
BROOKWOOD·FARM
Ex Libris
HENRY·B·THOMPSON

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW

VOL. I

1886

JANUARY—MARCH—MAY

New York
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON

London
HODDER & STOUGHTON

Copyright, 1886,
By A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

61st Year. JANUARY, 1886. No. 1.

SOCIETY IN THE NEW SOUTH.

THE American Revolution made less social change in the South than in the North. Under conservative influences the South developed her social life with little alteration in form and spirit—allowing for the decay that always attends conservatism—down to the Civil War. The social revolution which was in fact accomplished contemporaneously with the political severance from Great Britain, in the North, was not effected in the South until Lee offered his sword to Grant, and Grant told him to keep it and beat it into a ploughshare. The change had indeed been inevitable, and ripening for four years, but it was at that moment universally recognized. Impossible, of course, except by the removal of slavery, it is not wholly accounted for by the removal of slavery; it results also from an economical and political revolution, and from a total alteration of the relations of the South to the rest of the world. The story of this social change will be one of the most marvellous the historian has to deal with.

Provincial is a comparative term. All England is provincial to the Londoner, all America to the Englishman. Perhaps New York looks upon Philadelphia as provincial; and if Chicago is forced to admit that Boston resembles ancient Athens, then Athens, by the Chicago standard, must have been a very provincial city. The root of provincialism is localism, or a condition of being on one side and apart from the general movement of contemporary life. In this sense, and compared with the North in its absolute openness to every wind from all parts of the globe, the South was provincial. Provincialism may have its decided advantages, and it may nurture many superior virtues and produce a social state that is as charming

as it is interesting, but along with it goes a certain self-appreciation, which ultracosmopolitan critics would call Concord-like, that seems exaggerated to outsiders.

The South, and notably Virginia and South Carolina, cherished English traditions long after the political relation was severed. But it kept the traditions of the time of the separation, and did not share the literary and political evolution of England. Slavery divided it from the North in sympathy, and slavery, by excluding European emigration, shut out the South from the influence of the new ideas germinating in Europe. It was not exactly true to say that the library of the Southern gentleman stopped with the publications current in the reign of George the Third, but, well stocked as it was with the classics and with the English literature become classic, it was not likely to contain much of later date than the Reform Bill in England and the beginning of the abolition movement in the North. The pages of *De Bow's Review* attest the ambition and direction of Southern scholarship—a scholarship not much troubled by the new problems that were at the time rending England and the North. The young men who still went abroad to be educated brought back with them the traditions and flavor of the old England and not the spirit of the new, the traditions of the universities and not the new life of research and doubt in them. The conservatism of the Southern life was so strong that the students at Northern colleges returned unchanged by contact with a different civilization. The South met the North in business and in politics, and in a limited social intercourse, but from one cause and another for three-quarters of a century it was practically isolated, and consequently developed a peculiar social life.

One result of this isolation was that the South was more homogeneous than the North, and perhaps more distinctly American in its characteristics. This was to be expected, since it had one common and overmastering interest in slavery, had little foreign admixture, and was removed from the currents of commerce and the disturbing ideas of Reform. The South, so far as society was concerned, was an agricultural aristocracy, based upon a perfectly defined lowest class in the slaves, and holding all trade, commerce, and industrial and mechanical pursuits, in true mediæval contempt. Its literature was monarchical, tempered by some Jeffersonian, doctrinaire notions of the rights of man, which were satisfied, however, by an insistence upon the sovereignty of the States, and by equal privi-

leges to a certain social order in each State. Looked at, then, from the outside, the South appeared to be homogeneous, but from its own point of view, socially, it was not at all so. Social life in these jealously independent States developed almost as freely and variously as it did in the Middle Ages in the free cities of Italy. Virginia was not at all like South Carolina (except in one common interest), and Louisiana—especially in its centre, New Orleans—more cosmopolitan than any other part of the South by reason of its foreign elements, more closely always in sympathy with Paris than with New York or Boston, was widely in its social life separated from its sisters. Indeed, in early days, before the slavery agitation, there was, owing to the heritage of English traditions, more in common between Boston and Charleston than between New Orleans and Charleston. And later, there was a marked social difference between towns and cities near together—as, for instance, between agricultural Lexington and commercial Louisville, in Kentucky.

The historian who writes the social life of the Southern States will be embarrassed with romantic and picturesque material. Nowhere else in this levelling age will he find a community developing so much of the dramatic, so much splendor and such pathetic contrasts in the highest social cultivation, as in the plantation and city life of South Carolina. Already, in regarding it, it assumes an air of unreality, and vanishes in its strong lights and heavy shades like a dream of the chivalric age. An allusion to its character is sufficient for the purposes of this paper. Persons are still alive who saw the prodigal style of living and the reckless hospitality of the planters in those days, when in the Charleston and Sea Island mansions the guests constantly entertained were only outnumbered by the swarms of servants; when it was not incongruous and scarcely ostentatious that the courtly company, which had the fine and free manner of another age, should dine off gold and silver plate; and when all that wealth and luxury could suggest was lavished in a princely magnificence that was almost barbaric in its profusion. The young men were educated in England; the young women were reared like helpless princesses, with a servant for every want and whim; it was a day of elegant accomplishments and deferential manners, but the men gamed like Fox and drank like Sheridan, and the duel was the ordinary arbiter of any difference of opinion or of any point of honor. Not even slavery itself could support existence on such a scale, and even before the war it began to give way to the

conditions of our modern life. And now that old peculiar civilization of South Carolina belongs to romance. It can never be repeated, even by the aid of such gigantic fortunes as are now accumulating in the North.

The agricultural life of Virginia appeals with scarcely less attraction to the imagination of the novelist. Mr. Thackeray caught the flavor of it in his *Virginians* from an actual study of it in the old houses, when it was becoming a faded memory. The vast estates—principalities in size—with troops of slaves attached to each plantation; the hospitality, less costly, but as free as that of South Carolina; the land in the hands of a few people; politics and society controlled by a small number of historic families, intermarried until all Virginians of a certain grade were related—all this forms a picture as feudal-like and foreign to this age as can be imagined. The writer recently read the will of a country gentleman of the last century in Virginia, which raises a distinct image of the landed aristocracy of the time. It devised his plantation of six thousand acres with its slaves attached, his plantation of eighteen hundred acres and slaves, his plantation of twelve hundred acres and slaves, with other farms and outlying property; it mentioned all the cattle, sheep, and hogs, the riding horses in stables, the racing steeds, the several coaches with the six horses that drew them (an acknowledgment of the wretched state of the roads), and so on in all the details of a vast domain. All the slaves are called by name, all the farming implements were enumerated, and all the homely articles of furniture down to the beds and kitchen utensils. This whole structure of a unique civilization is practically swept away now, and with it the peculiar social life it produced. Let us pause a moment upon a few details of it, as it had its highest development in Eastern Virginia.

The family was the fetich. In this high social caste the estates were entailed to the limit of the law, for one generation, and this entail was commonly religiously renewed by the heir. It was not expected that a widow would remarry; as a rule she did not, and it was almost a matter of course that the will of the husband should make the enjoyment of even the entailed estate dependent upon the non-marriage of the widow. These prohibitions upon her freedom of choice were not considered singular or cruel in a society whose chief gospel was the preservation of the family name.

The planters lived more simply than the great seaboard planters

of South Carolina and Georgia, with not less pride, but with less ostentation and show. The houses were of the accepted colonial pattern, square, with four rooms on a floor, but with wide galleries (wherein they differed from the colonial houses in New England), and sometimes with additions in the way of offices and lodging-rooms. The furniture was very simple and plain—a few hundred dollars would cover the cost of it in most mansions. There were not in all Virginia more than two or three magnificent houses. It was the taste of gentlemen to adorn the ground in front of the house with evergreens, with the locust and acanthus, and perhaps the maple-trees not native to the spot; while the oak, which is nowhere more stately and noble than in Virginia, was never seen on the lawn or the drive-way, but might be found about the "quarters," or in an adjacent forest park. As the interior of the houses was plain, so the taste of the people was simple in the matter of ornament—jewellery was very little worn; in fact, it is almost literally true that there were in Virginia no family jewels.

So thoroughly did this society believe in itself and keep to its traditions, that the young gentleman of the house, educated in England, brought on his return nothing foreign home with him—no foreign tastes, no bric-à-brac for his home, and never a foreign wife. He came back unchanged, and married the cousin he met at the first country dance he went to.

The pride of the people, which was intense, did not manifest itself in ways that are common elsewhere—it was sufficient to itself in its own home-spun independence. What would make one distinguished elsewhere was powerless here. Literary talent and even acquired wealth gave no distinction; aside from family and membership of the caste, nothing gave it to any native or visitor. There was no lion-hunting, no desire whatever to attract the attention of or to pay any deference to men of letters. If a member of society happened to be distinguished in letters or in scholarship, it made not the slightest difference in his social appreciation. There was absolutely no encouragement for men of letters, and consequently there was no literary class and little literature. There was only one thing that gave a man any distinction in this society, except a long pedigree, and that was the talent of oratory. That was prized, for that was connected with prestige in the State and the politics of the dominant class. The planters took few newspapers, and read those few very little. They were a fox-hunting, convivial race, generally Whig

in politics, always orthodox in religion. The man of cultivation was rare, and, if he was cultivated, it was usually only on a single subject. But the planter might be an astute politician and a man of wide knowledge and influence in public affairs. There was one thing, however, that was held in almost equal value with pedigree, and that was female beauty. There was always the recognized "belle," the beauty of the day, who was the toast and the theme of talk, whose memory was always green with her chivalrous contemporaries; the veterans liked to recall over the old Madeira the wit and charms of the raving beauties who had long gone the way of the famous vintages of the cellar.

The position of the clergyman in the Episcopal Church was very much what his position was in England in the time of James II. He was patronized and paid like any other adjunct of a well-ordered society. If he did not satisfy his masters he was quietly informed that he could probably be more useful elsewhere. If he was acceptable, one element of his popularity was that he rode to hounds and could tell a good story over the wine at dinner.

The pride of this society preserved itself in a certain high, chivalrous state. If any of its members were poor, as most of them became after the war, they took a certain pride in their poverty. They were too proud to enter into a vulgar struggle to be otherwise, and they were too old to learn the habit of labor. No such thing was known in it as scandal. If any breach of morals occurred, it was apt to be acknowledged with a Spartan regard for truth, and defiantly published by the families affected, who announced that they accepted the humiliation of it. Scandal there should be none. In that caste the character of women was not even to be the subject of talk in private gossip and innuendo. No breach of social caste was possible. The overseer, for instance, and the descendants of the overseer, however rich, or well educated, or accomplished they might become, could never marry into the select class. An alliance of this sort doomed the offender to an absolute and permanent loss of social position. This was the rule. Beauty could no more gain entrance there than wealth.

This plantation life, of which so much has been written, was repeated with variations all over the South. In Louisiana and lower Mississippi it was more prodigal than in Virginia. To a great extent its tone was determined by a relaxing climate, and it must be confessed that it had in it an element of the irresponsible—of the

"after us the deluge." The whole system wanted thrift, and to an English or Northern visitor, certain conditions of comfort. Yet everybody acknowledged its fascination; for there was nowhere else such a display of open-hearted hospitality. An invitation to visit meant an invitation to stay indefinitely. The longer the visit lasted, if it ran into months, the better were the entertainers pleased. It was an uncalculating hospitality, and possibly it went along with littleness and meanness, in some directions, that were no more creditable than the alleged meanness of the New England farmer. At any rate, it was not a systematized generosity. The hospitality had somewhat the character of a new country and of a society not crowded. Company was welcome on the vast, isolated plantations. Society also was really small, composed of a few families, and intercourse by long visits and profuse entertainments was natural and even necessary.

This social aristocracy had the faults as well as the virtues of an aristocracy so formed. One fault was an undue sense of superiority, a sense nurtured by isolation from the intellectual contests and the illusion-destroying tests of modern life. And this sense of superiority diffused itself downward through the mass of the Southern population. The slave of a great family was proud; he held himself very much above the poor white, and he would not associate with the slave of the small farmer; and the poor white never doubted his own superiority to the Northern "mudsill"—as the phrase of the day was. The whole life was somehow pitched to a romantic key, and often there was a queer contrast between the Gascon-like pretension and the reality—all the more because of a certain sincerity and single-mindedness that was unable to see the anachronism of trying to live in the spirit of Scott's romances in our day and generation. But with all allowance for this, there was a real basis for romance in the impulsive, sun-nurtured people, in the conflict between the two distinct races, and in the system of labor that was an anomaly in modern life. With the downfall of this system it was inevitable that the social state should radically change, and especially as this downfall was sudden and by violence, and in a struggle that left the South impoverished, and reduced to the rank of bread-winners those who had always regarded labor as a thing impossible for themselves.

As a necessary effect of this change, the dignity of the agricultural interest was lowered, and trade and industrial pursuits were elevated. Labor itself was perforce dignified. To earn one's living

by actual work, in the shop, with the needle, by the pen, in the counting-house or school, in any honorable way, was a lot accepted with cheerful courage. And it is to the credit of all concerned that reduced circumstances and the necessity of work for daily bread have not thus far cost men and women in Southern society their social position. Work was a necessity of the situation, and the spirit in which the new life was taken up brought out the solid qualities of the race. In a few trying years they had to reverse the habits and traditions of a century. I think the honest observer will acknowledge that they have accomplished this without loss of that social elasticity and charm which were heretofore supposed to depend very much upon the artificial state of slave labor. And they have gained much. They have gained in losing a kind of suspicion that was inevitable in the isolation of their peculiar institution. They have gained freedom of thought and action in all the fields of modern endeavor, in the industrial arts, in science, in literature. And the fruits of this enlargement must add greatly to the industrial and intellectual wealth of the world.

Society itself in the new South has cut loose from its old moorings, but it is still in a transition state, and offers the most interesting study of tendencies and possibilities. Its danger, of course, is that of the North—a drift into materialism, into a mere struggle for wealth, undue importance attached to money, and a loss of public spirit in the selfish accumulation of property. Unfortunately, in the transition of twenty years the higher education has been neglected. The young men of this generation have not given even as much attention to intellectual pursuits as their fathers gave. Neither in polite letters nor in politics and political history have they had the same training. They have been too busy in the hard struggle for a living. It is true at the North that the young men in business are not so well educated, not so well read, as the young women of their own rank in society. And I suspect that this is still more true in the South. It is not uncommon to find in this generation Southern young women who add to sincerity, openness and frankness of manner, to the charm born of the wish to please, the graces of cultivation, who know French like their native tongue, who are well acquainted with the French and German literatures, who are well read in the English classics—though perhaps guiltless of much familiarity with our modern American literature. But taking the South at large, the schools for either sex are far behind those of the North both in disci-

pline and range. And this is especially to be regretted, since the higher education is an absolute necessity to counteract the intellectual demoralization of the newly come industrial spirit.

We have yet to study the compensations left to the South in their century of isolation from this industrial spirit, and from the absolutely free inquiry of our modern life. Shall we find something sweet and sound there, that will yet be a powerful conservative influence in the republic? Will it not be strange, said a distinguished biblical scholar and an old-time antislavery radical, if we have to depend, after all, upon the orthodox conservatism of the South? For it is to be noted that the Southern pulpit holds still the traditions of the old theology, and the mass of Southern Christians are still undisturbed by doubts. They are no more troubled by agnosticism in religion than by altruism in sociology. There remains a great mass of sound and simple faith. We are not discussing either the advantage or the danger of disturbing thought, or any question of morality or of the conduct of life, nor the shield or the peril of ignorance—it is simply a matter of fact that the South is comparatively free from what is called modern doubt.

Another fact is noticeable. The South is not and never has been disturbed by "isms" of any sort. "Spiritualism" or "Spiritism" has absolutely no lodgment there. It has not even appealed in any way to the excitable and superstitious colored race. Inquiry failed to discover to the writer any trace of this delusion among whites or blacks. Society has never been agitated on the important subjects of graham-bread or of the divided skirt. The temperance question has forced itself upon the attention of deeply drinking communities here and there. Usually it has been treated in a very common-sense way, and not as a matter of politics. Fanaticism may sometimes be a necessity against an overwhelming evil; but the writer knows of communities in the South that have effected a practical reform in liquor selling and drinking without fanatical excitement. Bar-room drinking is a fearful curse in Southern cities, as it is in Northern; it is an evil that the colored people fall into easily, but it is beginning to be met in some Southern localities in a resolute and sensible manner.

The students of what we like to call "progress," especially if they are disciples of Mr. Ruskin, have an admirable field of investigation in the contrast of the social, economic, and educational structure of the North and the South at close of the war. After a cen-

tury of free schools, perpetual intellectual agitation, extraordinary enterprise in every domain of thought and material achievement, the North presented a spectacle at once of the highest hope and the gravest anxiety. What diversity of life! What fulness! What intellectual and even social emancipation! What reforms, called by one party heaven-sent, and by the other reforms against nature! What agitations, doubts, contempt of authority! What wild attempts to conduct life on no basis philosophic or divine! And yet what prosperity, what charities, what a marvellous growth, what an improvement in physical life! With better knowledge of sanitary conditions and of the culinary art, what an increase of beauty in women and of stalwartness in men! For beauty and physical comeliness it must be acknowledged (parenthetically) largely depend upon food. It is in the impoverished parts of the country, whether South or North, the sandy barrens, and the still vast regions where cooking is an unknown art, that scrawny and dyspeptic men and women abound—the sallow-faced, flat-chested, spindle-limbed.

This Northern picture is a veritable nineteenth-century spectacle. Side by side with it was the other society, also covering a vast domain, that was in many respects a projection of the eighteenth century into the nineteenth. It had much of the conservatism and preserved something of the manners of the eighteenth century, and lacked a good deal the so-called spirit of the age of the nineteenth, together with its doubts, its isms, its delusions, its energies. Life in the South is still on simpler terms than in the North, and society is not so complex. I am inclined to think it is a little more natural, more sincere in manner, though not in fact, more frank and impulsive. One would hesitate to use the word unworldly with regard to it, but it may be less calculating. A bungling male observer would be certain to get himself into trouble by expressing an opinion about women in any part of the world; but women make society, and to discuss society at all is to discuss them. It is probably true that the education of women at the South, taken at large, is more superficial than at the North, lacking in purpose, in discipline, in intellectual vigor. The aim of the old civilization was to develop the graces of life, to make women attractive, charming, good talkers (but not too learned), graceful and entertaining companions. When the main object is to charm and please, society is certain to be agreeable. In Southern society, beauty, physical beauty, was and is much thought of, much talked of. The "belle" was an institution,

and is yet. The belle of one city, or village, had a wide reputation, and trains of admirers wherever she went—in short, a veritable career, and was probably better known than a poetess at the North. She not only ruled in her day, but she left a memory which became a romance to the next generation. There went along with such careers a certain lightness and gayety of life, and now and again a good deal of pathos and tragedy.

With all its social accomplishments, its love of color, its climatic tendency to the sensuous side of life, the South has been unexpectedly wanting in a fine-art development, namely, in music and pictorial art. Culture of this sort has been slow enough in the North, and only lately has had any solidity or been much diffused. The love of art, and especially of art decoration, was greatly quickened by the Philadelphia Exhibition, and the comparatively recent infusion of German music has begun to elevate the taste. But I imagine that while the South naturally was fond of music, of a light sort, and New Orleans could sustain and almost make native the French opera when New York failed entirely to popularize any sort of opera, the musical taste was generally very rudimentary. And the poverty in respect to pictures and engravings was more marked still. In a few great houses were fine paintings, brought over from Europe, and here and there a noble family portrait. But the traveller to-day will go through city after city, and village after village, and find no art shop (as he may look in vain in large cities for any sort of book-store except a news-room); rarely will see an etching or a fine engraving; and he will be led to doubt if the taste for either existed to any great degree before the war. Of course he will remember that taste and knowledge in the fine arts may be said in the North to be recent acquirements, and that, meantime, the South has been impoverished and struggling in a political and social revolution.

Slavery and isolation and a semi-feudal state have left traces that must long continue to modify social life in the South, and that may not wear out for a century to come. The new life must also differ from that in the North by reason of climate, and on account of the presence of the alien, *insouciant* colored race. The vast black population, however it may change and however education may influence it, must remain a powerful determining factor. The body of the slaves, themselves inert, and with no voice in affairs, inevitably influenced life, the character of civilization, manners, even speech itself. With

slavery ended, the Southern whites are emancipated, and the influence of the alien race will be other than what it was, but it cannot fail to affect the tone of life in the States where it is a large element.

When, however, we have made all allowance for difference in climate, difference in traditions, total difference in the way of looking at life for a century, it is plain to be seen that a great transformation is taking place in the South, and that Southern society and Northern society are becoming every day more and more alike. I know there are those, and Southerners too, who insist that we are still two peoples, with more points of difference than of resemblance —certainly farther apart than Gascons and Bretons. This seems to me not true in general, though it may be of a portion of the passing generation. Of course there is difference in temperament, and peculiarities of speech and manner remain and will continue, as they exist in different portions of the North—the accent of the Bostonian differs from that of the Philadelphian, and the inhabitant of Richmond is known by his speech as neither of New Orleans nor New York. But the influence of economic laws, of common political action, of interest and pride in one country, is stronger than local bias in such an age of intercommunication as this. The great barrier between North and South having been removed, social assimilation must go on. It is true that the small farmer in Vermont, and the small planter in Georgia, and the village life in the two States, will preserve their strong contrasts. But that which, without clearly defining, we call society, becomes yearly more and more alike North and South. It is becoming more and more difficult to tell in any summer assembly—at Newport, the White Sulphur, Saratoga, Bar Harbor—by physiognomy, dress, or manner, a person's birthplace. There are noticeable fewer distinctive traits that enable us to say with certainty that one is from the South, or the West, or the East. No doubt the type at such a Southern resort as the White Sulphur is more distinctly American than at such a Northern resort as Saratoga. We are prone to make a good deal of local peculiarities, but when we look at the matter broadly and consider the vastness of our territory and the varieties of climate, it is marvellous that there is so little difference in speech, manner, and appearance. Contrast us with Europe, and its various irreconcilable races occupying less territory. Even little England offers greater variety than the United States. When we think of our

large, widely scattered population, the wonder is that we do not differ more.

Southern society has always had a certain prestige in the North. One reason for this was the fact that the ruling class South had more leisure for social life. Climate, also, had much to do in softening manners, making the temperament ardent, and at the same time producing that leisurely movement which is essential to a polished life. It is probably true, also, that mere wealth was less a passport to social distinction than at the North, or than it has become at the North; that is to say, family, or a certain charm of breeding, or the talent of being agreeable, or the gift of cleverness, or of beauty, were necessary, and money was not. In this respect it seems to be true that social life is changing at the South; that is to say, money is getting to have the social power in New Orleans that it has in New York. It is inevitable in a commercial and industrial community that money should have a controlling power, as it is regrettable that the enjoyment of its power very slowly admits a sense of its responsibility. The old traditions of the South having been broken down, and nearly all attention being turned to the necessity of making money, it must follow that mere wealth will rise as a social factor. Herein lies one danger to what was best in the old régime. Another danger is that it must be put to the test of the ideas, the agitations, the elements of doubt and disintegration that seem inseparable to "progress," which give Northern society its present complexity, and just cause of alarm to all who watch its headlong career. Fulness of life is accepted as desirable, but it has its dangers.

Within the past five years social intercourse between North and South has been greatly increased. Northerners who felt strongly about the Union and about slavery, and took up the cause of the freedmen, and were accustomed all their lives to absolute free speech, were not comfortable in the post-reconstruction atmosphere. Perhaps they expected too much of human nature—a too sudden subsidence of suspicion and resentment. They felt that they were not welcome socially, however much their capital and business energy were desired. On the other hand, most Southerners were too poor to travel in the North, as they did formerly. But all these points have been turned. Social intercourse and travel are renewed. If difficulties and alienations remain they are sporadic, and melting away. The harshness of the Northern winter climate has turned a stream of travel and occupation to the Gulf States, and

particularly to Florida, which is indeed now scarcely a Southern State except in climate. The Atlanta and New Orleans Exhibitions did much to bring people of all sections together socially. With returning financial prosperity all the Northern summer resorts have seen increasing numbers of Southern people seeking health and pleasure. I believe that during the past summer more Southerners have been travelling and visiting in the North than ever before.

This social intermingling is significant in itself, and of the utmost importance for the removal of lingering misunderstandings. They who learn to like each other personally will be tolerant in political differences, and helpful and unsuspicious in the very grave problems that rest upon the late slave States. Differences of opinion and different interests will exist, but surely love is stronger than hate, and sympathy and kindness are better solvents than alienation and criticism. The play of social forces is very powerful in such a republic as ours, and there is certainly reason to believe that they will be exerted now in behalf of that cordial appreciation of what is good and that toleration of traditional differences which are necessary to a people indissolubly bound together in one national destiny. Alienated for a century, the society of the North and the society of the South have something to forget but more to gain in the union that every day becomes closer.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

WHAT AN AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SHOULD BE.

AMERICA has arrived at a stage at which there is a body of men and women who have leisure and taste to cultivate the liberal arts and advance the higher forms of civilization. She does not claim to have accomplished in a century or two what Europe has done in twice that time. It would not be just to require her, as one country, to be doing as much as all the countries of the old world are doing. Still, she now ranks with any other one nation in literature, science, and art. She has a literature which promises to rival that of England. Her historians, in respect both of research and style, are equal to those of Europe. She has not yet produced a poem of the highest class, such as the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, the *Inferno*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Faust*, but some of her poets in this past age may be placed on the same level as any of their contemporaries. She can show statues and paintings (in landscape, for example) full of vigor and freshness. She has humorists, not perhaps of the highest order—they are too much given to startle by exaggeration—but with a manner of their own. Franklin, Thompson (Count Rumford), and Joseph Henry have led the way in original scientific research, and there are professors in our colleges pursuing the most advanced science. In "practical inventions," called forth by the necessities of the wide country, she is in advance of all other people.

But all enlightened nations have also had a philosophy bent on inquiring into the reasons of things and settling the foundations of knowledge. India and Persia had it in very ancient times in the form of a theosophy. Greece, followed at a distance by Rome, sought to establish the reality and penetrate into the nature of things. France has had a philosophy ever since the days of Descartes, in the seventeenth century, and so has Germany since the time of Leibnitz in the following age. The English have had a most influential mental science since the time of Locke, and Scotland has since the days of Reid. Italy, at this present time, has a promising school.* How does America stand?

---

* See an account of this school, by Luigi Ferri, in PRINCETON REVIEW, 55th year. Mamiani, who had so fine a Platonic spirit, is now dead, but it is hoped that *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane*, of which M. Ferri is now sole editor, will take a lead in this school. I may mention that his book, written in French, *La Psychologie de l'Association*, shows historically and critically that Association of Ideas cannot account for our high intellectual and moral ideas. It is the ablest work on this subject.

She has had a considerable number of able philosophic thinkers. It may be doubted whether any country has had a more acute metaphysician than Jonathan Edwards, whose views were restricted, and who was kept from doing more, simply by his want of books, and of collision with other thinkers. The theologians of America have made constant use of philosophic principles in defending their doctrinal positions, but the thinking people have not formed a separate school, as the French, the English, the Scotch, and the Germans have. In the last century and the earlier part of this they followed Locke or Reid, one or both always making an independent use of what they adopted—as a rule they took from Locke only what was good, and carefully separated themselves from his sensational tendencies. In this past age our thinking youth have been strongly attracted by Kant and his school, some of them being caught in the toils of Hegel. In the present age a number are following John S. Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer. All this, while we never have had a distinctive American philosophy.

The time has come, I believe, for America to declare her independence in philosophy. She will not be disposed to set up a new monarchy, but she may establish a republic confederated like the United States. Certainly she should not shut herself out from intercourse with other countries ; on the contrary, she should be open to accessions from all quarters. But she should do with them as with the emigrants who land on her shores, in regard to whom she insists that they speak her language and conform to her laws; so she should require that her philosophy have a character of its own. She had better not engage in constructing new theories of the universe spun out of the brain. The world has got sick of such. Even in Germany, where they summarize, expound, and critically examine all forms of speculative thought, they will not listen to any new philosophical systems, and the consequence is that none is now offered—the latest being pessimism, which startled young thinkers by its extravagance, and by its containing an element of truth in bringing into prominence the existence and prevalence of evil which the philosophy of last century had very much overlooked.

But what is to be the nature of the new philosophic republic formed of united states? All national philosophies have to partake of the character of their nation. The philosophy of the East was sultry and dreamy—like the Indian summer. The Greeks used a dialectic, sharp as a knife, and separated things by analysis and joined

them by intellectual synthesis. The French thinking excels all others in its mathematical clearness imposed upon it by Descartes. The English philosophy, like Locke, is characterized by profound sense. The Scotch is searching, anxiously careful and resolute in adhering to observation. The German has a most engaging *Schwärmerei*, and is ever mounting into the empyrean, its native sphere, in which it is seeking by criticism to construct boundaries. If a genuine American philosophy arises, it must reflect the genius of the people. Now, Yankees are distinguished from most others by their practical observation and invention. They have a pretty clear notion of what a thing is, and, if it is of value, they take steps to secure it.

It follows that, if there is to be an American philosophy, it must be Realistic. I suspect they will never produce an Idealistic philosophy like that of Plato in ancient times, or speculative systems like those of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Hegel in modern times. The circumstance that Emerson is an American may seem to contradict this, but then Emerson, while he opens interesting glimpses of truth, is not a philosopher; his thoughts are like strung pearls without system and without connection. On the other hand, the Americans believe that there are things to be known, to be prized and secured, and will never therefore look approvingly on an agnosticism which declares that knowledge is unattainable. The American philosophy will therefore be a REALISM, opposed to IDEALISM on the one hand and to AGNOSTICISM on the other.

REALISM.

It holds that there are real things, and that man can so far know them. But if there are things and we know them, we must have a capacity to know them directly, of course having also the power of adding indirectly to our direct knowledge. We cannot by legitimate reasoning infer the existence of mind or matter from a datum or premise which does not contain the existence of mind or matter—the addition or multiplication of 0 can never give us anything but 0. We shall see that Hume made us start with mere impressions or ideas, and thereby, of purpose, landed us in scepticism or what would now be called agnosticism; and that Kant started with phenomena, in the sense of appearances, and tried from these to reach things, but utterly failed to extract reality from what had no reality. If we are ever to get hold of reality, we must seize it at once.

Realism holds that the mind perceives matter. In sense-percep-

tion we know things; we know them as external to the perceiving self—as extended and exercising resisting power. We have no need to resort to such theories as those of intermediate ideas or occasional causes coming between the perceiving mind and the perceived object. All of these were brought in to remove supposed difficulties which do not exist, and have only introduced real difficulties.

While we adhere resolutely to the doctrine of natural realism, namely, that the mind knows matter directly, there is room and reason for doubt as to what is the thing perceived directly by the senses generally and by each of the senses. The mature man is apt to think that he knows by directly looking at it the distance of that mountain, and yet it has been shown that all that he knows immediately by the eye is a colored surface, and that he knows the distance of objects by a process of reasoning proceeding on a gathered observation. There is still need to inquire what is the matter we originally perceive, whether it is our bodily frames or objects beyond them. It seems to me that our early perceptions are mainly of our organism; say by taste of our palate, by smell of our nostrils, and by touch proper of our extended frame. I think it probable, however, that by the muscular sense and by the sight of eye, as higher senses, we know objects as external to our body but affecting our body. But there is need of farther experimenting to determine what matter each sense perceives, how far out of or how far in the organism. On this subject, which is a very important one, the experiments and observations of certain German physiologists, such as Lotze, Helmholtz, Wundt, Fechner, Professor Stanley Hall and Doctor Starr, will throw light. Meanwhile, we must resolutely hold that in the farthest resort the mind perceives matter, whether in the body or out of the body, as external to the mind, extended and resisting energy.

We should hold still more resolutely that we have an immediate knowledge of self in a particular state. By this I do not mean that we know Self apart from a mode of self: the self is under a certain sensation, or is remembering, or thinking, or deciding—is in joy or in sorrow. Certainly we do not know the self aloof from the sensation or some other affection, but just as little do we know the sensation except as a sensation of self; nor a sensation without a sensitive object, nor a sensation in general, nor a sensation of another, but a sensation of our own.

Realism farther maintains that in Memory we know things as

having been before us in time past, and do thus know Time as mixed up with the event in time from which it can be separated by an easy process of abstraction. In this we know Time to be as real as the event in time.

In contemplating Space and Time we are led to look on them as without bounds, and thus rise to such an idea as the mind can form of Infinity.

In knowing objects we perceive that in the very nature of the things there are relations involved such as that of Personal Identity, of Substance and Quality.

We have still higher knowledge. We know certain voluntary acts as being Morally Good or Evil, say as being just or unjust, benevolent or cruel, candid or deceitful. Not that this moral good discerned by us is the same kind of thing as body or mind, or has the same kind of reality. Still it is perceived as a reality in voluntary acts known in consciousness. I am inclined to argue that by the conscience the mind perceives voluntary acts to be free.

Philosophy should not attempt to prove this by a process of mediate reasoning. Mind perceives matter at once; but it also perceives benevolence, and perceives it to be good, as clearly as the eye perceives objects to be extended. It is the business of philosophy not to set aside these realities, but to assume them and justify the assumption; and to endeavor—what is often a difficult work—to determine and express their exact nature.

In doing this, philosophy proceeds by observation and according to the method of induction, the observation being made by the consciousness or internal sense. It should decline to proceed in the old Greek method of analysis and synthesis, or of deduction and reasoning. It should refuse with equal decision to proceed in the method of Kant by a criticism, liable itself to be criticised by a farther criticism carried on without end, without a foundation of facts to settle the questions stirred. It is the office of metaphysics to find out what the facts immediately perceived are and enunciate them as first and fundamental truths. Not that it is our observation or induction of them that makes them realities or truths; the correct statement is that philosophy observes them because they are realities.

Obvious objections present themselves to this mode and style of thinking. These can be answered, and they should be answered. First, it should be noticed that our observation does not make the propositions true; we perceive them because they are true. Se-

condly, we have to call attention to the important distinction between our original and acquired perceptions, and be ready to defend the original ones if assailed; but we are not bound to stand up for all the additions by human thinking. Our intuitive convictions carry with them their own evidence and authority, the others may be examined and criticised, may be proved or disproved. Thirdly, a distinction should be drawn between our sensations proper and our perceptions proper, the former being mere feelings of the organism which may be misunderstood and misrepresented, the latter only being the cognitions of realities. Fourthly, there is the distinction, often very loosely drawn, between the primary and secondary qualities of matter. The former are energy and extension perceived directly and in all matter, the latter a mere organic feeling or sensation, such as heat as felt, implying an external cause, which is shown to be a molecular motion. Fifthly, there is a distinction between different kinds of realities. There is a certain kind of reality involved in our perception of body as extended and impenetrable. There is also a reality, but of a different kind, in the perceiving of self in a certain mode, say as thinking or willing. The one reality is as certain and definite as the other, but it is of a different kind and is perceived by a different organ, by self-consciousness and not the external senses. There is a third kind of reality in the object perceived by our conscience or moral perception. It is quite as certain that hypocrisy is evil and that truthfulness is a virtue as that body exists or mind exists; but the one is a separate thing known, whereas the other is a quality, a quality of mind, quite as certainly existing as mind itself.

These distinctions are not difficult to comprehend. They are very generally known and acknowledged. But they need to be carefully applied to our cognitions in order to defend first truths and a thorough-going realism.

