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WHAT IS JUSTICE?

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Justice is an idea of peculiar interest, because almost every one feels that there is something imperative about it. What do we mean by justice? Perhaps the commonest notion in connection with the word is that of *agreement or harmony with law*. We speak of courts of justice, meaning places where decision is made as to whether given actions harmonise with the law of the land or not. The demand for cheap justice for the workingmen is often made nowadays, and the idea is that there should be more expeditious and less expensive methods for securing to them their legal rights. And no one can doubt the close connection of law with justice or ignore the part which law has played in the development of the idea of justice in the past. Yet agreement with law does not seem to exhaust the notion of justice as it lies in our minds now. Unlawful actions are, indeed, commonly unjust actions; but occasionally there are actions not in harmony with the law which we pronounce just. Yes, there are sometimes laws which we say are themselves unjust. Few question nowadays that the Fugitive Slave Law, which existed before the war in our own country, was an unjust law. Or if it is held to have had a measure of justice as being in harmony with then-existing property rights, we may none the less say that those rights themselves were not in accord with justice. Few, too, will deny that the old Corn Laws of Great Britain were unjust laws, their intent and operation being to keep up the incomes of British landlords, at the cost of making bread dear to all the rest of the population. So of the act of the English Parliament (passed in the fourteenth century and lasting down to 1824), which made criminal any combination of working people to raise wages or reduce the hours of labor—scarcely any one will deny that this was a piece of outrageous injustice. And even where the injustice of a given law is a matter of debate between well-meaning and intelligent persons (as, for example, in the case of the existing tariff laws of the United States or in that of the Inter-State Commerce law), it is none the less clear that law and justice are two distinct things, since, if law determined justice, a dispute as to the justice of a law would be absurd.

The very fact, then, of agitations and disputes in regard to existing laws shows that there is some measure or standard of justice beyond them—however vaguely it may lie in the mind. Shall we say, then, that justice consists in *abiding by the contracts* which individuals (or associations of individuals) voluntarily make with one another? In all ordinary circumstances we certainly do feel bound by the arguments we have made of our own free will; we call it unjust to raise and then defeat expectations in another. Accordingly it is often held that there is no other measure of justice in the industrial world, for example, than this of faithfully conforming to our contracts. It is just (so it is said) for an employer to pay the wages to his workmen which he has agreed to pay, and this is all that justice means or can mean in the connection. An old and much respected professor in Political Economy in one of our colleges says that there are no moral elements involved, no obligations on either side except those of acting thus in good faith, and that either party may give as little and get as much as possible.* But does not something depend after all on the nature of the agreement and the circumstances under which it was made. Suppose I take advantage of a man's ignorance in making a bargain with him; the simple fact of his freely consenting to the bargain and of our mutually and amicably agreeing about it, would hardly suffice to make it what the world would call a fair or just bargain. He might be held to be bound to fulfil his part of the bargain all the same; but my own action would none the less have a certain taint fastened upon it. So if a man is in straits and I exact of him what he otherwise would not think of giving as the price of my coming to his relief—if, in other words, I trade on his necessities, then no matter how ready he is to accept my terms the agreement between us cannot be said to be characterised by justice or equity. A just bargain would seem to be one in which we give something like as much as we get. But a free bargain is by no means necessarily that, so long as men are as unequally circumstanced as they are—

* Prof. A. L. Perry in *The Nation*, June 10, 1886.

some being willing to agree to almost anything that is offered them rather than take the chances of starving. While then one element of justice is in standing by our agreements, it must be admitted that one might be faithful to his agreements for a lifetime and yet not be a really just man.

We must then look beyond the law and the courts, and beyond the current ideals of a commercial age, for true standards of justice. We must indeed cease to look without for what we can only find within. For justice is an idea rather than a reality ; it is something that we demand rather than find in the world; itself and the standards by which it is determined are altogether fixed by the mind. The origin and derivation of justice may perhaps be set forth somewhat as follows. Reason itself would seem to require that the things which are alike should be treated alike. For if one does not differ from another, there is no reason for preferring one to another—that is, such preference or partiality is arbitrary or irrational. If human beings then are alike,—and they must have certain points of likeness if we call them all human beings,—reason demands that they be treated alike; that is, that they be put on the same plane, or, as we say familiarly, on an equality. Equal regard for human beings is thus a principle born of reason itself; to consider one and not another is only possible when caprice and unreason rule in us. Now such equal regard is what we mean at bottom when we speak of justice; by this real justice is measured, it is the standard—justice *is* nothing but that action which is inspired by equal regard for all men. Laws are just, in so far as they aim to secure to all men alike their essential rights. A civil administration is just, so far as it makes no distinction between rich and poor and is above all favoritism. Business transactions are just, in so far as they are dictated by the thought of mutual advantage. Justice measures and determines the worth of all other things; but itself is only measured by the thought of equality from which indeed it is really inseparable.

