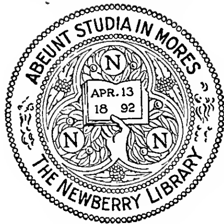
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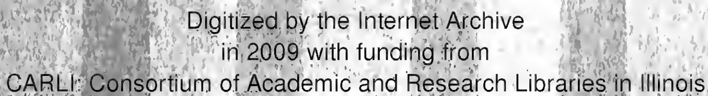
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Devoted to the Work of

Conciliating Religion with Science.

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REVOLUTIONS, AND ORACLES OF REASON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The finest scene of the Oberammergau Passion Play last year was the struggle of Pilate with a religious mob. He had nearly mastered them when a priest cried, "If thou release this man thou art not Cæsar's friend." From that moment Pilate's efforts to save Jesus are personal; officially Jesus is surrendered. Cæsar's representative faces the fact that, in Judea, Cæsarism rests on the same foundation with Jahvism. Jesus had, indeed, suggested the buttress of the Roman throne when he said to Pilate, the moment before, "Thou wouldst have no power against me except it were given thee from above." This belief that Roman supremacy could be established there only by Jehovah's decree was more potent than any army to defend Pilate's authority; he could not shake the religious superstition without endangering the arbitrary political order. And from that day to this,—when the Queen of England is the official head of Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, Presbyterianism, Episcopacy in their several localities,—how many monarchs have officially sanctioned consecrated systems they unofficially abhorred!

Authority leans on authority. No power not based on the popular will can stand alone. Such is the testimony of all the revolutions. It is still a question whether the French Revolution, a hundred years ago, was chiefly due to the overthrow of spiritual authority. Buckle points out that for nearly forty years before that event the government had been trying to subdue the besiegers of religious authority. "Among those who suffered either confiscation, or imprisonment, or exile, or fines, or the suppression of their works, or the ignominy of being forced to recant what they had written, I find, besides a host of inferior writers, the names of Beaumarchais, Berruyer, Bougeant, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Duclos, Freret, Helvétius, La Harpe, Linguet, Mably, Marmontel, Montesquieu, Mercier, Morellet, Raynal, Rousseau, Suard, Thomas, and Voltaire." He thinks that the violence of the French Revolution may be largely ascribed to the overthrow of spiritual authority before the secular authority was attacked. But a contemporary French writer, Félix Rocquain, has, in his "L'Esprit révolutionaire avant la Revolution," concluded that the political *régime* was already shaken before the philosophers arose. This book has just been condensed and translated by Miss Hunting, in London. In an introduction to it Professor Huxley says: "It can hardly be doubted that the Revolution of '89 owed many of its worst features to the violence of a populace degraded to the level of beasts by the effect of the institutions under which they herded together and starved; and that the work of reconstruction which it attempted was to carry into practice the speculations of Malby and of Rousseau. But, just as little does it seem open to question, that neither the writhings of the dregs of the populace in their misery, nor the speculative demonstrations of the Philosophers, would have come to much except for the revolutionary movement which had been going on ever since the beginning of the century." My own impression is that the two authorities, the secular and the spiritual, were alternately weakened in France, and that when at length, in 1791, the throne tried to save itself by surrendering its superstitious basis, its political support was proved to be equally superstitious. Hereditary authority could find no sanction in reason, but only in an assumed divine favoritism for a particular family.

The Revolution of 1688 in England, by the secular arm transferring the throne from one family to another, brought the monarchical superstition into doubt, and straightway Christianity itself was shaken. One hundred years before Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," appeared Charles Blount's "Oracles of Reason." "Blount," says Macauley, "was an infidel, and the head of a small school of infidels who were troubled with a morbid desire to make converts. He translated from the Latin translation part of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, and appended notes of which the flippant profaneness called forth the severe censure of an unbeliever of a very different order, the illustrious Bayle. Blount also attacked Christianity in several original treatises. . . . His delight was to worry the priests by asking them how light existed before the sun was made, how Paradise could be bounded by Pison, Gibon, Hiddekel and Euphrates, how serpents moved

before they were condemned to crawl, and where Eve found thread to stitch her figleaves." To Blount Macauley attributes the emancipation of the press in England.

The very year after the close of the American Revolution appeared Ethan Allen's "Oracles of Reason." In this country the royalist superstition had been much stronger than in England. It was somewhat shaken by the rebellion against the Stamp Act (1763) and even that preface to the Revolution was attended by the related insurrection of Unitarianism and Universalism. But when the British throne on this continent lay in fragments the creeds inherited from the same region and *régime* were shaken, and a spiritual Declaration of Independence became inevitable. Before the Revolution, Thomas Paine had made his strongest point against monarchy from the Bible, expounding through five pages of "Common-Sense" the anger of Jehovah, in the time of Samuel, because the Israelites asked for a king. That was in 1776; in 1783 such an argument would have been smiled at.

It is a circumstance at once picturesque and significant that the first American manifesto against the throne of Christianity should come from Ethan Allen. He was born (1742) in Connecticut but brought up in Vermont, where his youth was nursed on the vehement disputes of that colony with adjacent states concerning their boundaries. The troubles all grew out of the conflicting grants of Charles II., and Ethan Allen's faith in royalty was early shaken. He was the leader of the forces that defended Vermont from New York. When that internal struggle was suspended by the breaking out of the Revolution, Ethan Allen, at the head of his "Green Mountain Boys" appeared (May 10, 1775) before Fort Ticonderoga, and demanded its surrender "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." By this capture he gained great fame. He was captured in the expedition to Canada, suffered exceptional hardships during his imprisonment on a prison-ship at New York, where he was exchanged in 1778. The disturbances in Vermont were renewed, and the English tried to foment the intercolonial strife. With this view a leading Tory of this region, Beverley Robinson, made tempting offers to Ethan Allen, who, by pretending to listen to them, secured the Vermonters from molestation by the English. He died at Burlington, Vermont, in 1789.

In looking through the secret archives of England I noted severe invectives against Ethan Allen, for his general wickedness. His main sins, however, were that he surprised Ticonderoga, outwitted the British agents who tried to bribe him, and wrote the "Oracles of Reason." In America his memory has met with a memorable neglect; for the King of kings has long kept an *oubliette* for revolutionists who include his crown with those of his subordinates. It has been traditionally understood that Ethan Allen's book was a mere boisterous assertion of "infidel" commonplaces, and the book has been quietly allowed to lapse into extinction, I myself had this impression, and never until lately searched out the work. For this I now do penance. I sought it out less on its own or its author's account than on Paine's; for in a privately circulated "Account of Arnold's Campaign against Quebec," found among the MSS. of John Joseph Henry, it is stated that the "Age of Reason" was plagiarised from the "Oracles of Reason." After much effort I have got hold of a copy of Ethan Allen's book, and found that there is no foundation for the statement of Paine's relentless orthodox accuser. But I have found more; namely, that Ethan Allen's work is the calm, meditative, philosophical inquiry of a religious and vigorous mind. In another paper I shall give some particular account of the volume, now rare even in public libraries. I here content myself with an extract from its preface. This is dated July 2, 1782, showing that the book was written during the revolutionary storms, albeit as quiet and self-restrained as if in a time of universal peace.

> "In my youth I was much disposed to contemplation, and at my commencement in manhood I committed to manuscript such sentiments or arguments as appeared most consonant to reason, least through the debility of memory my improvement should have been less gradual: This method of scribbling I practised for many years, from which I experienced great advantages in the progression of learning and knowledge, the more so as I was deficient in education. . . . To remedy this defect I have substituted the most unwearied pains. . . . The Bible and a Dictionary have been the only books I have made use of, since I have been correcting my old manuscripts, and making the following composition; though in these manuscripts I had copied sundry passages from certain authors, many years prior to the completion of the subsequent discourse, which the reader will find transcribed with proper quotations. . . . If the arguments are rightly stated, and the inferences justly drawn, they will stand the test of truth, although they do not come recommended to the public with the prelude of *Thus saith the Lord*."

It will be remembered that when Paine wrote the "Age of Reason," Part First, in Paris he could not get hold even of a Bible. But both he and Ethan Allen had the scriptures graven in their memories, and had revised them in the light of the Revolutions, which also secured them freedom of utterance.

> "Soon after I had published 'Common Sense,'" writes Paine, "I saw the exceeding probability that a revolution in the system of government would be followed by a revolution in the system of religion. The adulterous connection of Church and state, wherever it had taken place, had so effectually prohibited by pains and penalties every discussion upon established creeds, and upon first principles of religion, that until the system of government should be changed those subjects could not be brought fairly and openly before the world; but that whenever this should be done a revolution in the system of religion would follow."

Paine perfectly recognised the generation of negations which preceded him; but his idea of revolution was constructive; his book was written to build up Deism, and he founded the first ethical-deistic society in Christendom,—the "Theophilanthropical Society of Paris." Ethan Ellen, as we shall see, also aimed to be constructive.

MORAL INSTINCTS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

The defenders of Dualism have, with rare exceptions, consented to assume any degree of inconsistency in the working-plan of their *demiurgus*, in order to give themselves the benefit of a doubt in any mooted, or mootable, question. After being obliged to surrender to the arguments of uniformism in geology, they remained catastrophists in biology. When the hypothesis of special creation became untenable in the zoological sense, they tried to vindicate it, first in behalf of the human mind, and subsequently of man's moral nature, as distinguished from his intellectual faculties.

And yet unbiassed observers can hardly ever have entertained a doubt that the moral, as well as the mental, characteristics of our species have their germs in the instincts of the animal soul. Maternal love, which the Cynic Helvetius pretended to trace to the "mutual benefit association of a child needing milk and a mother wishing to reduce a surplus of it," assumes a very different phase, even in animals of such comparatively low development as the smaller rodents. The little harvest mouse (*Mus minitus*) will run after the despoiler of her nest, and the common flying squirrel will risk its life six times over in order to rescue its young from the very hands of their captor, and carry them, one by one, to a safe hiding-place in the top of a hollow tree. Without the "stimulus of plethoric mammary glands," brood-birds will fling themselves directly in the path of an intruder, in order to divert his attention from their nest. The European field-lark and several species of North American partridges frequently come to grief in trying that stratagem on cats, and I have twice seen a spaniel catch birds that had deliberately braved that risk by simulating lameness, and fluttering along slowly, as if with crippled wings and with the peculiar squeaking cry of a half-fledged nestling.

In several species of quadrumana that instinct of self-sacrifice becomes altruism, in a much wider sense. The South African Chacma-baboon and several of its congeners will rush instantly to the rescue of a wounded companion, and in captivity often protect helpless animals of all sorts and run considerable risks in trying to prevent acts of real or apparent cruelty. I have for years owned a female babuin or dwarf-baboon that seems unable to witness a dog-fight or a scuffle of schoolboys (who often enact sham-battles for her special benefit) without trying to part the combatants. One winter I kept her in a kitchen, next cage to a family of opossums that occasionally paid her a neighborly visit, the younger marsupials being able to crawl out of their wire door, and at such times the mere sight of a dog threw her in a state of indescribable agitation. She would rush to and fro with shrieks intended to attract the attention of a human protector or to warn the objects of her solicitude, and when a hound once really made a rush for one of the juvenile ringtails scampering about the floor she managed to snatch it up in the nick of time and drag it in through the bars of her own cage, where she insisted on detaining it till the danger was past. The distress of any small fellow-creature, but especially of a young mammal, at once enlists her sympathy, and she will sit for hours nursing a lame rabbit or a crippled rat.

That sympathetic propensity is not limited to the females of the species. A large male mandrill in the zoological garden of Cincinnati used to assume the rôle of protector in chief of his small fellow-prisoners. Five of them were Asiatic fourhanders of the species known as macaques, not special friends of the grim-visaged African, but in their frequent family-feuds the worsted parties were almost sure to throw themselves on his generosity by clinging to his hind feet. On such occasions he would back into a corner, protegé and all, and bristle up at the approach of all comers till time seemed to have assuaged the vindictive passions.

The "Gorilla" or "Lion-Killer," advertised by the proprietor of a traveling circus, proved to be a mane-baboon (*Cynocephalus Gelada*), a surly and rather silent old male; but the same establishment carried another misnomer: a "Happy Family" of wretched dogs, foxes, prairie-wolves, cats, and raccoons. One young poodle seemed to be especially out of place in the rough-and-tumble fights of that heterogenous assembly, and in the midst of a general mélée the yelps of the poor puppy were often answered by the protesting whoop of the "gorilla": a sort of coughing roar, accompanied by a violent rattle of iron bars and other emphatic demonstrations of the would-be peace-maker.

The theory of "special endowment" might, of course, be applied to such instincts as well as to the sympathetic emotions of human altruists, but it is highly probable that both have been as naturally evolved as the instinct of philoprogenitiveness or the faculty of direction manifested in dogs and migratory birds. The fellow-feeling of our fourhanded relatives may now and then lead to the sacrifice of individuals, but on the whole, its activity must have given the tribe a great advantage over less altruistic rivals.

In domestic animals the artificial instincts devel

oped by the influence of habit can assume a form not easy to distinguish from that "sense of duty" which dualists often claim as an exclusively human faculty.

Relay-horses, released at the top of an up-grade street, will trudge back to their starting point—possibly to avoid the persuasive expedients of an irate driver, whom they know to be near, if not actually in sight. It is also possible that hunting-dogs perform their functions as a superlative pleasure rather than as an irksome duty, but that explanation can hardly be applied to the toils of a shepherd-dog driving a troop of refractory sheep along a dusty road in the noon-hour heat of a summerday. Opposite a ferry-landing in a city of the Ohio Valley there is a tavern where the dogs, as well as the crew of the ferry-boat are now and then treated to a liberal lunch; but in the midst of such repasts one of the dogs will often rush out in wind and weather to volunteer his assistance in the embarcation of pigs or cows. Experience has convinced him that an associate cur will not fail to take advantage of his absence, and a tussle with an obstreperous sow snapping away left and right or rolling in a mixture of sleet and mud, can hardly be included among the amenities of canine life, but neither frost nor hunger ever prevent that dog from leaving an unfinished meal at the first sound of a drover's shout, and often without the least monition on the part of his master, who at that moment may be sitting behind the tavern-stove, smoking his pipe in neutral silence.

Phrenologists recognise an instinct of "acquisitiveness" that can be trusted to exert its influence without the aid of training, but in many animals of the colder latitudes that propensity will even assert itself under circumstances involving the necessity of considerable self-denial. At certain times of the year squirrels, hamsters and wood-rats will forage from morning till night, heedless of temporary hunger, to lay in stores for the season of darkness and cold. A pair of California spermophiles ("ground-squirrels," as they call them in the San Joaquin valley) was found to have thus gathered a peck of grain and a peck and a half of walnuts, all of which had been pilfered from a plantation at a distance of a mile and a quarter, and must have involved at least four hundred round-trips. The first ripe nuts could not have been found more than a week before, and during that time the little tithe collectors could hardly have indulged themselves with a five-minutes recess for dinner. That instinct, too, has, no doubt, been evolved by a process of natural selection, but in which particular can it be said to differ from the Utilitarian "virtue of foresight, that foregoes a temporary gratification and voluntarily undergoes temporary hardships, in order to secure a future greater benefit, or avoid a future greater evil?"

That animals have a sense of justice and of proprietary rights is proved by their prompt rebellion against wanton aggression and the violation of their domestic sanctuaries. A dog surprised in a flagrant transgression will put up with a good deal of rough usage from the same persons which he would visit with the immediate penalties of the *lex talionis* if they should outrage his sense of fair-dealing by an unprovoked attack. The little fly-catchers (*muscicapa*) that could hardly cope with an English sparrow, will not hesitate to charge a hawk they happen to see prowling in the neighborhood of their nests, and in those acts of self-defense they are frequently aided by such birds as crows, that have no individual apprehensions from the rapacity of the robber and can therefore hardly be supposed to attack him as a common enemy, but who appear to join in the hue and cry on general principles.

