that devised and promoted a scheme so full of noble promise than of apologizing for the code which condemned them.

There is no further accusation except this: That during sixty years of consistent devotion to the cause of human rights, there were two occasions on which Dr. Bacon did *not* make a public address—at least, so far as Mr. Oliver Johnson is informed. How striking the tribute to his memory, that a half-century of hostile scrutiny can find nothing with which to reproach him but two speeches which Mr. Johnson thinks he ought to have made, but which he did not make, so far as Mr. Johnson has learned!

But the public are less concerned, after all, with the biographical question than with the historical one. We want to take precaution against that “fraud upon history” of which Mr. Johnson is apprehensive, and which consists, he thinks, in denying that the characteristic tenets and operations of the knot of Garrison abolitionists had any effective share in delivering the country from slavery.

What were these tenets? I will not state them in my own language, lest I should be again accused of “caricature.” It would be unjust to state them in the language, possibly hasty or irresponsible, of a speech or an editorial article. I regret not to have at hand a file of the “*Liberator*” from which to choose among the annual ethico-political deliverances of Mr. Garrison’s society. But I am so happy as to have come, just now, upon an old newspaper slip containing, not the heated discussions, but the calm, statesmanlike results of deliberation, at a county abolitionist meeting in Massachusetts in 1848, from which I transcribe some representative resolutions:

“3. *Resolved*, That the religion of Essex County, and of the country generally, that expels and excommunicates its members for heresies about infant baptism, while it fellowships as godly Christians the enslavers of infants in the South and the butchers of infants in Mexico, is a compound of folly and depravity that finds no parallel in the history of the darkest periods of the past.

“4. *Resolved*, That to sustain such a religion by supporting its priesthood, or attending its Sunday and other performances, or lending it any countenance



more than should be given to gambling-houses or houses of ill-fame, is to rivet faster the chains of the slave, to oppose the progress of truth and humanity, and to encourage an order of things more to be dreaded than open atheism.

"5. *Resolved*, That the constitution and union of these States were, and still are, a plundering and piratical conspiracy against the rights of man.

"6. *Resolved*, That any enlightened man who voluntarily supports this government by voting or taking office under it, has no moral principle that would deter him from becoming a pirate on the high seas, whenever a favorable opportunity should present."

I might produce language more violent from the manifestoes of that noisy little party. But we do not want an extreme case, only a typical one.

We may disburden our minds of fears of a "fraud on history." There is no real danger that that court will make any mistake on the question whether slavery was at last abolished by ferocious non-resistants and disunionists, such as wrote these resolutions; or whether the work was done by sober, conscientious, church-going, voting, union-loving, sedition-and-secession-hating "pirates"; was accomplished, as I said last March, "in pursuance of principles which Mr. Garrison abhorred, by measures which he denounced, and under the leadership of men who had been the objects of his incessant and calumnious vituperation."

*Leonard Woolsey Bacon.*

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## "When Twilight Comes."

RONDEAU.

WHEN twilight comes and nature stills  
The hum that haunts the dales and hills,  
Dim shadows deepen and combine,  
And Heaven with its crystal wine  
The cups of thirsty roses fills.

Blithe birds with music-burdened bills  
Hush for a space their tender trills,  
And seek their homes in tree and vine  
When twilight comes.

Soft melody the silence thrills,  
Played by the nymphs along the rills;  
And where the dew-kist grasses twine,  
The toads and crickets tattoo fine  
Drums to the fife of whip-poor-wills,  
When twilight comes.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## Silence.

FULL many were the words we said  
We neither cared to say,  
And many were the hours that fled  
While we threw words away.  
O lips misused! O time misspent!  
Without one word of what we meant:

At last deep silence o'er us fell,  
And though at first we sought,  
Unwittingly, to break its spell,  
Yet was that silence fraught  
With meaning more than words can hold,  
And in that silence all was told.

*George A. Hibbard.*

## He Came to Pay.

(AFTER "THE AGED STRANGER," BY BRET HARTE.)

THE editor sat with his head in his hands  
And his elbows at rest on his knees;  
He was tired of the ever-increasing demands  
On his time, and he panted for ease.  
The clamor for copy was scorned with a sneer,  
And he sighed in the lowest of tones:

"Wont somebody come with a dollar to cheer  
The heart of Emanuel Jones?"

Just then on the stair-way a footstep was heard  
And a rap-a-tap loud at the door,  
And the flickering hope that had long been deferred  
Blazed up like a beacon once more;  
And there entered a man with a cynical smile  
That was fringed with a stubble of red,  
Who remarked, as he tilted a sorry old tile  
To the back of an average head:

"I have come here to pay"—Here the editor cried:  
"You're as welcome as flowers in spring!  
Sit down in this easy arm-chair by my side  
And excuse me awhile till I bring  
A lemonade dashed with a little old wine  
And a dozen cigars of the best. \* \* \*  
Ah! Here we are! This, I assure you, is fine;  
Help yourself, most desirable guest."

The visitor drank with a relish, and smoked  
Till his face wore a satisfied glow,  
And the editor, beaming with merriment, joked  
In a joyous, spontaneous flow;  
And then, when the stock of refreshments was gone,  
His guest took occasion to say,  
In accents distorted somewhat by a yawn,  
"My errand up here is to pay—"

But the generous scribe, with a wave of the hand,  
Put a stop to the speech of his guest,  
And brought in a melon, the finest the land  
Ever bore on its generous breast;  
And the visitor, wearing a singular grin,  
Seized the heaviest half of the fruit,  
And the juice, as it ran in a stream from his chin,  
Washed the mud of the pike from his boot.

Then, mopping his face on a favorite sheet  
Which the scribe had laid carefully by,  
The visitor lazily rose to his feet  
With the dearest kind of a sigh,  
And he said, as the editor sought his address  
In his books to discover his due:  
"I came here to pay—my respects to the press  
And to borrow a dollar of you!"

*Parmenas Mix.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Temperance Outlook.

THERE is no question, whether of morals or economics, now agitating the public mind, of more importance than the treatment of intemperance. The statistics of some of our prisons show that seven-eighths of their inmates reached their wretched condition through drunkenness. The withdrawal of such a multitude from active industry, the pauperism directly entailed upon thousands, the insecurity of property, and the heavy tax upon the community for their support and for the support of the machinery that seizes and disposes of them, give us the economic side of the giant evil; while the moral side, infinitely more sad and appalling, is represented in the rending asunder of families, the multiplication of criminals, and the disintegration and degradation of society. These facts are patent to all observers, and there is a very general demand for action against this formidable enemy. For many years philanthropists have met and sounded the alarm, and sporadic efforts have been made, mostly of a missionary and persuasive sort, to mitigate the evil. There had been in almost all the States laws regulating the sale of alcoholic liquors with a view to prevent excesses, but these laws had all proved to be dead letters, and nowhere was the evil checked except where small communities became virtually their own police and throttled it. The State of Maine was, we believe, the first State which attempted to sweep the curse from its entire area by an act of legislation, and hence "the Maine law" has become a significant term in general use. Maine not only enacted its law, but has firmly kept it on the statute-book, while elsewhere like action has been afterward annulled. After many years, two more States, Kansas and Iowa, have not only followed Maine's example, but have gone beyond the pattern—having inserted a clause in the State constitution forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. And now this style of action against the enemy is prominently suggested as the panacea for the whole land. In many States parties are formed, or forming, for the insertion of such a constitutional amendment in the State fundamental law, and a large number of active minds are busy with the agitation for a like insertion in the national constitution. Will these efforts prove successful? We mean, will they, if successful in gaining the proximate end of constitutional prohibition, be successful in the ultimate object of destroying the rum monster? It is an invidious thing to find fault with a movement whose aim is the noblest and whose spirit is the purest. It is easy and natural to count such a fault-finder as an enemy to the truth, as an ally of the special foe, as seeking adroitly to weaken the progress of reform. And yet conscientious men must do that invidious thing, when they see that a reform, with however noble a purpose, is riding over the clearest principles of right and actually preparing the way for the utter failure of the noble purpose. Reformers should not,

in reforming on their line, open other lines of error that shall need reform. It is unwise treatment to cure a chill by producing a fever.

The prime objection to a constitutional amendment on the subject of temperance is that it is wholly unnecessary. Law, as enacted by a legislature, would be just as efficacious. A people will obey a statute just as soon as an article in the fundamental law. Again, a constitution is not the place for such specific applications of principle, but for the general principle itself. If the constitution says that the legislature shall have power to make all laws necessary to the peace and welfare of the community, and then lays down certain principles which limit this grant of power, it has done all a constitution should do. Anything further destroys its character as a constitution. If one detailed law is to be inserted, why not a thousand? If a law against the sale of ardent spirits, why not a law against an equal evil, the prostitution of women? Why not a law against gambling, which slays its thousands annually? Making the constitution a statute-book is to mar its character and influence and to confound things that differ. Such an action must have a reaction. The people will some time see what an error they have made, and when these laws are wiped off the constitution, their prestige will suffer. That which has influence must never be apparently degraded. If so, the influence is gone, or at least modified. To exalt, therefore, a law and put it into the constitution, when afterward it must be removed from its false position, is really to degrade that law. This degradation of the prohibitory law we shall inevitably see in those States which now so eagerly lift it into the constitution. Such a righteous restoration of the law to its own place will be claimed (falsely, and yet effectively) by the rum interest as a victory for them.

But there is another error in this movement, which so greatly involves principle that consciences must speak out. The movement makes no discrimination between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts the one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing. There is a broad and deep common sense throughout the community, which, without conscious reasoning, rejects all this and will render all attempts of the kind futile in the end. It may be quiet for a time while a wild, panic-like fury impels the reformers, but it will assert itself as surely as water will seek and find its level. Men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing, any more than they will believe that a cup of coffee at the dinner-table and a whiff of opium at Ah-Ching's are the same thing. Men will not believe that a glass of wine is the beginning of drunkenness, although they have heard it asserted *ad nauseam* all their lives. Men will not believe that the fermented



juice of the grape from Nature's own process is to be classed with the results of manufacture through man's alembics. Men will not believe that the universal praise of wine by every people in all ages, including the sacred writers of the Holy Scriptures, is an error and a sin. One of the chief reasons of the ill success of the temperance movements of past years is this failure to discriminate, and by carrying this plan into the present effort the temperance leaders are showing that they learn nothing from the past. The improvement among educated people in the drinking customs of society is due, not to any of these extreme total abstinence movements, but to the general growth of sensible temperance; and yet these fanatical people claim it all as *their* triumph, and so go on in their most mistaken policy. The total abstinence movement has always been a hindrance to true temperance reform, by setting sensible people against all proper effort to help reform on account of the absurd complexion the reform has assumed. The vast numbers in the United States who would have fought as splendid soldiers for temperance have remained comparatively idle all these years, through fear of being identified with the extremists who had usurped the title of Temperance men. All this loss is rightfully laid at the door of the Total Abstinence propaganda. That the temperance question should be made a political question is most desirable. No question more vitally concerns the whole country with respect to its highest welfare. We should have temperance men in office and temperance laws enacted. But temperance must be temperance. It must be a sensible and practical scheme that sensible and practical men will support which shall bring about the desired reformation. It must be a scheme which the great majority of moral men will recognize to be sound in its logic and even in its justice. Anything else than this may, under pressure of an excitement, achieve a temporary success, but only this will be a permanent cure of the rampant abomination. The liquor men are now more defiant and more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any former period. They work their criminal mills openly in the face of all, and we see the streams of vice and crime pouring forth from these sources to lay waste the community and overwhelm the dikes which philanthropy has erected. The courts, the police, and the public officers generally, seeing the bold mien of these disturbers of the peace, find it easier for their weak natures to humor them and to connive at their wicked works than to oppose them. The great majority of the community are thus oppressed and tyrannized over by this minority, who laugh at law and hound the defenders of law. The only end of this enormity will be in the *union of the majority*, and this can never be effected by extreme measures or fanatical pronouncements. Discrimination between liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful; discrimination between modes of drinking, as treating and drinking at meals; discrimination between places for drinking only and places for lunch or dinner; discrimination between drinking on the premises where the liquor is sold and drinking it at home; discrimination between day and night in the sale,—these and other like discriminations are to be made in place of the sweeping demands of the ultra men if a union of temperance forces is to be consummated. Without this

union the evil must go on propagating itself daily, and on the so-called temperance leaders must rest the blame. They have constituted an unreasonable shibboleth. When they abandon that the enemy will be conquered, unless meanwhile the enemy shall have conquered all the ground and made our land a moral desert. Admirable laws, exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest, have been introduced into the New York Legislature, and would have been enacted but for the solid vote against them of the so-called temperance members, directed by their "Temperance" constituency at home. This class of reformers will have their zeal intensified by the action of Kansas and Iowa, and they may carry a few more of the States. Would to God their success were really success, that the rum interest were stricken to the heart by it! But not until the reaction takes place, and these men are convinced of their error and are ready to build on truth and not on impulse, can we expect that union of all good elements which will finally dig the grave of Rum and bury him beyond all resurrection.

#### The Reticence of American Politicians.

ONE of the most singular facts in American politics to-day is the reluctance of party leaders to discuss the public questions of the time. To whatever cause this reluctance is due, the fact itself is too well known to require proof, being constantly apparent in the conduct of our public men without distinction of party. In reading the speeches and debates in Congress, for instance, we rarely find in them a firm grasp of the subject in hand, or anything beyond an attempt to humor some interest, class, or section, or to advance the personal fortunes of the speakers. So also in addressing the people, it is seldom that a politician of either party handles a subject of living interest with the ability and ease of a master, while some of the most important questions are habitually passed over with as little notice as possible.

Take, for instance, the subject of administrative reform. This has been more widely discussed among the people than any other reformatory measure of the time; yet very few of our public officers, administrative or legislative, have contributed anything toward the reform, either by advocating it before the people or by devising methods for putting it into practice. On the subject of the tariff, again, many members of Congress seem to be all at sea, their treatment of it indicating either great ignorance of the subject or great timidity in acting out their convictions. On the question of inter-state commerce and the government of corporations, which bids fair to become the leading issue in American politics, our public men have nothing to say; and the same is true as to nearly every question that now interests the public mind.

Such conduct on the part of the people's representatives can hardly be paralleled in any other country where free government exists. It is the business of leaders to lead; and in all free countries the people look to the leaders of parties to formulate public opinion and prepare the issues of the time. In England, the discussion of all important questions, pending and prospective, is recognized as one of the most essential



functions of a member of Parliament, and particularly of those who hold the leading positions in the councils of parties; and the leaders are not at all backward in discharging this duty, but use every available opportunity to set forth their views and every suitable means to bring over the public to their way of thinking. So also in France, Germany, and Italy, the leaders of parties are men of positive views, and frank and earnest in their advocacy; so that the opposite characteristic in our own politicians is as clearly anomalous as it is out of harmony with the principles of popular government.

Why it is that our public men are thus non-committal on pending questions it is not easy to see. If their reserve is due to the fear of losing their popularity and their influence among the people, they are making a great mistake; for a man of strong convictions and a mind of his own is far more respected by his fellow-citizens than one who waits to find out what the people think before taking his own position. The American people are not tyrants, neither are they a mob, but a body of men of more or less intelligence and interest in political questions, and desirous of hearing these questions treated in all their aspects. Of course, when it comes to action, the people expect their representatives to carry out their views and enact such laws as the popular conscience approves; and if a man has been so unfortunate as to place himself on the wrong side, he must expect, in the end, to be defeated. We do not forget that, according to our present practice, a representative must be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and that this is, to some extent, a bar to the free expression of his individual views. But this practice is the result of custom merely, and is not required by the national constitution, which recognizes States only, and not districts; and there is little doubt that a man of ability and popular gifts could easily break through the custom, and thus obtain ample freedom in the choice of a constituency. We admit, however, that so long as the practice continues it must, in some cases, hamper the action of men seeking legislative office.

Again: it is possible that some men refrain from expressing their opinions freely for fear of placing themselves in antagonism to the dominant sentiment of their party. Party action being essential to the conduct of a free government, a man who wishes to take part in practical politics must act with some party, and this he cannot do unless he agrees in the main with the party's principles. But our national parties at the present time can hardly be said to have any principles, since neither has yet taken a definite position on any leading question; and so long as this is the case no public man ought to hesitate to express his personal convictions. Such expression is, in fact, essential even for party purposes; for the policy of a party must be determined by the dominant sentiment of its members, and what that sentiment is can be ascertained only by a free interchange of views.

Moreover, a wide latitude of opinion is allowable within the limits of party—is indeed inevitable, if the party contains men of ideas, for such men will not sink their convictions at the bidding of party managers. Nor is a party's usefulness at all impaired by such diversity of views, provided its members agree on certain general principles of action. The Liberal party of England, for instance, contains men of all shades of opinion,

from aristocratic Whiggism to democratic Radicalism; yet it is the strongest and most efficient political party in the world, as the history of its achievements during the past fifty years abundantly proves. No public man, then, is justified in hesitating to express his own convictions for fear of alienating himself from his party.

We suspect, however, that in some cases our politicians refrain from expressing themselves on pending questions because they have not studied them enough to understand them, so that they really have no settled convictions with regard to them. The old Southern question so overshadowed all others for a whole generation that most men in public life gave their attention exclusively to that, to the neglect of the commercial and financial questions that have now come to the front. And now that the Southern question is forever settled, the men that were brought up under its shadow are not sufficiently familiar with the new questions to deal with them understandingly; for these questions are not only different from the old one, but of a different kind, so that a preparation for the public life of twenty years ago is by no means a preparation for the public life of to-day.

But whatever may be the reason for the reticence of our public men and their reluctance to express their personal views, the fact itself is not creditable to them, while it is surely an injury to the public welfare. It is the duty of party leaders and men in official position to organize the people for effective political work, and this they cannot do without a full discussion of public questions and the free expression of individual views. And we repeat our conviction that leaders who will take this course, and utter their own opinions without fear or favor, will gain rather than lose in public estimation; and, what is far more important, they will do much to elevate American public life above the low level of commonplace on which it has so long moved.