It will be found that in proceeding on this method we meet with far fewer difficulties than on any other. There is a mode of discovering and testing truth often resorted to, and this successfully in in the present day, which I am willing to use in the case before us. Let us begin, it is said, with adopting the doctrine we are seeking to establish as a working hypothesis, and inquire whether it explains all the facts; and if it does, we may regard it as an established law. Let us then adopt realism as a working hypothesis, and inquire how it works, and we shall find that it unravels many perplexities and is

encompassed with fewer difficulties than any other doctrine; that by it the real difficulties which present themselves may all, or nearly all, be met and removed, and that realism is consistent with all other truths and throws light upon them. Adopt any other theory, say idealism, and make the mind add to things as it perceives them, or phenomenalism, which makes us know mere appearances, or agnosticism, which makes things unknown, and we shall find ourselves ever knocking against obstacles which cannot be removed, against intuitive convictions which insist on our listening and submitting to them, or against obstinate facts facing us as rocks. Adopt realism, and we shall discover that we have a clear way to walk in. But in order to this our doctrine must be thorough-going. If we resort to compromises, or make weak admissions, we are entangled in difficulties from which we cannot extricate ourselves. If, for instance, we take the position that some of our intuitions or natural perceptions look to realities while others are deceptive or contain only partial truth, our inconsistencies will greatly trouble and weaken us. The sceptic will ask, if one of our primitive perceptions may deceive us, why not all, and we can answer this only on principles which will undermine them all and leave us in bottomless agnosticism.

It can be shown that the inquiries of the Greek philosopher were after realities; not for the absolute, which is the search of the modern German philosophies of the higher type, but for *τὸ ὄν* or *τὸ εἶναι*, phrases which should not, as they often are, be translated absolute. The Greeks saw that there were appearances without realities and that appearances were often deceptive. Some of them, such as the Eleatics, came to adopt the maxim that the senses deceive, and appealed from them to the reason, forgetting that the reason has to proceed on the matter given it, and if this is erroneous the reason which rests on it may give erroneous decisions. Aristotle was the first to establish the grand truth that the senses do not deceive, and that the errors arise from the wrong interpretation of the information given by the senses. By the help of the distinctions drawn by him, and since his time by the Scottish school and others, we can stand up for the trustworthiness of the senses, and do not require to call in to our help "ideas" with Locke, or "impressions" with Hume, or "phenomena" with Kant; and we may follow our natural convictions implicitly, and regard the mind as perceiving things immediately, and run no risk of deceptions or contradictions.

Idealism.

Idealism in thought and in literature is altogether of an ennobling character. But we are to speak of it here as appearing in speculative inquiry. As a philosophic system it holds that the mind out of its own stores always adds to our apprehension of things.

It may be a thorough-going idealism, such as that of Berkeley, who maintained that by the senses we perceive not material things extended and made up of particles but ideas created by the Divine Mind, and that things exist only as they are perceived. Fichte went to a greater extreme, and held that things are the projections of mind, of the individual mind, or rather of that incomprehensible fiction of the philosopher's brain, the universal ego or consciousness. But by far the greater number of the systems of idealism have been partial and one-sided. Locke was practically a decided realist, believing both in mind and matter; but he holds that mind perceives bodies, not directly, but merely by ideas supposed to be representatives of bodies. Kant speaks of the mind beginning with phenomena, in the sense of appearances, and then tries illogically, I think, to argue the existence of things, which, however, he (followed by Herbert Spencer) represents as unknown. Berkeley, coming after Locke, urged that if we can perceive only ideas, we cannot from these argue the existence of material things, the ideas being themselves the things and sufficient. Fichte, coming after Kant, defied any one to prove from mere appearances the existence of a reality beyond, as this would be putting in the conclusion more than is in the premises. Ever since, the German metaphysicians of the higher sort have been pursuing realities, and in thinking that they have caught them have only embraced a cloud. If we do not start with realities, both in the object perceived and the perceiving mind, we can never reach them by any legitimate logical process.

The half-and-half systems, the ideal-real as they are called, held by so many in the present day in Germany, are in the position of a professedly neutral person between two hostile armies, exposed to the fire of both. On the one hand it is argued that if one part of our native and original perceptions be ideal, why may not the other parts, why may not the whole be so? If the balloon without any weights attached be let loose, it will move as the winds carry it, and cannot be brought down to the solid earth except by a collapse. On the other hand it is argued by the agnostic that if all or so much be created by the imagination we have no warrant for asserting that

there is any reality, and we must sink into the slough of nescience and nihilism, which are the same nonentities viewed under different aspects; the one asserting that man has no capacity to know, and the other that there is nothing to know, and both culminating in the absolute blank of agnosticism, which is darkness which cannot be seen, for there is no eye to see it—the darkness of the sepulchre in which death ends all. But are we in the narrowness of our realism to exclude the ideal? This would be like depriving the flower of its perfume. The imagination is one of the loftiest powers with which our Maker has endowed us. The child with the aid of its doll and other toys weaves its tales of weal or woe and takes a part in them. The mature man has his day-dreams as well as his night-dreams, and in the midst of the hard struggle of life pictures better days to come. The Christian dies gazing into the invisible world as if it were visible. Take away the ideal and literature would be stripped of half its charms. Even science cannot do without it. "The truth is," says D'Alembert, "to the geometer who invents, imagination is not less essential than to the poet who creates." In the mind of Newton gravitation was a hypothesis before it became an established law. Philosophy without the ideal would be shorn of the halo which it has in Plato and Leibnitz, and could not mount to heaven, which is its sphere. All our higher thought goes out into infinity. The real without the ideal would be like the earth without its air and sky.

Idealism has a wide sphere lawfully allowed it, but it must not be permitted to break out of its orbit. We give it a place, a high place, but we keep it in its place, and we should not allow it to evaporate into nonentity. By all means let us have fancies in our spontaneous thinking. But we are here speaking of philosophy, which is reflective thinking. It is one of the most important offices of philosophy to announce to us the grounds on which we believe in *what is* in opposition to *what is not*, and in doing this it has to define what field the ideal has as distinguished from the real; it has to show us how fancies differ from facts. It will not discourage the soaring into the imaginary, but it requires that all the while we know and acknowledge it to be imaginary. The man who believes in the existence of unreal objects is a madman; the speculation, wild as a romance, but not so attractive, which makes the ideal real is equally lunatic.

It has been shown that all our imaginations are simply reproduc-

tions, in new forms, of our experiences. A giant is a man enlarged. A dwarf is a man diminished. The consequence is that the larger our knowledge the wider the circumambient region of fancy in which we may fly. In modern times, with our larger knowledge, historical and scientific, we have a more varied field for the fancy, if we would use it, than the ancients. The atmosphere is an essential part of our earthly abode, and what diversified action does it show as it raves in the storm and soothes us in the gentle breeze, as it displays such clearness in the morning and such a glow in the evening! But, after all, it is held in its place by gravity, as the solid earth is; so our very highest flights of the mind are ruled by law. The flower needs its stalk, and the leaf its branch. The bird with its wings can fly, as I have seen, a thousand miles across the ocean; but it starts from solid ground, and lands at last on a ship or island. The mists are beautiful when and only when they form a veil to the mountains whose grandeur they at once reveal and conceal, showing us so much, and tempting the curiosity to look into what is hid beyond.

Agnosticism.

Extremes meet, as the east and west do in lines on our globe. Idealism leads logically and historically to Agnosticism, for, if portions of our original knowledge be ideal, that is imaginary, why may not all be? And if all be so, we are down to Nihilism. Locke's philosophy, partly idealistic, became wholly so in Berkeley, and sunk into nescience in Hume, and continued so in John S. Mill and his school. Kant's phenomenal theory of knowledge, and his forms imposed by the mind on things, are the places of refuge to which Agnosticism retreats when it is pressed.

It should be noticed of Agnosticism that it is seldom or never consistently carried out. Its supporters maintain that we cannot have a knowledge of reality. But they act and speak and write as if there are things. They believe in the existence of some things—they commonly believe in the existence of meat and money. They are convinced of the reality of things that are seen; they begin to doubt and deny only when we press spiritual truth upon them, when we show them that there is an immutable morality, that there is a God, and that this God will call them to account.

The common way of meeting Agnosticism is by showing that it contradicts itself. It is obviously a contradiction to assert that we know that we can know nothing. But when we have proved this,

we have only strengthened the opinion we are opposing. One of Hume's strongest sceptical arguments is that our vaunted knowledge is inconsistent, that reason lands us in contradictions. The most effective way leading us to abandon our assurance is to demonstrate that in pursuing different lines of thought we reach opposite and inconsistent conclusions. The only satisfactory and conclusive way of meeting Agnosticism is to follow the realistic method we are recommending in this paper, and to show that we have a primitive knowledge which we spontaneously proceed upon, and which we ought to assume in philosophy.

In the present day the Americans are still depending on the Europeans, and borrowing from them. The more earnest students go to Deutschland, and are ploughing, as Ulrici used to say, with the German heifer. Others, who are more addicted to the observations of sense and the methods of physical science, are taking what philosophy they have from Professor Bain and Mr. Spencer, and may be called the Modern English School.

The German School.

The American youth of the present day who wishes to carry on research goes for a year or more to a German university. In particular, those of a metaphysical taste do not feel that they have enough to satisfy them at home, and they betake themselves to Berlin or Leipsic to get a full supply of the food for which they crave. On entering the lecture-rooms there they find certain formidable distinctions proceeded on without being explained—such as those between object and subject; à priori and à posteriori; rational and empirical; real and ideal; phenomenon and noumenon—all of which may involve a concealed error with the truth which they convey, namely, making objective truth subjective, or the creation of the mind. As they go on they find themselves in a labyrinth, with no clew to bring them out into the open air and light.

All these distinctions have had the mark of Kant branded upon them. That powerful thinker has taken possession of the philosophic thought of Germany more effectively than Plato did that of Greece, or Aristotle that of the Middle Ages, or Locke did that of England, or Reid and Hamilton did that of Scotland—he rules over the minds of the Germans as determinedly as Bismarck does over their political action. Some, such as Fichte, Schelling, and

Hegel, have been carrying out certain of his principles to greater heights of idealism. Younger men, feeling dizzy on the elevations to which they have been carried, insist on being carried lower down, and have raised the cry, "Back to Kant," thinking that they may stop in the descent where he stopped, but find that by the weight upon them they can get no resting-place short of the bogs of agnosticism. All are alike entangled, even Helmholtz and the physicists, in the nets of the critical philosophy from which they cannot extricate themselves.

We have come to a crisis when of all things it is necessary to criticise the critical philosophy. I have been taking exception to certain of the positions of the great German metaphysician. I have all along maintained what Dr. Sterling seems now to be establishing, that Kant did not satisfactorily meet Hume, the sceptic. On the contrary, he yielded to him certain grounds on which he erected a scepticism as deadly as that of the cold Scotchman, but much more alluring. First, he proceeded in a wrong method—in the Critical—which has started a series of criticisms with no ultimate ground of fact to rest on, instead of the inductive, which, it should be understood, does not give cogency to first truths, but simply discovers them. Secondly, he started not with facts but with phenomena, in the sense of appearances, and from these could never logically rise to realities. Hume began with impressions and ideas from which no one could ever draw things; and for these Kant substituted unknown presentations, from which we cannot extract realities any more than we can extract light from cucumbers. He has built a formidable castle in the air, to which agnosticism retreats when it is attacked. Thirdly, he maintains that the mind perceives objects under forms which are not in the things, and has thus created an ideal world, to which poets such as Goethe and Schiller delighted to mount, but which affords no secure abode to those who insist on having on earth a solid domicile in which to dwell.

In the last century Locke was the most influential of all philosophers. It has taken a long time to separate the error from the truth in his system. In order to this it needed the profound examination of Leibnitz in last century, and the brilliant criticism of Cousin in this; it has required, further, the practical sense of Reid and the Scottish school to expose his ideal theory, and the glow of Coleridge to attract the eyes of men to something higher than sensations. Locke's error in supposing that the mind perceives ideas and not

things, and in deriving all truth from a limited experience, are clearly seen, and we need now only to accept the great body of truth which he has established forever.

Kant holds in the nineteenth century the place which Locke did in the eighteenth. We need now to have him examined as searchingly as Locke has been. The wave which carried Kant's philosophy to its greatest height crested at his centennial in 1881, and will now fall down to its proper level. His system will be stripped of its fictitious features, that we may receive and welcome the great body of truths which he presents.

For myself, I can scarcely regret the exclusive authority which Aristotle exercised for a thousand years, for he has thereby, through the mediæval logic, modelled modern notions into their present shape—even as the ocean by its agitations has moulded the pebbles and sands which bound it. But it was necessary for the advancement of thought that the Stagirite should be dethroned from his too extensive power by such original thinkers as Bacon and Descartes. In like manner the influence of Locke has been for good, but we rejoice that Reid exposed his theory of ideas, and showed that he had overlooked truths of primary reason. So, while we do not grudge to Kant his reign for a hundred years, we may earnestly wish that his whole philosophy be now subjected to a kindly but rigid criticism, in which the true and the good are retained, namely, first truths prior to experience, while the false and evil are cast off, namely, all that is inconsistent with a thoroughgoing realism.

The Modern English School.

It consists of writers who have drawn their philosophy from Locke through Hume. The most eminent representatives of the School are, first, Mr. J. S. Mill, then Mr. Lewes, who brought in an element from Comte, the positivist, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has called in the development power, and Professor Bain, who has sought to combine physiology with psychology. The American philosophy must be ready to accept from all these men valuable observations made by them both as to psychical and nerve action—we may borrow from these Egyptians the materials wherewith to build our tabernacle; but we must superadd higher and spiritual truth to give it a form and meaning. The whole school is guilty of great oversights which require to be supplied. They commonly

state correctly the physiological facts as made known by the senses and the microscope, but they overlook a great many of the psychological facts quite as clearly revealed by the internal sense or consciousness. They give us the husks, but do not open to us the kernel. We may specify some of their defects, leaving others to carry on the work.

1. There are oversights in their view of the exercises of the Senses; not of the bodily organs, but of the mind or intelligence as operating in perception by the senses. They have not seen or acknowledged that in sense-perception there is knowledge, in fact, our primary knowledge; our knowledge of things as extended, and as having resisting power—the beginning of the idea of power. They have commonly been satisfied with representing the mind as starting with impressions (that vaguest of terms) or sensations from which they can never get the knowledge of things.

2. They have not seen that in Consciousness, meaning Self-consciousness, they have a knowledge of *self* in some particular act, say perceiving, remembering, judging, or resolving, all of which we know as acts of *ourselves* and not of another. The school speak of the mind as itself unknown, the qualities only being known, whereas the qualities are abstractions from a thing known, known as exercising the qualities. The knowledge of self as conscious, along with the knowledge of a not self as external and extended, is the beginning of all our knowledge. All our other cognition presupposes this and proceeds upon it. This knowledge is of real things, and all knowledge legitimately built upon it is also of realities.

3. The whole school give a defective account of what is involved in the memory. They make it a mere reproduction of the past. There is, first, they say, a perception of an object, say a mountain, and then a reproduction of this perception. But this is not all that is involved in memory. In remembrance there is not only the image of the object, but a recognition of it as having been before the mind in time past. This implies a Faith element and the idea or knowledge of Time which metaphysicians have had such trouble in dealing with.

4. They do not acknowledge or see what lofty exercises are involved in the Imagination, which creates the ideal out of the real, and ever tends towards what it may never be able to reach, the Infinite. In these operations the mind rises above the senses into a higher sphere, where the philosophers of the senses do not choose to follow it.

5. They commit a great and fatal error in making the mind perceive only the relations of Resemblance and Difference, whereas it has the capacity, as Locke and Hume and Brown maintain, of discovering a variety of other relations which penetrate deeply into the nature of things, such as those of Space and Time, of Quantity and Active Property, all of which the mind can perceive.

6. In particular, they do not take sufficiently deep views of such relations as those of Personal Identity and Causation. In not noticing the knowledge of self in the original perceptions of consciousness, they do not expose to view what is involved in the identity of self in its successive states, which as perceiving we are prepared to believe in its immortality. Again, they represent causation merely as invariable antecedence which may not hold in all times and in all space, whereas it consists in a power in the agents acting as the cause and producing the invariableness, and constraining us to rise from real effects to a real cause supreme in God.

7. Their grand error consists in overlooking what is involved in morality, in our Moral Perceptions, which discern the good as distinctly as extension is seen by the eye. In not noticing these facts they are missing the very highest qualities in our moral and spiritual nature.

8. Their account of the Feelings or Emotions is meagre. They are apt to identify them with mere sensations, which again they identify with nervous affections. Herbert Spencer does this. They do not fully apprehend that in all emotion there is an appetence or spring of action, say the love of pleasure, or the love of power, or the love of good, and an idea of the object which calls forth the emotion, as fitted to gratify or disappoint the appetence.

9. They deny that man has Free Will; they make him the mere evolution and creature of circumstances. The realistic philosophy will require carefully to unfold the nature of free choice as an inalienable prerogative of man.

In all these and other ways the modern English School is degrading our nature, and with it all high philosophy—leaving us little but shallows in a waste of weary sand. We are obliged to them for showing wherein man agrees with the brutes, but we must have others to show us wherein man is above the brutes. It must be one of the highest offices of the realistic philosophy to expose the errors and supply the deficiencies of this school.

But it will be urged, that if philosophy is kept within such rigid

fences it will lose much of its attractiveness, and metaphysical and dialectic youths will complain—as bitterly as the Indians do when they say they have no room for hunting in these enclosed fields where they must be contented to plough and sow. As the result, there will be no room for speculation such as was indulged in by Plato, by Leibnitz and the higher German philosophers.

To this I reply that there will still be a rich possession left to philosophy to cultivate, and one as much more fertile and profitable above mere guesses as agriculture instead of hunting will turn out to be to the Indian. By imposing judicious restrictions we do not deny to philosophy any of its prerogatives; we merely prevent it from becoming an arena in which one system lives to fight against another. It will still be allowed to inquire into the opinions of the thinkers of all ages and countries, as Cudworth did in England and Hamilton did in Scotland, and as German scholars are still doing. Not only so, these opinions may be analyzed and criticised, always on the condition that the ultimate test of truth be the facts in our nature. Historical criticism will have a boundless field in determining what were the precise opinions of the eminent thinkers of antiquity, and in settling what truth there is in Plato's ideal theory and Aristotle's analytic of thought, and in the Stoic and Epicurean discussions as to the relative places of virtue and pleasure. The gold will have to be gathered from the sand in the wastes of the Middle Ages. Coming down to modern times it will have to settle what are the limits to the method of induction as expounded by Bacon, and to what fields the combined dogmatic and deductive methods of Descartes and Spinoza are to be confined. It will have to weed out all the idealism and sensationalism in Locke's *Essay*, and so explain the great truths regarding experience which he has expounded so as to keep them from issuing logically in Humism. It will have to take special pains to keep thinking youth from embracing the errors along with the truths of Kant. While standing up resolutely for à priori truths such as causation, it will show that these are not forms in the mind imposed on things but realities in the nature of things. It will have to acknowledge that there is such a process as evolution, but it will also prove that this cannot account for the origin or beneficent order of things. I am inclined to go a step farther, and allow full freedom to guesses, queries, speculations, theories, care being taken to represent them as mere hypotheses till they are established as facts by facts.

Is not the world open to our view as it was to that of our forefathers? I am sure that it is as full of wonders as it ever was. The physical investigator does not complain that those who lived in the past have drawn all its wealth from the universe. It is the very fact that so many real discoveries have been made that makes him expect more without limit and without end. The ground that has been so enriched with the deposited vegetation of the past will yield larger and richer vegetation and fruit in the future. I believe that there are as many unexplored regions in the mental as in the physical world. I am sure that all the laws and properties of mind have not yet been discovered. It has secrets alluring us to seek to discover them, and sure to reward us for the labor we devote to the search after them. If the modern cannot go so far and mount as high as the ancient it must be because his mental capacities are not so great, and this he will scarcely be prepared to admit. The world as we look upon it is as boundless as it ever was, and human nature is as full and fresh and inexhaustible as it was seen to be in ages past.

A new region has been opened to the modern. A keen interest within the last age has gathered round the relation of brain and nerves to the operations of the mind, or what is called Physiological Psychology. It is a difficult subject, but this only makes it more attractive to the adventurous explorer. It is full of the promise of discovery, and youth will rush into it as to a newly discovered mine. We know much now of the laws of the mind, we know something of the physiology of the brain—careful experiments are being performed by competent men in various countries. We seem to have come to a position at which we may unite the two lines of inquiry, and they will be found to throw light on each other. The physiologist in his department will insist on proceeding only in the method of observation; let the psychologist do the same. Let each require of the other that he restrain premature hypotheses. As the result, we shall have an immense accumulation of empirical facts, rising, according to Bacon's recommendation, to "minor, middle, and major axioms," promising in the end to reach some grand laws which, while insisting that mind and matter are different substances, will realize the sublime conception of Leibnitz by uniting them in a pre-established harmony.

They who start this Realism are proclaiming a rebellion against all modern schools, à posteriori and à priori, and if they persevere

and succeed are effecting a revolution. In doing so they are not overturning but settling fundamental truth on a surer foundation—as the Reformers in the sixteenth century did not destroy religion but presented it in a purer form. Fertility will be produced by this new upturning of the soil.

This attempt, if it is noticed at all, will be assailed by the modern systems of Europe. The monarchies of the old world will look with doubt, perhaps with scorn, upon these republics of the new world which acknowledge no king. The Hegelians will not deign to look at us, because we do not proceed by dialectics and put the world into trinities. The materialists will represent us as following illusions, because we claim to be able by internal observation to discover high moral and spiritual truth. But in spite of all efforts to keep it down, realism, which is the obvious and the naturalistic philosophy, will ever, will again and again, come up and assert its claims. Meanwhile we keep our place, we mean to carry on and consolidate our work, and we may in the end secure attention and recognition. Acting on the Monroe principle, permitting no foreign interference, and allowing the old systems to fight their battles with each other, we hold our position and may come to command respect, as the United States have done, after being long contemned by European countries; and they may be induced to seek our established truths—as they do the corn and cattle reared in our virgin territory.

JAMES McCOSH.

THE CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION OF PROPERTY.

THIS paper does not aim to be final, and has no expectation of being precise. Our concern is less with niceties of statement than it is with the attainment of some conception of property that, as Christians, we can utilize as a *working* conception.

Political economy is busy with matters of property. It is about this centre that the stirring questions of the day gather. What is ownership? How far does it reach? Is it relative or absolute? Can a man do what he will with his own? The question has a distant reach, but touches closely upon common matters of daily bread. It is like the blue in the air: a far-away thing it looks to be; but a part of that blue is in the bit of atmosphere that lies next to my eye.

We promise that this article shall be innocent of abstractions. Our problem is a near one and a practical one. We do not want to look too far off for our answers. Necessary truth grows on low branches. We fail sometimes of catching the fly on the window-pane, from looking past the sash, and taking the fly to be a far-away hawk in the tops of the trees.

We begin early to struggle with the problem of ownership. John has a pocketful of marbles. They are his own. John's father comes along and tells him to give part of them to Charles who has none. He gives them, and they are not his own. He loses some of his marbles by the operation, but gets an idea; gets an idea that ownership is not what he thought it was, which is what getting ideas, as a rule, reduces to—converting a period into an interrogation mark. It takes only a very small fact to puncture an idea and let out the vacuity that is floating around in it; and the boy claps his hands on his breeches pockets and makes off with what few agates he has left. Henceforth to own a thing means to keep it until father takes it away from him. The lesson opens in that way, and follows the same line to the *finis*. The conception of ownership continues steadily narrowing; the circle keeps shortening its diameter till it shrinks to a point; and the boy, now become an old man, watches the steady inroad of subtraction until he moves at

last into a little, narrow house without a till, clad in a simple suit that needs no pocket.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." This was the postulate that underlay all Jewish conceptions of property. Theories that used to obtain in Judea might not meet all the detailed requirements of our own times and civilization. Still our confidence in the structural principles of the Hebrew economy is such as to assure us that no system of social or political ethics out of consonance with them merits regard, or can permanently obtain. There is in ethics, as in physics, but one perpendicular. Plumb-lines are cosmic. Your little house will stand only as it is set in a true vertical with everlasting foundations. A valid administration of social and civil equity is a short line, but it is the little, hither end of the line which, in its infinite reach, makes out all the righteousness of God.

It is only of God, then, that ownership in its absolute sense is predicable. Everything else so designated can be approximation only, and imitation. God owns the world. After that it is only by accommodation of terms that I can say I own my house or my library. Unable to own things as against God, there is still opportunity for us to own them as against each other. Granted. But at the same time the absoluteness of divine ownership does break the back of all human ownership. We are not sure any more as to how much it actually means to own things as against each other; or whether it means anything. John owned his marbles as against Charles, but not as against his father; but that latter qualification took all the stiffening out of his ownership as against Charles. An idea that is absolute becomes nothing other than a caricature so soon as the attempt is made to work it under conditions. The features may some of them be preserved, but with the sacrifice of the identity.

The underlying postulate of Judaism, that the earth was in an absolute sense the Lord's, worked determinatively in all the dealings of the Jews with other people. Without originary title to Palestine they conceived that it became theirs by his arbitrary bestowment. God owned it, and made them his heirs. Whether there was any narrowness in their view of the case or not, it gave an assurance and an intensity to their operations that made them irresistible, and carried everything before them. The mere fact that they were settlers in Palestine constituted Hittites, Hivites, and Jebusites aggressors; and to drive them out or exterminate them was, con-

sistently with their view of the case, a simple assertion of vested rights.

It is easy to appreciate this sentiment; easy also, perhaps, to feel some measure of sympathy with it. The remnants of that idea still lurk in the mind of every man that calls God Father. In the filial relation is involved a proprietary claim. For a father to disinherit his child is against nature, and that is because the child is in a way joint-owner of his father's property, even before he has been distinctly pronounced his father's heir. I call God Father. The livelier my sense of filial relation to him, the stronger and more effective will be the hold upon me which this same idea will have, that there is nothing which he owns which I also have not at least some small property in. Ownership goes with the blood; "If children, then heirs, heirs of God," Paul writes. "All things are yours;" "Whether things present or things to come: all are yours."

It is worth noticing with what immediate and practical effect this sentiment will operate on a small field. Suppose that I am hungry and can obtain nothing to eat, and have no means of earning it. What am I to do? Starve? I cannot of course state what my reader would do; but I can vouch for myself that I should not perish of inanition so long as I had the power to beg bread or to steal it. The loaf on my neighbor's shelf is, in a sense, not mine; but at the same time, in a sense it is mine, because it belongs in a truer sense to God than it does to my neighbor, and I call God Father. Solomon was contemplating just such a case when he wrote: "Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Of course the law is not going to forgive him. There are times, nevertheless, when the eighth commandment, like the sixth, is more honored in the breach than in the observance. Christ in the twelfth of Matthew distinctly enunciates the doctrine of "blameless" transgression. The law is for the sake of man, and not man for the sake of the law.

When once the idea of God's fatherhood is admitted there enters, under its patronage, the correlative conception of man's brotherhood. In deepening the sense of our filial relation to God the Gospel has developed the sense of our fraternal relation to one another. To actualize and universalize the idea of the brotherhood of man is the supreme triumph of the Gospel. The end toward which the Christian scheme looks is not the salvation of men but the redemption of society. It is society that constitutes the true integer

and not the individual man. Society is the unit and every man a fraction. A large half of every individual subsists in his social relations. Almost the first thing that God's Word tells us about man is that it is a mistake for him to be alone; and the last consummating prospect that the same Word holds out before us is of regenerated society. "A City come down from God." That is the longest, largest hope that even inspiration can conceive; a condition in which the ideal of unity is fulfilled through the mutual membership which each man has in every other man.

By predetermination of nature, therefore, society is an organism; which is to say that, when viewed in proprietary relations, society is a great joint-stock company. The organism precedes the organ, and society antedates the individual, logically even if not historically. The family is previous to the child; the child helps make the family but is born into the family. Family is first, and in it individual rights are determined by corporate rights. The child's prerogatives reach it through the family. It suffers and enjoys through the family; acts and is acted upon through the family; and owns through the family; and its individual ownership, so far as it exercises any, is mainly only the corporate ownership, inherent in the family, localized at a single point. So that whatever special claims to property, as in the instance of the marbles, are put forth by a single member, they are to be arbitrated by the corporate interests of the family, and allowed or denied according as shall best subserve the family's associate advantage. And in this domestic confederation, the youngest member as certainly as the oldest, the dullest as surely as the brightest, has true membership, and full, clear title to confederate prerogatives and immunities.

Now in all of this there is laid for us a platform upon which we can build variously and with assurance. Ownership in the absolute sense of the term pertains only to God. Derivative propriety rights are vested in mankind *as such.* Individual ownership has no validity but such as is conceded to it by God and mankind, and admits only of such exercise as shall not contradict the will of the one or prejudice the weal of the other.

The delicate question, then, that is agitating men's minds is, to determine the respective provinces of social and of individual rights in property; and the problem is complicated by the fact that men are personally interested in its solution. It is approached from two sides and with opposite interests. The man who has little or no

property is interested to reduce the area of individual proprietary rights to a minimum. The man who has property is just as interested to push that area to a maximum. Each of the two classes is likely to maintain his own theory for the reason that there is money in it. There has been published recently the case of a conspicuous communist who abandoned communism the day he received an inheritance. Like a man whom I heard say recently that he never believed in tariff until he became a manufacturer. Should he ever abandon manufactures, it is safe to expect that he will become a free-trader again. With such people, theories of political economy are like different classes of stock to a broker, who buys in where he is looking for the largest cash dividend.

Christianity comes to our relief so far as this, that it regularly puts society before the individual, and never the individual before society. The Christian is conscious that he is debtor, not that he is creditor. Paul nowhere tells us that Greeks and Barbarians are debtors to him. The individual is always an accident, and to be treated as such; to be bruised even, if the blood that issues from the bruises, like the blood of the Lord, shall conduce to the healing of the world.

Taking, therefore, our cue from Christianity, which is the whole aim and *animus* of this paper, it is certainly clear that the proprietary rights of the individual are to be arbitrated from the stand-point of the State, and not the rights of the State from the stand-point of the individual. The expression "individual rights" is to that degree misleading. The individual is to be thankful for whatever *concessions* the State in wise pursuance of its own weal may see fit to allow him. "Individual rights" is rather to be treated as a euphemistic way of designating the area of option remaining over after the State has occupied all the ground she deems essential to her highest collective weal.

There is no disguising the fact that there is in this an approach to the fundamental doctrine of communism. To the individual *as such* communism denies proprietary rights. Nor do we see how anything less can be denied him except as the term "rights" is taken in an accommodated sense. And, indeed, the strength of communism lies not so much in the number of its advocates or in the unscrupulousness of their measures, as in a certain amount of validity involved in its doctrinal basis.

Yet in all this it forms no part of our thought or aim to narrow

the margin of individual option, or to abridge individual autonomy. It is a question how far, for example, it is wise for the father to take away John's marbles and give them to Charles. By pushing that policy beyond a certain point, he will withdraw from John and Charles both the stimulus to independent acquisition. And so, while benefiting the family in one way by the equalization of property, damage it in another by so paralyzing the instinct of property that pretty soon there will be no property *to* equalize.

An illustration in point is the early Church at Jerusalem. Consistently with the *animus* of the Gospel this Church was distinctly communistic. The principle was asserted, and, by a majority of its members, applied, in its full scope and intent, that a truer and finer type of ownership was predicable of the community than of any individual that happened to be in the community. As St. Luke relates in his history: "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Yet the Christliness of a principle is no certain safeguard against unwisdom in its application. The Christians at Jerusalem not only vetoed, so far forth, proprietary rights, but obliterated proprietary distinctions, and by that act discouraged everything like independent acquisition. Those that had been poor no longer needed to work, and those that had been rich were henceforth without the necessary stimulus to work. The first effect of communism, *as thus applied*, was, of course, to enrich the community, and its second effect just as logically and inevitably was to impoverish the community; and one of the burdens that always loaded down poor, itinerant St. Paul was taking up collections "for the poor saints at Jerusalem." Instant relief was purchased at the expense of subsequent distress, as is usual. The blame was chargeable not to the communistic principle itself, but to the ill-considered policy by which it was worked. It is good sense to affirm proprietary distinctions at the same time that it is good piety to deny proprietary rights.

It would be unjust, however, to dismiss this matter of communism without one more word. It is not difficult to assent to the communistic principle, and in all matters of property to subordinate the individual to the State. Still, the fact remains that the average "Communist" has not one picayune's worth of interest in the State as such. Communism is a wholesome name which he prostitutes to cloak a dirty ambition. Both in his thought and purpose it is the State that is secondary to him, and not he to the State. All his

talk about the corporate rights of society is so much ruse to divert attention from his tricky and rascally attempt to make the general weal pay taxes to his own individual advantage. From beginning to end it is with him a matter of public pap. The whole case can be put in a nutshell by saying that A has one loaf of bread and B has two loaves. B, therefore, is not a communist, but A is, and A argues for the corporate ownership of the three loaves for the reason that three divided between two is no longer one, but one and a half. That extra half loaf is the genesis of communism. Communism is only the elegant augur with which he proposes to tap the public barrel. It is a grand, economic idea worked in the interests of his own pocket. A poor man steals from a rich man, and is shut up for it. Communism is a device which the poor thief has invented for saving himself the inconvenience of incarceration by making the State accessory to the burglary.

After having in these terms paid our respects to the communist, we shall certainly be acquitted of any revolutionary sympathies, with whatever emphasis we may assert our faith in the doctrine that ownership is vested in the body politic, and that individual possession can in propriety reach no further than to the point of trusteeship in the general interest.

All that is argued for here is contained in the expression so uncalculatingly used by us when we say, for example, that we are members of community, and that we *belong* to society. And that is exactly it: we do *belong* to society. It is very often surprising what an amount of unconscious truth there is in our commonest and most unstudied expressions, and how much sounder oftentimes our words are than our philosophy and our practice. For a slave to belong to a master means that he is subject to the will of that master. For a man to belong to a corporation carries with it the idea that in all that relates to that corporation his individual choice and interest are no longer to control him, but that he is submitted to the collective choice and interest of the corporation; is so far forth the property of the corporation: belongs to the corporation. A man says he "belongs to a church," without half realizing usually the full scope of his own admission. To belong to a church means that in all that relates to the interests and aims of his church he is no longer his own. Without doubt there is a great deal of "belonging to the church" that really denotes to the member himself nothing more than opportunity of access to the spiritual treasury of the church—

to all intents a kind of ecclesiastical communist, cherishing his connection for the chance it gives him of holding his hand on the spigot of churchly conferment. Still, the term by which he designates his relation is valid, and ought itself to teach him a wholesome lesson and hold him in that condition of subordination to the corporate purposes and interests of the church which his own language so justly, though unconsciously, implies and confesses. The same kind of admission is tacitly made by any man who speaks of himself as belonging to a certain community, or to society, or to mankind. Nothing more is needed than that he should take the gauge of his own language and be in practice what he is in speech. He does belong to the community; and that means that it behooves him to bridle himself with the general aims of community and saddle himself with its general interests.

