

CHIPS FROM MY STUDIO.

HERE is the verse Carlyle loves to quote :—

The Future hides in it
Good hap and sorrow ;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

I ONCE offered a friend a book containing some "new views" of society, or rather, of the reorganization of society. "Is it millennial?" he asked. Though himself the advocate of "new views" of religion, he still held in a certain abeyance or dread almost every thing that implied the slightest disturbance of existing social relations. This seemed all the more strange to me inasmuch as his new religion, as he himself would contend, was chiefly to be commended because of its utility in the present world. I mistrust, however, to do him full justice, he was suspicious of a *nostrum*, some "universal cure," serviceable for all ills, and never failing. George Jacob Holyoake testifies that "Englishmen, as a rule, get so few generalized ideas into their heads, and are so afraid of any one who has any in his, that they make rather too much of one when they get it. If a new principle makes its way into their minds, whether political, religious, or social, they go mad about it for the first few years. They see nothing but that. Every thing else in the world is obscure to them; and they believe that their crotchet is the high road to the millennium for all the world." Fear of tumbling into some such vortex as this may have laid its restraint upon my friend. I would not, more than he, tumble into every such "millennial" rut. But of all things I would avoid fear. One must be free to listen to new views, let their advocates put upon their regenerating power however marvelous an estimate. What they bring may not explain the universe; but every thinking person, I am more and more led to believe, hits somewhere, and one can soon discover of what value these special hits may be for his or her own thinking.

He need not run after them, but, if such lions—or asses it may be—cross his path, he need not be frightened. The surest way not to fall into the individual rut is to lie open on one side, at least, for what invasions your fellows about you may be moved of the spirit to make, come they "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," or brawny with the day's common sense. As to new views being "millennial," in one sense, if they have the iota of a truth in their make-up to commend them, they certainly are. If truth were unmillennial, 'twould indeed be a wasting of time to entertain it. Though I do not envy that person, yet he who valiantly stands, through fortune adverse and crushing, even for one truth, swearing evermore that it is the sole pivot on which all else turns, may not be denounced as one gone mad and wholly wrong; for when we consider how all truths do tread one upon the other, the starting with any one of them seriously to embody it in social life, by the very necessity of the case, is an entrance to the citadel of all truth. In the working-experience of the race it will so prove, if not in the individual's limited career. Far better be the enthusiast of one idea than so all-sided and serenely broad as to be afraid to touch anywhere. Courage, then, brother, and patience,—even to confront millenniums!

By suppressing somewhat in the way of place and personal reference, I am enabled to publish a speech delivered before—thus much I may say—the "Invisible Club" at one of its recent meetings.—a speech which, to my mind, though a trifle audacious and not wholly sound in some parts, contains that which commends it, and is not without the merit of timeliness:—

"Now, friends, let me tell you, you are altogether too nice and mincing. You divide up into cliques and castes by far too much. Indeed, I do not know why one of you should put on airs. You don't know what you lose by your exclusive demeanor. Are you poets, or preachers, or philosophers, or governors, or merchants, or mechanics, or day-laborers on the street; rich or poor, learned or ignorant, saint or sinner,—you are all alike; just come out of your shells, and see! For myself, I would rather emulate the god who is no respecter of persons, and deal in friendliness with all people I meet, never driven from home in whatever corner of the earth. Often the laborer is more agreeable than the master, the maid than the mistress. I have often found more downright honesty and direct, manly speech among the 'roughs,' whom all men know as 'lawless and desperate' by the very

'cut of their jibs,' than among youths of much culture and pretension. Intelligence, too, resides as often with those unfamiliar with books, as with omnivorous readers. And religion, if I know its visage, sits often with more grace on the faces of unprofessionals. Refinement, also, I have been surprised to find genuine manifestations of under roughest exteriors. But, 'tis no use to dwell on everybody's experience. We all know how Burns's line has its world-wide applications,—

'A man's a man for 'a that.'

"What I have to say is that the best people are not all in one class. There is no class that does not contain them, and none that has not its due share of the worst. And then, even these worst have redeeming traits it will do to hitch to; so that we may take to ourselves no superiorities, but freely live, honoring all.

"I am free now to say that I truly sympathise with those who object to Fraternity and Equality being made into a cast-iron formula, so that impertinent creatures may wilfully thrust their society and claims upon you. I demand freedom, and will not be tyrannized over by this sort, more than by despots of nobler mien. 'Tis a friendliness not to brook such intrusion. This from no assertion of superiority, it may be, but say 'tis your whim, and that shall end it. The point is this: you deal thus with individuals, and are free to fraternize or exclude by genuine recognition of your personal likes and dislikes,—not doubting or denying all the while that those whose social overtures you refuse may and do have vast virtues and agreeablenesses to commend them; only, they are not so made up, and you are not so made up, that you two can flow on happily together. That is one thing; another, and quite unlike, is the inability to pass over class distinctions, and found your friendship in all ranks and races. I said in the beginning that we are all alike. This equality is not of merit, nor of greatness: rather of our nothingness: equal we are in God,—in being by our individual selves nothing. Who is great alone? Who is rich alone? Who is wise alone? Isolation, then, is weakness, poverty, ignorance,—blank and eternal. But in society we are heirs of all there is. You, and I, and every soul, is thus endowed: we are nothing; we are all the universe holds.

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

is the sole line of Lincoln's favorite verse I am unable to forget. Not proud, but full of content, as having all.

"The boldness of these impromptu utterances, friends, you will forgive, nor deem my paradoxes without point, since what we feel strongly, I am persuaded, goes hand in hand with the spirit of truth."

'EXTRACT from a letter to an acquaintance in Australia:—

"Your friend has brains: so he tells you. Do they count for nothing, —or as equal only to dull, brute, muscular force? Is his time not worth far more than that of the fellow who works on the road and digs your ditches? In short, being in possession of a goodly amount of brains, well cultured and mature, he, without challenge, ought to receive for the service he renders mankind much more abundantly of this world's goods than his horny-handed brother there,—whose brains are few, and whose culture is nothing to speak of,—for the labor he performs. If they exchange labor, measuring it by time, the disparity will be great. How great? 'Very great,' he will respond. Yes; he said that before. 'Well,' he replies, 'the fellow ought to have a comfortable living; but I require far more for my activity in the world than he does; my nature is more costly; it takes more to run me; besides, the more I have, the more I return to society. I am *useful* in proportion to my income.' This is your friend's gospel: he is a believer in it, and no shadow of doubt crosses his mind. The more he has, the richer is the rest of the world: that is his solace,—though, for the matter of equity, were he the only fellow with brains on this planet, the balance of the world could not compensate him overmuch for their use; he would be entitled to all they could rake and scrape, he using said brains of his to tell them where the raking and scraping should be done, and how many hours they should keep themselves at it. The question as to how much of other people's labor he should command as the equivalent of his own would be solved thus: he would take all he wanted, and they all he pleased to give them.

"Well, your friend is a type of the business world—in Australia. A man must be paid for his brains as if he owned them. 'What!' I hear your friend exclaiming; 'don't own his own brains? What is the world coming to?' Coming to the much talked of 'truth of things,' I hope. He need not be alarmed. There is no disposition to do him any harm; but only a harmless desire to show him how it is he is not bound to be hoggish on the sole ground that he is in possession of brains. He will excuse the phrase; I say it good-naturedly. In truth, I attach no blame whatever to him. Other people, endowed as he, would think the same, and act the same,—though his acting, as I have

noticed in your reports, in many instances is no. as his thinking, but vastly better. Personalities, then, aside; let us see what the nature of things has to say.