#### "College-Bred" Statesmen.

SOME remarks in these columns on "The Outlook for Statesmen in America" (*THE CENTURY* for June) have been taken as unwarrantably prejudiced in favor of "college-bred" statesmen. That article was partly intended as a defense of "college-bred" men in politics, as against the supposed popular preference for "self-made" men. We used the latter term without definition and in its popular and exterior sense. We did not suppose it necessary to explain that we really think it of no consequence whatever who is a man's maker, in the secular sense, so long as the man is well made. Schools and colleges generally afford the shortest cut to learning and culture; and if any "self-made" man gets learning and culture without school or college, he will be apt to tell you that he has wasted a good part of his life, and has missed accomplishing much that he meant to accomplish for lack of the proper tools.

We are well aware of the fact that there are many men who get learning at college without culture, and that there are many men outside of the colleges who have, with comparatively little accurate learning, a great deal of valuable culture. Besides, there are many "universities" which have no academic foundation whatever, and which people do not generally think of



as institutions of learning. We heard an eminent university president say the other day, that it was idle to call Horace Greeley, for instance, a self-made, *i. e.*, an uneducated man, for he was educated in the great university of the city of New York,—not the institution of that name on Washington Square, but the metropolis itself, with all its thousand influences of culture.

There are a good many "college-bred" men in our present Congress, but not a few of these seem to have gained very little of true culture in their college studies, and count in Congress among the uneducated, prejudiced, immoral, or mentally feeble; while some of the ablest and most influential men at the capital are without any college diploma,—though not, of course, without the advantages of schools and of study. What we say is, that politics under the spoils system

does not tend to bring into public life the really well educated and thoughtful men of the country,—who, under present circumstances, as a rule, prefer other professions to that of government. We believe, however, for reasons given in the former editorial, that the prospect has recently improved for the influx into political life of a more thoroughly trained class of politicians and legislators; and we believe that our schools and colleges ought to, and will, give more and more of the training which is especially useful in public life as well as in all practical affairs. The recent extraordinary confession and exhortation of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., at Harvard (no matter how one-sided his comments on Greek may be regarded), will help to make our institutions of learning see their duty in this respect more clearly than ever.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

### New York as a Field for Fiction.

Now that the great literary symposium on the novel has resolved itself into a general experience-meeting, perhaps the man-in-the-corner-under-the-gallery has a right to make his voice heard in the way of modest suggestion.

My text will be found in "The House of a Merchant Prince," by W. H. Bishop, pp. 1 to 420. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a somewhat ungracious thing to complain of good work that it is not better; but that is exactly what I wish to do. And I choose Mr. Bishop's book because it is the latest, and in some ways the strongest book of a class against which I think I have good grounds of complaint—rather as a reader than as a critic. Its bold sub-title, "A Novel of New York," may fairly be held to imply that its author means to draw us a picture of social life in New York. Now, my point is that he has drawn his picture, not from life, but from a well-worn and conventional model. And if I can make my point in such space as you can afford to give me, I may have some hopes of getting that model sent out of the literary workshop, and of inducing the literary artist to go out among living folk to study character and color—and elsewhere than at the dinner-table or the five-o'clock tea. My crusade is against the model, and in behalf of the artist.

Mr. Bishop gives us a plot which, were his method more dramatic,—less purely narrative,—would be of startling force and interest. As it is, the story is strong and natural. This is much to be thankful for, in a day when the æsthetic elect frown on the telling of a story in picture, poem, or novel, and snub the laymen of the Philistine public who believe that, while Cinderella lasts in her meek youth and beauty, a plain tale will find readers, and that "Little Bo Peep," in its pastoral simplicity and its purely Greek trust in the omnipotence of Fate, gives guarantee that the narrative poem hath some hold on immortality.

But a story is a narration of the doings and sayings of men and women, and it seems to me that Mr.

Bishop has intrusted the acting out of his history mainly to mere figures representative of certain classes of men and women. He takes the typical merchant prince, the self-made and self-reliant man; his wife, the typical weak and indulgent mother and ambitious woman of the world; his daughter, the typical spoiled child of wealth and superficial culture; her lovers, the typical patrician noodle and the typical handsome, selfish, undisciplined young parvenu. These are all types, not individuals; they all talk alike, and they all talk too well; they have no dramatic verisimilitude in them; they do not live. They are well described; but we believe in them so long as Mr. Bishop is telling us of them, and no longer.

Yet he has been at the minutest pains to reproduce every detail of their manners and their belongings and their looks. He even goes so far as to inform us that his impetuous young lover, at an important crisis of his life, passed "a cambric handkerchief over his forehead," thereby removing any fears of his readers that the youth's plebeian extraction might have been shown unpleasantly in the use of the humble yet strangely ostentatious bandanna. And, apart from such excesses as this, the work is singularly conscientious and accurate. Nothing has escaped this keen observer's eye—nothing save the vital essence that is all the difference between the conventional figure and the creation of character.

Did this spring from the author's incapacity, it would not be worth the protest I am making. But it is done with deliberate intent. Mr. Bishop has accepted that weary old saying, "There is nothing in New York society to write about"; and, finding that, notwithstanding the people clamor for a novel of New York society, he takes up this old model that has seen so much service, dresses it for a dance and for a dinner and for a walk down "the avenue," and with its aid gives us a picture of New York life as unreal as the lithographed revels on the lid of a bonbon box.

Where the book does not treat of "society," it is written on a different plan. With a sharp eye for



what an artist might call social and intellectual "values," the author sketches the picturesque differences between the hurrying rout that roars up Broadway when night calls her brief truce in life's war of labor, and that calm and pleasing procession that loiters, gracious and fair to look upon, along Fifth Avenue on a mild spring Sunday. His clerks and other plain folk at the shop and in the boarding-house are natural people. The old Irishman, who appears for five minutes on Harvey's Terrace, McFadd, who was "knowin' to it," is a positive bit of character. We can go home with him, and fancy for ourselves how he looks and talks, and what he thinks, after he has left the scene. So with the two young lovers. Mr. Bishop believes in them, and makes us believe in them. Bainbridge is genuine, and a very pleasant fellow to know. Otilie is only a commonplace girl; but she is just as charming and lovable as many other commonplace girls that we know. Between these two are delightful and delicate episodes of love; and it is not often that they drop into an unpleasant habit, affected by their "society" companions, of writing out their talk—as, for instance, where Otilie, telling her betrothed of her uncle's business troubles in 1861, says: "Under the influence of the imminent prospect of war, the prices of commodities were advancing almost from moment to moment. Small dealers everywhere were desirous to buy, to realize the further rise themselves." For surely these phrases never came impromptu from between the red lips of even the precisest and best informed of Vassar's daughters—unless, it may be, she had just been reading "Norman Leslie" or "Vassall Morton," of which fine old curiosities of American literature I don't believe the dear girl had ever heard. Yes, they are most agreeable company, these young people; but when they leave us for a chapter, on comes "society" again, a phantasmal parade, with dinners and dog-carts, napery and drapery.

But is not this indeed society, you ask? Does not society "entertain," and dress, and drive? Is it not ambitious, showy, luxurious?

Oh, yes, society is all that, and does all these things; but any society that is worth writing about is a great deal more, and does many other things. You cannot tell all about people from their occupations. That is wherein people differ from machines. Silas Marner was a weaver; but we know something more of him than that "his hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort." Major Pendennis was a "club man"; yet Thackeray introduces us not only into the privacy of his club, but into the intimacy of his very soul—or whatever you please to call it. Giboyer was one of a thousand Bohemians; but he was *one*, a very distinct individuality, not merely a bunching together of the salient characteristics of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine.

But may we find such a field for character-study in New York as Thackeray found in London and Augier in Paris? Must we not import our character, like our fashions, and our dressing-cases, and our wine?

Why?

This city was a well-to-do Dutch colony. It was strengthened by a forced infusion of English blood. Later, it became the home of many political refugees

from France, and it drew to itself, in time, some part of the Huguenot colony in Westchester. It grew to maturity in provincial conservatism. Suddenly, within the span of a man's life, it has become the sole receiving port of a marvelously great immigration, the commercial and financial center of the nation, and one of the largest and richest cities of the world. This, it seems to me, is a promising place to look for social phenomena, if only in the clash of the old and the new, and the general struggle to fix standards of society.

Go down to Trinity, whose chimes, heard most clearly by brief-hungry young lawyers and shabby-speculators in the skyward storied of tall office buildings, call the unheeding living where Wall street's whirlpool sucks in the tide of Broadway, and bewail the dust-eaten dead within the peaceful pale below. Note the elaborate monuments carved with honored names, and the simple brown stones beneath which lie plain so-and-so, "tallow-chandler, and his beloved wife." This was the fashionable quarter of the city when the century was young—

"In days when Bleeker street was *rus*,  
And Murray Hill as is to us  
Champlain—Au Sable; when this fust  
And fret were quiet;  
When ladies yet might think it queer  
To date in '18—'; when all here,  
In brief, was 'up-town'; in the year,  
Say, '08 \* \* \*"

—in the days when citizen Morris, of the United States, gave Louis Philippe, destined to become king of the French, a pair of boots to help him on his way to Canandaigua. (And right grateful was that "king in exile," then and thereafter.) Here we may read a record of the simple social system of that time. Try to trace, to-day, the classes then so clearly defined. And yet it is but two or three generations since then—a couple of turns of the kaleidoscope.

Is this harking back too far? Go up to the Latin quarter of New York, between Fourth and Thirteenth streets and Sixth and Second avenues. Go into any street and pick out the family mansion that was once the pride of the block. It is now a cheap lodging-house. Clinched with nails are the great mahogany folding-doors that in the old years were never closed between room and room. In the parlor tinkles and crashes a cheap grand piano, where once stood Gertrude's inlaid Broadwood—the little spinet-like affair over which her lover leaned when she played—the Battle of Prague, was it? Upstairs is her own room, where she stood, now white and now red, in that awful five minutes before they called her down to be wed, while her mother strained her to her heart in convulsive embraces, and then held her off at arm's length, lest a tear should fall on the snowy satin. There is a young couple to-night in the room that was so dainty then, that is so shabby now. A young couple from England it is. They sit hand in hand before the unhome-like anthracite fire. They are having a hard time of it, waiting for the business men of New York to awake to a sense of their own needs and march in a procession to beg for the services of that able and highly recommended young graduate of Cambridge, who has come to make his fortune in a new country, where, of course, skilled labor is at a premium. She is trying to cheer him up, as young



wives will. Their time will come, she tells him—"for I'm sure there's nothing they can do here that *you* couldn't do, dear." In the next room sit two young Bohemians, smoking bad cigarettes, discussing the best places to get cheap dinners and the best places to sell great poems, incidentally settling questions of art and literature that have bothered the world these many years, and casting glances of not ungenerous calculation at the ever-lessening amber beer in the cracked pitcher between them. It would not much disturb their stout and hopeful young spirits if they knew that in that very chamber the first master of the house once on a time lay dead. Nay, I think they would only write poems about it, could they fancy him stretched out there, a day's growth of gray beard on his stern old chin, pointing at the ceiling from out the folds of the white handkerchief, all the strangeness and distance of death setting the familiar face apart from the household heart.

For Gertrude and her young bridegroom we must perhaps look in Greenwood. But where are their children? Down or up in the world? Their gentleness crushed out of them by that poverty which is the destruction of the poor, or leading the dance of youth and love in some grander, newer home far uptown? For such changes there are in this city, of which some novelists will have it that it has no more interesting social life than is shown in a report of Mrs. Blank's kettledrum or Mrs. Dash's theater party, or than we may study in the columns of the "Society Journal" or the "Upholsterers' Weekly Chippendale."

To me it has always seemed that there is one class in New York that sits guard over a past full of romance and quaint color. This is what I suppose must be called, conventionally, the Knickerbocker class—not those uncommonly proud Vans and Vanders who stalk loftily through Mr. Augustin Daly's American vaudevilles from the German, but the agreeable relics of the simple provincial society of two generations ago. A class not unthrifty, not extravagant, yet not well fitted to make or to hoard money, they live in a golden mean of comfort, perhaps even in an atmosphere of mild luxury, on the borders of the world of fashion. They know little of Kensington stitch or of Eastern-woven portières: their parlors are upholstered in damask and their bedrooms in chintz. They are outdazzled by the glare and glitter with which the newer folk of vaster fortunes surround themselves. Living mostly upon the rentals of shops and warehouses built upon what were once their country-places, they draw year by year more closely to themselves, forming a sort of little Faubourg St. Germain, a colony of their own, among a faster-going people who respect them and despise their surroundings. It is a colony of rheumatic old beaux and faded old belles; where young faces are rare, and To-day somehow seems half Yesterday.

This is the world which interested Mr. Henry James when he wrote "Washington Square." But Mr. James had but a mild æsthetic sympathy with it; and, in fact, his Washington Square might as well have been the smokiest of sparrow-haunted London parks as that fair old spot that was once the Potter's Field, and then the Parade Ground, and where, for many years, old Pop Willis (a brother of the poet, and

he was proud of it) ruled, majestic and many-buttoned, over nurse-maids and grass-plot-invading children.

Truly, it were but a dull life to chronicle now, but it had its youth. You may listen to some gracious and garrulous old lady, with hair in puffs whiter than her widow's cap, purring over her reminiscences, until fancy begins to mimic memory, and to vivify for you some few hours of the dead days, and you almost believe that you yourself were at that fine party in Chambers street, where they had tea and cakes for the ladies, and sherry,—no, sherry-wine, if you please,—and where the gentlemen wrote verses in their hostess's album. And you may see the gentle old gossip, a bright-eyed girl, with brown hair done up in a knot *à la Grecque* high on her pretty nape; you may see her tie her fleecy hood under her chin, when ten o'clock strikes, and set out with mammá and papá—no "mommer" and "popper" then, the gods be thanked!—for her home in Greenwich Village or Chelsea, to lay her innocent head upon her pillow and blush in her dreams with thinking of that young man whose hair was curly, whose cheeks were red, whose black satin stock could not dim the glory of the Newgate collar, which the old people thought rakish and scarcely Christian.

And the young man? Well, you may fancy him sitting with his host and a few choice companions over a bowl of punch, and issuing forth into the lonely street what time the watchman cried "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"—there to join in a baritone chorus of:

"Says I, 'Fair maid, where are you going,  
*All* a-blowing,  
 All on a day so fine?'  
 Says she, 'I'm going to the Bricklayers' Arms.  
 Says I, 'Oh, come to mine!'"

—until Mr. Jacob Hays warned them to cease.

A very ungentlemanly performance, you think. So it was. But it occurs to me that I have heard some young gentlemen from Columbia College do pretty much the same thing of winter nights, only the hour was three instead of twelve, and they sang "The Babies on our Block."

But the readers of the present demand a novel of the present? So be it. Let the deodorized American Zola go down into the old Ninth Ward any Sunday, and watch the solid burgesses heading their family processions churchward, as staidly as though they had not been in their youth, every man of them, members of the volunteer fire department, and had not broken the laws of God and the heads of their fellow-men whenever they got a chance.

This is the true bourgeois class of New York, made up of eminently respectable, commonplace, well-to-do, narrow-minded men and women, among whom, of course, there must be, here and there, a few young hearts fluttering with nobler ambitions, a few finer natures yearning for a finer and higher life. Let this deodorized Zola record the fortunes of some Greenwich Dorothy, whose ideas of life were something too delicate for her plain-going elders, who "loved, may be, perfume, soft textures, lace, a half-lit room"—some

"Poor child—with heart the downiest nest  
 Of warmest instincts unconfest,  
 Soft, callow things that vaguely felt  
 The breeze across, the sunlight melt,  
 But yet, by some obscure decree,  
 Unwinged from birth."



Let him record the history of one such, "far too subtly graced" for her surroundings, who, more lucky than her sisters, found a way to a wider, livelier, and more cultured world; and let him tell us what breath of her own she brought into its hot-house atmosphere.

Or who will write us a tale of the New England invaders? New York was a good place for trade; Boston was not. But New Yorkers were a poor lot at trading, and Bostonians had business at their fingertips. So thousands to whom the ungrateful soil of New England would not give subsistence came hither and made money out of the very stones of New York. They had the largest share in building up the new city north of Fourteenth street, and to this day many of them hold together in a solid phalanx, with one wing there and the other resting on Lenox, Massachusetts. They take all the London reviews, and they believe in the higher culture. They are liberal in religion, and intensely protectionistic in political economy. They were the right arm of loyalty in New York during the late war, and they have never quite got over it—like a certain estimable family, of whom a bored friend once remarked that their grandfather had signed the Declaration of Independence, and they had all been signing it ever since. Contrast this class, which represents what the British would call "progressive conservatism," with the restless, rootless Western element, full of a wild love of magnificence and the luxury of display, full of a hearty bear-a-hand hospitality toward new men and new ideas indiscriminately. What Romeo-and-Juliet dramas may not be enacted between a house in one and a house in the other of these two sets! Let us hear of the loves of Priscilla Hoskins and Calaveras Gashwiler, Jr.

Paris may be Paris, London may be London, Berlin may be Berlin; but every country of the civilized world has had its influence on the social life of New York. Even the troubles of the last French empire troubled us. For that mad whirlwind of shameless and senseless gayety that danced and fluttered along before the deadly leaden deluge of war and revolution, sent a hot puff over to these shores, and blew hither a host of fortuneless and fortune-hunting French aristocrats—and, moreover, alas! blew homeward many American butterflies whose wings had lost their bloom in Louis Napoleon's court. These people, finding themselves unwelcome in this clearer and purer air, settled down together and held a carnival among themselves for a little while, and then their carnival ended in a choice collection of domestic tragedies, most of which were wasted on the newspaper reporter, who measures the interest of a divorce case with a column-rule.

