CHIPS FROM MY STUDIO.

THESE lines from Goethe are worthy all men's heeding: —

> To recreate the old creation,
> All things work on in fast rotation,
> Lest aught grow fixed, and change resist;
> And what was not shall spring to birth,
> As present sun a painted earth,
> God's universe may know no rest.
>
> It must go on, creating, changing,
> Through endless shapes for ever ranging,
> And rest we only seem to see.
> The Eternal lives through all revolving;
> For all must ever keep dissolving,
> Would it continue still to be.

WHEN Napoleon III. said, "The Empire is Peace," he knew what chord to strike, the one that would vibrate most readily. He touched the lower instinct. Yet since it is there to touch and to respond, it is not to be set aside too impatiently: sufficient if we do not make the mistake of esteeming it as the higher. The peace of the Empire, as also the peace of the Republic, may not always prove a social blessing. At most its power is limited. It cannot re-create social life. It has no such aim. It may easily, as often is the case, lend itself to dangerous repression. It grows timid, more conservative, fixed. We call it "law and order." It is esteemed good citizenship to support it. The lower instinct is intolerant, and will have this "peace" at any price. Measuring itself against all odds, counting its battalions, it proclaims itself the State. It is the State of despotism, with Emperor; or the State with the forms of liberty, with President: but a State all the same, zealous for the shows of peace. It bids us make choice between it and the "mob." It is adroit, and knows how to frighten us. We have the choice of evils, we are informed: the worst State being declared better than the best "mob." That we are not exactly put to such straits,

we are permitted only approximately to prove. The temper of the time, however, insists on some experimenting, showing how well people behave when the State relaxes its hold. We are surprised to find what new guarantees more liberty creates. We see the public safety lies less and less in acts of repression. We are learning to differentiate the seeming from the real. The cry of "peace, peace, when there is no peace," provokes us, as it did Henry of the Revolution. We assert a higher law and a higher order, and a peace that passeth the understanding of the devotees of the lower instinct, the champions of the State. Above the State, its peace, its order, its law, there sits the necessity of social evolution. We are not to be cheated with a false alarm, as though whatever did not conform to the "law and order" enforced by the State was a menace of society. Society is of the future. All things must flow on towards it, — the State no less than all else, — and be *lost* in it. Society is to be created. A "mob" may be its forerunner no less certainly than a dead calm of endurance beneath the eye of the sentinel-State. 'Tis a question of how all things work in concurrence to plant the seeds of a social peace which shall at length announce, with broadest application, the end of interference. The true lover of and believer in peac is he who sees on what just and broad foundations it must rest, and counts all State shows and outward appearances as transient and unenduring, destined to be outgrown, broken up, dethroned, and finally banished from the face of the earth for ever. This is the higher instinct.

IT is a happy augury when our Secretary of State recognizes the fact that the country is "tired of politics." A singular, yet propitious, thing in all respects it is to have a whole Administration bent on disregarding the ordinary political divisions, manners, customs. 'Tis a reform to be encouraged. The role of peace-maker, stimulating common devotion to right principles, is superior to that of Chief Magistrate. The headquarters of the Administration may well be "in the saddle," and in whatever part of the country it finds an office to perform. No longer merely "Executive," it may lend itself to predisposing all sections to a friendly faith and harmony of relations. No one can read the very remarkable speech of the Mayor of Atlanta welcoming the President, the President's response, and the accounts of the fever heat of enthusiasm, shared alike by both races, to which the vast concourse of people was stirred, without believing that the President's visit was a happy, auspicious event. More potent than armies are a few fitly spoken words. May the lesson commend itself in many new directions!

"In the name of the State, I abolish the State," was the burden and substance of the President's speech. By-gones shall be by-gones, if we approach this millennial arbitration of ideas!

But the pacification of the country lies not wholly in the healing of the sections. South and North may come together, white and black lines disappear, and the law of the land come to know neither male nor female, and yet we shall not escape disturbing topics. The sum total of our political troubles weighs light when thrown in the scale against the social issues that are rising for recognition. It has taken a hundred years to dispose of the political problem. I assume it has been disposed of, because logically it has run its race through all the phases of form, until the paternal element has been practically eliminated. At most, it is now esteemed essential merely as police force. The Revolution of the fathers was governmental simply. We have advanced to the beginnings of the social. The whole world is again in a very wilderness of transition. Not yet alive to the drift of events, timid people see the growing disrespect for forms of law and the dignities of government on the one hand, and the alarm which signals a relapse into despotic personal government on the other, and augur universal reaction of the most discouraging character. It is undoubtedly true that in the wide breaking up of the dependence on the old *régime*, whether political, religious, moral, or social, a temporary falling away from the "virtue of the fathers" may be observed. But its true interpretation is missed, unless regarded as an intervening step towards a new growth. Agassiz was accustomed to point out in the passage of organic forms to a higher structure a partial descent into a yet lower form; you might suppose the process of development reversed; but it turns out to be only a necessary retrogradation in preparation for an advance, as boys, jumping, run back a few steps to "get a good start." The Chinese proverb, "In every affair, retire a step, and you have an advantage," suggests the recognition of a similar law. Nature insists on all her victories. Whatever is left behind must be regained before the march proceeds. Not to remember this is to go astray in our calculations. It is pertinent to inquire, then, what our civilization has gained, and what it has lost. It has gained the ideas of law, order, and liberty. It has sought to embody them in institutions which should apply them for the common benefit. It has put the people under an outward control for their mutual protection. These institutions have been like the shells that lower orders of animals wear on their backs, — useful in their season. But just as in time this bony structure is