A MODERN VIEW OF GHOSTS.*

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

> "In that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."
> *Shakespeare*

> "What world, and what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook."
> *Milton.*

In the observation of phenomena the majority of mankind have commonly been in the right; in the *interpretation* of phenomena they have commonly been in the wrong. We can take no more pertinent instance than the apparent course of the sun through the sky from east to west; no fact could be to all appearance more firmly established than this, yet of course the interpretation of the fact was the very reverse of the truth. Again and again have popular beliefs been ridiculed; have been proved to be utterly absurd and triumphantly slain; only to raise their heads again with renewed vitality, and force fresh inquiry from sheer impudence in asserting themselves. No attitude of mind is more absolutely unscientific than that which refuses to receive fresh evidence on any subject, lest that evidence should clash with preconceived opinions. Again and again this attitude of mind has retarded the advance of truth; as when preconceived opinions as to the age of the world and the date of the first appearance of man, caused all evidence as to the real antiquity of the human race to be thrown aside with scorn, and thus retarded the science of anthropology for a century. In the same manner was philology unable to quit the empirical stage, whilst the minds of students were influenced by the preconceived

* We do not agree with the "modern view of ghosts" as taken by Mrs. Alice Bodington, yet we have accepted her article for publication, so that our readers may have the benefit of having the arguments that can be brought forth in favor of the objective reality of ghosts collected and presented by an author of scientific as well as literary repute. An editorial on the same subject presenting the other side of the case will appear in the next number of *The Open Court*.—EDITOR.

idea that Hebrew was the primæval language; and the science of zoölogy was blocked in its advance by preconceived ideas as to special creation and fixity of species. In the course of inquiry preceding the true interpretation of phenomena, it frequently happens that the grain of truth in popular belief is so overlaid with falsities, absurdities, and charlatanism, that scientific inquirers reject the whole mass with disgust, the falsities and absurdities with their attendant charlatanism and the grain of truth with them. In this case the grain of truth proves as tenacious of life as that long buried grain of Egyptian wheat of which the lapse of centuries had not destroyed the vitality. Just at the moment that the scientific world believed that all the tales as to demoniacal possession, stigmata, faith healing, electro-magnetism, table turning, mesmerism, and above all—ghosts, had been relegated for ever and ever to the limits of exploded absurdities, the whole class of subjects begins to pass under the reign of law and to enter true scientific ground, under the guidance of modern psychology. The term supernatural may be at once discarded for the whole class, since nothing can be *above* nature, unless we imagine the Supreme Being Himself to be so; every phenomenon must be natural and under the guidance of unswerving laws; whilst at the same time the number of phenomena of which the laws are unknown to us may be very great.

Only after throwing up these defensive breastworks which I fear may prove ineffective, in such a desperate cause, do I venture to say that the evidence in favor of some form of energy persisting after death appears to me conclusive. We are on ground which science is only beginning to explore, but in the researches of modern psychology we have a slender clue to aid us. As in the case of the apparent path of the sun in the heavens, popular evidence may [under certain strict limitations] be accepted as right, whilst popular interpretation has been wrong. To quote the words of one, amongst a band of scientific workers who have devoted themselves to the elucidation of this question, Mr. F. W. H. Myers: "The popular "view regards a 'ghost' as a deceased person, per-"mitted by Providence to hold communication with "survivors. This short definition contains, I think, "at best three unwarrantable suppositions. In the "first place such words as permission and Providence "are simply neither more nor less applicable to this "phenomenon than to any other. We conceive that "all phenomena alike take place in accordance with "the laws of the universe;—and consequently by per-"mission of the Supreme power in the universe. . . . "But there is no reason whatever for assuming that "they are permitted in any special sense of their own, "or that they form exceptions to law instead of being "exemplifications of law. If we attempt to find in "these phenomena any poetical justice, or manifest "adaptation to human cravings we shall be just as "much disappointed as if we endeavored to find a "similar satisfaction in the ordinary course of terrene "history.

"In the second place, we have no warrant for the "assumption that the phantom seen, even though it "be somehow *caused* by a deceased person, *is* that "deceased person, in any ordinary sense of the word. "Instead of appealing to the crude analogy of the "living friend who, when he has walked into the room "*is* in the room, we shall find for the 'ghost' a much "closer parallel in those hallucinatory figures or phan-"tasms which living persons can sometimes project to "a distance. When Baron von Nötzing, for example, "caused by an effort of will an apparition of himself "to a waking percipient, out of sight, he was himself "awake and conscious in the place where, not his "phantom, but his body stood. Whatever then that "phantom was, however generated or conditioned, it "was not *himself*. Instead of describing a 'ghost' as "a dead person permitted to communicate with the "living, let us define it as *a manifestation of personal "energy*, or *as an indication that some kind of force is "being exercised after death*." When we reflect that apparitions are observed as *clothed*, as the phantom which usurped "that fair and warlike form" in which "the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes "march," was beheld by Horatio "in the very armor "he had on, when he the ambitious Norway com-"bated," we have conclusive proof that *objective vision* has nothing to do with the matter, but that whatever be the interpretation of the phenomena the effect is a *mental* one an impression of mind upon mind, which impression appears as projected into outer space. For a long time the argument that "there can "be no ghosts of clothes" settled the argument as to apparitions as far as I was concerned; so unanswerable did it appear. But as it is contrary to the whole habit of my mind to shelve awkward facts, I was again and again met by statements which according to the ordinary laws of evidence could not be set aside as having no foundation; and which appeared to me to be more directly explained by the supposition of some energy existing after death, than as being caused by dreams or hallucination. Before proceeding to give an abstract of some of the cases of *post mortem* appearances given by Mr. Myers, I will give the description of such an appearance, as related to me by the percipient, in the presence of her husband. That an impression was produced in some manner by one mind upon another was the conviction then forced upon me, whilst at the same time the conviction was equally strong that the impression was purely subjective. Not only,

as will be seen, were there "ghosts of clothes," but of three different persons' clothes, one of these persons being dead and two others alive. I had been residing for some months with a naval official and his wife, Capt. and Mrs. R. near a seaport town in the South of England. Mrs. R. was a woman devoted to household pursuits, a model of quiet common sense and industry. One afternoon as I sat in their drawing room with Mrs. R. and her husband the conversation turned upon the subject of appearances after death, and I remarked that the evidence seemed to me irresistible that such appearances were possible. Mrs. R. hesitated a little while, then looked towards her husband, and said, "Now I know you will not laugh "at me, I should like to tell you something that hap-"pened to me." The substance of her story was as follows: She was living in Spain with her brother at the time of her marriage with Capt. R. His first wife had died about a year previously, leaving a baby boy who had been placed out at nurse. When Capt. R. and his second wife returned to England, the nurse to whom the baby had been confided had disappeared, and could nowhere be traced, to the great distress of the father. Before rejoining his ship Capt. R. and his wife went to London, where they occupied furnished lodgings. The rooms were so arranged, that access to the bedroom could only be attained through the sitting room, there was no second door. Mrs. R. informed me that she awoke one night and observed that the fire was still burning brightly in the sitting-room, and at the same time she felt a consciousness that some one was there. As she looked at the door she saw a very beautiful lady enter the bedroom, accompanied by a poorly dressed woman carrying in her arms a child in a yellow pelisse. The lady came up to the side of the bed, and smiling said to Mrs. R.: "This is Johnny; you will know Johnny again. She turned as she spoke [or seemed to speak] and pointed to the woman and child, and in a second the whole vision had vanished. So realistic had it been that Mrs. R. turned to see if there were any other possible mode of exit than the sitting room door, but there was none. She then awoke her husband, and told him what she had seen. He said, "I do not know what it means, "but you have exactly described my first wife." Mrs. R. tried to divert her thoughts from what she endeavored to convince herself must have been a dream. Some days after she and her husband visited Westminster Abbey, and on their return endeavoring to take a short cut, they lost their way in one of the narrow streets that abound in that neighborhood. Suddenly Mrs. R. said to her husband, "That is the woman I saw, and that is the baby." Coming towards them in fact was a poorly dressed woman carrying a child wearing a yellow pelisse. Capt. R. advised caution, but in passing the woman he said, "That "seems a fine little boy of yours." "I wish I could "find them he belongs to," said the woman; "he "isn't mine, his father is an officer in the navy." Finally, whether wisely or unwisely, they decided to take the child solely—as I understood—on the strange evidence of the words, "This is Johnny; you will "know Johnny again." The baby of the yellow pelisse grew up, and himself entered the navy, and at the time his stepmother told me the story she was wearing mourning for him. One stormy night he had fallen from the mast and was never seen again. It is a fanciful notion, but one would like to think the mother found her boy again when he was lost to earthly eyes forever.

The phenomena of hypnotism give one a clue to the explanation of part of this story, since nothing can be easier than to impress a given subject with the hallucination that he or she sees or hears everything the experimenter chooses to suggest. The conviction of certainty in the subject's mind as to what he or she has heard or seen is absolute; though everyone else knows the impression has been purely mental, the subject is sure of its objective nature. One new factor is introduced into otherwise familiar everyday phenomena, that the experimenter in this case was no longer in the flesh, and that the influence was one of mind upon mind, in a more absolute sense than most people will at present allow to be possible. But as after all, however closely and intimately mind or consciousness is bound up with the physical brain, it cannot itself be termed matter by the most materialistic. We may conceive that mind conceived as energy can work according to some determined but unknown law, *without* the intervention of matter. Just as a man residing *in* a house must either look out of the windows and doors, or not see and be seen at all; yet if he is *out* of the house he becomes quite independent of its conditions, its door and its windows, in manifesting himself to the world. So may mind as forming part of the Universal Mind be subject to the conditions of matter in all its manifestations *whilst in the flesh*, but may rise above these conditions when it has cast off "the body of this death." I know not: the path to this knowledge has ever been dark to mortals, and flickering and deceptive have been the tapers by which men have sought to illuminate it. Light may be at hand; we see perhaps the faint gleam which will lead us into a brighter day.

I will now give an account of some of the more remarkable stories given by Mr. Myers; premising that none are admitted by the Society for Psychical Research except such as are signed by the percipients and attested to as genuine signatures by their friends. Moreover many of the appearances recorded are ab-

solutely purposeless and one may say senseless; some appear—again to borrow analogies from hypnotic phenomena—as emanating from the mind of the highest self; others as "dead men's dreams" of the second self, persistent yet purposeless. The first "ghost" story I will mention, whilst pleasant and satisfactory *as* a story, seems to me the most open to interpretation as an hallucination, resulting from agitation and distress of mind in the dreamer. But it must be remembered that whilst we often appear to ourselves to awake in a dream, whilst we are still asleep and continuing the dream, *we are always conscious of the real waking*. In this case the percipient felt conscious of being awake from first to last. Mrs. P. lost her father, to whom she was fondly attached, very suddenly; she had left home to recruit her health, and on her return found she was too late ever to behold her father again alive. Mrs. P. says that she "shared the room of a "motherly looking personage, whom I supposed to be "my cousin's nurse. She occupied the larger bed in "the room, and I a similar one placed at some dis- "tance from hers. She was soon asleep, but I was "lying in deepest anguish, beset not only with grief "at the sudden loss sustained but with the wretched "fear that my beloved father had died too suddenly "to find peace with God. . . . As the night wore on, "the pain of heart and thought grew worse and worse, "and at length I knelt in prayer, earnestly pleading "that my distressful thoughts might be taken away, "and an assurance of my father's peace be given me. "No immediate relief came however, and it was early "dawn when I rose from my knees. . . . Now a longing "suddenly seized me to creep into that kind-faced "woman's bed, and to feel perhaps less lonely there. "Her bed was opposite a window, over which a white "blind was drawn, and as I softly lifted the bedclothes "and sat for a moment after drawing my feet up into "the bed, I noticed the pale dawn feebly lighting the "window, and the movement of a little bird on the "sill outside; but the room itself was as yet almost "dark.

"I was just about to slip quietly down into the "bed when on the opposite side of it (that on which "the nurse was sleeping) the room became suddenly "full of beautiful light, in the midst of which stood my "father absolutely transfigured, clothed with bright- "ness. He slowly moved towards the bed, raising "his hands as I thought, to clasp me in his arms, and "I ejaculated: "Father!" he replied "Blessed for- "ever my child, forever blessed!" I moved to climb "over the nurse and kiss him, reaching out my arms "to him, but with a look of mingled sadness and love, "he appeared to float back with the light towards the "wall and was gone! The vision occupied so short a "time that, glancing involuntarily at the window again "I saw the morning dawn and the little bird just as "they had looked a few minutes before. I felt sure "that God had vouchsafed to me a wonderful vision "and was not in the least afraid, but on the contrary "full of a joy that brought floods of grateful tears and "completely removed all anguish except that of hav- "lost my father from earth. I offer no explanation "and can only say most simply and truthfully that it "all happened just as I have related."

Taken by itself this case—beautiful as a story—easily comes under the head of self-suggestion during religious excitement. But the next case related by the same percipient cannot possibly come under this head, the phantasm—however caused—having been seen by both the lady and her husband, at a time when Mrs. P.'s thoughts were happily occupied with the care of a baby girl. The baby, Gertrude usually woke about half past nine, and Mrs. P. having put everything ready for the night, wrapped herself up in a dressing gown and waited till the little one should wake for her supper, "thinking of nothing," she says, "but the arrangement for the following day. When "to my great astonishment, I saw a gentleman stand- "ing at the foot of the bed, dressed as a naval officer, "and with a cap on his head having a projecting "peak. The light being in the position I have indi- "cated,* the face was in shadow to me, and the more "so that the visitor was leaning upon his arms, which "rested on the foot-rail of the bedstead. I was too "astonished to be afraid, but simply wondered who "it could be; and instantly touching my husband's "shoulder said, 'Willie, who is this?' My husband "turned, and for a second or two lay looking in in- "tense astonishment at the intruder; then lifting him- "self a little shouted 'What on earth are you doing "here, Sir?' Meanwhile the form, slowly drawing "himself into an upright position, said in a command- "ing yet reproachful voice 'Willie! Willie!' I looked "at my husband, and saw that his face was white and "agitated. . . . He sprang out of bed as if to attack "the man, but stood by the bedside as if half afraid, "or in great perplexity, while the figure slowly moved "*towards the wall*. As it passed the lamp a deep "shadow, as if a material person shutting out the "light, fell upon the room, and he disappeared, as it "were, into the wall. My husband now in a very agi- "tated manner caught up the lamp, and turning to me "said 'I mean to look all over the house and see "where he is gone.' *He unlocked the door*, hastened "out of the room, and was soon searching the whole "house. Sitting there in the dark, I thought to my- "self, 'We have surely seen an apparition! Perhaps "my brother Arthur is in trouble' (he was in the navy, "and at that time on a voyage to India). In some

* A plan of the room and position of the furniture therein is given.

"such way I pondered with an anxious heart . . . un-
"til my husband came back looking very white and
"miserable.

"Sitting upon the bedside, he put his arm about "me and said, 'Do you know what we have seen?' "And I said 'Yes, it was a spirit. I am afraid it was "Arthur, but could not see his face,'—and he ex-"claimed 'Oh, no! it was my father!'

"My husband's father *had been dead fourteen years;* "he had been a naval officer, but had left the service "before my husband was born, and the latter had only "once or twice seen him in uniform. *I* had never "seen him at all. My husband and I related the oc-"currence to my uncle and aunt, and we all noticed "that my husband's agitation and anxiety were very "great; whereas his usual manner was calm and "reserved in the extreme, and he was a thorough "and avowed sceptic in all—so-called—supernatural "events." Mr. P. in course of time informed his wife that at the moment the warning phantasm of his father appeared, he was inclined to take the advice of a man who would have led him to financial ruin; indeed that he would have yielded to him had it not been for the warning voice.

This is one of the few cases where the highest self of the deceased person appears actuated by a rational motive. The shadow cast, as by a *solid* body passing between the percipient and the light is paralleled by the experiences of hypnotic suggestion, where the subject invests a purely imaginary object with all the characteristics it would have if it were objective.

I will now proceed to a case, where not only was there no expectant attention, but there was not any consciousness of having seen a phantom, nor any previous knowledge of the appearance of the deceased person, nor any purpose whatever in the appearance. If any motive at all can be attributed it is that vague consciousness of impending death by which the "projectors" of these phantasms seem to be endowed.