The limitations of space kindly help to cover up my inability to write a condensed gazetteer of New York society. I strive only to show that—if I may allow myself a glittering metaphor—we have here, in one firmament, a number of stellar systems, where one star differeth from another in glory, but where all are very particular about being considered glorious; where color, size, luster, age, is variously esteemed the prime qualification of a good star; where orbits often impinge awkwardly on other orbits; where the planet of one system drops into a mere asteroid in another; and where lights wax and wane and flare and flicker and come and go as in no group lit by the sun of an older

civilization.\* Or, to put it more simply, I strive to show that here is a field worthy of the same conscientious, earnest, investigating, analytical study that the best English novelists have expended on another,—larger, no doubt, yet scarcely so rich in sharply differentiated products; for class distinction in England has been reduced almost to one of the actual sciences, and, thanks to a well-arranged schedule of social rank, you may, without injustice, clap its appropriate label on almost any British growth, from duke down to navvy.

The field is clear. I do not deny that there are many who have explored it, and successfully to some extent; but I have not yet found the man who has entered it with a full appreciation of its multiform richness, to do work that will live; and I regret to say that no one seems inclined to try the experiment. Mr. Cable has discovered his own city, and has already overpaid the debt that the discoverer owes the world. Mr. Howells and Mr. Lathrop find their account in Boston. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has his duties to his ideal and ennobling hero. Mr. James devotes himself to settling international complications of taste and affection. Mrs. Burnett smiles now exclusively on Thespis.

The novelist of New York will find no competition. Yet none the less will he have, when he comes, a welcome and plenty of work to his hand; for if the mere journalist whose range of vision is bounded by his office walls may see this much, how much more is to be found by the man who has served his apprenticeship to fiction, who has the eye to study and the hand to write!

I cast my hint upon the waters. I hope somebody will fish it out in whose care it will thrive.

H. C. Bunner.

#### The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

##### EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I thank you for this opportunity to present a subject of transcendent interest and importance.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the lineal descendant of the woman's crusade of 1874, whose first "praying band" was led from the Presbyterian church of Hillsboro' by Mrs. Thompson, daughter of Governor Trimble. It is, in fact, "the sober second thought" of that marvelous uprising by means of which woman uttered her protest against the

\* Dr. J. W. Francis, who certainly should have known whereof he spake, said in 1857, in his address before the New York Historical Society:

"New York is the most cosmopolitan of modern cities; hence, in a great measure, its ineffective municipal government, its rowdiness, its perpetual demolition, its spasmodic and versatile phenomena, its advantages and its nuisances, its dangers and its blessings as a place of abode; larger opportunities with greater risks, more liberality of sentiment with less rectitude of principle, more work and more dissipation, higher achievement and deeper recklessness; in a word, more obvious and actual extremes of fortune, character, violence, philanthropy, indifference and zeal, taste and vulgarity, isolation and gregariousness, business and pleasure, vice and piety. Wherever there is more in quantity, there is a corresponding latitude in quality. Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival; fashion is often rampant; financial crises sweep away fortunes; reputations are made and lost with magical facility; friends come and go; life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact alternate with more than dramatic celerity."

[*Old New York*, p. 377.]



forgetfulness and the neglect as the result of which home has lacked protection from the dram shop. The "praying bands," earnest, impetuous, inspired, have become the woman's Christian temperance unions,—firm, patient, and persevering. Thirty States are already organized, and three thousand local auxiliaries, dotting the continent, fulfill the Bible injunction, "Make a chain, for the cities are full of blood and the land of violence." Our methods of work are quiet, practical, and systematic. We have learned by the argument of defeat and the logic of events what not to do, as well as some things to attempt. The evolution of our activities has been from the individual to the home, thence to society, and finally to the Government itself.

The W. C. T. U. stands as the exponent, not alone of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but also of the reign of a religion of the body, which shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" shall have a new significance to the clear-eyed, steady-limbed Christians of the future, from whose brain, blood, and brawn the taint of alcohol and nicotine has been eliminated by ages of pure habits and noble heredity. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" will not then seem so mystical a statement, nor one indicative of a temple so insalubrious as now. "He that destroyeth this temple, him shall God destroy" will be seen to involve no element of vengeance, but to be, instead, the declaration of such boundless love and pity for our race as would not suffer its deterioration to reach the point of absolute failure and irremediable loss. The women of this land have never had such training as our "Topical Studies" furnish, in the laws by which childhood shall set out upon its endless journey with a priceless heritage of powers laid up in store by the tender, sacred foresight of those by whom the young immortal's being was evoked. The laws of health were never studied by so many mothers, or with such immediate results for good on their own lives and those of their children. The deformed waist and foot of the average fashionable woman never seemed so hideous and wicked, nor the cumbrous dress of the period so unendurable, as now, when, from studying one "poison habit," our minds, by the inevitable laws of thought, reach out to wider researches and more varied deductions than we had dreamed of at first. The economies of a simpler style of living never looked so feasible as to home-makers who have learned something about the priceless value of time and money for the purposes of a Christ-like benevolence. The value of a trained intellect never had such significance as since we have learned what an incalculable advantage results from a direct style; what value resides in the power to classify facts; what boundless resources for illustrating and enforcing truth come as the sequel of a well-stored memory and a cultivated imagination. The puerility of mere talk for talk's sake; the unworthiness of "idle words" and vacuous, purposeless gossip; the waste of long and aimless letter-writing, never looked so egregious as to our workers, who find each day too short for the glorious and gracious deeds waiting for them on every hand.

*Frances E. Willard.*

#### The Massachusetts Experiment in Education.

THE conventional school, with its book-lessons and recitations, is familiar to all; but the new public school, with its realistic methods, its entertaining sessions devoted apparently more to talking than recitation, more to amusement than drudgery, is unknown as yet except to the fortunate children of a few towns. We recently visited a model primary school-room in eastern Massachusetts, and, sitting down among the little children, tried to see the system pursued there from the little one's point of view.

It is a plain room, with windows on two sides. In the sunny windows are blossoming plants, and on the walls above the dado-like blackboard are pretty pictures, stuffed birds, and crayon sketches of plants and animals, shells, and curious things from fields and woods. The boys and girls enter the room together, and take their seats behind their little desks, on which are slates and pencils,—nothing more. The teacher comes, a smiling woman with flowers in her hand. She advances to the front of the two-score children, and begins to sing. They all sing: "This is the way we wash our slates, wash our slates, so early in the morning. This is the way we wipe our slates, wipe our slates, so early in the morning." Some of the older girls bring little pails of water, and each child dips a sponge in the water and washes the slate as they sing. "Pussy Willow's class," says the teacher, "may copy the red words; Tommy Thorndike's class may take the green words; and Jenny's class may take the white words."

These words are already written in colored crayons on the blackboard. Three rows of the children take their slates and begin to copy the colored words,—a happy device for teaching to write and "to tell colors."

"Sophy May's class," resumes the teacher, "may come to the blackboard, and the babies may make a fence and a gate with the sticks."

One of the girls places a handful of large shoe-pegs on the desk of each of the youngest children, and several of the children come to the teacher's desk and stand before the blackboard. They are invited to tell what the teacher holds in her hand. Every hand is raised with almost frantic eagerness. They know what that is. "What is it, Johnny?" "A cat." "Can you tell me a story about it?" Every hand is up. "Well, Katy?" "I see a cat." "Good, now look at this on the board." She writes in script "cat." "What is that?" Not a hand is raised, though every eye is intently studying the unfamiliar letters. "What is this?" says the teacher, rapidly making a sketch of the cat. They all see that. "Now [pointing to the word] what does this stand for?" Two hands are up. "Freddy?" "A cat." "Oh, no. Mary?" "Cat." "Right! Now I will add our old friend," and with this the article is prefixed to the word. "Now Freddy is right—'a cat.' Who can find another?" With this, the word "cat" is written a number of times on different parts of the board, and the children eagerly hunt it up.

The sentence, "I see a cat," is written on the board. That puzzles the children. One has it; another, and another. "Mary?" "I have a cat." "No. Sophy?" "I see a cat." The word "see" is wholly new to the



class, and they get at it from the context, and have its appearance fixed in the mind by association. "Now you may copy this on your slates. Good-bye." This dismisses the class, and they return to their seats to write and rewrite the two new words whose sound, meaning, and aspect they have just learned. The pronoun and the article they learned before; so that now they join them to new words, and study spelling, language, and writing at the same time.

At first sight, there appears no special novelty in this lesson. Other teachers have used objects as a basis of instruction. The thing to be observed is this: These children do not know their letters. They do not study the alphabet at all. The aim is far wider than mere learning to read. First, the child's interest must be won by the sight of some familiar object. Secondly, the word is a substitute for the picture. The child is not told anything. He must arrive at things through his own thinking. There is no reward or punishment, no head or foot of the class. Each one must tell a story; that is, he must say something, make a complete sentence, and not use detached words. Lastly, and perhaps the most important of all, the young scholar must be happy in his pursuit of knowledge, because that which is happily learned is remembered.

The youngest class in numbers is now called up to a large table, on which are scattered a number of wooden blocks, such as are used for toys. The six little men and women have learned already five numerals. They can count five, but no more. To-day they are to learn five more numbers. Again the same merry session, the same stories told, language, expression, grammar, and numbers, all taught at once. Each child has ten blocks, and the game begins. The teacher leads the sport.

"I have five blocks, two and two and one. Now I hold one more. How many are there now?" Half the hands are up. "Well, Teddy?" "Seven," says Ted, with enthusiasm. "How many think Teddy is right? None. Well, Kitty, tell us about it." "I have five blocks, and I add one and have six." "Six what?" "Six blocks." "How many noses have we around the table? Well, Tommy?" "Eight." "No; we will not count company. Tell me something about it." "I see seven noses." "Now we'll all go to sleep." Every head is bent down while the teacher quickly removes two of the six blocks. "We wake up and find something." Every eye is intently studying the blocks. "Tell us about it, Jenny." "There were six blocks, and two have been taken away." "How many are left, Teddy?" "There are four blocks left."

With exhaustless patience, good humor, and ingenuity, the lesson proceeds, every problem being performed with the blocks, and every fact fixed in the mind by a statement made by the child. If bad grammar is used, it is quietly corrected without a word of explanation. The habit of right speaking is the only aim.

By this time the school is becoming weary. They have all worked hard for fifteen minutes. It is time for a change. The class is dismissed, and the teacher begins to sing. It is a merry song about the rain and the snow, and all join with the greatest interest, because at the end, when the snow falls and covers the ground, there are mock snow-balls to be picked up from the floor and tossed all over the room in a jolly

riot of fun. Everybody feels better and ready for work again.

The teacher writes a series of simple sums in addition on the board, and the whole school watch her with the keenest interest. Now for a grand competition in language, grammar, arithmetic, and imagination. As soon as the figures are set forth a dozen hands are up. "Well, Lizzy?" Lizzy rises and says: "I was walking in the fields, and I met two butterflies, and then I saw two more, and that made four butterflies." "Good." The answer is put under the sum, and another child is called. "I had seven red roses, and a man gave me three white roses, and then I had ten roses." By this time the school has caught the spirit of the game. Forty hands are up, trying in almost frantic eagerness for a chance to bowl over one of the sums and tell a story. Whispering is plenty. One by one the sums are answered and the quaint stories told. Then all the upper figures of the sums are removed, and the lesson is changed to subtraction. Again the stories. "I had four red apples, and I gave two away, and then I had two apples," etc. Nearly every one mentioned the color of the object described. The children plainly observed color in everything. They took their subjects from out-of-doors, as if all their thoughts were of the woods, the fields, and the street. The most striking feature of the lesson is the intense eagerness to tell something, the alertness, the free play to the imagination of the pupils, and the absence of formality and anything like a task or recitation. It is practically an exercise in imagination, grammar, language, expression, and arithmetic.

Then follows another song. The slates of those who have been writing are examined, and even the babies who were playing with the shoe-pegs are commended for their work. They are not strictly learners. They are like little fellows put in a boy's choir, not to sing, but to sit among singers in an atmosphere of study.

A class in reading is then called up. Each child has a book, and reads a sentence in turn. The manner of reading is peculiar. The pupil first reads the entire sentence over to herself in silence, and then, looking up from the book, speaks it in a natural manner, as if talking to the teacher. The lesson is a story, aptly illustrated by a good picture, and the children not only understand what they read, but enjoy it. This done, they turn back to a story they had read before. Now the exercise is to read the story, a paragraph at a time, in their own words, to practice expression, and to prove that they understand what they read. Next, a new story is taken, and the class gives its attention not to the text, but to the picture. "Can any one tell me something about this picture?" There is an intense study over the book for a moment, and then the hands go up. "I see a dog." "I see a crane." "The crane is standing on one foot." "The dog is a pug." "Tell us something about the dog." "The dog has four legs." "He has two ears." "The crane has wings." "The crane is a bird." "The dog is an animal." "The pug looks very cross. Perhaps he is going to bark at the crane." All these statements are given in breathless eagerness, as if each child were anxious to add something to the sum of human knowledge, and not one of them is over seven years of age.

Another class is called. They form a line before



the blackboard, and the teacher says: "Who can tell me something? Well, Susie?" "I have a red apple in my pocket." The teacher writes this on the board, and before it is half written the hands are up and there is a ripple of laughter through the class. Teacher has made a mistake. "Where is it, Tommy?" "You made a small i at the beginning." "Right. Another story." "It is a cloudy day." This is written: "It's a cloudy Day." The hands go up again. "Where is it, Jane?" "The capital D is wrong." The hands are still up, eagerly thrust right in the teacher's face, in a sort of passionate anxiety to get the chance to explain the error. "She said it *is*, and not *it's*." "Right." Still the hands, are up. "The dot has been left out." "Good. Any more mistakes?" Not a hand is raised, though the eyes scan the letters again to see if there be nothing more. They crowd close up to the blackboard, and watch every word as it is written with unflinching interest.

To vary the lesson, a sentence is written on the board containing two words the children have never seen. They swarm, like bees around a plate of honey, standing close up to the strange words, even touching each letter with tiny fingers, and silently trying to spell them out by the sound of the letters. One child tries and fails, plainly showing that nearly all the sentence is understood, but the new words are not wholly mastered. Another tries and gets it right, and is rewarded by dismissal to her seat. Other sentences and new words are tried, and there is a lively competition to read them. No one speaks the new words alone, but each reads the whole sentence in an intelligent manner, as if it were grasped as a whole. As fast as the right answer is given, the pupils return to their seats till all have answered.

The first class in simple fractions then comes up. It is studying the deep science of wholes and halves, quarters and eighths. The first step is really to see a whole divided into eight parts, and then to study a diagram on the board. The class gather around a low table, and each is given a lump of clay. Each one pats his lump down to a square pancake on the table. The object now is to enable each child to see visible quantities by size and weight and the effect of division. The cake of clay is divided into two equal parts, and these again divided, and the portions compared by size and weight. Each experiment with the clay is made the basis of an example of fractions, and must be explained in words. The addition of fractions is studied in the same way. One child's cake is divided into eight parts, and four are taken away and half a cake added from another cake. The children see the one half and the four eighths put together to form one whole, and they speak of it as a real fact, and not as an unmeaning formula read in a book. On the blackboard they draw in white chalk four bands of equal size. Then each is divided by a red line and subdivided by green lines. The pupil sees, by tracing the colors through each band, the exact relation of whole, halves, and quarters.

With all the lessons that have been described there is at frequent intervals a story or some exercise to change the current of the thoughts. Not all these lessons can be seen in one day or in one school. They are only typical lessons as seen by the writer in different primary schools in Boston, Dedham, and Quincy.

If there is any one thing over which the children of the United States have shed floods of useless tears, it is the "Tables of Weights and Measures" in the ancient arithmetics. Here is a new set of miserables just come to the edge of these horrid tables. Shall they go on in the old unhappy way, trying to say "two pints make one quart," or shall they see the things, and, half in sport, learn the easy lesson? After the lesson they can glibly recite the table, because they have seen what it means.

Here are the tin and wooden measures, with a pail of water and a bushel of bran, ranged on the table before the class. The teacher holds up the smallest tin measure and asks what it is. Some say it is a quart, others a pint. After some delay it is decided to be a gill. "Can any one spell it or write it on the board?" This is done, and the next step is to experiment with the measure. One of the girls fills it with water and makes a statement about it: "I have one gill of water." Having obtained a unit of measure, the next is taken, and the pint is considered by filling it with water by means of the gill measure, and counting the number of gills required to fill it. For dry measure, the bran is used instead of water.

This class are from nine to twelve years old. They are in the upper primary classes, and have spent two or three years already at school. It might be thought that they would not care for such a method of instruction. It does not so appear. There is the same alertness of attention, the same eagerness to tell a story or to express themselves, as in the youngest children, with perhaps a little less playfulness and more gravity.

A class in geography is studying the shape, surface, and general features of the continent of Australia. One of the class is appointed to act as its scribe, and write out the facts as learned. The pupils are supposed to have read their books, and are now up for examination. On a table before the class is a pile of brown molding sand. The first step is to spell the name Australia. This, it may be remarked, is the constant practice—to spell all the important words of the lesson as it proceeds, the correct spelling being at the same time written on the board by the scribe. The study of the shape of Australia, its surface, mountain ranges, and plains, is performed entirely with the molding sand. Each pupil volunteers a fact concerning the matter, and illustrates it in the heap of sand. First, the general outline, then the capes, bays, etc., then the mountain ranges, plains, etc. If any one makes a mistake, either in describing the thing or in arranging the sand, there is a vote taken to see if the majority of the class can correct the error. By the end of the lesson, a complete relief map has been constructed in sand on the table. Every subject in geography, the divisions of land and water, etc., that can be shown by a plan or map, is illustrated on the table, in the sand or with modeling clay. The child is not told to read in a book that "an island is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water." These children are given a lump of clay, and instructed to make an island of clay on the table, and then to cover the top of the table (it is really a shallow tank) with water, to show that the island is really surrounded by water. In some schools the table is painted blue to represent the water, and the brown sand aptly indicates the land.



