

CHIPS FROM MY STUDIO.

HERE is philosophy and solace for the souls it will content:—

What I don't see
Don't trouble me;
And what I see
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
It must be so.

THE poet who furnished the above thus records his encounter with a critic:—

CRITIC.

Idle oftentimes thou seemest,
And, for acting, only drest;
Thinking not, although not talking;
Lying, when thou should'st be walking.

POET.

Not so idle as I seemed!
Know ye, then, of what I dreamed?
I in purer realms was flying;
Only left my bundle lying.

"WHERE there is no vision, the people perish," said the Hebrew prophet. There are plenty of people "up and doing." Who is dreaming? Where is the vision without which the people perish? "The outlook," we say. But let us confess the matter of "vision" in this country is none the clearest. The impatient radical clamors for "action." His impatient zeal is a radical defeat. Wait on the vision, and 'be still. Inevitable will be the earth's transformation. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth,"—the earth taking on the pattern of the sky,—wrote John at Patmos. A radical new sky,—after that, action.

AMERICAN affairs are encouraging. We are able to keep the faith. The die was cast, the choice made, in the beginning, for a wondrous human felicity as the outcome of all endeavor here. We cannot go back on that record; we cannot decline our task. 'Tis set in our hearts; it flows in our blood. We are not a race of individual free-wills that we can break away and piece-meal destroy our heritage. "The human race is one man who never dies, but is always advancing." We are coercive each with the other; traitor, no less than loyalist, points the way. That we have to-day accomplished is never a satisfaction. If we have no meaning to put into it beyond the mere appearance, the source of all cheer and courage is not touched. No sensible person judges a work half done. He will "call again," and see what has come of it. But the artist himself is not always sure what will come of it. He is working to an ideal he cannot, in advance of his trial-effort, always define. To express outwardly, in speech, form, color, that which he sees or feels with an inner sense, is the endeavor of his life. And this is his resource: fail often as he may, the vision itself, if he has wrought in sincerity, never fails; but, in each valley of despair, shines forth again to reassure him; puts new courage into the heart of him, and drives him on to more satisfying labors. So is it with the man who is the nation. How do affairs tally with his ideal? Out of each despair rises faith. He *cannot* be "disobedient to the heavenly vision." But whether success tend to permanence, depends on the sort of vision he has descried as "heavenly." The vision may be of the earth, earthy; then permanence were a curse. But we of America think we have seen a star in the very heaven of heavens.

PATIENCE is half the battle. Every thing seemingly goes wrong at first. But what if this wrong-right be part of the rightness? Patience is saving grace. There are no "royal roads," no "short cuts." The world must grow, as well as see and do. It must grow, that it may see and do with good result. Here in this land we have undertaken to grow, as it were, by a sort of universal experience; and 'tis a slow and, to those who do not heed the fact, disheartening process. Then, this universal experience is of universal liberty. We have launched our fate on the hazard of all men's freedom. Much faith does it take to compass this daring venture. But what we are to win is to be won so, and only so. Saint and sinner are each factors. Cromwell found his "godly men" the most impractical rulers. Liberty to go wrong is

a persuasion to the right. Let all the people try it, and the end is a permanent advantage. 'Tis a long way round, but the shortest way home. To dwell blissfully in a Paradise they do not create, is not to fill up the measure of human destiny. Of such import is the fable of the exiles from Eden. Theirs proved a woeful bliss. Experience poisoned and killed it. Fruit from a garden ready tilled loses flavor. There is a tilling of the man to be done; and he is the man to do it. He may loiter on

"Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain,"—

then, as they advise one on the streets, he must and will "brace up," and put on some new style of behavior. Thus "old experience" is teaching by manifold accumulations of testimony at length, that all short cuts which sacrifice the principles of universal well-being through self-effort are ever pitfalls and snares. For example, we of this country, in our hundred years of desire to establish "Union," have been seeking by many a compromising short cut results we could be entitled to only by loyal living. Not through liberty, but without it, we sought our peace. "No such miserable motto as liberty first," said the great defender of Union. That was our treason long flaunted as noblest patriotism, and by no means now wholly forsworn. Yet, step by step, this rebellion has been forced to yield. Union, harmony, peace, are not to be taken by violence. Every gift of such sort laid on Union's altar has been spurned. "Thou fool! first go and be reconciled to thy brother." The Empire is peace! Not for America. Liberty is peace. The emphasis is changing from force to persuasion. Put no obstacle in the way. Be patient. It will take longer to convert men than to shoot them; but conversion abides; shooting does not stay. And then, conversion once in fashion, surprising results are possible.