The equality I speak of is not inconsistent with the inequalities of human beings of which we are all aware. There are those who tell us that human equality is a myth. They assure us that human beings are not alike and never have been ; that they differ in outward appearance, and in character and talents as well—as if any asserter of human equality ever denied this, or meant by human equality anything incompatible with it ! It is probable that no two blades of grass are exactly alike ; but does this mean that all are not constructed on the same fundamental pattern ? No two horses or dogs or other animals exactly resemble one another ; but does this mean that no two animals have a common nature ? Why do we call this person and that and the other alike men if they have nothing in common? Why do we call the African and the Mongolian as well as the European, savage as well as civilised races, human beings, if they are not all sharers in one nature, partakers in one common life ? When we speak of the equality of men (and of our duty of having equal regard for them) we have in mind their essential humanity, those capacities and possibilities that lead us to differentiate them from the rest of the world and call them men. No one claims that we should have the same regard for an animal as for a man, that we should think as much of the grass of the field as of a human soul ; we should have equal regard for things that are themselves equal, and at bottom all men *are* equal and are alike to be treated with respect. So far as the inequalities with which we are familiar do exist, we are of course to treat them unequally ; we are not to admire the bad as we do the good, to give heed to the unwise as we do to the wise ; this would not be justice but injustice. To have the same feelings for a corrupter of public morals that we do for an upright citizen would be a mockery of justice; the very rule that we should treat with equal regard things that are equal, commands us to treat unequally the things that are not equal—which is but the obverse side of the rule. But all such inequalities are, as compared with the great underlying capacities which men have in common, on the surface ; they are more in the attainments of men than in their original capacities ; and however we may praise and blame, help and thwart, elevate and degrade, there is that in every man which forbids us to altogether despise him or unmitigatedly hate him, that which rather entitles him to a certain reverence and makes us, if we do rightly, wish him well rather than ill. At bottom all men are one; therefore each should be sacred in our eyes.

Justice is sometimes regarded as a sentiment, a vague dream or emotion, which is not capable of giving a clear account of itself and is without a strictly rational basis. I hold on the other hand that justice is not in the first place a sentiment at all, but an idea, that it is not born of feeling or emotion or any kind of enthusiasm, but of reason itself, that there is no practical idea or rule that is so capable of a rational justification as this. Self-interest is sometimes put in contrast with it as a sober and rational rule of conduct; but self-interest (in this sense), or selfishness, is just the thing that it is impossible to give a rational account or derivation of ; selfishness is born of feeling, impulse, emotion—and not of reason at all ; reason would say that if you consider yourself, and another is like yourself, you should consider him too ; a natural and legitimate self-interest is thus transformable into justice ; but selfishness (self-interest, in the popular sense, put forth as a more rational principle than justice) gives

no heed to such plain teachings of reason, it is simply an unruled instinct,—essentially blind and irrational. It cannot be called sentimental, then, to propose justice as a motive of human action and a rule of life; and all that can be meant by using "sentimental" in this connection is that justice is a more or less unfamiliar, unusual thing—and hence that many might not know, perhaps, where they should bring up, if they gave themselves over to its guidance. But the same thing might be said of reason itself; for reason is after all but a slight factor in human life—most men being creatures of habit, custom, and prejudice rather than of reason. Would it be called sentimental to propose that ordinary men and women think and act more rationally than they do?

And yet in saying this I do not wish to be understood as depreciating sentiment or as ignoring its place in our life. I rather wish the sentiment of justice were ten times more powerful in the world than it is. I only say that we cannot find guidance in sentiment. We can be guided only by what is capable of intellectual statement; we can be ruled only by ideas—though we may be impelled along the track of obedience to them by all the emotions and feelings possible to us. The sentiment of justice is so noble an emotion only because justice itself is so commanding an idea.

In a subsequent article I shall try to set forth justice in still clearer light by contrasting it with egoism and with altruism.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Pious romances concerning the mother of Washington have so long passed as history, that the publication of some prosaic facts concerning her have started counter-romances. One of these is now going the rounds, purporting to be the substance of a correspondence between Washington and his mother. According to this paragraph, Mary Washington writes to her son that she has the rheumatism, that her roof leaks, and she wishes to spend the winter at Mount Vernon. Washington is quoted as replying that he is sorry she has the rheumatism, that he will have the roof mended, but that it is impracticable for her to pass the winter at his house. Should she do so, "either she must eat with the family, which would not be agreeable to his frequent guests; or she must have her meals in her room, which would be extremely inconvenient; or she must go to the servant's table, which would not be acceptable to herself."