And now all of this affords material which might be drawn out almost indefinitely in the form of close and practical application. It is something to be considered by such as think themselves to have been wronged by civil or municipal action, that has diverted their private property to public uses. Let them make a minute of the fact that it was public property before it was private property. Their private claims are grounded in public sufferance. Our land, our time, yes, even our bodies are part of the assets of community. The power of draft in time of war is an acknowledgment that the State holds the deed of the heart's blood of its citizens. If we own land, which the State would convert to its own uses, part of the grace that we shall need in the emergency will keep us from being soured by what we have lost, and the rest will be necessary to make us thankful for so much, in the shape of indemnity, as the State or city, in wise pursuance of the common interest, may see fit to allow us. Much that is wise, and otherwise, has, for example, been said about the elevated roads in New York city. Whether their construction and management has at all points been marked by discretion and equity is a matter about which each man will have his own opinion. That does not concern us here. It is quite possible that if every man, who was made to suffer by their construction, had been indemnified according to his own estimate of damage the roads never would and never could have been built. More pertinent, however, to our case is the fact, that if at the outset not more than one man in a thousand believed in the roads, probably now not more than one in a thousand could be found who does not believe in

them. The issue has demonstrated their necessity. Results show that they were bound to come. If a few men were consciously interested to build them, a million men were unconsciously interested to have them built. We are not at all entering into the question whether sufferers have or have not been duly indemnified. Men have suffered individually, but community has been benefited generally. Population has been increased, and collective wealth and comfort enhanced. It is in the very nature of things that the general weal should be promoted at the cost of a good deal of particular weal. It has always been so and will be. It is a necessity. Some men can be chariot wheels; some men have to be paving stones. It is expedient sometimes that the few should suffer for the many. Caiaphas judged so; and the judgment is still current. It is one of the perquisites (or embarrassments) of property that it puts its possessor in a position to sacrifice for the general advantage. No man is going to get along, and do his share, without having a little genius for martyrdom.

Again, the sense of brotherhood will prevent men from feeding on each other and making capital out of their necessities. Money-making is always a transaction between two parties, and, when conducted in consonance with the Christian conception of property, each party will make account of the other's interest as well as his own. It seems to be considered that business is the art of getting whatever you can without any consideration of equivalents. Making money has taken the place of earning money. This matter is one that has no end to it. The question on the street is not one of value; but rather how much can I get for a thing if I am the seller, or how little can I get along with and pay for the same commodity if I am buyer. Values used to regulate prices; prices at present appear to determine values. And so the stock-brokers study "quotations" and watch the "tickers."

Nor need we go to Wall street for our illustrations. Suppose that I want an article at my grocer's. It happens that he is the only one from whom I can obtain it, and that it is something I cannot get along without. The thing is worth, say, ten cents; but if he appreciates the circumstances he will quite likely charge me fifteen. That is, he will charge me the worth of the article and tax me fifty per cent. extra for the exigency. He loves me, and all that sort of thing; he "brothers" me in the house of the Lord. It is not good form to gag and pinion me and deplete me burglariously; but if

exigencies are snug enough to throttle me, and circumstances sufficiently expert to turn my pockets, he will appropriate the contents with a "thank you," call it trade, and invite me to come again. The element of reciprocal interest and reciprocal obligation comes into no kind of account with him. He will twist the screw upon me to the full limit of his courage. He has no conscience and no heart. I stand before him in the same posture that an oil-well does to the company that is working it; with no other possible purpose to subserve but to be pumped—pumped dry. His is the true genius of a sucker, that will fasten itself to your arm and love you for the heart's blood it can drain from you. If his dealings with you are not precisely those of a cannibal, it is mostly only accident of birthplace. His methods are those of an old-fashioned Fijian, or wild man of Borneo, only treated to a "wash" of civilization; so that his brutality is somewhat more refined and his ferocity more polite and ornamental.

This might appear severe language to use of a man that has only beguiled me of five cents. But that amount just as well as a larger is sufficient to show the *animus* of the man; and that instance just as well as one more conspicuous suffices to betray the current genius of trade. The prime consideration is not what is a thing worth, but how much can you get for it, and how can you so manage prices and manipulate values as to promote your own varying advantage as buyer or seller. It is quite the habit to cite "corners" as illustration of the burglarious and cannibal impulses of trade. But in point of *animus* the majestic rascality of a great "corner" differs not one iota from the five-cent venality of my grocer. *That* was a "corner" in the green. The germ of the whole business was there, and needing only the advantages of more capital, more genius, and more experience, to nurture it to the grade of the most superb effects of mercantile atrocity ever consummated by blood-thirsty Fijian, living or obsolete.

This same sort of treason against community—for selfishness always reduces to that—stimulates manufacturing corporations to sell their wares at a figure that yields dividends which themselves demonstrate the corporators to be so many unconscienced vultures pecking at the lacerated heart of community. Gas manufacturers, for example, do not grade their rates according to the cost of production, but according to the patience and endurance of patrons. As stated on the witness stand in February of this year, the Man-

hattan Gas Co. declared a dividend of 35 per cent. in 1875, and the dividend has averaged 21 per cent. for the past ten years. As much is charged for gas as the company has the courage to charge for it, and the worth of the commodity composes no part of the case. This is only an example. Another instance like it is that brought out by a recent investigation in Ohio, where it appears that the American Bell Telephone Co. were receiving an annual rental of over $200,000 for instruments which never cost the company over $40,000; which is an annual dividend of 500 per cent.! The same holds with regard to telegraph monopolies. The cost of sending a message is not determined by the amount of business done or profits accruing. Rates come down only as they are forced down by an outraged public. It is not a matter of *quid pro quo.* Business means getting a maximum in return for a minimum. Men of large Christian pretension, who want to be counted on the side of Jesus Christ who did nothing but make himself poorer for others' sakes, will spend six solid days of every week in making others poorer for their own sakes. They are void of the Christian *sense of community.* They traffic with men's necessities and wring dividends out of their emergencies; and torture the community that feeds them, like the Abyssinian, who is said to provide himself with steaks from the very ox which carries him.

Indifference to values, and ambition to get the most for the least, determine rates paid to the wage-worker. If a man, for instance, can be found who will drive a horse-car sixteen hours a day for a dollar and a half, he will be employed at that rate, and the money that is being made by the company, and the actual worth of the employé to the company, does not enter as an item into the account. Prices are left to be arbitrated by the law of supply and demand, and the rich man fattens on the poor man's necessities. So also in the higher lines of employment. A town or city will be likely to hire its teachers, for instance, on the same basis. The question is not what are those teachers worth to their pupils and to community, or how much do they need in order to be kept in health and heart, but what is the lowest market price for that kind of commodity? What is the smallest figure at which they can be obtained? And still further; because there are women in abundance to be found who will fill for $750, positions in school-work that would have to pay $1,000 if done by the other sex, the women will be hired, at the lower figure; worth just as much as the men, but

forced to smaller pay by the relentless logic of numbers. So that we may say that in that instance $250 is the tax which the gallantry of our civilization exacts from women on the ground of their femininity.

I want to add only one more illustration along a little different line. Our ladies explore the stores and shops and are constitutional bargain hunters. There are many articles—often the production of sewing-women—which come within the range of their pursuit and needs, that are obtainable at ruinously low prices. In view of such purchases it is not uncommon to hear the lady buyer declare that she does not see how it is possible for the goods to be made and sold for any such money. That is an unconscious confession that she has paid for the goods less than they are worth; and if she understands at all the state of the case it is furthermore a confession that she has allowed herself to make capital out of the extremity of the poor sewing-women, who are paid hardly enough for their work to keep their wretched souls inside of their half-starved bodies. And not only that, but if they will think a little further, they will be reminded that possibly some of the garments of their own wardrobe, purchased so economically as to allow of larger indulgence in other elegancies of attire, were made by hands so scantily remunerated that the sewing-woman's own body had to be put in the market to eke out the miserable pittance; so that perhaps the lady reader of this very page sails up and down the avenues decked in velvet and fur that were paid for in part by her own money and in balance by the hire of the brothel.

The purpose of all this wide variety of illustration has only been to open up the matter in a plain and practical way to the reader's intelligent Christian regard. It is easier and more congenial to confine our attention to some few conspicuous examples of monetary oppression; but the fact is, that society in all its classes and in both its sexes is pervaded by the disposition to treat other's interest as impertinent, to ignore the general weal, to deny the organic rights of men and women considered as members of community, to obtain our own aggrandizement on any terms of expense to others, whether in shape of money, comfort, life, virtue even, and to buckle everything down in attitude of menial contribution to our own individual behest. And the only way out of all this pettiness and friction and miserable competition and grinding despotism lies in the direction of a sense of mutual membership in each other, developed by the

love-impulse planted and nurtured in us by the living Gospel of God, as it is in Christ Jesus. Mere civilization will not compose among men their differences and discrepancies of interest. So long, for instance, as the capitalist and the wage-worker are only coming to a clearer understanding of their prerogatives *as against each other*, they will get no farther than to guard their competitive rights with new and stronger sanctions, and the line of demarcation between antagonistic camps be made only broader and more distinct. With no other light than that of civilization to walk in, any compromise that may be negotiated between the two will hold only so long as neither party judges it to be for its own interest to abandon it. The solvent of all these rival interests is found only in the attainment of one organic interest that shall be felt to hold every separate radius of aim and ambition in its own living central grasp. And that means the prevalence among men, in their property relations, of conceptions that are distinctively Christian ; that genius of brotherhood that weaves all into one web of sympathy and concern, and sets each "looking not only on his own things, but also on the things of others."

C. H. PARKHURST.

LUNAR PROBLEMS NOW UNDER DEBATE.

Of all the heavenly bodies, the moon, next to the sun, is unquestionably the most important to human beings. These two alone exert a sensible influence upon terrestrial affairs. The effects which can be traced to our satellite are doubtless few and trifling compared with those due to the sun; but they far outweigh all that can be attributed to all the remaining bodies in the universe combined. If the rest were blotted out,—all planets, comets, stars, and nebulæ,—our eyes indeed would miss them sorely from the night, but nothing would be perceptibly changed in the whole course of earthly nature. Possibly our thermometers might fall as much as a thousandth of a degree,* and there might be some alterations in the habits of animals that prowl by starlight. Of course, too, after the lapse of time, the orbit of the earth would become slightly different from what it would have been had Jupiter and Venus and the rest of the planetary family continued their attractions, and so, indirectly and ultimately, the loss would be felt; immediately and directly, however, not the slightest change in the conditions of our human life would follow their withdrawal.

"But if the moon were suddenly struck out of existence, we should," as Professor Ball says, "be immediately apprised of the fact, by a wail from every seaport in the kingdom. From London, from Liverpool, from Bristol we should hear the same story—the rise and fall of the tides had almost ceased. The ships in dock could not get out; the ships outside could not get in; and the maritime commerce of the world would be thrown into dire confusion."

On the American side of the Atlantic we are not quite so dependent upon the tides as the English seaports are; but a change which would cut down the tides to less than half their present

---

* The old observations of Pouillet led him to a very different conclusion as to the total amount of stellar heat. According to him we get from the stars about 85 per cent. as much heat as from the sun. But his conclusion is discredited by all more recent work, and we only mention it because some of our readers may have seen it, and never seen it contradicted. It is now supposed that stellar heat bears to solar something the same ratio that star*light* does to sunlight:—about as one to forty millions on a liberal estimate.

height, which would abolish the difference between spring and neap, and bring in what was left of high-water always at the same hour daily, would profoundly alter the conditions of navigation and maritime life.

Probably, also, the moon's removal would be followed by a small, but not unobservable, fall of temperature, perhaps amounting to a large fraction of a degree, and possibly producing a perfectly sensible change in the present limits of animal and vegetable life. Certain magnetic fluctuations would also cease, and in various other directions the observers of delicate phenomena would miss a familiar factor. We say nothing of lost moonlight and the dreadful bereavement of poets and lovers.

Evidently the relative importance of the moon is due simply to her proximity. Compared with the faintest star she is really insignificant. But she is the earth's nearest neighbor, and therefore conspicuous; her constant acolyte, whose obsequious and rapid motions demand and compel attention. As a natural and necessary consequence we find that from the very beginning she has been the object of scientific observation, and her various phenomena, of phases, eclipses and the like, have been carefully recorded, and the records now form the very framework and skeleton of historical chronology. Indeed, the assertion that the science of astronomy seems to have had its origin in the study of the moon's behavior appears to be fully justified. It is a simple historical fact that the great national observatories of England and France were established mainly for the purpose of observing her motions; and for this reason—a century and a half ago the only trustworthy method for finding the longitude at sea was by means of the moon. To ascertain the longitude one must be able at any moment to find the corresponding Greenwich or other standard time. Now, by her monthly movement in the heavens, the moon answers the purpose of a great clock: the sky is the dial, she is the hand, and the stars are the figures that mark the hours. This celestial chronometer is not exactly a convenient one, for many reasons; but it never runs down, and is available in the absence of anything better, provided one has at hand in the almanac an accurate prediction of the moon's place for any given instant. It was to furnish the data for this continuous prediction that the first national observatories were founded; and lunar observation still continues to be one of the most important branches of their regular routine.

While of course the same commercial importance no longer attaches to the lunar motions as formerly, because modern chronometers have mostly superseded the moon in navigation, yet scientific interest in the moon itself and in the problems presented by its orbit has grown rather than diminished. From the time of Hipparchus down, a line of eminent mathematicians have busied themselves with the Lunar theory, and found in it matter to develop and test their utmost strength; and now, more recently, the physicist and geologist also find questions of the highest importance and interest to them opening up in the study of selenography.

If we could stand upon the planet Venus, as she approaches her conjunction, and look out upon her evening sky, we should see something very beautiful!—the Earth, as evening star, rising in the east, more brilliant than Venus herself when brightest, but shining with a ruby-colored light. In their telescopes, if the inhabitants of our sister planet yet possess such instruments, she would show a noble disc, larger even than that of Jupiter, with snowy poles, and covered more or less with belts and patches of cloud, some white, some dark, and others tinted with the brightest hues of sunset, and through their ever-changing forms more or less clearly appear the continents and oceans, such as we are able dimly to discern upon our neighbor Mars.

But the earth is not alone. Close beside her always shines a brilliant star, whose pure whiteness contrasts with the warmer glow of the mother orb. It is brighter than Sirius, and slowly oscillates from side to side, at times receding to a distance greater than the sun's diameter, and at others nestling closely to the planet's disc, or even crossing it. And in their telescopes it shows easily such markings as we on earth see upon it with our unassisted vision, or with an opera-glass. Indeed, if their instruments equal the best of ours, they can see pretty much all that Galileo ever could make out—and more, for they can see the back of the moon at times, as we never can, since she always keeps the same face earthward.

Relatively speaking, no other of the planets possesses so dignified a satellite as the earth does. One of the satellites of Jupiter, and Titan, the great satellite of Saturn, are indeed both of them bulkier than our moon; but they are not so massive, and since their primaries are so vastly larger than the earth, they bear no similar proportion—neither of them exceeds one-thousandth of the mass

of its primary, while the moon's mass is about one-eightieth of the earth's. In fact, we may properly enough consider the earth and moon as constituting together a double planet, regarding the moon as a sort of junior partner in the concern rather than a mere subordinate.

Before proceeding to discuss some of the lunar problems, which at present specially occupy the attention of astronomers, and are at the same time suited to these pages, it may be worth while to recapitulate briefly a few of the principal facts and data; most of them of course are more or less familiar to all our readers, but a little "refreshing of the memory," as the lawyers put it, will do no harm.

The moon, then, according to the best determinations, is a globe 2,162 miles in diameter, and at a distance from the earth which ranges from about 221,000 miles when nearest, to 258,000 miles when most remote. At present our knowledge is sufficiently accurate to enable us to give the distance at any moment with a "probable error" not exceeding fifteen or twenty miles. The bulk of the moon, directly deduced from its diameter, is about one-forty-ninth that of the earth. The determination of its mass is much more difficult, and the result less certain, but as has been mentioned before, it is not far from one-eightieth of the earth's mass; almost certainly not so small as one-ninetieth nor so great as one-seventieth. From this it follows that her average density is only about three-fifths that of the earth; about the same as that of the denser rocks, basalt, iron ore, etc., which compose the earth's crust. The lunar surface is extremely rugged. While there are features that look like ancient ocean-basins and river-beds, there are no signs of water now existing. Volcanic structure is everywhere conspicuous, and that on a scale far surpassing anything terrestrial; the magnitude of the craters and mountains perhaps being due to the fact that on the moon the weight of a body is only about a sixth of what it would be on the earth, rather than to any immensely greater violence of the eruptive forces. How the moon has disposed of the oceans and the atmosphere it once probably possessed, is an interesting question that we cannot here stop to discuss further than to remark that very probably they have been absorbed by the cooling rocks; just as it is likely that in some remote future our own air and oceans will descend into the depths, and be swallowed up when the central heat has disappeared, and the now melted rocks have cooled

and cracked, and call for water to slake them. At any rate, so far as can be determined by observation, neither air nor water now exists upon our satellite in any appreciable quantity, and so of course there are no clouds nor storms, nor "weather" of any kind; everything indicates a lifeless, silent, barren, unchanging desert.

Just as the earth turns daily on her axis, so once a month the moon turns slowly upon hers, compelled by bonds invisible, but easily imagined, to keep the same face always earthward. Her day and night are each a fortnight long. Once a month also she travels around the earth in a slightly oval orbit, which, under the sun's disturbing attraction, continually squirms and writhes, never exactly returning into itself, but all the time varying in a most complicated and almost wilful manner; so that to predict exactly the moon's place is still the astronomer's puzzle and despair.

Anything like a thorough discussion of the problems presented by the lunar motion would obviously be unsuitable to these pages; they possess, however, extreme mathematical interest, and are of great importance in their various scientific bearings. It is almost certain that our lunar theory is still seriously defective, but there is no agreement among the highest authorities just where the difficulties lie. Some attribute them to slight incorrectness in the data which form the basis of our present tables; such data as the solar and lunar parallaxes, and the masses of the planets and of the earth. Others, to incorrectness of the fundamental formulæ, rendered defective by the omission of certain so-called "terms," due to the action of the planets, and wrongly supposed to be too small to require consideration; terms which are supposed to accumulate in such a way as to produce slight inequalities with periods ranging from ten years to a century; others still have suggested that there may be minute errors in some of the long and intricate numerical calculations based upon the formulæ and data. The most disquieting hypothesis of all, however, is, that the difficulty is different and more serious; caused by a hitherto unrecognized unsteadiness in the rotation of the earth, our great fundamental timekeeper. Of course if *this* goes wild, then all time predictions must necessarily be falsified.

We hasten to add, however, that the actual discrepancies, though sufficiently significant and annoying to the astronomer, are really very trifling when measured by any ordinary standard; so small, in fact, that nowadays, even in the very worst cases, the almanac posi-

tion of the moon never differs from the true place by an amount that begins to approach the limit of unassisted vision. It is extremely seldom that any predicted lunar phenomenon—a solar eclipse or a star occultation, for instance—is as much as ten seconds out of time; or, to put it differently, the moon is never more than ten miles out of her predicted place, although she travels more than a mile a second; or, again, if the predicted moon could be seen in the sky along with the real one, it would require a good telescope to detect their non-coincidence. But even such slight differences become important from a scientific point of view, because just such residuals and minute discrepancies are the very seeds of future knowledge.

In view of the past history of the science, the probability is very great that the discrepancies will vanish by the correction of the lunar theory; if the difficulty really lies in the unsteadiness of the earth's rotation, then farther progress in this direction is inexorably barred. It is hard to love the truth so loyally as not to hope, as well as to expect, that this will not prove to be the case.

One of the most debated and interesting problems of the lunar theory is that of the so-called "secular acceleration." In 1693 Halley discovered, from the discussion of ancient eclipses, that the month is shorter than in antiquity, and that the moon is continually moving faster and faster, as if upon an indrawing spiral which ultimately would precipitate her upon the earth. For nearly a century no explanation appeared, until, about 1790, Laplace showed how the slow changes now going on in the form of the earth's orbit must produce just such an acceleration; although, in process of time, the operation will be reversed. According to his calculations, the theoretical amount of this acceleration should be about 10″ in a century, agreeing well with that deduced by Halley as a fact. But about thirty years ago there came a battle of giants over the question. Adams (one of the discoverers of Neptune), Delaunay, and Cayley, as aggressors, against Hansen, Pontécoulant, and Plana, as defenders, attacked the accepted faith, and proved that Laplace's figures were seriously wrong, and that the cause assigned by him would produce an acceleration only about half as great as he had calculated. This left an important discrepancy between theory and calculation; to account for it Delaunay and Sir William Thompson suggested as an explanation that the action of the tides is gradually lengthening the day, and so *apparently* shortening the month. By thus adding to the

real acceleration of the moon's motion, an apparent acceleration due to the changing length of the time-unit, everything can be beautifully reconciled, and with this explanation scientific opinion, until very recently, rested complacently content.

But not long ago Professor Newcomb rudely disturbed the peace again by showing that the eclipses observed (and well observed) by the Arabians, during the Middle Ages, indicate an acceleration only about two-thirds as great as that deduced from the discussion of the more ancient eclipses; in other words, while Hansen's value of the "secular acceleration," derived mainly from eclipses before the Christian Era, is about 12″ per century, and the theoretical value of Adams and Delaunay is about 6″, Newcomb deduces 8″.5 from the mediæval observations.

At present astronomers are perplexed. The natural explanation that the earth's rotation is unsteady on account of geological changes, so that the apparent acceleration is variable from one century to another, appears to be negatived by Newcomb's own discussion of the past transits of Mercury. These furnish a delicate test, and they show no such variations in the length of the day as will account for the apparent vagaries of the moon. The latest suggestion upon the subject is that of Oppolzer, who, about two years ago, published an investigation of the effect produced on the motion of the moon by meteoric matter encountered by earth and moon in their annual journey around the sun. This operates in three distinct ways to accelerate the moon's apparent motion; first, it acts simply as a retarding medium. Such a medium, most paradoxically, as it seems on hasty consideration, but of mathematical necessity, makes a comet or planet moving through it go *faster and faster*, all the time diminishing its distance from the centre of attraction. Again, the access of meteoric matter, by increasing the masses of both earth and moon, increases the attraction between them, and this also necessarily produces a more rapid orbital motion. In the third place, the increase of the earth's bulk makes its rotation slower, and so increases the length of the day just as does tidal friction. Oppolzer accepts the old values of the theoretical and empirical acceleration (6″ and 12″ respectively), and shows that the difference could be perfectly accounted for by supposing the amount of meteoric matter encountered to be sufficient to deposit, in a year, a layer covering the surface of the earth to a depth of only about one-thousandth of an inch. This seems, at first view, a supposition quite

admissible; but a very brief calculation shows that even this apparently trifling quantity amounts to not less than a hundred million tons a day! Now the very largest estimate (based on observation of the number of meteors actually seen and their probable weight) puts the daily supply of meteoric matter at less than two thousand tons; and by most astronomers the figure would be set much lower. Evidently there is no relief in this direction.

Before leaving the subject, it may be well enough to add, that whether we have or have not reached it yet, and however unwelcome the idea may be, we must at last inevitably come to a limit of possible accuracy in our predictions of the motions of the moon or of any other heavenly body. If we continue to advance indefinitely in the completeness of our theory and the precision of our observations, then, ultimately, the unpredictable variations of the earth's rotation (which necessarily result from geological causes, such as earthquakes and similar phenomena) will become perceptible and bar our further progress. As matters now stand, any gradually accruing irregularities which, in the course of a year or two, might set the earth backward or forward in its rotation by not more than a single second or so, would be very difficult of detection, though any sudden displacement of that amount would be noticed at once. As it seems quite certain, however, that no earthquake ever disturbed the earth's rotation as much as one one-hundredth of a second, it is clear that we may hope to advance much farther in the accuracy of our predictions before astronomy is brought up standing in the manner indicated.

Another problem which at present is attracting much attention is that of the moon's heat and temperature. It is of course well known to all our readers that the heat she sends us is very slight, and quite beneath detection by the thermometer. It is however observable by means of the "thermopile," and, still more readily, by means of the new and vastly more sensitive instrument recently invented by Professor Langley, and called by him the "bolometer." This, like the thermopile, is an electrical instrument; and its indications are read in the same way—by means of the motions of a spot of light reflected by the mirror of a delicate galvanometer upon a graduated scale. While with the thermopile it is difficult to get from the lunar heat deviations of more than twenty-five or thirty divisions of the scale, the bolometer easily gives two hundred or even three hundred.

Since the atmosphere of the moon is only trifling in amount, as proved by the unrefracted and startlingly sudden disappearance of occulted stars, it is natural to suppose that the temperature of the lunar surface most nearly corresponds to that of portions of the earth where the pressure of the atmosphere is least; *i. e.*, to the temperature of the highest mountain tops. Though the amount of heat actually received from the sun by an object on a mountain top is markedly greater than in the valley, yet the loss of heat is more rapid also, and that in so much higher a proportion that the temperature is greatly reduced. It seems probable, therefore, and is generally admitted, that a small rock suspended in space, at the earth's distance from the sun, and unblanketed by an atmosphere, would freeze to death; that is to say, its temperature would sink so low as to be incompatible with any form of life; probably as low as one hundred or two hundred degrees below zero. Taking this view of things, it is plausibly maintained by many astronomers that the temperature of the moon is extremely low; that, if water exists there at all, it must be in the form of the most solid ice; and that whatever heat we get from the moon is simply sun-heat reflected from a surface which it does not sensibly warm.

But there is another side to the question. Although on a mountain top the ice and air are very cold, it is not so with rocks on which the sun is shining; possibly some one of our readers may have a vivid recollection of carelessly sitting down upon a sunny stone on Pike's Peak, or Gray's, or some other lofty mountain. Now, on the moon the sun shines uncloudedly for a fortnight at a time, and it is quite possible to imagine, therefore, that all unshaded surfaces become intensely hot for the time being, while at the same time those in the shade are just as intensely cold. This is the doctrine of most of the present text books, and depends for its support largely upon certain observations made by the elder Lord Rosse some twenty years ago. He showed conclusively (late observers find the same thing) that moon-heat differs from sun-heat in *quality:* while the latter has great penetrating power, it is not so with the former. A thin plate of glass which will not cut off more than about ten per cent. of the sun's heat will stop more than seventy per cent. of the moon's. Now the characteristic difference between heat-rays emitted by a body merely warm, and those radiated from one intensely incandescent, lies just in this difference of penetrating power. The accepted theory teaches that the radiation

from a body at a low temperature consists entirely of waves comparatively long and slowly vibrating—too slow to affect the optic nerve, and so to be recognized as light. But as the temperature rises, quicker and shorter waves arise, until at last the whole gamut is present, and the body, at first *black hot* only, like a tea-kettle or a stove, becomes red hot, and finally white hot, like the sun or the electric light. The radiation from a body merely warm is like the low, throbbing, sub-base of an organ; that from an incandescent body is like the full clamor of the same instrument when upon the pedal base is superposed the song of the diapasons, the scream of the principal, the blare and squall of the reeds, and the whistle of flute and piccolo. The very long and slow vibrations pass only with difficulty through most transparent media; they are mostly intercepted, and warm the medium itself instead of going through and passing on.

Evidently, then, the lunar heat behaves just as it would do if a large percentage of it came from a warm surface; and if we assume that the reflected sun-heat which we get from the moon has the same composition as solar heat received directly, then we are in a position to determine the relative proportion of this reflected heat to that radiated from the moon's warmed surface; we can even estimate approximately the temperature of the heated surface. It was substantially in this way that the conclusion was reached by Lord Rosse that, notwithstanding the absence of an atmosphere, the temperature of the lunar surface after a fortnight's insolation rises far above that of boiling water, while at the end of the fortnight's night it falls correspondingly low.

But, as Langley has pointed out, the assumption upon which the conclusion is based is obviously not a safe one. It is not only improbable, but it is certainly untrue that the radiance reflected by the moon has the same composition as that directly emitted by the sun. In other words, the moon's surface is not purely white; it does not reflect indiscriminately rays of every wave-length; but is decidedly yellowish, absorbing most the blue and purple rays (of short wave-length) and reflecting most freely those from the lower end of the spectrum. Thus the basis of accepted conclusions gives way, and, as often happens in the history of science, our problem seems really farther from solution than it was ten years ago. The most recent work upon the subject is that of Professor Langley, done with the greatest care and with the most improved

apparatus, published only a few months since. His summing-up is this:

"While we have found abundant evidence of heat from the moon, every method that we have tried, or that has been tried by others, for determining the character of this heat, appears to us inconclusive; and without questioning that the moon really radiates heat earthward from its soil, we have not yet found any experimental means of discriminating with such certainty between this and reflected heat that it is not open to misinterpretation. Whether we do so or not in the future will probably depend on our ability to measure by some process which will inform us directly of the wave-length of the heat observed."

He appends a note stating that still later, in February last, he had succeeded in getting a spectrum of the lunar heat, and in comparing it with the heat spectrum of a vessel filled with boiling water, with the result that the temperature of the lunar soil appeared to be "at any rate lower than that of boiling water, and in an indefinite degree." *

This conclusion is borne out by the observations instituted by the present Earl of Rosse, upon a recent lunar eclipse. At that time the lunar heat fell off apparently *pari passu* with the light; which of course should be the case with reflected but not with radiated heat.

Connected a little remotely with this question of the lunar temperature and atmosphere is that relating to changes upon the lunar surface. The agencies which work changes on the surface of the earth are wanting at the moon, excepting only the possibly great variations of temperature. There is no rain or snow, there are no rivers, lakes, or oceans; and so there can be no denudation such as is continually carving out valleys and mountains on the earth, and no deposition such as builds up our deltas and terraces. On the moon there is no vegetation, and hence no visible change such as comes from the spread or destruction of forests, the growth and ripening of grains and grasses, and other similar processes. There are no clouds there, and no storms, nor any snow-fall, with the corresponding advance and retreat of the winter whiteness. If one could

* At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences (which occurred at Albany since the text was written), Professor Langley gave an account of his work during the last spring and summer. His observations now show conclusively that a very sensible portion of the moon's dark-heat is not solar heat merely reflected, but is really radiated directly from the lunar soil. Moreover, he has succeeded in the exceedingly delicate experiment of comparing the spectrum of this dark lunar heat with that of the heat radiated by a block of ice; and the comparison seems to indicate that the temperature of the moon's surface in full sunshine is lower than the freezing-point of water.

watch the earth from the moon with a good telescope, he would always have before him a beautiful and kaleidoscopic variety of form and color as oceans and continents, mountain ranges and icy wastes, and chiefly the many-colored and ever-changing cloud forms continually whirl across the splendid orb. But for us the moon has only one aspect, changing indeed in appearance with the varying slant of the sunlight, but always presenting the same unalterable features in a fixed and stony glare.

At least this is true so far as appears to any but an almost microscopic observation. It is now, however, pretty well established, though not quite beyond all question, that in some of the minuter details of the lunar topography there are real changes in progress, detectable by just such observation. The principal difficulty in demonstrating them lies in the fact that the varying inclination of the sunlight, to which we have alluded, produces enormous alterations in the appearance of things. When the rays strike grazingly, the slightest inequalities of surface become glaringly prominent, although totally invisible a few hours, or even a few minutes, before or after the critical instant. Naturally, therefore, there is reason for scepticism as to the real novelty of features and details that become visible only under such conditions, and this is the case with a large proportion of the reported changes on record.

But there are a few cases which do not admit of any such simple explanation, cases in which it seems almost impossible to deny that real and considerable alterations have actually occured in well-known lunar formations. Probably among these the best authenticated and most typical of all is that of the little crater known as Linné. This crater was mapped and described by Lohrmann in 1824, and in 1838 by Beer and Mädler, as a fairly conspicuous object, about six English miles in diameter, and as such it became perfectly well known to all experienced selenographers. In November, 1866, Schmidt, of Athens, a most indefatigable, careful, and trustworthy observer, announced that it had disappeared! For some weeks nothing could be made out in its place, even with the most powerful telescopes, except a shallow depression—too shallow to be sure of. Later a little pit or craterlet made its appearance, less than a mile in diameter, according to the first observations; still later, towards the end of 1867, it had grown larger and was about two miles in diameter, according to the measures of Huggins, Knott, and others; and since then it has remained, unaltered, in the centre of a whitish

circular patch, about eight miles across. The chief reason for doubting the reality of this change lies in the fact that Schroeter, about 1800, in one of his drawings, seems to intend to represent this object very much as we see it now. But the imagination of this observer was so vivid (he thought he saw mountains twenty miles high on the planet Venus) and his draughtmanship was so poor that his representations carry very little weight with most of the astronomers of to-day. Still it must be said that among those who do not accept it as proved that any real alteration has taken place in Linné are some of the most experienced and accurate selenographers.

Granting the reality of the change in the appearance and size of this crater, the question at once arises: What was it that actually happened? Was it a true volcanic eruption from beneath, or merely a caving in of the sides and partial filling up of the central pit? No light, like volcanic fire, was visible, and there is no clear evidence of the emission of smoke and gases, although some of the observations rather indicate that the region was for a time covered by a low, gray cloud.

There are several other instances in which the present appearance of small objects on the moon differs from that represented by the selenographers of sixty or seventy years ago, and that in cases where it hardly seems they could have been mistaken; craters, then exactly alike, are now conspicuously different both in form and size; dark spots have grown brighter, and bright spots darker. In fact, there is no evidence, if we choose to put it so, that the alterations in the lunar topography during the past half-century have not been as great as in the terrestrial. Seen from the moon, the changes produced by the Krakatoa eruption might be fairly compared with those in and about Linné as we saw them here.

Obviously the subject is one that requires close and patient attention, and it is quite clear that for the purposes of this investigation good photographs will be more authoritative than any drawings made by eye and hand. One always depicts, not what he sees, but what he *thinks* he sees. At present the photographic plate is hardly so penetrating for minute details as a keen eye; but it is brutally honest, and has no imagination or preconceived opinions.

Our allotted space is now so nearly exhausted that we must be content to speak very briefly of one other most interesting topic—this, namely: How did the earth come by its moon?

Of course as to this we can only say what *might* have been, without undertaking, in the present state of science, to assert with positiveness what actually was the story of the birth and infancy of our satellite. But the researches of Professor George Darwin, a son of the great naturalist, have recently thrown a flood of light upon the subject, and have led to a theory which may be stated substantially as follows:

Once upon a time, many millions of years ago, the earth and moon, then young, hot, and plastic, were very near each other, revolving around their common centre of gravity once in from three to six hours, and also whirling on their axes in the same time, so as to keep always vis-à-vis. Probably at some time before this they had formed a single mass, which, on account of some unevenness of density or figure, separated into two under the rapid rotation. But starting from the condition first named, when day and month were equal and each about four hours long, Mr. Darwin has shown that it is essentially an unstable state of affairs, and that if the moon were brought ever so little nearer to the earth, it would then draw closer and closer with ever-increasing speed, until at last it would rejoin the parent mass; but if, on the other hand, its distance from the earth were ever so slightly increased, then it would begin to recede, and would slowly withdraw farther and farther from the earth. As it recedes both day and month will lengthen; the month at first most rapidly, and then the day, until finally, in some far distant future, a condition of stable equilibrium will be attained when day and month will again equal each other, the period then being something less than sixty of our present days, and the corresponding distance of the moon about sixty per cent. greater than at present. After that, so far as their mutual interaction is concerned, there will be no farther change, but mother and daughter will live forever happily—apart.

This curious reaction between the two bodies is effected by the tides, which are produced on each of them by their mutual attraction; tides which at first, when the two bodies were near each other, must have been simply enormous compared with anything we know of now—especially upon the moon. Had the globes been solid and incapable of tidal undulation no such interaction would have occurred; but since all oscillations in fluids or semi-fluids require the motion of particles among themselves, and over the surfaces of the bounding solids (such as the ocean-beds and coasts), they demand

the expenditure of work and energy, which, transformed into heat, is radiated away, and so is lost by the system. Now, what Mr. Darwin has shown is, that in consequence of this loss of energy in tidal work the configuration of the system will necessarily be modified as above described. Whenever the day of either or both of the two bodies which revolve around each other is shorter than the period of revolution, then the tides will tend to lengthen the days, and at the same time, by an action just the reverse of that of a resisting medium, will enlarge the orbit; and the process will go on until day and month become equal, unless in the mean while both of the bodies become rigidly solid, so that the tidal rush of moving particles is wholly stopped. The moon, of course, seems long ago to have reached the solid stage, and her tides have ceased; but on the earth they still persist in their unremitting and inexorable action.