If there has been a vast deal of "rough hewing" done in this world, there has also been a "divinity shaping our ends." In other words, the persistency of God in human affairs cannot be gainsaid. Sensible people demur to the idea that there is an outside providence watching and interfering when occasion requires. But it is sensible to assert that there is a providence in the depths of human nature, out-working its perfect will, not spasmodically, but continuously. Man sums up in his being all the universe contains. There, within him, dwell the gods, the angels, and the kingdom of heaven. Mankind are

not many, but one soul. We wander away from this central soul, and meet as strangers, alien and enemy. But deep calls unto deep, and we awake at length to know each other as ourselves. All speech that does not call upon this oneness in our natures must be backed up by force. What comes of force? It dissipates at last the illusion that society can be fashioned from without; that perfection in human beings is possible by compression in iron moulds. It is a part of our growth that we must first have this damnation of outwardness. We "are given over to believe the lie." It inheres in the beginnings of individuality. Inflated with our selfishness, we think we have nothing in common. We do not know how to get hold of each other. We grasp at the visible, and think it is the substantial part, and that much is to be gained by pounding on that. We dump a load of this outwardness into the station-house, and think society is improved. Or we found a reform school like that at Westboro', and use "sweat tubs," and ply other tortures, till the boys call "Enough!" and say they will be good. The illusion vanishes. Flesh and blood slip away. We haven't got even a ghost of a soul to show for all our pains. Addressing each other as other than ourselves, is continuing conflict. Tired out at length with our wranglings and blood-spilling, we open our eyes suddenly to behold each in the eyes of his neighbor—himself! 'Tis no lone, exceptional voice that has cried out on supreme occasions. "Love neighbor as self." All experience, culminating, brings just this revelation. Men see, finally, they are not many, but one. And this is the dawn of society. Its terms are equality: but 'tis the equality of the many in the one. Recognize this, and we have manners,—to which there is nothing superior.

"Is it self-culture, self-assertion, self-respect? Is it unselfish self-hood? Or is it loss of self,—of self-conscious self-hood? I pass a man in the narrow street. What have I done? I have, without thought of self, without thought of the man, graciously given him the right of way. It was the spontaneity of my manners that lent them their charm. This is not a special culture. I did it not to perfect myself, nor the other man; nor to accommodate him. No doubt he was accommodated. But my motive was not that. I had no motive. It was my salute to the Universe. Wholly unpremeditated, 'twas a right and beautiful thing to do. Was that not enough? No praise for me. I was not there for blame or praise. How could there be praise or blame? Our meeting and passing was the rhythm and music of life. What of him I met? Was he grateful in his heart toward me? Possibly. Why? Not, I

trust, because of my courtesy to him. I had done nothing for *him*. Not that he was my friend had I turned aside; else, the next man I met, not my friend, had received quite other treatment. No; he was nothing to me. There was not only the lack of self-reference on my part; there was also no self-assertion on his part. Neither of us thrust self in the way. With no thought of the act, we waived self, and permitted the tryst of God. Not that he received favor, but that the universe was justified, did he feel pleasure. It was the spontaneity of life."

In this wise I had been talking to my friend, when he interposed:

"What we want is perfection. A little common sense settles the whole question. If you would perfect yourself, you must wisely labor with that end in view."

I began to say, "Common sense is not always wise. We need often a sense that is *un*-common. And pray don't mistake that for *non*-sense," but he claimed the floor, and thus proceeded:—

"Don't suppose I advise one to cut his own throat in order to achieve the perfection of self, as he would be doing if he did the thing in a purely selfish manner. Mind you, I say, *wisely* labor, &c. You must clearly see that self cannot be made secure at the cost or sacrifice of others: nay more, self-culture is not to be obtained by any amount of labor bestowed exclusively on self. It is not merely that you refrain from despoiling others. Your case demands other treatment than this even. It positively enjoins upon you that you bestow your labor in great degree on your fellow-men to the neglect of self. Why? The reasons are two at least. First, the labor you bestow on others reacts on self, and indirectly does more for you than you could do directly. The rule is: *Serving others serves self better than self-serving.* Secondly, while you are serving others, and others are serving you, the gain, as you clearly see, must all be on your side. Thus, losing life, you find it. So you see it is no cutting your throat I advise, as would be the case were you to cut yourself off from reciprocal human sympathy by exclusive devotion to your own self-culture. No: go out into the world, and toil for your race, and you shall find yourself growing into that perfection you so much desire. And, as this achievement becomes universal, just in that degree shall come on earth the long-prophesied millennial glory."

With this deliverance, my friend departed. He did not care for my reply; nor did I much care to make reply. His common sense was by far too headstrong for my mood. He must be left to the ameliorations of time and the new birth. But to myself I continued what I had to say somewhat in this wise.

At the risk of being over-precise, I will say there are three planes of being. The first and second my friend has described well enough. The third he does not in his philosophy apparently suspect. In his life, many a sally of his out and away from self-seeking, has apprised me anew of the fact that one's self and one's philosophy are not always, if ever, the same. This third and highest plane, then, is what? In one word, I shall answer, *spontaneity*—the free human life. Not reflection, nor calculation, nor plan, nor purpose, enters into it at all: but wholly the delight of being in the presence of beauty and truth: and this quite irrespective of any private or public advantage. My friend would assert this in his love of a poem, in his admiration of a work of sculpture, or in standing before the glory of a sunset. But that there is this same poetry in human life; that, in truth, one's life may be itself a poem; and *is*, whenever it attains its divine expression,—is not to his mind so clear. Or will he say, "A *perfect* human life is a poem." I am not so sure of that. The finite human life can have no perfection, but is, as the old theology has long asserted it to be, "filthy rags," when the All-perfect infinite dawns on the soul. I say one's *life*—not one's mere existence—may be a poem. There is no more poetry in your moral mechanism than in other mechanics. He who loses himself finds life, and his life is poetry.