"I suppose that what is meant by 'brains' is not that they are so uncommon a thing with mankind generally; but that a certain number of people, by much painstaking and labor, have greatly improved the quality and the usefulness of their inherited portion, and that, in so doing, they have added to their costliness. So when they meet other people to exchange labor, they have a right to all the advantage this extra and prior labor of theirs will afford them. It means this, and it means something more. It means, further, that because the number of those who have brains thus skilled and apt for difficult tasks is comparatively small, that fact entitles them to a consideration which they would lose if the number was greater. There are two grounds of compensation: 1, culture; 2, culture only in a few. The first I admit. The second, though told every day of my life of the 'eternal and irreversible law of supply and demand,' I cannot fathom with any sense of simple equity I am in possession of. I will glance at these points in reverse order, the last first.

"1. Why should your friend charge for his labor all he pleases, irrespective of any principle of equity, just because he stands alone among his fellows, competent to do a particular kind of work? As I understand him, he has a perfect right to do this; in other words, his doing so is altogether fair and square. He cannot be complained of if he make his price so exorbitant—I need go no further. I have unwittingly used the very word that upsets the whole theory. I was going to say he could not be complained of if whole communities were put in such straits that, to purchase his services, they were forced to reduce themselves to abject and life-long servitude. But that one word,—current enough, I am glad to say,—that one word 'exorbitant' is proof irrefutable that equity cannot be established by laws of supply and demand. There is a sense of what is fair that this much-dwelt-upon 'law' will not explain. A man may not justly take more than the *equivalent* of his labor, be the circumstances as tempting as they may. More than that is 'exorbitant.' It is seen, nevertheless, that he is liable to do so. Examples are too numerous to doubt that such is the tendency. The quick wit of the world has also seen that he can be managed and effectually headed off in his vile extortionary practice by competition. No, I fear I am conceding too much. What people see is something akin to what Mr. Webster saw when he told the young lawyer that there was 'room up higher.' They see there is a chance for them,—each individual envious of your

friend who has the field all to himself with the ability to get royal compensation for his every stroke of labor—up where competition is not so active as it is down where they are; their aspiration being not to reduce your friend to equity, but to share his advantage. 'There's millions in it,' they shout, and up they go. The result, however, redounds to the general good, suggesting the old text, 'The Lord causeth even the wrath of man to praise him.' Here I touch what some are pleased to call the great 'incentive' to all improvement. Take away this impulse to struggle for the opportunities to gouge mankind, and you reduce all the world to an ambitionless dead level. Is it so? If it *be* so, I am sure it would be well if it were quickly done. Let us turn again, and live as the cattle,—

'they are so placid and self-contain'd;

* * * * *
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with 'the mania of owning things.'

But that there are other and higher incentives to industry and self-improvement all sane minds freely grant, and are indignant when they find they have laid themselves open to such an aspersion. 'Gouge mankind!' That they never meant, of course. But when a man hears that matches are going to be scarce, and goes directly and buys up all there are in his native village, that he may hold them for the big price, it isn't a very neighborly act, is it?

"We have seen, then, that your friend may be brought to equitable terms by competition. Shall we therefore rely on the 'law of supply and demand?' What becomes of your friend? Is he made a better man when he is brought down to decent behavior by the rigors of this law? Are all these others, whose 'incentive' was to pluck from golden opportunity colossal wealth, but who, rushing finally in too solid rank, tumble, or are thrown back by their infectious greed,—are all these moral-natured souls made happier at last, happier and better? I want your friend to see that competition, or the lack of it, is not the only thing that ought to persuade him from indulging in 'exorbitant' demands for his labor. If he has 'brains,' let him so use them that he shall not be the only soul disposed to give thanks. I do not urge him to philanthropy,—that is his own affair,—but to equity, pure and simple.

"2. This brings me to the second query: What extra compensation is your friend *entitled* to? He has already answered for himself sufficiently near the mark by laying his claim upon the basis of extra previous labor in preparing himself for to-day's work. Where he errs

is in falling into the far-spread delusion that this extra outlay is to be provided for by the advantage it affords him over his fellows in being able to charge a fancy price. The simple and honest way is to seek to exchange with his fellows equivalents of service. In naming his price he will ask, not what benefit his service will be to his neighbor, but what is the drain and damage to himself. His neighbor will consider the same question; and then time against time, in such proportions as their joint appeal to facts shall determine. There may arise a competition among his neighbors for the article or service he wishes to dispose of, and the temptation to wait for the 'highest bidder' may be strong; but I see no escape for him, if he will preserve his equitable intent, but in a faithful adherence to Josiah Warren's dictum,—'Cost the *limit* of price.'

"It were impossible here to anticipate, now that this brief communication is so near its end, the numerous objections which the mere suggestion of the 'cost principle' gives rise to. Nor shall I attempt it. Once let the moral sense of your friend play upon the old maxim that '*a thing is worth what it will bring*,' and he will work his own way, I do not doubt, to some other conclusion than that he should make the dire necessities of his fellow-men the basis of his wealth. On some future occasion I hope to take the subject up where I am now about to leave it, and supply to some extent the argument that will commend 'Equitable Commerce' to his more favorable consideration.

"But I must not close without a word in regard to the 'ownership of brains,' as I doubt not your friend is still curious as to the scope of the reform contemplated under that head. I do not at all imagine he is unduly agitated, for he knows as well as any one that 'possession is nine points of the law.' With the citadel so well defended, he may well feel he can scoff at danger. I mean to say—and I anticipate his concurrence—that no man can have so exclusive an ownership of his brains as to free him from obligations to the social state. However much he may do himself towards their culture, of which he is at least cognizant if not proud, the society in which he has lived has contributed its by no means inconsequential share. Let him 'put that in his pipe and smoke it.' Without society his 'brains' would be small in calibre and of little import. He would not even have the pleasure of a comparison with the inferior equipment of others. The President of Amherst College has said with much force, 'Endow a man with any possessions you please; give him any kind or degree of culture; let his culture be clothed and crowned with virtue till it shines like the sun, and lesser stars fade in his light; then leave him to himself; take away the restraints and incentives of society,—how long before his

glory will be gone?' Now, your friend and the world at large will respond heartily to all this, and yet, at the same time, remain wedded to the opinion that a man's brains are so much his own that he is morally free from observing a more devout respect for Equity than is forced upon him by the 'Law of Supply and Demand.'

"I take my present leave of the subject here."

THIS evening I talked with the conductor of a horse car on my way in from ———. He was intelligent, educated, and seemed to appreciate the situation. He averaged twelve hours a day, for which day's work he received one dollar and seventy-five cents. He had seen the time when he would have "turned up his nose" at such pay; but now he couldn't help himself; he was glad to get any thing to do, and most any kind of wages; he had friends enough who couldn't tell where their next meal was coming from; they belonged to the "tramp brigade," much against their will; they were "drafted, and couldn't get off, even on a furlough." I inquired after a conductor I used to know, whom of late I had missed. He had been discharged, not for any thing he did, but for something he omitted to do. The "spotters" didn't hear the sound of the "punch" as often as they thought they were privileged to. When he was paid off, he informed the Company that he had not worked for nothing. They judged he had not, as he soon went into a profitable business for himself. I said that I had read in some respectable daily journal that "the honest conductor regarded the punch as a badge of honor, the Company thereby assuring the public that here was a man who could be trusted to record the number of his freight." He smiled, and said, if they were obliged to wear a ball and chain, he supposed it would still be regarded as an honorable appendage by the enlightened press, which was always ready and eager to defend the upper dog. "Not so bad as that," I interposed. "They always take the side of the capitalist as against the laborer,—all the *respectable* journals do," he responded vigorously. I made some inquiries as to the management of the road in respect to the salaries of the different officers. "The President of the road is paid ten thousand dollars," he went on to say; "the Chief Conductor twenty-five hundred dollars,—or two thousand dollars by the Railroad Company and five hundred dollars by the Punch Company. He was influential in getting the punches introduced, and they have some sort of an arrangement. The punches are rented at twenty cents a day; each conductor has two. The Punch Company is making a big thing out of it; they wouldn't sell a punch for love or money. That makes forty cents