Madame de Gilibert, granddaughter of the Earl of Egerton, describes her experience as a little girl, when staying at Petworth, her grandfather's house. "My "grandfather's room was on the south side of a long "passage. . . . Opposite his door, on the north side of "the passage, was a swinging, red baize door, which "led to a corridor. This corridor had on one side "two doors, one of my mother's bedroom and the "other of my father's dressing room. On the other "side was a small staircase, leading to two rooms oc-"cupied by Garland, a superior servant, who took care "of my grandfather who was very old." Madame de Gilibert goes on to say, that they were all as children very fond of Garland, and in the habit of going to her rooms; that one day she had been up to see Garland, and finding the latter had not returned from dinner, she proceeded to amuse herself by sliding down the stairs. Just as she was about to start she was surprised to see "a figure which came from the baize "door; a female figure in soft, clinging drapery, grey-"ish whitish,—some sort of shawl or kerchief crossed "over her bosom; the features well-cut, delicate, and "of an aquiline type; but what struck me most was "the head dress or coif, which had lace lappets or "strings which, passing under the chin, were tied in "a bow on the top of the head. So many people did "go about the house that it never occurred to me to "be anything supernatural. But when the figure "glided past the two doors I have mentioned, a sort of "revulsion took place in me. I let myself slide down "the balustrade and rushed to stop her and tell her "there was 'no way out.' (There was a disused door, "which had been long blocked up.) I could not have "been five seconds behind the figure, but when I "reached the blocked door it was gone. I knew no "one could pass, but I ran round to the nurseries "with which the blocked door had communicated, "and asked the nurses if they had seen 'an old woman "in a white dressing gown and grey shawl, and lace "ribbons under her chin tied on the top of her head?" The nurses only laughed at the child and snubbed her, but Garland appeared vexed and scolded so that she was "shut up"; "Nevertheless," she continues, "I knew I could not account for it, and every detail "of dress, feature and gait is as vivid now as it was "at the time." Many years after Madame de Gilibert related the above narrative to her cousin Madame de Valmer, who had been brought up by her aunt, Lady Carnarvon. Madame de Valmer at once said, "My "dear, you have described your great aunt to the mi-"nutest item of her dress and appearance. She came, "you say, from the swing door leading to your grand-"father's room. She came to fetch her brother. He "died very soon after." In point of fact *the nurseries with which the disused door communicated had been Lady Carnarvon's apartments, and she had died there.* Madame de Gilibert adds that the only portraits of Lady Carnarvon at Petworth represented her as a child; and as a young woman whose brown hair was tied with a ribbon; not in the least resembling the muffling head dress of the phantom. Another case is given related by Miss Pearson, of 15 Fitzroy Square, W. C. (London) where three percipients beheld the grotesque figure of an old aunt who had died six years previously, and who seems to have been disturbed from her repose—wherever it was—by the approaching death of a sister. "We saw," says Miss Pearson, "some one "pass the door, short, wrapped up in an old shawl, a "wig with three curls each side and an old black cap. "Mrs. Coppinger (a cousin) called out 'Emma, get "up, it is old Aunt Ann.' I said, So it is, then Aunt

"Harriet will die to-day. We jumped up and Mrs. "John Pearson (a niece by marriage of Aunt Ann and "Aunt Harriet)came rushing out of Aunt Harriet's "room and said, 'That was old Aunt Ann.' No ex- "planation has ever been given of this appearance "except that it was old Aunt Ann come to call her "sister, and the latter died at 6 P. M. that day." Here two the of percipients were in one room, and the third in another room. And which of us, accustomed as we are to a misty idea of the dead as clothed in some kind of heavenly nightgown, could ever have had an expectant attention of a possible saint in glory, in a wig with three curls and an old black cap? The very grotesqueness of the apparition conveys the conviction to my mind that a personal influence conveyed, I know not how caused, a subjective vision of the dead, who appeared to herself in her habit as she lived, and raised a similar idea of herself in others. The first instance given by Mr. Myers of an apparition is related by a commercial traveler of Boston. Nothing could be more different to the ordinary Christmas ghost-story; there was no motive in the appearance of the phantom, nor was it seen in the place where she died, nor did it follow any time-honored rule. But one slight incident connected with the apparition is most remarkable, and difficult, I think, to explain away on any other hypothesis than that the percipient was influenced by his dead sister. Mr. F. G. relates that his only sister, to whom he was strongly attached, had died a year or so before the incident which follows. He says he had "drummed" the city of St. Joseph, Mo., very successfully, and had consequently returned to his hotel in a thoroughly contented frame of mind. His thoughts were of his orders, and how pleased his house would be with their large amount. He continues "whilst writing out my orders, I suddenly be- "came conscious that some one was sitting on my "left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a "flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my "dead sister, and for a brief second or so looked her "squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was "she, that I sprang forward in delight calling her by "name, and as I did so, the apparition suddenly van- "ished. . . . She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked "kindly and naturally into mine." Mr. F. G. says that he was so much impressed with what had occurred that he took the next train home. His father, a man of strong good sense, was inclined to ridicule him. But when Mr. F. G. mentioned having distinctly seen a "bright, red line or scratch" on his sister's face, his mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away. As soon as she recovered her self-possession, she exclaimed with tears running down her face that he had indeed seen his sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after her daughter's death. Neither Mr. F. G.'s father nor any of his family were aware of the incident, "yet," he says, "*I saw the scratch as bright* "*as if just made.*" A few weeks later the mother died, happy in the belief that she should rejoin her favorite daughter. A very curious instance is given of a strong and undoubtedly *subjective* impression, by Mrs. Pittar, a near connection of the Bishop of Ripon. Travelling in Switzerland in the year 1867, Mr. Pittar stayed at the Château de Prangias near Nyon, with her husband. They occupied a large, oblong room, overlooking the Terrace and Lake Leman, with an old fashioned black writing table in the middle of it. In the middle of the night Mrs. Pittar woke suddenly from a deep sleep, and saw the room was flooded with brilliant moonlight. A strange feeling possessed her, a "sort "of certainly, that a tall thin old man in a flowered "dressing gown was seated and writing at the table in "the middle of the room." Not once did she turn her head in that direction, nor did it occur to her at the time how odd it was that she felt the old man was there without seeing him! Her cries woke her husband, who naturally thought she had had a nightmare, and could not understand his wife's persistent assertions that an old man in a flowered dressing gown was in the room. When at last he persuaded her to look, there was no one there.

"Next morning," says Mrs. Pittar, "my husband "mentioned my extraordinary nocturnal terror; the "account, to my great surprise, was received as a "matter of course, the landlady's married daughter "merely remarking 'Ah, you have seen Voltaire.' It "appeared on inquiry, that Voltaire in extreme old "age used often to visit this Château, and the room "in which we slept was known to have been his sitting "room. Of this neither my husband nor myself knew "anything. I had not been thinking about Voltaire, "nor looking at any portrait of him."

I will mention one more curiously purposeless appearance. Mr. J. librarian in the X. library gave Mr. Myers the account *vivâ voce.* He is personally known to the latter, and is widely known in the scientific world. The initials given are not the true ones.

Mr. J. had succeeded a Mr. Q. as librarian of the X. library; he had never seen his predecessor, nor any photograph or likeness of him. One evening he was hastily leaving the librarian's room in order to catch the last train. This room communicated by a passage with the main room of the library. As his lamp illumined this passage he thought he saw a man's face at the further end of it. He instantly thought a thief had got into the library; went back to his room to fetch a revolver from the safe, and proceeded to the main room. "Here I saw no one," said Mr. J., "I

"called out loudly to the intruder to show himself "several times, more with the hope of attracting a "policeman than of drawing the intruder. Then I "saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I "say looking *round*, but it had an appearance as if the "*body* were *in* the bookcase, as the face came closely "to the edge, and I could see no body. The face was "pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were "very deep. I advanced towards it, and as I did so, "I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to *rotate* "out of the end of the bookcase, and with his back "towards me and a shuffling gait walk rather quickly "from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory, "which opened from the library, and had no other "access. I followed the man at once into the lava-"tory, and to my extreme surprise, found no one "there." (Mr. J. describes his minute examination of a place "where there was not even hiding for a child.") "Next morning I mentioned what I had seen "to a local clergyman, who, on hearing my descrip-"tion said, 'Why that's old Q!' Soon after I saw a "photograph, from a drawing of Q., and the resem-"blance was certainly striking. Q. had lost all his "hair, eyebrows and all, from (I believe) a gunpowder "accident. His walk had been a peculiar high-shoul-"dered shuffle.

"Later inquiry proved he had died about the time "of year at which I saw the figure. I have no theory "as to this occurrence."

Mr. J. adds that he is under a pledge to the X. people not to make public the story in any way that would lead to identity, but that he will be glad to answer any private inquiries, and is willing that his name should be given in confidence to bona fide inquirers.

I will now give as brief an account as possible of one, out of the many instances of a haunting influence, where the deceased person has come to a violent end. Mr. Myers owes the narrative to the kindness of Mr. Wilfrid Ward (and of Lord Tennyson for whom it was first committed to writing some years ago). It is sent by Mrs. Pennée of St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec.

Mrs. Pennée says that in the year 1856 her husband took her to live at a house called Binstead, near Charlottetown, P. E. Island. It was a large house, and had extra offices and sleeping-rooms built at the back, for the accommodation of the farming men. *But there was no communication between the bed-rooms in the house, and the sleeping-rooms above the offices, though they were only separated by a wall.* It was always in or near the spare bed-room of the main house *immediately adjacent to the men's* that the apparition was seen. "As spring "came on," says Mrs. Pennée, "we began to hear "shrieks, which would grow fainter or louder, as if "some one were being chased round the house, but "always culminating in a regular volley of shrieks, "sobs, moans, and half uttered words, apparently "proceeding from beneath a tree that stood at a little "distance from the dining room window, and whose "branches nearly touched the window of the bed-room "I have mentioned." All through the winter indeterminate noises had been heard all over the house, always seeming to be in close proximity to each person.

In February 1857, the first apparition came under Mrs. Pennée's notice. Two ladies were sleeping in the spare bedroom, and a fire had been lighted in an open grate. About 2 o'clock Mrs. M. was awakened by a bright light which pervaded the room. She saw a woman standing by the fireplace. In her left arm was a young baby, and with her right hand she was stirring the ashes, over which she was slightly stooping. Mrs. M. pushed Miss C. to awaken her, and just then the figure turned her face towards them, showing the features of quite a young woman with a singularly anxious, pleading look on her face. They took notice of a little check shawl which was crossed on her bosom.

Mrs. Pennée herself saw nothing till the following spring, when she was just about to leave for England. She was sleeping in the spare bed-room, with her little daughter (now Mrs. Amyot). She says, "At 12 "oclock I got up to give my daughter some medicine, "and was feeling for the matches, when she called "my attention to a brilliant light shining under the "door. I exclaimed it was her papa, and threw open "the door. I found myself face to face with a woman. "She had a baby on her left arm, a check shawl "crossed over her bosom, and all around her shone a "bright, pleasant light. Her look at me was of en-"treaty, almost agonising entreaty. She did not enter "the room, but moved across the staircase, vanishing "into the opposite wall, exactly where the man serv-"ant's room on the other side was situated. Neither "my daughter nor myself felt the slightest alarm. "When Mr. Pennée came upstairs he examined the "wall, the staircase, the passage, but found no traces "of anything extraordinary.

"On my return from England in 1858, I was in-"formed that 'the creature had been carrying on,' "but it was the screams that had been the worst. "However Harry (a farm-servant) had had several "visits, but would tell no particulars. He acknowl-"edged that the woman had several times stood at the "foot of his bed, but he would not tell me more. One "night Harry had been much disturbed in his mind, "and the other man heard voices and sobs. Harry "would allow no one to share his room, and he was "most careful to fasten his door before retiring."

Mr. Pennée gave up the house at Binstead in 1859, and it was not till 1877 that Mrs. Pennée happened to return to the island. One day when she was at the

Bishop's residence, the parish priest came in with a letter in his hand, and asked her whether she could throw any light upon its contents. It was from the wife of the then owner of Binstead, asking him to come out and try to deliver them from the ghost of a woman with a baby in her arms.

Subsequently Mrs. Pennée became acquainted with facts, which seem to throw light on the story.

The house at Binstead had been built by a rich Englishman, who, getting tired of colonial life, sold the property to Pigott, a man of low tastes and immoral habits, but nevertheless a capital farmer. It was this man who added all the back wing of the house. He had two sisters in his service, the daughters of a laborer, who lived in a regular hovel three miles nearer town. After a time each sister gave birth to a boy. Pigott (not the man's real name) bore so bad a character that respectable people avoided the house; but it was certain that one sister and one baby disappeared altogether, though when and how is a complete mystery. The other sister returned to her father's house, leaving a baby with Mrs. Newbury her mother. She went to the States and never returned. Before leaving she would reveal nothing, except that *the boy was her sister's*, her own being dead. It was this very boy, the son of the dead sister, Harry Newbury, who had been engaged as farm-servant. Mrs. Pennée says that when she left Binstead, Harry Newbury came to bid her farewell, saying he would never return there. More than ten years before Mrs. Pennée went to Binstead, a young lady (at that time a child) remembers being afraid of sleeping in that room, on account of the screams she heard outside, and also the "woman with a baby" whom she saw passing through the room. It is noticeable that the percipients noticed a *frilled cap* on the woman, a fashion so obsolete that they certainly would not be prepared to see a ghost thus decked.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE President has taken into his cabinet a gentleman by the name of Elkins, and the newspaper comments thereon expose the skilful manner in which the trifling matter of the public service has been withdrawn from party politics. The effect of the appointment on the political fortunes of Mr. Harrison or Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Somebody else is its chief attraction, and the incidental question of the public interest is regarded as a grave impertinence. A leading democratic organ says, "The experience of Mr. Elkins, though exceedingly useful to himself, is of the kind that is never of any good to the public." That bit of sarcasm has no sting in it, because it is a partisan sneer from the opposite side; but a great republican organ says this, "Neither does the appointment of Mr. Elkins mean that his presence in the cabinet is desirable for the promotion of any given policy of public advantage." This confession amounts to a claim that a man's fitness for an office is of no concern at all to anybody but himself and the appointing power. In the reign of James Buchanan, Colonel McNab was appointed Register of the Land Office at Marbletown, whereupon the rival faction in the party became virtuously shocked because of his unfitness for the place. A public meeting was called and a resolution drawn up requesting the president to revoke the appointment, because Colonel McNab lacked the ability to perform the duties of the office. Just as the chairman was about to put the question, the Colonel exclaimed: "Fellow citizens! Whenever was it required in the democratic party that a man should have any ability for an office, except the ability to get it?" The argument was invincible, and the resolution was defeated. The McNab doctrine has now become the law of both parties; and all the ability required for an office is the ability to get it.

* * *

In spite of what ought to be its moral impossibility we seem to be drifting into a war with Chili, broadside on. The danger lies in this, that war is not always a national defense; it is very often a political expedient, as it was in 1870, when Louis Napoleon assailed Prussia to prop his falling dynasty. In such a case religion, judgment, and all the civilising forces appeal for peace in vain. Pride, passion, and ambition overpower conscience, "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." Nor does the form of government restrain the lust of conquest. Republics will make war to save a political party as readily as monarchies will make war to save a dynasty. Our own war with Mexico is evidence of that. As to the merits of this present quarrel, we have a just cause against Chili, although we might perhaps have maintained it in a grander way. We have rather too affectionately petted and fondled and nurtured the tragedy at Valparaiso into a pretext for a "vigorous foreign policy" and a declaration of war. We have shown a disposition to shut the door on settlement, and a nervous fear lest the government of Chili make the reparation we demand. At the same time the duty of our own government is plain. The national honor must be vindicated and the safety of American citizens abroad must be made secure at any cost, even at the awful cost of war. There is nothing in this quarrel that may not easily be settled by arbitration, but unfortunately, war appears to come in handy just now as a political expedient for the Chilian government. It will establish the ministry in power, and for the time at least, quiet the revolutionary factions. Thus peace is put in jeopardy; and yet there is a hope that moral wisdom will prevail, that a fair proposition, will be made by Chili, and that it will be accepted by the government of the United States.