drawn within to become the frame, or skeleton, on which the animal life is supported, and a new liberty thereby is gained, so the new, advanced civilization must have its law of order within the life of the people, and not outside and over it. All the signs concur in saying that we are at the beginning of this new departure. Witness the universal aspiration toward liberty; the denunciation of personal government; the demand for local self-government, more and more asserted for the individual; the wide-spread appreciation of every new honor rendered to the "Unwritten Law." It was an old Athenian who said, "I will do of mine own accord what the righteous law would compel me to do." "You did not distrust us," said the Mayor of Atlanta to the President. No more effective appeal was ever made than when Nelson said to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Such is the new *expectation* on which the future civilization is to depend. Government is to be transferred from the State to the Individual. This is the new faith: faith no more in the gods over man, but in the God within him. The saying of Lucretius may be translated to depict the character of the new era: "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the assistance of the gods." Our protecting gods have been our strong governments: henceforth, they shall be our strong men and women.

No one, however, may expect that this new era is coming upon us full-grown. The old does not end and the new begin. There is the dawn of the new, and the old lingering long into the growing day. "It is our lot to live in this time of transition, when the world is at once dying and coming anew to life. Our civilization is in process of moulting, losing the grace and consolation of the faith that blessed it of old, but losing only to replace them with a grace fairer and a solace surer."

We have gained the ideas of law, order, and universal brotherhood.

We have gained by experience the knowledge that these are to be conserved no longer by coercive systems of government.

We see that they must find their fruitful life in the spontaneous support of the people.

We see also, at length, that it is this spontaneity which has been lost, or left behind.

The loosing of the bands of outward authority lets down the lives of the people from a constrained moralism to show forth the real character to which they have attained. What we see is neither the degree of propriety shown in the old, nor the fruitage of the new. We have only to observe the two tendencies, the downward and the upward. We are to render no mere surface judgment. We are to contrast the reigning ideas of the old with those of the new, and frame our judgment

by the "logic of ideas," leaving events to follow as they can. There are undoubtedly those who will deplore the evil tendency of the time, and seek still to prop up what they call a "tottering civilization" with new resorts to "better government." Adding "woman suffrage" as a new expedient, they may say with King Henry, "Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better."

But the day of political influence is passing by. The great questions that are appearing on the new horizon are, as I have intimated already, of a purely social character; to be answered not by legislation, but by the increase of knowledge and the kindling of a new enthusiasm for the common weal. In the place of legislative bodies and executive officers, we shall welcome the teachers of equity and congresses of social science. Let the President and his Cabinet set the example of turning attention to the friendship there may be in all the relations of the people, and lead the way to a genuine reconciliation of mankind everywhere.

JOHN RUSKIN is undoubtedly a busy man, but what he is busy about the world for the most part appears not to care. Yet it is by no means safe, for that reason, to assume that his labors are of little or no importance to his fellows. It is quite possible that, though a private citizen, the prime minister of England, — nay, Parliament itself, — has on hand no more momentous concerns than he. He may be dealing with problems that are to shape the whole future of his country. He may be throwing light on great questions that shall illumine the pathway of the world for many generations. Who knows? "About all I know of Ruskin," said an acquaintance of mine, "is that every now and then I hear he has given another huge growl." It is not long since a letter of his, copied from his "Fors Clavigera," went the rounds of the papers, that had been written — it must be confessed, in manner altogether frank — for the purpose of defending himself against the intrusions of too many friends who came "asking for sympathy, instead of giving it." What could be more to the point than the following? "I don't care any more about my friends, unless they are doing their best to help my work; which, I repeat, if they cannot, let them at least not hinder; but keep quiet, and not be troublesome." Perhaps my afore-mentioned acquaintance has put this down also as one of those "growls" that serve still to remind him that Ruskin yet manages to preserve himself above the ground. Were he, however, to cross the sea and find out for himself the occupation of this "growling" man, he might be astonished to find how effectively he had passed, and is still passing,

all the days of his life. The bare list of the published works of Mr. Ruskin, when one considers the wide range of topics they embrace, the ability of scholarly research they evince, their wealth of illustration, the careful regard he has shown in their publication, making them works of beauty as well as of interest, amply supports the genuineness of his plea for a *chance to work*. It may be doing good service here to catalogue some of them: "Sesame and Lilies," "Munera Pulveris," "Aratra Pentelici," "The Eagle's Nest," "Time and Tide," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Ariadne Florentina," "Val d'Arno," "Queen of the Air," "The Two Paths," "The Stones of Venice," "Love's Meinie," "Mornings in Florence," "St. Mark's Rest," "Frondes Agrestes," "Unto This Last," "The Ethics of the Dust," "Proserpina," "Deucalion," "The Laws of Fésole," and many others.

It will also be discovered that Mr. Ruskin is at the present time engaged in founding a community on a piece of English ground which he proposes shall remain for ever untouched by speculative sale. This community, he intends, shall represent what he regards as the prosperous condition of the human family upon earth. This organization is called "The Guild of St. George." Each member subscribes to the following creed: —

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedi-

ence, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a companion, called of St. George.

He proposes "to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children as the land we possess can maintain in comfort, and establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the government of the persons, and the administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God."

The experiment is already under way, and in Mr. Ruskin's estimation is full of rich promise. He personally superintends all its workings, issues each month "Fors Clavigera," and has under way, for the special benefit of his "Guild," literary enterprises of no small magnitude. He is preparing works on botany, geology, and zoölogy, and is publishing a series of classic books called "The Shepherd's Library," which he "hopes to make the chief domestic treasure of British peasants." Defining what he means by "classic," he says, "the word classic, when justly applied to a book, means that it contains unchanging truth."