a day for each conductor. If they would add that forty cents to the conductor's wages, and whatever else they pay for spies, in my opinion it would be a better investment. There would be a few who would steal all they got, any way; but most of them, when they knew the square thing had been done by them, would reciprocate. As it is now, the Company says to every man, 'We've done our d—dest to fix you so you can't steal, and that makes a thief even of an honest man. If he's got to wear the name, he may as well have the game. The fact is, no conductor has any sympathy with the Company. If he does well, it's to keep his place. The thing ain't run right anyhow. If it's for the public, why don't the public manage it? Why does the city let a private corporation have such roads all in their hands? If the people had good sense, they would take all such things under their own protection. Fares on the roads could be reduced half, and gas could be furnished two-thirds less. All these corporations are just plundering the people, and there's no use in it.' I must not omit to report one other remark, which will further serve to show that a conductor on a horse-car may not be without a commendable public spirit. "I have as much pride in Boston as any man dare have; but I would like to see Boston welfare include all classes of people. Boston, of all cities, ought not to measure her prosperity by a few rich people. What kind of success is it, when only a few succeed and the rest fail,—and fail, not because they don't deserve success, but because, as things are arranged, success for them is impossible? There ought to be one city in the world—just for the novelty of the thing, if for no better reason—which would secure a chance of prosperity to all. They may talk as much as they please,—it isn't done; and those that have the upper hand don't want it done. I know, for I have been there, and have seen how things work. Don't you suppose I would like to do something besides just earn a living for myself? I would like to be able to contribute to the general good and pleasure by improving and beautifying the city. But I can't, and there are thousands like me. We can't on twelve dollars a week. But the President of the road, with his ten thousand, can. Now the question is, Are his two or four hours worth so much more than our ten or twelve?"

Of course I give this conversation from memory, but have made my report as faithful as possible. I have deemed its significance to lie in the expression of opinions indicating a new social science, which are by no means, as I have some opportunities for knowing, rare among this class of working people.

THE "Molly Maguires" are broken up. We are told that "the history of this terrible organization is, in fact, a portion of the history of trades-unionism. It was carrying to an extreme—a logical extreme—the notion that the accumulation of capital is a robbery of the laborer, and that any means to right the wrong is justifiable." I am by no means as well informed on the history of trades-unionism as I could wish, nor do I believe in the principle of its organization, which is a denial of individual liberty as regards the disposal of one's own labor; but I am entirely confident that no trades-union ever organized, in whatever part of the world, ever in word or deed proclaimed that "the accumulation of capital is a robbery of the laborer." Nothing of the sort. It cannot be shown of labor agitators anywhere. Trades-unionists have sought to *limit* the accumulation of capital in the hands of capitalists by asserting, and, so far as they could, enforcing, their own rightful claim to compensating wages. That they have been often exasperated and driven into violence no one needs, or cares, to deny. The principle of individual liberty of choice, which they have disregarded under the plea of mutual protection and benefit, is set aside no less arbitrarily by every government organized by force for mutual protection than the sun ever shone upon. It is the doctrine of protection denying free trade between nations applied to the different trades. The trades-union people have gone to school in the world's politics. If trades-unionism has logically run into this extreme of killing the enemy, National-Unionism has not been far from setting examples of extremeness in similar directions. I am aware that a difference may be pointed out in the two cases, but I see also a similarity that bodes no good for either.

But what my attention is more particularly called to is that, while great pains seems to be taken to emphasize all the atrocities of these late Molly Maguire murderers, little or no mention is made of the provocation in which the order first originated. That the order fell under the control of a set of very bad and desperate fellows is probably true; but without some adequate cause there could have been no excuse even for a suggestion of such a Union. I have seen but one attempt to explain the origin of the "Mollies" which has seemed to me at all reasonable. I find in the New York Herald of June 15 a statement by a correspondent to which I give full credence. The writer refutes the assertion, freely made by some, that the Molly Maguire organization is only a dark and deadly deduction from the idiosyncrasies of Irish character, and says: "Disguise it as we may, this organization and its crimes are part of the contest between labor and capital, and,

but for this contest, the Molly Maguires would never have been known to America." A part of the further statement he makes is as follows:

"Up to the beginning of the war nobody ever heard of the Molly Maguires, or the Bucksots, or the Black Spots, or the Sleepers. With the war came an unexpected development of the coal regions, and with this unexpected development disorder and anarchy. Coal commanded enormous prices, and the supply was unequal to the demand. New mines were opened and new collieries established in every direction, and yet the supply fell below the demand. Even black dust sold as coal; and slate and shale, and indeed a y thing that was dark in color, was weighed out to the unresisting customer as fuel. The carrying companies prospered as they had never prospered before, and used the extraordinary surplus they had acquired in this unexampled era of prosperity to become coal-mining as well as coal-carrying companies. In a few years the six great transportation companies owned all the coal lands in the anthracite region. In the "London World" of only a few days ago I find an interview with Mr. Gowen, which is reprinted with approval in the "Pottsville journals, which not only comes by authority, but is in itself as clear an exposition of the origin of these Molly Maguire outrages as it is of the arguments upon which the President of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company expects to raise money in the English markets.

"I found," he said, "that thirty million dollars had been spent in constructing lines to certain mineral basins, and that these lines had no value whatever except for the mineral traffic they carried. Yet anybody else was free to make a line to the same point, and so run our line. I therefore deemed it a measure of safety to purchase these mineral basins entirely, and the fifty million dollars which this required left us rather bare of money. Then came long continued depression, arising from various causes and local troubles; and now, in order to put the property on a thoroughly sound footing, we want a little time." If Mr. Gowen's frankness had continued, he would have added that the same policy which induced the aggrandizement of the coal basins had also compelled the oppression of labor, and that the "local trouble" to which he referred was the rebellion of the laborers against a grinding monopoly that had undertaken more than it could perform. Without excuse as the Molly Maguire murders are, the Molly Maguire opposition was the natural and necessary outgrowth of the policy pursued by the great mining and carrying companies, which combine to make coal cheap at the mines and dear in the market, because both the producer and the consumer are at their mercy."

It is much too common with us all to look on one picture, and not on the other. There is woe enough pronounced on the offences that come, but not a careful disposition to discern "by whom the offence cometh."

RECENTLY a chance acquaintance of mine was a young Russian, who could "speak not much English." He had a thoughtful, serious face, for one of his age, and a certain dignified demeanor that arrested my attention, especially as he had accosted me asking alms. I felt instinctively, though his years might not justify it, that he was not with-

out some unusual experience of an ennobling, heroic sort. Our conversation was brief, and my questioning not at all prompted by a curiosity to try his honesty. That I conceded at once. The impression he made upon me was of one fallen into adverse circumstances, yet retaining pride of character and a reserved purpose for the future. He was down for the time, but was not likely to stay down. His story ran thus. He was six months away from Russia,—three or four months alone in this country. His sister came with him, and died. They "was run away from government." They "join the Revolution, get suspect, and hurry away." His "sister write book to make mad the peasants; they too stupid to know much; by and by they get some sense, and do some great thing; get free the whole Russia, and have no Tzar; poor people be free, and enough to live and be educated." He would "go back some day, and help." He came to America with about one thousand dollars; he had got no work yet, and the money was gone,—but may be he would get some by and by. He "must get some to send back to the Revolution." As he came to talk of the "Revolution," his speech and gesture became very emphatic and earnest.

I recall the above related incident at this time upon reading in the "Nineteenth Century" a paper on "Russian Revolutionary Literature." The writer gives, in some detail, an account of the recent trial in St. Petersburg, "which reveals the inner working of a Russian secret society of the most revolutionary nature."