As with the weights and measures, so the measures of length are studied by means of a tape stretched along the wall. Upon this tape the pupils measure off the foot, the yard, the rod. Each child is provided with a foot-rule as part of his school apparatus, and it is frequently used in the various lessons. The study of the rod and yard grows out of this, and they get what no one who merely learns by rote that "twelve inches make one foot, three feet make one yard," etc., ever can get,—an exact and real idea of the yard and rod. From this tape the teacher readily brings out a lesson in numbers. For instance, she writes on the board: "If I paid \$9.00 for eighteen feet of land, how much did three yards cost?" The pupils see the foot and yard plainly marked off on the tape. They have a realizing sense of the comparative lengths, and this assists the mental process required to solve the question. In fact, all arithmetical problems can be taught by the blocks, the wet and dry measures, the rules and tapes, without once referring to a book. In point of fact, it does not appear advisable to use books at all, but to study numbers from objects, or by means of the board or stories of imaginary transactions from real life. The study of numbers is confined to the first four rules, simple fractions, and perhaps interest. This carries the pupil about half way through the grammar school, and it covers all that is required in ordinary business transactions. The tables, addition, multiplication, weights, etc., are in time all learned, but they are placed last and not first. I heard a teacher recite rapidly a series of sums in this way: "I had six apples, I took one away, added five, divided by two, squared them, gave away five, lost one, sold two, bought ten and ten and five and four and three, and lost seven, and divided them all with Kate and Jenny and Tommy and Jack and Ned. How many did they have, and how many were left?" For about thirty seconds there was a pause, and then one called out that he had it, and then another and another, till all said they had solved the problem. Perhaps a whole minute elapsed, and then, on calling on one scholar for the answer, it was put to the vote of the school whether or not the answer was right. While there may be nothing specially novel in this method of teaching, this point must be observed: These children had been wholly instructed by the new methods. They were probably weak on the "tables," or in the mere parrot-like recitation of formulas, yet they displayed a degree of quickness, a readiness of memory, comprehension, and reasoning, that was remarkable. With shorter questions involving, say, two sums in one rapidly spoken sentence, the answers came in a volley from the class the instant the sentence was finished, showing that the mental processes had been just as rapid as the spoken words.

It is said that the majority of public school children leave school when about half way through the grammar school. The question is, Does this objective teaching fit or unfit the boy for his probable position in life? Is this the best schooling for the poor man's child? Without venturing our final opinion, it may be observed that the aims of the system are in the right direction, and that all the aims are more or less thoroughly accomplished. First of all, the child must be happy. He must be at ease and pleased with his work, or little will be learned, and the training will be slight.

The child has senses through which he receives all he can know, and makes known the thought that is in him. His senses must be trained by use; hence the games, the blocks, the colors, the music, pictures, and real objects. Imagination is perhaps the most valuable mental quality given to human beings: it must be cultivated continually, that the mind may work quickly and surely. This is the aim of the continual story-telling, the imaginary sums, and the use of pictures. The studies are very limited, because reading, writing, and arithmetic are the tools with which the work of the world is performed. These are enough for the boy or girl who must leave school before the grammar term is over. If he has these, the world of work and learning is all before him. It has been said that the boy taken from these schools and made an entry clerk will be a failure, because, while he is quick of observation, lively of imagination, and learned in a thousand things of the fields, the woods, and the sea, his business is to take the numbers from bales and boxes correctly. This is all that is required, and all the rest is useless. This may be true in a certain sense. Let us wait twenty years and see where the boy will be. Will he be still an entry clerk, or a merchant? In mechanical trades there is a fear that such teaching will unfit the boy for tending a nail machine or a shoe-pegging machine. This might be well founded if such trades were to cling to the old minute subdivision of labor, and the Old World notion that a workman must stick to one trade all his life. A celebrated builder of machine tools once said of one of his lathes: "It will take a man of science to run that lathe." The tendency of all tools is toward complexity, and mechanical trades continually demand more "all-round men," more workmen ready to change from tool to tool, and task to task. The American boy from the new schools will be a master at many trades, because he has been taught to use his imagination, to observe, to use his senses and his mind in a workman-like manner.

*Charles Barnard.*

#### A Romantic Career.

DR. FRANCIS LIEBER was one of the remarkable characters of our generation. A statesman without station in politics, he was an enthusiastic, versatile, learned, suggestive, vigorous thinker on public affairs, whose works have influenced the ablest men of this country, and whose fame is international. He was not popular in the sense of being one who elicited the applause of multitudes. As a writer, he was too profound for the general reader; as a teacher and lecturer, he was adapted to superior and not to inferior intellects; and so he seemed to have less influence than he really possessed. But he had the power of attracting, informing, and inspiring strong minds. Wherever he lived, he was surrounded by the best of friends, and engaged with them in the discussion of the loftiest themes. In Berlin, Rome, Paris, London, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he made himself felt by his acquisitions, his good sense, his political wisdom, his love of duty and of right, his adhesion to the truth. He is foremost among many noble emigrants from Germany to America.



His long career was romantic. Follow him in the quick succession of events during an active period of sixty years,—watching the victorious appearance of the French in Berlin; harboring the desire to enter Napoleon's army that he might kill the conqueror; wounded in the battle of Waterloo; imprisoned by the Prussian government for his love of liberty; participating in the struggle of the Greeks for independence; walking through Rome with the historian Niebuhr, and making notes of his pithy sayings; becoming a proficient in athletic sports; confined again in prison for his political views; introduced by Niebuhr to Grote, and hoping to become teacher of German in the new London University; an immigrant in this country, looking for something to do; now writing letters for German journals; now conducting a swimming school (where John Quincy Adams, while President, displayed his skill); now studying the improvement of prisons, as one acquainted with dress; now translating Beaumont and Tocqueville's great work; now drafting, by request, an elaborate plan for Girard College, that it might be organized as a seminary for teachers, and as a technical institute; and now editing an *Encyclopædia Americana*, with the aid of Joseph Story and many other illustrious writers. At length, he was established as professor in the University of South Carolina at Columbia, where his great books on civil liberty, political ethics, and legal hermeneutics were written; but at last became so uncomfortable that he left his southern home, and was reestablished in New York as a professor in Columbia College. He was an incessant contributor to the newspapers, and a correspondent who never tired of exchanging letters; he was thoroughly roused by the Civil War, was consulted by Stanton, Halleck, Sumner, and others high in the national councils; was called upon to form a code for the government of armies in the field; was obliged to see, in his own family, brother turned against brother (one son serving with the Confederates, and two with the Union army). He suggested to European publicists the formation of an international council on international law. He became keeper of the public military archives, to which were sent all papers captured in the South, and was invited to serve as an umpire between Mexico and the United States. Honored with many academic titles, he was more honored by the respect of his pupils and by the unqualified homage of the principal writers on public law in this country and abroad. Such is the record of a life now fully revealed to the public by the diaries and letters which he wrote from 1814 to 1872.

His biography, which has recently been published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., under the editorship of Mr. T. S. Perry, illustrates in a very curious manner the growth of ideas in the human intellect. With a little care, we can see over and over again the growth of a good germ, in a good soil, till it produces good fruit,—which, in its turn, may become the seed-corn in another hill.

Mr. Perry tells us, as the result of his observations of Lieber's life, that it was a continual exposition of his favorite motto: "No right without its duties; no duty without its rights." His correspondents have seen this sentence printed on his note-paper; his readers have often met it in his books. Whence came it? A letter to Judge Thayer, in 1869, gives the

Genesis of this Deuteronomy. Lieber bound for Greece, with his freedom-loving comrades, in 1822, saw at the end of the schooner's yard-arm a little flame. "That is bad, indeed," said the captain, who explained that the flames (electrical lights) were called Castor and Pollux, or St. Elmo's fire. If both appeared, it foretold fine sailing; if only one, foul weather. "Thought I," says Lieber, "this is like *right* and *duty*: both together, and all is well; *right* alone, despotism; *duty* alone, slavery."

In the great battle of this century, at Waterloo, enthusiastic Lieber took part. His little pocket memorandum-book is still extant in which he noted the passing events, and his fuller narrative has thrice been printed. Here he underwent a personal experience of the conduct of soldiers on the march, in the field, and in the hospital. It made a deep impression on his susceptible mind. The memory of consuming thirst was so vivid that for a long time afterward he could not see liquid of any kind without feeling an intense desire to swallow it. He always remembered the anniversary of Waterloo; and he made use of his experience as a soldier to interpret other historic events. When our Civil War was raging, it was this veteran of Waterloo who was asked by the Government to draw up a code for the government of armies in the field, and this he did with such skill that "General Order No. 100" of the United States Army became the basis of European usages.

Napoleon was Lieber's pet aversion, as the students of his "Civil Liberty" are well aware. He would not allow that the Emperor was even worthy of comparison with Washington. His abhorrence was manifested in many pages; but the beginning of this hostility is indicated in a very remarkable letter addressed to George S. Hillard in 1858, in which he declares that when he was thirteen years old, "in the year '13," he took a solemn oath, with a voice as loud as sobbing would permit, that he "would enter the French army, come near Napoleon's person, and rid the earth of that son of sin and crime." "I did it fervently, devoutly, unreservedly," he adds. The auto-psychological comments which he bases on this recollection are very curious. "Keep this letter," he concludes, "for my biography. Do not think I wrote it all in ten minutes."

Lieber was twice imprisoned in Köpenick, in 1819 and again in 1824, because he was suspected of being too free in his utterances on political liberty. He never lost his interest in the subject of penal discipline; he was a close student of the prison reforms which originated in this country forty years ago; he wrote an elaborate introduction to his translation of the celebrated work of the French commissioners; late in life he cooperated with those citizens of New York who were seeking to secure improvements in prison discipline; but more remarkable than all this is the fact that after he received a political pardon, and returned to Berlin, he used all his efforts to secure good penal administration in Germany, discussed the subject with Humboldt, Bülow, and the King, urged that prison inspectors should be appointed who could lecture in universities, and was himself invited to become a professor in the very university from which, as a political offender, he had been excluded in his youth.



Allusion has been made more than once to the code prepared by Lieber for the government of the United States Army in the field. It was issued by the War Department under the designation General Order No. 100, and was frequently referred to by its author as "the Old Hundred." Perry's memoir throws some interesting light upon its preparation. In February, 1863, he sends the *projet* of the code to General Halleck, earnestly asking for suggestions and amendments. For this purpose, he is going to send one copy to the soldier General Scott, and one to the civilian Horace Binney; fifty copies also to General Hitchcock for distribution.

"You," he says to Halleck, "well read in the literature on this branch of international law, know that nothing of the kind exists in any language. I had no guide, no groundwork, no text-book. I can assure you as a friend, that no counselor of Justinian sat down to his task of the Digest with a deeper feeling of the gravity of his labor than filled my breast in the laying down for the first time such a code, where nearly everything was floating. Usage, history, reason, and conscientiousness, and sincere love of truth, justice, and civilization have been my guides; but, of course, the whole must still be very imperfect."

At a later date, it is evident that he was quite well aware of the significance of this pioneer code. Twenty years have passed, and the idea which he gave birth to has been nurtured by skillful hands with ever increasing vigor, till at length it seems very near its maturity. It seems probable that the manual on this subject, approved by the Institute of International Law, in its meeting at Oxford in 1880, will receive the official sanction of European powers.

Lieber loved correspondence. He gave freely, and freely he received,—not finished, copied, formal epistles, nor the diffuse utterances of dictation, but sharp, lively, racy notes and queries. If his style was sometimes *staccato*, it had the merit of being pointed and of compelling attention. Consequently, the letters now brought together are very readable. The choice has been made with a nice instinct, which has retained personalities, as in his long-continued intimacy with G. S. Hillard; philosophical reflections, like those addressed to Samuel Tyler in Maryland, and to Bluntschli and Mittermaier in Germany; pleasantries, like his letters to Mrs. Ticknor; and patriotism, like his letters during the war. By this course, Mr. Perry has succeeded in giving us a rounded portrait, not a flat one,—the many-sided likeness of a many-sided man. Mittermaier, Bluntschli, and Holtzendorff are the German correspondents, Hilliard, Sumner, Samuel Tyler, Allibone, Thayer, General Halleck, and Hamilton Fish, the Americans, whose letters from Lieber have been most fully printed.

I miss the letters addressed to Binney, Laboulaye, Woolsey, and others who are known to have been his friends; and I venture the surmise that another volume might be collected from the stores at the editor's command. In behalf of many readers, I bespeak from Mr. Perry another volume of Lieber's letters, two or three years hence.

D. C. Gilman.

#### The Christian League.—A Postscript.

THANK you, Mr. Editor. Your invention of "Open Letters" gives me just the chance I want to grind my own little hatchet. Your types, far better than my hectograph, will multiply the answer that I ought to make to the many who are writing me kind and curious letters about "The Christian League of Connecticut." Mr. Franklin mentioned, at the last Convention, the large correspondence which had grown out of his connection with the League as its Secretary; and upon me, as its historian, an almost equal burden has been thrown. Some of the inquirers write to head-quarters, as they should; but letters directed to the League at Hartford are sometimes forwarded to me. A few of my English correspondents seem to be puzzled by the geography, but that is nothing strange for Englishmen. If Mr. Franklin should visit England, as I hope he may, he will undoubtedly prepare a large map, after the manner of the missionary secretaries, showing the location of the principal League Clubs, and indicating with spots of some bright color the towns in which churches have been consolidated. I trust that my English friends will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Franklin's lecture, if for no other purpose, that they may obtain a little information about American geography.

The grateful and appreciative words that have come to me from all quarters give me far greater honor than belongs to me. In making the record that I have made of this beneficent movement, I have only done my duty. The praise is due to those—and they are many, nor do they all live in Connecticut—in whose minds and hearts this impulse toward coöperation in Christian work lives and grows from year to year. It is plain that a destructive analysis has done its worst upon the church, and that we have reached a period of reconstruction and synthesis. The fragments of the great denominations steadily gravitate together; the Presbyterians, North and South, are beginning to talk in their assemblies about coming together, and disunion can never survive discussion. No man can give a Christian reason for opposing reunion; every reason against it is drawn from selfish considerations or hateful passions which Christian men cannot long justify themselves in cherishing. When the Presbyterians come together, the Methodists and the Baptists cannot afford to stay apart, and we shall presently see the centrifugal forces acting as vigorously as the centrifugal forces have been acting for a century or two. All this is in the air. He who cannot discern it is dull-witted indeed. I have only reported the movements of the *Zeitgeist*.

Mr. Franklin made a few quotations from his letters. Let me give an extract or two from mine, to indicate the depth of the feeling on this subject, and the social and ecclesiastical conditions out of which this feeling springs. A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England writes to me as follows:

"You see from my address where I am. Here are five churches and only eight hundred people in the entire township. The — church has no regular preaching. The other churches are in good order as to buildings and parsonages. The Methodists are said to have the largest congregations. At my first service, last Sunday, there were eighty-six. The salaries



are three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars and rent, save that the — clergyman has to pay his rent from his salary of four hundred dollars. \* \* \* It seems to me that as long as such churches can get men to be pastors they will stick to their narrow denominational ideas and have different churches. But I do not think that God has called me into the ministry for any such purpose. One of the clergymen said he had been very happy here for ten years, and thought I should be. I cannot be, unless I can bring about some union of these churches. With the call for men to heathen lands and the West, how can I be happy here? \* \* \* This much is settled. I cannot give my life to the preservation of mere denominational lines. What can I do in the way of the Christian League? Have you those articles in pamphlet form? If I could put one in every family here, and call a meeting in the large, beautiful town hall!"

The good man in his perplexity sees a glimmer of light in the West; but there is reason to fear that his flight thither would prove to be only a translation from a Yankee frying-pan to a prairie fire, as the following extracts will show. The writer of the letter from which they are taken is a Congregational minister in the Far West—a man with the most ample knowledge of all that region, and with a grasp of mind and a temper of soul that speak for themselves:

"I am convinced that if the policy of our missionary societies could be this, to have fewer churches and better, to withdraw from competition in many a hopeless field, that we may do the right thing where the way is open and the need great, we should do a much better work than we do. Only last week I was told by Rev. —, who has long known Kansas, that he knew of fifty places in which the Congregationalists and Presbyterians should unite. If that could be done so that there would be twenty-five less Congregational churches and twenty-five less Presbyterian, there would be (1) a saving of fifteen thousand dollars missionary money; (2) a saving of an indefinite amount for church-buildings; (3) the release of fifty men to preach the Gospel in other places; (4) fifty fields that would be an attraction to men of spirit, in the place of fifty fields that no one but a mendicant would think of taking.

"I am not at all surprised at the scarcity of ministers. The policy of our home missionary societies tends to keep men from the ministry. We have a dead and dreary level of little churches that offer no inviting field for young men. It is easy to say that any young man fit for the ministry ought to be ready to enter the smallest field, that he ought to have the spiritual efficiency to make his small field a large one. I have said this myself. It is the true thing to say. But if the field is small, not because of the wickedness of sinners, but because of the folly of saints and the mistakes of the home missionary authorities, the case becomes hopeless. We must expect to begin small in new places; the trouble is that our fields remain small, and must remain so while this mistaken policy continues. If a young man is asked to endure hardships for Christ's sake, by all means let us not take the courage out of him by false pity; but if it turns out that the call for self-sacrifice is not for Christ at all, but for *our church*, we need not wonder if the truest consecration comes to be a forgotten grace, and that the best men cannot be found for the ministry."

The writers of these letters — and I have many like them — are not theorists; they are men who stand in the midst of this sectarian confusion, and who are doing their best to bring a little order out of its tumult, and to mix a little sweetness with its bitter waters.

Such voices have a right to be heard, and they will be heard. The men who have the ordering of the work of our home missionary societies must attend to these mischiefs at once. Some of them, as I happen to know, are heartily disposed to do so; others, I fear, are ready to wink at any amount of "scrouging" if it do but inure to the benefit of their respective sects.