This calumnious paragraph was published in many papers, and attributed by some to a journal in Chicago. The version before me appeared in a New York paper of February 15, in this year. The date is significant, for it suggests that the paragraphist had before him a letter of February 15, 1787, written by Washington to his mother, out of which the fabrication has been ingeniously forged,—in the worst sense of that word. This letter (Ford's "Writings of Washington," Vol. XI. p. 114.) so far from containing any trace of the insolence ascribed to it is one of the most filial ever written. It is not in reply to any from his mother, but "in consequence of a communication to George Washington of your want of money." He encloses her money, and says that as long as he has a shilling she shall share it. He entreats her to leave her house (his property) in Fredericksburg, to use the rent as her own, and to pass her declining years with one of her three children. "My house," he says, "is at your service, and [I] would press you most sincerely and most devoutly to accept it, but I am sure, and candor requires me to say, it will never answer your purposes in any shape whatsoever. For in truth it may be compared to a well-resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from south to north do not spend a day or two at it. This, would, were you an inhabitant of it, oblige you to do one of three things: 1st, to be always dressing to appear in company; 2d, to come into [the room] in a dishabille, or 3d, to be as it were a prisoner in your own chamber. The first you'ld not like; indeed for a person at your time of life it would be too fatiguing. The 2d, I should not like, because, those who resort here are, as I observed before, strangers and people of the first distinction. And the 3d, more than probably, would not be pleasing to either of us. Nor indeed would you be retired in any room in my house; for what with the sitting up of company, the noise and bustle of servants, and many other things, you would not be able to enjoy that calmness and serenity of mind, which in my opinion you ought now to prefer to every other consideration in life."

He then proceeds to plan carefully an arrangement by which the old lady—she was eighty-one—would have a comfortable income. There is not the remotest allusion to any leaky roof or rheumatism; those are pure inventions of the ingenious newspaper man. The proper abode for her was her widowed daughter's house, which adjoined her own residence in Fredericksburg. There she seems to have gone, and there two years later she died.

Who is it that has been interested to elaborate such a calumny on Washington's mother, and still more on her illustrious son? And what public is there in America that may be counted on to peruse without question, or to enjoy, a discovery that George Washington brutally told his aged mother that she was not fit to sit at his table? And what sort of culture pre-

vails in the nation that it can swallow statements so preposterous?

Mary Washington was in no sense a "society woman," as the phrase now goes, but she was one who would have been welcomed at any table. Towards the close of the revolution she was much broken by age and infirmities, to which at length was added the cancer of which she died. Her son-in-law at Fredericksburg, Col. Fielding Lewis, had died, and was found to have sacrificed his means largely in providing arms for the revolution. His widow, Betty (Washington) Lewis, had to support and educate a large family. Mary Washington's sons were oppressed by public affairs, and there were times when the old lady grumbled a good deal at her loneliness, and (imaginary) poverty. But it is not fair to judge her by those years of dilapidation, albeit her complaints annoyed her famous son a good deal. Even in her time of decay her society was sought. She had in her time known famous personages,—Spotswoods, Fairfaxes, Balls, Carters, Beverleys, Washingtons, Lewises,—whose children and grandchildren gathered around her with affection and respect. She was left a widow at thirty-seven with a family of five young children, all of whom became respected members of society, to say nothing of him who became pre-eminent in public life. The three letters written by her, which are known, are ill-spelt, but every word is businesslike and to the point. They show her to be in pleasant relations with her distinguished connections on both sides of the Atlantic. Her husband's will shows that he considered it likely that she would marry again; also that he regarded her even in that case, her husband giving securities, as the fittest trustee of the estates of his and her children until they should reach majority. He also made provision for her in her own right. Her half-brother Joseph Ball, the London lawyer, shows in his correspondence with her respect for her intelligence and judgment. Of the exceptional piety ascribed to her no trace appears in her letters, but there seems no doubt that she was a strong and striking character. The enthusiasm which led to the erection of her monument, though it was paid for by individual munificence, was that of persons who had known her. In an address at the dedication of that monument (May, 1833) General Jackson, a personal friend of Washington said: "She acquired and maintained a wonderful ascendancy over those around her. This characteristic of genius attended her through life; and even in its decline, after her son had led his country to independence, he approached her with the same reverence she taught him to exhibit in early life." She was a "fond mother," to use the expression of a contemporary letter written by her neighbor, Robert Jackson, in reporting to Major Lawrence Washington her opposition to George's naval plan. On April 2, 1755, Washington writes to Braddock's Aid-de-camp, Orme: "The arrival of a good deal of company (among whom is my mother, alarmed at the report of my intention to follow your fortunes) deprives me of the pleasure of waiting upon you to-day, as I had designed."

Never did Washington fail in filial devotion. He had defects: he was not

"That faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

It has been my own painful duty, in writing the biographies of Edmund Randolph and Thomas Paine, to point out what appear to me grievous errors in his political career, while recognising them as the errors of an excessive patriotism. As a public man Washington was absolutely devoted to his country; as a private character he was devoted to his mother. And she, with whatever faults of education, was a woman of fine presence, of vigorous intelligence, of power. There is little doubt that George Washington derived from her much of the force that achieved for America its liberties,—among these the liberty to invent stories about him, and declare him an insulter of his aged mother.