"The prisoners belonged, most of them, to the always interesting class of revolutionary enthusiasts; and their proceedings, though almost insanely unwise, are rendered to some extent romantic by their nature and pathetic by their result." Their leaders "were all persons of more or less culture, being what we should call 'gentlemen and ladies,' but their aim was to carry on a revolutionary propaganda among the common people.

"With this intention they disguised themselves, adopting the dress of the peasants and artisans, and by this means obtained access to manufactories and other centres of labor. Having become personally acquainted with small groups of their fellow workers, they then proceeded to inculcate their peculiar doctrines, recommending them at times in conversation, but more often relying upon the efficacy of the secretly printed books, to which they seemed to attribute a kind of magical influence. With a child-like faith, resembling that of many of our own tract distributors, they held that a good deed was done whenever one of their seditious publications was placed in a workman's hands, and they toiled on, in spite of meeting with little or no encouragement, with a determination worthy of a better cause."

As touching the character of these revolutionists it is shown that men and women alike were ready to undertake any hardship, and perform the most menial of services, in carrying out their plans.

"The most interesting by far of the conspirators are the women. The type of character which they represent is one which is very unfamiliar with us. We find it difficult to believe that young girls, belonging to what we should call the upper middle classes, well educated, and by no means destitute of culture, can leave their homes and go away of their own free will, to lead a hard life among strange people of a lower class,—all for an idea. We can understand such a sacrifice being made in the cause, let us say, of religion or loyalty, but for the sake of irreligion and disloyalty it appears unaccountable. Yet it is just because these young women refused to respect any existing laws, whether claiming to be of divine or of human origin; because they looked upon Church and State as equally obsolete institutions; and because they wished to sweep away all political and social distinctions, and to leave nothing but a common land equally divided among the working classes,—that they gave up their homes, and severed themselves from their kith and kin, and went into the wilds of Russian city life as Nihilistic Missionaries. They had nothing to gain by the changes they desired to bring about; they had every thing to lose, if their efforts should be detected. And yet they worked on, amid discouragement and discomfort, with never ceasing energy and determination."

Their propagative literature is in many respects remarkable, evidencing a genuine movement of thought on topics regarded as of prime and pressing importance. It reveals a philosophy as well as a purpose, and, if revolutionary, it is revolution with intelligence. The "Tale of Four Brothers" is related as follows:—

"There were once four brothers who lived in a forest, unconscious of other folk. But at last one day they chased a bear to the top of a mountain, from which they got their first view of the outer world, and saw villages and homesteads, and men tilling the soil. So they determined to explore the new land which lay before them, and to make acquaintance with the ways of civilized men. The first man they met strongly recommended them to go back to their forest home; but they paid no attention to him. The next passer-by was a pilgrim, who sang, as he went, a doleful song, the burden of which was,—

'I roamed all over Russia: groans the moujik and moans;
From hunger he moans, from hunger:
From cold he groans, from cold.'

Hearing this, the brothers took counsel together, and resolved to separate for a time and travel in different directions, and then to come together again and compare accounts, so as to find out where men live most comfortably. One of them, Ivan, went northwards. Coming to a village, he was surprised to find the peasants hard at work beneath a blazing sun, while a landed proprietor was looking lazily on. Venturing on an expostulation, all that he gained was a flogging, whereby he at length understood that laws mean this,—that the rich man may bully the poor, and the poor man must put up with every thing, and always hold his peace, and grovel, moreover, at the other's feet. A little later he was told by an old man, with whom he drank, all about the peasants: how they were serfs until they were freed by the Tzar, and how arbiters were appointed from among the gentry, who gave only bad land to the peasants, and called in soldiers to shoot them if they complained. Musing on all this, Ivan went further. Many villages and towns did he visit; every-

where was life bitter to the peasant and the workman. At last he witnessed a case of such oppression on the part of a village elder that the peasants mutinied. The police came and seized Ivan as ringleader, and he was sent to Siberia. Meantime the second brother, Stepan, had gone south. There one day he found an official arbiter attempting to force some villagers to accept the worthless land he wished to allot to them as their official share. As they refused to agree, the arbiter called in soldiers, who attacked the people. In the fight that ensued a young soldier killed his father. Horror-struck at the sight of the old man's blood, the soldier turned and slew the arbiter, whose orders had brought about the parricidal deed. The other soldiers were then beaten off by the villagers, whom Stepan proceeded to harangue, saying that the soldiers ought to make common cause with the people, and all Russia ought to rise in simultaneous rebellion, and not go on trusting to the Tzar. 'It seems to me a shame that so many millions of men should be able to do nothing for themselves, but should go on trusting in some one else.' But the peasants merely replied: 'We'll hand you over to the authorities for such speeches.' At last they did so, and Stepan was sent to Siberia as a rebel. The third brother, Demian, had visited the cities of Eastern Russia, and there worked hard. But, however much he toiled, he never could do more than barely support existence. Money he could by no means acquire, for the employers of labor kept it all for themselves. One day he was present when some villagers refused to pay their taxes, saying that they were too poor to do so. A priest was sent for, who urged them to obey the authorities, whereupon Demian argued the point with him; and the result was that he also was sent to Siberia. Thither also, about the same time, was the fourth brother sent. He had been so delighted by the sight of a monastery, with its white walls, and green roofs, and gilded domes, rising amid trees on a cliff above a river, and so struck by the interior of its church, in which pilgrims knelt, and monks sang, and tapers burnt, and incense smoked, that he asked leave to live in it as a servant, thinking it a kind of Sacred Paradise. But, to his horror, he found that the monks were dissolute hypocrites, and the abbot an impostor, who used mechanical means to draw tears from the eyes of a miraculous picture and money from the pockets of the faithful. For attempting to reveal this and similar frauds, Luke was seized by the people, and sent, like his three brothers, to Siberia. On the road leading 'from dear mother Russia to step-mother Siberia,' the four brothers met again. Comparing their experiences, they came to the conclusion that nowhere was there to be found a place in which poor people live happily. But the time would come, they all agreed, when the people would rise in revolt, and their oppressors would be overthrown, and the poor man would be able to live at ease. Thereupon they all four made good their escape. 'And from that time forth they have been traversing Russia, ever rousing the peasants, inviting them to the bloody feast. They wander north, south, east, and west. Nobody knows them, no eye sees them, but all can hear their loud-sounding voice. And at the sound of that voice the peasant takes courage, lifts up his downcast head, feels his blood spring like a fountain within him, and is ready to stand up for his liberty, for his land, and for his freedom, from taxes. And when they have enlightened all the peasantry, mother Russia will resound with a mighty music, and will roll like the blue sea, and with mighty billows will she drown all her evil foes.'

Another of these tracts is called the "Khitraga Mekhanika," or "Cunning System," and is a treatise on political economy designed to

instruct the peasantry as to whence their incomes are derived and how they are spent. Its purport is as follows:—

“The moujik works incessantly, endures the heat of summer and the frosts of winter, and gathers together a few roubles, most of which are swept away by the tax-gatherer, for from hard-earned gains of the poor are formed the riches of the State. Out of these riches go nine millions of roubles to the Tzar, and one hundred and seventy millions to the army and navy; and all that is allotted to the share of the working classes, who really supply the money, is seven hundred and sixty thousand roubles for national schools.”