I will add but one word more, that the scarcity of ministers, so much complained of, is due, as my Western correspondent shows, to the spirit of schism, perhaps quite as much as to any other cause. There would be no lack of ministers, even numerically, if the churches that have no right to exist were blotted out. And, if that were done, we should soon report a great gain not only in the number but also in the quality of the men seeking the ministry.

*Washington Gladden.*

[THE following letter has been received by the Editor from the (Protestant Episcopal) Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona:]

I read with great interest Dr. Gladden's series of articles in THE CENTURY, entitled "The Christian League of Connecticut." The subject is handled with marked ability and in an excellent spirit. The Doctor has hit the plague-spot of modern Christianity. I am thoroughly convinced that the needless divisions among Christians is to-day a greater hinderance to the spread of Christ's religion than any other evil, not excepting infidelity and intemperance. If this seems to some to put the case too strongly, let them remember that divisions kill charity, the most important of Christian graces.

Doubtless the evil is sufficiently grave in New England; but it grows worse the farther West you come. I think I understate the case when I say that in the great cities of the West not one in ten of the nominally Protestant population are in the habit of attending any place of worship. Farther West, and in thinly settled districts, the evil is still greater. In the Western States and Territories, you may travel hundreds of miles and not meet with a place where any regular service is held.

You will pass a score of small settlements, around stations with sufficient population to make a congregation; but, not being able to unite on any one denomination, they live practically heathens. When you reach a town of from one thousand to five thousand inhabitants, you will find half a dozen sects, each generally with a handful of followers, a half-starved minister, and a shabby little church; and yet an expert would often fail to discover in what essential particulars these denominations differed with each other.

Of course, there must be a cure, but my object in writing this letter is to help men to see the enormity of the evil. When Christian men begin to look in earnest, a remedy will be found.

In conclusion, let me recommend Dr. Gladden's suggestion, in organizing new congregations, to use only the short platform of the Apostles' Creed. I would add to this a request that all sincere followers of Our Lord would use daily that touching prayer of his, "that all may be one," on which is conditioned the concluding sentence "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

*Geo. K. Dunlop.*

LAS VEGAS, N. M., June 26, 1883.



## Standard Railway Time.

PEOPLE whose journeyings have been limited to short distances can hardly appreciate the perplexity experienced by a traveler who undertakes to make a long tour in this country, when he endeavors to ascertain by what standard he must time his movements in order to catch a train advertised to depart at a certain hour. It is a lamentable fact that our railways are run to-day by no less than fifty different meridian times, varying from each other by all sorts of odd combinations of minutes. The roads using the various standards cross and interlace each other in such a puzzling manner as to render any ready acquisition of knowledge of the standard by which each is governed a sheer impossibility. Studying a map of the system is like tracing the intricacies of a labyrinth.

This condition of affairs has largely arisen from the fact that, in the early days of railroads, the several lines were isolated from each other, and each, as a rule, adopted as its standard the meridian time of the city in which its head-quarters happened to be located. As these lines were extended and branches were constructed, each adhered to its original standard, or compromised upon some intermediate meridian suitable for its own system, without regard to the standards of other lines in the same section. Many new lines of road, using standards varying from all the others, have been constructed across the original lines, thus adding to the confusion, which was bad enough before. So generally does this condition of affairs exist, that there is to-day scarcely a railroad center of any importance in the United States at which the standards used by the roads entering it do not number from two to five. The inconvenience this causes was aptly expressed, not long since, by a bright and intelligent Virginia lady, one of a party of tourists. Finding herself utterly unable to reconcile the time shown by her usually reliable watch to the varying times shown by the railway clocks at different points, she turned to the writer, and, using a provincial expression, asked appealingly: "Please tell me what is *sure enough* time?"

An effort is now being made in railway circles to arrive at a "sure enough" time, which has been not only indorsed but strongly recommended for adoption by the managing officers of a large number of important railway lines.

The system proposed is based, so far as it affects the railway lines, upon readily understood principles.

*First.* That the same standard should be used by all lines within sections as largely extended as may be possible, without entailing such a difference between local and railroad time as to cause inconvenience to the public. It is believed, however, that as exact time is seldom required except for purposes connected with transportation, standard time could be readily substituted for local time in all cases where the difference would not be much over thirty minutes.

*Second.* That where a second standard becomes necessary, it should differ from the first by the simplest and most readily calculated variation,—an even hour.

*Third.* That the changes from one standard to another should be made at well known points of departure, and so far as may be possible at points where changes now occur, and where no practical difficulty would cause danger or inconvenience to railway operations.

The section of country which includes within its limits over eighty per cent. of all the railways lies within thirty degrees of longitude westward from the eastern boundary of the State of Maine.

In railway circles, all roads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Bristol (Tennessee), etc., are distinctively known as Eastern roads, and the lines west of those points as Western roads. In examining a map of these Eastern roads, grouped together, we find that a meridian line, drawn centrally between their eastern and western extremities, coincides almost exactly with the seventy-fifth meridian west from Greenwich. A similar grouping of the Western roads between Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., on the east, and the western boundary of Kansas on the west, develops the fact that the ninetieth meridian west from Greenwich is very approximately the central meridian for the system of roads embraced within that section.

The seventy-fifth and ninetieth meridians being fifteen degrees apart, their time differs, of course, by an even hour. It is proposed that all railroads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., shall use the seventy-fifth meridian time, which is approximately four minutes slower than the meridian time of New York; and that the Western roads shall use the ninetieth meridian time, which is nine minutes slower than Chicago time.

The meridian equidistant from these central meridians crosses the railway lines in Ohio and other States at points where the peculiarities of railway operations prevent the change being made from one standard to another, and the difficulty has been met by extending the Western standard to the eastern termini of such roads at Buffalo, Salamanca, Pittsburg, etc. Similar practical questions decide the standards for all roads south of the points named to Charleston, South Carolina. In Canada, all roads between Quebec and Detroit would use the seventy-fifth meridian time. The western limit of the ninetieth meridian, or "central time" system, is fixed at points on the great transcontinental lines, where a complete change is now made in the personnel of the hands in charge of trains, or, more technically speaking, at the ends of divisions. The standard for the next western or "Mountain" system is the time of the one hundred and fifth meridian, which coincides with Denver (Colorado) time, and, for the Pacific coast, that of the one hundred and twentieth meridian. The change from the Mountain to the Pacific system is proposed to be made at Yuma, Ogden, and Missoula, all convenient locations. For the extreme eastern section, east of Quebec and Vanceboro, the sixtieth meridian time may be employed.

By the adoption of this system over eighty per cent. of the railroads will use but two standards where they now use forty, and these standards will differ from each other by an even hour. The standard for each section will differ from every other section by one, two, three, or four hours; hence the minutes will be identical in all the sections. At points where the changes are made from one standard to the next, as Pittsburg, Wheeling, etc., similar changes are now made, the distinction being that instead of the readily calculated difference of one hour these changes now consist of differences of odd minutes varying from thirteen to thirty-six, numbers inconvenient to calculate and which constantly cause annoying mistakes.



It has been pretty generally conceded that the system proposed will be, *per se*, advantageous to the railway companies. As affecting the general public, the traveling portion will certainly be benefited. For the rest, numerous instances now exist where railroad time is exclusively used without inconvenience in localities where the railroad standard differs by over thirty minutes from true local time.

Multiples of Greenwich time have been adopted for the system proposed, because they have been found to be the meridians best adapted for the purpose desired to be accomplished. It is a petty, school-boy patriotism which urges that Washington time should be adopted as the prime meridian, in the face of the fact that its adoption would aggravate rather than diminish the difficulties of the situation, so far as the railways at least are concerned.

The adoption of the system proposed will reduce the present uncertainty to comparative if not absolute certainty; and as Greenwich time is the standard by which all navigators' chronometers are regulated, it will give us a national standard time that will be in harmonic accord with a system which may be extended to include within its limits the whole world. For reasons of this nature, every scientific society in this country which has considered the subject has recommended the adoption of the seventy-fifth, ninetyeth, etc., meridians west from Greenwich as those upon which time standards should be based.

But the question whether these meridians are also best adapted for the use of the railways, and how they can be practically adopted without serious inconvenience, has been heretofore an open one in railway circles. It is hoped and believed that a solution has now been reached. The question is to be finally decided at conventions of railway managers to be held in Chicago and in New York City in October, 1883.

W. F. Allen.

#### Reforming the Alphabet.

IN "Science" for June 1st, Mr. Alexander M. Bell designates six consonant sounds in the English language as having no proper letters to represent them, and proposes that the deficiency be supplied with "Visibl Speech" symbols. Five of the six sounds which he mentions ar the same as five of the six usually designated by spelling reformers as not properly represented; but he puts in *wĥ* and leaves out *ch*. Now that the combination *wh* represents, not a singl sound, but two sounds, any one can prove for himself. If there is but one sound it will be possibl to "hold" it, in the musical sens; but the result of a trial in this case is the sound of *h* followed by that of *u* in *quack*, or els som noise never represented by *wh*.

Then why is *ch* omitted? From his spelling *catch* in his list of exampls with the sign for *sh*, it may be inferred that Mr. Bell would reply that *ch* is made up of *t* and *sh*. The holding test does not giv a distinct result in this case, owing to the peculiarity of the sound; but a trial wil prove that *ch* is pronouncd with the vocal organs in one position, and hence stands for a singl sound. That the sound of *ch* does not include that of *sh* becoms evident from it being necessary,

after pronouncing the former, to change the positions of the tongue and lips slightly before *sh* can be spoken.

Mr. Bell givs the six "Visibl Speech" letters which he proposes as substitutes, and invites the reader to judg as to the simplicity of their forms and their adaptability for intermixture with Roman letters. They are not prepossessing, for, not having any structural elements in common with Roman characters, they look even more out of place than script letters would if mixt with Roman. The sign for *sh* is almost exactly like an eye such as ar used with hooks on ladies' dreses; that for *zh* (*z* in *azure*) is the same with an aded mark; those for the two sounds of *th* resembl script *w's*; that for *ng* is not so easily described, but the main part of it resembls the apothecary's scrupl mark. Their foreign look is, of course, the least rational objection, but practically it would be found the hardest one to remove. Another disadvantage is that the similarity of two pairs of these letters would cause many mistakes in distributing type. The argument that by these and other fysiological signs the pronounciation of foreign words can be represented, is no reason for introducing them into the alfabet in which our daily papers, our Bibls, and school-books ar printed. "Why not hav two alfabet?" Mr. Bell asks; an excellent suggestion, but let the "Visibl Speech" alfabet be kept distinct for the use of def mutes, for grammars of foreign languages, and other filological uses. There is no more need of continually reminding the reader of the vocal proces he uses in speaking each letter, than of reminding him as often as he sees the word that *husband* was originally *house-band*.

What shal we do, then? for, as Mr. Bell says, the new letters advised by som reformers hav failed to be adopted by the rest. Wel, here is a plan which the writer formed over three years ago, and which he stil deems the most feasibl. Reformers ar agreed that *g*, *x*, and either *c* or *k* must go. The retaining of *k* rather than *c* would seem preferabl, because when a person sees a *k* he knows alreedy what it stands for, and would not hav to forget that it sometimes denoted the same sound as *s*. A tendency in this direction has begun in the spelling of Sokrates, Sanskrit, and som other foreign words. The fact that *k* is preferred in German, to which the Anglo-Saxon part of our language is so closely allied, also pronounces in its favor, for, as Mr. Bell insists, international agreement is highly desirabl. Now, why not use these discarded familiar letters for thre of the unrepresented sounds, insted of offending the eye unnecessarily with newly devised signs, and requiring every foreigner who lerns our language to share the burden? In deciding which sound each letter shal represent, let us invoke again the principl of international agreement. Thus, in Italian, *c* in certain situations has the sound of *ch* in *church*; why not choose a change that makes one more point of agreement between the two languages insted of one that makes another point of differenc? The use of *x* for the *zh* sound would not be far from its present initial use, as in *xylofone*; and, if no weightier determining reason arose, let *q* take the place of *ng*, because it resembls *g* in projecting below the line. Perhaps it wil be decided to replace *w* and *y* by vowels, as in Franklin's scheme; if so, these with one Anglo-Saxon letter, alreedy lookt upon with favor, would make up the six lacking consonants.



In THE CENTURY for last December was an article on the spelling reform by Professor Lounsbury, with all but one of the views in which I desire to express full agreement, together with great admiration of the manner of treatment. But Professor Lounsbury, too, deems the introduction of new letters "a necessity of the situation." Besides mentioning the six consonant sounds already referred to, he states that we have fourteen simple vowel sounds, and only five letters to represent them. But there is a simple remedy for this deficiency also, and that, too, in conformity with the principle of international agreement. We have only to use with each of these five letters two of the diacritical marks so freely used in continental languages to have the means of representing fifteen vowels.

New letters have already been devised, and are used in the organ of the Spelling Reform Association. "Transition letters" have also been invented, to make the change to full phonetic spelling a gradual one; but this scheme savors of the wisdom that cut off a dog's tail an inch at a time out of compassion.

Surely, if the growing disposition of the Germans to replace their peculiar alphabet by the one used in writing English, French, Italian, and Spanish is a move in the right direction, and if it would be well for the Russians and Chinese to do the same, then the formation of a peculiarly English alphabet, by the introduction of ten or more new letters, is a long step backward.

Frederick A. Fernald.

#### The Training of Children's Voices.

THE experience of teachers trained at this college and practicing its methods is exactly that which Mr. W. L. Tomlins relates in your June number. Of those

who teach singing by note in English and Scotch elementary schools, seventy per cent. practice our system of singing; hence their experience is wide and various. With Mr. Tomlins, our teachers find that coarse and loud tone limits the compass of the voice; they find, too, that children who are in the habit of shouting, either in the play-ground or at the Sunday-school, have very poor singing voices. As an illustration of Mr. Tomlins's point that children's voices are naturally high, let me mention the work of Mr. Frank Sharp, superintendent of music in the board schools at Dundee, Scotland, and a teacher of our system. Mr. Sharp's children's choir has frequently performed Handel's "Messiah" in public, not only in Dundee, but in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. In these performances, the treble and alto parts both of the solos and choruses are sung by children, without the assistance of a single adult voice, tenors' and basses only being brought in to complete the harmony. I have noticed the ease with which the boy and girl trebles attack the G's and A's of Handel's music. They sing these notes with far less effort than most adult sopranos. The reason is that the low and medium voices have been carefully separated from the really high ones, and the registers of the voice have been developed. Mr. Tomlins evidently means that a fair proportion of children's voices are high. We find that they differ in compass just as much as the voices of adults.

The habit of singing by ear, once formed, is difficult to cure, and we regard it as of utmost importance that the understanding should keep pace with vocal skill.

J. Spencer Curwen.

THE TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE, London, June 6, '83.

### BRIC-À-BRAC.

#### In Swimming-time.

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,  
 Drifting over skies as blue  
 As the eyes of beautiful  
 Children when they smile at you;  
 Groves of maple, elm, and beech,  
 With the sunshine sifted through  
 Branches, mingling each with each,  
 Dim with shade and bright with dew;  
 Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,  
 Hickory and sycamore,  
 And the drowsy dogwood bowed  
 Where the ripples laugh aloud,  
 And the crooning creek is stirred  
 To a gayety that new  
 Mates the warble of the bird  
 Teetering on the hazel-bough;  
 Grasses long and fine and fair  
 As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,  
 Backward roached and twirled and twined  
 By the fingers of the wind;  
 Vines and mosses, interlinked  
 Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
 Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
 Round a bend where some one leans  
 Faint and vague and indistinct  
 As the like reflected thing

In the current shimmering,  
 Childish voices farther on,  
 Where the truant stream has gone,  
 Vex the echoes of the wood  
 Till no word is understood,  
 Save that one is well aware  
 Happiness is hiding there.  
 There, in leafy coverts, nude  
 Little bodies poise and leap,  
 Spattering the solitude  
 And the silence everywhere—  
 Mimic monsters of the deep!  
 Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
 Plunging headlong out of sight;  
 And, with spurtings of delight,  
 Clutching hands, and slippery soles,  
 Climbing up the treacherous steep  
 Over which the spring-board spurns  
 Each again as he returns.  
 Ah! the glorious carnival!  
 Purple lips and chattering teeth—  
 Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,  
 Every care beyond recall,  
 Every task forgotten quite—  
 And again, in dreams at night,  
 Dropping, drifting through it all!

James Whitcomb Riley.



stern-way to meet each combing breaker. It was magnificent to see her go down out of sight in the hollow of the sea, then come reeling up the steep ascent of green, pitch headlong through the foaming crest which burst over her and entirely concealed for a moment the six oil-jackets and south-westerns, and then with a triumphant effort free herself and dash down into the trough again. The gale was fierce enough to drift her down to us at a rapid rate, and as we watched we were amazed that she was not swamped and capsized as each heavy sea broke over her, until at last she drove by close to our quarter. They caught the line we hove them and rode astern clear of the swash of the wallowing wreck.

Hastily diving below, I screwed down the water-tight lid of the chronometer case, and placed it, together with the sextants and the log-book, in an empty clothes-bag. While doing this, the water was swashing around some six inches deep over the cabin floor. The carpet was torn off, and in several places the planks were started, letting the compressed air in the hold rush up with a hiss that was smothered into a ludicrous sputter as the water ran over the openings. Our rescuers had certainly not come any too soon, for the hulk would not float an hour longer. Returning on deck, I bent a small line to the becket of the clothes-bag, and dropped it astern into the boat. The wounded men, who had been up to this time lashed securely in the rigging, were slung by a rope's end from the tip of the spanker-boom, and, watch-

ing for a comparatively smooth spell, the boat was hauled up and we lowered them into it. Then we tied bowlines around our waists, and, jumping one at a time from the taffrail, struck out for the boat, and were hauled in over its stern. Meanwhile the ship, after working slowly across our bows, had worn short round and, squaring her yards, sped by us like an arrow, and now lay rolling about, hove-to again to leeward, waiting for us to drift down to her.