Who shall say Mr. Ruskin is *not* a busy man? And who shall say, on reading his works, that he has not given a vast deal of information and good suggestion to the world well worthy its attention? In one of his monthly letters to British workmen, there is the following piece of writing, which, though it will occupy considerable space, I desire to commend to my acquaintance, sure that, even if he finds no other way of regarding it than as another of those Ruskinian "growls," he will yet be benefited by its perusal. For who knows how far even a "growl" may penetrate intellectual fibre?

"There are a few things concerning Magi and their doings which I have personally discovered, by laborious work among real magi. Some of those things I am going to tell you to-day, positively, and with entire and incontrovertible knowledge of them, — as you and your children will one day find every word of my direct statements in 'Fors Clavigera' to be; and fastened, each with its nail in its sure place.

"A. In the first place, then, concerning stars in the east. You can't see the loveliest which appear there naturally, — the Morning Star, namely, and his fellows, — unless you get up in the morning.

"B. If you resolve thus always, so far as may be in your own power, to see the loveliest which are there naturally, you will soon come to see them in a supernatural manner, with a quite — properly so-called — 'miraculous' or 'wonderful' light which will be a light in your spirit, not in your eyes. And you will hear, with your spirit, the Morning Star and his fellows sing together; also, you will hear the sons

of God, shouting together for joy with them; particularly the little ones, — sparrows, greenfinches, linnets, and the like.

"C. You will, by persevering in the practice, gradually discover that it is a pleasant thing to see stars in the luminous east; to watch them fade as they rise; to hear their Master say, Let there be light — and there is light; to see the world made that day, at the word; and creation, instant by instant, of divine forms out of darkness.

"D. At six o'clock, or some approximate hour, you will perceive with precision that the Firm over the way, or round the corner, of the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company, Limited, (Offices London, Paris, and New York,) issues its counter-order, Let there be darkness; and that the Master of Creation not only at once submits to this order, by fulfilling the constant laws He has ordained concerning smoke, — but farther, supernaturally or miraculously, enforces the order by sending a poisonous black wind, also from the east, of an entirely corrosive, deadly, and horrible quality, with which, from him that hath not, He takes away also that light he hath; and changes the sky during what remains of the day, — on the average now three days out of five, — into a mere dome of ashes, differing only by their enduring frown and slow pestilence from the passing darkness and showering death of Pompeii.

"E. If, nevertheless, you persevere diligently in seeing what stars you can in the early morning, and use what is left you of light wisely, you will gradually discover that the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company is a company of thieves; and that you yourself are an ass, for letting them steal your money, and your light, at once. And that there is standing order from the Maker of Light, and Filler of pockets, that the company shall not be thieves, but honest men, and that you yourself shall not be an ass, but a Magus.

"F. If you remind the company of this law, they will tell you that people 'didn't know every thing down in Judee'; that nobody ever made the world; and that nobody but the company knows it.

"But if you enforce upon yourself the commandment not to be an ass, and verily resolve to be so no more, then — hear the word of God, spoken to you by the only merchant city that ever set herself to live wholly by His law (Florence).

"'I willed, and sense was given to me.
I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom was given to me.
I set her before Kingdoms and Homes,
And held riches nothing in comparison of her.'

"That is to say, — If you would have her to dwell with you, you must set her before kingdoms; — (as, for instance, at Sheffield, you must not think to be kings of cutlery, and let nobody else in the round world make a knife but you;) — you must set her before homes; that is to say, you must not sit comfortably enjoying your own fireside, and think you provide for every body if you provide for that: — and as for riches — you are only to *prefer* wisdom, — think her, of two good things, the best, when she is matched with kingdoms and homes; but you are to esteem riches — *nothing* in comparison of her. Not so much as *mention* shall be made "of coral, nor of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies."

THE editor has turned over to my drawer a letter of such pithy sort that I feel like bringing it forth for the benefit of my friends, or those

who do me the honor of glancing at these pages of "Chips." The attentive reader will discover that the writer does not strike deep, though dark and deadly are his thoughts. He deals rather with the surface or cover of things. He — but he speaks fully for himself. I need only to acquaint the reader with the fact, which he may possibly surmise, that the writer, whose name I of course omit, is engaged in the practice of law: —

"EDITOR OF RADICAL REVIEW,

"DEAR SIR, — I am a subscriber to the 'Radical,' and consequently fancy I have a moral right to abuse any of its shortcomings. Thus far (of course there will be more hereafter) I have been disgusted with only the cover of your, or our, valuable magazine Not indeed that the color or style is unpleasant. On the contrary, I rather like the environment. Black and red — the original colors of Captain Kidd and others — appeal to me from a professional point of view; so much so, that a skull and cross bones on the title-page might perhaps increase my æsthetic pleasure. The trouble, however, to be serious, arises in the fact that your black is a dirty black; it comes off without any provocation upon hands, cuffs, papers, tables, piano-covers, *et id genus omne.* Now, I don't object to black as a color. On the contrary, I have a sneaking fondness for funerals, broadcloth, negroes, night-time, and even that poetic old dream, hell. But I want a clean black, a nice, smooth, enamelled, inky surface, — one that my infant son can bite and play with without immediate symptoms of gangrene or rapid mortification.