Thus it is: the manifest of *life* is spontaneity. Hence, no ulterior ends; doing one thing that somewhat else may happen; casting bread on the waters where some eddy may return it again with increase. In and for its own sake is the beautiful thought entertained, and the beautiful deed done. Culture is the liberation of self from rules and laws.

"Can rules or tutors educate
The semi-god whom we await,"

into this free, flowing, self-losing life?

Is the "color line" vanishing? The new President seems to have set himself honestly enough to the task of wiping it out. Perhaps he feels, however, as well as Lincoln, that he has before him "a vast, big job." If it be *his* "job," he undoubtedly has. But, if the white Southerners have really taken hold to help, and do not mean to wipe out the "colored man" as well, the mere politician who is hanging his fortune on that "line" can probably be disposed of. But no political bargaining is going to do it. That must fail as absolutely as has the application of force. The "thou shalt not" of the army, though a

temporary protection to the negro, has proved no successful missionary. But the moment the President intimates a withdrawal of force, there appears to be a Southern ear that will listen to humane counsels. In short, the point of *conversion* has possibly been reached. Time will show. "I see a new light breaking in the North," exclaims a recognized leader of Southern sentiment. If the new light is breaking also in the South, the color line will certainly disappear. But it must be confessed that there are a good many "ifs" in the way. The old-time abolitionist, who can draw from the well-preserved storehouse of his memory a recollection of how things were in other days, cannot easily believe the Southern planter will ever voluntarily do that which is right. Does he vote in the Senate for Douglas?—That is his cunning. He will give a colored marshal to the District of Columbia—give him no more interference from Washington in the South's "local affairs." We are so little accustomed to throwing responsibility upon the wrong doers by taking them at their word, putting them on their honor, that it is a puzzling question to decide off-hand. Nevertheless, something of the sort seems likely to come. What is remarkable, however, in this controversy, is the unconscious shifting to ground new and dangerous to political pretensions,—a movement on which pretty much the whole country seems thoroughly bent. It is announced "that a government that cannot stand except by force does not deserve to stand." This is applied to South Carolina and Louisiana. But, if for these States, then for others, and for all States, it is good doctrine,—even for the United States. Let Mr. Tilden set up in opposition to Mr. Hayes. If he can collect the taxes by a voluntary act on the part of the people, and Mr. Hayes cannot, why, Hayes must go with Chamberlain and Packard. If, more than that, the people will voluntarily pay taxes to none of them—neither to Tilden nor Hayes, Nichols nor Packard,—then all parties must abandon their pretensions, and leave the people free to get on with less governing. It is evident, however, things are not to be carried that far. The consistency, the logic of the situation is not to be urged. One may see simply the drift of the time to some more enlightened system of affairs than that built on force.

THE Boston University Year-Book for 1876 contains an essay by William F. Warren, President of the University, entitled, "Tax Exemption the Road to Tax Abolition." This essay is endorsed by the full board of the Council in these words: "In the present issue large space is given to the discussion of one of the most important

topics now agitating the public mind. In place of the further extension of taxation advocated by many, the essay proposes a far more imposing reform, the general abolition of all compulsory taxes. It is hoped that the comparative novelty of the proposition may not deter practical men from a thoughtful study of the paper. Just ideals are ever serviceable, however slow the world's approach to them." This essay, emanating from the very heart of so large and influential a denomination of Christians as the Methodists, goes far to silence the tears of those who look for a general Christian uprising to rivet yet other chains on American liberty. Few professing liberals have yet reached the liberal ground of this clear-headed Christian. "Tax abolition" is a step far in advance of the State secularized, yet built of taxes forced from unwilling pockets. In the Free State the institutions will rest on free offerings. The right of refusing support to a government is a safeguard the free citizen cannot surrender. The government so established will stand on good behavior. To this radical discussion of affairs the public is to be invited more and more in the coming years. A few paragraphs from Mr. Warren's discourse will serve to draw attention to, and help, it is hoped, to create a demand for its issue in some more popular form:—

"The abolition of compulsory taxation is more than a beautiful ideal. It is an uncontested fact, that the whole social and political progress of the world is in this direction.

"Take up the history of any State which has fought its way out of despotism into liberty, and it will be found that greater progress has already been made toward the true goal than yet remains to be made.

"Note the steps of this historic progress. First, compulsory exactions, levied by one despotic will, without so much as formal consultation with the governed. Next, the one despotic will is limited by a class of privileged subordinates, too powerful to be disregarded; these must be trusted to vote the due supplies for King and State. Next, the privileged class must either abdicate, or share their power with representatives of the mill^{ions}, and thenceforth tax-laying is the free public act of a majority of national representatives. One step more completes the grand transition from impositions willed by no citizen to tribute willed by all. Once none voted these obligatory subsidies of the State, now vast majorities of nations spontaneously assume their payment; in some fair future why not all? particularly if each citizen can in some measure be free to select the public use to which his contribution shall apply.

"In our own day a French writer upon imposts, M. de Girardin, catches a glimpse of this ideal method, and exclaims, 'Voluntary taxation, it is the State stimulated, it is the State economical, it is the State republican and democratic.'