Space does not permit us to enter into farther detail here; it must suffice to say that the original investigations of Mr. Darwin, published from five to ten years ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, are absolutely conclusive as to the reasonableness of this theory of so-called "Tidal Evolution." If the moon did not really come into its present relation to the earth in the manner indicated, it unquestionably *might* have done so. Any of our readers who desire a fuller exposition of the subject will find it admirably treated for popular reading in the concluding chapter of Professor Ball's new book, *The Story of the Heavens.*

Perhaps one more word is needed by way of caution—to this effect: It by no means follows, as a matter of fact, that the day at present is actually lengthening, and the distance of the moon increasing. The tidal reaction is beyond all doubt operating to produce such an effect; but other causes are working also, and some of them in the opposite direction. It is quite possible that the slow shrinkage of the earth, in consequence of its gradual loss of heat, may more than compensate for tidal friction, and so really shorten the day; and it may be that the effect of the meteoric matter encountered by the earth and moon diminishes the size of the moon's orbit faster than the influence of the tides can enlarge it; nor must the tides produced by solar action be ignored. As matters stand, no one knows certainly that the day is longer or shorter by a hundredth of a second than it was a thousand years ago, nor whether in the interval the mean distance of the moon has changed a single mile. We can only assert, and that with perfect confidence, that

both the day and the month are longer now than they would have been if the tides had ceased to ebb and flow a thousand years ago.

It is reserved for those who are to come after us to balance against each other and reduce to computation the different actions that combine to determine the actual course of events. The necessary data are not yet secured.

C. A. YOUNG.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE note of this period in the life of the United States of America is a consciousness of nationality which craves a strong and unmistakable expression. Undeniably there has been wide spread a popular discontent with the Government for want of back-bone in its foreign policy, and of a distinct, vigorous line of action at home. It is a desire for spirit in affairs on the far frontier; it is formulated in the complaint that the Government does not do anything—that it does not make itself felt. With the close of the civil war the nation attained its majority. Every year since then the pulse of national life has grown stronger. It is, moreover, a manly pulse, indicating simply self-dependence and consciousness of strength. Without boasting, it feels no necessity of apology for the legitimate development of its own destiny. When at the Philadelphia Centennial the example of foreign Governments was urged against the closing of the exhibition on Sunday, the reply of the President hit the popular sense of dignity and independence—It is the American way.

In the swing of reaction from the perversion of the federal doctrine of State rights, there was a gravitation towards centralization and a disposition to look to the general Government for everything. It now happens that those who insisted most vigorously upon the unity of the nation are called to defend the integrity of the States. The nature of the federal structure, therefore, underlies all the new problems in the situation, upon which we offer some suggestions in outline.

Is there to be a reorganization of parties in America? Within the year we have seen in England a spectacle altogether repugnant to English constitutional theories—that of a party in the minority holding office at the good pleasure of the majority. It is a spectacle almost unprecedented, but one which, far from being ridiculous, does honor to the political instinct of Englishmen. Nor have we any reason to twit Englishmen with a failure of English constitutional theories, for we are in a similar condition ourselves. The only difference is that the consent of the majority has been registered in

a totally different way. Instead of the assent of party leaders and a mutual understanding between well-trained statesmen, we had a body of men who registered at the polls their discontent with the management of the party in power, of which they had been members. Some of these men were Independents, some were Prohibitionists. The circumstances were of course widely different, but the practical result was the same.

The future alone can show whether this means a reorganization of parties on new principles. But there are, undoubtedly, many significant indications which point in that direction. In one part of the United States political power and office still confer a peculiar social distinction. The old leaders are not likely to be left in undisputed possession of the coveted offices, nor is their exclusive policy to prevail without a struggle. In a region where family bonds are still very strong we have seen the son of a father who is a representative Democrat seeking a governorship on a Republican nomination. And this seems to be but an expression of a prevailing feeling of unrest in the younger generation of Southern men. It was long thought that the solidarity of parties in the South would be assured by the race antipathies between the whites and blacks, but the strong pleas recently made by Southern gentlemen for the civil rights of the freedmen indicate the increasing uncertainty of that conclusion. And the negroes themselves have come to feel more and more confidence in the leadership of their old masters.

In another part of the country a question long thought to be one of private duty has risen into the sphere of public morality. The liquor traffic, with its direct influence on pauperism, crime, and public well-being, has been drawn into the field of practical politics. Nothing has more disturbed the plans of party managers. The earnest, even fanatical, character of the temperance agitation presents a barrier against which considerations of expediency beat in vain. The old-fashioned partisan is troubled and made uncertain by such political conduct. In most of the Western and some of the Northern and Southern States no movement produces greater consternation among political leaders or concerns more closely the question of party disintegration.

While these questions are more or less confined within territorial limits, one of them is more intimately connected with the future of the Republican, the other with that of the Democratic party. But there is a third which equally concerns both of the old

parties, the economic question of tariffs and their bearing on political morality. If protective tariff be a watchword of Republicans, it is certain that there is a very large and respectable body of men which has supported that party for other reasons, but does not see in that doctrine the basis of future prosperity. It is no less certain that many influential Democrats are convinced of the inexpediency and harmfulness of purely revenue tariffs.

All this, however, has been true for some time past; much of it is the subject of history. The new element lies in the facts of the present. We have in office a President who, although nominated and supported by the Democratic party, owes his position to the votes of men not hitherto Democrats, whether they voted another electoral ticket as did the Prohibitionists, or directly supported him, as did the Independents. Neither his conduct nor his principles are in any vital sense the type of those identified with either party in recent times. He holds his office because of a startling disloyalty to party and party distinctions, as those words were used within the last decennium. It is because a new theory of practical government has occupied many minds of the sovereigns, the people, to the exclusion of all else, that the political situation is as it is.

In short, we have what sociologists call a new state of society. The old cries no longer rally the same supporters. The great question of the war of nationality has been settled, no matter how unwilling men of affairs have been to see it go, no matter whether accidental issues like that of the negro franchise and freedmen's civil rights be still vital. With slavery has disappeared the old germinal idea of society in one part of the country. With the rise of great corporations and the accumulation of vast fortunes has come a new power in the North which does not lie in the hands of men like those who held sway a generation ago. The present generation of voters seems to have a new set of problems to deal with. The controlling necessity of a struggle for existence can no longer relegate them to the domain of open questions. The open questions of parties in the past seem likely to furnish from their number the determinative question of parties in the future.

The truth of all this is self-evident; whichever party administers the affairs of the country, both legislation and administration follow new lines. It by no means follows, however, that all the old distinctions have disappeared. There is always a body of political tradition and principle which inheres in the social organization of a

people, which is enduring and essential to its existence. He would be rash, indeed, who would say that the United States of to-day was not the United States of Washington and Jefferson, of Clay and Webster, of Lincoln and Grant. The organic continuity of the nation has not been broken, nor its personality destroyed. On this fact rests the strong probability that in the face of all problems and difficulties the life of the parties which in one form or another have existed since the beginning is not endangered.

The very essence of federal government must always keep the question of relation and proportion between central and local powers in the foreground. And on the answer to that question hang many of our most imminent problems, especially those of political economy and education. Is the central Government to tax the agriculture of the South and West that the manufactures of the North may thrive? Is the overwhelming mass of all the people to pay a great penalty that the sugar planters of one small district may not suffer in their occupations? Is the ignorance of one line of States to be enlightened at the cost of another? In other words, since it has been forever settled that there is no right of secession on the part of the lesser republics, the determination of their rights and responsibilities, and their claims on the great republic, is even more difficult than the old forms which the questions of States' rights assumed. It does not seem probable, then, that the strict or loose construction of the Constitution will cease to be prominent among the shibboleths of parties.

It has often been said that the character of English history was determined by the unique alliance among the estates, the nobility, and burgesses against the Crown, while elsewhere it was the Crown and the burgesses against the nobility. There has been in our own history a very different alliance. What was, or considered itself to be, an aristocracy, partly of birth, partly of wealth, and partly of education and refinement, allied itself almost from the outset with the masses. Opposed to this was the great middle class of trade, skilled labor, and moderate wealth. This distinction was by no means absolute; it is doubtful if the country was altogether conscious of it. But it was there, it remains, and it will continue. In the light of universal history, it seems almost of the essence of a settled democracy. Whether in Greece or in the Roman commonwealth, or in America, it is the class near the top which is fired with ambition, feels that its aims are attainable, and whether from

principle or self-interest combines against the despairing destructiveness of the lowest and the conservatism of the highest. We know as yet of no society in which absolute social equality can be found; and while social distinctions exist, it is not probable that, under whatever name, any other dividing line will have permanence among us than the one which has been traced.

But besides these differences in political instinct and social rank which divide men into parties, there is another equally potent, and that is the degree with which they hold beliefs and theories. Whether he will or not, every man is a philosopher. He has some starting-point from which he judges his environment and conducts his life. The weakest may be a creature of moods likely to be caught by every passing movement, but, for the time being at least, his actions are prompted by an influence not ordinarily physical. Among the strong, two dispositions are always discernible—that which subordinates theory to facts, and that which disdains the fact in presence of high principle. In other words, the value of the past is an unsettled element in the social union of mankind. There is always a party with an immense reverence for what has been as the guide for the future, and another with but little reverence for the record and a substantial amount of theory and principle wherewith to supplement it. No American hesitates for a moment when asked to which of the old parties the agitators, the leaders of movement, reformers if you will, naturally affiliate.

These remarks apply of course only to free countries, where legislation starts from the bottom and where party government is a reality. In such countries there is no permanency in all the shades of opinion which split into factions the parties of Continental Europe. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the old parties have at least these marks of a substantial reason for continued existence; so substantial, indeed, that we can scarcely expect them to disappear except before a public convulsion. There is no present prospect of such a convulsion.

But while parties continue, it does not follow that the same lines of demarcation will continue. The Democratic party of 1884 did not profess to be a party of the same principles with the Democratic party of 1860 or of former decades. The Republican party of last year had but little left in its platform to characterize it as the party bearing the same name in 1860. Nevertheless, there is a strong probability that the old parties will live on as before, modified by

the circumstances already enumerated. There will no doubt be a strong transfusion of blood from one into the other, and many changes of complexion and feature.

The question of immediate interest to us all is: Which of these two great political divisions is to have the power in the near future, and what will be the dominant principles which it will represent? This question is not easy to answer. It is by no means certain that the party in power is to keep it. The dangers of a party in power are quite as great as those of a party in opposition—in fact, much greater. The temptation is to sacrifice principle to interest, to reward unworthy political workers, to divide on the lines of personal interest, which the human nature of leaders cannot conceal. The disappointed Outs are lukewarm and often envious of the Ins. Nor is it, on the other hand, at all certain that the present party of opposition will easily regain power. There are curious and inexplicable facts in the statistics of votes since 1868. From '80–84 the Republican gain in the Southern States was upwards of 25,000 more than the Democratic gain, while in the Northern States the Republican vote, having advanced an average of nearly 700,000 in every four years, fell away 77,000 from its normal advance in the last four years, the average increase being exceeded only in the Pacific States. The anonymous writer who lately presented these facts justly concludes that Republican defeat was owing to other causes than either the solid South or the large Democratic cities of the North.

If we weigh the evidence for and against the reorganization of parties and conclude that the reasons for permanency are the stronger, the question is limited to a discussion of what political aims will secure a working majority in the near future. The answers may be given under two heads—the adoption and practice of principles which will make the government pure, and, quite as certainly, the pursuit of a policy which will make the government strong.

The average American may be more difficult to catch and describe than the protoplasmic germ, but he is, nevertheless, the determining element in our politics. And some things may safely be predicated of him. He has much common sense, and knows his own interests for the time being. In practice he walks close to the utilitarian morality of Poor Richard, and finds honesty to be the best policy. He is deeply, almost slavishly, sensitive to public

opinion, but will brave it if sufficiently aroused. He is at most times content to feel that he is quite the equal of others, but at bottom he reverences intelligence and goodness which are superior to his own. He is apt to confound legality with morality, but is full of generous impulses. He is intensely patriotic, although much encrusted with an assumed and fashionable indifference. Under excitement he may be led by shrewd politicians, and be temporarily blind to their selfish purposes, but the time is very sure to come when he opens his eyes and mind, and thinks honestly for himself. If not a devout Christian, which he often is, his standards of faith and conduct are those of Christianity, and when troubled as to belief or action he is quite certain to call up his mother's teachings or those of her creed and its Scriptures. Above all, he is a thorough conservative.

These are facts which the most worldly and selfish schemer for place and power must face. But the problem for statesmen has an element other than this. There confronts him on one hand a solid phalanx of ignorance, unbelief and indifference, made up in large part of foreign-born Americans—on the other, a comparatively small band of thinkers and writers devoted to the science of politics, familiar with its axioms and theories, and making up in activity what it lacks in numbers. The former class is easily awakened into dangerous hostility by measures which it does not understand; the latter is given to radical theories and equally difficult to manage in its determined devotion. Above the average is the intelligence and some of the wealth, below it the ignorance and most of the poverty.

These latter considerations have led to much of the indirectness and lack of perspicacity in our legislation. Combined with them have been factors of the basest sort, unscrupulous partisanship, the lust for gain and the bribery which goes with it, traitorous personal ambition, the interests of small cliques accidentally vested with power. It is in many respects an advantage that the two parties have been so nearly equal in numbers, but the fact that a few hundred votes can and do at times turn the scale has often led party managers into vile courses. Worst of all has been what seems unavoidable—the overwhelming interest of the people in national affairs which causes party lines in States, counties, cities, and towns to follow the great divisions of national party without regard to local interests, and compels all politicians to guard local interests within the boundaries of national parties, and makes impossible to

them the single eye for what is best in the central Government. Our representatives in Congress are very prone to regard themselves as the representatives of their immediate constituency, chosen to legislate for their own localities.

But in spite of these difficulties recent experience points out the two strong tendencies already mentioned. Trained observers, whether journalists, statesmen, or students of politics, have written and spoken of them. The discussion is fairly open. The healthy sentiment of the country is expressing itself in various ways. Even rudeness, insolence, and turbulence, are sometimes hopeful signs of vitality, and the ill-sounding names which are so much used in the newspapers indicate, at least, an earnestness which is itself a sign of the times. It looks as if it had come to one of those crises when parties would do well to keep a straight course, to see clear and avoid side glances at lions in the path.

Without any attempt at an exhaustive discussion or enumeration of all the aids to pure government which the country recognizes, there are some which occur at once to every thoughtful mind. And the first of these is the much-discussed nature of the civil service. In this matter the most successful attempts have been made to obscure the real character of the public demand. What the nation wants is not an imitation, or even an adaptation, of any foreign system. The very idea of a bureaucracy like that of Prussia is abhorrent to a democracy. Nor can we find in the much better system of England the exact complement to our circumstances. Careful observers are fully aware that in many respects the civil service, as we have it, will bear the closest scrutiny from a purely business point of view. There is comparatively little money lost, for the keen examination of the contending parties makes defalcation and dishonesty very difficult. The efficiency of our office-holders is in many respects comparable to that of the same class in any other country. But all this has nothing whatever to do with the agitation which is now going on. The evil of patronage is at the bottom of all our political demoralization. It makes no difference whether patronage be personal or political, it results in corruption, and the great question is: How are we to secure the impersonality of the power appointing to minor offices? How are we to be rid of "the deal"? How are we to abolish the "heeler"? The higher element in both parties is determined to find a remedy which shall be thorough. The public servants of the future must be men of strong moral

character, and must be fit to do their work; and, most important of all, must not depend on party allegiance for their security in office. This is the task before us. How shall we go about its performance?

The first, last, and only aim of thorough civil-service reform, is to substitute for patronage another system. It is for this that reformers are striving, and not, as so many suppose, that they want to turn rascals out and keep good men in. The time of the President is so occupied with the selection of working office-holders that he finds little leisure for considering the urgent questions of either foreign or domestic affairs. The time of the Cabinet is so taken up with the distribution of patronage, that ministers who are really capable often appear, and are, feeble and worthless as regards the conduct of their proper business. The time of senators and congressmen is no less frittered away in considering the appeals of hungry voters and providing for friends. In short, two of the three great branches of government—the executive and legislative—are so engrossed in the machine that they have no time for working it. The present Administration, with evident signs of sincerity and latent strength, has done little thus far but fill offices, and is apparently not half done with this work. And yet the nation deplores the feebleness of successive administrations, and gropes in uncertainty for the cause. This it is which makes civil-service reform an absolute necessity. We must have, and mean to have, a new system, and parties must meet the demand.

The only method which the best experience of the world thus far has suggested for the structure of such a system, is to apply to candidates an educational test. Education is, unfortunately, not always a proof of high character; but we are forced to admit either that it has great advantages for the purpose in view, or else that our whole modern life is a failure. The man who has devoted his youth to study must give evidence of possessing the ordinary intelligence which fits him for the performance of common duties, or the reverse. Moreover, he has acquired habits of industry, and, if he enters the public service in his youth, these habits, together with the incentives of ambition, are certainly a strong guarantee for his steady, wholesome behavior as a civil servant. The outcry as to the examinations thus far held, that they belong, by their character, to the field of general education rather than to that of practical politics, is meaningless. We cannot kill or legislate out of existence the worker with

a glib tongue and a hypocritical deference, with a strong head for drink and for the fetid air of the bar-room. What we can do is to deprive him of his ordinary pay, and thus degrade him to a harmless *quidnunc*, or if not that, at least to a mere agitator without political weapons. The party which sees this clearly, and prospers the good work so auspiciously begun, has a strong alliance with a lofty ideal, and it is such ideals which conceive and form the most lasting institutions.

But the managers of this agitation must not be, and are not, oblivious of the nature of a demand already made by a large portion of the public. It is admitted that no amount of examination will determine a man's fitness for the great offices; that the only safe guide is to scrutinize the record of every candidate as a public man. Many also who are right at heart find it difficult to believe, however wrong such a feeling is, that any amount of general culture fits a man for the minor offices. If a sensible merchant wants a clerk, he does not ordinarily examine the applicant as to anything except his capacity for the place. If the hotel-keeper wants a cook, the candidates are tested as to their knowledge of cooking; if the matron wants a house-maid, the questions of bed-making, sweeping, and the like, are surely important. The reform of the civil service means something like this common-sense view to many voters. We do not mean, say they, to have accountants, weighers, clerks, messengers, because they can do something else. If, in addition to an ability to count, to weigh, to write, to run, or what not, the public servants are also men of refinement, shrewd observers, of engaging address, or with an executive capacity which gives them more than ordinary weight in party matters, we can certainly not complain; but, above all, they must fit their places and do their work well. It is not endurable that the sensible order of things should be reversed as it has been, and whatever is necessary to secure this end is the thing demanded. Ordinary experience goes to show that a certainty in the tenure of office, fair remuneration, the usual personal liberty and exemption from illicit taxation, are a few of the requisites to secure the right sort of placemen. It is simply an insult to the country when this idea is concealed behind a penny-wise economy, an absurd and feigned fear of the office-holder's political activity, or the use of examinations.

Such reasoning is excellent, but it stops short of the great point at issue and leaves out the question of character, without which

even the lowest menial cannot find employment. A mere certificate from some well-known citizen is not enough for the State, as it might be for a private employer. With not one, but dozens of such certificates, the most arrant rogues have crept into important offices in very recent times. The old serpent of patronage easily learns to assume the form of recommendations signed by numbers of citizens, and our only guard against him is in some such course as that explained at the beginning. The corollary to that plan lies in the immediate measures already taken to begin the reform. It is undoubtedly true that we have no leisure class to manage party affairs. It is doubtful, if we had such a class, whether it could reach the people. Hence the necessary remuneration of those who do the indispensable work of the party machine has hitherto been found in the salaries of the public offices. The immediate remedy for the evil of this lies in a little greater slackness of party allegiance and the punishment by desertion of those who turn a principle, which at best is a questionable one, into a maxim of evil. It has been laid down as fundamental by political writers of other countries, that men in the employ of the State should not attempt to control party action. In our present condition, and until we have men educated to the point of rendering political services without a return, and able to do so, we must get on as well as we can with such modifications of the general law as experience demands. The lesson which the office-holder now in place has to learn was thoroughly taught in the New York Post-office. When the various clerks were trained to perform their respective tasks in the best possible way, they began to feel how indispensable such labor as theirs was to the public service. With increased efficacy came greater indifference to outside influences which might affect their tenure of office.

The question of the tariff is not as simple as that of the civil service. So complex is it, in fact, that a calm and judicious discussion of the issue is almost impossible. Great classes of hand-workers look upon protection as their only refuge against poverty. The most active among the rich, those who have made and are making their own fortunes, encourage the same doctrine and find their account in the sincerity of their faith. On the other hand, there is a hereditary belief that political freedom includes among other things freedom of trade, liberty to buy and sell to the best advantage. The great mass of those who live upon dead labor, the accumulations of their forefathers, those who earn a fixed salary, those whose commercial inte-

rests lie with foreign lands, and many of the agricultural class, are uneasy under the burden of indirect taxation which a protective tariff imposes. In short, we produce so many of the great staples, we manufacture these and others into all the various forms for use, we trade and barter in every way, on land and by sea, and find in our economic organism such a complexity that our vision is confused and our self-interest comes on most occasions to the front. It is appalling to observe how many of us see the whole question as one of pocket, and regard the State as an economic society with no other function than to regulate trade. We are so easy-going that if courses are not too extreme we take pride in the theory and practice of live and let live. We are willing that, as long as there is general prosperity, each one should suffer a little for his neighbor's benefit—that the State should rob Peter to pay Paul. But, unfortunately, benevolence of that kind receives the most disconcerting shocks. We go on believing that because one thing succeeds another there is a relation of cause and effect between them, until we gradually feel in some great depression of trade the unreliability of such a conclusion. The confusion which arises would be amusing if it were not so disastrous. But the effect has in every instance thus far been most salutary, for it has awakened the consciousness that the root of the whole matter is not expediency nor prosperity, but a question of right and wrong. This time we have become aware that there is a responsibility beyond our individual sphere in which we are all sharers. The citizen must subordinate his natural right, his interest, his prosperity, to the State, and society becomes conscious of a morality which knows the pocket only as secondary to what is right.

And this is our condition to-day. We can scarcely find a radical protectionist or a radical free-trader. The injustice of portions of the tariff is so flagrant that no one gainsays it. To heap protection on protection, moreover, is to nullify it. Meantime the dazzling revenues of the country are diminishing, and the most ardent free-trader will not, if he can avoid it, substitute direct for indirect taxation. The threads of expediency are all tangled. The most assiduous tabulator of figures evolves nothing but new mazes. The great truth is dawning on us that some, at least, of the old selfish maxims of political economy have had their day. The truth is indisputable that great general principles of political economy have their exceptions in certain circumstances of nations. Individualism as a theory will not stand. We have become conscious of a sacred duty, and the duty is

in a sphere which has not hitherto been familiar to the apostles either of free-trade or protection, or to any of the schools of economists. The transformation which is impending is a slow one. It concerns spirit and belief, as well as temporal and material interests. The commanding element in the movement must be a moral one. The country is seeking an equity not of the individual as supplementary to law, but of society as fundamental to jurisprudence and legislation. If we agree with the protectionist that under the practice of his doctrine the country has reached a prosperity unknown to history, we must also confess that at the same time there have developed vast evils and an awful social inequality which endangers our institutions. Or if with the free-trader we find a panacea for commercial depressions in a purely revenue tariff, we discover that the immediate application of that doctrine would destroy many great interests, legally established, produce immediately disastrous consequences to great populations, and overthrow conditions which may be based on prejudice, but on which for a long time the stability of the social fabric has in a great measure rested. We have long smiled at philanthropy as visionary, and disregarded socialism as not very imminent. But the common truth which both these terms partially express, is sure to become powerful in the future regulation of economic interests by the state.

It lies beyond the intention of this article to discuss in detail any of the applications which may be made of the great principle just enunciated. If the tariff agitation has led us to the discovery that free-trade and protection are only a portion of the science of economics to be discussed with reference to great moral principles, the other departments of that science are à fortiori enjoined in the same direction. Statesmen and party managers will discover that their hold on power depends on strict justice to society at large and not on appeals to the interests of classes. The country is tired of a token-currency which deprives every man, especially the poor man, of an integral portion of his due, and fails even to compensate him by the poor addition of a few pieces of silver to his income. We are awake also to the fact that our production is not to be checked by an absence of labor as long as the world teems with humanity, simply that an unreasoning proletariat may indulge its antipathies and seek its own interests.

The highest aspiration in this direction, however, is for the sound education of the masses. We are not so much afraid as we were of

the intervention of the State, if the proper safeguards be thrown about it. We want everywhere a supplement to the more than ample intellectual training already given in the common schools. And in those portions of the land where ignorance is dense we want both the teaching which develops the mind and the ethical culture which guides the spirit and through it the conduct of life, social as well as political. If private liberality and enterprise cannot overcome the illiteracy of great cities and the untaught negroes, the people must in the interest of the republic practise in this matter also the self-denial of which we have spoken. Not giving the aid as yielding a principle, but in the emergency and for this special crisis our representatives must supply the necessary means, either as a gift or as a loan, to tide our needy sister States over the bar and give them an equal chance in the common life of the general State: nothing to diminish the independent vitality of our commonwealths, everything to give them a fair footing in the interchange of relations. The colored population without education will be a most threatening element in politics. The greatest danger to the common welfare would be a number of inert, unthrifty, disorganized States. Scarcely less serious is the same problem in the great cities, and it has become a very nice question whether education should not be compulsory for all.

But more immediate than any of these tendencies in its application to political control is, probably, the intense longing which the nation feels for an expression of its nationality. It has been too long inculcated that we have no foreign relations. From one end of the country to another there is a rustling of lively but restrained emotion about that question. In the days of our bombast, we were at heart very uneasy. Disorganizing elements at home and comparatively feeble resources created a distrust of ourselves which we bravely concealed by the proverbial whistle. We were, in reality, painfully sensitive. We were very anxious to know what foreigners thought of us, and angry if they did not think well. While individuals among our commanders in the army and navy and a few of our statesmen were pluck to the core, it was also true that we temporized in our legislation and in our diplomacy. But all that is changed. The old coat does not fit. We are rather amused at the strictures of travellers, we have come to understand that our nationality is settled, and we are hypercritical of our own public men if they show an admiration for any civilization except our own. Our position as a

great power is assured, our men of science are the peers of any, our men of letters are a source of national pride, our institutions, on the whole, work well and are suited to our wants.

But outside of the field which the Monroe Doctrine covers, the people feel that we have an important set of foreign relations. We have a theory of citizenship which makes foreigners citizens by a very easy process. Thanks to that, we have acquired an immense population of the sturdiest, thriftiest, and most industrious classes of Europe. They know and we know that while on our soil their civil equality is assured, there is a timid hesitancy in demanding and enforcing their rights on foreign soil. This theory of American citizenship and its application have lessened the value of that privilege in all directions, and even native Americans suffer somewhat in the same way. It is also true that our relations with some of the weaker European powers are very close, Statesmen smile at the idea of European complications affecting us. But the people are not so sure. If Germany should be embroiled with either Spain or England, it is not impossible that she might interfere on this side of the ocean to gratify her colonial longings. The nation would not submit if it could help it. But what could we do? We do not present a strong front except at home. We mean to have a powerful navy. Antecedent to that we must have an even more powerful commercial marine than exists at present. The party which will give us both will strengthen its hold on power—almost assure it. We have a strong government where internal affairs are concerned, but where our undefined future foreign relations are concerned our equipments for the display of material force are lamentably inadequate. As regards wars and rumors of wars the millennium is not in sight. Peace with honor is the only kind worth having. The peculiar sentiment of honor is thoroughly American by right of inheritance. The whole of our national influence for good depends on our power to defend or enforce it.

The same feeling is quite as strong with reference to our position on this continent. We have a moral obligation to assume the hegemony in America. Our institutions have been put on by the peoples to the south of us like an ill-fitting garment. The best means of preventing our neighbors from casting away democracy is to show its true capability among ourselves. And yet we have looked on with indifference at the growth of Mormonism, an oriental anachronism with the most disgusting and dangerous social and political features.

We are no longer indifferent, and want at once a party and a leader to free us from our disgrace. The positions laid down in this brief discussion might be indefinitely strengthened. They may also be attacked. But if we are to maintain our reputation for shrewdness in party management, and to build up among the other powers of the world a reputation for national integrity, which it is to be feared we do not yet possess, they cannot be disregarded. There is a calm and dignified strength which often makes its own exertion unnecessary. That strength is ours, but it would be well to array it so that if occasion should come, the supine giant would not first have to rise and stretch and make ready, giving time to some stripling to choose his pebble and whirl his sling.

A FREE PRESS IN THE MIDDLE COLONIES.

TWICE within the memory of the present generation has the name of William Bradford been brought to public notice. Twenty-two years ago, in the crisis of the civil war, the two hundredth anniversary of his birth was duly celebrated at New York. A few weeks since the two hundredth anniversary of the great act of his life was duly celebrated at Philadelphia. That his memory is worthy of such generous treatment is unquestionable. He was one of the captains in the Grand Army of Progress, whose duty it is to conquer ignorance and to emancipate the human mind. Any tribute rendered to him is rendered in the spirit in which, let it be hoped, two hundred years hence, a generation in the possession of arts and appliances of which we cannot now even conceive, will render tribute to the memory of the worthies of our own day, to the men who invented the telegraph, who laid the cable, who gave us the telephone and the railroad, and the many great discoveries that mitigate suffering and lengthen life. That he was the first man to set a type and work a press within the broad domain of what is now the Middle States, is an event interesting rather than important. That he was the first man in America to stand up boldly for unlicensed printing is important; and before his name is suffered to fall into forgetfulness for another century, we wish to recall a few of the facts in the struggle for intellectual liberty which he began.

William Bradford sprang from a family long settled in Leicestershire, England, where, according to the date in one of his almanacs, he was born May 20, 1663. Of his early years nothing is known, save that at the proper age he was bound apprentice to Andrew Sowle.

In life, Sowle was a famous printer of Friends' books at London, and a warm friend to George Fox and William Penn. After death, Sowle attained the glory of a biography in the collection of Quaker worthies entitled, *Piety Promoted in Brief Memorials of the Virtuous Lives, Services, and Dying Sayings of several Persons called Quakers.* Bradford seems to have been a model apprentice—just such a one as

Hogarth drew—and, after the good old custom, married his master's daughter.

His connection with Sowle as apprentice and as son-in-law brought Bradford often to the notice of Penn. Penn seems to have admired the lad, and, anxious to have a good printer in the new colony, made Bradford an offer to go to Pennsylvania and print the laws. The offer was accepted, and in the spring of 1685 he set sail with a press, type, and three letters from George Fox to the Friends.

The letters of Fox describe him as "a sober young man," as "a civil young man convinced of truth," as coming to America to print Friends' books. Had he been content so to do and so to do only, his name would now appear in biographical dictionaries as: Bradford, William—An Englishman who brought the art of printing to the middle colonies of America: and in histories of printing at the head of a long list of such savory tracts as Burnyeat's *Epistle* and *The Bomb Search'd and found stuff'd with false Ingredients.*

But he was reserved for better things. On the day his foot touched American soil but two printing-presses are known to have existed in the ten colonies. A fragment of evidence, indeed, has come down to us that for a short time a third existed: that one John Buckner came over from England with types and a printer; that he settled in Virginia; that he printed the laws of that colony for 1680; that he was summoned before the Governor and Council, censured, and placed under bonds not to print anything more till the King's will was known. The King's will was the wish of the pious bishop who prayed God to long keep from Virginia printing-presses and schools, and not another type was set in the Old Dominion for forty-seven years.

With the single exception of the Virginia laws, everything yet printed in the colonies was printed at Cambridge. There two small presses were steadily at work. But, had they worked unceasingly for one whole year, they could not together have done as much as is now accomplished in the early hours of each day by the presses of any one of our great daily newspapers. Indeed, all the sermons and tracts, all the pamphlets and almanacs issued in forty-six years did not make a list of two hundred and seventy titles when, late in December, 1685, Bradford sent forth the first issue of his press and introduced the great art and mystery of printing into Pennsylvania.

It stands recorded on Bradford's tombstone in Trinity Churchyard, New York, that he came to America before ever a house was put up at Philadelphia. But there is every reason to believe that when he reached the city on the banks of the Delaware, he found himself in a thriving Quaker settlement, numbering three hundred houses, boasting of two markets each week, two fairs each year, a rope walk, a wharf, and possessing seven taverns, at any one of which a good meal was to be had for six pence sterling. Seven other such taverns did not anywhere exist. No cursing or swearing, no deep drinking or gambling, no midnight carousing was suffered to go on in any of them. The law prescribed heavy penalties for the man who used an obscene word, or called down curses on himself or others; who played at cards, or was detected drinking a health. Everything was primitive. At the foot of the high bluff that skirted the Delaware were still to be seen the line of caves wherein the first purchasers had dwelt, and which, deserted by their early tenants, were in Bradford's time the town brothels. On the grassy common of Market Street the town butcher pastured his sheep. Each night on the stroke of nine the watch went the rounds and sent home from the taverns such inmates as were not lodgers. Each morning at sunrise the same bell sent the laborer to his work, and at sunset called him home. No punishment heavier than fines and lashes had then been inflicted. No prison existed, and drunken Indians were the chief inmates of the cage and the jail.

To this community Bradford came, bringing with him what he has himself called the great art and mystery of printing. But, well knowing that the gains of his trade must long be precarious, he brought, beside his press and type, a stock of what were thought remedies for prevailing distempers. The custom which he thus set was followed by his successors, and a whole century passed away before printers ceased to sell medicines, sack, perfumed soaps, and coffee. It should seem, however, that even in so small a town he did not wait long for a customer. The arrival of a printer had inspired Samuel Atkins to do what in our time is known as supplying a long-felt want. Penn sent Bradford out to print the laws. Fox introduced him as a young man ready to print or import Friends' books. But Atkins brought him an almanac, which, it is safe to say, was far more acceptable to the people of the Province than a copy of the acts of the Assembly or a solemn epistle by the yearly meeting of the Friends.

The little pamphlet bears the title *Kalendarium Pennsilvaniense, or, America's Messinger. Being an Almanack for the Year of Grace* 1686. Of Atkins, nothing beyond his connection with the almanac is known. He had, the reader is assured, journeyed through many parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and had everywhere found the want of a day book most pressing. Farmers and tradesmen declared they could hardly keep count of the days, and were often at a loss to know when Sunday came. Ingenious men, lovers of the mathematical arts, were sorely in need of an ephemeris. Hearing these complaints on every hand, he was "really troubled and did design" to give them as best he could what they wanted. Much he could obtain from that "sollid artist Mr. John Gadbury," and something from Mr. Vincent Wing: London almanac-makers, from whose works scores of later colonial philomaths took with a liberal hand. There were unhappily some things he could not obtain. He would have added a cut of the moon's eclipses, a map of the city, and a table by which to calculate the hours of the day from the shadow of a staff. But time to make the table, and tools to cut the figures were not to be had, and "his mite," his "first fruits," appeared without map or pictures.

As was then thought eminently proper, the author having addressed the reader, the printer did the same. "Hereby," said he, "understand that after great Charge and Trouble, I have brought the great art and mystery of Printing into this part of America, believing it may be of great service to you in several respects, hoping to find encouragement, not only in this Almanac, but what else I shall enter upon for the use and service of the Inhabitants of these Parts. Some irregularities there be in this Diary, which I desire you to pass by this year, for being lately come hither my materials were misplaced and out of order." But the Secretary of the Council no sooner beheld the advance sheet, than he detected one irregularity for which neither the late arrival nor the disordered fonts could atone. In the chronological table, without which no almanac ever appeared, the narrow-minded Markham beheld the words: "The beginning of government here by the Lord Penn." Horrified at the sight, he hastened to lay the sheet before the Council, and the Council summoned Samuel Atkins the author, and William Bradford the printer, to appear. Atkins was bidden to blot out the words "Lord Penn," obeyed, and in the only two copies of the *Kalendarium* now extant "a well-inked three-em quad" conceals the words, while on the last page

the reader is bidden, "In the chronology read, the beginning of Government here by William Penn, Proprietor and Governor 6 years." Bradford was bidden to print nothing till he had license from the Council, disobeyed, and found each year more troublesome than the last.