* * *

It is a great pity that even a just cause must turn to the profit of Jingo patriots and sutler statesmen, but that is always one result of war. Already the noble army of contractors is rallying round the flag, and the valorous Pistol swaggers about the Departments rubbing his hands and proclaiming to his fellows as in old Falstaff's day,

> "I shall sutler be,
> Unto the camp, and profits will arise."

In every town in the United States there is a man ready to "raise a regiment," while warriors by trade hail the prospect of what they call "employment" in the field. The war means death to some of them, promotion to the rest; and all of them are eager to take chances in this grim lottery. They are not to blame for that. When men belong to a warlike trade they want to work at it, and not for ever "hold their manhood cheap" when others who *have* worked at it, tell of moving accidents by flood and field. I suppose that each generation must have its war, or leave a blank in history, and to that end there must be "aggressive statesmen" to magnetise their fellows. I once saw a hat-throwing, howling mob, lifted into sublime enthusiasm by an American senator, introducing the orator of the occasion as "the aggressive statesman." I could hardly understand the loud applause, because an aggressive person is rather disagreeable to me, and I think he is to everybody

after a short acquaintance with him. Take for example the "aggressive" man in a neighborhood. Is he not usually a boisterous nuisance involving other people in fights and feuds, but managing to keep himself out of danger. Now take the "aggressive" man of any neighborhood, and spread him all over the United States, and what a national and international nuisance he can be.

* * *

In the city of Washington it requires only a few minutes to make a comedy of death. A few days ago a senator died suddenly, and at once his neighbors began to part his official garments among them, and upon his political vesture to cast lots. By all accounts he was a sturdy bit of western product, with some democratic stamina still surviving in him although he had been fourteen years in the senate. I have seen a tragi-comic picture representing the death of a king of France, I forget his name, wherein the poor king on his pallet, the breath hardly out of him, furnishes the tragedy; while his ministers and attendants hurrying out of the room to salute the new king, make the comedy. It all seems very heartless, but it is very human too; and the scenes following upon the death of Senator Plumb, remind me of that old picture. Before his body was arrayed for burial all interest in him was foreclosed, and his retainers were scampering away to hail the coming man. The governor of Kansas, whose duty it is to appoint the new senator, was annoyed and shocked by the premature zeal of claimants for the place, as appears by the following dispatch from Topeka: "Governor Humphrey arrived at Topeka to-night to find several delegations waiting to urge a successor to Senator Plumb." The governor at least is a man of some natural delicacy and refined feeling, for he gave the hungry horde this very sensible rebuke, "I consider it in very bad taste for friends of Senator Plumb to be discussing his successor before his body is buried. There is no occasion for this disgraceful hurry. I do not understand the mad scramble for this place." The governor may not have meant to be ironical, but there was iron enough in the word "friends" to make a barb-wire fence for a Kansas farm; and shocking as the "mad scramble" was, it had method in it.

* * *

The chair of Senator Plumb was in a desirable part of the Senate house, being, says *The Court Circular*, "next to the middle aisle and directly in front of the presiding officer"; and long before his body was cold the chair was gambled for and scrambled for by his brother senators in the back rows. It reads like a story of the ghouls, that account of the senatorial hustling for the empty chair, so business like and stoical the whole proceeding was. By a rule which ought to have been inverted, the prize fell to the man who had shown the hottest haste and the coldest calculation. It seems that the Vice-President of the United States, as President of the Senate, assigns the vacant chairs, and here's the way the ghostly story runs: "At least eight applications were made to the Vice President yesterday, and this made the competition so great that it had to be decided by the hour at which the various letters were mailed. Senator Warren had his letter at the city post office over a mile away from his residence by two o'clock, as the stamp of the office shows that it was received some time before two o'clock, P. M. In the mean time he must have written the letter and carried it this considerable distance." There is an artificial precision there that makes the reader shiver as he reads; but the summing up is warm hearted as a tombstone, and mathematical as old Euclid; here's the way it runs: "As Senator Plumb died at 11.50, the haste with which this application was made is evident. Other senators dropped their applications in the boxes along the streets, so that the hour at which they were stamped is later than that of Senator Warren. His close attention to business therefore entitles him to the seat vacated by the distinguished Kansan, as soon as the emblems of mourning are removed." This last condition appears to be too sentimental altogether. To the business mind it is very clear that the diligence displayed by Senator Warren entitles him to the seat *before* the emblems of mourning are removed. He ought to have the chair with the crape still on it. And the Vice President ought to make him sit in it, so that all his countrymen might see the Senator who broke the record in racing for a dead man's chair.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Conduct as a Fine Art. The Laws of Daily Conduct. By *Nicholas Paine Gilman.* Character Building. By *Edward Payson Jackson.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

In this issue of The Riverside Press we have the outcome of the offer, made in the fall of 1889, of a prize of one thousand dollars for "the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to aid and assist teachers in our free public schools, and in the Girard College for Orphans, and other public and charitable institutions, professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrine." In the opinion of a majority of the committee, no one of the MSS. presented fully met all the requirements, and therefore the prize was divided between the authors of the two treatises published together in the present volume. These were supposed to complement each other both in manner and matter: "the deficiencies of each are, in great measure, supplied by the other." They must be regarded therefore as forming a whole.

In reviewing a book of this kind it is not possible, within the space at command, to do more than consider how far it is fitted for the end in view; assuming that this end is possible of attainment. We have no difficulty in admitting this assumption, which is the *raison d'être* of the present work. If the human race has not sufficiently advanced in culture to be able to formulate the principles of ethics, and to supply a sufficient basis for them in the human mind itself, without reference to a supernatural sanction, the asserted progress of humanity must be a mockery. This question has in reality nothing to do with theology, nor yet with religion, except so far as religion is the highest and widest expression of morality. The authors of both these treatises profess themselves "friends to religion," and they have written "from a deep conviction that there is a great need of instruction in morals in the public schools." This need is admitted by all those who have studied the subject, and, considering the opposition in this country to religious instruction evidenced by the action of The American Secular Union, through the initiative of its late President Dr. Richard B. Westbrook, it is very desirable that the want should be earnestly and systematically dealt with. Educational works are important aids for this end and it is to be hoped that the book under review will be of the service its promoters and authors desire for it.

That Mr. Gilman has treated his part of the subject with success we have no hesitation in affirming. He aims directly at actual practice and omits ethical theory, justifying this course on the ground that the great facts and the main laws of the moral life are obvious to all mature men and women. It is true that each generation has to learn them afresh, but "it learns every-day morality as an art, not as a science. The difficulty lies in the practice not in the theory. Philosophers may dispute as to the exact reason why a man loves, or should love, his mother; but the duty of loving one's mother is not a question considered open to discussion in common life." We are glad to read this, because we have heard it publicly asserted that it is not the *duty* of children to love their parents. As to how the art of conduct is to be imparted, the author takes the right view that both the home and the school should share in the work. At present, unfortunately, it is too

often the case that the duty of moral training is neglected by both parents and teacher, each leaving it to be performed by the other. Probably to this vicious practice is due the extraordinary development of the Sunday school system.

Mr. Gilman well remarks that the child is growing as a moral being in school hours as well as out of them, and therefore the teacher who neglects the moral education of his pupils is guilty of an offence. His aim is to aid the common-school teacher in performing his duty in that respect by making clear the nature and limits of the moral training which may advisably be given in the schoolroom. The view he takes is embodied in fifteen short chapters, in which, after showing "what it means to live, as mankind does, in a law-abiding universe," the special significance of Moral Law and Obedience is explained. Self-control must be fundamental in the nature of a moral being, and through its exercise he will be able to practice Truthfulness, Justice, and Kindness, as perpetual forces working steadily from within. The "great words of morality," such as duty and conscience are then treated, leading up to the consideration of the duties connected with home, work, honor, and personal habits. Then comes a chapter on Patriotism and Political Duty, followed by a consideration of Character and Moral Progress, the whole concluding with a chapter on life according to the Golden Rule. All these subjects are treated well and effectively, although concisely, as an example of which may be cited one of the concluding paragraphs: "The Golden Rule demands that justice be done in a spirit of kindness, and that the truth be spoken in love." The treatise is summed up by the author, when he states that its *method* is to hold fast to the concrete and the actual, and its *spirit* is to cleave to righteousness as the great matter in human life.

As to the application in teaching of the principles laid down in his treatise, Mr. Gilman recommends talks about conduct, not at set times, but occasionally, as a suitable opportunity offers itself. He suggests that "some incident of the school-room life that has just occurred, or some matter in the lesson in reading or history, may well interrupt the routine of the ordinary recitation." While agreeing with this view to some extent, we must say that we think the author does not dwell sufficiently on the value of example in influencing a child for good. True, this is not forgotten, and it may be replied that the use of the book will act as a moral educator of the teacher himself, and thus ensure that its principles shall be illustrated in his life. But example may be drawn from the conduct of others, and it will be a sad day for humanity when the lessons to be learned from the lives of the great men and women of the past are forgotten.

Accepting, however, the principle of moral instruction laid down by Mr. Gilman, how far does the supplementary treatise of Mr. Jackson conform to it? No objection can be made to the general ideas embodied in the latter; although exception will be taken by some persons to the remarks on the subject of habits, especially in relation to tobacco-smoking, which he condemns while saying nothing of the worse habits of tobacco-chewing and allied practices. Mr. Jackson's treatise, indeed, fits in so well with that with which it is combined that their mutual relation is an example of remarkable coincidences. The former is in the form of "a master's talks with his pupils," and thus superficially it carries out Mr. Gilman's notion. But the value of these talks except as conveying hints, which could have been supplied as well, and probably better, in another form, is doubtful. If the chapters are read to the pupils as written, the teacher will have to persónate half a dozen different characters, and they will, moreover, become cut and dried discourses on moral topics such as are quite inconsistent with Mr. Gilman's "occasional talks." Besides there is something incongruous in putting into the mouths of children, ideas which even the "younger and more inexperienced" common-school teacher, for whose guidance the joint work has been composed, would not in its absence entertain. On the whole, well-intentioned as Mr. Jackson's effort is, we question whether it will be of much practical value, beyond "giving hints" to the teacher who can adopt them. A well selected series of readings, with annotations for the teacher's guidance, would have been much more efficacious. Undoubtedly, however, taken in connection with Mr. Gilman's treatise, it will do something towards aiding teachers to instruct their pupils in "the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrine," which is the object of the present work. Ω.

THE CRISIS IN MORALS. An Examination of Rational Ethics in the Light of Modern Science. By *James Thompson Bixby*. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1891.

The author of this book criticises Mr. Spencer's data of ethics confessedly from the standpoint of religion; yet his religion is of a very broad kind, it is rational as well as scientific. The criticism is keen, kind toward Mr. Spencer, and just. He points out that Mr. Spencer's ultimate moral end and test, which is "conduciveness to happiness" is very indefinite and unsatisfactory as a standard for conduct. He further shows the inconsistency between the happiness theory and the principle of evolution. In the beginning of the Data of Ethics Mr. Spencer is consistent with the evolution theory, when he says: "Evolution becomes the highest possible when the conduct simultaneously achieves the greatest totality of life in self, in offspring, and in fellowmen." If Mr. Spencer, says Dr. Bixby, had consistently pursued this path it "would have led to the discernment and enunciation of an ultimate end of Nature's ascending path, namely, the highest perfection of the highest class of beings that we have to deal with." This would have been the logical outcome of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. "But suddenly he stops short and faces in quite another direction and asks, Why should we promote life? There is no reason for so doing, he says, unless life has a surplus of pleasure," and in connection with this term Mr. Spencer says: "Taking into account immediate and remote effects on all persons the good is universally the pleasurable," and again: "the absolutely right in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure,—pleasure unalloyed with pain anywhere." Virtue accordingly in Mr. Spencer's system, says Dr. Bixby, "has no intrinsic worth or authority. . . . Mr. Spencer has criticised most severely the methods of Bentham, but he has in fact adopted his ultimate end."

The negative part of criticism, however, is supplemented by a positive part of a theory of ethics constructed upon the basis of ethics and scientific knowledge. The source of moral principles is the fundamental unity of life and the moral relations of man in society. The ultimate moral end is a larger and higher existence. The measure and purpose of progress is the unfolding of a nobler self and the highest possible development of man's spiritual personality. Dr. Bixby would come very near to the position of *The Open Court* as defined by its editor in "The Ethical Problem," and in several of his editorials (especially "The Test of Progress," No. 208) if he were not under the influence of the transcendentalist conception of what "spiritual" means. The moral "ought" is to him, (he quotes from Sidgwick,) "an ultimate and unanalysable fact," and thus his otherwise clear and scientific views are sprinkled over with just enough mysticism and dualism to remind us that the author of the book stands upon the old theological platform.

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* * *

What is Science but "searching for the truth." What is Religion but "living the truth." Our knowledge of the truth, however, is relative and admits of a constant progress. As all life is evolution, so also Science and Religion are developing. With an enlarged experience of the human race they are growing more comprehensive, purer, and truer. Scientific truths become religious truths as soon as they become factors that regulate conduct.

The progress of Science during the last century, especially in the field of psychology, has produced the impression as if there were a conflict between Science and Religion, but there is no conflict and there cannot be any conflict between Science and Religion. There may be conflicts between erroneous views of Science as well as of Religion. But wherever such conflicts appear we may rest assured that there are errors somewhere, for Religion and Science are inseparable. Science is searching for truth and Religion is living the truth.

* * *

The Open Court pays special attention to psychology. Great progress has been made of late in a more accurate and scientific investigation of the human soul. While the new conception of the soul will materially alter some of the dogmatic views, it will not affect the properly religious spirit of religion, it will not alter the ethical truths of religion but will confirm them and place them upon a scientific foundation.

Since we have gained a scientific insight into the nature of the human soul, the situation is as thoroughly altered as our conception of the universe was in the times when the geocentric standpoint had to be abandoned. The new psychology which may briefly be called the abandonment of the ego-centric standpoint of the soul will influence the religious development of humanity in no less a degree than the new astronomy has done. At first sight the new truths seem appalling. However, a closer acquaintance with the modern solution of the problems of soul-life and especially the problem of immortality shows that, instead of destroying, it will purify religion.

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A MODERN VIEW OF GHOSTS.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The extraordinary case mentioned by General Barter C. B. seems to come under Mr. Myers's denomination of "a dead man's dream." General Barter was in 1854 a subaltern in the 75th Regiment quartered at the hill station of Murree in the Punjaub. He rented a house belonging to a Lieutenant B. who had died the previous year at Peshawur. Gen. Barter had just said good night to some friends who had paid him a visit, and whom he had accompanied some distance towards their own home, and he had turned to go back to his house. He had two dogs with him, which were hunting about in the brushwood. It was a lonely night and the moon at the full. Suddenly he heard "the "ring of a horse's hoof as the shoe struck the stones "coming along the bridle path—just before it takes a "sharp bend— and— —in a few seconds round the "corner appeared a man mounted on a pony with two "syces or grooms. At this time the two dogs came "and crouching at my side, gave low frightened whim-"pers. The moon was at the full, so bright that you "could see to read a newspaper by its light, and I "saw the party before me advance as plainly as if it "were noonday; they were above me some eight or "ten feet on the bridle road. On the party came till "almost in front of me; and now I had better de-"scribe them. The rider was in full dinner dress, "with white waistcoat and wearing a tall chimney-pot "hat, and he sat on a powerful hill pony [dark brown, "with black mane and tail] in a listless sort of way, "the reins hanging loosely from both hands. A syce "led the pony at each side, but their faces I could'nt "see, the one next to me having his back to me, and "the one furthest off being hidden by the pony's head; "each held the bridle close up by the bit, the man "next me with his right, the other with his left hand, "and the other hands were on the thighs of the rider "as if to steady him in his seat. As they approached, "I, knowing they could'nt get to any other place but "my own, called out in Hindustani 'Quon hai?' (who "is it?) There was no answer, and on they came "till right in front of me, when I said in English, "'Hallo, what the d—l do you want here?' Instantly "the group came to a halt, the rider gathering up the "bridle reins with both hands, turned his face which "had hitherto been looking away from me, towards "me and looked down upon me. The group was still "as in a tableau, and I recognised the rider as Lieut. "B. whom I had formerly known. *The face was dif-"ferent from what I had known it;* in place of being "clean shaved it was surrounded by a fringe (what "used to be known as a Newgate fringe) and it was "the face of a dead man; the ghastly waxen pallor of "it brought out more distinctly in the moonlight by "the fringe of dark hair by which it was encircled; "the body too was far stouter than I had known it in "life.