"To the believer in that better day there is another fact which seems to usher in almost the realization of his faith. In several of the smaller political jurisdictions of

Europe the historic tax-gatherer has been found superfluous. For five years it was the good fortune of the present writer to be domiciled in one of these communities. Incredible as it may seem to believers in the necessity of a legal enforcement of taxes by pains and penalties, he was for that period, by law and by usage, in the strictest sense of the term, his own assessor and his own tax-gatherer. In common with the other citizens, he was invited, without sworn statement or declaration, to make such contribution to the public charges as seemed to himself just and equal. That said, uncounted by any official, unknown to any but himself, he was asked to drop with his own hand into a strong public chest; on doing which his name was checked off the list of contributors, his duty done. Not soon can he forget the sense of dignity and honor and bivalrous generosity which this trustful bearing of the government inspired. Every citizen felt a noble pride in such immunity from prying assessors and rude constables. Every annual call of the authorities on that community was honored to the full.

Other years have passed. The great German Empire has swallowed up that old, yet young and courageous "Free City" and State. It has absorbed one other sovereignty in which it is said that like liberties obtained. Let us hope it has not substituted taxation by the needle-gun for taxation by conscience. In any case, however, the experiment has been tried, tried for years and found successful. A State supported solely by the voluntary tribute of its subjects has been proved by trial to be possible. Alluding to such experiments in Switzerland and Germany, one of the soberest publicists of France, Pellegrino Rossi, declares, "When people have already passed from the old to this new method, it is too late to swear that taxes shall be eternal."

THE NEW Orthodoxy, which here in New England has been gathering strength within evangelical limits for the last quarter of a century, flames up of late in divers ways, until it is fair to be encouraged with the thought that the fires of a more liberal faith are to be lighted on every hill. Doomed we may be to disappointment, but this much seems clear. The children of to-day breathe a new atmosphere. If any one doubts, let him imagine the amazement that would sit on the face of Jonathan Edwards,—to say nothing of one Michael Wigglesworth,—were they to revisit the scenes of earth. Here is the Rev. Joseph Cook at Tremont Temple. Say he is but a clever lawyer making special pleas for the old doctrines, if you will. More important it is to notice the entire change of base to which he is certainly leading a very large representative orthodoxy. He has fallen in love with Science: no more mystery. He will surrender Orthodoxy before reason. Immortality is revealed under his microscope. God is a syllogism; Christ as easily explained as a rainbow. The aforetime mysterious trinity is analyzable by finite reason. Endless misery is in "the nature of things." And so on; the old creeds are all thrust out to take their chances for life or death on the boards of rational strife. The early Bibliolatrists would have fled in dismay. Welcome to the new

light, break where or how it will! In this connection it may be pertinent to quote Mr. Murray. In a sermon on the Bible, abounding in waywardness from Orthodoxy, is to be found this sentence: "Even the ox and the ass could teach some Christians. For, if the Bible may be compared to a field, it may be said with truth that they begin at Genesis and eat their way clear across to Revelations,—stubble and grass, bitter and sweet, useful and useless alike."

JOSEPH COOK thinks that "Massachusetts law ought to be made in Massachusetts, and not on the Tiber." What he means to say is that Massachusetts should decide the sort of religious education she will enforce in the prisons and common schools, without reference to Papal ideas. American law shall be supreme here, and not Roman canon law. It seems that within Charlestown prison, where a majority of the convicts are Romish, there is a Protestant chaplain, and the Protestant Bible is circulated. Against this the Roman Church in some form or other has entered her protest. Now, says Mr. Cook, who disclaims energetically having one drop of sectarian blood in his veins,—

"All who are there are wards of the State. They are not under the care of any denomination. Massachusetts is the preacher to those convicts. Massachusetts directs their moral culture. Massachusetts is not denominational. It has been the opinion of Massachusetts that she had the right to manage the instruction of those convicts according to her own ideas. Massachusetts was so narrow, so benighted, so sectarian, as to suppose that she possessed the right to appoint a chaplain over there, and to instruct him to teach nothing denominational, but to put the Bible into the hands of the convicts; to organize, if you please, a Sunday school, not sectarian at all, but in the hands of all denominations; to hold devotional meetings, and thus train these convicts into preparation for a life of freedom, treating them in all ways as a wise parent would treat an erring child. Massachusetts thought she had a right to do that, and that is what she did."