That the Council should have made so much of a matter so small is strange; for the almanac contained much else which must have been unsavory to a Friend. If it were offensive to read of Lord Penn, what must it have been to read of Christmas, of Michaelmas, of the Day of All Saints? Yet there is not, in the list of "remarkable days" that accompanies the calendar for each month, a single one noted which is not a feast, a fast, or a holy day in the Roman Catholic Church. This toleration is the more remarkable, in that ten years later the monthly Meeting suppressed an almanac for containing what probably was meant to be fun.

Bradford had then become publisher to Daniel Leeds. Leeds was a pushing, busy jack of all trades, who began his career as a cooper at Shrewsbury, in East Jersey, and ended it as a maker of almanacs at Burlington, in West Jersey. He had meantime been a surveyor general, a member of Assembly, a member of the Provincial Council, had quarrelled with the Friends, had written profusely in the schism stirred up by Keith, and had become the father of that Titan Leeds so exquisitely ridiculed in the prefaces of the early numbers of *Poor Richard.* In 1687, however, Leeds was still at peace with the Friends, and was, in his own language, a student in agriculture, a philomath, which, translated into English, means a maker of almanacs. Like Samuel Atkins, who went before, and Benjamin Franklin, who came long after him, he owed much to the labors of such English writers as Gadbury and Wing, and may from them have borrowed the light verses or idle sayings that appeared in his almanac for 1688. Whatever they were, they gave the Quakers great offence. The Burlington Meeting denounced the almanac and bade poor Leeds publish nothing without its consent. The quarterly Meeting, at Philadelphia, bought up the edition, suppressed it, and commanded Bradford henceforth to show what concerned Friends and truth to the Meeting before he ventured to put it in type. Leeds was at once humbled, admitted that his almanac contained much that was far "too light and airy for one that was a Christian indeed," promised to write more soberly in future, and to make a public apology in the next almanac he put out. What he said is

not known, for every copy of his almanac has perished. But a few years later, when he broke with the Friends, when he was writing his *News of a Trumpet*, his *Trumpet Sounded*, and his *Hue and Cry*, when he had become a follower of Keith and was filling his almanac with the Keithian dispute, he must have looked back on this abject meekness with deep regret. There is an air of worldliness, of hypocrisy, of expediency about his apology, which in the midst of so much solemn sanctity is quite refreshing. It is something to know that in a sect which made the worship of God such a dismal business, there was at least one man who could write things "light and airy."

The press was now under a double censorship, of the worst kind —a censorship of the Church and of the State. It was safe to print nothing till the manuscripts had been carried for inspection to an intolerant council and a public meeting. A council that could not bear with the words Lord Penn; a meeting so childish as to spend time discussing such questions as, "Did Christ's bones rise with his body?" "Is God present in lice?" were likely to prove hard masters, and so Bradford found them.

During two years he continued to print such broadsides and pamphlets as he thought would give no offence. Then the struggle for free printing began again. Two issues of his press in this period of quiet must not be passed by unnoticed. One was an advertisement against holding the annual fair at Centre Square. This spot was at the very centre of the city, as planned by Penn, was long since in the heart of it, and is now covered by the ungainly pile of brick and marble denominated the Public Buildings. But, in Bradford's time, the Centre Square was far from the cluster of houses on the banks of the Delaware. To reach it was an effort, and the people in a respectful remonstrance protested against the conduct of the Council in favoring the few to the discomfort of the many. But this was as bad as calling Penn a lord. The remonstrance was voted "a contemptuous printing paper." Every man that signed it was called before the Deputy Governor, scolded, graciously forgiven, and dismissed. That Bradford was one of the number is not unlikely, for the Council was little disposed to deal gently with a man who put their authority at naught, disobeyed their charge, and printed what they had not seen. Certain it is, that from the next political document the opposition brought him to print he carefully left off his name.

The second issue, to which we have alluded, was his proposal to print the Bible in the English tongue. The Bible was to be a folio, printed on the best paper in the best way. The cost to subscribers was to be twenty shillings, and each subscriber who took six copies was to be given the seventh. The pay was to be one-half silver and one-half produce; but, should any one not have even ten shillings in silver to spare, yet be willing to encourage the design, he might pay in any kind of goods or produce at market rate. The book was to be ready for delivery in one year and a half, and, was anybody so minded, he might have the Book of Common Prayer for two shillings more. The proposal was submitted to the half-yearly Meeting, and was by them referred to the quarterly Meeting. But nothing came of it, and so completely did the broadside disappear that for one hundred and fifty-five years it was not known that Bradford ever entertained such a plan. In 1843, a reader in the Friends' Library happening to take down a book, turned backed the cover, and noticed that the lining was of white paper, printed on one side. When stripped from the cover, the lining proved to be the only copy of Bradford's proposal now known to be extant, and this, it should be remembered, was the first proposal ever made to print the Bible in the United States.

The year after we again find Bradford in serious trouble. The office of governor had passed to John Blackwell, an old Cromwellian, a soldier in the Army of the Parliament, and a son-in-law of General Lambert. But scarcely was Blackwell warm in his place, when a long series of petty quarrels began between the Council and himself, that distracted his entire administration. On one occasion Blackwell ordered commissions to issue for the appointment of Justices for the County Court. The commissions must be sealed with the Great Seal of the Province. But the keeper of the great seal was his predecessor in office, hated him with all the rancor of a displaced office-holder, and stoutly refused to affix the seal. On another day a debate sprang up in the Council Board, touching his authority as governor. That William Penn can make a governor, said one, is a scruple to me. William Penn, said another, cannot make a governor, but only a deputy governor. When, on a third occasion, Blackwell issued commissions for a new court of five judges, the keeper again refused to affix the broad seal. The draught, he remarked, was more moulded by fancy than framed by law. It would be tedious to enumerate the bickerings, the hair-splittings, the unseemly debates;

the exclusion of members from the Council for words spoken in debates, their re-election by the people, and their exclusion by the governor. Out of all this grew the conviction that Blackwell and a majority of the Council were determined to subvert and overturn the Frame of Government, and make the Charter void. The opposition therefore carried the Frame of Government to Bradford to print for distribution among the people.

This was neither the first time nor the second time that Bradford had printed the Frame of Government. Indeed, he had once published it in the Province. Had Blackwell turned to William Penn's *Excellent Priviledge of Liberty and Property, Being the Birth-Right of the Free Born Subjects of England*, he would have found the Charter of Liberties to be the fifth in that collection of Charters, Statutes, and Patents. But for this, if he knew it, he cared nothing. That such a document should at such a time be spread abroad, be read in the taverns, and be distributed in the market-place, was, in the words of the Governor, a piece of high presumption in any man. That the Governor had some cause for complaint is true. For the opposition, Quakers though they were, had wilfully and deliberately distorted the Frame to suit their own ends. From one line in the Charter they dropped the word "jurisdiction." From another which read "a Committee of the Provincial Council," they took away "of the Provincial Council." But the most serious change of all was in the line which declares that by the Council and Assembly "all the laws shall be made, officers chosen and public affairs transacted." From this the words "officers chosen" were carefully omitted.

But the anger of the Governor fell not on the true offenders, but on the printer. No imprint appeared at the foot of the title-page. Yet the work was unquestionably Bradford's, and he was soon before the Council to answer for it. What then took place is known only through Bradford's account, which cannot in the nature of things be impartial. Blackwell is represented as scolding, blustering, and threatening by turns. He will have Bradford to know that the Governor is *imprimatur;* that nothing shall be printed till he approves; that he has strict orders from Penn to suppress printing; that he will look well to Bradford, search his house, lay him fast, bind him under five hundred pounds not to print without license.

Bradford is represented as manfully asserting the liberty of the press, and the right of the people to see the charter, as skilfully avoiding every attempt of Blackwell to make him admit having

printed the Frame of Government, and as finally "laid fast" and bound under five hundred pounds not to print what the Governor has not seen.

And now for the first time his courage seems to have deserted him. He made over his press to assignees. He gave out that he was going back to England, and actually applied to the Meeting for a certificate of removal. From this purpose his friends dissuaded him by the offer of a salary of forty pounds a year, and all the printing the yearly Meeting could put in his way. The offer was tempting; for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was then given but one hundred pounds, and the Associate Justice was content with fifty. The sale of blanks and indentures, quack medicines and imported books, with the profit he made from Keith's tracts and a few Friends' books, probably brought him as much again, and for three years all went well.

In an evil hour, however, there came to his office a Keithian broadside entitled *An Appeal from the Twenty-eight Judges.*

To review that once famous controversy would be time ill-spent. Neither side was more in the right nor nearer the truth than the other. Neither exhibited any of the Christian graces, any of the fairness, any of the brotherly love that is commonly supposed to belong to the Quaker sect. In intolerance, in malignity, in rancor, in skill at calling names, the two sides were equally matched. The mildest terms that Keith could find to bestow upon his opponents were fools and rotten ranters. They in return denounced him as a brat of Babylon, a pope, a liar, a devil, a wolf, a tiger, one foaming out his own shame. He was in truth a man of ability, and had been called from his home in East Jersey to be head master of the Friends' Philadelphia School. But he employed an usher, and according to his own story spent much of his time reading, meditating, going among the meetings, answering the questions and clearing up the doubts of the conscientious. For a time his labors were warmly praised; but praise bred jealousy; jealousy produced a host of backbiters and detractors who disputed his teachings and flatly accused him of preaching two Christs. He had said in substance that there is a Christ within us and a Christ without us. Another of his beliefs was that God is present in all his creatures, even in grass and herb. But no sooner had he made this statement than the Meeting fell to discussing "Whether God be present in lice." Deprived of his mastership for teaching such heresy, he travelled into New England, engaged in a bitter wrangle with Cotton Mather and the New

England divines, induced the Rhode Island Meeting to adopt a Confession of Faith, and wandered back to Philadelphia. There in the summer of 1692 he was openly condemned by Friends, was forbidden to preach, and told, if he felt himself aggrieved by this judgment, he might appeal to the yearly Meeting then fast approaching.

This he did; drew up an appeal, in twelve articles, and that those to whom it was addressed might have plenty of time to consider, gave the appeal to Bradford to print. John McComb, a tavern-keeper, bought two copies, and from him they were obtained by others too lazy to go to the printer and buy. For this Bradford and McComb were charged with printing and uttering a "malicious and seditious paper," were arrested and thrown into jail. At the next sitting of the Court, Bradford and McComb appeared and demanded, as their right under Magna Charta, a speedy trial. The description of the scene in the Court that day reads not unlike that of the yet more famous trial of Faithful before a jury composed of twelve personified vices. On the bench sit the Quaker justices, and before them stand the printer and the publisher. Apparently they are to be tried; in reality it is the liberty of the press.

Justice Arthur Cook.—"What bold, impudent, and confident fellows are these to stand there confidently before the Court?"

McComb.—"You may cause our hats to be taken off if you please."

Bradford.—"We are here only to desire that which is the right of every free-born English subject, which is speedy justice, and it is strange that that should be accounted impudence, and we impudent fellows therefore, when we have spoke only words of truth and soberness, in requesting that which is our right, and which we want, it being greatly to our prejudice to be detained prisoners."

Justice Cook.—"If thou had been in England thou would have had thy back flasht before now."

Bradford.—"I do not know where I have broke any law, so as to incur any such punishment."

Justice Samuel Jennings.—"Thou art very ignorant of the law surely. Does not thou know that there is a law that every printer shall put his name to the books he prints, or his press is forfeit?"

Bradford.—"I know there was such a law, and I know when it expired."

Justice Cook.—"But it is revived again and is in force, and, without any regard to the matter of the book, provides that the printer shall put his name to all that he prints, which thou has not done."

The prisoners still press for trial and are answered by

Justice Cook.—"A trial you shall have, and that to your cost, it may be."

Justice Jennings.—"A trial you shall have, but for some reasons known to us the Court defers it to next session, and that is the answer we give, and no other you shall have."

Had knave, sirrah, and some oaths been mingled with the replies of the justices the examination might have passed for one conducted by Lord Jeffries on the Bloody Assize. This answer given, the prisoners were hurried away to jail, there to await the sitting of the next Court of Quarter Sessions. Meanwhile the tavern license of McComb was revoked; books and paper were carried away from the shop of Bradford, his types were seized, and the form used to print the Appeal was confiscated by the Sheriff.

After lying in jail three months Bradford was brought before the Court of Quarter Sessions in December, 1692. To call what then took place a trial would be a libel on Courts, judges, juries, and the law. On the bench sat six Quaker justices. Two had taken part in the meeting that condemned Keith, and had put their names to the very judgment that called forth the Appeal. A third was the most bitter of all the haters of Keith and his doctrine. The prosecuting attorney was not the regularly appointed attorney for the people, but David Lloyd, the ablest lawyer the city could produce, hired for the occasion. The jury was carefully picked by the Sheriff, who also played the part of assistant prosecuting attorney; while Jennings, who presided over the Court, heard the case not only in open violation of the common rules of procedure, but of an express resolution of the Assembly. That nothing might be wanting to make this judicial farce complete, the Grand Jury sat in the room and threatened to indict the prisoner if he uttered a word that was indictable.

When the names of the jurors had been called over, Bradford, who conducted his own case, challenged two. He was about to be tried for printing a "malicious and seditious paper;" the two jurors had been heard to declare their belief that the paper was seditious, and were therefore, Bradford held, unfit to be on the jury. What they thought about the character of the paper was, the prosecuting attorney said, of no moment. "Hast thou," said he, "at any time heard them say that thou printed the paper? for that is only what they are to find." "That is not only what they are to find," was Bradford's answer; "they are to find also whether this be a seditious paper or not, and whether it does tend to the weakening of the hands of the magistrates." "No," said Lloyd, "that is a matter of law which the jury is not to meddle with, but find whether William Bradford hath printed it or not." "This," exclaimed Bradford, "is wrong. They are to try the matter of fact as well as the matter of law." Thus was asserted for the first time in an English-speaking

country the great principle of the law of libel, long afterwards established by the Libel Bill of Fox.

On hearing this assertion of Bradford, the people and the jury were greatly excited. Indeed, some of the jurors at once begged to be excused, and protested on their consciences they believed they were to decide if the paper was seditious. Two of the justices showed signs of siding with Bradford; but Jennings, looking round the bench, exclaimed that four of them were of a contrary mind, and bade the trial go on.

The argument of the prosecution was, when summed up in a few words, that the paper was malicious and seditious; that it was printed at Philadelphia; that Bradford was the only printer at Philadelphia; and that, therefore, he must have printed it. To this he answered that two evidences were necessary to convict, and that only one had been presented to the jury. The form from which this paper was printed, said Lloyd, is the second evidence. But where, he was asked, is the form? the jury have not seen it. Here Jennings broke in: "The jury shall have the form with them; it cannot be brought here; besides, the season is cold, and we are not to sit here to endanger our health; you are minded to put a trick upon us."

When the jury had gone to their room the form was sent in. But not one of them had in all probability looked on such a thing before, and, as they handled it, the quoins loosened, the type fell into a mass of unreadable pi, and the evidence vanished before them ere a line had been read. After spending two days in deliberating, the jury marched into court to ask if two evidences were necessary to convict. Lloyd took down a huge book, read to them that they were to find by evidences, or by their own knowledge or otherwise. "Now the *otherwise*," said he, "is the form that you have, which is evidence enough." This said, the jury went out again and the Sheriff was commanded to see to it that they had neither meat, drink, fire, nor tobacco till they agreed. They did not agree, were discharged, and Bradford was remanded till the next sitting of the Court.

By that time Penn had been deprived of his Province, the government had passed to other hands, and the prosecution was suffered to drop. But seven months went by before the Sheriff was commanded to return the confiscated tools and type. Once more in possession of his property Bradford finally determined to quit the

Province. The cup of his misery seemed filled to the brim. Twice had he been before the Governor; thrice had he been censured by the Meeting; once had he been placed under heavy bonds, and once thrown into jail. That his thoughts now turned to England and the printing-house in Shoreditch is more than likely, but he was again induced to stay. Benjamin Fletcher, who governed New York, was also Governor of Pennsylvania; New York had long wanted a printer, and it is quite probable a conference now took place between the Governor and Bradford; that terms were agreed upon; and that Fletcher had a resolution passed by the Provincial Council, offering such terms to any printer who would settle in the Province as Bradford had agreed to accept. Several reasons justify this belief. In the first place, had not Bradford been in view, the Council would have sought a printer in England rather than in America, and their resolution would have been definite, precise, and not general. In the second place, the salary offered was forty pounds a year; just the amount given Bradford by the Friends. In the third place, the resolution was never made public; yet, ten days after it was passed, Bradford had accepted, had been appointed, and his salary as printer to King William and Queen Mary had begun.

In April, 1693, therefore, Bradford obtained his pass to remove from Pennsylvania, fastened the necessary notice of removal on the Court-house door, and carried the great art and mystery of printing to the province of New York. During six years no printing was done in all Pennsylvania. Then, the Friends having brought out a press from England, placed it under the censorship of a committee, rented it to Reynier Jansen, and sent forth on the community little else than religious tracts and almanacs. Jansen died in 1706, and the press passed in quick succession to Tiberius Johnson, to Joseph Reyners, to Jacob Taylor, still remembered as a maker of almanacs. From the death of Jansen till 1712, the issues of the only press in Pennsylvania never numbered more than three a year. In 1707, in 1708, in 1711, Taylor's almanac was the only piece of printing done. The revival of printing in the Province may therefore be said to have begun in 1712, with the arrival of Andrew Bradford, William Bradford's son.

JOHN BACH MCMASTER.

MONSIEUR MOTTE.

It was near mid-day in June. A dazzling stream of vertical sun-rays fell into the quadrangular court-yard of the Institute St. Denis and filled it to suffocation with light and heat. The flowers which grew in little beds, dotting the gray-flagged surface, bowed their heads under their leaves for shelter.

A thin strip of shadow, stretching from the side of the school-house, began to creep over the garden, slowly following the sun in its progress past the obtruding walls of neighboring buildings, until he should disappear behind a certain square steeple far off in the distance; then the shade would entirely cover the yard; then the stars would be coming out, languid and pale; and then the fragrance of oleander and jasmine, travelling from yard to yard, would burden the air, soothing the senses in order to seduce the imagination.

Along the narrow shaded strip, quite filling it up, moved a class of girls in Indian-file, their elbows scraping against the rugged bricks of the wall as they held their books up to the openings of their sun-bonnets. A murmur of rapidly articulated words, like the murmur of boiling water in a closed kettle, came from the leaves of their books, while from their hidden lips dropped disjointed fragments of *l'Histoire de France.*

The foundation, as well as key-stone, of St. Denisian education, it was but natural that the examination in *l'Histoire de France, par D. Lévi Alvares, père,* should fill the last days of the scholastic term; and as a prize in that exercise set the brightest crown upon the head of the victor, it was not strange that it should be conducted with such rigidity and impartiality as to demoralize panic-stricken contestants whose sex usually warranted justice in leaving one eye at least unbound.

Under the circumstances, a trust in luck is the most reliable source of comfort. If experience proved anything, if the study of the history of France itself made one point clear, it was the dependence of great events on trifles, the unfailing interposition of the *inattendu,* and, consequently, the utter futility of preparation. The graduating class of 1874 turned their pages with clammy fingers,

and repeated mechanically, with unwearied tongues, any passage upon which Fate should direct their eyes. None dared be slighted with impunity, the most insignificant being perhaps the very one to trip them up, the most familiar, the traitor to play them false. A laggard church clock in the neighborhood gave them each eleven separate, distinct shocks. It warned them that two minutes and a half had already been consumed on the road from one class-room to the other, and reminded them of Monsieur Mignot's diabolical temper.

A little girl, also in a large sun-bonnet, with a placard marked "*Passe-Partout*" around her neck, turned an angle of the building suddenly and threw the nervous ranks into dire confusion; the books went down, the bonnets up.

"*Seigneur! qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

"*Ma chère!* how you frightened me!"

"*Mon Dieu!* I thought it was Monsieur Mignot!"

"I am trembling all over!"

"I can hardly stand up!"

"Just feel how my heart beats."

"You had better hurry up, *mes enfants*," replied the little one, in the patronizing tone of personal disinterestedness; "it is past eleven."

"But we don't know one word," they groaned in unison—"not one single word."

"Ah, bah! you are frightened, that's all; you always say that." She gave one of them a good-natured push in the direction of the door about which they were standing in distressful hesitation.

"I tell you, old Mignot is in a horrible temper. *Il a fait les quatre cent coups* in our class; threw his inkstand at Stéphanie Morel's head."

The door, with startling coincidence, was violently pulled open at these words, and a gray-haired, spectacled old gentleman thrust out an irate face in quest of his dilatory class. Thrown by the catastrophe into a state of complete nescience of all things historical, from Clovis to Napoleon, the young ladies jerked off their sun-bonnets and entered the room, while the little girl escaped at full speed. A drowsy, quiet, peaceful half-hour followed in the yard. A surprising silence for the centre of a busy city considering the close proximity of two hundred school-girls. It was a mocking contrast to the scene of doubt, hesitation, and excitement on the other side

of the closed door—a contrast advantageous to the uneducated happiness of the insects and flowers.

A door-bell rang; not the bell of the pretty little gate which admitted visitors to the rose-hedged, violet-bordered walk leading to Madame's *antichambre;* but the bell of the capacious *porte-cochère* which was reserved for the exits and entrances of scholars and domestics. After a carefully measured pause, the ring was repeated, then again, and again. The rusty organ of intercommunication squeaked and creaked plaintively after each disturbance as if forced from a sick-bed to do painful and useless service. A gaunt, red-haired woman finally came out in obedience to the summons, with an elaboration of slowness which the shuffling sabots clearly betrayed to the outsider, as evidenced by a last superfluous, unnecessarily energetic pull of the bell-knob.

She carefully unrolled her sleeves as she sauntered along, and stood until she loosened the cord which reefed her dress to an unconventional height. Then she opened the *grille* and looked out.

"*Ah, je le savais bien,*" she muttered, with strong Gascon accent.

There was a diminutive door cut into the large gate. It looked, with its coat of fresh paint, like a barnacle on the weather-beaten exterior. Opening with the facility of greased hinges, it was an unavoidable compromise between the heavy cypress timber and iron fastenings, prescribed by the worldly, or heavenly, experience of St. Denis as the proper protection of a young ladies' boarding-school, and the almost incessant going and coming which secluded femininity and excluded shops made necessary.

"But I can't get in there!" said a woman outside.

"*Tant pis.*" And the little door was closed.

"But I must come in with my basket."

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply through the *grille.*

"It is Mamzelle Marie's toilette for the exhibition."

The little gate was again held open.

"Don't you see I can't get in there?"

"*Ça m'est égal.*"

A snort of exasperation was heard on the outside, and a suppressed "*C'est un peu fort!*"

"Will you open the big gate for me so that I can bring in Mamzelle Marie's dress?"

No answer.

"Well, then, I shall ring at Madame's bell."

The white woman did not lack judgment. She was maintaining her own in a quarrel begun years ago; a quarrel involving complex questions of the privileges of order and the distinctions of race; a quarrel in which hostilities were continued, year by year, with no interruptions of courtesy or mitigation by truce. This occasion was one of the perquisites of Jeanne's position of *femme de ménage*. Slight compensation enough when compared to the indignities put upon her as a white woman, and the humiliations as a sensitive one by "*cette négresse Marcélite*." But the duration of triumph must be carefully measured. Marcélite's ultimatum, if carried out, would quickly reverse their relative positions by a bonus to Marcélite in the shape of a reprimand to Jeanne. She allowed her foe, however, to carry her basket in the hot sun as far as the next bell, and even waited until she put her hand on it before the iron bar fell and the massive structure was allowed to swing open.

"*Ristocrate!*" she muttered, without looking at either woman or basket.

"*Canaille!*" whispered the other, with her head thrown back and her nose in the air.

Glancing at the line of shade in the yard to see how near it was to twelve o'clock, for want of other accommodation she went into an open arbor, put her basket on the floor, and wiped her face with a colored foulard handkerchief. "*Fait chaud mo dit toi*," she said aloud in creole, her language for self-communion. She pulled her skirts out on each side, and sat down with a force that threatened the stability of the bench; then, careless of creeping and crawling possibilities, leaned her head back against the vine-covered wall. The green leaves formed a harmonious frame for the dark-brown face, red and yellow *tignon*, and the large gold ear-rings hanging beneath two glossy *coqs* of black wool. Her features were regular and handsome according to the African type, with a strong, sensuous expression, subdued but not obliterated. Her soft black eyes showed in their voluptuous depths intelligence and strength and protecting tenderness. Her stiff purple calico dress settled in defining folds about her portly limbs. A white handkerchief was pinned over her untrammelled bosom; her large, full, supple waist was encircled by the strings of her apron, which were tied in a careful bow at her side.

Besides the large basket, she carried on her arm a small covered one, which, if opened, would reveal her calling to be that of hair-

dressing. She was the *coiffeuse* of the school, and as such, the general *chargée d'affaires*, *confidante*, messenger, and adviser of teachers and scholars. Her discretion was proven beyond suspicion. Her judgment, or rather her intuition, was bold, quick, and effective. In truth Marcélite was as indispensable as a lightning-rod to the boarding-school, conducted as it was under the austere discipline of the old régime. Her smooth, round hands and taper fingers had been polished by constant friction with silken locks; her familiar, polite, gentle, servile manners were those contracted during a courtly life of dependent intimacy with superiors. *On dit* that her basket carried other articles besides combs, brushes, and cosmetics, and that her fingers had been found preferable to the post-office, for the delivery of certain implicative missives, written in the prose or verse of irresistible emotion. Even without her basket, any one, from her hands, *démarche*, and language would recognize a *coiffeuse* of the élite, while in New Orleans, in the *Quartier Créole*, there was hardly a man, woman, or child who did not call her by name: Marcélite Gaulois.

She lifted a palmetto fan, bound and tied to her waist with black ribbon, and holding it up between her and observation, betook herself in quiet and privacy to slumber. A nap of delicious relaxation, so gentle that the bite of a mosquito, the crawling of an ant, an incipient snore, startled it; but so tenacious, that the uplifted hand and dropping head resettled themselves without breaking its delicate filaments. A little, thin, rusty-voiced bell had now one of its three important daily announcements to make—Recreation Time. From all over the city came corroborative evidence of the fact, by chronometers, some a little ahead, and some a little behind meridian. This want of unanimity proclaimed the notorious and distressing difference of two minutes and a half between church and state—a difference in which the smallest watch in the school could not avoid participation.

It was the same little girl with the "*Passe-Partout*" who published the truce to study. The rope of the bell and she were both too short, so she had to stand on tiptoe and jerk it in little quick jumps. The operation involved a terrible disproportion between labor invested and net profit, for which nothing but the gladsome nature of her mission, and the honorary distinction implied in it, could have compensated her. A moment of stillness, during which both the rope and the little girl quieted themselves, and then—a

shower of little girls fell into the yard—all of them little girls, but not all of them children, and as much alike as drops of different colored water.

They were all dressed in calico dresses made in the same way, with very full, short skirts, and very full, short waists, fastened, matron-fashion, in front. They all wore very tight, glossy, fresh, black French kid boots, with tassels or bows hanging from the top. With big sun-bonnets, or heavily veiled hats on their heads, thick gloves on their hands, and handkerchiefs around their necks, they were walking buttresses against the ardent sun. They held their lunch baskets like bouquets, and their heads as if they wore crowns. They carried on conversations in sweet, low voices, with interrupting embraces and apostrophic tendernesses:

"*Chère!*"

"*Chérie!*"

"*Ange!*"

"*M'amie!*"

They had a grace of ease, the gift of generations; a self-composure and polish, dating from the cradle. Of course they did not romp, but promenaded arm in arm, measuring their steps with dainty particularity; moving the whole body with rythmic regularity, displaying and acquiring at the same time a sinuosity of motion. Their hair hung in plaits so far below their waists that it threatened to grow into a measuring-tape for their whole length.

The angular Jeanne appeared, holding a waiter at arm's-length over her head. She had no need to cluck or chirp; the sound of her sabots was enough to call around her in an instant an eager brood of hungry boarders, jumping and snatching for their portion of lunch. There was the usual moment of obstruction over the point of etiquette whether they should take their own piece of bread and butter or receive it from Jeanne. The same useless sacrifice of a test slice was made, and the obstinate servant had to give in with the same consolatory satisfaction of having been again true to her fixed principle to make herself as disagreeable as possible under any circumstances that the day might bring forth. There is great field for choice, even in slices of bread and butter. The ends, or knots of the loaves, split longitudinally, offer much more appetizing combinations of crust and crumb than the round inside slices. Knots, however, were the prerogative of the big girls; inside slices the grievance of the little ones. To-day, "*comme toujours*," as they

said, with a shrug, the primary classes had to take what was left them. But, their appetite was so good, they ate their homely fare with so much gusto that the day scholars looked on enviously and despised their own epicurean baskets, which failed to elicit such expectations and never afforded them similar gratification. *A la fin des fins!* The door which concealed the terrible struggle going on with the history of France was opened. All rushed forward for news, with eager sympathy. It was a dejected little army that filed out after so protracted a combat, with traces of tears in their eyes and all over their flushed cheeks. Tired and nervous, not one would confess to a ray of hope. Certainty of defeat had succeeded to certainty of failure. The history of France, with its disastrous appliances of chronology, dynasties, conquests, and revolutions, had gained, according to them, a complete and unquestioned victory.

"Marie Modeste, look at Marcélite," said one of the girls, hailing the diversion.

The *bonne* was coming out of the garden-house with her basket. One of the graduating class rushed forward to meet her, and both together disappeared in the direction of the dormitory stairway. "It is her toilette for the exhibition," was whispered, and curious eyes followed the basket invested with such preternatural importance. "They say *le vieux* is going to give her a superb one."

The *Grand Concert Musicale et Distribution de Prix* was to take place the next evening. All parents and friends had, for two weeks, been invited to "assist" by their presence. This annual fête was pre-eminently *the* fête of St. Denis. It was the goal of the scholastic course, the beginning of vacation, and the set term to the young ladies' aspirations if not ambition. A fair share of books, laurel crowns, in green and gold paper, and a possible real gold medal was with them, the end if not the aim of study from the opening of the school in September. Personally they could not imagine any state or condition in life when knowledge of French history would be a comfort or cosmography an assistance; but prizes were so many concrete virtues which lasted fresh into grandmotherhood. *Noblesse oblige*, that the glory of maternal achievements be not dimmed in these very walls where their mothers, little creoles like themselves, strove for laurel crowns culled from the same imperishable tree in Rue Royale.

Marcélite followed Marie through the dormitory, down the little aisle, between the rows of beds with their veils of mosquito netting,

until they came to the farthest corner; which, when one turned one's back to the rest of the chamber, had all the seclusion and "sociability" of a private apartment. The furniture, however, did not include chairs, so Marie seated herself on the side of the bed, and, taking off her bonnet, awaited Marcélite's pleasure to initiate her into the delightful mysteries of the basket.

She wondered where Marcélite had picked up the artistic expedient of heightening the effect by playing on the feelings of the spectator; and she wondered if carrying that basket up the stairs had really tired those strong shoulders and made her so dreadfully hot; and if it were really necessary that each one of those thousand pins should be quilted into the front of that white handkerchief; and if Marcélite had made a vow not to open her mouth until she got out the last pin; and if . . .

She was naturally nervous and impatient, and twisted and turned ceaselessly on the bed during the ordeal of assumed procrastination. Her black eyes were oversized for her face, oversized and overweighted with expression; and most of the time, as to-day, they were accompanied by half-moon shadows which stretched half-way down her cheek. Over her forehead and temples the hieroglyphic tracery of blue veins might be seen, until it became obscured under the masses of black hair whose heavy plaits burdened the delicate head and strained the slender neck. The exterior of a girl of seventeen! That frail mortal encasement which precocious inner life threatens to rend and destroy. The appealing languor, the uncomplaining lassitude, the pathetic apathy, the transparent covering through which is seen the growth of the woman in the body of the child.

Marcélite saw upon the bed the impatient figure of a petulant girl, wild for the sight of her first *toilette de bal.* There lay on the bed, in reality, a proud, reserved, eager, passionate spirit, looking past toilettes, past graduating, past studies and examinations; looking from the prow of an insignificant vessel into the broad prospect, so near, so touching near, reserved for her, and all girls of seventeen, that unique realm, called: "Woman's Kingdom."

Romances and poetry had been kept from her like wine and spices. But the flowers bloomed, and music had chords, and moonlight rays, and were the bars of the school never so strong and the rules never so rigid, they could not prevent her heart from going out toward the rays, nor from listening to the music, nor from inhaling

the breath of the flowers. And what they said is what they always say to the girl of seventeen. It is the love-time of life, when the heart first puts forth its flowers; and what boarding-school can frustrate spring? Her mouth, like her eyes, was encircled with a shadow, faint, almost imperceptible, like the timid suggestion of nascent passion which it gave to the thin, sad lips.

She had been four years old when she came to this school; so Marcélite told her, for she could not remember. Now she was seventeen. She looked at the strong, full maturity of Marcélite. Would she, Marie, ever be like that? Had Marcélite ever been like her? At seventeen, did she ever feel this way? This—oh, this longing! Could Marcélite put her finger on the day, as Marie could, when this emotion broke into her heart, that thought into her brain? Did Marcélite know the origin of blushes, the cause of tremors? Did Marcélite ever pray to die to be relieved from vague apprehensions, and then pray to live in the faith of some great unknown, but instinctive prophecy?

She forebore to ask. If she had had a mother! . . . But did girls even ask their mothers these things? But she had no mother! Good, devoted, loyal as she was, Marcélite was not a mother—not her mother. She had stopped at the boundary where the mother ceases to be a physical and becomes a psychical necessity. The child still clung to Marcélite, but the young woman was motherless. She had an uncle, however, who might become a father. . . .

"*Là!*" Marcélite had exhausted her last devisable subterfuge, and made known her readiness to begin the show.

"*Là! mon bébé; là, ma mignonne!* what do you think of that?" She turned it around by the belt, it seemed all covered over with bubbles of muslin and frostings of lace.

"Just look at that! Ah ha! I thought you would be astonished! You see that lace? *Ça c'est du vrai*, no doubt about that—real Valenciennes. You think I don't know real lace, *hein?* and *mousseline des Indes?* You ask Madame Treize—you know what she said? 'Well, Marcélite, that is the prettiest pattern of lace and the finest piece of muslin I almost ever saw.' Madame Treize told me that herself, and it's true, for I know it myself."

"Madame Treize, Marcélite?"

Madame Treize was the *ou ne peut plus* of New Orleans for fashion and extravagance.

"Yes, Madame Treize. Who do you think was going to make your dress, *hein?* Madame *N'importe-qui?*"

"Marcélite, it must have cost so much!"

"*Eh bien*, it's all paid for. What have you got to do with that? All you have got to do is to put it on and wear it. Oh, *mon bébé! ma petite chérie!*"—what tones of love her rich voice could carry—"if it had cost thousands and thousands of dollars it would not be too fine for you, nor too pretty.'

"But, Marcélite, I will be ashamed to wear it; it is too beautiful."

But the eyes sparkled joyfully, and the lips trembled with delightful anticipations.