"So please change the black. If all blacks in the market are dirty, take a new color. Shed the dark chrysalis, and come out a red butterfly. Life is too short and the 'Radical' too long for a reader to wash his hands every three minutes. Moreover, take no umbrage at my remarks. They are uttered in a philosophic and radical vein. I know that they will not affect you in the least; that your next issue will be clothed in a dirtier sombre than the present one. Still I wish to put my objection on record. Sorrowing for your typographic phantasies, I remain, &c."

"MYTHOLOGY AMONG THE HEBREWS" is the title of a book recently published by Longmans, Green & Co., written by Ignaz Goldziher, Ph. D., member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. His English translator observes, "If any one takes up the book with an idea that it will settle any thing in the history of the Jews, he will be disappointed. Its aim is not theological nor historical, but mythological: and mythology precedes history and theology." Dr. Goldziher deals at the outset with "a widespread asssumption" that nations may be divided into Mythological and Unmythological, "those which have had a natural gift for creating Myths, and those whose intellectual capacity never sufficed for this end." He claims that "the Myth is the result of a purely psychological operation, and is, together with language, the oldest act of the human mind." Referring to Renan's exclusion of the Semites from the domain of Mythology, announced in these words, "*Les Sémites n'ont jamais eu de mythologie,*" he says: —

"This arbitrary assertion is deduced from a scheme of race-psychology invented by Renan himself, which at the first glance seems so natural and sounds so plausible, when described with all the elegance of style of which he is master, that it has become an incontestable scientific dogma to a large proportion of the professional world, — for even the territory of science is sometimes dominated by mere dogma, — and is treated by learned and cultivated people not specially engaged in this study as an actual axiom in the consideration of race-peculiarities. The foundation of this scheme is the idea that, in their views of the world, the Aryans start from multiplicity, the Semites from unity. . . . . On intellectual ground, therefore, the former create mythology, polytheism, science, which is only possible through discursive observations of natural phenomena; the latter create monotheism ('the desert is monotheistic,' says Renan), and have therefore neither mythology nor science. 'If it is difficult,' justly observes Waitz, 'to estimate the capability of single individuals well-known to us, it is a far more dubious task to gauge the intellectual gifts of whole nations and races. It seems scarcely possible to find available standards for the purpose, consequently the judgment is almost always found to be very much founded on personal impressions. The various nations stand at various times on very different stages of development, and if only actual performances permit a safe induction as to the measure of existing capabilities, then this measure itself seems not to remain the same in the same nation through the course of time, but to vary within very wide limits, especially if we are to assume in all cases that a state of original savageness preceded civilization.' In fact, the words of this cautious psychologist apply admirably to Renan's scheme of race-psychology; for history is just what that scheme disregards. He does not observe that Polytheism and Monotheism are two stages of development in religious thought, and that the latter does not spring up spontaneously without being preceded by the former stage, and that Polytheism itself is preceded by a preliminary stage, — that of the mythological view of the world, which is in itself not yet a religion, but prepares the way for the rise of religion. 'The Semites cannot form a Myth,' is a proposition the possibility of which could be allowed only if such an assertion as 'This or that race has no digestive power or no generative power' could be treated otherwise than as an *à priori* absurdity."

There are those, however, who "are willing to know something of Semitic Myths in general, but resist the assumption of Hebrew Myths." Dr. Goldziher quotes Bunsen, who speaks of "the spirit of the Jewish people, historically penetrated through and through with aversion to mythology." "The Bible has no Mythology; it is the grand, momentous, and fortunate self-denial of Judaism to possess none." Bunsen, on the other hand, had stated that, "in the long period from Joseph to Moses, there were inter-woven with the life and actions of this greatest and most influential of all the men of the first age [Abraham] and the history of his son and grandson many ancient traditions from the mythology of those tribes from whose savage natural life the Hebrews were extracted." Of this "hypothesis of *borrowing*" myths, Dr. Goldziher regards it as "superfluous at the present day to attempt a serious refutation," but, "under obligation to find an explanation of the manifold coincidences exhibited in the independently produced

myths of nations," he says: "If the myth is a form of life of the human mind psychologically necessary at a certain stage of growth [which he believes he has abundantly shown], then the intellectual life of individual, nation, and race must pass through it." His effort is to show on the grounds of science, (1) that Hebrew myths were inevitable; (2) by a careful study of Biblical literature, what they were and how they were produced, and this notwithstanding a "mistaken religious interest" which has "warned off mythological inquiry" in that direction. He separates Myth from Religion, and shows how Mythology becomes Religion. "The latter always arises out of the materials of Mythology, and then finds its historical task to be to work itself upwards into independence. . . . . . Religion must, in the progress of its development, sever its connection with Mythology, and unite itself with the scientific consciousness, which now occupies the place of the mythological."

It were impossible in this brief mention to give even a summary view of what the author has accomplished. The result, however, is not deemed by him a "*System* of Hebrew Mythology;" his "immediate task was only to show that Semites in general, and Hebrew in particular, could not be exceptions to the laws of mythological inquiry established on the basis of psychology and the science of language." An English reviewer remarks: "It is a book at which many will shake their heads as destructive of the historical basis of religion, but which itself claims to elevate spiritual religion to a higher pedestal than before."