Mr. Cook's remarks were received by the vast audience in Tremont Temple with "loud and long-continued applause," which shows with what rapture a purely partisan statement, addressed, as is claimed, to more intelligence than was ever gathered in New England before, can be entertained. Mr. Cook maintains that "every thing in this country must go by count of heads and clack of tongues." Suppose it possible that some day in our State Romish heads shall outnumber Protestant heads. Then will the law made on the Tiber have become American law, and rule here. If, in that day, in the prison "under the shadow of Bunker Hill," the majority are Protestants, will Mr. Cook repeat his triumphant strain, "Massachusetts is the preacher

to these convicts; Massachusetts is not denominational?" The probabilities are, if he has not then—to borrow his own favorite phrase—"gone hence," that he will clamor far more vehemently than does now the disaffected Romanist for religious teaching and a Bible of the convicts' own choosing. The State Romish will be as much the State, as the State Protestant is. Or suppose, under the impetus to rational thought given by the Monday Lectureship, the State turn infidel, and for chaplain—if prisons are then extant—select some *scientist* of science. Will not the State still be "undenominational"? Or will Mr. Cook then insist that science taught as a substitute for religious training is equivalent to denominational bias? There is nothing he more values than clear ideas and utmost fairness. Let him say, then, that the State which labors only to satisfy all Protestant sects is still denominational. It is denominational as regards the Romish sect; were Roman and Protestant united as one Christian body, it would still be denominational as regards Jews, Infidels, Free Religionists, etc. It is sectarian or denominational for any one of these opposing parties to establish religious or non-religious instruction in prison or school.

Mr. Cook would have law made in Massachusetts, and not on the Tiber. But whence comes the kind of American law in which he delights? Is it of American soil? No; it is transplanted from Judæa; it is Judæan law. Well, it might as well come from the Tiber as from the Jordan, if it is to ride rough-shod over the consciences of men. American law, whatever else may be said of it, is pledged not to do that.

THE discussion of the school question betrays the virus in the blood of American politics. The security which the idea of maintaining a majority vote offers is that to whose shelter all parties flee. The Catholic, perhaps a more thoroughly consistent. He proposes education on the same principle that he proposes religion; namely, that of Authority. He does not profess to support freedom. Freedom to do right, he may say; that is, right as Mother Church conceives it. Individual freedom apart from this restriction is not in the Catholic's programme. Hence education, in his view, is education in those things the Church has sealed with her approval. All else is denounced as error with evil and corrupting influence, or as absolutely wrong and vicious. The Catholic is consistent. He says there is authority for the individual, and tells you where it is. He also declares that this authority has its basis in the *right of things*, and not in the will of men.

Revolution, or the vote of the majority, does not affect it. The priest is but the mouthpiece of the everlasting right. Here may be the assumption; but it carries with it a consolation not found in the mere reflection that one's neighbors are strongest. Gov. Rice, speaking before the Episcopal Church Congress, said that sectarianism, and not religion, was at the bottom of all our public school difficulties. Religion, as defined by Jesus Christ, was *love*. No one could object to that. Put love in the schools, and leave sectarian teaching out. But what is love? Even Gov. Rice defined it as love to *God* as well as man. Well, but what is God? "The author of all we see that is beautiful and good," responds the Governor. But that will not satisfy all who will be interested in the schools. "God is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," says one; "God is the other side of the moon," says another; "God is nothing: there is no god," quoth yet another. Thus sectarian views creep in, in spite of the simplicity to which religion is reduced by His Excellency.

AGAIN, the schools can be made entirely secular, and thus, in the opinion of many of our most earnest liberal thinkers, the sectarian rock can be escaped. But liberal teachers cannot discard morality; and immediately we hear of natural morality and Christian morality. The latter says to the ingenuous youth, "Turn your other cheek, and let your enraged companion strike that also." "Not a bit of it," says natural morality; "hit back, and defend yourself." Now it is plain that right here, even on these little hooks, hang all the law and the prophets. Shall the liberal pay taxes to have his boy taught the vile doctrine of tame submission to injury? He ought not, he says, to be taxed for a religion he does not believe; no more for a morality; especially when that morality is so intimate a part of his religious faith. On the other hand, shall the Christian pay taxes to have his child indoctrinated in—speaking more accurately, perhaps I should say encouraged in developing—the natural depravity of his young untutored blood? However tamely he may submit to be physically buffeted about and shorn of his birthright, he has no disposition to yield to any liberal usurpation of this sort,—not while there are left to him two such peaceful weapons as the ballot and the bayonet. This is but a sample. Sects in morals can be multiplied indefinitely. In short, compulsory taxation, in whatever shape, is an unwitting confession of the homely old truth that men differ.

THE refusal of the authorities of Philadelphia to allow the memory of Thomas Paine its just celebration in Independence Hall, by the placing there, as a fit recognition of his services to the country in the early days "which tried men's souls," a simple portrait bust, may be regarded as by no means a final decision. Times change. People grow wiser, if not better. The religious opinions of Paine, though, if uttered in our day, they would cause hardly a ripple on the surface of popular opinion, were, at the time of his bold, unreserved criticism of the Bible and Christian assumptions, sufficient to arouse most deadly and venomous animosity. The man whose political career had won him unbounded popularity sank suddenly beneath the tumultuous waves of a bigotry and hatred more fierce than ever forced the tortures of the Inquisition. But the pith of his protest outlives the storm, and his character is destined to receive ample vindication. The following unique tribute was spoken by Walt Whitman at the recent anniversary of Paine's birthday in Philadelphia. It should put an end to the old slanders:—