"Here's the body! You see those bows? that was my taste. I said to myself, 'she must have blue ribbon bows on the shoulder,' and I went back and made Madame Treize put them on. Oh, I know Madame Treize; and Madame Treize, she knows me!"

"And the shoes, Marcélite?"

Hands and voice fell with utter disgust.

"Now you see, mamzelle, you always do that. Question, question, question all the time. Why didn't you wait? Now you have spoiled it all—all the surprise!"

"Pardon, Marcélite, I did not mean; but I was afraid you had forgotten——"

"Oh, *mon bébé!* when did Marcélite ever forget anything you wanted?"

Marie blushed with shame at a self-accusation of ingratitude.

"*Ma bonne* Marcélite! I am so impatient, I cannot help it.'

A bundle of shoes was silently placed in her lap.

"White satin boots! Mar-cé-lite! White satin boots for me? Oh, I can't believe it! And I expected black leather!—how shall I ever thank my uncle for them—and all this? How can I ever do it?"

The radiant expression faded away from the nurse's face at these words.

"Oh, but I know it was your idea, Marcélite! My good, kind, dear Marcélite! I know it was all your idea. He never could have thought of all these beautiful things—a man!"

She put her arms around the *bonne's* neck and laid her head on the broad, soft shoulder, as she used to do when she was a little, little girl.

"Ah, Marcélite, my uncle can never be as kind to me as you are. He gives me the money, but you——"

She felt the hands patting her back and the lips pressed against her hair; but she could not see the desperate, passionate, caressing eyes, "savoring" her like the lips of an eager dog.

"Let us try them on."

She knelt on the floor and stripped off one shoe and stocking. When the white foot on its fragile ankle lay in her dark palm, her passion broke out afresh. She kissed it over and over again; she nestled it in her bosom; she talked baby-talk to it in creole; she pulled on the fine stocking as if every wrinkle were an offence, and slackness an unpardonable crime. How they both labored over the boot; straining, pulling, smoothing the satin, coaxing, urging, drawing the foot! What patience on both sides! What precaution that the glossy white should meet with no defilement! Finally the button-holes were caught over the buttons, and to all intents and purposes a beautiful, symmetrical, solidified satin foot lay before them.

"Too tight?"

It might have been a question, but it sounded more like the laying of a doubt.

"Too tight! just look!"

The little toes made a vigorous demonstration of contempt and denial.

"I can change them if they are."

"Do you want me to wear sabots like Jeanne?"

"They will stretch, anyhow."

Marcélite preferred yielding to her own rather than to another's conviction, even when they both were identical.

The boots were taken off, rolled in tissue-paper, and put away in the *armoire*, which was now opened to its fullest extent to receive the dress.

Marie leaned against the pillow of the bed and clasped her hands over her head. She listened dreamily and contentedly to her praises thrown off by Marcélite's fluent tongue. What would the reality be, if the foretaste were so sweet?

"I wonder what he will say, Marcélite?"

"*Qui ça?*"

"My uncle. Do you think he will be pleased?"

"What makes you so foolish, *bébé?*"

"But that's not foolish, Marcélite."

"Hum!"

"Say, Marcélite, do you think he will be satisfied?"

"Satisfied with what?"

"Oh, you know, Marcélite—satisfied with me."

The head was thrust too far into the *armoire* for an immediate answer.

"How can I tell, mamzelle?"

"Mamzelle! mamzelle! Madame Marcélite!"

"Well then, *bébé*."

"Anyway, he will come to the concert—*Hein*, Marcélite?"

"What is it, Zozo?"

"My uncle; he is coming to the concert, isn't he?"

Marcélite shrugged her shoulders; her mouth was filled with pins.

"*Ma bonne!* do not be so mean; tell me if he is coming, and what he said."

"Poor gentleman! he is so old."

"Did he tell you that?"

Marie laughed; this was a standing joke between them.

"But, my child, what do you want him to say? You bother me so with your questions, I don't know what I am doing."

"But, Marcélite, it is only natural for me to want him to come to the concert and see me in my pretty dress that he gave me."

"Well, when one is old and sick——"

"Sick! ah, you did not tell me that."

"But I tell it to you all the time!"

"Oh, Marcélite!"

There is no better subject on which to exercise crude eloquence than the delinquencies of laundresses. A heinous infraction had been committed against the integrity of one of Marie's garments, and Marcélite threatened to consume the rest of the day in expressions of disgust and indignation.

"So he is *not* coming to the concert?" the girl demanded, excitedly."

"Ah! there's the bell, you had better run quick before they send for you."

"No, I am excused until time to practise my duet. Marcélite"—the voice lost its excited tone and became pleading, humble, and timid—"Marcélite, do you think my uncle will like me?"

"*Mon Dieu!* yes, yes, yes."

"*Mais ne t'impatientes pas, ma bonne*, I can't help thinking

about it. He has never seen me—since I was a baby, I mean—and I don't recollect him at all, at all. Oh, Marcélite! I have tried so often, so often to recall him, and my *maman*"—she spoke it as shyly as an infant does the name of God in its first prayer. "If I could only go just one little point farther back, just that little bit"—she measured off a demi-centimetre on her finger—"but impossible. Maybe it will all come back to me when I see him, and the house, and the furniture. Perhaps, if I had been allowed to see it only once or twice, I might be able to remember something. It *is* hard, Marcélite, it is very hard not even to be able to recollect a mother. To-morrow evening!" she gave a long, long sigh—"only to-morrow evening more!"

The depravity of the washerwoman must have got beyond even Marcélite's powers of description, for she had stopped talking, but held her head inside the shelf.

"One reason I want him to come to the concert is to take me home with him. In the first place, Madame wouldn't let me go unless he came for me; and—and I want the girls to see him; they have teased me so much about him. I believe, Marcélite, that if my graduating were put off one day longer, or if my uncle did not come for me to-morrow evening, I would die. How foolish! Just think of all these years I have been here, summer after summer, the only boarder left during vacation! I didn't seem to mind it then, but now it's all different; everything has become so different this last year." The tears had been gathering in her eyes for some time, and she had been smearing them with her finger off the side of her face to escape Marcélite's notice; but now they came too fast for that, so she was forced to turn over and hide her face flat in the pillow.

"Crying, *mon bébé?* what is the matter with you—oh, oh!—you do not feel well! something you do not like about your toilette, *hein?* Tell Marcélite, *chérie;* tell your *bonne.* There! there!"

Sobs were added to tears, until she seemed in conflict with a tornado of grief. She pressed her head tighter and tighter against the pillow to stifle the noise, but her narrow, high shoulders shook convulsively, and her feet twisted and turned, one over the other, in uncontrollable agitation. Marcélite stood by her side, a look of keen torture on her emotional face. If the child had only been larger, or stronger! if she did not writhe so helplessly before her! if she had fought less bravely against the rending sobs! Ah! and

if the shrouded form of a dead mother had not intervened with outstretched arms and reproachful eyes fixed upon Marcélite. She could hold out no longer, but fell on her knees by the bed, and clasped her arms around the little one to hold her quiet. With her face on the pillow, and her lips close to the red, burning ear, she whispered the soothing tendernesses of a maternal heart. There was a balsam which never failed; a story she had often told, but which repetition had only made more difficult, more hesitating; to-day the words fell like lead. About the father Marie had never seen, the mother she had never known, the home-shelter of her baby years, beyond even her imagination, and the guardian uncle, the question of whose coming to the concert had so excited her.

"Is Marie Modeste here?" asked a little voice through a far-off door.

Marie started. "Yes." Her voice was rough, weak, and trembling.

"They want you for the '*Cheval de Bronze.*'"

She sat up and let the nurse smooth her hair and bathe her face, keeping her lips tightly shut over the ebbing sobs.

"Thank you, Marcélite. Thank you for everything—for my beautiful dress, and my shoes—and thank my uncle too; and try and persuade him to come to-morrow evening, won't you, Marcélite? Do not tell him about my crying, though. Oh, I want to go home so much! and to see him. You know if you want you can get him to come. Won't you promise me, *ma bonne?*"

"You know I would kill myself for you, *mon bébé.*"

The good little Paula was waiting outside the door. Uncontrollable tears are too common in a girls' school to attract attention. They were crises which, though not to be explained, even the smallest girl understood intuitively, and for which were tactily employed convenient conventional excuses.

"The *concours* was very difficult, *chère?*"

"Yes, very difficult."

"And Monsieur Mignot is so trying. I think he gets more *exigeant* every day."

And they kissed each other sympathetically on the stair-way.

"*Grand Dieu Seigneur!* groaned Marcélite, when Marie had left the room, holding her head with both hands.

"What am I going to do now! I believe I am turning fool!"

Life was changing from a brilliant path in white muslin dresses to a hideous dilemma. And for once she did not know what to do. A travail seemed going on in her brain, her natural strength and audacity had completely oozed away from her. She began a vehement monologue in creole reiterating assertions and explanations, stopping short always at one point.

"My God! I never thought of that."

She looked towards the ceiling with violent reproaches to the *bon Dieu, doux Jésus and Sainte-Vierge.* Why had they left her alone to manage this? They knew she was a "nigger, nigger, nigger" (trying to humiliate and insult herself). Why hadn't they done something? Why couldn't they do something now? And all she had done for them, and that ungrateful patron saint, the recipient of so much attention, so many favors. She never had asked them anything for herself, thank God! Marcélite could always manage her own affairs without the assistance of any one. But her *bébé!* for whom she had distinctly prayed and burned candles, and confessed and communed, and worked, and toiled, and kept straight! She clasped her flesh in her sharp, long nails, and the pain did her good. She could have dashed her head against the wall. She would gladly have stripped her shoulders to the lash, if, if it would do any good. She would kill herself for the matter of that, but what would that prevent or remedy? The church was not far off, perhaps a miracle! But what miracle can avert the inevitable? She shoved her empty basket under the bed and went out upon the covered gallery that spanned the garden and led to Madame Lareveillère's bedchamber.

The quadrangle lay half overspread now by shadow. The gay *insouciante* flowers moved gently in an incipient breeze, the umbrella top of the little summer-house warded the rays from the benches beneath, and kept them cool and pleasant. Her own face was not more familiar, more matter-of-fact to Marcélite, and yet she saw in the yard things she had never remarked before. There was a different expression to it all. Flowers, summer-house, even the gray flags, depressed her and made her sad; as if they, or she, were going to die soon. She caught the balustrade in her hand, but it was not vertigo. What was it, then, that made her feel so unnatural and everything so portentous? This morning, life was so comfortable and small, everything just under her hand. She was mistress of every day, and night was the truce, if not the end of all

trouble. But to-day had united itself to past and future in such a way that night was but a transparent veil that separated but could not isolate them one from the other. Time was in revolt against her, her own powers betrayed her; flight was impossible, resistance useless, death even, futile.

"What was the matter with her head, anyhow? She must be *voudoued*." If she could only feel as she did this morning! The slatternly Jeanne shuffled underneath on her way to the bell, an augur of ill omen. She would go and see Madame Lareveillère. Madame (as she was commonly called) sat at her *secrétaire* writing. Her pen, fine pointed as a cambric needle, scratched under her fingers as if it worked on steel instead of paper. She was very busy, transferring the names from a list before her into the gilt-edged prize books piled up in glowing heaps all around her. A strict observer would have noticed many inaccuracies which would have invalidated any claim to correctness on the part of her copy. There were not only liberties taken with the prize itself, but entire names were involved in transactions which the original list by no means warranted. These inaccuracies always occurred after consultation of another list kept in madame's little drawer—a list whose columns carried decimals instead of good and bad marks for lessons. A single ray of light, filtered through various intermedial shades and curtains, had been manœuvred so as to fall on the small desk at a safe distance from madame's sensitive complexion. At difficult calculations, she would screw up her eyes and peer at both lists brought into the focus of illumination, then would sink back into obscurity for advisory reflection.

There are so many calculations to be made, so many fine distinctions drawn in a distribution of prizes! No one but a schoolmistress knows the mental effort requisite for the working out of an equation which sets good and bad scholars against good and bad pay. Why could not the rich girls study more, or the poor less? Oh, the simple beauty of strict, injudicious impartiality! Cursed be the inventor or originator of these annual rehearsals, where every one was rewarded except the rewarder!

On occasions like these any interruption is a deliverance; madame heard with glad alacrity a knock at the door.

"*Ah! c'est toi*, Marcélite!"

Marcélite represented another matter of yearly consideration, another question of paramount importance, a suspensive judgment,

involving, however, madame alone. With the assistance of the *coiffeuse*, many years ago (the date is not essential, and women are sensitive about such things), the principal of the Institut St. Denis had engaged in one of those struggles against Time to which pretty, unmarried women seem pledged during a certain period, the fighting age, of their lives. It was purely a defensive struggle on her part, and consisted in a protest against that uglifying process by which women are coaxed into resignation to old age and death. So far, she had maintained her own perfectly, and Time, for all the progress he had made in the sweet, delicate face of Eugénie Lareveillère, might just as well have been tied for ten years past to one of the four posts of the bedstead. The musical concert and distribution of prizes and its consequent indispensable new toilette furnished an excellent date for an annual review and consultation, when old measures were discussed, new ones adopted, and the next campaign planned. Madame, however, did not feel this year the same buoyant courage, the same irrepressible audacity as heretofore. In fact, there was a vague suspicion in her breast, hitherto unacknowledged, that in spite of facial evidence she herself, *dans son intérieur*, was beginning to grow the least, little, tiny bit old. She felt like capitulating with the enemy, and had almost made up her mind to surrender—her hair. *L'incertitude est le pire des maux, jusqu'au moment ou la réalité nous fait regretter l'incertitude.* Should the conditions be proven too hard for mortal beauty, she could at least revolt again. Thank Heaven! over there in Paris worked devoted emissaries for women, and the last word had not yet been said by the artists of hair-dyes and cosmetics.

"*Eh, bien, qu'en dis-tu,* Marcélite?"

The artistically arranged head, with its curls and puffs and frisettes clustered like brown silken flowers above the fair skin, was directly in the line of Marcélite's vision. Who would have suspected that these were but transplanted exotics from the hot head of foreign youth? that under their adorning luxuriance lay, fastened by inflexible hair-pins, the legitimate but deposed possessors of this crown? But they were old, gray, almost white, and madame was suggesting for them a temporary and empirical resurrection. That head which daily for years she had moulded according to her comprehension of fashion; that inert little ball for which Marcélite, in her superb physical strength, had almost felt a contempt; she looked at it now, and like the flowers in the garden, it was changed

to her, was pregnant with subtle, portentous meaning. She was beginning faintly to suspect the truth. All this buzzing, whirling, thought, fear, calculation, retrospection, and prevision, which had come into her great, big, strong head only an hour ago, had been going on in this little, fragile, delicate handful of skull for years, ever since it was born. She saw it now, she knew it: the difference between madame's head and hers, between a consciousness limited by eternity and one limited by a nightly sleep, between an intelligence looking into immortality and one looking into the eyes of a confessor.

The room would have been quite dark but for that one useful ray which, after enlightening the path of distributive justice for madame, fell on and was absorbed by a picture opposite. Out of the obscurity arose one by one the features of the bedchamber, the supreme model of bedchambers in the opinion of the impressionable loyalists of St. Denis. A bedchamber, the luxury of which could never be surpassed, the mysterious solemnity never equalled. A bedchamber, in fact, created to satisfy the majestic coquettishness of the autocratic superior of an aristocratic school for girls.

Indistinct, undefined, vague fragments of color struggled up through the floor of sombre carpet. The windows, made to exclude the light, hung with their mantles of lace and silk from gigantic, massive, convoluted gilt cornices. The grand four-posted mahogany bedstead, with its rigging of mosquito netting and cords and tassels, looked like some huge vessel that by accident had lodged in this small harbor. So stupendous, so immeasurable, so gloomily, grandly, majestically imposing, this dark, crimson-housed bedstead looked in the small, dimly-lighted room, that little girls sent on occasional messages to madame felt a tremor of awe at the sight of it, and understood instinctively, without need of explanation or elucidation, that here, indeed, was one of those *lits de justice* which caused such dismay in the pages of their French history. The bureau was as coquettish, as volatile, as petulant an article of furniture as was ever condemned to bedchamber companionship with a *lit de justice*.

The *prie-dieu* in front of the altar granted the occupant an encouraging view into all the visible appliances for stimulating faith in the things not seen. The willing heart, as by an ascending scale, rose insensibly from the humanity to the divinity of sacrifice and suffering. Reliquaries, triply consecrated beads, palms, and crucifixes, pictures of sainted martyrs and martyresses (which contra-

dicted the fallacious coincidence of homeliness and virtue), statuettes, prayer books, pendant flasks of holy water, and an ecclesiastical flask of still holier líquid, impregnated with miraculous promises. A taper, in a red globe, burned with subdued effulgence below it all. Ghastly white and black bead wreaths, hanging under faded miniatures, set the bounds of mural consecration, and kept madame mournfully reminded of her deceased husband and mother.

Marcélite stood, like a threatening idol, in the centre of the room, her eyes glaring through the gloom with fierce doggedness. Her feet were planted firmly apart, her hands doubled up on her high, round, massive hips. The cords of her short, thick neck stood out, and her broad, flexible nostrils rose and fell with passion. Her untamed African blood was in rebellion against the religion and civilization whose symbols were all about her in that dim and stately chamber; a civilization which had tampered with her brain, had enervated her will, and had duped her with false assurances of her own capability.

She felt a crushing desire to tear down, split, destroy, to surround herself with ruins, to annihilate the miserable, little, weak devices of intelligence, and reassert the proud supremacy of brute force. She longed to humiliate that meek Virgin Mother—and if the form on the crucifix had been alive she would have gloated over the blood and agony. She thirsted to get her thin, taper, steel-like fingers but once more on that pretty, shapely, glossy head. . . . "*Pauvre petite chatte!* I shall miss her very much; you know, Marcélite, it seems only a year or two since you brought her here a little baby, and now she is a young lady of seventeen. Thirteen years ago! What a *chétive* little thing she was! You were as much of a scholar here then as she; you had to stay with her so much. You have been a faithful nurse to her, *ma bonne femme.* A mother could not have been more devoted, and very few would have done all you have for that child. Ah! that's a thing money can never pay for: love. I hope Marie will always remember what you have been to her, and repay it with affection. But she will; she is a good girl—a good, good, girl, *pauvre petite!* It is Monsieur Motte, though, who should give you a handsome present, something really valuable. I would like to know what he would have done for a *bonne* for his niece without you. You remember that summer when she had the fever? Eh, well she would have died but for you; I shall never forget her sad little face and her big black eyes.

You see, her mother must see all that; I can never believe, Marcélite, that a mother cannot come back, sometimes, to see her children, particularly a little girl. . . ."

Marcélite listened with head averted. Her hands had fallen from her hips, her mouth slowly relaxed, and the lips opened moist and red. As if drawn by strains of music, she came nearer and nearer madame's chair.

"She was always such a quiet little thing, *ma foi!*" Madame's reminiscence was an endless chain. "I used to forget her entirely; but now she is going away, I know I shall miss her, yes, very much. I hope the world will be kind to her. She will be handsome, too, some day, when she does not have to study so hard, and can enjoy the diversions of society a little. By the time she is twenty you will see she will be *une belle femme.* Ah, Monsieur Motte, you will be satisfied, *allez!*"

The little pen commenced scratching away again, and this time registered the deed of prize of French history to *l'elève,* Marie Modeste Motte.

Marcélite, with wistful eyes, listened for some more of the soft, sweet tones. She made the movement of swallowing two or three times to get the swelling and stiffness out of her throat.

"Mamzelle Marie, too, she will be sorry to leave madame." Her voice was thick and unsteady.

"Oh no, girls are always glad to quit school. Very naturally, too. When one is young, one does not like to stay in-doors and study, when there is so much outside—dancing, music, beaux." A sigh interrupted madame. "It is all past for me now, but I can recollect how I felt when I was seventeen. *Apropos,* Marcélite, did you give my invitation to Monsieur Motte?"

"Yes, madame."

The answer came after an interval of hesitation. At one moment Marcélite's eyes flashed as if she would brave all results and refuse to respond.

"And what did he say?"

"He, he sent his compliments to madame."

Madame looked around to see what the good-natured *coiffeuse* meant by such sullen tones. "Yes, but did he say he would come to the concert. I wanted particularly to know that?"

"He is so old, madame."

"*Là, là,* the same old excuse! I am so tired of it."

"But when one is old, madame."

"Ah bah, I do not believe he is too old for his own pleasure. I know men; old age is a very convenient excuse at times."

Marcélite appeared to have no reply at the end of her ready tongue.

"But this time he must come, *par example!* even if he is so old. I think he might subject himself to some little inconvenience and trouble to see his niece graduate. He has not put himself out much about her for twelve or thirteen years."

"God knows! madame."

"God knows? *Mais*, Marcélite, how silly you talk! Don't you see that Monsieur Motte must come to-morrow night, at least to take Marie home? God does know, and so should he."

Marcélite spoke as if galvanized by an inspiration. "Perhaps he wants Miss Marie to stay another year, madame; you see, she is so young, and, and, there is so much to learn, *enfin.*"

"He wants that, does he? he wants that! Ah, *l'égoïste!* That is like a man; oh, I know them, like a b c. No, if Marie is not too young to graduate, she is not too young to leave school; and besides, if she had not learned everything, how could she graduate? There is an end to learning, *enfin.* You tell Monsieur Motte that. But no, *tiens*, it is better I shall write it."

She seized some note paper and put her message in writing with the customary epistolary embellishment of phrase at the expense of sincerity and truth.

"I hope he will be kind to her, and look out for a good *parti* for her. Of course she will have a dot—his only relative. Did you not tell me she was his only relative, Marcélite? He has absolutely no one else besides her?"

"No, madame."

"Well, then, she will get it all when he dies, unless"—with a shrug—"I do not know; one is never sure about men."

Madame bethought herself of the time, and looked at her watch just as Marcélite, by a sudden resolution, made a desperate movement towards her.

"Nearly three o'clock! I must go and make my *tour. Au revoir, ma bonne*, be sure and give Monsieur Motte my note, and come early to-morrow morning; and do not forget to think about what I told you, you know." She tapped her head significantly and left the room. On the short passage to the *Salle des Classes* she put off

her natural manner, and assumed the conventional disguise supposed to be more fitting her high position. When the door opened and the little girls started up to drop their curtseys and their "*Je vous salue, madame*," her stately tread and severe mien could hardly have been distinguished from those of her predecessor, the aristocratic old *refugée* from the Island of St. Domingo. After dinner, when the shadow had entirely enveloped the yard, and the fragrance of the oleander and jasmine had fastened itself on the air, the girls were allowed their evening recreation. Relieved from the more or less restraining presence of the day scholars, the boarders promenaded in the cordial intimacy of home life. The laughter of the children in the street, the music of the organs (there seemed to be one at each corner), the gay jingle of the ice-cream cart came over the wall to them. To-morrow there would be no wall between them and the world, the great, gay, big world of New Orleans. The thought was too exhilarating for their fresh blood; they danced to the music and laughed to the laughter outside, they kissed their hands to invisible friends, and made *révérences* and complimentary speeches to the crescent moon up in the blue sky. The future would soon be here now! only to-morrow evening: the future, which held for them a *début* in society, a box at the opera, beautiful toilettes, balls, dancing, music. No more study, routine, examinations, scoldings, punishments, and bread-and-butter lunches. The very idea of it was intoxicating, and each girl felt guilty of a maudlin effusion of sentiment and nonsense to her best friend. A "best friend" is an institution in every girl's school. Every class book when opened would direct you to a certain page on which was to be found the name of "*celle que j'aime*," or "*celle que j'adore*," or "*mon amie chérie*," or "*ma toute devouée*." The only source of scandal that flourished in their secluded circle was the formation or disrupting of these ties through the intermeddling officiousness of "*rapporteuses*" and "*mauvaises langues*." But the approaching dissolution of all ties drew them together, each one to each one's best friend, and, as usual, the vows exchanged became more fervent and passionate just before breaking. Marcélite was outside, leaning against the wall. Close over her head hung the pink oleanders through their green leaves, and on their strong perfume was wafted the merry voices of the boarders. How glad, how happy they were! She could hear her *bébé* above the others, and, strange to say, her laughter made her sadder even than her tears to-day. She lifted up her black, passionate face. If

she could only see them! if she could look over the wall and catch one more glimpse of the girl whom as a baby she had held to her bosom, and whom she had carried in her arms through that gate when. . . . "*Ah, mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi, pauvre négresse!*"

"*Dansez, Chantez,*" they were singing and making a *ronde*. She heard some one at the gate, Jeanne, probably, coming out. She turned her back quickly and walked away around the corner, making the tour of the square. When she turned the corner coming the other way, she was quite out of breath with walking so fast; as there was no one in the street, she increased her pace still, to a run, and reached the oleanders panting; but all was now still inside; the boarders had been summoned to supper. She stretched her arms out and leaned her head against the rough bricks. She turned and looked at the sky; her eyes gleamed through her tears like the hot stars through the blue air. She moved away a few steps, hesitated, returned; then went again, only to be drawn back under the oleanders. She sat down close to the wall, threw her apron over her head and drew her feet up out of the way of the passers-by.

Daylight found her still there. When the early carts began to pass, laden for the neighboring market, she rose stiff and sore and walked in the direction of the river, where the morning breeze was just beginning to ripple the waters, and drive away the fog.

The great day of the concert commenced very early. Fête days always get up before the sun. The boarders in the dormitory raised their heads from their pillows and listened to the pushing and dragging going on underneath them: the men arranging the chairs for that night. Their heads, done up in white paper *papillotes*, looked like so many branched porcupines. This was one of the first of those innumerable degrees of preparation by which they expected to transform themselves into houris of loveliness by concert time. As there can be no beauty without curls, in a school-girl's opinion, and as a woman's first duty is to be beautiful, they felt called upon to roll lock after lock of their hair around white paper, which was then twisted to the utmost limit of endurance; and on occasions when tightness of curl is regulated by tightness of twist, endurance may safely be said to have no limits. Fear of the unavoidable ensuing disappointment forced Marie to renounce, reluctantly, beauty in favor of discretion. When her companions saw the omission, they screamed in dismay.

"Oh, Marie!"

"Ah! Why didn't you put your hair up?"

"What a pity!"

"And you won't have curls for this evening?"

"Do it now!"

"*Mais je t'assure*, it will curl almost as tight."

"Let me do it for you, *chère*."

"No, me."

"But it is better to have it a little *frisé*, than straight, so."

Marie, from practice accomplished in excuses, persisted that she had a *migraine*.

"Oh, *la migraine*, poor thing!"

"I implore you, don't be ill to-night."

"Try my *eau de Cologne*."

"No, my *eau sédative* is better."

"Put this on your head."

"Tie this around your neck."

"Carry this in your pocket."

"Some water from Notre Dame de Lourdes."

"Some smelling salts."

Madame Lareveillère opened *her* eyes that morning as from an unsuccessful experiment. She cared little about sleep as a restorative, but it was invaluable to her in this emergency as a cosmetic.

Jeanne brought in her morning cup of coffee, with the news that the men had almost finished in the *Salle de Concert*.

"*C'est bon;* tell Marcélite to come as soon as she is ready."

The eyes closed again on the pillow in expectation of speedy interruption. But sleep, the coquette, courted and coaxed in vain all night, came now with blandishment, lullaby, and soft caress, and fastened the already heavy lids down over the brown eyes, and carried the occupant of the big bed away out on pretty dreams of youth and pleasure; away, beyond all distractions, noises, interruptions; beyond the reach of matutinal habits, duties, engagements, rehearsals, prizes; beyond even the practising of the "*Cheval de Bronze*" on four pianos just underneath her. She slept as people sleep only on the field of battle or amid the ruins of broken promises; and thanks to her exalted position, she slept undisturbed.

"*Mais*, come in *donc*, Marcélite!" she exclaimed, as a persever-

ant knocking at the door for the past five minutes had the effect of balancing her in a state of uncertain wakefulness. "You are a little early this morning, it seems."

She rubbed her hands very softly over her still-closed eyes; that last dream was so sweet, so clinging, what a pity to open them!

"It is not Marcélite; it is I, Madame Joubert."

"You! Madame Joubert!"

The excellent, punctilious, cold, austere, inflexible French teacher by her bed-side!

"I thought it was Marcélite."

She still was hardly awake.

"No, it is I."

"But what is the matter, Madame Joubert?"

"It is twelve o'clock, madame."

"Twelve o'clock! Impossible!"

"You hear it ringing, Madame."

"But where is Marcélite?"

"Marcélite did not come this morning."

"Marcélite did not come this morning!" She was again going to say "Impossible!" but she perceived Madame Joubert's head, and was silent.

Instead of her characteristic, formal, but conventionally fashionable coiffure, Madame Joubert had returned to, or assumed, that most primitive and innocent way of combing her hair called *la sauvagesse*. Unrelieved by the soft perspective of Marcélite's handywork, her plain, prominent features stood out with the savage boldness of rocks on a shrubless beach. "How frightfully ugly!" thought Madame Lareveillère.

"Marcélite did not come this morning? Why?"

"How should I know, madame?"

"She must be ill; send Jeanne to see."

"I did that, madame, five hours ago; she was not in her room."

"But what can have become of her?"

Madame Joubert had early in life eliminated the consideration of supposititious cases from the catalogue of her salaried duties; but she answered gratuitously:

"I cannot imagine, madame."

"But I must have some one to comb my hair."

"The music teacher is waiting for you. The French professor says he will be here again in a half-hour; he has been here twice

already. Madame Criard says that it is indispensable for her to consult you about the choruses."

"*Mais mon Dieu!* Madame Joubert, I must have a hair-dresser!"

Madame Joubert waived all participation in this responsibility by continuing her communication.

"The girls are all very tired; they say they will be worn out by to-night if they are kept much longer. *They* have been up ever since six o'clock."

"I know, I know, Madame Joubert; it was an accident. I also was awake at six o'clock."

"*J'ai fait la nuit blanche.*"

"Then I fell asleep again. Ah! that miserable Marcélite! I beg of you, tell Jeanne to go for some one, no matter whom—Henriette, Julie, Artémise. I shall be ready in a moment."

In a surprisingly short while she was quite ready, all but her hair, and stood in her white muslin peignoir, tied with blue ribbons, before her toilette, waiting impatiently for some one to come to her assistance.

How terrible it is not to be able to comb your own hair! Her hands had grown completely unaccustomed to the exercise of the comb and brush.

"Madame," said Jeanne at the door, "I have been everywhere. "I cannot find a *coiffeuse* at home; I have left word at several places, and Madame Joubert says they are waiting for you."

What could she do? She looked in the glass at her gray, spare locks; she looked on her toilette at her beautiful brown curls and plaits. "How in the world did Marcélite manage to secure all *that* on *this?*"

There was a knock at the door.

'Perhaps that was a *coiffeuse!*" She hastened to unfasten it.

"Madame," said a little girl, trying to speak distinctly, despite a nervous shortness of breath, "Madame Joubert sent me to tell you they were waiting."

"Very well, *mon enfant*, very well. I am coming."

"I shall be a greater fright than Madame Joubert," she murmured to herself.

The drops of perspiration disfiguring the clear tissue of the muslin peignoir were the only visible results of her conscientious efforts.

"I will never be able to fix my hair."

There was another knock at the door, another "Madame Joubert *vous fait dire*," etc., etc.

"Tell Madame Joubert I am coming in a moment."

How impatient Madame Joubert was this morning. Oh, for Marcélite!

She knew nothing about hair, that was evident; but she remembered that she knew something about lace. Under the pressure of accelerating summonses from Madame Joubert, she fashioned a fichu, left on a chair from last night, into a very presentable substitute for curls and puffs.

"*Mais ce n'est pas mal, en effet*," she muttered; but hearing the sound of footsteps again in the corridor, she rushed from the mirror and met the messenger just as her hand was poised to give a knock at the door. The "*Sa . . . lu . . . t! mois de va . . . can . . . ces!*" and the "*Vi . . . er . . . ge, Ma . . . ri . . . e*" had been chorused and re-chorused; the "*Cheval de Bronze*" had been hammered into durable perfection; the solos and duos, dialogues and scenes, the salutatory and valedictory had been rehearsed *ad nauseam.*

Madame finally dismissed the tired actors, with the recommendation to collect all their *petites affaires*, so that their trunks could be sent away very early the next morning.

"I suppose Marcélite will be sure to come this evening?" she asked Madame Joubert.

"Oh, *that* is sure, madame," Madame Joubert replied, as if this were one of the few rules of life without exceptions; and Madame Lareveillère believed her as confidently as if Noël and Chapsal had passed upon her answer, and the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* had endorsed it.

The girls scattered themselves all over the school, effacing with cheerful industry every trace of their passage through the desert of education. "*Dieu merci! that* was all past." Marie had emptied her desk of everything belonging to her except her name, dug out of the black lid with a dull knife. That had to remain, with a good many other Marie Modeste Mottes on the different desks that had harbored her books during her sojourn in the various classes. This was all that would be left of her in the rooms where she had passed thirteen years of her life. The vacant teacher's desk, the throne of so many tyrants (the English teachers were all hateful!), the white walls, with their ugly protecting dado of black; the rows of pegs,

where the hats and cloaks hung; the white marble mantel, with its carving of naked cherubs, which the stove had discreetly clothed in soot: she could never forget them. Sitting in her future home, the house of her uncle, she knew that these homely objects would come to her memory, as through sunset clouds of rose and gold.

"What will you do when you quit school, Marie?" her companions would ask, after detailing with ostentatious prolixity their own pleasant prospects.

"Ah, you know that depends entirely upon my uncle," she would reply, shrugging her thin shoulders under her calico waist.

This rich old uncle, an obstinate recluse, was the traditional *le vieux* of the school.

"How is *le vieux* to-day?" they would call to Marcélite.

"Give my love to *le vieux.*"

"*Dis donc*, why doesn't *le vieux* take Marie away in the summer?

"Did you see the beautiful *étrennes le vieux* has sent Marie?"

"They say he has sent her *une toilette superbe* for the exhibition, made at Madame Treize's, and white satin boots."

Her trunk had been brought down with the others, and placed at her bedside. What more credible witness than a coffin or a trunk? It stood there as it might have stood thirteen years ago, when her baby wardrobe was unpacked. Her dear, ugly, little, old trunk! It had belonged to her mother, and bore three faded M's on its leather skin. She leaned her head against the top as she kneeled on the floor before it, to pack her books. How much that trunk could tell her if it could only speak! If she were as old as that trunk she would have known a father, a mother, and a home! She wrinkled her forehead in a concentrated effort to think a little farther back; to push her memory just a little, a little beyond that mist out of which it arose. In vain! The big bell at the gate, with its clanging orders, remained the boundary of consciousness.

And Marcélite did not come, not even when the lamps were lighted, to comb their hair, fasten their dresses, and tie their sashes; did not even come at the very last minute to see how their toilettes became them. The young ladies had waited until the last moment, dressed to the last pin, taken their hair out of the last *papillote*, and then looked at one another in despair, indignation, and grief.

"Just look at my head, I ask you?"

"But mine is worse than yours."

"I shall never be able to do anything with mine."

"The more I brush, the more like a *nègre* I look."

"Ah, Marie, how wise you were not to put your hair in *papillottes!*"

"And all that trouble for nothing, *hein!*"

"And the pain."

"I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"See how nice Marie looks with her hair smoothly plaited."

"I will never forgive Marcélite."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

Marie's heart sank when she thought how difficult it would be for Marcélite to efface this disappointment from the remembrance of her *clientèle;* and she felt guilty, as being in a measure responsible for it all. Marcélite was evidently detained, or prevented from coming by preparations for Marie's return. Who knows?—perhaps the eccentric old uncle had something to do with it! Madame Joubert positively refused to mitigate the injury or condone the offence by the employment of another hair-dresser. As she had commenced, so she closed the day, *à la sauvagesse;* and so she wore her hair to the end of her life, maintaining, logically, that what one hair-dresser had done, all were liable to do; life should never serve this disappointment to her a second time; she would employ no more of them.