"I marked all this in a moment, and then resolved "to lay hold of the thing whatever it was. I dashed "up the bank, and the earth giving under my feet, I "fell forward on my hands. Recovering myself in-"stantly I gained the road, and stood in the exact "spot where the group had been, but which was now "vacant. The road stopped at a precipice twenty "yards beyond; it was impossible for them to go on; "impossible for them to have turned back in a second.

"Next morning I went up to Lieutenant Deane "who belonged to the same regiment as B.; and grad-"ually induced him to talk of him. I said, 'How very "stout he had become lately, and what possessed him "to allow his beard to grow into that horrid fringe!' "D. replied, 'Yes, he became very bloated before his "death; you know he led a very fast life, and while "on the sick list he allowed his beard to grow in spite "of all we could say to him, and I believe he was bur-"ied with it.' I then asked where he had got the "pony I had seen, describing it minutely. 'Why,' "said D., 'how do you know anything about all this? "You had'nt seen B. for two or three years, and the "pony you never saw. He bought him at Peshawur, "and killed him one day riding in his reckless fashion "down the hill to Trete.' I then told him, what I had "seen the night before."

General Barter adds that though he knew B. had built the house, the fact had not interested him; he had never talked about B. nor thought about him.

He says that during the six weeks they spent in this house his wife and himself repeatedly heard the sound of a man riding rapidly down the path to the house. He doubts whether anyone but B. who was a reckless rider had ever ridden down that path. "Once," he "says, "when the galloping sound was very distinct, "I rushed to the door of the house. There I found "my Hindoo bearer, standing with a tattie in his hand. "I asked him what he was there for. He said there "came a sound of riding down the hill, and 'passed "him like a typhoon' and went round the corner of "the house, and he was determined to waylay it what-"ever it was. He added '*Thitan ka ghar hai*' (It is "a devil's house)." Mrs. Barter corroborates the hearing of the sounds of violent riding. In this case if we accept General Barter's evidence, the incidents connected with his reckless riding at Murree seem to have so strongly impressed the miserable B. that even after death the impression was sufficiently strong to be conveyed (as an apparently objective vision) to another person. Moreover if we attach weight to the corroborative evidence, the mind (if I may be forgiven the expression) of the deceased seems to have dwelt permanently on those incidents in his life at Murree which culminated in the death of his unfortunate pony. As the surviving part (I know of no fitting name) saw itself after death, so it imagined itself passing through the scenes at Murree, in dream-like confusion.

I think that the favorite explanation of rats, indigestion, hallucination, or incipient fever, as sufficient to account for all "ghosts" are as absurdly wide of the scientific explanation made possible by modern psychology; as Voltaire's celebrated dictum that the shells found on the top of the Alps were dropped there by pilgrims, was absurdly wide of the scientific explanation given by geology. In Voltaire's time the position of these fossils was adduced as a proof of the Noachian account of the Deluge; no other theory was then possible, except Voltaire's, which was more absurd and impossible than the orthodox one. In the same way a few years ago, stigmata were either miraculously or fraudulently produced; Joan of Arc was miraculously inspired or she was an impostor; there was no alternative hypothesis known. And ghosts, clothes and all, were either beheld with our bodily eyes; or they were rats, fever, indigestion or trickery. The whole series of phenomena are now capable of examination from a scientific point of view. Mr. Myers remarks, "Considering how long this scattered belief "in the appearances of dead persons has existed it is "really extraordinary that so little trouble has been "taken to determine whether that belief be well "founded or no. For be it observed that there has "been *just as little diligence, just as little acumen*, "*shown amongst the scoffers as amongst the credulous. In* "*fact so far as any exact investigation goes, the present* "*subject is almost absolutely new.* Something will have "been done, I hope, to encourage the quest for further "evidence if I am thought to have suggested a parallel "between the *now known modes of action of the embodied* "*mind, and the possible modes of action of the disem-* "*bodied mind*, which may enable us to see something "logically probable—rather than something gro-"tesquely meaningless—in the reported behaviour of "the ordinary apparition. Most assuredly if these "phenomena are to be explained at all, they must be "explained by finding some laws which govern at once "these *post mortem* manifestations and the manifesta-"tions of spirits still in the flesh. Two such laws I "believe to exist. In the first place I believe that "telepathy—the transference of thought through other "than sensory channels, exists both between embodied "spirits, and as between embodied and disembodied "spirits. I hold that there is a continuous series of "manifestation of such power beginning with thought "transference experiments and *hypnotism at a distance*, "proceeding through *experimental apparitions* and ap-"paritions coincident with crisis or death, and ending "with apparitions after death; the results, in my view, "of the continued exercise of the same energy by the "departed.

"And in the second place I hold it analogically "probable that the thesis of multiplex personality, "[see *The Open Court*, Nos. 169–171, 'The Hidden "Self'] namely, *that no known current of man's con-* "*sciousness exhausts his whole consciousness*, and no "known self-manifestation expresses man's whole po-"tential being—may hold good for embodied and for "disembodied men. And consequently I believe that "the self-manifestations of the departed, being com-"munications between states of being almost impass-"ably disunited—must needs form an extreme type of "those fugitive and unstable communications between "widely different strata of personality of which living "minds offer us examples; and that 'ghosts' must "therefore as a rule represent . . . . *mere automatic* "*projections from consciousnesses which have their cen-* "*tres elsewhere*. . . . The present need is not of specu-"lation but of evidence; of a real direction of compe-"tent intelligence towards the collection and criticism "of a large mass of well-attested narratives. It may "indeed be that such records may prove explicable—"I can scarcely say by known laws—but by laws whose "discovery will only slightly further extend experi-"mental psychology in some of the directions in which "it is now rapidly advancing. It may be that these "long despised narratives will prove the smooth stones "from the brook, and find a vulnerable point in that "Goliath of our inscrutable Destiny, against whom so "many prouder weapons have been levelled in vain."

Whether we consider the matter a pure coincidence or as a faint adumbration of real psychical facts, it is remarkable that a belief in a multiple personality persisting after death is one of the most widely spread of ethnological beliefs. In this case, as in so many others, popular belief as to facts may be right, whilst interpretation is false. Rainbows and eclipses are phenomena resulting from well-known and well ascertained laws and raise no feelings but those of admiration or intelligent interest in a modern observer. The savage and the semi-civilised man also observed these phenomena, which to the semi-civilised were portents expressing respectively divine repentance for anger, or divine wrath at men's sins; and to men on a lower social plane appeared as animals or demons; the rainbow serpent of the Zulus; the rainbow demon of the Karens,* which devour men. Eclipses were thought by various American tribes to be caused by huge dogs chasing and tearing the moon (Chiquitos); by a demon which hated light (Caribs), by a monstrous beast (Peruvians), by a jaguar (Tupi), all seeking to devour the sun or moon. The idea of the sore danger of sun and moon has run through folk-lore, and comes out in popular belief down to our own day. A recent writer on French folk-lore was surprised during a lunar eclipse to hear sighs and exclamations, "Mon Dieu, qu'elle est souffrante!" and found on inquiry that the poor moon was believed to be the prey of an invisible monster seeking to devour her. So the popular belief in multiple personality, however smothered in superstition and loaded with absurdities, may be the result of very real phenomena.

The Dakotas say that man has four souls, one remaining with the corpse, one staying in the village, one going in the air, and one to the land of spirits. The Karens distinguished between the "ta" which may be defined as the personal life-phantom, and the "thah" which is the responsible moral soul. The Fijians distinguish between a man's "shadow" which goes to Hades, and his "light spirit" which remains near where he dies. Amongst civilised peoples, Egyptian mythology taught that the living man consists of a body, a soul, an intelligence, and an appearance or *eidolon* the "ka." The shadowy and imperceptible "ka" was supposed to dwell in the tomb with mummied body and to perish if the latter were destroyed. Esoteric Buddhism teaches that whilst the soul which has concerned itself with moral and spiritual interests, enjoys unspeakable bliss in "devachan"—in the internal between one incarnation and another; the lower soul which has concerned itself with material things is in the condition of "karma," and haunts the earthly dwelling place of its body. By a pure and holy life, "karma" will no longer exist as a condition; and the purified higher soul passes no longer into "devachan," but returns into the bosom of the All, and thus enters Nirvâna. In reading of the utterly aimless haunting of the scenes of their life history which is so commonly met with in well-attested cases of phantasms of the dead, I am strongly reminded of the doctrine of karma. (See especially a case given pp. 35-41 of the Proceedings for Dec. 1889). The threefold division of shade, manes and spirit is thus described as existing amongst the Romans.*

> "*Bis duo sunt homini, manes, caro, spiritus, umbra;*
> *Quatuor hæc loci bis duo suscipiunt.*
> *Terra tegit carnem, tumulum circumvolat umbra,*
> *Manes Orcus habet, spiritus astra petit.*"

I have often been puzzled at the confusion which reigns throughout folk-lore, and in the minds of the peasantry of England and Europe, as to the destination of the soul after death. I see now in this apparent confusion, ideas roughly corresponding to the "karma" and "devachan" of Buddhism. The peasant is taught by his Church that his soul after death is destined to go to heaven or hell—with of course in the Catholic church the alternative of Purgatory. However devoutly the Catholic peasant believes in this doctrine and that his soul, if it is saved, will be admitted by St. Peter to Heaven, he at one and the same time believes that he will be conscious of his resting place in his native village, and of the general state of affairs around him. The old ballads of Great Britain, Ireland and Europe are full of this theme; of this eerie consciousness of the dead as they lie in their graves; the mother who "under the moulds" heard her children crying with cold and hunger and comes to comfort them; the dead lover who keeps his tryst; the mother who cannot rest in her grave because her child's tears trickle through, and fall upon her. In Brittany there is a special night when the dead souls pass across the "Baie des Trépassés" on their way back to the old British land in Cornwall, and their sighs and moanings are heard in fancy by the dwellers on the shore. Yet the Bretons are devout Catholics, and believe in Heaven and Hell and Purgatory as the alternative destinations of the soul after death, at the very same time that they think they will be conscious after death of that which has interested them on earth. I have heard a poor old woman express a wish to be buried near a certain little path leading to the side door of our parish church, because it would be "so comfortable" to hear the people passing by to church. Personally, whilst I have little hope, I have a passionate desire for the continuance of life and of personal identity, after the death of the body. But the desire is for a higher life than this, for something more sublime and lasting than "devachan"; and I think any one of us would welcome

* *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, pp. 266, 296-302. Tylor.

* *Primitive Culture*, Tylor, 1871. Vol. 1, p. 392. Art.: "Animism."

the idea of annihilation, rather than face conditions in which the disembodied spirit hovers round the scenes of its earthly career. But in this case, as in all others, the scientific mind must seek to know the truth and the truth only.

In concluding this article, I would earnestly entreat any reader interested in the subject, not to rest contented with the brief and most imperfect account I have been able to give of Mr. Myers's researches, but to read for themselves the chapter (III) "On recognised Apparitions occurring more than a year after death" of the Proceedings of the Psychical Society, for December, 1889. Part XV.—Part XIV contains an article on "Apparitions occurring soon after Death," by the late Edmund Gurney. Address the Assistant Secretary, 19 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W. C., London.

GHOSTS AND THE BELIEF IN GHOSTS.

There is a wholesale revival of a belief in ghosts sweeping over the world and rabid iconoclasts become converts to spiritism and theosophy. Are these the signs of the time? If they are, what kind of a future do they portend?

This theosophic and spiritualistic craze will not be a surprise to those who have watched the materialistic tendencies of our age. It is simply a reaction against that philosophy which feels satisfied to think that mind is matter and consciousness an accidental by-play of force. When materialists become confronted with facts of psychical life with which they are not familiar, they are struck with the untenableness of materialism and will naturally go to the other extreme, viz. to some form of spiritism. Mrs. Besant presents the following eight reasons which induced her to embrace theosophy. She says in the *Review of Reviews*, Dec. 1891:

"Could find no answer to problems of life and mind in materialism, especially as touching—

1. Hypnotic and mesmeric experiments, clairvoyance, etc.
2. Double consciousness, dreams.
3. Effect on body of mental conceptions.
4. Line between object and subject worlds.
5. Memory, especially as studied in disease.
6. Diseased keenness of sense-perception.
7. Thougbt-transference.
8. Genius, different types of character in family, etc."

If Mrs. Besant had ever considered the sole and simple fact of consciousness as it exists in herself and as every healthy person experiences it, she would not have been so strangely struck by the abnormal forms of consciousness as they appear in hysterical and mentally diseased people. Hypnotism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance so-called are not more wonderful than the normal consciousness; nor are double consciousness, hyperæsthesia and the diseased forms of memory stranger than a simple sensation or an act of memory as we experience them thousands of times in every hour of our life.*

As to thought-transference, we should say, that this miracle takes place whenever two men communicate with each other either orally or in written or in printed language. This kind of thought-transference wonderful though it is, is a perfectly intelligible fact, there is nothing mystical about it, for we know the means by which it takes place. There are other kinds of thought-transference. Some such people as Mr. Cumberland know the art of deciphering with great certainty the physiognomical expressions, and of reading certain ideas out of the slight involuntary and emotion-betraying muscular contractions of their fellow-men. However,any thought-transference without any means whatever has never been proved and it would upset all science and philosophy if it ever could be proved.

Mr. W. T. Stead has devoted the whole Christmas number of *The Review of Reviews* to "Real Ghost Stories," and Mrs. Bodington presents us in *The Open Court* with a number of queer accounts collected by herself. She accepts Mr. F. W. H. Myers's view that a ghost is a manifestation of personal energy after death and considers it as an indication that some kind of force can be exercised by a deceased person. I must confess that the accounts given by Mr. Stead as well as by Mrs. Bodington are not of such a nature as to convey any argument that would convince me of the reality of ghosts, doubles, thought-bodies, etc.

I should say with Mrs. Bodington that so far as I can see all these strange phenomena must be interpreted as being "mental," but it appears that I understand something quite different by "mental." Mentality, as I understand it, is subjectivity. Or more fully expressed it is the symbolism of subjectivity, the symbols of subjectivity being representative of objective existences, of relations, of qualities, or any features of objective realities. In other words, mental phenomena are states of awareness, they are feelings, representing some objective state of things. Mrs. Bodington conceives mentality as some kind of force or energy. However, this force or energy apparently does not possess the qualities of that which is usually called force or energy. The ghost, she declares, does not act upon matter but on "mind." It has nothing to do with that energy the sum total of which remains constant in the whole system of the universe as stated in the law of the conservation of energy. It is not a force that can be measured by the acceleration it im-

* For an explanation of the facts of experimental psychology, hypnotism, double consciousness, hyperæsthesia, see tbe author's *The Soul of Man*, pp. 238–332. In the same book are discussed the problems of the normal facts of soul-life, especially the main problem, viz. that of memory (pp. 60–65 and 418–424) and also the philosophical questions as to the relation between subject and object and the origin of mind (p. 23–45).

parts. Hence the usage of the word is very objectionable and must produce confusion in the very beginning.

It would lead me too far here to discuss the accounts of the ghost stories in detail. I see in every one of those of Mr. Stead as well as in those of Mrs. Bodington, which I have critically read, some flaw that renders it worthless as evidence. So, for instance, people who at once jump to the conclusion that when something or somebody has been seen to pass by, it must have been a ghost, people who say, "It is old Aunt Ann—then Aunt Harriet will die today," are not reliable witnesses. That house will soon be haunted, where people live who believe in ghosts!