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THE shadow of the "great strike" has lengthened, but the discussion in many new phases bids fair to continue. Curiously enough, public opinion was for some time devoted to the consideration of the "folly of strikes," the "wrong of violence," and the "utter indefensibleness of mobs." These may all be very interesting topics, and their presentation was to be looked for. But it must be admitted that they each and all assume a secondary importance in presence of the fact that they do not illustrate the disposition of large numbers of people to do wrong, but are the natural outcome of a state of affairs wholly estranged from all just and peace-making principles. There is the old saying, "all is fair in war," that lends a justifying face to whatever happens in the dispensations of warfare. The state of war is itself an evil state, and evil are its issues. If you discuss the issues as you taste fruit to judge the tree, there is wisdom in that. But to lay all the emphasis of your critical sense on some accompanying conditions of the war-disease, forgetting or neglecting the disease itself, — *that* is folly.

"Where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt."

The "malady" is the state of war into which nearly all we call business is steadily thrown. The railroad war illustrates on a large scale what is going on almost universally from boys trading jack-knives up to the solid men of world-wide enterprises. It is not called war; but a war of interests, clashing furiously, can be set down as nothing less. As the antagonism increases, and grows more and more serious, the conflict steps over the bounds of ordinary business warfare, and "violence" is inaugurated. There are enough to deprecate this last stage of affairs, but few yet realize the real character of the so-called civilization that precedes it. There is a chapter in Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" that contains valuable suggestions for all who would forecast the future of our industrial progress; who believe that the state of war will ultimately end, and a state of peace ensue. Mr. Mill has presented the "general theory of the economical progress of Society," and is brought to the question, "to what goal?" He answers with his chapter on "The Stationary State," which, in his view, is finally to supersede the "progressive state." The paragraph I especially refer to is this: —

"I cannot regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be on the whole a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind or any thing but the disagreeable symptoms of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilization, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it may have it yet to undergo. It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues. . . . . But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realizing. Most fitting, indeed, it is, that while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favor or partiality. But the best state of human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward."

The objection to a peaceful state as thus depicted is trite, but for that reason none the less urged by very many excellent people. It is said, "life must always be a struggle;" there must always be the "incentive" to acquire wealth, and hence distinction, or civilization itself

would halt and come to an end. Mr. Mill has a brief reply, which must commend itself to intelligent minds: —

"There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture, and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, where minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference, that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, — that of abridging labor. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish."

It is curious to observe to what extent the worship of "great possessions" is for the most part carried as yet. Vast wealth, quite independent of its service in efforts at a higher culture, is esteemed an object worthy every energy. The prevalence of this opinion, however, is not universal, and, in spite of appearances, it is by no means gaining any permanent ground. As Mr. Mill suggests that it is their right to do, the working-classes have conceived the idea of entering the lists themselves in this contest for wealth and power. The example of "rising from the ranks" is contagious. It has been spreading everywhere, and the poorest are not shut out from this privilege of at least dreaming of the vast possibilities that are said to be within the reach of all. Formerly, especially in older countries, there was no slightest ground for hope with the millions. Their horizon never lifted, never broadened. But in more recent times, in this country surely, the chances in life for all have assumed a more cheering aspect. At least, the idea is evolved, and has got possession of an entire people. What we see, therefore, is the rush of this whole population into the struggle for wealth. The bounds set to this new ambition are not self-appointed. Fate, inhering in the nature of the contest, deals with each after its own fashion. Some shall win, but more shall lose. After all, we are the victims of an illusion. What is desired is impossible. Vast possessions, except as they may be intrusted to individuals for the general good, if not impossible, are undesirable. Impossible they are undoubtedly believed to be for all, since a contest for their acquisition is deemed inevitable. The ideal aim must be reconsidered. As this is done, one or two points emerge distinctly enough to be perceived and remembered.

1. What is desirable is the opportunity for all people, by their own

efforts, to make sure of their own education and highest culture, with such surroundings of comfort as are on this earth possible.

2. This can be accomplished only when we cease warring one upon the other, and begin to transact what we call our "business," not as enemies, but as friends.

It is plain to me that those liberals who talk of "educated" and "uneducated" conscience do not propose, as a matter of fact, — whatever they may imagine, — to regard *conscience* at all. They tell us conscience must be reasonable, or it has no claim to respect. It appears, therefore, that what they respect is not conscience, but whatever, in their judgment, is *reasonable*. Of course, they respect nobody's conscience whose reason is not in accord with their own. How, then, can they raise the cry of violated conscience, when others, deeming their conscience "uneducated," "irrational," "spurious," propose to ignore it, and carry their own *reason* into affairs by force of bullets or bayonets? Says my Orthodox neighbor, "The State requires, for its safety, not only secular education, but reverence for God and His Sacred Word." "'His Sacred Word,'" exclaims the liberal, "is your whim, and I do not desire that my children should be so educated. You do me wrong to compel me thus to support your religion." "But I cannot avoid it," the Orthodox replies; "my duty to society, the Republic, my respect for my own conscience in this matter, compel me. Were you properly educated, you would see that the religious sentiment is the very foundation of all our liberties. You cannot expect wild, savage liberty, if you remain in a civilized, Christian land. We grant the most liberty compatible with universal security." It is the liberal's own ground. I do not see how he can complain. He thinks conscience is not to be respected except in his own case, when he dislikes the prevailing religion. But Orthodoxy may as well complain of his desire to enforce *no religion* in affairs. So long as both parties insist on *communism*, there is no way for them but to fight it out. But that either has any regard for the other's conscience — except to concede mutual honesty of purpose — is a claim without foundation.