OUR ONE ADULT INDUSTRY.

BY JAMES JEFFERSON DODGE.

Have we anything else in this land but infant industries? Is there one broad-shouldered stalwart adult in the crowd compelled to shoulder the rest? This is at least worthy of consideration, now that we are entering another political campaign in which already the argument is pressed on us that we must protect "our infant industries."

It will be encouraging to us as a nation, well on in our second century of development, if we can find at least one industry that neither needs nor asks to be coddled and protected. I believe it is undisputed that protection of one industry must directly or indirectly tax all other industries. It is a fiction that a tariff is only a tax on foreign nations. It is a method of raising the price of goods that are not only sold by foreigners, but are bought by Americans. The increased valuation is paid for here; both directly on the goods themselves and on other goods that compete with them. There is no reasonable dispute as to whether a tariff protects; it only needs to be seen that whatever protection is given in one direction is taxation in another. It will therefore be exceedingly agreeable if we find that there is one American industry that neither needs nor asks for such special legislative care.

It is a curious fact that agriculture and manufactures have always been separated in classification. That is, while the man who takes iron and works it over into knives is called a manufacturer, a man who takes soil and aërial elements and works them over with great skill into corn, wheat, and apples is not a manufacturer. This is not only curious but it is a blunder. The weaver of nitrogen and albumen is as much a manufacturer as the weaver of cotton or wool. He is more so; for at present there is no art more abstruse or more complex than that which furnishes us our food from nature's raw elements. More than this the land-culturist, doing it with brains, is practically a creator. We have made much of the man who invented the cotton gin; but what of the man who, by hybridising, creates a new variety of cotton capable of one-third heavier products? We have the name of McCormick

and his reaper as household words the world over, but what of the men who gave us the newer wheats, and oats; and those who by scientific application are doubling the product of our richest acres? The originator of the Sheldon pear was a woman, whose tact saved for us the ideal of excellence in that most luscious branch of the rosaciae family. In forty years such people have revolutionised our fruits and vegetables and grains; our grapes, our berries, our apples, our peaches, and our potatoes. Do they need protection? Or is this the one, the only one, of our industries that does not ask to be helped at the expense of all others?

Let us see how it would work. I am, we will suppose, a grower of grapes. Living somewhat to the north, my crop is not ready for market quite so soon as that of the states south of me. The men of the Hudson River Valley and of New Jersey can get into my natural market about two weeks before my grapes are sweet. They receive sixteen cents a pound, and when I am ready I can get only half that for the same grade of fruit. If now you will draw a cordon around my natural market, and compel my rivals to pay a tariff so that they will be forced to pocket only eight cents, we shall be on an equality. Better yet if you will keep these grape growers away altogether; for then I shall be able to take sixteen cents, or possibly force the market still higher. To be sure the consumers will not like this; at least it will not be for their advantage. It will be to my advantage; and it will build up my infant industry. I shall start a large number of home vineyards, and give employment to a large number of workmen, of which I shall duly boast. It is true that this industry is not a natural one hereabouts. To grow grapes here to surpass the Hudson Valley crop in quality will be impossible; it will always be an infant industry, needing a great deal of help. It is also true that two other parties are concerned: the consumers whom I intend to make pay twice as much for grapes as they now do; and the vineyardists who are tariffed out; for it interferes with their sales, and will put an end to much of their industry. I see nothing for them but to narrow up their vineyards, discharge most of their men, and rely on their home markets. Probably they will be compelled to establish another cordon to keep me out of their region. On the whole a system of sectional tariffs and local protection is what we need. I am sure that I can make money out of it—on grapes and peaches and some other crops that are natural products of a more southerly section. I am not concerned in the fact that I shall damage them; what I am looking out for is home industries.