The “Story of a Copeck” is a most interesting “tract,” and is so briefly told that I will transcribe it also:—

“Russia was a pleasant country to live in when there were only peasants in it. But as there was consequently no sin there, the devil neither slept nor broke his fast for seven years, at the end of which time he invented priests. Two similar periods of abstinence subsequently qualified him for the invention of landed proprietors and traders. All of them were well received by the peasants, whom they soon got into their hands. One day a peasant asked mother Earth where he could find a copeck. The answer was ‘Dig.’ So he dug and dug, and at last he found the coin. This he gave to the priest in exchange for a crumb of bread, and the priest gave it to the sacristan, telling him to get therewith a pig. And the sacristan took it to a tradesman, and demanded in return for it a pig and a honeycomb. And the tradesman took it to the peasant, and told him to produce a pig, and a honeycomb, and a wolf-skin. The peasant handed over the pig, and went into the forest, where he found wild honey and slew a bear. The bear-skin he took with honey to the tradesman, who gave him the copeck, but insisted on his leaving a part of his apparel behind, as he had brought the wrong kind of fur. The copeck he straightway carried to his landlord’s house, as money due to him. After this he met with a series of accidents, resulting in the return of the copeck into his hands. Thereupon he determined never to part with it again. And he kept his resolution, although first the police, and then the soldiers, were sent to take it from him. And one night, as he slept, the copeck came to him and led him to a sage, who ordered a bird to carry him away to a far-off land. There he saw the harvests being gathered by joyous bands of peasants, working together like so many brothers. There, he was told, there were no authorities, no traders, no landlords, no priests. Therefore fraud, and oppression, and sorrow were unknown, and all men lived in peace and unity. When he awoke, he went forth into the world as the apostle of such ideas as were realized in that happy dream-land.”

There is one pamphlet entitled “From Fire into Flame,” which treats directly of the freedom of the serfs, and states that to which the prevailing condition of the emancipated race in our own country helps to give the aspect of truthfulness. The statement is that the peasants, though prizing their freedom as sure to work them in the long future a good result, are now no better off

“Only one-fifth of the soil has passed into their hands. The gentry have kept the other four-fifths for themselves; so that, while each peasant holds only three desiatines, the shares of their former masters average six hundred and seventy-three apiece. There are even worse evils than this to complain of. ‘The former system was like a wolf falling upon a man in a thick wood. The present one is like a swamp full of leeches,’ which suck his life’s blood. The yoke of the capitalist is heavier now than in former days was that of the serf-holder. . . . An average Russian family of five persons may obtain from their land each year about one hundred and ten cwt. of corn, which is valued at one hundred and eighty roubles. This leaves the family about half a rouble—or eighteen pence—a day to live upon, supposing that they make enough by their winter handiwork to pay all dues and taxes, reckoned at one hundred and fifty roubles. But if the lands were properly divided, the peasants would be at least ten times as rich as they are now.”

There is a vast deal of this sort of literature, setting forth with more or less skill in poetry, fiction, and argument, the evils and sorrows of the “Troublous Time in Russia,” and proposing rebellion as the sole efficient remedy.

“In rebellion lies the sole chance of saving the people from the poverty, hunger, and cold which it endures, and from the final destruction which awaits it in the future; rebellion against landholders, against labor employers, against the Tzar, and against every authority which undertakes to defend the spoilers of the people. . . . There draws nigh the terrible, deadly contest between the working people and their oppressors. Already over all the land are spread our friends and comrades; already do they everywhere secretly sharpen their knives and prepare matches. Like a torrent will blood flow; like a burning sea will glow fires. But as rusty iron is purified in the furnace, so will the world also be renewed when that struggle is over.”

“Arise, stand up, O working people!
Hungering brother, rise against thy foes!
Spread abroad, O cry of national vengeance!
Forwards!

“The Vampire-Tzar sucks thy veins:
The Vampire-Tzar drains the people’s blood.
He requires soldiers for the army;
Send him thither, then, your sons.
Feasts and palaces by him are needed;
Give him, then, thy blood.”

A “Poem by a Working Man,” is thus translated:—

“It is not the grass that is sighing in the steppe,
Nor the wind moaning in the oak-wood.
A bold and mighty cry makes itself heard,—
It summons us to war with the foe.
It is not falcons that are flying, scenting corpses nigh at hand;
It is the working folk rising in arms
To avenge their sires and grandsires!

"Let us forth, then, brothers in friendship,
To quaff together the cup of Fraternity!
And above fallen monarchism,
To unfurl the banner of Equality!"

FROM all accounts it appears that the Russian Empire is honey-combed, as is indeed the whole continent of Europe, with a restless socialism, which, spite of all repressive measures, is steadily increasing in power of numbers and strength of intellectual conviction. What does it all portend? The writer of the paper in the "Nineteenth Century," to whom I am greatly obliged for these paragraphs, is of opinion that these revolutionary societies, especially in Russia, are of no great political significance. As was developed, he thinks, in the recent trial at St. Petersburg, the mass of the peasants do not appear to relish the doctrines thrust upon them. Yet he believes it advisable for the "authorities to think seriously of providing other outlets than now exist for the self-sacrificing enthusiasm which at present drives so many of the Russian youth of either sex into rebellion." He also concedes that "there must be something radically wrong in the institutions of a country where the good qualities of its inhabitants become enlisted on the side of rebellion." Nevertheless, he regards "rebellion" as "criminal," and is pleased to think the Russian working people turned a deaf ear to "revolutionary appeals." "Criminal as was their conduct, it is impossible not to feel pity for enthusiasts who gave themselves up for an idea to an almost certain fate." He characterizes their literature as "trash." Elsewhere I have quoted his expression of surprise that such sacrifice as the lives of these conspirators illustrated could be made "for the sake of irreligion and disloyalty,"—a "surprise" which could only originate, in my judgment, in an utter failure to understand the true character alike of religion and of loyalty. It is time to learn that sacrifice for humanity is the only practical act a true religion can exhibit. We have had enough of piety that sings praises to God and takes the side of the oppressor. Let men deny God, if they will: it shall be forgiven them. But whoso denies the claims of human nature is for ever the only atheist the world needs to fear. Irreligion! Young men who will leave comfortable homes and all "fair prospects of advancement, personal gain, to toil at common trades and in factories;" young women who will forsake refined society, ease, and luxury, renouncing marriage that they may become apostles of an idea, wearing the dress of the common peasant women, going barefooted, fetching water, doing all the work of the house for themselves and their brother propagandists,—what shall we say of such devotion? What

judgment pronounce upon young men and women whose self-surrender rises until its conspicuousness astonishes even stupidity itself? Simply this: if religion is *not* there, religion has missed one more golden opportunity of commending itself to mankind.

As to the "disloyalty" of these people, what a strange perversion of every iota of justice does such a charge contain! Here, again, it is time to learn that loyalty is not fealty to reigning usurpation, though it be clothed in sacred robes of State. No soul in Russia owes loyalty to Emperors or nobility. And this is what the "social propagandists" have discovered. Their devotion is to mother Russia,—to the cause of human rights and duties among the people. Against this cause 'tis the Tzar and his minions who are in arms, maintaining a long and bloody conspiracy.

I do not forget the "philosophy of evolution" that will historically justify the pretensions of the Tzar; but it will also justify the "Revolution," which cries, Down with him, and all the unjust ways and devices he upholds, in the name of *Providence!*

I know a sentiment of this nature has an unpleasant sound to many good people, because it appears to sanction violence and bloodshed. But a previous question it were well to ask,—who is responsible for this disturbance of social peace? If it be seen that the government itself is the real invader,—the lawless party that robs and murders without restraint,—then the "Revolution" may assume the aspect of the party that is striving—not always wisely, perhaps, but striving after what sort it can—to protect society and insure domestic welfare and peace. I am certainly no advocate of war; but, if it must needs come, I can see that it is no more attractive, or deserving of apology, when instituted by despotic governments than when resorted to by oppressed people impatient for their liberties. My sympathies are assuredly with the latter. Mr. Seward used often to repeat that "under despotic governments the people must redress their grievances by the bayonet; under republics their reliance is on the ballot." Neither, in my judgment, are final, as nothing can be final that rests on *will*. Intelligent recognition and free acceptance of the right is the only finality. Until that time, men will bayonet and ballot, and the best one can say is, "May the best side win, be it 'established government' or 'Revolution!'" In Russia, success to "Revolution!"