In an article on "The Modern Type of Oppression," published in the "North American Review," October, 1874, Mr. D. A. Wasson sets forth his interpretation of the drift of the modern world, and of the return to soberer and wiser counsels which he believes to be imperative. I cannot here undertake an extended criticism of this article; indeed,

though written apparently from a nearly opposite standpoint from my own, it contains so much in which I heartily concur that I am ill disposed to turn my thoughts into criticism at all. And yet, the more I consider his presentation of the subject, the more clearly I perceive that he has touched the vital point of controversy, — whether what he calls the "liberty of unrestraint," to which he avers the modern world has chiefly given attention, is, or is not, the evil it is represented to be. Mr. Wasson is not disposed to see only one side of a thing, and that the dark side. It is due to him to indicate the real scope of his thought by a few quotations. He states that "there are two kinds of liberty, unlike in character and often opposite in effect," and adds:

> "The one consists in the mere absence of restraint; the other, in such an order and discipline as shall make the relations of men wings rather than fetters, salutary, serviceable, productive, rather than a means to demoralization and degeneracy. Now, it is apparent that the attention of the modern world has for some time been devoted chiefly to the first named; that is, to liberty which consists in being left to follow one's personal inclination. The stress of effort for the century has gone to the removal of social restraints; as, for example, in that setting aside of restrictions upon the liberty of assemblage, of speech, and of publication, which, if complete only in America, has more or less taken place in all civilized lands. These changes constitute an important amelioration, and it is by no means with a design to disparage them that we remark upon the peculiar and somewhat exclusive character of modern reform. The century has done well to deliver itself from many restraints, which, however appropriate to the moral conditions of an earlier age, were only hindrances or impertinences in ours. Liberty in the customary sense, that is, the free initiative of the individual, contributes greatly to impulse, energy, enterprise, zest, and thus is the proper correlative of a capable social discipline: combine the two, each at its best, and the highest productivity of civilization is provided for. Our time, however, has set its heart upon one of the two, to the temporary neglect of the other. We disestablish, displace, abolish, make room for 'the voluntary principle,' and meantime hold it for the highest merit of government, not that it should be wise, capable, steadfast, able to secure for the nation the liberation of social health, but that it should be in the nature of a weather-vane, well poised and oiled, to turn with every wind."

And further, Mr. Wasson says, "as there are two kinds of liberty, so also there are two distinct types of oppression, the one proceeding directly from government, the other from the want of it." The former "exists where the just, wholesome freedom of personal choice and action is of purpose invaded, restricted, taken away by a public authority;" the latter "exists where, in the absence of a sovereign, sanitary control, liberty becomes lawless and a canker." The one oppression "government may of purpose and upon system inflict;" the other "it alone can prevent," and, "in a complex, powerfully-motived civilization, it will be able to prevent it only by having a masterly head and a skilled hand."

Thus much suffices to cover the point I suggest. The "modern oppression" which Mr. Wasson deals with is that which follows the "liberty of unrestraint." "If it is bad to be beaten or bound," he says, "it is not felicity to commit suicide." The drift of the modern world is toward "suicide." Only "able government" can rescue it. "Private interest," is to be "kept momentaneously under correction by an honorable and averting public system."

Now, one may wholly sympathize with Mr. Wasson in his desire for that liberty which delivers society from whatever oppression, and sets it free to follow all the paths to "social health." I take it that agreement among people in this respect is so widespread as to render it scarcely a question in debate. Those who think we are arriving, if we have not already arrived, at the time when "energetic government" has ceased to be efficacious, will hardly consent to what must seem to them the arbitrary definition Mr. Wasson has given to liberty. They know nothing of "two kinds of liberty." They will be surprised to hear that one — that which they advocate especially — "consists in the mere absence of restraint." It is a change of *emphasis* which they are believers in. "Personal inclination" is indeed to be *governed*. That is, the individual is to comport himself in the best way to promote "social health." There remains only the question of *method*. How will society be best served? The question is not to be settled by an appeal to mere theory, to the unsupported dream of mild enthusiasts unwilling even to harm a fly. It is not simply a question of feeling. It is as truly a scientific problem as any that may be mentioned. It is a matter of *fact*. It is a fact that the idea of the comparative unimportance of "government" has been historically reached and accepted more or less by all people. It is a popular instinct, and one, too, that in the popular mind does not forebode "demoralization and degeneracy," but rather the advance of mankind to a profounder sense of that responsibility and "obligation" which Mr. Wasson desires to see enforced. No one is more ready than he to admit that "the century has done *well* to deliver itself from many restraints which, however appropriate to the moral conditions of an earlier age, were only hindrances or impertinences in ours." So far, at least, he will not charge upon it the "liberty of unrestraint." The restraints of "energetic government" have been withdrawn from the "liberty of assemblage, of speech, and of publication." What has followed? The people have found their proper restraint in their greater liberty, suggesting the saying of Macaulay that "the proper cure for the evils of liberty is not less liberty, but more." When people are most regulated, even by a "wise head and skilled hand," they may become extremely sensitive as to what they *may*, or *may not*, do, but the sense of responsibility is not likely to

increase, for it is not appealed to. It can be set down as a general truth that liberty and responsibility do not go apart, but hand in hand. And "obligation," though it may have been laid upon people from without with good effect before the intuition of popular liberty had its birth, to-day gets little enough respect by being made a political or civil dogma. "Civil rights" are not, as we have discovered, best promulgated by the Federal whip.