Allow me to interpolate a short passage while my logic takes a breathing spell. One of the strongest protectionist papers in America has a reporter in England. Here is what he writes from Sheffield: "The old man replied with earnestness, 'Oh it do hurt us proper' (referring to the McKinley tariff). He said he had worked there thirty-seven years; and did not know what he should do when he could have no more work there. One workman asked if the tariff did not hurt workingmen in America. Another replied, 'Naw, when the tariff stops our cutlery over 'ere, over there they puts oop cutler shops, and the men comes to work, they gets good wages, and buys the farmers stoof at 'ome; its all right for they; but its blooming hard for we." This I clip from a religious paper, which nevertheless cannot see anything wrong in starving our neighbors to increase our own profits. Over there the laborer cannot turn to another industry when his single known employment is broken down,—he simply can starve, he, his wife, and his children. These starvelings are also morally degraded; and when degradation has well set in, a freshet of immigration drives them over here. So with one hand we break down the fibre of European laborers, and with the other hand give to them or their children a ballot. But I am told the tariff is only obeying the Scriptural injunction that every man shall provide for his own household; and if not he is worse than a heathen and a publican. But there is no injunction that we shall provide for our own households by stealing our neighbor's chickens. The simple question is what is our country, and who is our neighbor. It is a pity that we must go back again 1900 years to learn that the field is the world, and our neighbor is every man who needs help. "It is simply a matter of yards," says my friend Levithall—"a matter of tape line. I wish to have a reasonable limit to our political economy." Then he tells me he wishes to protect the pears of southern California, but he will endorse a law that tears the bread from the mouths of our cousins in England—3000 miles, I take it, from New England in either direction—or thereabouts. So I see; and I dare not help seeing that there are two ends to protection; that while it builds at this end, it breaks down at that end; and are we quite sure that we are morally right or even economically right in permitting a few politicians to so disturb the natural tendencies of production, and traffic, and create a condition absolutely artificial? So much as an interlude.

But I am answered, This will never do. We do not propose to protect horticulture and agriculture; but manufactures. Agriculture is not an infant industry. When your grapes are made into wine or alcohol we are ready to protect them. So I am left to the supposition that farming is after all an adult industry, that it does not need protection, and will not get protected. I must shift as I can with my grapes. That suits me very well; for I hold it to be a sneaking thing to get advantage of my neighbors by legislation. If I cannot by wit and tact find out my own natural industries, those suited to my section and soil, I had better give up land-tillage. But that is not settling this question. Agriculture as a whole is not as strong relatively as it was in 1792 in this country. No class of our citizens have suffered worse from shifting prices; and I am sorry to say that the rise of manufactures has tallied with the depression of land-tillage. Machinery has had a great deal to do with farmers' troubles as well as with farmers' comforts. The machines drive thousands off the farms in to the cities. Thus while your railroads distribute comforts and letters to all of our doors, they also bring in competing crops. And in one way and another our farming communities do not thrive as they did when each home was a world to itself, manufacturing as well as tilling, making its own soap, and shoes, and candles, and sausages, and cloth, and clothes, as well as its own butter and hay and eggs. Having lost all these home industries, the farmer would still be content to purchase his shoes and cloth and soap if the tariff did not meddle with prices. No doubt it would be advantageous for most of these industries to find natural centres; and it would not be disadvantageous to the farmer to lose them if they did not at once demand protection from competition; and he, the farmer, have to pay for the same, as well as for the articles he no longer is allowed to manufacture. Either we must go back to our old style household industries, or we must have a share in protection. You have taken from us our arts, by means of machinery, and then compelled us to pay not only for the articles but for protection. When my father made the shoes, and my mother the satinet for the household, no protection was asked for or granted. Now what I want you to see is that the reason why agriculture is not as prosperous as one hundred years ago is a great revolution. Our home industries are no longer ours; but have become "the infant industries" of the nation, and are protected: while nothing that we are now engaged in is protected, or very little. We must either get an equal share in protection, or go under. In other words, there must be restored an equality between agriculture and manufactures.

This logic I am told will never do; because it is of such immense importance to this nation to build up industries—manufactures of all sorts require laborers; and make markets for produce. This I do not care to discuss, for it opens into great fields of dispute; only I wish to press once more on the still greater need of

fostering and building up agriculture. Was Jefferson mistaken when he insisted that this nation would be prosperous and free only on the basis of a predominant agriculture? In my judgment our great need was rightly understood by our founders. Wholesome national life, and general prosperity can be demonstrated to tally with the strength of and popular love for land-tillage. No wide-spread nation can thrive on manufacturing interests. The great problem to-day in Germany, in England, and equally in America, is how to reverse the drift of population to concentrate at nuclei of manufactures. Our cities have ceased to be our glory; they are already our menace. They are not republican; but anarchic, when not oligarchic. The energies of government can be better spent than in building up all sorts of infant industries; even laboriously and boastfully bribing them away from foreign lands and their natural centres.

Am I arguing that agriculture is also an infant industry, and needs protective tariffs? I am arguing that agriculture is put at a great disadvantage by every possible sort of a tariff that is drawn about the country. Our crops are for the most part such that they can be advantaged in market only by state tariffs and county tariffs and town tariffs; and these are of the same character as the larger cordon that surrounds the whole land. On the whole we do not propose to pose as infantile and dependent. By the assumption of our law-makers, as well as our own proud independence, ours is an adult industry.

I am aware that in this argument I have seemed to enter the general tariff discussion; although I would have been glad altogether to have avoided that. My chief object has been to call attention to the prevalent, and I believe dangerous public opinion of the relative importance of agriculture and manufactures. Most particularly I wish you to see that over half of what was formerly done by farmers and farmers' wives and farmers' families is now differentiated from farm life, and is done by other people who are called manufacturers. A large share of what is now termed manufacturing was formerly done by our farm households; and it did not then pass as infant industries.