MR. WALTER SMITH, the Director of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, has fearlessly discharged a duty for which he is likely to get no great praise. In company with the mayor of Boston, and other of-

officials, Mr. Smith has visited Deer Island, the home of juvenile offenders, to whom he made a speech which was quite out of the line of the hum-drum oratory usual on such occasions. If those who invited Mr. Smith do not desire him to go again, they can say so; but for once, at least, we have the felicity of acknowledging that under official sanction the *truth* has been told—told without reserve or fear. I wish to record my own faith and pleasure in the manly and heroic speech. Here is a passage:—

"You have been told to-day that you have most of you committed crimes, and that you are down just now, but that you can reform and get up again. I've no doubt that that is true; but there is another view of this matter which I take, and that is that your crimes against society are not half as black or as numerous as society's crimes against you. The blame doesn't all belong to one side. Keep up your hearts, boys, even if you are down; for the society which cannot get along without shutting up three hundred boys on an island in Boston Harbor is a bigger failure than you are; you may be down, but this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century is lower down. Don't you go and believe that we have all come here to-day to patronize you. We have come to ask you to forgive us, and make friends with us. We want to atone to you for our blunders. The sight of three hundred boys shut up in prison is enough to make a thoughtful man shudder, the angels weep, and everybody lose faith in the progress of the age.

"Count me on your side, boys, and let us tell the Governor of this Commonwealth, and the Mayor of this city, and the legislative and administrative and educational bodies represented here to-day, that they are all bigger failures than we are, or we should not be here. Don't let the manhood be crushed out of you because you are here. It is not so much of a disgrace for you to be here as for us to be here. We come down as grown men to confess to you small boys that we are not intelligent enough, don't know enough, to keep you boys out of prison; although as legislators, administrators, teachers, it is our business to do so.

"I don't doubt but that every one of your distinguished visitors will allow that we are penitent for our sins, and want to make amends, and don't feel any disgrace in this true penitence, or in the honest desire on our part to do better in the future. So, boys, you can, not only count me in on your side, but also count as friends all your visitors. We are all tarred with the same stick. I am just as much ashamed of being here to-day as you are; but we are going to try and do better, and want you to do the same. Let us all start fair in the same race, and may the best horse win; or rather, let us say that this is a race in which every good horse *must* win, if he will only run; and, when we have all won this race, you won't be in Deer Island Reform School, and no other little boys and girls will need to be sent here; and then there will be no necessity for mayors, aldermen, clergymen, and school-teachers to come and talk to them."

There are enough, I dare say, who will take or feign alarm at this bold statement, and be ready to cry Mr. Smith down as not a public benefactor. I perceive without surprise the distress of 'The Nation,'—a journal of such moral elevation it could see only virtue in the ad-

vice that a Republican member of the last electoral college should feel himself at liberty to betray the confidence of his constituents. The bewilderment of this journal is so utter it is "driven very close to the conclusion that the desire to improve their fellows carries men constantly along the very edge of the abyss of mental unsoundness," and is for a time in doubt if it has not fallen on some "extract from a farce by Mark Twain." The fact that those having charge of this Deer Island Reformatory should "permit an harangue containing such ridiculous jurisprudence shows how far this craze has gone." Following in this wake comes "The Inquirer," a journal of liberal theology published also in New York: "We would not treat any one harshly, but there are some interests bound up in civilization the defence of which occasionally requires plain language and prompt and decided action." I have not noticed that any like outburst has taken place here in Massachusetts, but do not doubt there are those capable of it. What Mr. Smith has courageously done is to step over the line dividing two philosophies. Not at all new in the world, either of them; but the increasing intelligence of mankind has furnished a steadily growing importance to the one, that is beginning to render the defenders of the other, who for ages have had all things their own way, alert and demonstrative. Their tone, of course, is that of persons rooted in common sense, scornful of wings and all high flying. It is their pride to remain "level-headed." They sit serenely on the walls of our Zion of civilization, and see danger only in the guise of "too much philanthropy." It is their unflinching mission to repeat the rigors and the righteousness of the Law. Meanwhile, however, heedless of their evil prophesying, a new spirit is taking possession of the world, and even in some degree of these iron-clad, solid men themselves. A change has crept over the spirit of their dream,—if they will pardon the bare supposition that they have ever lapsed into dream-land. Their ancient philosophy, as "The Nation" follows, down to "the beginning of the present century," proclaimed that the "rule of personal responsibility for all misfortunes and offences" should be "mercilessly, and even savagely, applied. . . Criminal jurisprudence had but one object in view, viz., to rid the world of law breakers, or else make them as wretched in it as possible." But there came a reaction, and we had a new illustration of "the falsehood of extremes." This "diminished the falsehood of the other extreme, and made legislation for the repression of crime rational." It is encouraging to be informed by so high an authority that the "sentimental reformers" have been successful in accomplishing even that much. When legislation begins to be "rational," we may all take hope. It is pretty certain, however, that in the old time, when "no

defects of education—no temptations, surroundings, or physical weaknesses—were allowed to temper punishment," those stern administrators of law did not deem their conduct *ir*-rational. It is, moreover, not difficult to show that, if the doctrine of "personal responsibility," as announced by "The Nation," is the only one to be enforced upon the criminal, "defects of education, temptations," &c., do not properly come in to "temper punishment," or affect it in any way. We are told, "If there be any lesson which a boy who has begun his career by crime, and whose training and surroundings in his earliest years have been evil, needs to learn, it is that there is nobody on earth to blame for it but himself." So monstrous a declaration is hardly to be credited even to the *un*-sentimental school to which "The Nation" belongs. One would ask what is the significance of the phrase, "whose training and surroundings in earliest years have been evil"? Has the boy "begun his career by crime" in consequence of this "early training," or was that without importance or effect on his "career"? If it is to be counted in as having had some weight in deciding his character, then why is it so essential that he should be made to believe (or "learn") a lie? Because, answers "The Nation," for him to learn a contrary lesson will "stifle the seeds of manly resolution and noble ambition." Comment is superfluous.

The change in criminal legislation which "The Nation" speaks of—from "merciless punishment" to "judicious punishment"—was undoubtedly effected by the gradual growth in the public mind of a conviction that there is at least a divided responsibility which the so-called criminal and society do rightfully share. Not only the boy needs to be impressed with the truth, but society, which presumes to undertake his chastisement, needs to put away its phariseism, and humble itself to the fact of its own complicity in the crimes it proposes to abate or altogether check. It will do no harm to preach once more, with wider application, the famous and searching "sentimentalism" of Jesus, "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." I agree entirely that "there is no foundation for private or public morality but the individual conscience," and it is for the good reason that conscience *was* appealed to when the prisoners at Deer Island were told that society takes "shares" in their disgrace,—that they are not alone to blame,—that Mr. Smith's words become, to my mind, not a "tramp's gospel," but the sole gospel of truth effective to "convert the criminal." He did not speak for any effect on legislation, but to restore, if possible, the broken union of feeling between the unfortunate youths before him and the rest of society. "The law cannot prescribe the performance of the virtues." Mr. Smith left the law behind, and bridged the gulf

which the law helps to create, confessing the truth, and making humanity whole once more. He did not go breathing thanks to God for his own immaculateness; he said in substance: "If any are sinners, all are sinners together; let us confess our faults one to another, and start anew to strive for a common welfare." It was religion,—the religion of humanity; of which there is none too much preached on Deer Island or elsewhere.