The being deserted in a critical moment by a trusted servitor, dropped without warning by a confidante, left with an indifference, which amounted to heartlessness, to the prying eyes and gossiping tongue of a stranger; this, not the mere trivial combing, was what isolated and distinguished Madame Lareveillère in her affliction. The question had been lifted beyond material consequences. Morally, it approached tragic seriousness. Marcélite would naturally have suggested, whether she thought so or not, that the color of the new gray moire-antique was a trifle *ingrate*, and madame at least might have had the merit of declining propitiatory compromises between it and her complexion. . . . Julie was an idiot, there was no doubt about that; and the length of her tongue was notorious. By to-morrow evening the delicate mysteries of the youthful-looking Madame Lareveillère's toilette would be unveiled to satisfy the sensational cravings of her malicious *clientèle.*

The young ladies were placed on a high platform of steps, and rose tier above tier like flowers in a horticultural show—the upper classes at the top and the best-looking girls well in the centre, as if the product of their beauty as well as their study went to the credit of the institute. When anything particular arrested their attention they whispered behind their fans, and it was as if a hive of bees had been let loose ; when they laughed it was like a cascade rippling from step to step ; when they opened their white, blue, and rose-colored fans (school-girls always do the same thing at the same time) and fluttered them, then they looked like a cloud of butterflies hovering and coquetting about their own lips.

The *Externes* were radiant in toilettes unmarred by accident or omission ; the flattering compliments of their mirrors at home had turned their heads in the direction of perfect self-content. Resignation was the only equivalent the unfortunate *Internes* could offer in extenuation of the unfinished appearance of their heads.

"*Mais, dis donc, chère*, what is the matter with your hair ?"

"Marcélite did not come."

"Why, *doudouce*, how could you allow your hair to be combed that way ?"

"Marcélite did not come."

"*Chérie*, I think your hair is curled a little tight this evening."

"I should think so ; that *diable* Marcélite did not come."

"*Mon Dieu*, look at Madame Joubert *à la sauvagesse !*"

"And Madame *à la grand maman !*"

"Marcélite did not come, you see."

Not only was the room filled, but an eager audience crowded the yard and peeped in through the windows. The stair-ways, of course, were filled with the colored servants, an enthusiastic, irrepressible *claque*. When it was all over and the last *bis* and *encore* had subsided, row after row of girls was gleaned by the parents, proud possessors of such shawlfuls of beauty, talent, and prizes. Marie's class, the last to leave, were picked off one by one. She helped the others to put on their wraps, gather up their prizes, and kissed one after another good-by.

Each man that came up was, by a glance, measured and compared with her imaginary standard. "He is too young." "He is too fat." "I hope he is not that cross-looking one." "Maybe it is he." "What a funny little one that is." "Ah, he is very nice-looking." "Is it he ?" "No, he is Corinne's father." "I feel sure he

is that ugly, disagreeable one." "Ah, here he is at last! at last!" "No; he only came to say good-night to madame." "He is afraid of the crowd." "He is waiting outside." "He is at the gate in a carriage." "After all he has only sent Marcélite." "I saw her here on the steps a while ago." She looked at the steps, they were deserted. There was but one person left in the room besides herself; madame and her suite had gone to partake of their yearly exhibitional refreshments: lemonade and *masse-pain*, served in the little parlor. Her uncle must be that man. The person walked out after finding a fan he had returned to seek.

She remained standing so by the piano a long while, her gold crown on her head, her prizes in her arms, and a light shawl she had thoughtfully provided to wear home. Home! She looked all around very slowly once more. She heard Jeanne crossing the yard, but before the servant could enter the door, the white muslin dress, blue sash and satin boots had bounded into the darkness of the stair-way. The white-veiled beds which the night before had nestled the gay *papillotted* heads were deserted and silent in the darkness. What a shelter the darkness was! She caught hold of the bedpost, not thinking, but feeling. Then Madame Joubert came tripping across the gallery with a candle, on her way to bed. The prizes and shawl dropped to the floor, and Marie crouched down close behind the bar. "Oh, God," she prayed, "keep her from seeing me!" The teacher after a pause of reflection passed on to her room; the child on the floor gave herself up to the full grief of a disappointment which was not childish in its bitterness. The events of the evening kept slipping away from her while the contents of her previous life were poured out with never-ending detail, and as they lay there, before and all around her, she saw for the first time how bare, how denuded, of pleasure and comfort it had been. What had her weak little body not endured in patient ignorance? But the others were not ignorant—the teachers, Marcélite, her uncle! How had they imposed upon the orphan in their hands! She saw it now, and she felt a woman's indignation and pity over it. The maternal instinct in her bosom was roused by the contemplation of her own infancy. "Marcélite! Marcélite!" she called out, "how could you? for you knew, you knew it all!" The thought of a mother compelled to leave her baby on such an earth, the betrayal of the confidence of her own mother by her uncle, drew the first tears from her eyes. She leaned her head against the side of her bed and wept, not for

herself, but for all women and all orphans. Her hand fell on the lace of her dress, and she could not recall at first what it was. She bounded up, and with eager, trembling fingers, tearing open the fastenings, she threw the grotesque masquerade, boots and all, far from her on the floor, and stood clasping her naked arms over her panting breast; she had forgotten the gilt wreath on her head. "If she could die then and there! that would hurt her uncle who cared so little for her, Marcélite who had deserted her!" Living she had no one, but dead, she felt she had a mother. Before getting into bed, she mechanically fell on her knees, and her lips repeated the formula of a prayer, an uncorrected, rude tradition of her baby days, belonging to the other side of her memory. It consisted of one simple petition for her own welfare, but the blessings of peace, prosperity, and eternal salvation of her uncle and Marcélite were insisted upon with pious determination.

"I know I shall not sleep, I cannot sleep." Even with the words she sank into the oblivion of tired nature at seventeen years; an oblivion which blotted out everything—toilette, prizes scattered on the floor, graduation, disappointment, and discomfort from the gilt-paper crown still encircling her black plaits.

"Has Marcélite come?" demanded madame, before she tasted her coffee.

"Not yet, madame."

"I wonder what has become of her?"

Jeanne sniffed a volume of unspeakable probabilities.

"Well, then, I will not have that *sotte* Julie; tell her so when she comes. I would rather dress myself."

"Will madame take her breakfast alone, or with Madame Joubert?"

The pleasure of vacation was tempered by the companionship of Madame Joubert at her daily meals—a presence imposed by that stern tyrant, common courtesy.

"Not to-day, Jeanne; tell madame I have *la migraine*. I shall eat breakfast alone."

"And Mamzelle Marie Modeste?"

"Marie Modeste!"

"Yes, madame; where must she take her breakfast?"

The Gasconne's eyes flamed suddenly from under her red lashes and her voice ventured on its normal loud tones in these sacred precincts.

"It's a shame of that *négresse!* She ought to be punished well for it, too, ha! Not to come for that poor young lady last night; to leave her in that big dormitory all by herself; and all the other young ladies to go home and have their pleasure, and she all by herself, just because she is an orphan. You think she doesn't feel that, *hein?* If I had known it I would have helped her undress, and stayed with her, too; I would have slept on the floor. A delicate, little, nervous thing like that. And a great, big, fat, lazy, good-for-nothing *négresse* like Marcélite. *Mais c'est infâme!* It is enough to give her *des crises.* Oh, I would not have done that! *tenez,* not to go back to France would I have done that. And when I got up this morning, and saw her sitting in the *tonnelle,* so pale, I was frightened myself. . . . I . . ."

"What is all this you are telling me? Jeanne, Jeanne, go immediately; run, I tell you—run and fetch that poor child here. *Ah, mon Dieu! égoïste* that I am to forget her! *Pauvre petite chatte!* What must she think of me?"

She jumped out of bed, threw on a wrapper, and waited at the door, peeping out.

"*Ma fille;* I did not know—Jeanne has just told me."

The pale little figure made an effort to answer with the old pride and indifference.

"It seems my uncle . . ."

"*Mais qu'est-ce que c'est donc, mon enfant?* Do not cry so! What is one night more in your old school? It is all my fault; the idea that I should forget you. Leave you all alone while we were enjoying our lemonade and *masse-pain!* But why did you not come to me? Oh! oh! if you cry so, I shall think you are sorry not to leave me; besides, it will spoil your pretty eyes."

"If Marcélite had only come . . ."

"Ah, my dear! *n'en parles pas!* do not mention her name to me. We are *quittes* from this day; you hear me? We are *quittes.* But, Marie, my child, you will make yourself ill if you cry so. *Vraiment,* you must try and compose yourself. What is it that troubles you so? Come here, come sit by me; let me confess you. I shall play that I am your *maman.* There, there, put your head here, my *bébé,* so. Oh, I know how you feel. I have known what disappointment was; but *enfin,* my child, that will all pass; and one day, when you are old and gray-headed like me, you will laugh well over it."

The tender words, the caresses, the enfolding arms, the tears that she saw standing in the august school-mistress's eyes, the sympathetic movement of the soft, warm bosom;—her idea of a mother was not a vain imagining. This was it; this was what she had longed for all her life. And she did confess to her? confessed it all from the first childish trouble to the last disappointment. Oh, the delicious relief of complete, entire confession to a sympathetic ear!

The noble heart of madame, which had frittered itself away over puny distributions of prizes and deceiving cosmetics, beat young, fresh, and impulsive as in the days when the gray hairs were *chatains clair*, and the cheeks bloomed natural roses. Tears fell from her eyes on the little black head lying so truthful, so confiding on her bosom. *Grand Dieu!* and they had been living thirteen years under the same roof! the poor, insignificant, abandoned, suffering little Marie, and the gay, beautiful, rich, envied Madame Lareveillère. This was their first moment of confidence. Would God ever forgive her? Could she ever forgive herself? How good it feels to have a child in your arms! so. She went to the stand by her bed and filled a small gilded glass with *eau des carmes* and water.

"There, drink that, my child; it will compose you. I must make my toilette, it is breakfast-time. You see, *ma fille*, this is a lesson. You must not expect too much of the men; they are not like us. Oh, I know them well. They are all *égoïstes*. They take a great deal of trouble for you when you do not want it, if it suits them; and then they refuse to raise their little finger for you, though you get down on your knees to them. Now, there's your uncle. You see he has sent you to the best and most expensive school in the city, and he has dressed you well; oh, yes, very well; look at your toilette last night! real lace, I remarked it. Yet he would not come for you and take you home, and spare you this disappointment. I wrote him a note myself and sent it by Marcélite."

"He *is* old, madame," said Marie, loyally.

"Ah, bah! *Plus les hommes sont vieux plus ils sont mê chants.* Oh, I have done that so often; I said: 'If you do not do this, I will not do that.' And what was the result? they did not do this, and I had *tout simplement et bonnement* to do that. I write to Monsieur Motte, 'Your niece shall not leave the Pension until you come for

her;' he does not come, and I take her to him. *Voilà la politique féminine.*"

After breakfast, when they had dressed, bonneted, and gloved themselves, madame said:

"*Ma foi!* I do not even know where the old Diogène lives. Do you remember the name of the street, Marie?"

"No, madame; somewhere in the *Faubourg d en bas.*"

"Ah, well! I must look for it here."

She went to the table and quickly turned over the leaves of a ledger.

"Marie Modeste Motte, niece of Monsieur Motte. *Mais, tiens,* there is no address!"

Marie looked with interest at her name written in red ink.

"No; it is not there."

"*Ah, que je suis bête.* It is in the other one. This one is only for the last ten years. There, *ma fille,* get on a chair; can you reach that one? No, not that, the other one. How warm it is! You look it out for me!"

"I do not see any address here either, madame."

"Impossible! There must be an address there. True, nothing but Marie Modeste Motte, niece of Monsieur Motte, just like the other one. Now, you see, that's Marcélite again; that's all her fault. It was her duty to give that address thirteen years ago. In thirteen years she has not had the time to do that!"

They both sat down warm and vexed.

"I shall send Jeanne for her again!"

But Jeanne's zeal had anticipated orders.

"I have already been there, madame; I beat on her door, I beat on it as hard as I could, and the neighbors opened their windows and said they didn't think she had been there all night."

"Well, then, there is nothing for me to do but send for Monsieur le Notaire! Here, Jeanne; take this note to Monsieur Goupilleau."

All unmarried women, widows or maids, if put to the torture, would reveal some secret, unsuspected sources of advisory assistance—a subterranean passage for friendship which sometimes offers a retreat into matrimony—and the last possible wrinkle, the last resisting gray hair is added to other female burdens at the death of this secret counsellor or the closing up of the hidden passage. Therefore, how dreadful it is for women to be condemned to a life

of such logical exactions where a reason is demanded for everything, even for a *statu quo* affection of fifteen years or more. Madame Lareveillère did not possess courage enough to defy logic, but her imagination and wit could seriously embarrass its conclusions. The *raison d'être* of a Goupilleau in her life had exercised both into athletic proportions.

"An old friend, *ma mignonne;* I look upon him as a father, and he treats me just as if I were his daughter. I go to him as to a confessor. And a great institute like this requires so much advice; oh, so much! He is very old, as old as Monsieur Motte himself. We might just as well take off our things; he will not come before evening. You see, he is so discreet, he would not come in the morning for *rien au monde.* He is just exactly like a father, I assure you, and very, very old."

The graduate and young lady of a day sat in the *berceuse* quiet, almost happy. She was not in the home she had looked forward to; but madame's tenderness, the beautiful room in its soothing twilight, and the patronizing majesty of the *lit de justice* made this a very pleasant abiding place in her journey—the journey so long and so difficult from school to her real home, from girlhood to real young ladyhood. It was nearly two days now since she had seen Marcélite. How she longed for her, and what a scolding she intended to give her when she arrived at her uncle's; where, of course, Marcélite was waiting for her. How silly she acted about the address! But, after all, procrastination is so natural. As for madame, Marie smiled as she thought how easily a reconciliation could be effected between them, *quittes* though they were.

It is hard to wean young hearts from hoping and planning; they will do it in the very presence of the angel of death, and with their shrouds in full view.

Monsieur Goupilleau came: a Frenchman of small stature but large head. He had the eyes of a poet and the smile of a woman.

The prelude of compliments, the tentative flourish to determine in which key the ensuing variation on their little romance should be played, was omitted. Madame came brusquely to the *motif*, not personal to either of them.

"Monsieur Goupilleau, I take pleasure in presenting you to Mademoiselle Marie Motte, one of our young lady graduates. *Mon ami*, we are in the greatest trouble imaginable. *Figurez-vous*, Monsieur Motte, the uncle of mademoiselle, could not come for her

last night to take her home. He is so old and infirm," added madame, considerately, "so you see mademoiselle could not leave last night; I want to take her home myself—a great pleasure it is, and not a trouble, I assure you, Marie—but we do not know where he lives."

"Ah! you have not his address."

"No, it should be in the ledger; but an accident—in fact, the laziness of her *bonne*, who never brought it, not once in thirteen years."

"Her *bonne?*"

"Yes, her *bonne* Marcélite; you know Marcélite *la coiffeuse;* what, you do not know Marcélite, that great, fat . . ."

"Does Marcélite know where he lives?"

"But of course, my friend, Marcélite knows, she goes there every day."

"Well, send for Marcélite."

"Send for Marcélite! but I have sent for Marcélite at least a dozen times! she is never at her room. Marcélite! ha! my friend, I am done with Marcélite. What do you think? After combing my hair for fifteen years!—fifteen years, I tell you—she did not come yesterday at all, not once; and the concert at night! You should have seen our heads last night! we were frights, frights! I assure you."

It was a poetical license, but the eyes of Monsieur Goupilleau disclaimed any such possibility for the head before him.

"Does not mademoiselle know the address of her uncle?"

"Ah, *that*, no. Mademoiselle has been a *pensionnaire* at the Institut St. Denis for thirteen years, and she has never been anywhere except to church; she has seen no one without a chaperon; she has received no letter that has not passed through Madame Joubert's hands. Ah! for that I am particular, and it was Monsieur Motte himself who requested it."

"Then you need a directory."

"A what?"

"A directory."

"But what is that—a directory?"

"It's a volume, madame a book containing the addresses of all the residents of the city."

"*Quelle bonné idée!* If I had only known that! I shall buy one. Jeanne! Jeanne! run quick, *ma bonne*, to Morel's and buy me a directory."

"Pardon, madame, I think it would be quicker to send to Bâle's, the *pharmacien* at the corner, and borrow one. Here, Jeanne, take my card."

"*À la bonne heure!* now we shall find our affair."

But the M's which started so many names in the directory were perfectly innocent of any combination applicable to an old uncle by the name of Motte.

"You see, your directory is no better than my books!"

Monsieur Goupilleau looked mortified, and shrugged his shoulders.

"He must live outside the city limits, madame."

"Marcélite always said, 'in the *Faubourg d'en bas.*'"

Jeanne interrupted stolidly:

"Monsieur Bâle told me to bring the book right back, it is against his rules to lend it out of his store."

"Here, take it! take it! Tell him I am infinitely obliged. It was of no use anyway. Ah, *les hommes!*"

"Madame," began Monsieur Goupilleau in precautionary deprecation.

A sudden noise outside! Apparently an assault at the front door! A violent struggle in the antechamber!

"*Grand Dieu!* what can that be!" Madame's lips opened for a shrill *Au secours! Voleurs!* but seeing the notary rush to the door, she held him fast with her two little white hands on his arm.

"*Mon ami*, I implore you!"

The first recognition; the first expression of a fifteen years' secret affection! The first thrill (old as he was) of his first passion! But danger called him outside; he unloosed the hands and opened the door.

A heavy body propelled by Jeanne's strong hands fell on the floor of the room, accompanied by a shower of leaves from Monsieur Bâle's directory.

"*Misérable! Infâme! Effrontée!* Ah, I have caught you! *Scélérate!*"

"Marcélite!"

"Marcélite!"

"Marcélite?"

"Sneaking outside the gate! Like an animal! like a thief! like a dog! Ha! I caught you well!"

The powerful arms seemed ready again to crush the unresisting form rising from the floor.

"Jeanne! hush! How dare you speak to Marcélite like that? Oh, *ma bonne*, what is the matter with you?"

Shaking, trembling, she cowered before them silent.

"Ah! she didn't expect me, *la fière négresse!* Just look at her!"

They did, in painful, questioning surprise. Was this their own clean, neat, brave, honest, handsome Marcélite? This panting, tottering, bedraggled wretch before them? Threatening to fall on the floor again, not daring to raise even her eyes?

"Marcélite! Marcélite! who has done this to you! Tell me, tell your *bébé*, Marcélite."

"Is she drunk?" whispered madame to the notary.

Her *tignon* had been dragged from her head. Her calico dress torn and defaced, showed her skin in naked streaks. Her black woolly hair, always so carefully packed away under her handkerchief, stood in grotesque masses around her face; scratched and bleeding like her exposed bosom. She jerked herself violently away from Marie's clasp.

"Send them away! Send them away!" she at last said to Monsieur Goupilleau, in a low, unnatural voice. "I will talk to you, but send them all away."

Madame and Marie immediately obeyed his look; but outside the door Marie stopped firmly.

"Madame, Marcélite can have nothing to say which I should not hear. . . ."

"Hush! . . ." Madame put her finger to her lips; the door was still a little open and the voices came to them.

Marcélite, from the corner of her bleared eyes, watched them retire, and then with a great heave of her naked chest she threw herself on the floor at the notary's feet.

"Master! Oh master! Help me!"

All the suffering and pathos of a woman's heart were in the tones, all the weakness, dependence, and abandonment in the words.

The notary started at the unexpected appeal. His humanity, his manhood, his chivalry, answered it.

"*Ma fille*, speak; what can I do for you?"

He bent over her as she lay before him, and put his thin, white, wrinkled hand on her shoulder, where it had burst through her dress. His low voice promised the willing devotion of a saviour.

"But don't tell my *bébé*, don't let her know! My God! it will kill her! She's got no uncle! no Monsieur Motte! It was all a

lie. It was me, me a nigger, that sent her to school and paid for her. . . ."

"You! Marcélite! You!"

Marcélite jumped up and tried to escape from the room. Monsieur Goupilleau quickly advanced before her to the door.

"You fooled me! It was you fooled me!" she screamed to madame. "God will never forgive you for that! My *bébé* has heard it all!"

Marie clung to her; Monsieur Goupilleau caught her by the arm.

"Marcélite! It was you, you who sent me to school, who paid for me! And I have no uncle?"

Marcélite looked at the notary; a prayer for help. The girl fell in a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, my God! I knew it would kill her! I knew it would! To be supported by a nigger!" She knelt by the chair. "Speak to me, Mamzelle Marie. Speak to me just once! Pardon me, my little mistress! Pardon me! I did not know what I was doing; I am only a fool nigger, anyhow! I wanted you to go to the finest school with ladies, and, and, oh! my *bébé* won't speak to me; she won't even look at me."

Marie raised her head, put both hands on the nurse's shoulders, and looked her straight in the eyes.

"And that also was all a lie about" (she sank her trembling voice) "about my mother?"

"That a lie! That a lie! 'Fore God in Heaven, that was the truth; I swear it. I will kiss the crucifix. What do you take me for, Mamzelle Marie? Tell a lie about . . ."

Marie fell back in the chair with a despairing cry.

"I cannot believe any of it."

"Monsieur! Madame! I swear to you it's the truth! God in Heaven knows it is. I would'nt lie about that, about my poor, dead young mistress. Monsieur! Madame! tell Miss Marie for me; can't you believe me?" She shrieked in desperation to Monsieur Goupilleau.

He came to her unhesitatingly. "I believe you, Marcélite." He put his hand again on her shoulder; his voice faltered "Poor Marcélite."

"God bless you, master! God bless you for that. Let me tell you; you believe me when my *bébé* won't. My young mistress, she died; my young master, he had been killed in the war. My young

mistress was all alone by herself, with nobody but me, and I did'nt take her poor little baby out of her arms till she was dead, as she told me. *Mon bébé, mon bébé !* don't you know that's the truth? Can't you feel that's the truth? You see that; she will never speak to me again; I knew it; I told you so. I heard her last night, in that big room, all by herself, crying for Marcélite. Marcélite! my God! I was afraid to go to her, and I was just under a bed; you think that didn't most kill me?" She hid her face in her arms, and swayed her body back and forth.

"Marcélite," said Monsieur Goupilleau. The voice of the champion trembled, and his eyes glistened with tears at the distress he had pledged himself to relieve. "Marcélite, I believe you, my poor woman, I believe you. Tell me the name of the lady, the mother of mademoiselle."

"Ha! her name! I am not ashamed to tell her name before anybody. Her name! I will tell you her name." She sprang to her feet. "You ask anybody from the Paroisse St. Jacques if they ever heard the name of Mamzelle Marie Modeste Viel and Monsieur Alphonse Motte. That was the name of her mother and her father, and I am not ashamed of it that I shouldn't tell, ha! Yes, and I am Marcélite Gaulois, and when my mother was sold out the parish, who took me and brought me up and made me sleep on the foot of her bed, and fed me like her own baby, *hein?* Mamzelle Marie Viel's mother, and mamzelle was the other baby, and she nursed us like twins, *hein?* You ask anybody from the Paroisse St. Jacques. They know; they can tell you."

Marie stood up.

"Come, Marcélite, let us go. Madame, monsieur." She evidently struggled to say something else, but she only reiterated, "I must go; we must go; come, Marcélite, let us go."

No one would have remarked now that her eyes were too old for her face.

"Go! My Lord! Where have you *got* to go to?"

"I want to go home to Marcélite; I want to go away with her; come, Marcélite, let us go. Oh! don't you all see I can't stay here any longer? Let me go! Let me go!"

"Go with me! Go to my home! A white young lady like you go live with a nigger like me!"

"Come, Marcélite; please come, go with me; I don't want to stay here."

"You stand there! You hear that! Monsieur! Madame! You hear that!"

"Marcélite, I want to go with you; I want to live with you; I am not too good for that."

"What! You don't think you ain't white! Oh, God! Strike me dead!"

She raised her naked arms over her head, imploring destruction.

"Marcélite, *ma fille*, do not forget, I have promised to help you. Marcélite, only listen to me a moment. Mademoiselle, do not fear; mademoiselle shall not leave us. I shall protect her; I shall be a father to her. . . ."

"And I," said madame, drawing Marie still closer to her, "I shall be her mother."

"Now, try, Marcélite," continued Monsieur Goupilleau, "try to remember somebody, anybody who knows you, who knew your mistress; I want their names. Anybody, anybody will do, my poor Marcélite! Indeed I believe you; we all believe you; we know you are telling the truth; but is there not a person, even a book, a piece of paper, anything, you can remember?"

He stood close to her; his head did not reach above her shoulders, but his eyes plead into her face as if petitioning for his own honor; and then they followed the hands of the woman fumbling, feeling, passing, repassing inside her torn dress waist. He held his hands out, the kind, tender, little hands that had rested so gently on her bruised black skin.

"If I have not lost it, if I have not dropped it out of my gown since last night, I never have dropped it, and I have carried it round inside my body now for seventeen years; but I was most crazy last night. . . ."

She put a small package, all wrapped up in an old bandanna handkerchief in his hands.

"I was keeping that for my *bébé;* I was going to give it to her when she graduated, just to remind her of her own mother. She gave it to me when she died."

It was only a little worn-out prayer-book, but all filled with written papers and locks of hair and dates and certificates, frail fluttering scraps that dropped all over the table, but unanswerable champions for the honor of dead men and the purity of dead women.

"*Par la grâce de Dieu!*" exclaimed the notary, while the tears

fell from his eyes on the precious relics, discolored and worn from bodily contact. Marie sank on her knees by the table, holding Marcélite tight by the hand.

"*Par la grâce de Dieu!* Nothing is wanting here, nothing, nothing except the forgiveness of this good woman, and the assurances of our love and gratitude. And they say," turning to madame, he hazarded the bold step of taking both her hands in his, "they say," recollecting the tender pressure on his arm, he ventured still further, "they say, 'Eugénie,' that the days of heroism are past, and they laugh at our chivalry."

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

At the dissolution of the last British Parliament, the House of Commons was composed of 330 Liberals, 247 Conservatives, and 61 Home Rulers, with 14 vacant seats. The exciting elections which have recently been concluded, have resulted in returning 334 Liberals, 250 Conservatives, and 86 Parnellites.* The new House contains 670 members, being 18 more than under the old distribution. The most significant feature which a comparison of these figures develops is that, notwithstanding the increase in the Parliamentary membership, the Liberal and Conservative strength does not vary half a dozen votes from the representation of each in the last Parliament. But Mr. Parnell has increased his followers by 25, or 7 more than the whole additional membership. The Irish question, then, is the most aggressive in British politics; the growth of Nationalism overshadows the conflict of Liberal and Conservative doctrines.

Mr. Parnell's astute management of the campaign is now vividly indicated. Knowing that he could not dictate terms to the Liberals if they should be returned with a large majority of the House, he issued at a critical time the manifesto to Irish voters in England and Scotland, severely arraigning the Liberal Party and advising all his countrymen to vote against its candidates. Although he did not personally sign this document, it was approved and authorized by him. On December 6, when his victory was practically assured, he was reported as saying: "Had it not been for the Irish vote in England and Scotland, the Liberals would have had a majority over the combination of at least one hundred and twenty." And yet in the same conversation he adds: "I look for the settlement of the Nationalist question to the Liberals rather than to the Tories." This may not be admirable as ethics, but it is adroit as politics. His erratic course toward the Liberal and Conservative parties becomes the most intelligent political consistency when viewed as means to securing the triumph of the Nationalist cause. Before his apparent treachery is too severely condemned it must be remembered that no sooner did his temporary allies, the Tories, begin to be elated over their triumphs in the earlier elections than they loudly asserted that they could easily get along without the Parnellites. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone was vigorously crying for a Liberal majority large enough to be entirely independent of the Irish members. Repelled by both parties, Mr.

* Estimated on December 12.

Parnell has made himself a necessity to the success of either, and has a right to say, as master of the situation, "The settlement of the international question between England and Ireland will be the only vital question before the new Parliament."

A Parnellite alliance with the Liberals would not be an unequal bargain. In return for any concessions which may be granted the Nationalists, their leader can give an invincible majority of about one hundred and seventy to aid in carrying out the general Liberal programme. There is margin enough here to offset any serious Radical or Whig defections. If we may judge by the past, however, Mr. Parnell will get the largest share of the fruits of the alliance, which he will use only so long as it serves his purpose. When he has gained from it all that it will give to Ireland, he will unhesitatingly force a dissolution, and, as he has frankly admitted, leave the Irish question "to be the issue upon which the next general election must be fought and decided."

Turning from Mr. Parnell's undoubted triumph, it is more difficult to trace what the results indicate as to the Liberal and Conservative parties. Numerically each retains its old strength in Parliament. But it must be remembered that the conditions of the election were new. The number of county seats had been increased from 283 to 377; the number of borough seats had been reduced from 360 to 284, and 2,000,000 voters had been added to the electorate. Recalling the great Tory victories in the boroughs, and the subsequent turn in the tide towards the Liberals in the counties, it becomes evident that Mr. Gladstone was only saved from absolute defeat by the new electorate which he had created. As the London *Times* recently said, he has been "condemned by the good sense and moderation of the country," and approved by "a class of voters who have had no practical experience in politics."

The causes of Liberal defeat in the boroughs were varied. Several weeks before the elections, the *Pall Mall Gazette* predicted a Conservative reaction because the "distinctive Liberal notions" which had helped to victory in the past had been, if not abandoned, at least kept in the background. Liberty was measured by majorities; free-trade was "openly flouted at in some quarters;" Disestablishment was evaded by Mr. Gladstone and denounced by Lord Hartington; and the same leaders called for a majority large enough to "overbear the will of the Irish people." To these causes must be added the extreme doctrines preached by the Radical wing of the party, especially Mr. Chamberlain's Socialistic schemes, embracing the compulsory purchase of land for laborers, free elementary education, and graduated taxation, and the vigorous production of the Disestablishment plan which even Mr. Gladstone's oratory could not remove to the "end of a long vista." The division within the Liberal Party on these questions was the foe which fought against Liberal success among the intelligent middle-classes of the boroughs in England. It also led to rival Liberal candidates contending in the same constituency, and, as a result, losing a number of seats to the Tories.

But the losses resulting from these causes were counterbalanced by the new county constituencies, and the agricultural voters, estimated at half a million. On these people the Radical promises of larger earnings, better cottages, freedom from the burden of school pence, and independent land ownership, were used with telling effect. There was also the motive to vote against the party which had so long kept them out of the franchise. Thus it happened that the very doctrines which Mr. Gladstone repudiated, saved him from inglorious defeat.

It must not be forgotten that Scotland remained true to the Liberal cause; the Scotch people are always true to the party of progress, and are not easily diverted from their convictions by the vagaries of any of its members. Their pertinacity could not be seriously affected by the Radical scare; and, moreover, they had a right to be satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's assurance that the settlement of the Scotch Disestablishment question must be "the genuine offspring of Scottish sentiment and Scottish feeling."

The Conservative Party was able to hold its own in the elections because it presented a united front against Disestablishment and against the Socialistic schemes of the Radicals; because the Irish vote in Great Britain was cast in its favor; and because in certain quarters the workingmen were captured by the "fair-trade" doctrines of one element in the Tory Party.

Whether it shall be a short parliament or a long parliament, whether it shall be led by Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, seems, therefore, to rest with Mr. Parnell, who is now in the position to gain for Ireland such concessions as were never gained before.

THE ENGLISH PROTECTIONISTS.

One of the notable features of the English elections of 1885 has been the revival of propositions to return to protection or to restrict trade. Not only is Mr. Parnell laying the foundations for a broad protective system under the coming Irish parliament; Lord Iddesleigh gives out significant hints of retaliatory duties which have, and were meant to have, all the birth-marks of protection. In the event of Mr. Parnell's full success, and the establishment of protection by an Irish parliament, it becomes a fair question whether the Tory parliament of the future will extend its retaliatory duties to Irish goods. In that case, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would present even a more extraordinary economic spectacle than is now presented by her relations with some of her colonies.

It is a familiar free-trade argument that the essence of slavery is in compelling one man to work for another man's profit; and that there is therefore no difference in kind, only in degree, between the American workman, who pays increased prices for his household comforts through a protective system, and the negro slave of *ante-bellum* times, whose wage was reduced by law to a mere subsistence. If the parallel be correct, it is odd that the rise

of democracy in any country should so commonly bring in its train the resurrection of protection. It may be, as some free-traders assume, because of the stupidity of the new classes of voters, and their inability to take more than that surface view of things which supports protection; but the fact is undeniable. It was not until the great democratic development of 1824–30 that protection began to take an aggressive attitude in the United States. Canada and the Pacific show the same results in British colonies. French democracy fought strenuously the free-trade tendencies of Napoleon III. And now the rising English democracy brings with it, if not of it, the cry of fair-trade. It may be worth while to consider one possible influence in its favor.

The London *Economist* thinks Lord Iddesleigh's Royal Commission on Trade Depression "little more than a somewhat expensive sham;" but its first volume of statistics has some items worth noting. Mr. Algernon West, chairman of the Internal Revenue Board, testifies that the assessment of landed property has decreased £5,000,000 since 1879–80, representing a capitalized decrease in land value, at thirty years' purchase, of about £150,000,000. Considering the way in which land value has been influenced by the profits of foreign trade and domestic manufactures, we may find here a possible starting-point for a coming reaction.

The protectionist may concede, as the free-trader asserts, that the foreign protective duties and bounties inure to the benefit of the English consumer. If German bounties and American tariffs make sugar twelve cents a pound in Germany, seven in New York, and five in England, it means that Germany and the United States are making the English consumer a present of from two to seven cents on each pound of his sugar. For the difference must come from the competition of German and American producers to get rid of their surplus in Great Britain.

But the case has another side. The English cotton manufacturer would not feel at all grateful if the French Government were to go so far as to provide all English consumers with cotton goods gratis. It would be a delightful arrangement for the English consumer; but it would ruin the manufacturer's domestic market, and he would probably make his voice heard against such uneconomic generosity. Yet this would be only an extreme case of a type which has already been felt severely. The glass importations have been mainly from Prussia, Belgium, and France. Protection excludes English manufacturers from the foreign markets; the foreign manufacturers make what profit there is in their own markets; and the surplus is sent to Great Britain, to be sold at prices with which the English manufacturer finds it not only difficult but exceedingly unpleasant to compete. The case is the same with sugar, copper, and all other protected imports. It is the surplus of foreign protection that makes English profits yearly harder to get.

It is no wonder that some English manufacturers are beginning to find a sullen satisfaction in the proposition of retaliatory duties. If the new agricultural voters should become convinced that the fall of $750,000,000 in land value in five years has been largely due to a decrease in manufacturing pro-

fits and consequently in demand for land, and these to free-trade, it may very well be that some successor to Cobden shall have to reopen that which has been considered a closed question in Great Britain.

SPECULATIVE BIOLOGY.

THE great and increasing tendency to speculation now prevailing in all classes of biological work will prove, if unchecked, a very serious obstacle to the healthy and rational progress of the science. Almost every paper that now appears contains some far-reaching and daring generalization, founded upon a small modicum of observed fact. Especially is this true of American biological work, where the tendency to metaphysical biology may fairly be called alarming, though even this is an advance over the barren "species-making" of the earlier American naturalists. Speculation is so easy and so fascinating, observation so tedious and difficult, that the temptation to indulge in the former at the expense of the latter is very great.