CURRENT TOPICS.

From every corner of the English world, from Britain, Canada, Australia, and the Islands of the sea, came birthday cheers and greetings for Oliver Wendell Holmes, as with buoyant step and brave he finished his 83rd and began his 84th mile. The applause was worthy of the man, for on sixty of the mile-stones back of him he had written a poem or a proverb, refreshing as a drink to every weary pilgrim travelling behind. I fancied I could see him, stimulated by the acclamations, make what the sportsmen call a "spurt" as he left the 83rd mile-stone in the rear. A philosophical chemist, he distilled morals in the joyful sunshine, leaving the cynic to practice alchemy in the cloisters and the gloom. His poems, graceful as the corn in tassel, glorified the landscape of our lives, and promised us a rich thanksgiving in the fall. A physician, trained in the colleges to cure the body, he learned from Nature how to heal the soul, and his chief diploma is not writ in Latin, but in that heart-speech universal which all men understand. He is the doctor that Macbeth was looking for to cure his wife when she was troubled with those thick-coming fancies that kept her from her rest; somebody learned in spiritual therapeutics; one who could minister to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow. If the silent plaudits of his countrymen had vocal speech they would make a storm of music in this land; for which of us has not sometime felt his healing genius "raze out the written troubles of the brain." In melancholy vein men speak of him as the survivor of a former generation, but this is merely sentimental commonplace, for his verse and prose are still racy of his country and his time. Shelley could not know from anything in the song the age of the skylark that enraptured him; and were it not for the prosy almanac, we should not know the age of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* * *

What is there so very old about a man of eighty-three or eighty-four? It is the mind that makes old age; and the imagination adds infirmities. Whittier communes with Holmes, and speaks of the friends they loved, not in the last generation only, but in the generation before that; as if they were three generations old. It is very beautiful, that birthday blessing from the older poet to the younger, for Whittier outranks Holmes by something like a year; but why put superfluous wrinkles on the effigies of ourselves? Better lengthen other lives by our own resolute longevity; as Mr. Gladstone does. He is only four months younger than Holmes, and yet with elastic spirit, like old Atlas, he takes upon his own shoulders the weight of the British empire; and that is about one-sixth of all the world. By thus refusing to quit work at eighty-three he prolongs the time for superannuation, and increases the general vitality. This looks like a fanciful conceit, but I believe it is a physiological fact; and I think that the life insurance companies get the benefit of it. I have lately received a letter from an English statesman, who was a member of parliament and an under secretary of state when Mr. Gladstone was a boy at school. He can patronise him now as he could then, as his "young friend." He has preserved his youth by his own strong self-will; and he has written a book this year; a very statesman-like book it is, concerning the relations between Canada and the United States, and between Canada and Great Britain. Though a lord of high degree and great estate, he lays no duty down to flatter his ninety years. When a man surrenders to Time without a struggle, Nature will very likely take him at his own estimate, and fold him to her bosom in eternal rest.

* * *

Just as I had finished writing those few comments on Whittier and Holmes, came the news of Whittier's death. I leave the words as I wrote them, in the living tense, and add by way of a postscript the thanks of an old soldier to the poet who weakened slavery with his verses before we struck it with our swords. Our enemy would have been stronger but for him. Considering that he was a Quaker and a man of peace, "weaponless and bare," his hymns had a metallic martial ring inspiring as that of a trumpet shouting "Charge"; and his *Laus Deo* at the end was very much like that of Miriam, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." He was a Quaker in the letter only, but in the spirit he was a soldier. He adopted the military theology of the Hebrews and made the Lord a soldier too. To him the scripture parallel was real; the Confederate army was Pharaoh's army; and he sung its overthrow in the very words of the prophetess,

> "Loud and long
> Lift the old exulting song;
> Sing with Miriam by the sea
> He has cast the mighty down;
> Horse and rider sink and drown;
> He hath triumphed gloriously!"

In that perilous time for freedom, a true poet, though a Quaker, through the poetic sense alone, could feel the throbbings of a battle five hundred miles away. In his anxiety the Quaker prays to Mars, and to Mars he gives the glory for a battle won. As the children of Israel sung "The Lord is a man of war," so did Whittier; but in these words:

> "For the Lord
> On the whirlwind is abroad;
> In the earthquake he has spoken;
> He has smitten with his thunder
> The iron walls asunder,
> And the gates of brass are broken.'