Forty years ago Dr. Wm. Ellery Channing wrote the following, which I am glad to reproduce here as a contribution to the subject I have been considering above:—

"The time has come when the history of pauperism should be written out fairly, fully, without compromise or concealment. The materials are ready at hand, stored in well-arranged statistics; and modern society has reached a point of view which enables us to overlook the progress of this desert, whose moving sands are drifting in to swallow in desolation gardens and cornfields, temples, law-courts, and homes. To any one who will fairly study out the problem it will soon become evident that pauperism, if it may be said without paradox, is one of the *regular institutions of our so-called Christian and civilized communities*. By our present modes of industry and division of profits, we as irrevocably doom a class of our fellow-beings to the unutterable sufferings, anxieties, fears, temptations, crimes, and nameless and nameless plutions of pauperism, as the laws of Hindostan condemned the Pariahs to their all but brutal degradation. The energy and ingenuity of a score of Bonapartes, directed to this point, could not prevent, as society is now constituted, a certain number of our fellow beings from undergoing this unmitigated penalty of *living death*. We read with horror of the tyrant who sought to renovate his diseased frame by a bath of children's blood. Society perpetrates this crime each day anew. A man's meanwhile conscience is lulled to sleep by the lie that pauperism is a self-inflicting woe; that the poor man deserves his prison of a cellar or garret in crazy, ruinous houses, amidst foul streets, unventilated, unwatered, unlighted; deserves temptations of dens of drunkenness and stews of prostitution, with their revelry, opposite his window, beckoning him to forgetfulness; deserves that his children, ragged and shoeless, should learn to gamble, and lie, and swear, and thieve in the streets, without schools, which they are not clean or whole enough to enter, without one healthful influence of order, while himself and wife, each more wretched than the other, in petty chores are seeking to earn a few pence whereby to buy musty bread, and food half decayed and putrid; deserves to be shoved aside, scowled upon, cursed at, excluded from church and social assemblies, and made to feel by every word and look that his brothers wish him dead and out of the way; and when goaded, frenzied, heart-sick, hopeless, he helps himself to the least portion of society's superfluities, or forgets in his own wrongs another's rights, that he deserves a stone cell and barred window, and a clanking iron door, a coarse, striped convict's suit, and the brand of disgrace. In the name of humanity, if he, being poor, deserves all this, what does society deserve that first makes him poor and then torments him? The deservings of a human being may be summed up in saying, *as a*

man he claims from his brothers, and has a right to claim, every facility to become and do all that his Maker purposed, and the removal of every hindrance in his way?

Gov. Chamberlain's masterly speech at Woodstock fell on unwilling ears. The country had made up its mind to abandon, for the next four years at least, the white and black races of the South to themselves. Grant, in the last hours of his administration, had discovered this to be the drift of popular sentiment. Hayes, encountering that same tendency, made a virtue of it, and called it "reconciliation." Harmony was to be restored between the two sections, and only one way lay open,—the withdrawal of Federal interference in local State affairs." That was the phrase, though Gov. Chamberlain shows unmistakably that the interference complained of had been simply a discharge of the national government's duty to suppress "domestic violence." Grant never did more than this; when he did less, it was in deference to public opinion. Hayes has disregarded his constitutional obligation entirely in this respect, and left white usurpation triumphant, as the surest way to end "domestic violence." It was as if he had been commissioned to interfere in a contest between two boys, and maintain the side of the one in the right. Instead of doing this, he made up his mind which of the boys, if left to themselves, would whip, and advised the other to submit, or run away. His advice is heeded, but the small boy retires exclaiming that the President didn't do his duty. He never so much as asked who was right, but only who was stronger. This is exactly parallel with the President's dealing in the Southern question. His constitutional duty was to inquire into the right and wrong of the case, and then maintain the right with all the force at his command. The solution of the difficulty he reached was that "Might" must be left to "make Right." The plea that, at the time of his withdrawal of the troops, there was no "domestic violence," within the meaning of the Constitution, visible to his eye, Gov. Chamberlain has sufficiently exploded; the fact being as it would appear in the case of the two boys above referred to, had those combatants, at the moment of the President's arrival on the scene, been simply not pommelling each other's bodies, but standing at bay,—the smaller boy, if you please, under cover of a wood-shed, whither he had been driven; the larger fellow holding possession of all territory beyond, standing and awaiting the nature of the President's decision. No one in his senses would proclaim that this arrested strife did not still denote a belligerent attitude, nor doubt the intentions of the big boy, if foreign aid did not come to the relief of his antagonist. He had nothing to lose—any more than Nichols—by waiting; on the contrary, there

was the show of magnanimity, which would be sure to tell in his favor. It is still claimed by some of the journals, which have set themselves as flint to the defence of the President, that he has *not* been remiss in constitutional duty, because—to quote the Boston "Evening Transcript"—"he saw no warrant in the Constitution for maintaining State governments by the national military arm, which, if left to themselves, would inevitably fall." The force of this remark is easily shown by asking, What State government *not* likely to fall if "left to itself," would ever ask for Federal interference? Either there is, or is not, such a thing as "domestic violence" which the National Executive is bound, when properly summoned, to suppress. Such "violence" can only claim Federal attention when the authorities of a State are unable to suppress it. Instead of having "no warrant" to interfere when a State government cannot maintain itself, that is precisely the only time when the President may interfere. But it is added, as if to give the above a little color of reason, that either "exclusive military sway should be established in the disturbed States or the people decide for themselves who should rule over them;" the meaning of which is that no State government would fall, if it had been freely chosen by the "people themselves,"—that is, if it represented a majority of the popular suffrage. But that is the very point the new President refused to consider. Which claimant to the government was *right*, which represented a majority of voters, he has never asked. It is one thing for a State government to fall at the ballot-box; another, before the victorious rifle. With the former no President may interfere; the latter, if there is any thing clear in constitutional provision, all Presidents are under oath to prevent. Negro suffrage may be a very unhappy thing; but, if it give certain Southern States over to negro rule, that rule, by every legal obligation, must be maintained against white insurrection, or white intimidation. This is the law as it is written, the law that has been evaded.

Gov. Chamberlain will not be listened to. The Northern ear, for the time, is tuned for another strain. But his arraignment of President Hayes, from a constitutional point of view, is not only masterly, as I said in the beginning,—it is overwhelming. I have seen no serious attempt to refute him. The papers say the issue is past, and will not discuss it. Had the speech been delivered when times were different, it would have ranked with, if not surpassed, the philippics of Sumner in old pro-slavery days.

BUT there is somewhat else to be said, and of quite an opposite sort. Gov. Chamberlain has not covered the whole ground. The letter of

the law killeth. The situation of affairs in a country is superior to the limiting words of written Constitutions. Andrew Johnson carried the Constitution under his arm, until disgusted people wished he might somewhere lose it. My own judgment would be that we should all be far safer and happier without one. With a disposition in the people to decide what is *right* rather than what is *constitutional*, liberty and justice would escape a vast deal of mystification. So in considering public affairs at the South at the present time, for my part, I am not content with a "constitutional view." I prefer a direct look at things as they are, and the privilege to draw from thence—as the country unquestionably is doing, President Hayes included—a proper course of action. I cannot avoid seeing the unfortunate position in which the President is placed,—sworn to do one thing, yet obliged to do another. It opens a question it will be well sometime to consider; but, for the present, the interest settles upon the one point of the pacification of the country. Somehow the people of this country will have to get over the feeling that they are enemies. "Reconciliation" is before all other issues. It is in this aspect of the situation that a "Presidential policy," to which Gov. Chamberlain objects, may be welcomed. It may be welcomed, if it be such a policy as will not delay reconciliation.