Mrs. Bodington says about a strange apparition: "The phenomena of hypnotism give one a clue to the explanation of part of this story." They certainly do give us a clue, but not in the sense that Mrs. Bodington means. A hypnotised person will actually see the things suggested as if they were real, and people who believe in ghosts are predisposed to become suggestible.

But there are stories when two see a ghost at the same time! Is that not a proof of the apparition's objective reality? It seems to me, that it is not. Two or several persons who believe in ghosts, will easily suggest to one another hallucinations. And it is well known, through experiments made on hypnotic subjects, that even memories can be suggested. An hysteric subject can very easily be made to believe that he or she recollects this or that circumstance or event which in reality never happened.

I consider as the best and most striking story of marvellous events the account of Swedenborg's telepathic vision as told by no less an authority than the great German philosopher Immanuel Kant. I quote from Frederick Gerhard's book "The Coming Creed of the World," p. 399–400:

"One of the most striking cases of this kind is the well-known foresight which Swedenborg had of the fire of Stockholm. Kant wrote about it to a friend as follows: 'Toward the end of September 1756, Swedenborg came on a Sunday afternoon, about four o'clock, to Gothenburg. He was received by a friend, who accompanied him to his house, where a little party had been arranged, to which fourteen people had been invited. In the midst of this cheerful company Swedenborg became suddenly silent, and his face had an expression of profound grief. It was about six o'clock in the afternoon. Swedenborg left the room, and returned in a few moments in a state of great terror and anguish. When he was asked what was the matter with him, he said that just at this moment a fire had broken out in Stockholm, near St. Mary's Church, and was spreading with terrible rapidity. He left the room repeatedly in a state of great excitement. Among other details, he told the company that the house of one of his friends, whose name he gave, had already been completely destroyed, and that his own house was in great danger. About eight o'clock he exclaimed, in a tone of great joy: "God be thanked! The fire has been extinguished, within only three houses of my own." The Governor, who had heard of this incident, sent for Swedenborg on Monday morning. The latter gave to the Governor the most detailed description of the fire—the number of houses that had been destroyed, and also the time of the duration of the fire. On Monday evening a messenger arrived who had been sent by a Stockholm merchant to a business friend in Gothenburg; and on the following morning a special courier was sent with a description of the fire to the Governor. Both these men, in every detail, confirmed what Swedenborg had told the previous afternoon.'"

This communication to a friend is a letter to Fräulein Charlotte von Knobloch, dated Königsberg, August 10, 1758, and is found in Kant's collected works. (Ed. Hartenstein, Vol. II, pp. 29–43).

Kant says that of all wonderful stories this account of Swedenborg's prophetic vision of the Stockholm fire "seems to possess the greatest force of evidence and takes away all imaginable doubt." He adds:

"What can be said against the credibility of this event? The friend who writes me this, has investigated all himself not only in Stockholm but also in Gothenburg, which he visited about two months ago. He knows there the best families and had the opportunity of gathering a complete information from a whole city in which most of the eye-witnesses since that short time of 1756 are still living. He has also given me some account about the way how, according to Mr. von Swedenborg, his communion with spirits takes place and his ideas about the state of spirits. This portrait is strange. I have no time to give it here. How much do I wish to question this strange man personally, for my friend is not well versed in the methods of questioning for that which in such cases can give the most light."

Did Kant, one of the most critical minds of the world, give countenance to a story of telepathic vision? It almost appears so. At least he was confronted with an account which he considered in every respect reliable. Mr. Gerhard, a believer in spiritualistic phenomena, quotes the story of Swedenborg's telepathic vision as if it were endorsed by Kant. Yet the quotation although quite correct, is as it stands nevertheless false. It is incomplete. Kant does not lend countenance to the story. The quotation is evidence only of the fact that Kant did not refuse ghost stories off-hand but investigated them carefully. Yet after a thorough investigation Kant found that there was nothing in it, and he was almost ashamed of having been the dupe of his own credulity in what is often regarded as a reliable account of an undubitably honest and well meaning witness. Kant wrote a book on the subject entitled "Dreams of a Visionary explained by the dreams of Metaphysics." In a prefatory remark, he says:

"The empire of shades is the paradise of phantastic people. Here is an infinite territory where they can build at pleasure. Hypochondriac vapors, nursery tales, the marvels of monasteries afford building material in plenty. . . . Where is a philosopher who has not at least once cut a ridiculous figure by being placed between the affirmations of a rational and fully convinced eye-witness and his inner remonstrance of insuperable doubt? Shall he entirely deny the correctness of all such ghost-apparitions? What argument can he propose against them? Should he grant a

single one only of the tales as probable, how important would this concession be! What astounding consequences are drawn if only one such event could be assumed to be proved!

"Since it is with many an equally stupid prejudice to disbelieve without any reason anything of that which with some appearance of truth is told and to believe without inquiry all that which is commonly related, the author of this book in order to avoid the former was partly carried away by the latter. He confesses, not without humiliation, that he was good natured enough to investigate the truth of certain stories of said kind. He found,—as commonly wherever nothing is to be sought,—he found nothing. Well! This in itself may be a sufficient cause to write a book; but there was added something else which has oftener than once induced modest authors to write books—the impetuous request of known and unknown friends."

The problem in my mind is not so much to explain the ghost stories as to explain how people of a scientific education who have accomplished some great things in a certain line of science, such men as Wallace and Crooks, can believe in the reality of ghost stories. We cannot here attempt to discuss the problem, but we may indicate the solution which will explain it. The craving for immortality is as strong in man as the desire for self-preservation, for both are actually one and the same instinct in two forms called by two different names. Those people who cannot conceive the soul in any other way than as an ego so-called, as a metaphysical entity behind the actual reality of psychic life, as a thing in itself independent of time and space and possessing an actual existence as a separate individual being,—such people will naturally hanker after a proof of the reality of such a kind of soul, and as actual proofs are missing, like drowning people they will catch at straws.

It is unnecessary to add that if the soul really were such a being independent in its action of time and space, that proofs of it ought to be plenty, that everybody could experiment with his own soul and should possess an all-sufficient evidence in his own experience.

Mrs. Bodington speaks about the object of her article as a "desperate cause," and I grant it is a desperate cause, nor do I believe that it will ever become a hopeful cause. But then suppose that there be some truth in the idea of a reality of ghosts, and wraiths, of telepathy, telepathic vision, thought-transference, etc., how shall the believers ever prove it, if the unbelievers reject even the evidence of well reputed, rational, and apparently honest eye-witnesses? The believers will say that the case becomes desperate only through the stubborn hard heartedness of the unbelievers, and not from lack of evidence. What evidence will convince, if this be rejected? Is there no evidence that would be accepted?

Yes! There is an evidence, I should say, that I would accept as convincing. Apply telepathy to practical use and show that it works. Mr. Stead declares that it does work, but he is apparently mistaken. He says that the Police of London and Chicago occasionally consult clairvoyants. So I wrote to the Chief of the criminal police of Chicago the following letter:

Robt. W. McClaughrey, Esq., Chief of Police.

DEAR SIR: *The Review of Reviews* contains in its Christmas number the following passage concerning "telepathic vision" so called:

"Concerning the enormous advantages which such an astral camera would place in the hands of the detective police, I was not surprised to be told that the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department in London and Chicago occasionally consult clairvoyants as to the place where stolen goods are to be found, or where the missing criminals may be lurking."

I have great doubts as to the correctness of this statement, and as I am about to discuss the subject in a forthcoming number of *The Open Court*, I should like to have a word of information from you directly. Yours truly,

Dec. 29th, 1891. P. CARUS.

The reply reads as follows:

So far as I know, no officer of the Police Department of Chicago, has ever consulted a clairvoyant. If any officer has done so it has been on his own account, without any order or countenance from the undersigned or, as I believe, from any of his predecessors.

F. H. MARSH, Chief Inspector. R. W. MCCLAUGHREY. Gen. Supt. Police.

Dec. 30, 1891.

The two gentlemen when receiving my letter, which was delivered in person by our bookkeeper, Mr. M. A. Sacksteder, enjoyed, as I expected, a hearty laugh, and Mr. Marsh who is in charge of the criminal cases, said, if it were so, it would save them many a sleepless night.

How much cheaper, more direct, and more exact a telepathic communication would be than a cablegram and even than a letter, if it were practicable! How convenient would it be to acquire information concerning some event of importance in history, in the courts or anywhere through the assistance of mental vision so called. Whenever we are in doubt concerning some grave case, how welcome would be the assistance or advice of some ghost endowed with knowledge and wisdom. If this world of ours were the haunting place of ghosts and if we ourselves possessed some telepathic capabilities, all our ethics should be altered. We should devote all our efforts to the development of our spirituality so called and, we should endeavor with might and main to find the key that would lock and unlock the fairyland of the ghosts.

What marvellous possibilities lie hidden alone in opening the fourth dimension, which is reserved now to ghosts and mediums, for purposes of transfer or any other useful employment!

As soon as we shall have a civilisation in which telepathy is one of the means employed in actual business as telegraphy is now, where the appearance of ghosts is as reliable a fact as is now the appearance of

witnesses cited before the court, or where the fourth dimension of space will be employed for the practical purposes of the medical profession as well as of our industrial enterprises, then, but not until then, any disbelief in ghosts and other miracles will cease. P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A Chicago post of The Commercial Travellers Protective Association has just been organised at the Grand Pacific hotel, to take part in the "social conflict." One of the chief objects of the association is the protection of commercial travellers against protection; or in the language of the resolution itself, "to secure the repeal of all municipal, county, state, or territorial laws imposing or enforcing a license tax on commercial travellers." There must be a defect in our political economy when laws made for the protection of one class must be repealed for the protection of another. It looks like the science of contradictions, and some day, perhaps, we shall abandon class legislation altogether. The laws against commercial travellers are made for the protection of home trade, and they are in logical harmony with our anti-commercial system. Commercial travellers are mischievous because they are industrious wheels in the machinery of commerce, active and efficient agents in the distribution of products. They provide for consumers better goods at lower prices than the local markets can, therefore the local merchants and producers must be protected against commercial travellers by the device of a license tax. This gathering is an interesting novelty, for it is the only meeting in modern times of any trade, profession, or calling, which has not made a "demand" on congress or the state legislature, or on somebody or other for some special and affirmative legislation in its own exclusive interest.

* * *

One of the great Chicago dailies, in the style of an angry schoolmaster reproves the Chicago Freight Bureau for addressing the President of the United States as "Excellency" in a letter asking the appointment of Mr. Morrison to a place on the interstate commerce commission. With solemn forefinger impressing the moral of his lecture on the naughty boys of the Freight Bureau, the schoolmaster says, "It ought to revolt the self-respect of every American to tag the President of the United States with the puerile and pinchbeck handle peculiar to small and effete monarchies. As well call the President of the United States Tremendous Monkey as Excellency, or anything else except the President." The grammar of that rebuke might be improved, but waiving that, the schoolmaster must himself go down to the foot of the class for a fault greater than the mistake made by the boys of the Freight Bureau. He actually tags the President of the United States with the tawdry, illegitimate, puerile, and pinchbeck nickname, "federal executive." Oh, the offense is rank! In sad reproof he says to the boys, "Your letter addresses the federal executive as 'Excellency'"; when he really ought to have said, "Your letter addressed the President as Excellency." He even makes Washington insignificant by giving him the spurious knighthood known only to American snobdom, "the first executive of the nation." If it is in bad taste to inflate the presidential dignity by frothy, foreign titles like "Excellency," "Highness," and carbonic acid gas of that sort, it is worse to shrivel it by mock royalisms of native manufacture, such as "federal executive," "chief executive," and similar dilutions of the expressive and lawful title President.

* * *

The failure of the crops in Russia has afforded the American people an opportunity in their private capacity to show a bountiful nature and a generous desire to relieve the hungry people of that remote country. This desire at least is earnest, and if the way were clear to send relief, the Americans would not permit a single Russian family to perish of hunger. That failure of the crops has also given us a chance in our national capacity to patronise the Russian government with a good deal of superserviceable sympathy on the one hand, and with a swaggering display of insulting superiority on the other. The Cossacks of the Don, and the multitudinous Russian tribes, are not considered a highly polished people, but the excuse for them is that they are as yet only a semi-barbarous peasantry. What will those Russians, when they read the debates in Congress, think of the politeness and good breeding of our statesmen, who after an ostentatious display of unsolicited assistance, refused it by a vote of 180 to 70, ornamenting the vote with gratuitous and insulting comments on the Russian government. "I will not marry you my pretty maid; nobody asked you sir, she said." In like manner, but with invective and reproaches, we refuse the Russian government what was never asked for, and what perhaps it was presumptuous in us to offer. It is not easy to look with patience on the despotic methods of the Czar, although some of those methods have been practised by our own magistrates with a success that does them credit; but in this case, the Russian law and the Czar are outside the question altogether. Our own position as interpreted by congress is humiliating and inconsistent, for after promising assistance to the starving Russians on their own account, we refuse it on account of their government.

* * *

In *The Open Court* for Dec 31st, I said, "Can a man be charitable by an agent any more than he can be religious by deputy?" This, in referring to a stranger who had handed five hundred dollars to Judge Tuley for distribution by Mrs. Tuley in her charitable work. The moral I tried to draw was that the stranger gave the money only, while Mrs. Tuley gives the charity. I fear I was not successful, for I have received a letter from an anonymous friend in Boston, answering my question thus, "Rich, benevolent people are annoyed beyond measure by beggars, high and low, friends and strangers, wise and foolish If a person gives five hundred dollars to an institution or to some widely known cause, and his or her name is published, they are subjected to such continuous pleas for help, that it becomes a nuisance The only remedy is anonymous giving. An institution in which I am interested has just received in pressing need a thousand dollars, but the donor will not give his or her name. This secrecy becomes necessary in self-defense. Therefore I reply, 'a man can be charitable by deputy.'"

* * *

I suspect that my correspondent is the donor of that thousand dollars, and takes advantage of my question to explain why he concealed his name when he gave the money. His argument seemed so plausible that I submitted it for the opinion of some persons whom I know to be experts in the very religion of self-sacrifice and charity. They assure me that the reason given is morally and religiously sound, and that a man can be charitable by deputy. The jury of experts to whom I submitted the problem was composed of three women; and to them I put the following question as a puzzler, "Will the recording angel who keeps the eternal records give the donor of that money credit for five hundred dollars worth of charity in the judgment ledger of good and evil deeds?" Two of them promptly answered "Yes"; and then I set for them this trap, "What credit will Mrs. Tuley get for distributing the money?" They were not at all confused, but fluently replied, "She also will get credit for five hundred dollars worth of charity." Then I sprung the trap like a cunning lawyer, and with a mocking sneer I said, "So the celestial bookkeeper gives a thousand dollars credit for five hundred dollars, eh." What was my surprise to find myself in the trap, and the ladies outside of it saying, "Oh, certainly; for there may be a million dollars worth of charity in five hundred dollars, as there may be not a penny's worth"; and they brought in the widow's

mite as evidence of that. The third woman said that although Mrs. Tuley would get credit for five hundred dollars in charity, the masculine donor would have to submit to a small discount for shirking the distribution of the fund, and therefore she did not think that he would get credit for more than four hundred and ninety-five dollars. As this was a concession to my argument amounting to a paltry five dollars, I rejected it with disdain, and as women are too illogical to reason with, I surrender. Although not convinced, I throw up my brief, and agree that a man may be charitable by deputy.