Here God is the commander; and the generals and the colonels, and the captains and the privates, and the horses and the mules, and the bayonets and the guns, were merely the subordinate agents fighting in obedience to military orders from on high. The crashing down of Slavery's ramparts is *His* earthquake, and the roaring of the cannon is *His* thunder. A couple of weeks or so before the fight at Gettysburg, Whittier wrote a poem for the Annual Meeting of the Friends at Newport, R. I., and often in my imagination I behold him reading it there. By a sort of psychological transfiguration, he appears to me not in a Quaker's garb, but in the uniform of a Union soldier, with a saber buckled on his thigh, eager for the battle, and fretting and impatient because he may not fight; forbidden by a rule of creed not applicable to the time. It is a soldier, chafing under the restraints of compulsory peace who talks to his brethren like this:

> "Full long our feet the flowery ways
> Of peace have trod,
> Content with creed and garb and phrase;
> A harder path in earlier days
> Led up to God."

Those words, uttered by a soldier, would have been regarded as a military sneer at "creed and garb and phrase." Even coming from Whittier himself, they have something of that quality. Though restive under it, he was faithful to the letter of his creed, and he told his people that although they could not fight with carnal weapons the theatre of war contained within it other fields of duty and self-sacrifice than those of battle. He said:

> "The levelled gun, the battle brand,
> We may not take:
> But, calmly loyal, we can stand
> And suffer with our suffering land
> For conscience' sake.
>
> Why ask for ease where all is pain?
> Shall *we* alone
> Be left to add our gain to gain,
> When over Armageddon's plain
> The trump is blown?"

The genius of Whittier was not Shakespearian, wide as the world, and comprehensive as the universe; in fact, it was rather limited in range, but it was wide enough to fold within its generous bosom all the lowly and the poor. It gave sympathetic shelter to the slave; it inspired him with hope; and it guided him through the wilderness like the pillar of fire and the cloud. When the war clouds came together in 1861, Whittier knew that the resulting thunderbolt would smite the castles of slavery and hurl them to the ground. In the death of this inspired Quaker I feel as if I had lost an old comrade of the war. And that reminds me that we have a Whittier Post of the Grand Army.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Calmire. New York: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1892.

In criticising a book of this character, and probably it is true of all books worth criticising, three points should be kept in view—what is the intention of the writer, has it been well carried out, and is the author's aim a desirable one? Of these questions the last is much the most difficult to answer, since there is no generally recognised standard by reference to which desirability can be determined. All will agree that what is contrary to the canons of propriety is undesirable; but, as a fact, there is no absolute standard of propriety, whether moral or social. Undoubtedly there are in all societies certain rules for the governance of conduct, which have become established through the influence of custom or authority. But such rules necessarily change in various particulars, from time to time, in a progressive society. This is now an admitted truth, and it may seem to preclude the possibility of the formation of any absolute moral standard. Such an inference would, however, be erroneous, as, whatever may be the case with particular peoples, the race as a whole does not retrogress, and it must therefore advance; and this it can do only by making sure of the steps of its progress. But, although theft and murder cannot now become otherwise than immoral, actions coming within those categories may be regarded as having different degrees of guilt, and even certain actions may come to be excluded altogether from them. Hence there is not *necessarily* any moral impropriety in a writer palliating conduct which at one time would have been regarded as distinctly criminal. Such, indeed, is the position at the present time of the numerous writers who ascribe all crime to the influence of heredity.

But what has been said above applies to other offenses besides those usually classed as crimes. For instance, a woman's adultery and other offenses against chastity have come to be regarded in the same light as crimes, and under some circumstances they appear to be considered, by women at least, as more heinous than almost any crime. And yet there are changes of sentiment in relation to sexual conduct which mark social progress, and which arise from a higher intellectuality and the exercise of mental analysis in connection with the circumstances attending such conduct. Hence, so long as the general law of chastity is enforced, there is no reason why particular infractions of it should not be palliated, or rather there is no impropriety in a writer seeking to show that under special circumstances an infraction of the law of chastity may properly be condoned.

Now, although this is not the main purpose of "Calmire," it is probably its strongest point. Any one glancing through its table of contents and noticing that the last chapter is entitled *The Beginning* would be excusable for turning to this chapter first. On so doing he would find the "hero" of the story embracing the heroine, while she was holding the illegitimate child which she knew her rival had borne to her embracer. This is a strong position and one which must be offensive to the moral prejudices of many persons. And yet it is quite justifiable from the author's standpoint, as it is consistent with, if not, indeed, the natural result of, the conditions laid down in the story, and there is no impropriety in those conditions themselves. There is an infringement of what were once the received canons of sexual morality, but the law of chastity is fully recognised, and the palliation of its infringement is really a step towards a clearer understanding of the proper applications of the law. It speaks well for the ingenuity of the author that a means is provided by which the hero can marry the heroine, without injustice to the mother of his child and without consigning her to a premature death.