The boat was what I had never seen before on board a merchant ship—an iron self-bailing life-boat, of the whale-boat model; and most gallantly she behaved, overloaded as she was, in that awful sea, which no ordinary ship's boat could have weathered for five minutes. You may imagine what a difficult matter it was to get aboard the ship and hoist in the boat. After about half an hour of hard work, we were on the deck of the good ship *Iceberg*, Captain Blaney, who received us with a hearty welcome, declining with a gruff good nature our protestations of gratitude and our admiration for the skillful seamanship that had carried his vessel and whale-boat safely through such dangerous maneuvers. As I turned to go below, a cry from the men caused me to look to windward, and I saw the *Wasatch* throw up her stern and go down head-foremost like a sounding whale. Our rescuers gave us what we then most wanted, a substantial meal, and generously supplied us with clothing until we reached Java Head, where, at our request, we were put ashore.

James J. Wait.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Democrats and the Presidency.

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is more than a year distant, the politicians are actively preparing for it all over the United States. Candidates for both parties have sprung up in unusual numbers; and if we might believe all that is said in their favor by their enthusiastic friends, the amount of first-rate presidential material in the country is astonishingly large. We take little interest, however, in the fortunes of individual candidates when once the necessary qualifications of character and ability are insured; but we are somewhat concerned to know on what issues the presidential contest is to be fought. That there are questions of importance in our national politics about which there is wide difference of opinion among the people, is a familiar fact; but there seems to be a disposition in the leaders of both parties to keep these questions as much as possible out of sight. Civil service reform is

little talked of by either party; the currency question is held in abeyance; the tariff question is avoided as much as possible by both parties; while the transportation problem seems not to have dawned as yet on the mind of the average politician.

But meanwhile the Democrats, being in opposition, must raise some issue or other in order to justify their demand for a change in the government; and so they have started the cry that the Republican party is hopelessly corrupt, and that the first step toward a better state of affairs is to "turn the rascals out." This cry was started almost simultaneously in various parts of the country, and the Democratic leaders apparently intend to make it the main issue next year. But if they do, they will, in our opinion, make a grave mistake. No one will deny that there are corrupt men among the leaders of the Republican party, or that there have been of late years scandalous cases of malfeasance in office, for which that party is mainly



responsible. But when we are asked to turn the Republicans out as a step toward reform, the question immediately arises, Whom have we to put in their place?

Such a party as the Republican party now is would not remain long in power if there were a party of unimpeachable integrity to put in its place. But, unfortunately for the Democrats, the integrity of their party is by no means unimpeachable, and there is strong reason to doubt whether they are a whit better than their opponents. To be sure, they have not done so much as the Republicans toward corrupting the national government, for the excellent reason that they have not had the power to do so; but in the States and cities where they have had control of affairs their management has been quite as corrupt as that of their opponents. Nay, in one respect it has been worse; for the shameless repudiation of public debts in many of the Southern States has been in the main their work, though there has been some disgraceful coquetting with the repudiators on the part of Republicans. Then we all know what scandalous abuses have marked their reign in the city of New York, where they have had uninterrupted control for a whole generation—scandals which are by no means a thing of the distant past. Nor has the party redeemed these acts by valuable services in the work of reform; on the contrary, it has in many cases opposed reforms which the Republicans carried into effect.

Now, the object of a change in the government is to make things better, and not to put one set of "rascals" in the place of another; and we see no reason for turning the Republicans out and putting the Democrats in, unless the latter give evidence that they will do better than their opponents. Up to this time, however, such evidence is not forthcoming; and there is one reason to fear that the contrary might be the case. The Democrats have now been out of power for nearly a quarter of a century, and they are evidently hungry for office. Is there not danger that, if they should attain to power, they would revive in all its fullness the old policy of "spoils"? and if they should do so, would not the country then be worse off than it is now? To jump out of the frying-pan into the fire is not usually supposed to be advantageous, yet many voters will fear that such may be our experience if we "turn out the Republican rascals" only to let in the "Democratic knaves."

In our opinion, the Democrats will make a serious mistake if they attempt to make the election hinge on this issue alone, to the neglect of the more important questions of legislation and public policy. The people will not readily be persuaded to put them into office merely to make a change in the *personnel* of the government. There is undoubtedly a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people with the Republican party; but it is due not merely to the malfeasance of certain Republican office-holders, but also to the failure of the party to enact thorough measures of reform. If, then, the Democrats would secure the presidency in the election next year, they ought to do something at the coming session of Congress to meet the popular demand for reform. They will have next winter the virtual control of legislation, and if they will use their opportunity to enact useful laws, such as the country now requires and the people demand, they will stand an excellent chance in the coming contest.

But if they spend the winter's session in merely exposing and denouncing, for partisan purposes, the misdeeds of their opponents, the independent voters, who will really decide the election, will see little reason for preferring them to the party that is now in power.

#### Law-and-Order Leagues.

As population increases and civilization becomes more complex, it is evident that a large amount of volunteer work must be done in the administration of government. It will be necessary for good citizens not only to attend the primary meetings and to vote intelligently at the elections, but also to assist, by various methods, in the execution of the laws. This, indeed, seems at present to be the weak point in our political machinery. The inefficiency of the police and the prosecuting officers, and the fatal uncertainty of trial by jury, render our laws, in many cases, wholly inoperative. There are good laws, not a few, in every community, that are approved by the numerical majority of the voters and by the great mass of those who represent its property and its intelligence,—the class that ought to rule,—and yet are set at naught continually by the vicious and disorderly classes. The reasons are not remote. The disorderly classes are always bringing a powerful pressure to bear upon the officers of the law, to restrain them from enforcing its penal provisions; they control many votes, and they always make their political influence count for all it is worth. These classes constitute a positive, aggressive, implacable element in our politics; they know who are their friends, and they never fail to punish their enemies.

The intelligent, virtuous, and well-to-do citizens on the other side are not at all aggressive. Some are too busy, and some too fastidious, to take any active interest in the administration of the government. If they vote on election day for such candidates as the leaders of the caucus provide, they think they have discharged to the full their obligation as good citizens; if they go so far as to attend the primary meeting and register an ineffectual protest against the devices of the machinists, they count that a work of supererogation—a degree of patriotism to which only the elect ever attain. Of course, a great deal of promiscuous grumbling and deploring is done between elections by these prosperous and virtuous citizens; but very few of them ever attempt to influence the administration of government. The work of executing the laws belongs, they say, to the officers of the law.

Accordingly, we have on the side of disorder and lawlessness a positive and strenuous force, always pressing against the authorities—an influence that makes itself felt and feared every day in the year. On the side of law and order we have plenty of good sentiment, but no force that is organized or concentrated, and, practically, very little effective pressure is brought to bear upon the people who are responsible for the execution of the laws. And who are these people who thus stand between this determined band of law-breakers and this numerous but negligent company of reputable citizens? It is not necessary to make any sweeping assertions about them; it is enough to say that the men who hold the offices are, as a rule, men who want office, who desire to keep



their places or to win promotion, who have a profound respect for any one who can influence votes, and who wish, therefore, to have as little controversy as possible with the rum-sellers and the gamblers and the keepers of vile houses. The conduct of the average town or city official, under such circumstances, can be easily predicted: he will yield to the more aggressive force; he will move in the direction of least resistance.

It begins to be evident that the law-abiding classes must oppose to the pressure of the law-breakers an influence in favor of the execution of the laws not less positive and strenuous. Doubtless, the first thing to be done is to secure, wherever that is possible, a higher grade of officers; but that is not enough. These officers, at best, will be human; and it is too much to expect that they will do their whole duty when the powers of iniquity are loud and instant, and the powers of righteousness are irresolute or indifferent. It is due to them that they should be constantly braced and invigorated by being brought in contact with the moral forces of the community. The malefactors will not fail to make them afraid to enforce the laws, will show them that it is for their interest to neglect their duty; good citizens must make them afraid *not* to enforce the laws, must show them that it is for their interest to *do* their duty. The problem of bringing a steady and constant pressure of moral influence to bear upon the men who are responsible for the execution of the laws is the problem to be solved.

There is no lack of right sentiment in our communities; all that is necessary is that it should be organized and directed, that it should find a voice. Public sentiment, like every other force, must be concentrated that it may be effective. There is enough indignation against lawlessness diffused through the community to form an irresistible motive power for the enforcement of law, if it could only be gathered up and could have adequate expression. For this purpose, Law-and-Order Leagues have sprung into existence of late in many communities, east and west, and the results already reached are extremely encouraging.

Some of these leagues take into their own hands the work of prosecuting offenders, employing attorneys and detectives for this purpose, and pushing cases through the courts. What has thus been done in New York, with the assistance or in spite of the police and the Excise Commissioners, is well known; and the leagues in Boston and in Chicago have been even more successful. Probably this method is the only one that can be successfully employed in the larger cities; but there is another method, much less expensive, that has been tried with good results in the smaller communities. This method contemplates the employment of no detectives, and the prosecution by the league of no offenders; it proposes to secure its results through the constituted authorities,—the police and the prosecuting attorneys,—and not independent of them. It assumes that the officers of the law are ready to enforce the law, and it stands by them to give them moral support, and to aid them, so far as possible, in furnishing them information. The Law-and-Order League, formed for this purpose, ought to include in its membership a large number of the best citizens of the community—merchants, manufacturers, teachers, lawyers, clergymen—the men

who are recognized as leaders of business and of opinion, but who are not closely allied with any political machine. The preamble of its simple constitution should sharply restrict its operations to the enforcement of existing laws. The league should have frequent public meetings, in which the general facts with respect to the violation of law should be carefully and calmly laid before the public. The newspapers of the neighborhood should also be employed for the same purpose. The league should have a secretary, whose office should be its head-quarters, where information concerning illegal practices could be left by any citizen. It should also have an executive committee of a dozen or more energetic and public-spirited men, who could be depended on to meet steadily at the office of the secretary, and whose duty it should be to collect, through their observation and their conversation, facts relating to the infraction of the statutes, to collate them with those gathered and verified by the secretary, and then to present them, in an official communication, to the police authorities. It is not likely that the information thus presented would greatly enlighten the police; they would already be in possession of most of these facts; but the knowledge that a large body of intelligent and determined men were watching their operations, ready to applaud them when they performed their duty and to call them sharply to account when they neglected it, would have a wholesome influence upon them. Such a society, known to represent the sober and virtuous elements of the community, and to be composed of men who had no political ambitions, and who were far more interested in the maintenance of the law than in the success of either political party, would not be long in existence before its power would be felt in many quarters.

The sheriff has the power to call to his aid the *posse comitatus* in enforcing the law. The Law-and-Order League is a volunteer *posse comitatus*, that does not propose to supersede or embarrass the proper authorities, but to aid them in every possible way in bringing offenders to justice. The shameless violations of law that we witness in many places, and the feebleness of the powers whose duty it is to bring the violators to justice, indicate a large opportunity for public service in this direction. The duty of good citizens cannot all be performed on one or two days in the year; they must learn how to bring the forces of intelligence and virtue to bear directly and steadily upon the machinery of the local government all the year round.

#### The Lack of Earnestness in American Politics.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increased attention lately given to questions of political reform, and notwithstanding the local temperance agitations and the noisy, recurrent gossip concerning "candidates," one of the most striking facts in American life at the present time is the lack of moral earnestness in public affairs. If we were to judge from this fact, we might conclude that our government was now so well conducted that no further reform was needed, and that our rulers had nothing to do but luxuriate in idleness. But if we look below the surface of affairs, we find abuses enough in our political system, some old, some new, but all requiring to be taken in hand and dealt with vigorously. Hitherto, however, there has been so little



public interest in the subject that the chief obstacle that reformers have had to contend with has been found, not in the opposition of the open defenders of abuses, but in the apathy and indifference of the people themselves.

The particular reform that has been most discussed of late is that of the civil service, a very simple reform, and one which it might be thought the whole people would favor as soon as they understood it; yet it has taken twenty years to awaken popular interest in it. Again, there is much complaint among the poorer classes about the evils they suffer from the injustice of the rich and from the monopolies and other invasions of private rights that our laws permit. Yet when an attempt is made in a sensible way to check these abuses, by abolishing monopolies and restraining corporations and other combinations of capital within proper limits, scarcely a token of interest appears among the masses of the people.

This lack of earnestness in our public life is rendered more conspicuous by contrast with the zeal and activity now displayed in the politics of England. There, just across the ocean, we find a ministry of unusual ability, led by one of the world's great statesmen, carrying out a series of reforms of the most important and far-reaching character, sufficient almost to mark an epoch in the nation's history. And the reason why they have effected so much is because they are zealous in the work, and because they have behind them the deep moral earnestness of an energetic people.

Why there should be such a difference in the politics of the two countries, such activity in the one, such apathy in the other, is not at first sight apparent. Some perhaps would say, because our politicians are so much occupied with distributing the spoils and securing their own share of them that they have no energy left for more important work; and it must be admitted that they are earnest in this business, if in nothing else. But then, if the people themselves were in earnest, and determined on reform, they would infuse their own temper into their public men, as they did in the days of the antislavery conflict and the Civil war.

The spoils business, in fact, is one of the strongest proofs of the prevailing apathy; for the practice is not only injurious to the public welfare, but contemptible and mean, and a slight breath of popular earnestness would sweep it away forever. Again, the condition of parties among us is undoubtedly a hinderance to political improvement, since party lines do not correspond with the lines of opinion, and there is to-day no recognized party of progress in this country as there is in England. But party lines would quickly yield to a determined people, and new parties could be easily organized, if the old ones would not serve the popular will.

Now that we have become a wealthy nation, and multitudes of our people have attained a full competence, with the leisure and freedom from sordid cares that it gives, it is surely more than ever their duty to devote some part of their time and energy to the work of moral and political improvement. And if even a portion of our young men would enter upon such work with the same earnestness that their fathers have shown in the work of material progress, the complete reform of our government and the elevation of our public life would not be long delayed.

#### Professor Jevons on Education.

THE subject of education is so important for the future of the American people that everything of moment that is said about it ought to be attentively pondered by all who desire the welfare of the people and the elevation of the national life. The work of primary education, to be sure, is already as well advanced among us as in any other country in the world; but the higher education is still in an undeveloped state, and all matters relating to it are, therefore, entitled to the best thought we can give them. Accordingly, we would call our readers' attention to an essay on "Cram" by the late Professor Jevons, originally contributed to the pages of "Mind," and now republished in his volume on "Methods of Social Reform." In this paper the author undertakes a defense of the method of education popularly known as cramming, and probably makes as good an argument in its favor as can be made; but, nevertheless, we can by no means agree with his conclusions.

Professor Jevons lays down the principle that the ultimate object of education is "success in life," and he advocates the cramming process as the best means of attaining this end. He would make the process a thorough one, and subject the student to searching examination; and all this, so far as it goes, is well. He makes a distinction between what he calls "good cram" and "bad cram," but we can see nothing in this except a difference in the application of the method, and what we object to is the method itself. We do not deny that such a course of study and examination as Professor Jevons advocates may be useful for the acquisition of technical knowledge and for cultivating the technical faculties of the mind. Hence the applicability of the examination test in the case of Government clerks, whose work is almost entirely of a technical character. But the very fact that it is thus applicable in their case raises a presumption against it as a means of general education, the object of which is not the acquisition of technical skill, but the elevation of the mind and character. The main purpose of education is not to promote success in life, but to raise the standard of life itself; and this object can be attained only by those higher studies which call forth the powers of reason, moral feeling, and artistic taste. Even in professional education, our aim ought rather to be usefulness in life than mere success, and we have great distrust of all theories of education that put success in the first place.

Professor Jevons admits that the method he advocates fails in the field of mental and social philosophy; for he says he has had great difficulty in devising a system of written examinations on these topics, and that "it is difficult in these subjects to make the student think for himself." But, surely, a method of teaching that is not applicable to some of the highest subjects of human thought, and that fails to make the student think for himself, can hardly be called a successful method of education. There was once a man named Socrates who knew how to conduct examinations in philosophical subjects, and to make his pupils think for themselves, and we believe that his teaching had considerable influence on the world; but we never heard of his pupils' cramming themselves. The history of Greek philosophy, and, indeed, of Greek



civilization generally, is a standing refutation of all cramming theories of education.

We object to Professor Jevons's theory of education, therefore, and to the method of teaching he approves, because it puts the technical above the intellectual, and facts above philosophy. We believe that education should be of a kind in sympathy with the present age, and that it should by no means neglect to fit its recipient for the struggle of life; but we object to Professor Jevons's theory because it puts worldly success before the pursuit of beauty and truth; and we should be sorry to see such theories find acceptance with American educators.

#### A Word to the Readers of The Century.

THE present number of *THE CENTURY* closes the twenty-sixth volume and thirteenth year of the magazine. Presuming once more upon the interest the readers of a periodical like this are supposed to take in its fortunes,—which, in fact, we well know they do take therein,—we beg leave in a few lines to report progress, and to say a word about the future. It was the good fortune of *THE CENTURY* (then called *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY*) to come into existence at the moment when a renaissance was preparing in American art and in American literature. From the

first, the magazine has striven to do something more than keep abreast of these movements; something more than merely to record them. Whether mistakenly or not, whether for good or for evil, the magazine has (it may be said without undue egotism) been an influence. It has striven also to take its proper share in the wholesome movement, still in its full vigor, and encouraged by many successes, for the purification of American public life and the better administration of government. From the beginning also, one of this magazine's principal functions has been to present all that is most purifying and most inspiring in the religion of our country, of our race, and of the world's higher civilization,—while at the same time insisting upon freedom and fair-play in discussion and continually opposing all dogmatic and sectarian narrowness.