"Some thirty-five years ago, in New York city, at Tammany Hall, of which place I was then a frequenter, I happened to become quite well acquainted with Thomas Paine's perhaps most intimate chum, and certainly in later years very frequent companion, a remarkably fine old man, Col. Fellows, who may yet be remembered by some stray relicts of that period and spot. At one of our interviews he gave me a minute account of Paine's sickness and death. In short, from these talks I was and am satisfied that my old friend, with his marked advantages, had mentally, morally, and emotionally gauged the author of "Common Sense," and, besides giving me a good portrait of his appearance and manners, had taken the true measure, not only of his exterior, but interior character. Paine's practical demeanor, and much of his theoretical belief, was a mixture of the French and English schools of a century ago, and the best of both. Like most old-fashioned people, he drank a glass or two every day; but was no tippler, nor intemperate, let alone being a drunkard. He lived simply and economically, but quite well,—was always cheery and courteous, perhaps occasionally a little blunt, having very positive opinions upon politics, religion, and so forth. That he labored well and wisely for the States, in the trying period of their parturition, and in the seeds of their character, there seems to me no question. I dare not say how much of what our Union is owning and enjoying to-day,—its independence, its ardent belief in, and substantial practice of, radical human rights, and the severance of its government from all ecclesiastical and superstitious dominion,—I dare not say how much of all this is owing to Thomas Paine, but I am inclined to think a good portion of it decidedly is. But I was not going either into an analysis or eulogium of the man. I wanted to carry you back a generation or two, and give you by indirection a moment's glance; and also to ventilate a very earnest and, I believe, authentic opinion, nay, conviction, of that time, the fruit of the interviews I have mentioned, and of questioning and cross-questioning, clinched by my best information since,—that Thomas Paine had a noble personality, as exhibited in presence, face, voice, dress, manner, and what may be called his atmosphere and magnetism, especially in the later years of his life. I am sure of it. Of the foul and foolish fiction

yet told about the circumstances of his disease, the absolute fact is that he lived a good life, after its kind: he died calmly and philosophically, as became him. He served the embryo Union with most precious service,—a service that every man, woman, and child in our thirty-eight States is to some extent receiving the benefit of to-day; and I, for one, here cheerfully and reverently throw my pebble on the cairn of his memory. As we all know, the season demands—or rather, will it ever be out of season?—that America learn to better dwell on her choicest possession, the legacy of her good and faithful men; that she will preserve their fame, if unquestioned; or, if need be, that she fail not to dissipate what clouds have intruded on that fame, and burnish it newer, truer, and brighter continually."

MR. PETER BAYNE produced some year or so ago a very remarkable study of Walt Whitman's poems, which was printed in the "Contemporary Review," and has since been reprinted in several American periodicals. As showing the color of this criticism which Mr. Bayne submits to the moral world—he is a moralist of the pure type—several of the illustrations he has plucked from "Leaves of Grass" are here set forth with a touch of his grimly earnest accompanying comments. Whitman, in the eye of his critic, is guilty of "extravagant conceit." The following is submitted in evidence:—

"I connd old times:

I sat studying at the feet of the great masters:

Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me!"

"Much good would it do them!" exclaims Peter Bayne. Walt innocently remarks,—

"Oxen that rattle the yoke and chain, or halt in the leafy shade! what is that you express in your eyes?

It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life."

Whereupon Bayne: "Whitman's eulogists tell us he reads Shakspeare, Homer, and the Bible. Can they pretend to believe it to be anything but fantastic affectation to say that there is more in the eyes of oxen than in these?" 'Tis doubtful if Whitman ever had a critic in grimmer earnest. Once more. Says Whitman,—

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd;

I stand and look at them long and long,

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth."

Mr. Bayne is simply disgusted. He refers us to those industrious creatures, "the bee and the ant," and declares that Whitman's statements are neither "accurate nor sagacious." And then, with all gravity, he continues: "They are a confused echo, extravagantly absurd, of teachings which he has not understood,"—by which he means simply to say that our "barbaric" poet is an ignorant Darwinian.

But I cannot go with Mr. Bayne when he denounces Whitman for his religion. He says: "His extravagance in his pious tone is almost equally offensive." Indeed, I think Mr. Bayne gets a trifle mixed when he touches this phase of things. He has been so stirred up and shocked by the poet's line in praise of the "brutes"—

"They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God"—

that he has lost his way. Mr. Bayne loves to hear such discussions; or, at least, he thinks they ought to occur among *human* beings. So, when Whitman continues,—

"I say that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their Religion; Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur: (Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without Religion; Nor land, nor man, nor woman, without Religion),"—

Mr. Bayne (with a perversity I cannot explain) observes: "This is just as silly as to praise pigs and foxes for not worshipping God." Mr. Bayne is fully persuaded that Whitman has "no maxim which he more energetically enforces than this,—'Reverence nothing.'" He says of Whitman, "With a flourish of his pen he accounts for and effaces all gods," and quotes as follows:—

"Magnifying and applying come I,
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters,
Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah;
Lithographing Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules his grandson;
Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved,
With Celin, and the hideous Mexitli, and every idol and image;
Taking them all for what they are worth, and not a cent more;

* * * * *
What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?"

To conclude: I cannot, in perusing any of the above quotations, quite enter into Mr. Bayne's perturbed state of feeling. What do I care if Whitman "professes to 'inaugurate' a religion of which the one duty, the sole worship, is to be the 'dear love of comrades,'" or if he

does "speak with the authority of a founder of a new church"? This is a free land. I can still worship as I please. Says Whitman, as Mr. Bayne quotes him:—

"No dainty dolce affettuoso I;

Bearded, sun-burnt, gray-neck'd, forbidding, I have arrived,
To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of the universe;
For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them."