So far, then, as its sexual teaching is the aim of "Calmire," it is justifiable, and such must be said also of the chief aim of the book, which is to show the influence over an orthodox, not necessarily religious, mind of the principles of experience as exhibited in natural evolution. As the justification in the former case has a moral basis, so in the latter case it has an intellectual basis, and the justification is strengthened by the recognition of the law of religion as essential to human nature. But if justifiable, the aims referred to must be considered desirable; as indeed it *is* to exhibit the effect which the recognition of natural evolution must have over Christian belief, while showing that the accompanying mental change is attended with a broadening of the moral view and a deepening of the sympathetic nature. Nor is there any weakening of moral principle. The heroine, in her dealings with the man whom she regards as having wronged herself in dishonoring another, does not receive him into favor again until he has expiated his fault and thus rendered himself worthy of her.

We have pointed out the aims of this book and have seen that it fulfils the condition of justifiableness. But can it be said that the intention of the author has been well carried into effect? This question may be considered from two points of view, that of substance and that of style. Of these the former is the more important, although on the style of the writer depends largely the practical value of his work, including under that term everything outside of the ideas intended to be conveyed. And here we may say that these do not require nearly seven hundred and fifty pages for their expression. One of the faults of the book is its interminable talk, which overshadows the incidents which give the real interest to the story. Nor is it necessary to put into the mouth of the young reprobate who is made to pose as the hero a series of vulgar expressions which show, to say the least, that he cannot have been accustomed to the society of ladies. To make such a young man, or "boy," as he is foolishly termed, the agent for effecting a change in the opinions of a young woman reared in the bosom of orthodoxy is somewhat absurd. No doubt he was supported in his statement of the results of modern scientific inquiry by his uncle, who is much more of a hero than the nephew. Of the heroine herself, it must be said that she has no opinions of her own, which may account for the readiness with which she accepts those of others. And here is the weak point of most books of this character. The effect produced is greater than could really result from the means employed, on the assumption that the persons affected have ordinary strength of character. As to the hero, whose first name is a travesty, his character as depicted may be intended to show that extremes may meet in the same person. But here it is not the case of a man with pronounced views at one time, expressing opposite views at another. It is the exhibition of contrary qualities almost at the same moment, and it is to be hoped that Muriel Calmire is not a fair specimen of the young men turned out by our colleges, notwithstanding the smattering of science with which he is accredited.

On the whole, notwithstanding these defects, the "style" of the present work is good, and those who take a real interest in the subject of the bearing of "evolution" on religion will find it very readable. The great merit of the book lies, however, in its treatment of that subject. It is shown that science and religion, distinguishing this from dogmatism, are not antagonistic, and that actual "revelation" is the truth learned through experience: all truth *is* revelation of the infinite Something, the Power, which pervades Nature, of which human nature is part. That which is beyond the portion of Nature which we know, is the real *super*-natural; and "revealing Power, except so far as revealed, is correctly called Unknowable," but, as we know more of the Power every day, it is eminently knowable. True religion, therefore, that which is based on the revelation of Nature through experience, is "faith in the Infinite Power, Order, and Beauty," from which emanate the laws under which we receive all our knowledge, our joys, and our inspirations. The reference of our moral ideas to ancestral experiences is good, and so are the remarks that the proper use of anything is moral, and that evil is only a bad adjustment of good things. The author bases an ingenious argument as to the possibility of immortality on the facts that we know nothing as to the nature of consciousness. There is no *self*-contradiction about the "dream of immortality," which has, however, no practical value now; since "there never was an honest, invigorating duty predicated on the hypothesis of another life, that does not stand out boldly as a duty if this life is all." On the other hand, *thought* is the essential *thing*, and we have no conclusive evidence that it ever dies. This is not the place, however, to discuss the question of immortality, and we will here leave a work which, with all its defects, is deserving of being read with much more than the ordinary care and attention bestowed on works of fiction.

Ω.

THE NEW RELIGION A GOSPEL OF LOVE. By *E. W. Gray*. Chicago The Thorne Publishing Company.

The religion referred to in the title of this book can be called new in a very restricted sense, seeing that it is simply Christianity under a somewhat novel guise. The author may be termed a Christian socialist, and he believes in the future of humanity under the Christian régime. This union of Christianity and socialism, which undoubtedly bids fair to become a powerful social factor, is little more than a reversion to the earliest Christian teachings. If so, can it be made consistent with progress according to the laws of evolution? The doctrines of original sin and atonement find no place in the "New Religion," but in these days of philosophic research, does love alone furnish a sufficient principle of religious conduct? We think not, and therefore such a book as the present, although it may be of service for the awakening to something higher of those who are still slaves to orthodoxy, cannot be said to be a real step in the development of the religion of the future. The author professes, and with sincerity, to be guided by a scientific spirit, but we find little science in his work although one of its divisions is entitled "Anthropology." Another is devoted to the "Old Religions." Here the author does not fall into the ridiculous error of treating all religions but Christianity as systems of error, but the treatment of them is inadequate. It is nevertheless good so far as it goes, as is the discussion of Christ's Mission. The work is well written, and will doubtless have many admirers among readers of books of this class. Ω.

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