On these lines the magazine has moved from the beginning, winning year by year an increased number of readers and of friends, and on these lines its course will continue. It enters upon its fourteenth annual "fall campaign," we are happy to say, with a circulation and an audience numbering thousands beyond those of the last or of any former year in its history.

For a summary of the contents of the past two volumes, and an announcement of some of the special features of those to come, we refer our readers to the advertising columns of the magazine.

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## OPEN LETTERS.

#### A New Interpreter of Greek Art.

THE surprising discoveries of the past few years in the Troad, in Cyprus, at Mycenæ, Olympia, and elsewhere about the eastern Mediterranean, have accustomed us to the greatest expectations of what may be recovered out of the ancient world of art. But what we did not look for, after so many years of learned research and archæological ingenuity, was the coming of a new interpreter of this art, with a clarified vision that almost merits the title of inspiration,—a genius whose insight enables him to make important discoveries in fields supposed to be already thoroughly known, and to cast new and brilliant light upon the remains of classic art and upon Hellenic life. The words genius and inspiration are large words to apply to anybody in these days, but I should not like to use any weaker ones in regard to Charles Waldstein and his archæological essays and discoveries. In this corner of *THE CENTURY* there is space for only a mention of the man and his promising work, and I avail myself of the informality of this hospitable corner to make that mention familiarly and merely introductory.

The first paper that fell into my hands by Mr. Waldstein was one reprinted from the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1880), on the Pythagoras of Rhegion and the Early Athlete Statues. This was an argument, to put it briefly, proving that certain ancient statues believed to be Apollos, and classified as such in the museums, were really athletes. The learning and ingenuity of the cogent argument were notable enough; but beyond this, the author shows minuteness

and exactness of knowledge of all the bearings of his subject, a vigor and reserve of power in insight and perception that compel the wondering admiration of the reader. Here, it was evident, was a new critic, not using a vague art-terminology, but one profoundly imbued with the principles of art, and capable of the most lucid and revealing expression. It is no exaggeration to say that, since Lessing's paper on the *Lacoön*, no art criticism had seemed so pungent and original as this and other essays by the same hand. We can give no adequate notion of the quality of this new light in art criticism and interpretation, without quoting an entire essay; but I am tempted to give a passage or two from the essay named above. And I may preface it by the remark that Mr. Waldstein's criticism is not merely historically descriptive; it is creative, for the purpose of modern art. Rhythm in plastic art is not immediately connected with rhythm in poetry; in the first instance, it means simply "flow." Symmetry is an architectural idea expressing the lasting, the uniform, the inorganic; rhythm implies change, the organic, as sculpture deals with animal life. Archaic sculpture was too architectural; it expressed symmetry to the exclusion of rhythm. The innovation of Pythagoras was that he added this flowing, irregular element to art, and thereby contributed to the appearance of vitality. But he kept within the bounds of what is pleasing to the eye; and though he furthered rhythm, he did not do it to the exclusion of symmetry. This harmony between life and form is the most characteristic feature in Greek art. The writer specifies:



"Vitality is, in the first place, given to the statue by means of the *continuous flow* of the surface. Each smallest part of the surface in a good statue must have the resemblance of moving and vibrating like the skin of a real body, which never presents a geometrically straight line, but is a *continuous* succession of elevations or recessions, arsis and thesis—that is, it flows. Vitality must, as it were, stream into the clay through the fingers of the modeling artist. The difference in this respect between Greek works and Roman copies that were made to order like mechanical ware, will illustrate the difference between a statue possessed of this vitality of texture and one which is wanting in this first requisite. \* \* \* Each part of the surface [in the statue under examination] is carefully and thoroughly executed, and the difference in texture between the hair, the skin, and the stem of the tree is clearly indicated. To attain this effect, besides the feeling of form which must be inherent in the artist, much and intense work is needed. Hasty modeling (unless it is meant to be a sketch) can never convey vitality. The same holds good in all arts. The organic quality, the continuity of composition in literary work, can only be attained when the subject has been thoroughly and for a long while revolved in the brain of the author, or has been modeled and remodeled during the process of fixing it on paper. But the texture of the surface varies in appearance in accordance with what is below it, which it covers. As it covers bone or muscle or softer material, so will its appearance be different. This difference the sculptor must indicate by means of modeling; he must look deeper than the mere superficial appearance to what anatomically lies below as the cause of the phenomenal difference. But in poor work, the muscles, joints, etc., are indicated by means of simple elevations that do not gradually rise and fall, are not intermediated—they seem *put together*; while in good work the transition is gradual, the lines are not torn asunder—all *flows together*, as in nature."

The author further subtly indicates the limits of the artistic powers of Pythagoras of Rhegion by saying that he could express, by means of his statues, physical pain, but not moral grief:

"There are still higher stages in the development of plastic rhythm to which Pythagoras did not attain; but these belong to a later period. They are the expression of *moral* character and individual mood in plastic rhythm."

This discovery, that many of the so-called Apollos are really athletes, is only one of many by this fresh and original observer. No one else has thrown more light than he upon the quality of the genius of Pheidias. Walking one day through the Louvre with one of the authorities of the Museum, Mr. Waldstein espied, on a high shelf among some fragments, a marble head which arrested his attention. The more he looked at it, the more he was convinced that it was a Pheidian work, and had all the character of the metopes of the Parthenon, now in the British Museum. His companion, remarking with a smile that he was always discovering Pheidias, took down the fragment and placed it in Waldstein's hands. A close inspection convinced him that it was the head of a Lapith from one of the Parthenon metopes. On inquiry, he learned that the head had been recently acquired from a dealer in Vienna, who obtained it from the Piræus, where it was said to have been found in the water. An exact cast of the head was made and taken to London, and in the Museum the metope was found to which it seemed to belong. Upon placing the cast upon the fractured

neck, they fitted completely, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other. This metope is now one of the most complete, as it is in many ways the finest.

Another curious discovery of Mr. Waldstein's, showing perhaps a more astonishing range of archaeological knowledge and intuition, was the identification of a Hermes in Ephesian silver-work on a patera from Bernay in France, also described in a brochure reprinted from the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" (1882). A paper, two years previous, from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, on "Praxiteles and the Hermes with the Dionysos-child from the Heraion in Olympia," exhibits perhaps more conspicuously the surprising critical genius of the author, the breadth of his critical sympathy and apprehension. I cannot dwell upon this delightful paper further than to note the contrast the writer draws between Praxiteles and Pheidias. Praxiteles had the sensuous temperament which frequently reacts toward melancholy. This sensuousness was far from meaning actual passion. In Praxiteles, we have potential passion, suggestions of strong impulses rather than impulses themselves.

"But such suggestiveness, hidden and veiled, is sad in itself, sadder in its aspect than even the violent impulse to destruction; and whenever the sensitive and amative nature is not vibrating, it is apt to be sad. Pheidias was not sad, but the time in which he lived was essentially different from that of Praxiteles."

The time in which the character of Pheidias was formed was one of decision, of united resistance of all the Greek states to the Persian foe. This energetic spirit excluded self-consciousness and self-reflection; it gave to the Greeks keen perception of broad types of the ideal. This condition was most favorable to the production of great sculptors; its naïveté and inventive impulse were most characteristic of the genius of Pheidias—a noble serenity. The age of Praxiteles was not so simple or decided, and his was a less simple personality. The nervous constitution of sanguine temperaments does not allow of any protracted sojourn on the heights of sublimity. There is no continuity of impulse, no sameness of work.

"When they try to fix these impressions they frequently fail, for such moods cannot last. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' and Shelley's 'Eipsychidion' are fragmentary. The Lovely, the Humanly-Beautiful, is their domain, for they are lovable and much loving natures. Yet over this world of restlessness, of 'storm and pressure,' is spread a thin gauze of unpronounced sadness, like the thin mist that spreads over even the freshest landscape in the brightest morning of spring. Praxiteles, Shelley, Heine, De Musset, Chopin were such temperaments. What adds to the melancholy of such natures is the consciousness that they have lost simplicity; they know that they are sophisticated, and thus the simple and innocent, whenever they meet it, evokes in them a fond and desiring sadness. When a pure maiden inspires Heine, he can write the purest and sadly-sweetest verses; all the stains of his past joy have left him. \* \* \*

"Praxiteles, the sculptor of what is lovable, was ordered to fashion a Hermes, the protector of athletic sports, in the temple at Olympia, the sacred realm of all physical exercise: a strong god in the vast temple of strength. And how did he solve the task? He gave a strong god, but in a moment of tender pensiveness, and accentuated, even more than his strength,



his amiable beauty. The man with his individual character shines forth through the artist.

"The Hermes, then, undoubtedly the work of Praxiteles, has enabled us to recognize the character of Praxitelean art, the character and genius of Praxiteles himself, and has thrown a new ray of light upon a period of Greek history. A work of art may elucidate an age as clearly as a chapter of written history. Who can know the history of the Italian Renaissance without studying Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo?"

Upon inquiry as to who is this new light in scientific art criticism, I learned that he is a young man, with a very considerable European reputation for his extensive archæological knowledge and discoveries, at present holding the position of "Reader" on Greek art in Cambridge University, England, and that he is now establishing there a new archæological school (which is in addition to the Disney and Slade foundations). For the purposes chiefly of this school, a museum of casts has been created in connection with the Fitzwilliam Museum, mainly through the exertions of the distinguished Professor Sidney Colvin. Funds have also been raised for an archæological library, intended for the use of the same school,—the Fitzwilliam having already an excellent library of art. I learned also that in earlier years, before he devoted himself exclusively to art, his proficiency in philosophy had been such as to attract the admiration of the London circle to which George Eliot belonged. Aside from his art contributions in French, German, and English to various archæological journals, I have read an elaborate scheme by him for the reorganization of liberal education, and a curious paper, printed in the "Minerva" of Rome, on "Specialization, a Morbid Tendency of our Time."

It certainly will not detract from the interest of this sketch to THE CENTURY readers to know that Mr. Waldstein—perhaps I should give him his title of Dr. Charles Waldstein—is an American, born in New York. I will close what is already too long a letter with a short sketch of his life.

Charles Waldstein was born in Broadway, New York, March 30, 1856, of naturalized German parents. His father is an optician in the city. His early education was at such private schools as the city could afford. Later he attended the public schools and received private tuition at home. In 1867 he was taken to Europe with his family, and put to school at Stuttgart, where he remained three years, when he returned to New York, and prepared for the entrance examination of Columbia College. He entered the freshman class of 1871, and remained till the end of the sophomore year in 1873, when he again went abroad and entered the University of Heidelberg as a student of philosophy. From 1873 to 1875 he attended the lectures of the most famous masters in archæology, history, and economy, taking his degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. in the autumn of the latter year. The summer time of the next year he was in Leipsic, studying under Overbeck, etc.; in October he went to London, where he studied the collections and art works in the British Museum, the National Gallery, etc. He was asked to deliver a course of art lectures in the British Museum in the winter; the course was highly successful, and, as it turned out, was the turning-point in determining his career. He spent the greater part of the years 1878-9 in Italy, chiefly in Rome, and in Greece, and was present at the German excavations at Olympia.

On his return to England he delivered courses of lectures, on invitation, in various places, chief among them Cambridge. His influence upon the students there in art studies made itself felt very soon; he was given his present position, and in 1882 the degree of M. A. *honoris causa* was conferred on him, in recognition of his services in the cause of art teaching and research. During this time he was frequently invited to deliver short courses of lectures on Greek art at various colleges and schools, and before public societies, such as King's College, Harrow, Eton, etc. In April last he delivered a course of discourses before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, one lecture on "The Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art," and four on the "Art of Pheidias." The latter are the nucleus of a volume which is now in the University press at Cambridge, and is shortly to be published. Dr. Waldstein has made careful studies of the principal public and private museums and collections in Europe. In April he was appointed corresponding member of the Imperial German Institute of Archæology at Berlin, Rome, and Athens. He has the spirit of a thorough student, rejoicing in his work for itself, and seeking no adventitious aids to reputation.

Charles Dudley Warner.

#### Henry Irving's Stage Management.

THE careful manner in which, under Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum Theater, the scenery and appointments are planned, with reference to the full development of the author's meaning, seems especially worthy of notice at a time when there is much controversy as to the relative value of the setting of a play. There are, at present, many persons who inveigh loudly against the development of scenic effect. As an instance of this, I may quote a passage from a well-written article in the June number of the "Magazine of Art." The writer of this article, Mr. Archer, says:

"This idea of proportioning the scene to the business 'then to be considered' is the last which occurs to a modern manager. He gives his scenic artist *carte blanche*, and insists upon each decoration reaching a fixed standard of magnificence. Juliet's bed-chamber, where she is to battle with the grizzly horrors of the tomb, shall be as rich, if not as gaudy, as the banquet-hall, where she does nothing much more serious than walk a minuet."

Putting aside the amazing slip as to Juliet's doing nothing much more serious than walking a minuet in the very scene in which she declares her sudden passion for Romeo, the writer is, so far at least as the Lyceum is concerned, very wide of the mark. Yet in such a complaint as his there is a modicum of a special truth. This relates really to a danger rather than a fact, and is merely sufficient to warrant jealousy of a practice which, in the hands of persons of good resource but small artistic power, may cumber histrionic effort with irrelevant show, or bury it entirely beneath a load of superfluous finery. The abuse of a power is, however, no criterion of its use; and the development of the art of scenic effect as a correlative force in dramatic method must not be foregone or stayed because indiscreet zeal or efflorescent taste at times misleads. It is to the highest, not to the lowest aims and efforts



and effects, that we must look for the signs of a progress sufficiently strong and true to give promise of permanency. And we find this progress in the Lyceum stage during Mr. Irving's management of it. The late revivals of pieces played there some few years ago show clearly enough what progress has been made in this kind. Before 1878, in which year Mr. Irving became manager of the Lyceum, a good many plays were produced with great success. In all of these, the province of stage management came practically within the control of the actor, in so far as the acting was concerned. The effect of his own histrionic power and his influence on the stage is, by this time, an old story. My object now is not to enter at all upon the question of Mr. Irving's powers or qualities as an actor, but to give from personal knowledge some insight into his method of preparing a play for public representation, especially with reference to the setting of the play and the manner in which scenic effect and the resources of stage-craft are subjugated by the manager to their true place as matters of secondary though very great importance.

At the very beginning of his arranging a production, Mr. Irving makes sure, first of all, of the text and cast of his play as ready for acting. All entrances and exits, all movings to and fro, all changes of dress and shiftings of scene, as rendered necessary by the exigencies of the play, are prepared for. The time is marked, from first to last, with a marvelous accuracy, which could only be attained by a mingling of thought and experience. The truth of Mr. Irving's oft-expressed apothegm, that on the stage everything is due to intention, nothing is the result of accident, receives a living proof in the care given to all things both before and during rehearsal. When the scene-painters receive their first instructions, upon which they proceed to shape out their rough models, the first points which they are required to consider are the needs of the action. For instance, a door must be here, a window there. A house, a grotto, an altar, a tree, are important elements in the presentation of the piece. To these necessary requirements other details of the scene must be subordinated, so that ultimately, in a suitable and picturesque surrounding, calculated in every way to stimulate the imagination, the central points on which action turns may, at the due moment, appear in natural prominence. So it is with all the appliances and arrangements of the stage. The property master, the machinist, the gas engineer, the chorus master, have all to conform rigidly to their instructions, which are given by the manager solely with reference to the requirements of the play. It is at all times interesting, instructive, and even fascinating to see how the multitude of details, each elaborated separately according to accurate instructions, gradually grow together as prearranged in the master mind till a coherent and natural whole is achieved. The on-looker, at even a partial development of the method, cannot but see in it an embodiment of the poet's idea as that idea has taken root in the mind of the manager. At the back of all the personal thought and care and zeal which these things require, an exceptional following is necessary; and one can see at a glance how admirably Mr. Irving is served. He has not only himself chosen the various heads of his departments, but he has trained them to understand something of his own ideas. Thus there

is mutual confidence between the manager and his subordinates. They are content to accept at once and to work out loyally their appointed tasks, confident that each point, howsoever minute or seemingly unimportant, has some definite meaning or purpose in the general theme; while he, having full knowledge that his orders once given will be strictly carried out, is able to proceed to other matters of importance, which develop by degrees into harmonious proportions and tangible existence. Now and again I have been struck with amazement at the enormous number of points to which the most careful attention has been given. Thus, on orders having been given for some change in a scene or the setting of it, I have noticed how even the slightest change involved a multitude of alterations. In truth, the labor of a Lyceum production is very great, for Mr. Irving does not hesitate to make changes, no matter how much trouble to the different departments they may involve. On the contrary, he tries to find fault in his own work with a critical facility as varied as it is earnest. I remember at the rehearsals of "The Corsican Brothers," in 1880, that two whole scenes, which had been produced with great care and labor, were condemned and others substituted—the "interior" in the first act and the glade-scene in the last. This involved a wholly new conception and execution of the scenes. Those originally appointed did not, on practical trial, lend themselves suitably to the action and sentiment of the play. Again, I saw the first scene of "Romeo and Juliet" condemned on trial without a murmur. (This scene preceded the banquet-hall scene, in which the drilling of a crowd five hundred strong had been the work of months.) It was in each case quite apparent that with the growth to actuality of the preconceived effects the horizon of the picturesque possibilities had broadened.

Walter Herries Pollock.

#### Some of the Younger English Poets.

E. W. GOSSE.

THE younger English poets at this moment best known in America—whether justly or not—are Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, not to mention Mr. Oscar Wilde and his unfortunate protégé, Mr. Ronald Rodd. The verses of most of these may be seen now and then in American magazines. The most popular of them here is Mr. Austin Dobson, partly because he has probably been longer before the public, partly on account of the humor and humanity of his verse. Mr. Marston has struck as deep a note as, and a more touching one than, the others; but he is perhaps the most unequal, and the body of his work most persistently resembles the modern masters of a certain school, under whose influence his style has been formed.