At the bottom of this speculative bias is the theory of evolution, which is now so universally accepted among scientific men, and which has proved such a wonderful stimulus to investigation in all branches of biology. But, with its manifold advantages, the theory is responsible for much of the exuberant morphological imagination now so rampant. Accepting as a fact that the various types of organisms have originated by descent from earlier and simpler types, there is yet an endless diversity of view as to the ways in which this deviation has been brought about, and our ignorance of this offers a boundless field for hypothesis and conjecture. Thus there arise the many and conflicting genealogical tables and family-trees, which so encumber the literature of modern geology. A few embryological facts, or an imperfect fossil, are considered sufficient foundation for an entirely new scheme of morphology. When such is the case, it cannot be surprising that scarcely any two observers are agreed as to the line of descent of any group of organisms, and that this most important part of science seems gradually falling into hopeless confusion.

A very striking example of the dangers of premature generalization has lately been given by the labors of Dollo, in Belgium, and Vetter, in Germany. For many years it has been a generally accepted view, that the birds are the specialized descendants of the extinct dinosaurs, huge reptiles, which, in the Mesozoic era of the earth's history, abounded all over the world. So firmly established did this theory seem, that it was incorporated into elementary text-books. This view, so confidently stated, was, however, founded upon very incomplete knowledge of the dinosaurs, as the hind-limb, which is undeniably very birdlike, was almost the only part of the skeleton that was well known and understood. A few years ago complete skeletons of these great reptiles were discovered in Belgium, and in the western United States; and the as yet incomplete study of these seems to make it perfectly plain

that the ancestors of the birds must be looked for elsewhere. The structure of the skull, trunk, and fore-limbs, seems to completely negative the notion that a further development of the dinosaurian type could have resulted in a bird.

In fact, the application of the theory of evolution to any particular case is beset with difficulties, and this fact must sooner or later be recognized. The problem in every case is one of immense complexity, embracing a great number of known and unknown factors. So difficult, indeed, is this problem, that a short time ago Mr. Alexander Agassiz did not hesitate to boldly assert the impossibility of its solution. Few candid students will deny that, taken broadly, the history of extinct organisms is distinctly and decidedly in favor of the evolution theory, but it must be admitted that a complete demonstration is still wanting for any given case. Further researches and more perfect knowledge are constantly destroying hypotheses that had every appearance of solidity and truth. Nevertheless, little real gain can be made if every new fact serves only as a field for a new fungous growth of speculation and hypothesis. "The scientific use of the imagination" is indeed indispensable to progress, but a too free rein must not be allowed or the result is chaos and not order. The minute subdivision of scientific specialties is carried too far, so that investigators, ignorant of all outside of their own narrow limits, and not seeing the relations between their discoveries and those made in other fields, are constantly constructing absurd theories, the absurdity of which is at once evident upon reference to another series of facts bearing upon the same point.

The speculations of the transcendental school of anatomy founded by Oken and Goethe are mere curiosities. The same fate is obviously in store for most of the evolutionary speculation now so rife. What is now most needed is careful, thorough investigation, avoiding on the one hand the profitless dryness of a mere catalogue of uncorrelated facts, and on the other the emptiness of an inflated theorizing.

LOCALIZATION OF BRAIN FUNCTIONS.

PROBABLY no subject has of late so engrossed the attention of students of human and comparative physiology, or has given rise to so many fierce discussions, as the theory of the localization of brain functions. On the one side were those who with Munk and Ferrier contended that the various functions of the brain could be strictly localized in circumscribed areas of the cerebral cortex; on the other side were those who with Goltz denied the possibility of any such localization. From 1870, when Fritsch and Hitzig showed that the cerebral hemispheres could be stimulated by electricity, to the present time, a host of observers have been attacking the problem. The latest researches published in Germany and Italy are of especial interest, and of the utmost importance both theoretical and practical. Practical, be-

cause of their great value in medicine and surgery; theoretical, because they seem at last to open to the physiologist the golden mean between the positions of the extremists, and to offer a common ground where conflicting opinions may be harmonized.

The first step toward reconciling the great mass of apparently contradictory evidence was Exner's hypothesis of absolute and relative areas. Before that, the usual method of disposing of irreconcilable facts was to give a comprehensive denial of them; hardly a satisfactory way of dealing with evidence. According to Exner's view, the absolute areas are those regions of the brain surface injury to which invariably produces certain characteristic results, while injury to the relative areas frequently though not invariably causes certain symptoms. The difference between the two seems to depend solely upon the kind of nerve fibres connected with them, whether they are fibres connecting various parts of the brain surface with each other, or whether they come from the body at large. The importance of this view of Exner's has not been very generally recognized, but recent investigations are confirming it very satisfactorily. These results seem clearly to show that the notion of small circumscript areas, each one of which performs certain definite functions, must be abandoned. On the contrary, the areas would seem to be overlapping and intermingled, each one gradually diminishing in intensity as we pass outward from the centre of greatest activity. The results of Hitzig's latest experiments, as well as those of Löb, Kriworotow, Daniells, and Luciani, and even those of Goltz, with the pathological views given by Mariani and Charcot and Pitres, all make for Exner's hypothesis implicitly if not explicitly.

These experiments do not, however, indicate any localization of the psychical functions, except with regard to certain memories, which seem to depend upon the same areas as the organs of special sense. What may perhaps be a beginning of psychical localization is given by an experiment of Hitzig's, which showed that dogs which had lost their frontal lobes forgot all the tricks they had known before the operation, and could not be taught them again. The healthy action of the mind depends rather upon the correlation of all parts of the brain than upon any area of its surface. As a confirmation of this view may be quoted a very striking observation by Tuczek, who has shown that in dementia paralytica the fibres that connect together the various cells on the surface of the brain degenerate and lose their function.

In point of fact, it now would seem that there has at last been a way opened which will lead to an approximate solution of the long vexed and most important question of the localization of cerebral function.

THE NEW STAR.

Perhaps the most interesting astronomical event of the past year has been the appearance of a new star very near the brightest part of the great

nebula of Andromeda; interesting because of the rarity of the phenomenon, and because of the star's nearly central position in a well-known and much-studied nebula. The first public announcement of its discovery was made on August 31, by Hartwig of Dorpat, but it had been seen by him as early as August 20, and one day earlier, August 19, by Ward of Belfast. It was certainly not visible on August 16. It nearly if not quite reached its maximum brilliancy on August 20, one day after its discovery, and has since gradually faded away, with slight fluctuations, until its light is now less than one one-hundredth of what it then possessed. When at its brightest it was just visible to the naked eye. In this respect it fell far behind most of the other temporary stars of which we have record. The star of 1572 was bright enough to be seen at mid-day in full sunlight, and all the others except two were as bright as third magnitude. Most observers say that the form and relative brightness of the different parts of the nebula are unchanged. Hartwig says that at first the star was surrounded by a bright white nebulosity, which disappeared before the announcement of the discovery of the stranger. Afterward it was like an ordinary star in appearance, except that its color was a little more ruddy than is common. The spectroscope shows us that the source of light is a highly heated solid or liquid body, with possibly faint indications of glowing gas about it. The new stars of 1866 and 1876, the only others to which the spectroscope has been applied, showed, in addition to the continuous spectrum from a solid or liquid body, a very brilliant spectrum of bright lines, indicating the presence of immense quantities of incandescent hydrogen and other gases.

The ascertained facts in the case do not warrant the construction of a theory completely accounting for these new stars. Aside from the evidence afforded by the spectroscope, about all we know is that there is a sudden and enormous increase of brilliancy in a star previously invisible or very faint, and that the light fades away gradually but irregularly. The cause of all this must be a sudden and very great evolution of heat. But when we seek to find an explanation for this, we are forced to fall back upon conjecture, sustained it is true by more or less complete analogies, but not to be taken as the final explanation without further confirmation.

One hypothesis explains the heating by a collision between stars, the sudden stopping of their motion causing a violent evolution of heat, sufficient probably to account for the phenomenon. The same result would be produced by the passage of a star through a nebula, whether gaseous or condensed into a cloud of solid or liquid particles, as seems to be the case with the nebula in Andromeda; and owing to the immense extent of a nebula, this would be much more likely to happen than a collision between stars. Every meteor and shooting star is an instance of collision on a small scale, and it is not improbable that among the myriads of stars more important collisions occasionally occur. Another hypothesis accounts for these new stars by a violent interruption of the cooling process which we know must be going on in every star. Zöllner thinks that as the star gradually loses

heat by radiation, it becomes covered by a crust scarcely if at all luminous, which conceals the still-glowing mass within. By a sort of volcanic outburst this crust is broken up and a new series of chemical compounds formed with great evolution of heat and light. Lohse thinks that the change which causes the appearance of a new star takes place at a much earlier stage in the cooling process. As soon as the temperature has fallen to a point where chemical combination is possible between elements forming a considerable proportion of the whole mass, such a combination takes place with explosive violence, giving rise to an immense increase of heat and light. According to this theory the cooler stars should be more apt to be variable; and we know by observation that this is the case with the red stars which, on account of their color, are presumably comparatively cool. Also on our sun we have sun spots and gaseous outbursts.

The hypothesis of collision and that of chemical combination both explain pretty well the observed phenomena, and it seems impossible to decide between them in the present state of our knowledge. One thing is reasonably certain; the new star is not the "Star of Bethlehem." There is no evidence that it ever appeared before.

PITHOM AND THE ROUTE OF THE EXODUS.

THE Egyptian Exploration Fund, established in England in 1883, has met with well-deserved success. Not only are some disputed questions of the route of the Exodus now settled, but much new material has been acquired for the study of the early history of Greek art. The site of the treasure cities of Pithom and Rameses, built by the Jews during their sojourn in Egypt, has of recent years been a matter of dispute. At the end of the last century a monolithic group representing Rameses II. between the gods Ra and Tum was found at the eastern end of the Delta, about twelve miles from Ismailiah. The place where it was found has been known under the Arabic name, Tell el Maskhutah, the "mound of the statue," and under the French name, Ramsès. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, Lepsius, and Maspero were all agreed in looking upon this locality as the site of the treasure city Rameses of the Bible. On the other hand, Brugsch placed Rameses at Zoan, and M. Chabas at Pelusium. The question had during the year 1882 been brought before the English public in a series of papers by Miss Amelia B. Edwards; so when the Exploration Fund was organized the desire was strong to solve the problem of the Exodus. The society formed for this purpose were fortunate in securing the services of M. Naville, the learned Egyptologist, to whom the Congress of Orientalists in 1875 had intrusted the work of collating the different versions and editing anew the *Book of the Dead.* His attention was directed first to the monuments at Ismailiah, brought from Maskhutah, on which he noticed dedicatory inscriptions to the god Tum. This suggested to his mind that Pi Tum (Pithom), and not Rameses, was to be looked for in the "mound of the statue." The supposition was fully confirmed by his

excavations. Of the inscriptions brought to light five containing indications of the locality mention the region of Thuku-t, and two of these mention also Pi Tum. Transcribed into Hebrew, these names become Succoth and Pithom, the civil and religious names of the region and the town.

The Pithom of the excavations is a small fortified post, containing little more than a temple and strange brick buildings open only at the top, resembling the granaries figured upon wall paintings at Thebes and Beni Hassan. Here, then, is one of the "fortified cities" of the Septuagint, one of the "treasure cities" (Gesenius, *storehouses*) of the English Bible. Latin inscriptions found on the spot preserve the names Eropolis and Ero Castra, which are regarded by M. Naville as containing a reminiscence of the Egyptian word *ar*, meaning "storehouse." Inscriptions on the monuments in front of and within the temple bear ovals of Rameses II., implying that the temple was begun and finished in his reign. In the absence of earlier inscriptions, this gives additional weight to the view that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression. We know now the first stopping-place of the children of Israel when we read that they "journeyed from Rameses to Succoth."

Having established the site of Pithom, how do we stand with reference to the other Scriptural landmarks, Etham, Migdol, Pi-hahiroth, and Baal-Zephon? Referring to an Egyptian papyrus of the time of the Exodus (Pap. Anastasi vi. 4), which reads,

"We have allowed the tribes of the Shasu of the land of Atuma to pass the stronghold of King Menephtah of the land of Succoth, towards the lakes of Pithom of King Menepthah of the land of Succoth, in order to feed their cattle in the great farm of Pharaoh,"

M. Naville finds in this border-land of Atuma the name and description of the next stopping-place of the Israelites, who "took up their journey from Succoth and encamped in *Etham*, in the edge of the wilderness." For the site of Migdol we must await further excavations. Pi-hahiroth seems to embody the Egyptian word for *farm*, referred to in the Anastasi papyrus, and was known as such to the Septuagint translators, who for Pi-hahiroth have substituted "the farm." The name seems to have survived in Ptolemaic days, if we may with M. Naville identify Pi-hahiroth with the Pikeheret mentioned in his newly discovered stone of Pithom.

The following winter was not equally rewarding, although M. Naville succeeded in determining the site of Goshen. At Saft-el-Henneh, about six miles east of Zagazig, he found a dedicatory inscription to the venerable god Sopt and the gods of Kes. The name Sopt seems to have survived in the Arabic Saft, and the name Kes in the Phakousa of Herodotus, the Gesem of the Septuagint, and the Goshen of the English Bible.

THE DISCOVERY OF NAUKRATIS.

In the western side of the Delta the labors of Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, the very careful observer of the Pyramids of Gizeh, have been no less successful

in unearthing a great Greek commercial city and adding much new material for the history of Greek ceramic art. The evidence is now too great to admit of any doubt that at Nebireh has been found the once famous city of Naukratis. It will be interesting in this connection to recall the description of Herodotus, *Hist.* ii. 178–9 :

"Amasis, a friend of the Greeks, granted favors to not a few of them, and especially for the benefit of those who came to Egypt to live he gave the city Naukratis, and to those who did not wish to settle, but came for mercantile purposes only, he gave places to erect altars and temples to their gods. Now the largest and most celebrated and most frequented temple was called the Hellenion, built conjointly by the following states : of the Ionians, Chios, Teos, Phocæa, and Clazomenæ ; of the Dorians, Rhodes, Cnidus, Halicarnassus and Phaselis ; of the Æolians, only Mytilene. This then was their temple and these the states that furnished the officers of the Emporium. Other cities which claim a share, claim what in no sense belongs to them. Moreover the Æginetans built for themselves a temple of Zeus, the Samians one of Hera, and the Milesians one of Apollo. In the olden days Naukratis was the only Emporium in Egypt, and there was no other. And if any one came into one of the other mouths of the Nile, he had to swear that he had come there by mistake, and having taken this oath, had to sail with his vessel to the Canobic mouth ; or if prevented by contrary winds, his goods had to be conveyed in Egyptian craft around the Delta until they reached Naukratis. Thus highly was Naukratis favored."

Within a few days of his arrival at Nebireh, Mr. Petrie found in the Pasha's neighboring farm a stone with a Greek inscription recording certain honors paid by the city of Naukratis to Heliodorus, a priest of Athene. With the inspiration that underneath the mound lay hidden the great city of Naukratis, he began his excavations. Here he found the site of a temple of Apollo ; the fragments of columns indicating an archaic limestone temple replaced by one of white marble. He found also beautiful libation bowls inscribed to Apollo, to Hera, to Zeus, and to Aphrodite ; coins of Ægina, Chios, Samos, Athens, etc. ; many fragments of stamped amphoræ, and over four hundred-weights of all the standards used at Naukratis. He found also the factory of a Greek scarab maker, with the moulds and other appliances of the art, and scarabs in every stage of fabrication. At the four corners of an immense ruined building, founded by Ptolemy II., were deposited libation vases, bronze implements, and precious stones—the first and only instance of foundation deposits found in Egypt. The building forms a part of an enclosure of still earlier date. Within the enclosure was a mass of crude brick building with deep, isolated rooms, having no openings or connections for twelve feet above the ground. This mass of ruin Mr. Petrie interprets as constituting "a great temenos—probably of the Pan-Hellenic altar—within which was a treasury and storehouses ; and these were so arranged that, in case of war, the temenos would be the camp and the treasury the fort of the Greek garrison." Of still greater interest is the pottery, which was found in great abundance, and ranges in style from the earliest dependence in Egyptian models to the most finished type of Athenian workmanship. In this collection we may trace the Greek honeysuckle ornament to its prototype in the Egyptian lotus pattern. The lotus pattern in combination with friezes

of animals, often considered as a characteristic of Rhodian ware, is found in great abundance at Naukratis. Other specimens are of wares hitherto unknown.

As many of our own countrymen have contributed toward the Egyptian Exploration Fund, it is with no little satisfaction that we are able to record the success which has attended these excavations.

THE DRIFT TOWARD UNIVERSITIES.

LAST February's debate between the presidents of Harvard and Princeton on student freedom in studies and conduct had barely ceased when there ensued a review and newspaper battle, conducted with more vigor and animation than had been devoted to any college issue for years. The number of journals arrayed was also unusually large. In fact, it would be difficult to name one of eminence, whether secular or religious, from the daily to the slow quarterly, which did not participate in the contest. As this gradually came to a close and the sound of it died away from public hearing, it began to be seen that the combat was merely preliminary to something greater even if less clamant—the contest over the American university question. All the threads of the "New Departure" debate tie up here. Once settle the real nature and functions of the American university and you settle in advance general principles which determine the nature and place of student freedom. That there should be freedom at some stage of education is conceded, and that the university is the place for this is also conceded, but what makes a genuine university and how to construct the American university is not so clearly seen. The sum of opinion thus far, however, is apparently this, that if we have genuine university students in genuine universities they should be free. If not, not.

As the question emerges into clearer view, leading thinkers are directing their efforts hither. Not a few indications of this have already appeared both in printed arguments and in specific university movements. We may cite as especially noteworthy the running sketch of possible solutions drafted in Professor Patton's review of the "New Departure," * President McCosh's address at Woodstock on "What an American University should be," the summer discussions at Newport and Saratoga, and the quite recent curriculum revisions made by some of our stronger colleges with the university in distant or nearer view. The drift of such indications is all in one direction—toward the University. It is not yet here, but is surely approaching. It is still some years, perhaps in most places a generation, distant. Elsewhere it seems close at hand. When it does come it will be to take a prominent place in education and in our American life. We may as well dispense at once with any attitude of mind that will not recognize this actual situation. The drift is that way. It is becoming general. It is accelerating, and no sign of a positive adverse movement has yet shown itself.

**Presbyterian Review*, April, 1885.

That this should be the state of things is at once fortunate and dangerous. Fortunate, because it reduces the broad area of discussion by excluding the question whether there will be universities or not, inasmuch as this is already being settled affirmatively by a flow of events quite independent of our arguing. All that remains is to decide not whether the universities shall come, but solely how they shall come. This facilitates the practical solution. If we regard them as undesirable it makes only this difference, that we should seek to have them instituted in their least undesirable form, and, if desirable, in their most desirable form. It is also dangerous, for the movement is spreading so steadily, and gathering strength in places so rapidly, that the university may come too soon or too crudely, "born out of due time," ill-considered and half-shapen.

In such a transition where we may distinguish with tolerable certainty the various forces operating, but not so easily, their proportionate importance and rates of speed, it is venturesome to sketch at present more than these meagre outlines. Time is filling in the rest. So, meanwhile, more positive predictions may read better if not written until the events begin to happen.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

In order to understand the present condition of speculative philosophy in Germany, it is necessary to distinguish between philosophy in the universities and the movement outside. Singularly enough the most ambitious as well as original attempt at system building has been made by the pessimists in direct antagonism to what may be styled the philosophy of the schools. Schopenhauer has been succeeded by von Hartmann, whose book, *The Philosophy of the Unconscious*, made such a stir when it first appeared. This has been followed more recently by a work on ethics, entitled *Phänomonologie des sittlichen Bewusstseins*, which is even more ambitious in its scope than its predecessor. In this book Hartmann attempts to construct a practical philosophy in harmony with the theoretic principles of the philosophy of the unconscious. The first part of his book is a psychological search for ethical principles. He rejects Egoism and Heteronomy or Authority, under which he classes religious motives as pseudo-moral principles. Morality has a threefold root in Taste, Feeling, and Reason, from each of which spring certain practical principles. But these are not co-ordinate. Morality in the sphere of Taste and Feeling is largely instinctive, and it emerges into clear consciousness only in Reason, whose authority is, therefore, supreme. The ground principle of the *Vernunftsmoral* is *Endenzweck*, which is implicit in the whole moral life, but first becomes an object of conscious effort to the reflective reason.

The principle of *Zweck* marks the transition from subjective to objective morality. The question then arises, What is the true object of moral pursuit? One thing is certain, Egoism must be "suppressed." Hartmann

is strenuous in excluding all personal or individual ends. Morality is possible only to the soul that renounces self and is willing to lose itself in the Universal. He also excludes Humanity as an end, for if we make Humanity our object we must promote either social happiness or culture. But the first tends to degrade man to the animal level, the second to sacrifice the many for the sake of the few. Nor can we follow both as co-ordinate ends, since they are contradictory. The true end must be one to which not only the individual but humanity itself can be subordinated as means or secondary ends. This end Hartmann finds in the *Sittlichen Welt-Ordnung*, or moral order of the world. What this is, the author does not clearly define, but it seems to be much the same as the Stoic idea of the course of nature. Between optimism and pessimism the author is pronounced in favor of the latter. The attainment of happiness is impossible. The only hope for the individual is that through self-abnegation and a complete "resignation to destiny" he may find rest from the pain of existence. Hartmann's ethics is, therefore, a fine modern reproduction of many of the essential features of ancient stoicism. It owes much of its influence to a strong undercurrent of pessimistic feeling among the cultivated classes, and especially the young men of Germany. Its spell has been partially broken by the unification of Germany, and only a revival of religious hope is needed to complete the work which the political regeneration has begun.

Inside the universities the most notable constructive movement has been that of the late Professor Lotze. After the appearance of his first great work, *Microcosmus*, the belief arose that Lotze was destined to do for the philosophy of the nineteenth century a service similar to that of Kant for the eighteenth. His genius and industry and wide acquaintance with both science and philosophy seemed to mark him as the pioneer of a new departure. Lotze's aim, like Kant's, was synthetic. He saw the shortcomings of the current philosophy, and his work as a whole may be characterized as an attempt to bring the Herbartian Realism into harmony with the post-Kantian Idealism. In this he has measurably succeeded. But either the times are not ripe for such an enterprise, or Lotze has failed to hit upon any pregnant principle of development. It now seems as though Lotze's work were the closing act in an old drama rather than the beginning of a new. He has exercised a powerful general influence over the German mind in favor of Realism and of more comprehensive thinking, but the constructive impulse seems to have died with him, and no man appears disposed to attempt the further development of his system.

The Germans are weary of system building. Their earnest thought in the speculative sphere runs mainly in historical and critical lines. The historical impulse has been derived mainly from Hegel, who, though dead, as is his system, yet speaketh in the prodigious historical industry he has called forth. This is manifest not only in the older generation of thinkers like Zeller and Harms, whose work is mainly historical, but also in the fresher industry of younger men. Many of these, it is true, acknowledge the im-

pulse without accepting the thought of Hegel, but there are many also like Gustav Biederman, who in a recent work defines the Philosophy of History as the "Science of the Concept in History."

The critical feature of German speculation is derived mainly from Kant, whose influence on German thought has been prodigious. There are, it is true, few pure Kantians in the universities; but the great majority of the abler men are disciples of Kant in the generic sense. They are dominated by his fundamental ideas, and his critical method seems to have become an integral part of their thinking. Dissatisfaction with Idealism, which is quite general, has led many of the wiser heads of Germany to look back to Kant for help. Multitudes of thoughtful men share the conviction of Heinrich Romundt, who, in a recent book entitled *Grundlegung zur Reform der Philosophie*, advocates a return to the critique of Pure Reason, insisting that the Hegelian development is all wrong. This is a hopeful sign, for it indicates a reaction in favor of a more sober order of thinking.

In several special mental sciences interest has lately been on the increase. Psychology has received an impulse in the direction of Psychophysics. Logic has been powerfully influenced by Mill, and the interest in Induction is general. Ethics is also cultivated with renewed zeal. This is due partly to a scientific interest in moral questions, but partly also to the fact that the Germans feel a special need in the direction of practical philosophy. The majority of their educated men have given up the Bible as an inspired book, and are disposed to view religion either with von Hartmann as a mere "surrogate" to morality, or with Wundt as an excrescence of the moral consciousness. Hence the necessity of finding a substitute for what they have thrown away. The Germans are not utilitarians, however; they are much too deep-sighted to be caught in that trap. Their morality is as a rule lofty in its tone, its most serious blemish being its attitude toward religion.

Notwithstanding the great industry in special directions, however, the outlook for speculative philosophy in Germany is not very hopeful. The golden age is evidently past, and the creative impulse has largely died away. The ablest young men in the universities are going into science, and in view of the revival of speculative activity in Great Britain and France, it looks as though the sceptre in philosophy held by Germany in the past were in danger of passing into other hands.

THE SCIENTIFIC MOVEMENT IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Psycho-physics. From a scientific point of view, the age has a profound meaning in the development of continental thought. Germany is seeing a philosophic *aufklärung* as, in the eighteenth century, she saw a religious, and her position has become as uncertain and many-sided in philosophy as in religion.

When Professor Wundt's *Physiological Psychology* first appeared, it was

eagerly welcomed by scores of rising investigators, who, on the side of psychic research, were in open revolt against à priori methods, and on the side of physiology were already making contributions to a science of the interaction of body and mind. From the latter stand-point, that of physiological psychology proper, or psychic neurology, the most confident expectations have not been disappointed. The spirit of Galen, which Doctor Siebeck, of Basel, calls *monistic naturalism*, manifests itself in the work of Helmholtz in nerve transmission, du Bois-Reymond in neural stimuli, Virchow in brain functions and diseases, Goltz and many others in cerebral localization. Progress in experimental psychology, or psycho-physics, however, which deals with mental states considered as dependent upon phenomena outside the nerve *nexus*, has been neither so rapid nor so sure. The reasons for this may be external. First, the experimental method has not been pursued with the diligence its early reception seemed to foretell; second, later researches have developed such extreme difficulties in its application as to discourage all but the most patient investigators; and third, earlier results have been superseded by others that are subject to the same displacement in the future. Weber's law of the ratio of the growth of stimulus and sensation has a narrow working range in the sense functions, sound, sight, and pressure, needs examination for the temperature sense,* and has not been tested for smell and taste. Of Fechner's three methods of experiment, one only admits of universal application. It is to be regretted that Professor Wundt himself is turning away from the kind of work in which he has become famous, and which is his by right of conquest. Still it is a fact, and the younger men in the "school," as it is called at Leipzig, are losing their enthusiasm. He is not changing his ground, though on such questions as the essence of the soul there is an advance in his later utterances; † but he is neglecting to strengthen his earlier positions with the research that their maintenance requires. And it is more to be regretted in general, since the desertion, if only in part, of a realistic and experiential point of departure means a return to the subjective and absolute, and another round in the tread-mill of à priori speculation. Yet there are younger men in the school at Leipzig from whom much is to be expected. Among these may be mentioned Kraepelin, Lorenz, Tischer, Mr. J. M. Cattell, and others, who have published valuable articles in the *Philosophische Studien.*‡ Recent works of importance in this *gebiet* are *Tonpsychologie*, by Professor Stumpf, now of Halle, who follows close upon Helmholtz, Wahle's *Gehirn u. Bewusstsein*,§ and Hochegger's *Geschichtliche Entwickelung des Farbensinnes.* ‖

All these have a physical reference. They deal with mind in its points of articulation with matter, making observations, as Mr. Lewes would say, under

---

* See H. H. Donaldson "On the Temperature Sense," *Mind*, July, 1885, and his references to Magnus Blix.

† *Logik*, Bd. ii., *Methodenlehre*, 1883; *Philos. Studien*, Bd. ii., Heft, iii., *Zur Kritik des Seelenbegriffs*, Wundt.

‡ Leipzig, 1882–84. § Wien, 1884. ‖ Insbruck, 1884.

the "objective aspect," and reducing them to psychic formulas by elimination. Efforts to experiment with pure mental forms, even from the Herbartian stand-point of synthesis, have been hitherto sporadic and unfortunate. The latest and most pretending of these is a book on memory,* by Doctor Ebbinghaus, *privat-docent* in Berlin. It is a direct attempt at expressing memory phenomena as functions of time. This is no place for a criticism; suffice it to say, that the book cannot be dismissed with the summary, and, in some respects, artificial estimate of Mr. Jacobs in *Mind*.† Doctor Ebbinghaus also gives two hours a week in the University to experimental work, and reads on sense-deception. The best books for reference in this connection are Volkmann's *Handbook*, in its last edition, ‡ edited by Professor Cornelius, of Halle, Ribot's *Psychologie allemande contemporaine;* § and for purposes of bibliography, the third volume of Ueberweg's *History*, ‖ edited by Heinze. Professor Wundt's position is admirably estimated by M. Lachelier in the *Revue philosophique* for January, 1885.

No other opening seems to offer to American students such original and important results as this, and to offer them, in a peculiar way, to native invention and contrivance. This fact has already been observed in the success of the American students at Leipzig. Why should not this national turn of mind, so highly valued in other departments, be turned to account in philosophy, and psycho-physics be made an American science?

Psychology. Another feature of the more scientific work in philosophy at the universities for some years past is its realistic spirit and tendency—realistic not in an ultimate sense, but as a compromise. We call it a spirit, because it is as yet vague, and has as many forms as there are lecturers on the theory of knowledge. In almost every case it proceeds on the groundwork of Kant's *Aesthetik;* but the time seems to have come for a development of the realistic side of Kant as Fichte and his followers developed the idealistic side. It is the direction of Maimon, Chalybäus, Herbart, and more especially of Ulrici, since it comes distinctly as a reaction and protest against the old deductive method. It manifests itself in three directions in the universities—in psychology, ethics, and pedagogics. Space permits us to notice only the first two.

If the psychological bearing of the tendency be considered in reference to its connection with Kantian thought, Professor Zeller, of Berlin, the historian, deserves first mention, though of living writers Kuno Fischer, at Heidelberg, is first in time. Professor Zeller has read this summer a course on *Logik u. Erkenntnisstheorie*, the avowed problem of which is to separate the subjective and objective elements in sense-perception, and thus attain reality. He enunciated this problem as early as 1862, when he

---

* *Ueber das Gedächtniss*, Leipzig, 1885.

† *Mind*, July, 1885, pp. 454, etc.

‡ *Lehrbuch der Psychologie*, 2 Bd., Cöthen, 1884–5.

§ 2ème Ed., Paris, 1885; not translated.

‖ *Neuzeit*, Berlin, 1883.

began his lectures at Heidelberg.* His last word is to be found in the third volume of his essays.† Professor Paulsen, also at Berlin, a younger man of great brilliancy and acumen, reads on the "Introduction to Philosophy" and on Anthropology; in the latter as a disciple of Spencer, and in general from a stand-point almost English. At Leipzig, Professor Heinze is a pronounced realist, and the senior Drobisch follows Herbart. *Privat-docent* Schubert-Solden discards all transcendent objects.‡ Doctor Otto Pfleiderer, mentioned below, bases intuitional morality on a noumenally realistic psychology. In the same general direction, space only allows the mention of Baumann, at Göttingen; Sigwart, at Tübingen; and Riehl, at Freiburg.

In this connection, the study of animal instincts and impulses is doing much toward a science of comparative psychology. The experimentalists suggest and insist upon this as supplemental. It is simply carrying the inductive "observation" of intuitionists into the sphere of rudimentary and unconscious mental states, and must, if steadily pursued, be as important for psychology as comparative anatomy has been for human physiology. The work of G. H. Schneider on *Animal Will* § is remarkably thorough and careful, and is receiving great attention. Espinas' *Animal Companies* is important in the same line, and Wundt's earlier researches.‖ Recent publications are by Graber, ¶ on the color sense in animals, Dahl on the psychology of the spider; ** and in English we have Doctor Romanes' recent work, *Evolution of Mind in Animals.* The attempt is being made also to carry the investigation of instinct (*Trieb*) to plant life, though this is premature till animal psychology is better developed. †† The subject is summed up in the eighteenth chapter of the last edition of Wundt's *Psychology.*

Ethics. A still more hopeful sign, in the general disintegration of systems, is the contest that is waging in morals, between German deductive and English evolution ethics. If Haeckel were not a German, the century would hardly have seen philosophic evolution established in Germany, and as evolution ethics has no Haeckel, its establishment is proportionally slow. Two hundred years of heredity and environment have made it hard for Germans not to speculate, but the last fifty years have been so extravagant in this department that sensible men are ashamed of them. They cannot become utilitarian, however, since the Kantian ethics is too mighty to be assailed in its stronghold. Indications point to a strengthening of intuitional morals from a stand-point of observation and fact.

---

* Tractate.—*Bedeutung u. Aufgabe d. Erkenntnisstheorie*, Heidelberg, 1862.

† *Vorträge u. Abhandlungen*, Bd. iii., Leipzig, 1884.

‡ *Grundlagen einer Erkenntnisstheorie*, Leipzig, 1884.

§ *Thierische Wille*, Leipzig, 1880. See also Schaarschmidt's *Philosophische Monatshefte*, xxi., 289, etc.

‖ *Vorlesungen über Menschen u. Thierseele*, 1863.

¶ *Grundlinien zur Entwickelung des Helligkeits u. Farbensinnes der Thiere*, Leipzig, 1884.

** *Vierteljahreschrift für wissensch. Philosophie*, Bd. xi., Heft 1.

†† Pflüger, *Archiv.* x., 305.

As a contribution to this result, Professor Wundt's forth-coming *Ethik* is looked for with great interest. He begins his book on constructive ethics with original psycho-ethical norms, actual potentially, being manifestations of the soul, which is an "actuality" rather than an essence, and exhibited in the sphere of will. Logic is the ground of the theoretical sciences, and ethics of the practical "disciplines." "Ethics is the voluntary acting of the thought (*das gedachte*)." Two lines of investigation arise—

(*a.*) Search (*aufsuchung*) for norms. (*b.*) Their establishing (*aufstellung*) and application.

His method, so well-known in psychology, is inductive, employing observation and experiment, and the area of its application is first anthropology, building life—history, cultus, customs—into an "universal ethical consciousness:" and second, the area of ethics itself, as a developed science, the sphere of the critique and philosophy of historical morals. From the development of scientific ethical notions, the norms of their growth may be arrived at. Each norm gives duty, its notion, its contrary; reasoning back from the historic notion and the practical duty, we reach the norm. In this development, religion is a fungous growth on the ethical trunk, gods exist in men alone and are thought into the world; the last five commandments of the Decalogue are ethical, the others religious—these are among his practical conclusions.

In social ethics, Professor Wundt gives a valuable classification of original social conditions, preferable to that of Doctor Martineau in his recent tabulation of primary "springs of action." Here Wundt uses to great advantage the researches in animal psychology spoken of above.

Another departure of great results for the solution of the free-will controversy, is the introduction of the doctrine of "threshold" (*Schwelle*), that Fechner advanced for experimental psychology, and that Herbart and Drobisch have used in the mathematics of *vorstellungen*, into the sphere of motive. Motives to Wundt are *potential*, beneath the threshold, *actual*, in the field, and *principal*, in the focus of apperception. The coexistence of actual and potential motives is freedom. He is a determinist to this extent, that will can be reduced to terms of apperception, and apperception rests on *vorstellungen* and their laws.*

Professor Paulsen, at Berlin, also carries his English point of view into "Ethics in Society and the State." A notable volume of the year is the *Religionsphilosophie*† of Professor Otto Pfleiderer, of Berlin, Oxford Hibbert lecturer for the current season. His system begins with an impulse (*Trieb*) godward, and he finds God necessary also, like Malebranche, to maintain harmony.

---

* See *Physiologische Psychologie*, ii. cap. 20.

† *Religionsphilosophie auf geschichtlicher Grundlage*, 2te Aufl., 2 Bd., Berlin, 1883–4.