* * *

Having a foolish weakness for studying both sides of a question, I take a republican paper and a democratic paper, under the delusion that the cerebral friction made by their contradictions will brighten my faculties and polish up my mind. I am now convinced that the man who studies only one side enjoys his reading more, and keeps his nerves in better tone than the ambidextrous logic shuffler who studies both sides. For instance, picking up my papers of Tuesday, I read about the organisation of the Ohio senate by the republicans; and the democratic organ tells me that "In the senate an incident occurred which illustrates the partisan and revolutionary character of Ohio republican politics." It then describes the unseating of Daniel Gaumer, a democrat who it claims was lawfully elected, and the seating of George Iden his republican competitor who was not elected at all. My republican paper, speaking of the same transaction, tells me that "The partisan and revolutionary attempt of the democrats to seat the fraudulent "claimant" Mr. Daniel Gaumer, was promptly rebuked by the seating of Mr. George Iden the lawfully elected candidate." Picking up my papers on Wednesday, I read therein about the organisation of the New York senate by the democrats. My democratic paper which had been so grievously wounded on Tuesday by the wickedness of the Ohio senate, had sufficiently recovered on Wednesday to congratulate the civilised world that "As soon as the New York senate was organised the democrats righteously and patriotically seated Charles A. Walker for the 27th district, which was vacant"; and this "partisan and revolutionary" proceeding was vehemently stigmatised by my republican paper as "the death blow to representative government in the United States." Foreigners, who do not appreciate American humor may think from the reading of our own papers that party necessity in this country consecrates any injustice and sanctifies any wrong.

* * *

Wise is the man, I say again, who reads but one side, for he learns only about the wickedness of the opposite party; while the inquisitive innocent who reads both sides, pampers himself into cynicism, making himself doubly miserable by feeding on the delinquencies of both parties; and when he croaks, as a cynic must, he makes other people miserable too. Seeking further instruction and information by reading both sides, I learn from my republican paper that "A bill has been introduced into the Ohio legislature to redistrict and reapportion the state, so as to correct the disgraceful gerrymander perpetrated by the democratic majority in the last legislature;" and my democratic paper of the same date informs me that "A bill has been presented in the New York legislature to redistrict and reapportion the state so as to correct the disgraceful gerrymander perpetrated by the late republican majority." The coincidence of expression and thought reminds me of the time when Bill Gibbs, an Englishman, and Hugh Riley, an Irishman, were opposing candidates for the office of Sheriff of Marble county. An English friend of mine was consulted by a fellow countryman, who inquired which of the candidates he ought to vote for; and my friend replied, "Well, they both want to plunder the county in the office of sheriff. One of them is an English thief, the other is an Irish thief, and it is our business to stick to the English thief." The English thief was elected; and therein lies the political ethics of "the two great parties."

M. M. Trumbull.

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THE COMPARATIVE METHOD.

BY ALFRED H. PETERS.

No man whose recitation days were over when the present century entered upon the last third of its existence can look through a current scientific or historical text book without feeling that something very old is attached to him, although his hair be yet unfrosted and the springs of life as forceful within him as in the days of his youth. This feeling comes not so much by reason of what has been added to these departments of knowledge, great as are the achievements therein, but by reason of the contrast in method and tone between the text-book of thirty years ago and the one of the present time. For during this interval the predominating intellectual habit has undergone a change which, unless one has changed along with it, puts one farther away from one's own children than from the men of the seventeenth century. This change consists in the substitution of the comparative in place of the dogmatic method of thought. By this method all knowledge in anywise related is made to undergo one and the same test of criticism. The sharpest of lines is drawn between what is and what may be fact. Every alleged cause or event is subjected on all sides to a most rigid scrutiny, wherefrom it must emerge either proven or not proven; half proof or anything short of whole proof, in so far as establishing the fact, being tantamount to no proof. With the major part of all statement is involved more or less of qualifying statement, and in place of much hitherto affirmative statement there is a silence, of all evidence in proof of the changed mode of thought the strongest. Inquirers, while never more eager for facts are less confident of what is fact. Human movements and institutions, all forms of life, and inanimate nature are being studied as never before in order to obtain data, not for postulates but for propositions. Knowledge thus becomes a kind of graded movement towards truth, bearing all shades of relation thereto from remote possibility to indisputable certitude.

Under this method the definition of terms as well as fixing the determinate degree of evidence, in the most part of inquiry, becomes a difficult undertaking—so much so that in either case the teacher shrinks from positive declaration and rests with declaring his own opinion along with the opinions of those others who are accepted as most competent authorities upon the subject. No single authority as formerly can establish a definition for such words as virtue, or wisdom, or conscience, or light, or elasticity, or force. The same may be said respecting the sufficiency of whatsoever evidence is adduced in favor of any theory or belief—thinkers and observers being able to do little more than to set it forth as clearly as they may and leave the correctness of it for time to decide. This breaking down of dogmatic lines has precipitated such a deluge of opinion and accompanying criticism upon every manner of problem that no one any longer may take all learning for his province. So many soundings are there of the ever-widening sea of thought that a man despairs of making himself familiar with them all. He must needs either limit his study to special waters, or eschew all charts and push off into the deep on a voyage of his own.

The world of intellectual creation, as of science and scholarship, is however a limited world wherewith the majority is little concerned. Whatever confusion and indetermination may exist herein, the great world of action commonly is supposed to be uninfluenced thereby. But not thus is the world of action independent of the world of thought. The time spirit—that mystic power before which as before fate bow the sons of men, is created or at least set in motion forever by the thinkers, thought being to man as is to all nature the element of light. The middle-aged observer therefore in order to perceive the change which has come over men's minds since his school days need contrast neither scientific nor historical treatises; he may find well nigh as radical a change wrought through application of the comparative method in the world of action as in the world of thought.

Consider the province of industry—the province wherein men have most in common—how are the lines destroyed which formerly determined the conditions therein. Who now can lay down any rules for business success? To what man is perpetual readaptation so much a necessity as to the business man. To what a degree of subdivision and interdependence is

all industry become refined. What device of science or of art; what genius, or courage, or cunning, is there that this modern warfare does not employ? Nothing so well exhibits the application of the comparative principle to business as the enormous expansion of speculation in values—speculation being the natural outcome of uncertainty in things both material and immaterial. Formerly speculation as an element of the business life was confined to a few venturesome spirits among the purely trading class in one or two great centres of trade. Now every business man is a speculator whether he will or no. No one can calculate with any certainty upon the conditions of supply and demand for a single week, nor upon the conditions of production nor the conditions of credit. The life of the modern man of business is one long exercise in comparison—a balancing of fates against fates in the latter-day epic of which he is himself the hero.

One needs hardly to speak of the application of the comparative method to the province of politics. Such a diversity of views regarding both means and ends upon the problem of government was never before known. Every system of rule and interpretation thereof; every manner of economic and philanthropic measure has its advocates and expounders if not its longer or shorter period of trial. Legislation is mainly a succession of repeals and amendments, the shibboleth of to-day becoming anathema to-morrow, whereof concerning the most part the best that can be said is:—they were well-meaning experiments. Such a din is there over how to govern one another satisfactorily that men are in danger of abandoning individual self-government, as if liberty in its modern meaning had proved too hard for them and must needs have its ancient definition restored. Meantime the callous old world makes such shift as it may with the deluge of opposing counsel, swinging along its course and fulfilling its destiny maugre the hubbub of man and all his works.

Confusing as is the effect of the comparative method in business and politics, it is even more confusing in its application to that province second only to the province of morals—the province of taste. Taste or the perceptive faculty is a matter about which in a double sense there was for a long time said to be no disputing. The few who were supposed to have any taste either followed the lead of some school of masters or accepted institution, or had their standards set for them before they were born, as had the multitude in so far as the little to which it aspired. But with the advance of the comparative idea taste in all things whatsoever is become a matter with which the whole of civilisation has to do; vexing the souls of mortals with no end of different standards, not only evanescent and fleeting of themselves, but with the difference of degree therein multiplied a hundred fold. Taste being when of high order of such eminent value socially, every one desires to be considered in correct taste, and as real taste is largely a possession beyond ourselves the most part of what is called taste is mere imitation. The question continually is: Whose taste is it safest to affect? a question hard to determine as the choice of a woman's heart or the principles of a professional politician. The element of personality appears to be stronger in taste than in any other department of human opinion. Accuse a man of false politics or false philosophy and he may still remain your friend, but accuse a man, or still more a woman, of false taste and they immediately become your enemy. The modern man of the world is as techy of any imputation against his taste as was the old-time man of any imputation against his honor.

But of all provinces of human action the one wherein the influence of the comparative method has told most is the province of morals, since this province is as it were the spring from whence all other streams of action proceed. Herein the human mind, anchored for so many centuries, is more or less adrift. Everywhere one finds a diversity of opinion regarding the principle which should determine human conduct. Upon what foundation is to rest man's conception of duty? To what extent is custom to be accepted as a moral criterion? In how far may conscience be trusted or judgment be left to decide the right relation between individuals? Who shall draw the line between justice and mercy, between prudence and generosity, between self assertion and forbearance? Questions like these are now forced upon every thinking man and woman of whom some have one answer and some another, and many no answer at all. The old question underlying all morality, the question of necessity or free will, appears to divide men more than ever, those viewing human existence from the standpoint of materialism differing among themselves no less than those viewing it from the standpoint of supernaturalism.

The immediate effect of the comparative method being subversive rather than constructive, many would willingly regard it as no method at all but only a new phase of the effort to do away with the difference between good and evil. Its disciples are accused of vagueness, inconstancy, indifference, superciliousness, and what is absurdly called dilettanteism. Man knows not what to make of a gospel which neither blesses nor curses. He cannot appreciate a faith which contains any doubts nor give ear to one who puts the advocate after the judge. More however than all such opposition to it is the dead weight of human inertia—that pathetic reverence of men for anything which saves them the labor of thought. But although frowned

upon in every stronghold of tradition or of privelege and assailed by many alike among the wise and the foolish, the comparative estimate of things is every day entering more and more into the world's life and thought. And inasmuch as our age more than any thus far known must reckon with new methods, it behooves men to inquire diligently into the nature of this time-ruling one, when perchance it may be found to rest upon no hap-hazard theory but upon a principle of approved truth, the same as has every other time-spirit since society began.

This approved truth is the determinating quality of degree. Whether in morals or in taste; whether in science, art, politics, society, or business, the comparative method makes degree to be the measuring principle. Under this method "All or Nothing" gives place to "If not All, Something"—wherein has consisted man's real rule of life as far back as any record of him exists. The comparative method is an effort to procure the just measure of things. It does not admit anything to be false which is partly true, nor anything to be true which is partly false. It endeavors as far as may be to sift the true from the false, but at the same time insists when this cannot wholly be done that the true shall not be cast out on account of the false. Rather it would for the sake of the true bear yet awhile with the false, lest haply some portion of truth be cast out therewith. The comparative method is the latest wave of that tide which began in Europe five hundred years ago, known in history as the revival of learning. It is a perpetual weighing of testimony in things past and a perpetual weighing of probabilities in things to come. It endeavors to trace all events to rational causes and is impatient of all alleged causes that are not revealed in the event. An interrogation point is writ large after all its conclusions and its every successful experiment is but a prelude to wider experiment. Suspense therefore is its natural element inasmuch as with it "nothing ever is, but is always becoming." Its golden age is not in some far back past but forever in the future, how little soever the present may warrant the expectation. Its energy is active rather than passive, grappling with instead of enduring evils—the Occidental as opposed to the Oriental spirit—all that distinguishes a centrifugal from a centripetal civilisation.

Half the dispute and much more than half the disappointment attendant upon the application of the comparative method arises from man's slowness to accept degree as the determinative principle. Man continues to dogmatise even in making comparisons and insists upon finality under the new method as under the old. This indeed holds less true in the province of industry than in the province of morals or the province of politics or the province of taste. Industry is confessedly a constant experiment. Whatsoever methods serve its end better than do existing methods very soon supplant them despite all theory tradition or established interests. There is less dogmatism in business than in any other sphere of human activity, wherefore it were well if every thinker as well as every man of action might serve a period of apprenticeship to the business life. For herein the lesson invariably taught is that individuals and ideas go only for what they may be worth toward the end in view. Nowhere else is the matter of degree so uniformly abided by as the determinating quantity. Silently for the most part men herein fall into the places where they naturally belong. He who attempts to do otherwise either is flung aside or ground into powder by the resistless machinery whose direction tends by natural law into the fittest hands.

Very different is the application of the comparative method in the other fields of human activity. Our political, social, and moral life is still very largely an effort to invalidate the law of degree. The modern theory of politics is as intolerant of the true comparative principle as was the old. The contest between the ins and the outs is indeed participated in by the many instead of the few, but the matter of individual fitness or worthiness for office is as little regarded as ever, if true application of the comparative method in politics would bring about as in industry and trade the elevation of those most fitted for the business in hand. Only however when the state is in extremity are these called upon who being mainly in private station are at such juncture rarely discovered in time to do much more than repair the damage wrought by the demagogues and incompetents upon whom leadership at first devolves. The curse of politics and the perpetual obstacle to the comparative method therein is the invincible tendency of human nature to extremes. When an institution has outlived its usefulness, or when men are disappointed in the working of any new institution they almost surely attempt to set up in its stead something which is its moral or economical antithesis. They cannot be made to believe that every principle when carried to an extreme, produces a state of affairs no more satisfactory than the one produced by the opposite principle. In the matters of law and government men forever expect and demand too much.

To this same spirit is due the confusion everywhere prevailing in matters of taste. Men refuse to measure one another's progress in culture by the standard of degree, even while they are thus secretly measuring their own perceptive capacity. It appears to be a continual injustice of refined human society either to ignore or despise those who have made some measure of progress toward their own attainment more than

those who have made no progress. It is the old antipathy of the aristocracy against the middle class—a feeling that cannot be returned in kind inasmuch as in one case it proceeds from envy and in the other case from contempt. There is to be sure a reason for this injustice—the incorrigible vanity of the most part of such as occupy an intermediate position between the bottom and the top. He who has made little progress in culture would be esteemed equally with him who has made more, and he who has made more with him who has made most. If pride was the chief sin of the old order vanity is the chief sin of the new. The comparative principle requires that culture be estimated according to degree. Every grade of culture would then receive just recognition, those of a higher grade neither despising nor those of a lower grade envying one another, and most of all, those of the intermediate grades resting not upon what they would be but upon what they are.

The strongest opposition however to the comparative method comes from the province of morals, that is to say from that large majority of men and women holding to the traditional sanction of morals, represented by the various religious communions and all whomsoever that believe in an absolute criterion of right. To the comparative principle in morals, however much they may approve of its application elsewhere, these are unalterably opposed. They acknowledge no degree either in right or wrong, the highest in the one case standing upon the same level as the lowest, and the lowest in the other case being equally reprehensible with the highest. To many such the dogmatic is the only consistent method and "All or Nothing" the argument supreme. It has been ever man's practice to apply this method collectively rather than individually—to require that the whole shall be better than the units whereof it is composed. While always providing for the limitations of individuals the dogmatic method in morals knows nothing of limitations on the part of society or the state. Men therefore when they would lift a weight of immorality or injustice, instead of putting forth their strength at the middle, invariably seize it by one end, thereby causing the other end to press heavier than before. One portion of society is perhaps relieved or improved at the expense of another portion. Thus reform is too often but a shifting of the burden, conservative and radical usually changing names wherever their respective positions are reversed. There is both a political and a moral economy. Men are slowly conceding a possibility of the first. They are yet far from conceding a possibility of the last.

Nevertheless the comparative principle is gradually transforming our whole existing structure of morals. The traditional structure exteriorly is indeed but little altered and above it still fly the historic standards, but in obedience to the time-spirit its defenders are striving to put themselves in harmony therewith. Both contemporary religion and politics are mainly endeavors to amalgamate the dogmatic and the comparative methods, a process invariably ending in the absorption of the first by the last. In every political convention and in every religious council the burden of discussion is upon how to make the old bottles hold the new wine without bursting, a long-time occupation to be sure among doctors of every sort—man's effort to compromise with the law of development; in itself a perpetual application of the principle of degree. Men in fact are everywhere applying the comparative method unawares. Under the forms of the old method are working the principles of the new. The prevailing sense of the imperfection of existing institutions is an assertion of the new spirit. The belief that new institutions only are needed to remedy such imperfections is an assertion of the old. Of dogmatic specifics for the promotion of human welfare no end of trial has been made, yet the poor old world remains a hospital for incurables as before. Still, from the comparative point of view—looking back over the ages, this struggling race of ours has made some improvement. Had it not on the whole done so from the beginning it would have perished thousands of years ago, like the gigantic sloths and flying serpents. Time is the only true reformer working always, where man does not attempt to force it, in true order, true justice, and true taste.