"These last two lines," says Mr. Bayne, "either mean nothing at all, or they announce that Whitman is a god." It may be so; but then Mr. Bayne has already quoted our poet to the effect that we are *all* gods. One thing offsets another. I am content. And so at last is Mr. Bayne; for he has found in Whitman's own words—"most reasonable of all his prophecies"—that which ought to satisfy him surely. Here is the "philosophical resignation" he is able at last to reach. All along he has desired to "cast his [Whitman's] works away," and now at last Whitman yields him comfort:—

"I bequeathe myself to the dirt;

If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles."

This, Mr. Bayne thinks, will do. And so think I. But if any one would further judge, and for himself, the "Leaves of Grass," since Mr. Bayne's critique, are to be found at all our most enterprising American book stores.

I HAVE been permitted to look over a portion of the manuscript of Samuel Johnson's forthcoming work on China. This volume will give us as full an account of Chinese civilization as his work published a few years since did of India. Starting from the characteristics of the Chinese mind, and recognizing its remarkable difference from the Hindu, it traces these peculiar traits to their grounds in human nature, and their relation to Universal ideas and principles, through an elaborate study of Chinese civilization in its productive elements, its structures of government and education, its rationalistic teachers, its religious and philosophical beliefs, and in especial relation to their bearings on the great problems—social, commercial, political, philosophical, and religious—of the present time. It is a contribution to the practical reconstruction of religion and philosophy on a larger basis than those special claims and symbols which are now yielding to the growing faith in science and the sympathies of races and creeds. One of the most interesting features is the connection of

Chinese philosophy with the principles of evolution, as developed in our Western Science. The author is a firm believer in evolution, but affirms also the infinite element, which, as Cosmical Mind, is essential to every step in the evolutionary process. The questions of civil service reform, of moral and intellectual tests for official functions; the failure of the missionaries in the work of converting China, and their success as physicians, surgeons, and translators of Chinese Scriptures for the uses of comparative religion; the history of the opium war and of European intercourse with China; the problem of Californian immigration; the special function of the Chinese in modern civilization; and the picture drawn of the industrial and social achievements of this hitherto uncomprehended people,—are all treated with great thoroughness.

The profound philosophy of Lao-tsé forms a pendant to the mechanical and institutional methods of Chinese culture, and its individualism is shown to be a reaction to noble personal principles and aims. Three new extended chapters on Buddhism are added to those in the former volume, explaining its philosophical evolution as a whole, and its special relation to China. Every great monument of the rational literature in all its branches, which has exerted important influence on the nation, is here analyzed, and referred to its place in the vast civilization of three thousand years; and ample extracts are given from them all. Ancestral worships, Patriarchalism, Fetichism, Chinese Theism, the national poetry in all its forms, and the evolution of language through all its stages, with special reference to the written signs of this remarkable literature, are each the subject of a chapter of philosophical inquiry.

The labor and extent of research to which the work bears witness, is perhaps at first the most noticeable fact about it. But the most important is certainly its contribution of original philosophical and religious thought to a subject which covers all the speculative and social aspects of our time. The timeliness of a work like this must also be felt,—coming, as it does, in the present state of our relations with a people whose character and history are likely to have so important an influence in shaping our own destiny.

CHattel slavery was one phase of the labor problem. The blacks emancipated rose to the level of the white race, so far as the law could affect them. Still remains the far more difficult problem of finding out and satisfying the just demands of labor,—not for one race, but for all, white as well as black. This new agitation passes out of the polit-

ical arena. Just so fast as the people come to perceive its true import, they will discover that it prophesies and proclaims a new moral growth, quickened by a new intelligence. It will be natural, however, for the poor, sharing the prevailing distemper, to seek first a political salvation. But escape from the luring but unreal might of the ballot will be their first great deliverance. Their remedy lies beyond and above all that legislation can do for them. Instead of a new labor party, a new labor college or institute will better serve their cause. The grievance is great, and not easily borne. But the sooner the complaining laborer is able to state his case, and intelligently show the nature of the injustice that keeps him down, spite of all his efforts to rise, the sooner will come the relief he is bound to have. Now, to a very great extent, the poor who work hard,—the "industrious poor," as they are frequently referred to by leading sympathetic journals,—know they ought to fare better than they do; yet they propose only to seize the first opportunity to mount into fortune that will inevitably send others to the hard fate they themselves have escaped from. I do not mean this is a deliberate purpose on their part; but simply that it is the necessary effect of the system they, with the rest of the world, still maintain. They are out; they would be in. There is no proposition going to show how *all* may go in. Coöperation is talked of, and serious attempts to put it in practice have been numerous. But no coöperative enterprise has yet found it possible to include universal interests. A class effort is fostered. The outcome cannot be prosperity for all.