The *fact* to be observed then is this: that while the general welfare is none the less intended, there is a growing conviction that the method by which this desired goal is to be reached must be changed; indeed, that it is already changing. The emphasis of the century has been more and more placed upon the *method of liberty*. Mr. Wasson's own words illustrate what I say: "The attitude of us Americans toward our government is singular, and may be counted by a future age among those curiosities of history which would be incredible, were they not history. In the form of it we have an enthusiastic faith; in the fact of it, next to none: profuse praise of the one, prodigal distrust, incrimination, contempt of the other, run side by side, like the clear waters of the Mississippi and the turbid current of the Missouri immediately after their junction." And I think Mr. Wasson quite right in adding, "It may be, however, that the contradiction indicates good sense rather than the want of it," though he does so for another reason than the one I would suggest. It is such a gleam of "good sense" as this transition epoch would be most likely to show. It is natural to cleave to the forms of things after the substance has perished. Or the cheat of the form may linger, while the good result of our political system may hourly disappoint our too easily placed expectations.

THERE would seem to be no more easy question than this: Should girls and boys have the same, or equal, opportunities for highest culture? A very simple question; yet Massachusetts, boasting her superior educational system for nigh a century, is only now beginning to consider it, and very grave objections are made to the demand that the Boston Latin School, which fits young men for admission to college, shall be as serviceable to young ladies. It often appears that nothing so develops latent genius in a class of men whose abilities have in no way advertised themselves, as the calling in question of some time-honored rascality or abuse. Immediately their slumbering intellects are in arms. They wake to an ingenuity of objection and argument that challenges your admiration. You think the whole question settled; its merest statement seems so wholly consonant with common sense, who on earth can trump up the slight-

est disapproving word? But don't be too sanguine. 'Tis the very opportunity a goodly number of well-fed and most respectable citizens have longed and waited for. Now is their time. They are on their feet. Be patient. You have got to go through with it. They must be heard. You must reply. There must be a "Committee" and a "hearing." Public opinion must be agitated. The daily journals must have editorials long and short, and plenty of paragraphs. At last you get a report. It may go against you. It will take a year or two. But at last, at last, the game ends; everybody is tired out; the question has become a bore; it is settled! What was all this fuss about? Why, about this, only this: If the boys need latch-keys to get into the house and have them, ought girls to need latch-keys and have them also? Very funny, isn't it? And yet, grave and reverend gentlemen do not hesitate to puzzle you after this manner: "A boy is a boy; a girl is a girl; therefore, a boy should go to College, and a girl to the High School. Let each go to his or her own place, and each keep in his or her own sphere. Girls at College? Whew! It's bad enough to have boys there. Coëducation!" The case goes against him, and he subsides until the next time.

IT is curious to read the dispatches that come from the election in Ohio. "What has overthrown our party?" "The President's policy! the President's policy!" So chime all the reports. But it is also announced with all gravity, "The President says he will stand firm, believing that he will come out right in the end." So far as I have observed, there has been nothing of a boastful character in all that the President has said or done. He appears to be animated with a desire to establish amity and friendship throughout the country, and to conduct the business of his administration in what he regards as the square and honest fashion. Although I indulge myself in a private belief that the country has no business to have an administration of the character established at Washington at all, I nevertheless propose, if there must be one, to enjoy all the excellences it may chance to present. And what I more and more see in the administration of President Hayes is simplicity and earnestness, — together with a clear perception of the idea that there is a fraternity and brotherhood among men, which is ever potent and effective in the degree that it is relied upon. This he has undertaken to illustrate — having the opportunity thus to crystallize a wide-spread and growing public sentiment — in the relation of the Northern and Southern people. It was supposed that most of the Republican leaders had as good as reached this same determination. The letter of acceptance was explicit in this direction; the inaugural reaffirmed all that that letter contained, but went no farther. What

then, is the trouble? Is it that the party is likely to suffer because it has no longer a passionate rallying cry? It does not matter much, and I will not dwell on the point. It is enough to know that the course of the President is one in harmony with the high interests of the nation, and that, whichever party may gain or lose, if he shall remain quietly firm in his course of reconciliation, — and there is every evidence to show he intends so to do, — he will have won a fame far beyond any service of party, however illustrious that may possibly be supposed to be. President Hayes may not be a great man, but if he is great enough for this task which he has now assumed, his degree of greatness, whatever it may be, will prove all-sufficient to baffle the inconstancy or the evil machinations of each and all the parties that this prolific, party-breeding country can bring forth. His word will go to and fro, East and West, North and South. In the South especially it will have a steadily converting charm. He may illustrate anew the saying of Douglass, "one with God is a majority," by the force of supreme ideas. Though the politicians all forsake him, let him not fear to stand alone. In the end he will not have counted without his host!

The Chinese have in their schools a text-book wherein is to be found this comparison of benefits: "Some men leave gold to their children, but I give them instruction, and leave them a book." The leavers of books to the children of this world have been many, and their end is not yet; indeed, one thing seems established, — "to the making of books there is *no* end." And 'tis no misfortune, since one is permitted a choice of best things. Nature grows unequalness in apples, books, and men. Happily, tastes differ. Good and bad are interchangeable. What one likes, another loathes, and contrariwise. There is a variety in the demand as in the supply. So it remains true, as Bronson Alcott in his "Table Talk" has said, that "one cannot celebrate books sufficiently." "That is a good book," he also remarks, "which is opened with expectation and closed with profit." And he continues, "I value books for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain; works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken thoughts and prompt to following these in their relations with life and things. I am stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind, and should esteem myself fortunate if I might add another to the few which the world shall take to its affections." "Table Talk" is the new book Mr. Alcott so modestly offers. A long list of inviting topics — some hundred and fifty — are touched upon; if any thing, all too