There is a slight resemblance in the verse of Messrs. Dobson, Lang, and Gosse; but as time goes on each is more strongly differentiated from the others. Mr. Dobson has fallen into line after Præd and Locker, as a writer of what is vaguely called *vers de société*, though the range of the younger poet is much too wide



for this limiting phrase. Mr. Lang's work is spoken of elsewhere. Mr. Gosse (besides the finely written prose he occasionally puts forth) continues to write verse, chiefly lyrical, showing a broad range of sympathies, and an unusual sensitiveness to form.

The best idea of his lyrical genius may be had from a selected edition of poems recently published in America, with the title of an earlier English collection of his verse, "On Viol and Flute" (Henry Holt, New York), to which volume I should like especially to call attention here.

In this collection it is interesting to find what appears to be some of the author's most spontaneous poetry taking the most intricate form. This fact should convey a lesson to those who cry out against form as a hinderance to poetical spontaneity,—though the literature of the world is, of course, full of such lessons. The "Sestina," on page 184, seems to me one of the most sincerely felt as it is one of the most charming of the pieces in this book, and it is written in a form of the highest artificiality—as every one knows who is familiar with the laws of the recently revived Provençal forms. So, also, Mr. Gosse's best sonnets are filled to the brim with meaning and with feeling.

Along with Mr. Gosse's easy mastery of form should be mentioned a perfect clearness of expression and a faculty of throwing off phrases of great verbal felicity; like these perfect lines in the beautiful poem of "The Sisters":

"Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night?  
I hardly told my heart my heart's delight."

In some of his shorter pieces (as, for instance, "Greece and England") there is a lyrical lightness and motion that is most pleasing. The book, as a whole, reflects a mind of the truest culture,—one that has delight in the highest forms of plastic and literary art,—and is, moreover, careful, even minute, in its observation of natural phenomena. Beginning under the Rossetti influence, this poet has still kept remarkably clear of mannerism, and his work now shows no unpleasant trace of the school, if it ever did. The fault that may be found with him is a fault of the day, of nearly all modern art,—namely, literary self-consciousness,—ending in a verse that at times ceases to move on account of its faulty faultlessness. But Mr. Gosse's poetry I should expect to see mellow and deepen with years, like Longfellow's. Let me present here the "Sestina," of which I have spoken:

SESTINA.

TO F. H.

"*Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello  
Gran maestro d'amor.*"—PETRARCH.

"In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,  
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,  
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart;  
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,  
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,  
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"'Harsh be my lines,' cried Arnaut, 'harsh the woe  
My lady, that enthorn'd and cruel rose,  
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!'

But through the meter spake the voice of Love,  
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang  
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

"It is not told if her untoward heart  
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,  
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;  
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose  
To nobler heights of philosophic love,  
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

"This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme,  
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart  
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,  
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—  
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—  
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"'Smith of his mother-tongue,' the Frenchman sang  
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme  
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,  
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart  
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe  
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

"And Dante, full of her immortal love,  
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang  
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;  
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme  
Whenever pity at the laboring heart  
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!  
The men of old who sang were great at heart,  
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose."

If any verses written by one of the younger English poets of our day deserve the gentle treatment of oblivious time, this poem does,—where subject and method, thought and expression, are so harmoniously wedded, and where the human sentiment is so moving. To have written a not unworthy poem on so famed and exquisite a theme will be regarded, especially by those who are themselves of the poetic guild, as no small achievement.

X.

ANDREW LANG.

THE latest version of "the tale of Troy divine" ("Helen of Troy," by A. Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) seems to be the overflow of Mr. Lang's Homeric studies in the course of his translation of Homer into English prose, made in conjunction with Mr. S. H. Butcher. That was an admirable performance, and perhaps, on the whole, a greater success than any of the numerous renderings in verse which have appeared in our tongue, from Chapman's to Bryant's. The present venture in the poetic interpretation of one portion of the Homeric myth can hardly be regarded as successful. The upholstery is the upholstery of Homer, but the spirit is the spirit of Morris. The polished cars and pillared fore-courts, the vases of bronze and gold, the chairs, feasts, and sacrifices are described correctly. The banqueters dismiss the desire of meat and drink, and the priests lay the fat of the victim fold on fold in the true Homeric fashion. But when he comes to the really epic parts of his task, it seems to me the poet loses his grip.

It was, perhaps, a feeling of his own inability to deal with character and passion effectively that led Mr. Lang to invent the extraordinary departure from the Homeric story, by which he represents Helen, in her flight from Lacedæmon, and again in her restoration to Menelaus, as a puppet in the hands of the gods,



without memory, free-will, or responsibility. He makes her fall into a trance, from which she awakes "forgetful of her old life, and ignorant of her shame, and blameless of those evil deeds that the goddess thrust upon her"; and in this conveniently "immoral" condition she elopes with Paris. And when the war is over and Ilios has fallen,

"— Aphrodite made the past unknown  
To Helen, as of old, when in the dew  
Of that fair dawn the net was round her thrown:  
Nay, now no memory of Troy brake through  
The mist that veiled, from her sweet eyes and blue,  
The dreadful days and deeds all overpast," etc.

For this there is no warrant in Homer. It is true that in the *Iliad*, Priam says to Helen, in a single passage, that he does not blame her, for the gods have brought this woe upon Troy; but Helen herself, throughout that poem, is fully conscious of her actions, and is made repeatedly to express grief, shame, and homesickness. It is also true, in a general way, that the moral atmosphere of the Homeric poems is less intense than that which pervades the literature of Christendom, and that the agency of the gods is constantly present. It is for that reason that when the deeds of the heroes are submitted to the harsh light of modern ethical standards, as in Shakspeare's "*Troilus and Cressida*," the disenchantment is so startling that many critics have looked upon that play as a deliberate satire.

But Mr. Lang has, I think, gone too far. Ancient authorities, Euripides, for example, limited the use of

"That nepenthes which the wife of These  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena"

to the occasion of her return to home and husband after the siege and fall of Troy. To treat the heroine, throughout the entire course of the adventure, as a plaything of Aphrodite seems to me a mistake in art. It breaks the continuity of the action; and, in place of securing a sense of passionate reality, it removes the story to a world of dream, where the ordinary motives of human conduct are absent. The figures in Mr. Lang's poem have no life, but appear to be going through a pantomime at a great distance, and in obedience to some unseen mechanism.

It goes without saying that, in point of execution, the poem is tasteful and scholarly. There is the same delicate touch which gratified the artistic sense in the author's "*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*," and in his other poems and prose writings, such as "*The Library*." There is a great deal in the volume which is fine in workmanship and able to give genuine pleasure to a cultivated reader. It is in depth of conception and in power to move the feelings that Mr. Lang falls short. Perhaps he comes nearest to exhibiting something of these great qualities in the episode of the deaths of Paris and *Ænone*; but even here he declines to grapple with the dramatic capabilities of the situation, by adroitly evading anything that can be called an interview between the dying hero and his quondam love. And in general the poet passes rather lightly over those crises in the action on which the stress and strain of emotion fall most weightily in Homer, and lays his emphasis on narrative and description. In narrative his manner is smooth and flowing, the verse is musical, the choice of epithets

careful, and the command of language easy; but there is an absence of the fire and spirit which characterize the best passages of born story-tellers in verse, like Byron and Scott. There is rather the somewhat cloying and monotonous evenness of Morris, of whom, as I have already hinted, Mr. Lang reminds us, and not unpleasantly reminds us.

B.

#### Tame Butterflies.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1883, Mr. Gosse describes a monument in which the sculptor has carved a child holding out her hand for butterflies to perch on. He goes on to say that this was criticised as improbable, even by so exact an observer as Mr. Tennyson. It may therefore be of some interest to your readers to record the following facts from my personal experience:

One summer I watched the larvæ of the swallow-tailed butterfly through their different stages, and reserved two chrysalides to develop into the perfect insect. In due time one of these fairy-like creatures came out. I placed it in a small Indian cage made of fine threads of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a vase of flowers in the center made a pleasant home for my tiny "*Psyche*." I found that she greatly enjoyed a repast of honey; when some was placed on a leaf within her reach, she would uncoil her long proboscis and draw up the sweet food with great apparent enjoyment. She was so tame that it became my habit, once or twice a day, to take her on my finger; and while I walked in the garden she would take short flights hither and thither, but was always content to mount upon my hand again. She would come on my finger of her own accord, and, if the day was bright, would remain there as long as I had patience to carry her, with her wings outspread, basking in the sunbeams, which appeared to convey exquisite delight to the delicate little creature.

I never touched her beautiful wings. She never fluttered or showed any wish to escape, but lived three weeks of tranquil life in her tiny home; and then having, as I suppose, reached the limit of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased to live.

On the day of her death the other butterfly emerged, and lived for the same length of time. Both were equally tame, but the second showed more intelligence, for she discovered that by folding her wings together she could easily walk between the slender bars of the cage; and having done so, she would fly to a window and remain there, basking in the sun, folding and unfolding her wings with evident enjoyment, until I presented my finger, when she would immediately step upon it and be carried back to her cage.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

E. Brightwen.

#### Two Southern Novelists.

I HAVE ventured to ask if you will allow, under the head of your Open Letters, this brief defense of two of my old favorites to appear. Mr. Morse (in the *JUNE CENTURY*) pronounces John P. Kennedy's "*Swallow Barn*" to be "trash, with little truth or home growth about it." Has Mr. Morse done anything more than skim over the work in question? It can hardly be called



a novel, as it is distinctly modeled after the style of Irving, and, as a sketch of the scenes and manners of the Virginia of that day, is purely of home growth, and in its way exceedingly pleasant. Next, Mr. Morse decides, with unhesitating dogmatism, that John Esten Cooke has "no strength in characterization, and has found a wide rather than a discriminating audience." At the risk of being ignominiously classed in the category of the indiscriminating, I must again couch a lance in the defense of one with whose writings I am thoroughly familiar, and of many of which I am exceedingly fond. Again, I think that Mr. Morse's perusal of Mr. Cooke's works has been decidedly cursory, the more from the names of the works he cites as examples. In the "Virginia Comedians," "Henry St. John," "Fairfax," and "Leather Stocking and Silk," Mr. Cooke gives a picture of the colonial life of the Old Dominion which is not only valuable in itself as a description of a most interesting period, but which is true in all its minor details, and therefore should be interesting to even a *discriminating auditor*. In "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," and "Hilt to Hilt," Mr. Cooke gives a vivid picture of Virginia in her war scenes, with pen-pictures of many of the distinguished actors, which, coming from the pen of an eye-witness, become of great value. It is hardly necessary for me to review Mr. Cooke's style, as that is a matter outside of the record; but his works, dwelling on a field which would otherwise have been left totally uncultivated, and being possessed of great truth and originality, surely deserve more than a hasty and, in my humble opinion, an unjust criticism. If to depict characters as they have been seen, with all their marked and salient peculiarities preserved, be not strength in characterization, then, as George Eliot and Dickens would fall under the same ax of condemnation, Mr. Cooke and his admirers may remain easily satisfied with the critic's judgment.

T. B. Dorsey.

ELLCOTT CITY, MD., June 26, 1883.

#### A Recent Decision on the License Question.

A PENNSYLVANIA judge has recently put a stop to the curious method of evading the license law, extensively practiced in the petroleum regions of that State, and described in the July number of *THE CENTURY*, in the article entitled "Striking Oil." The beer-sellers have been openly retailing their wares without license under the sign of "Bottling Works," and claiming the right to do so by virtue of a statute of 1858, which enacted that "bottlers of ale, porter, or beer, not otherwise engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, nor in keeping any tavern, oyster house or cellar, restaurant or place of amusement or refreshment, shall be allowed to sell the same by the bottle; *provided*, that such liquor is not drank on the premises where sold, nor at any place provided by such seller for that purpose." Judge Elwell now decides that this law was repealed, in effect, by a statute of 1867 which provides that "If any person, after the passage of this act, shall sell spirituous and vinous liquors, domestic wines, malt or brewed liquors, without having obtained a license authorizing him so to do, such person shall, on conviction in the Court of Quarter Sessions, be fined," etc.

This decision is of interest to all advocates of legis-

lation to restrict the evils of the liquor traffic; but the remarkable feature of the whole matter is that people who were daily witnesses of the abuse of selling beer without license should not have known of the existence and repealing power of the later law until the practice had gone on for nearly two years. Does not this fact show the necessity for temperance societies which shall make it their business to see that existing legislation curbing the liquor dealers is enforced, as well as to agitate for new and more stringent laws? Just now the popular feeling, especially in the West, is in favor of a high license system. I believe this movement to be a wise one; but where successful, it will not be effective unless there are voluntary local organizations to see that the new laws are obeyed, and that there is no selling of intoxicants without license. The chief weakness of license laws lies in the indifference to their enforcement of the so-called temperance men and women who believe in absolute prohibition. If the experiment of a high license law, enforced by the vigilance and energy of all the temperance societies, could be tried in any one State, I believe the result would be a more salutary and satisfactory limitation of the amount of crime and poverty caused by the liquor traffic than has been attained by any system of legislation heretofore adopted in the United States.

E. V. Smalley.

#### Chief-Justice Taney in Relation to the Dred Scott Case.

##### I.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY*, "A Radical Abolitionist" on Boteler's "Recollections of the John Brown Raid" puts a false interpretation on the language used by Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. Had the writer taken the trouble to read the preceding and following paragraphs of the famous decision, he never would have written, "Through the mouth of Chief-Justice Taney, who simply uttered the decrees of the slave-holding oligarchy, they had made the Supreme Court declare that four million Americans, of African descent, had practically 'no rights which a white man was bound to respect.'" The preceding paragraph of the decision is as follows:

"It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken."

This is one fact. We have another fact in the paragraph that follows:

"They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." (*Vide Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sanford*, page 407. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1857.)

The Chief-Justice merely asserted a fact, and did not decide that the negro "had no rights that a white man was bound to respect." Judge Taney never held



such an opinion and it is an insult to his memory to make such an assertion.

Allow me to state some facts relative to Judge Taney's feelings toward the colored race. Some thirty years before his death he freed his slaves. This proves that he was no lover of slavery. On one occasion, speaking of the colored people, with much emphasis, he said: "Thank God that at least in one place all men are equal, in the church of God. I do not consider it any degradation to kneel side by side with a negro in the house of our Heavenly Father." On another occasion, speaking of the Dred Scott decision, he remarked, that "no matter what might be his feelings in regard to this question of slavery, his oath bound him to interpret the law under the Constitution." This was his higher law—the oath he had taken when he accepted the position of Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. A purer, a more conscientious man never wore the ermine; a more faithful servant the government of the United States never had. It was his fidelity to duty that cost him his life, as I personally know. I knew him intimately for several years. He spoke with sadness of our late troubles, wishing from his heart that some statesman would rise up and prevent the fratricidal contest.

J. A. Walter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

II.

THERE are many circumstances which clearly show that Mr. Taney's sympathy with the advocates of the freedom of the negro was unbounded. The slaves whom he inherited from his father not only received their freedom, but were watched and aided in many ways after all legal connection between them and their former master had ceased.

Those who quote with so much flourish the well-known phrase in his decision on the Dred Scott case, "They (the negroes) had no rights which the white man was bound to respect," fail to note that it is here cited as the opinion of our forefathers. Mr. Taney proceeds to show that the natural degradation of the negro was an unquestioned conviction in the minds of legislators, even in those States whose influence would presumably be turned against slavery, long after the adoption of the Constitution. Endeavoring to view the question of negro rights from this position, he seeks to interpret the Constitution not as we might construe it, but as its framers and their contemporaries would have done had this question been presented for their decision. His words throughout this famous

document testify to his respect for precedent and for the letter of the Constitution. This feeling, indeed, might be regarded as an element of his character. It was shown in his earlier practice before the bar in Frederick and Baltimore, notably in his defense of General Wilkinson and Father Gruber: in the first case breasting popular displeasure as the defender of a man who, it was claimed, though without legal justification, had disregarded the sacred rights secured to the citizens by the *habeas corpus*; and in the second case not fearing to oppose the will of powerful judges and politicians who desired the condemnation of a minister of the gospel for preaching to the negroes upon the equality of all mankind.

The influence of Mr. Taney's family, which was of English origin and severely aristocratic, together with the well-defined views of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member, were sufficient to instill a high regard for precedent and the letter of the law, whether civil or religious. Neither was he free from a keen appreciation of prerogative. All these elements, united in a man by nature determined and resolute, will readily explain his position in the Dred Scott case, and serve to vindicate him from the taint of partisanship, from which judges, more than any other class of public men, should be free.

Nowhere is the language of this decision a justification of the principle of slavery, but it reveals in Mr. Taney many evidences of signal tender-heartedness and genuine sympathy for the condition of the black man.

Courtenay De Kalb.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The John Brown Raid.

MRS. S. H. BROWN, sister of William H. Leeman (said to be the youngest of those who fell under John Brown at Harper's Ferry), writes to us concerning the statement of Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, in our July number, that Leeman was discovered trying to "escape" across the river (p. 407). She denies this, and quotes as follows from a letter from Brown, which she says has never before been in print:

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.

"Monday, Nov. 28, 1859.

"While we were surrounded by enemies, and fighting for our lives, I asked who would volunteer to carry word to Owen Brown or Cook. William answered at once that he would go. His last words to me were that he would deliver my message or die in the attempt. I am told that he went out through the culvert to the river, when half-way across was seen, pursued, and killed."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

In the Conservatory.

"*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.*"—HORAT. CARM. I. 5.

AH! fair coquette, you're at it yet,  
I see—it's still the same old story.  
That night how shall I e'er forget—  
My night in the conservatory!  
Tell me, what later victim there  
Enamored at your feet reposes,  
Exchanging vows and locks of hair,  
And making love among the roses?

I grant you looked divine to-night;  
Your dress might set a poet dreaming:  
A modest robe of muslin white,  
One rosebud in your dark hair gleaming,  
You seemed a simple village flower;  
But he whose life its wreck shall owe you,  
How will he curse the cruel hour  
When first he knew and failed to know you!