Confess that the problem is difficult. Yet why should we hesitate to say that the goal to be *striven* for is the *annihilation of poverty*? I know a smile creeps over the face of the incredulous. They will say, "The poor ye have with you always." Armed with this old-time text, as though it were a justification rather than irony deep and reproaching, they will discourse of wise management, temperance, economy, etc. But it needs only a straightforward glance into the real facts of the case to perceive that rich and poor do not divide on any such line of merit and demerit: on the one side, all the sobriety, wisdom, and frugality the world contains; on the other, a woeful display of the lack of all these factors of success. Grant all that may be said in behalf of temperance, mother-wit, thriftiness, and whatever else is good for a man,—does it follow that all people thus armed could abolish their poverty, and still keep up the same money-getting conflict? Where there is conflict, there is a certainty that somebody will be pushed to the wall. Equal chances to join in a strife against each other for the necessities and comforts of life,—is that the solution we are to be content with?

Let us hope for better things. There is a sentiment of mutualism predominant throughout the world to-day as sentiment, that cannot pass away, but must be translated intelligently into the accepted laws of society. Society includes the world, not a part only. How to pass over into this new state in which the welfare of all shall find ample support, is the profound problem. There can be no peace until universal industry is heartily encouraged by being equitably rewarded. The late Josiah Warren pointed out, to my mind, the new adjustment the enlightened moral sense of mankind will ultimately accept. I can only here refer to one illustration, but it is one on which hangs a revolution. Reduced to its simplest terms, the new rule he proposed may be thus stated: *Price regulated by cost or damage to one's self, not by benefits conferred on others.* All of the civility of life now runs upon this principle. But when people "do business," and *mean* business, they regulate their conduct by exactly reversing it; their inflexible motto becomes: "Pay me according to the benefit you receive." Now it needs no argument to show that simply conferring favor upon others lays no basis for charge. "No trouble," we say. But just in proportion as it becomes trouble, involving time and labor, it squares with our sense of right to demand, if we choose, equivalents in return. All Mr. Warren asked was the application of this simple rule to the world's business. Test the matter of rent, interest, profit, in this way, and see the result. Rent would assume this equitable shape,—it would cover "wear and tear," sacrifice, and risk; enough to keep the owner in possession of capital invested. As for interest on money, the lender might find the damage done him so slight that he would waive all charge; or, on the other hand, he might make the loan at great inconvenience, in which case he would ask an equivalent. In either case—in all cases—his price would be modulated by the actual loss he sustained. As for profits, the idea would vanish in the effort to render unto all the full measure of their labor. Each would add to his capital by his own labor, not from the earnings of others. The claim of capital to increase without labor would be surrendered. For the moment it ceased making demands on labor for conferring benefits, it would have of itself no cumulative resource. The capitalist, in the present sense of the word, would disappear. All being laborers, each would have only the capital he was able to save up from his own earnings, unless enriched by voluntary gift from others. There would be as much of these saved earnings, or capital, as now: only it would not, as now, be gathered into few hands. By a natural, equitable distribution, secured by this rule of receiving compensation equivalent to sacrifice, capitalists, in the new sense, would arise by the million. The

war between labor and capital would end. A harmony of interests would develop ways and means for all great enterprises of mutual concern.

This may be a dream. But, if it be a dream of Equity, it will in due time pass into the life-blood of the people, and circulate, with every strong heart-beat, the blessedness of a peace the world has never yet known.

A CORDIAL greeting to "The Radical Review!" My friend, just gone from my studio, felt that the "Nineteenth Century," or some other less provocative title, would be preferable. But wherefore the "nineteenth," or any other century, that sailing under its partisan banner would be wisest! Not to reflect the passing time, the day's doings, to be newsy with "current events," as I gather and surmise, is to be the business of the new Quarterly. News it shall bring; news from the unseen—news from that which is not and is to be. To make history, not to write it: out of invisible truth newly to summon the social worth peoples and prophets long have waited for—be that the burden of its life. What word more fitting to describe this high intent than that chosen? No light and frivolous task; no mere addition to the ranks of aspirants for new or fine literature; but serious purpose and consecration; yet no lack of good cheer. There are those who love to paint "your genuine radical" grim, sour, void of patience. Never a graver mistake. Who sees the invisible shore, and sees how all tides and blowing breezes, as well as all thought and work, are thitherward driving,—can he turn sour-hearted?

I like full well the editor's purpose not only to "welcome all subjects pertaining to human welfare," but to hear differing views of the same subject. Let editor, contributors, and readers make this welcome "hearty and hot." Emphasize it. Let the old spirit depart. A margin of doubt as to one's own orthodoxy may prove no bad road to health. Wisdom is not born of conceit. No one is more unfree in mind than he whose politics, religion, philosophy, science, or whatsoever else, has so captured him that he can give patient audience only to his own thinking. It is not always the ignorant who are most ignorant and enslaved. Scholarship can fetter as well as liberate. "A little knowledge is dangerous," runs the proverb. But I have known cases when *much* knowledge has proven equally disastrous,—where the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" has been put out, or bartered for the light that cometh from behind over the shoulder. Man's eyes are set in the front of his head. He could have

been given no stronger hint that he was born for a forward, upward look. The true scholar will take his cue from this circumstance, and learn he is to see towards the future, as well as store his mind with the past. Wordsworth has these suggestive lines, worthy a place in the memory of all:—

"Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain."

SIDNEY H. MORSE.