briefly. A little more space would have vouchsafed his pen a greater freedom. Nevertheless, much is given in the book, but much remains behind. I deem it no sin to report what a distinguished neighbor of Mr. Alcott once said to me, though I must do so now in my own language, all but the idea having passed from my memory; but as near as I can recall, it may be stated somewhat in this wise: "Mr. Alcott needs a bright companion to whom he can talk, and one who will listen reverently, and privately report him. Such a young man could render the world a great service. For if tapped when he is in his full power, no man of these modern times has such profound words to utter. He cannot put his wisdom in his books." Something like this, too, is the appreciation expressed by others who have known Mr. Alcott, especially in earlier years. And in turning the leaves of "Table Talk," I feel in a degree its force. Mr. Alcott is better in the parlor than in the book, and oftentimes, in conversation with one whose sympathy invites him forth, surpasses himself. Nevertheless, I find myself returning to his book, and in the quiet hours of the evening his little chapters or paragraphs have meanings the busy day obscures. Read at broad noon amid the bustle of the city, such a book falls with a certain vapidity upon the mind. It seems hardly to hit anywhere. Read in the serenity of night, the tables are turned, and one feels the hit was without report because, forsooth, it fell on his own stupidity. The higher knowledge of the soul only starlight reveals. And quoting where by chance my thumb holds the book open, "One's Star," I judge the reader will not be slow to guess who was the youth and the man whose biography is thus sketched: —

"Follow the star of promise first seen in your early morning, nor desist, though you find the labor toilsome and your guides mislead. In the ardor of his enthusiasm a youth set forth in quest of a man of whom he might take counsel as to his future, but after long search and many disappointments, he came near relinquishing the pursuit as hopeless, when suddenly it occurred to him that one must first be a man to find a man, and profiting by this suggestion, he set himself to the work of becoming himself the man he had been seeking so long and fruitlessly. When last heard from, he was still on the stretch, near the end of his journey, the goal in his eye, his star blazing more brightly than when he first beheld it.

"'The eldest god is still a child.'"

I began these "Chips" with some lines I value from Goethe, and thought simply of closing with one of Schiller's poems, translated from the German by Christopher P. Cranch. But in looking over the "Notes" to the collection I have at hand, I find much interesting matter, and am disposed to preface the poem I shall give with selections touching both Goethe and Schiller.

"The radical difference of these two natures appears in their free, restless youth-time, no less than in their principled manhood. Schiller is the warm, aspiring youth sick of all about him, yearning for a vague ideal, showing himself in all he writes. Goethe is the very child of Nature, who lives in and celebrates every smile the bounteous Mother throws him, and sings his own moods, and his own loves, and longings, and regrets, as if they were new gifts of hers to keep his poetry alive. . . . . One interests us by the constancy of his generous air; the other — we know not what to make of him, but for the sake of the charming songs, we are quite willing to let Nature be sponsor for her child. . . . .

"The relation in which these two great spirits stood to one another, so opposite, and yet with such a deep ground of sympathy, is beautifully illustrated in Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller:' —

"'How gifted, how diverse in their gifts! The mind of the one plays calmly in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few subjects; the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion; therefore tolerant of all; peaceful, collected; fighting for no class of men or principles; rather looking on the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues; but pouring over all the forms of many-colored life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an overflowing fancy; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state.'"

Schiller's own estimate of the poet's life and calling is thus given, as quoted by Carlyle: —

'The Artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favorite! Let some beneficent Divinity snatch him when a suckling from the breast of his mother and nurse him with the milk of a better time; that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence; but terrible, like the Son of Agamemnon, to purify it. The matter of his works he will take from the present; but their form he will derive from a nobler time, nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute, unchanging unity of his nature. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual essence, flows down the Fountain of Beauty, uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations, which roll to and fro in their turbid vortex far beneath it. His Matter caprice can dishonor as she has ennobled it; but the chaste Form is withdrawn from her mutations. . . . . But how is the Artist to guard himself from the corruptions of his time, which on every side assail him? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant, and from the discontented spirit of enthusiasm that measures by the scale of perfection the meagre product of reality, let him leave to *common sense*, which is here at home, the province of the actual; while *he* strives, from the union of the *possible* with the *necessary*, to

bring out the ideal. This let him imprint and express in fiction and truth imprint it in the sport of his imagination and the earnest of his actions, imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into everlasting Time."

Fittingly now will follow his verse: —

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove, from his high heaven,
To mortals — "Take it; it is yours, ye elves;
'Tis yours, for an eternal heirdom given;
Share it like brothers 'mongst yourselves."

Then hastened every one himself to suit,
And busily were stirring old and young, —
The Farmer seized upon the harvest fruit;
The Squire's horn through the woodland rung.

The Merchant grasped his costly warehouse loads,
The Abbot chose him noble pipes of wine,
The King closed up the bridges and the roads,
And said, "The tenth of all is mine."

Quite late, long after all had been divided,
The Poet came, from distant wandering;
Alas! the thing was everywhere decided, —
Proprietors for every thing!

"Ah, woe is me! shall I alone of all
Forgotten be — I, thy most faithful son?"
In loud lament he thus began to bawl,
And threw himself before Jove's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou hast delayed,"
Replied the God, "then quarrel not with me:
Where wast thou when division here was made?"
"I was," the Poet said, "with thee; —

"Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,
Mine ear drank in thy Heaven's harmony:
Forgive the Soul, which, drunken with thy Light,
Forgot that Earth had aught for me."

"What shall I do?" said Zeus; "the world's all given;
The harvest, chase, or market, no more mine;
If thou wilt come to live with me in Heaven,
As often as thou com'st, my home is thine."

SIDNEY H. MORSE.