Let us see what we have to contemplate. I take it that the whole question lies at the South. If there is reconciliation and peace there, there is no more to say. Peace between North and South, so far as it is dependent on the so-called negro question, follows as a natural result. This, then, is the goal to be reached,—an agreement between the two races to be humane and just. The difficulties of the problem are by no means slight. It is easy to say, "Go with might, and stamp out the offending race;" but it can't be done. If it could, it would not be just. Offence is never all on one side. Besides, the "stamping-out" principle is a relic of barbarism, not to be helped to a survival by the side claiming to represent the highest forces of civilization. Belligerency may be worked out of people in more ways than one. That way which does not kill, but cures, is best. Now, it is not deplorable, but altogether delightful, to perceive that the people of the North, with a goodly unanimity, have come, by whatever course of reasoning, to the conviction that it is best to try to dispose of this Southern question in other fashion than by the use of force. And, in saying this, I do not at all invalidate the history of the past ten or twelve years. Up to a point, which we have now seemingly reached, force was inevitable, because it was the only road the people were able to travel to a better idea. That it was ineffectual and disappointing does not prove it a failure. Before Grant's eight years of interference,

neither side appeared to appreciate the true significance of non-interference. The good sense of the country has seen at length that the trouble between the races is not wholly due to the bad faith of one side. The white race has much to contend with; they have that to contend with which would test even the staunchest anti-slavery devotion of New England. If the State House on Beacon Hill should be overrun by representatives of a population the most ignorant the country contains, black or white, it is not to be supposed that the intelligent class would sit quietly down in the lap of joyful reconciliation. It is well to ask what was the fate of the South. A candid answer must run somewhat as follows:—

At the close of the war the Republican party enfranchised the negro race, placing it on an equality with the white. Numerically, in many States, the blacks were the stronger. But they were ignorant and easily duped, and, when they came to take the reins of government, made themselves intolerable to the more intelligent or educated white race. They were led, in many cases, by unscrupulous fortune-seekers from the North, in whom the very nature of their situation induced them to put fullest confidence. Between the two the complaint of the native Southern white people is that that part of the country has been led to the verge of ruin. What the war did not do, this new state of affairs was certain to accomplish. Deperate beyond measure, the whites resolved, by means fair or foul, to put an end to negro rule, and rule themselves. This is what has been done: but it is accompanied with the promise that, if now left to themselves, the negro shall be protected in all his interests equally with the white. This pledge has been secured. Whether it will be kept or not remains to be seen. There are many, whose vision often has been clearest, whose warning now is, "The South never yet kept its word." But the majority believe a fair trial of their present professions is not only wisest, but, under the circumstances, really the only course left open to the general government. President Hayes has to consider that negro suffrage is incompetent to direct Southern affairs to any peaceful or prosperous result. It cannot maintain the governments it establishes without foreign aid. The race has been armed with the ballot before it had the skill to organize, or the wisdom to conceive the duties thrust upon it. To prop it up with Federal support does not increase its ability to defend itself. It must win its way by education, and a long experience in shifting for itself. He deems it wise to stand aside, and see if affairs have not now reached that point where they will shape themselves better than they can be shaped. His position, as I have endeavored to show, is not constitutional. It is extra-constitutional.

What of it? It will form a happy precedent, if the policy shall work well. It is worth trying.

It is pleasant to turn from the consideration of constitutional duty and Presidential policy to the memorable discourse in which Senator Bayard recently set forth the supremacy of the "Unwritten Law." One cannot overrate the significance of the speech this distinguished gentleman has made. Nor less gratifying is the general approval accorded to it by the press. It encourages the belief that we are entering on a new era in our history as a people pledged to illustrate the close union existing between liberty and the highest social welfare. Recognizing the written law, which depends on "the final argument of force" as having still a validity, he is yet free to say, "It is to the hearts of the American people that I turn with most confidence, and in the force of the *unwritten laws* my chief hopes are reposed." Of our "medley of laws, scarcely to be called a system," he remarks, "the opportunities I have had (I will not say enjoyed) for closely watching its practical working would lead me to believe the most beneficial legislation in our day would be statutes of repeal, bills for necessary appropriations, and resolutions of adjournment." It may be observed, by the way, that Mr. Bayard is not alone or original in cherishing this sentiment. One may hear it on the street almost any day of any year. Yet, so all-controlling is the delusion that in the making of many laws the world is preserved, Congresses and Legislatures are still generously supported, and, after a sort, believed in, even when they stretch their unprofitable lengths across two-thirds of each year. There is distrust,—without justification in reason or fact, but wide-spread, and as often emphasized by men of intelligence as by the unlearned,—a distrust of the ability of the people to render voluntary support to just principles. Senator Bayard affirms that "our better nature will almost always respond to the appealing voice of higher motive and more generous emotion; especially when set free from outward constraint." He would say to his fellows, "This is the way I would control you. I would give you power to do right [or wrong], and then, I would defy you to betray the trust. You yourselves should be the conquerors." That such procedure would always win need not be asserted. But that, if persevered in, the sense of personal honor would steadily increase in any country is not to be doubted. The least of striving and the most of freedom is the safest motto and the most fitting text for all modern discourse. Samuel Johnson thus presents Lao-tsé's political gospel:—

"The great should become lowly.

"Long indeed have we been sunk in delusion.

"The more Kings multiply prohibitions and penal statutes, the poorer the people become.

"Learn how to refrain from doing, and let the people of themselves find the right way. Let them alone that they may have a mind for good.

"Why did the ancients honor this right way? Was it not because it is found by force of Nature, without long searching? Was it not because, by means of it, wrong-doers obtain true liberty and life?"

The above quotation will serve also to enforce Mr. Bayard's declaration that "there is a unanimity of the entire human race in the great rules of duty and the fundamental principles of morals; the general sympathies of mankind flow together, and a general judgment is arrived at. There are certain principles to which all nations do homage, and the majesty and authority of virtue are derived from this common consent. One proof of this is to be found in the proverbs common to all nations and their great antiquity. Not only is voluntary fealty to high principles possible among men,—it is clear that the thoughts of men, left free, converge in a sufficiently practical agreement."

In this connection I am tempted to notice, briefly, the advice of Secretary Schurz to the literary circle at Cambridge concerning "the scholar in politics." "Let them not believe," he said, "that they do their whole duty when they sit in their studies and occasionally give an enunciation of their views," etc. I cannot help feeling that it would be just as well for the country if there was a still greater proportion of illustrious men and women set free from political manœuvring and fear of popular disfavor, able to abide in the presence of great principles and ideal hopes, whereby alone the "Unwritten Law" is steadily endowed and human nature uplifted.

WORDSWORTH had a companion,—a soldier,—“by birth he ranked with the most noble:”—

"Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension."

He was a true lover of his kind. "Meek, though enthusiastic," the poet describes him. And these two, soldier and poet, in their walks, held that delightful converse which two hearts, believing and accordant, know so well how to prize. They discoursed of "dearest themes," since the world began so oft repeated,—

"Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his power,

His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable."

And the record runs on:—

"We summoned up the honorable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,
That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away:
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,
And how the multitude of men will feed
And fan each other;

* * * * *
"How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,
From least beginnings; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.
To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
Upon their virtues; saw, in modest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

* * * * *
"And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the pane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hair
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, 'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting,' I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand

In framing their own laws; and hence better days
To all mankind."

Thus these ingenuous youths with fresh warm hearts held fast the
faith of love, "and built thereon their hopes of good to come."

Later on in life, of himself Wordsworth records:—

"With settling judgments now of what would last
And what would disappear; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought the books
Of modern statist to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
'The Wealth of Nations,' where alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes,—I could not but inquire,—
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued,—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be?"

With these following words addressed to the poet's friend, "The
Prelude" is brought to its close.

"Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blent by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them, how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine."

SIDNEY H. MOSE.