Many thinkers are accustomed to speak of our time as a transition age—a passing period of unrest and confusion between institutions outworn and institutions in process of formation which shall eventually be established to abide for many generations as have the institutions now crumbling away. The idea of rest has ever been one of mankind's comforting fictions. It's a matter of fact however there is for nothing possessing life any such state. There is but one rest in this world for either nations or individuals—the rest of death. Our civilisation may after a while fall into certain lines which shall ensure it a larger measure of emotional and intellectual peace, but as soon as it does so it will cease to be a progressive and dominant civilisation. In such event the dogmatic will supersede the comparative method of thought, which is but another name for constant transition. Criticism, competition, and experiment, the disturbing forces of western civilisation, form the very essence of the comparative method. But should our civilisation ever weary of these forces and substitute in their stead the forces of tradition usage and assent, the comparative method will by no means perish—it will begin to ferment in some other part of the world, perhaps in those

parts which have been wrapped in the mantle of dogmatism during the whole length of their history. For the comparative spirit—the effort to get at the just measure and the true understanding of things will endure as long as life continues upon the earth. If one civilisation wearies of it another will take it up.

THE SUNSET CLUB ON THE EIGHT HOUR DAY.

A REVIEW OF THE DEBATE.

Work is the great educator of mankind ; every progress made is the product of labor, and howsoever much favorable conditions may contribute to the general advance, no growth of the human soul is possible except by work. Let humanity grow ten times richer than it is to-day, men will nevertheless have to work, and it is quite possible that they will work just as hard as now and just as long as now, even though the eight hour day—perhaps a six hour day—may then be the rule for manual labor.

The debate on the subject was opened by Mr. Salter, who representing the affirmative side of the question, briefly stated his reason why he was in favor of a reduction of the hours of labor. It is, he said, "that the working men may have a chance to come nearer living the life of human beings. If we hold that the only purpose of man's being here is work, (i e. manual work) then of course we should have no quarrel with existing conditions, but if we believe that man has a spiritual nature, then we cannot wish that his whole time aside from eating and sleeping and perchance a little recreation shall be taken up by manual labor." This is a good argument and we should say it is generally recognised, so much so that one entire day in every week has been set aside as a day of rest in which it is expected that man should attend to the wants of his spiritual nature. The question is whether the present industrial situation admits of a reduction in the hours of work or not. Mr. Salter says it does. Referring to the labor saving machinery, he says, "it by no means follows that because the laborer works less, less will be produced."

Mr. Murry Nelson who was introduced as the advocate of the negative side declared that nobody set himself up as unqualifiedly against the eight hour day ; the matter is one of present expediency only. Work is a means and not an end. That end is the advancement of the race, the making of better men and women. The question is not a new one. The working day has been cut down before. Before we cut down the hours of the working day another notch, let us be sure that we are taking a step toward the advancement of the race. It is right for labor to band together to further its interests and protect its right ; but when men band together and say to an outside individual : You must do this and must not do that, then the world will rightly call upon such an organisation to give good reasons why it interferes with the individual. The time of working should not be limited by law ; if a man wishes to work over time, he ought to be allowed to do so.

The debate on the subject grew very lively. Mr. Franklin McVeagh said that he for practical reasons had reduced the ten hours' manual work of his employees to nine ; and he declares that the experiment has not cost him a penny. When he started the business a good many years ago, the men lived very near to the place. But with the growth of the city they were pressed back into the outskirts of the city ; and it was forced upon his mind, that if these men had children who went to bed when they ought to go, they would never see them except on Sunday. So he decided, if it did not cost too much, to make the experiment of cutting down the time, so as to give them a chance of one hour with their family, and he had the gratifying result that, so far as his investigations went, it cost him not a penny.

Professor Orchardson objected to Mr. Nelson's idea of liberty that a man should not be compelled to work less than he wishes ; and he then spoke of the thousands of plants that lie idle and the hundreds of thousands of idle workmen willing and ready to work them. He denounced the drones, and the plutocrats and the aristocracy that live in idleness. Mr Brown said that the laborers were not free because the natural opportunities that God had given to all men were monopolised by a few.

Mr. Langworthy hinted that, if some are hungry to-night, who are willing to work, it is because others have what does not belong to them. By letting everybody work sufficiently long to earn a living for himself and his family, he hoped to abolish both the millionaire and the tramp. What advantage will accrue to the poor from the abolition of the rich he did not tell, but I fear the poor would be little benefited by this change. The same speaker revealed the remarkable fact that with every advance in the direction of less labor, there had been an advance in the productive power of the world. Did not the idea suggest itself to him that the truth might be exactly the reverse ?

Mr. Rosenthal thought that the old domestic relations had vanished, and workmen had become members.

"Mr. Geo. A. Schilling said : I am not an orthodox eight hour man. I am a short hour man. I think the time will come when humanity will regard eight hours as entirely too long to work. But I do think that in the present state of economic development the eight hour day is what we should make the contest for. The statesmanship among workmen is not always the best. It is not reasonable to expect that it should be. The larger number of the labor leaders work eight or ten hours a day at the bench, and whatever they attempt to do for the benefit of their class must be done after their work is over. They are liable to make mistakes. There was a strike recently in our city in the furniture trade. Mr. Alex. H. Revell, the senior member of one of the largest firms involved, met me in his store a few days before the strike and showed me a circular which he had received from the Furniture Workers' Union, notifying him that they desired eight hours to be a day's work on and after a certain date, and that if their demand was not granted there would be a general strike in that industry. He called me into his private office and endeavored to show me that it was utterly impossible for the employers in this city to make so great a concession. He called my attention to Rockford, and Grand Rapids, and various points in Michigan where labor was cheaper than in Chicago and claimed that all these were competing points. Having learned by experience—that is, defeats—I was willing to work along the lines of least resistance, and I made a fervent appeal to Mr. Revell to do what he could, notwithstanding the situation he had described to me, to convince his men that he was an eight hour man. I suggested to him the idea of adopting this change one half hour at a time each six months, thus bringing in the eight hour day in two years. He sent for his men and made this proposition. They said, 'We will take it to the Union.' They did so ; and the statesmanship or generalship of that body did not 'see the cat' in that form. Some of them questioned the motives of Mr. Revell. Some said that it was the first sign of a general victory and that Mr. Revell was resorting to this means to head them off. They rejected his proposal. The result was a general defeat of the organisation in that contest. I think the leaders of the workingmen should recognise the fact that great results cannot be attained in too short a time."

Mr. Schilling objected to state-regulation. "I believe," he said, "that along the lines of voluntary co-operation the most good can be accomplished ; and the whole history of the eight hour movement proves it, and I state to you frankly that I would sooner

spend ten weeks with an influential employer of labor to convince him of the feasibility and practicability of the short hour movement than I would spend five minutes with any politician in the state of Illinois."

Mr. Darrow thought that Mr. Schilling was too much afraid of the state and was of opinion that an eight hour law could be enforced. The eight hour law which actually exists in the state of Illinois is not enforced, because it was made by politicians to fool the people, not to accomplish anything. Competition, he thought, had nothing to do with the matter, and he remarks with some humor:

"It seems to me that this club is bringing about some queer results, Mr. Schilling growing conservative and Mr. Nelson and Mr. McVeigh growing radical. It may be a good thing, but it is a little surprising."

Mr. Frederick Greeley gave the following story which even without comments is full of instruction: "I have a farm," he said, "near the city and have for neighbors two gentlemen, one a manufacturer, and the other I may describe as a philanthropist or labor leader. But we are all Farmers Mutual Benefit Alliance men. Now these Farmers Alliance men pastured their cows in one lot. The cows pastured there in peace for a long time until the philanthropist adopted the eight hour system. It worked admirably on his farm. But at the end of the eight hours the philanthropist came and let down the bars of the pasture and led his herd of cows to his barn. When this had been done two or three times the other cows belonging to the manufacturer and myself began to understand the operation and they joined the union. They insisted on an application of the eight hour plan in their case and even went so far as to employ force, breaking the fences. Our only recourse was a lockout, and we disposed of the entire herd of cows—three in all. The manufacturer and myself placed our cows on the market at a great loss. We then applied for fresh cows on the understanding that they were not to belong to this eight hour union. We have secured such cows to the exclusion of the philanthropist's cows and he practices the eight hour system on his own domain."

Mr. Frank H. Scott, the last speaker, said: "We all agree that the hours necessary for each man to earn a living should be made as short as possible. The only question left is whether it shall be done by law, by enactment of the legislature, or by the hand of time itself. I think that it cannot be done by law, for there is no law which affords a remedy that is not founded in the sense of justice of the community or in the interests of the community to which it is to apply. It is not true that the workingmen have no weapons in their hands. They have, and by their association they have compelled concessions. And they will in the future. A law enforcing this eight hour system would be a hardship in many cases. I know of industries which are blessings not only to the persons engaged in them, but to those also to whom they bring the happiness and joys of life. I know of one that if blotted out would destroy to an extent the prosperity of an entire section, and I know that that industry cannot be run on a basis of less than ten or twelve hours a day. If such a law were enacted it would blot out that industry; and would that not be an injustice to the men engaged in it who are very willing to go on as they are now? I think that time is bringing about the solution of this problem. But I also think that there are obstacles in the way that ought not to be in the way. It is true that some men live in idleness, but that class is very small. Is it not so in your own experience? You are all business men. How many of your acquaintances are drones and parasites? If, therefore, this stirring up of ill feeling were done away with, and by patient teaching, by conference, we learn where each man's own interest lies, then I believe the question would come to its proper solution."

THE SUNSET CLUB ON THE EIGHT HOUR DAY.

COMMENTS ON THE DEBATE.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

Looking at it as a sentimental question, the advocates of the eight hour day had a great advantage in the discussion at the Sunset Club; even Mr. Murry Nelson, the chief debater on the negative side, confessed that his feelings were antagonistic to his argument, so he treated the subject in its practical form as one of social convenience, or as he himself expressed it as "a matter of present expediency only."

Mr. William M. Salter, who opened the debate on the affirmative side, took a higher and more spiritual view of it, advocating the eight hour day as a measure of justice to the working men, deprived under the present system of the time and opportunity for moral and mental elevation, a claim which it is the interest and the duty of society to concede. He said, "I favor the reduction of the hours of labor, so that the working men may come nearer living the life of human beings." This reason was purely ethical and sentimental, as Mr. Salter evidently saw, for he tried to give it material strength and substance by showing that the reduction might be economically made. He contended that, "working men may actually do as much in shorter hours as in longer ones"; and he said, "The hours of labor might be reduced without injuring production"; but in this he was unfortunately in opposition to the claim and purpose of the working men themselves.

One of the chief reasons given by the working men for demanding the eight hour day is that a reduction of the hours of labor *will* reduce production, and by so doing increase the demand for men to make up the deficiency. They bring this to a mathematical demonstration, and make it visible by this easy sum in the rule of three, "If twenty men can do a job of work in ten hours, how many men will it require to do it in eight hours?" They say that the answer triumphantly proves the truth of the doctrine "less hours, more men."

The rule of three argument, though so candid in form is fallacious because all the terms of the problem are not given. The relation of all the product of all the labor in the community to the demand for laborers is concealed; and the arithmetic assumes that the job of work *must* be done, and that the employer can just as easily pay twenty-five men as twenty for doing it. The American working men claim as its meritorious effect that fewer hours employ more men by decreasing products; and this claim was also made by the Trades Unions of England in the congress held at Newcastle in October.

Mr. Salter placed himself on the minority side of the working men when he said that it was "a side issue whether an eight hour working day should be, or can be got by legislation." Although an intelligent and respectable minority of the working men agree with Mr. Salter in that opinion, yet the demand of the great majority is vehement for an eight hour day *established by law;* and this also, while not the unanimous feeling, was the overwhelming sentiment of the English Trades Unionists at Newcastle.

As an ethical and humanitarian plea, Mr. Salter's address was inspiring, and very strong, as for instance, when he said, "If machinery is introduced into any business, all of those employed in it ought to have some benefit therefrom," and in other places it was even more potential as an appeal to the consciences of men; but as an economic argument it was deficient in evidence, and it was effectively challenged by Mr. Eastman who said in referring to the claim that a reduction of hours would not reduce products, "When that is proven the question is settled." Certainly, for there can be no sense in requiring men to work ten hours a day, for a result that may be achieved in eight hours.

Mr. Murry Nelson, while patronising the sentimental side

enough to concede that the eight hour day is something that perhaps "ought to be," treated the subject as one of expedient economics, and he measured every bit of Mr. Salter's argument with an inexorable two foot rule. The strength of his position was that "no interference by statute or any other regulation can be sustained in the labor market or in any other market against the law of supply and demand"; which was as much as to say that it is as easy to shorten the natural day by statute as the working day. Mr. Nelson is evidently of opinion that the supply of product, and the demand for laborers, are so closely related that they must rise or fall together; and under our present social system I think that he is economically right.

Mr. Nelson took the individualistic side, and insisted that every man should own and control his own time; and he said, "There can be no greater tyranny than limiting or increasing the hours of labor against the will of the laborer." Allowing proper discount for the exaggeration, it seems difficult to assail this position either, unless we abandon the principle of individual freedom. At the same time, it is easy for us to soothe ourselves into conscientious repose by the aid of an abstract principle wrenched away from the actual facts of life, out of which principles grow, and by which they must be qualified There is a communism of labor, wherein it is also a principle that as there is only so much work to be done, and a superabundance of men to do it, that work should be fairly shared among all the laborers, and workers ought not to throw others out of employment by monopolising more than their own ration. To enforce this doctrine by law is undoubtedly tyrannical, and so are hundreds of other laws passed in restraint of individual freedom; and which laws we bring within the principle of special circumstance. This communism of labor may be a mistake according to the rules of political economy, but it must be considered when we are discussing the labor problem.

Mr. Nelson further said that "the question as to how the laborer will spend his leisure time gained by shorter hours is important"; meaning of course, important as affecting the justice or expediency of the eight hour day. In this I think that Mr Nelson was clearly wrong, and inconsistent with his own demand that the laborer shall be free. The question as to how a workman will spend his money never enters into the wages contract between the hirer and the hired; nor is the matter of a man's right to certain hours of leisure to be affected by the impertinent question, How will he spend those hours?

The most practical and important revelation that appeared in the whole debate was the following statement made by Mr. Franklin McVeagh, "In the wholesale merchandise business ten hours has for a long time been the regulation for manual labor. I have tried the experiment during the past two years of nine hours, and I am obliged to say that to the best of my knowledge and belief it has not cost my firm a penny."

The testimony given by Mr. McVeagh, verified by actual experiment in a great business, was a strong reinforcement to Mr. Salter, for it was worth a hatful of economic laws and speculative augury. Still, as a very exact and literal member of the club remarked, it was not an eight hour but a nine hour argument. While this was true, it was a surrender of one hour to Mr. Salter; and it was more than that; it was evidence that a humane cause even when politically or economically weak, may be morally very strong. Had there not been an eight hour agitation, it is not likely that Mr. McVeagh would ever have tried his nine hour plan, and the unscientific appeals of the eight hour agitators, may have reached the hearts of other men who mix conscience with business, and risk profits in moral experiments like that nine hour day.

The concession made by Mr. McVeagh ought to have been a consolation to at least two men who were present at the Sunset club, Mr. Salter himself, and Mr. George A. Schilling, for these were conspicuous agitators in the eight hour movement of 1886, and the effect of their agitation on men like Mr. McVeagh is a testimonial that disastrous as their failure appeared to be, their work was not altogether lost.

It was remarked that both Mr. Salter and Mr. Schilling had modified their views, not as to the justice of the eight hour day, but as to the means of getting it; and there was great significance in Mr. Schilling's remark that "As to state regulation I am entirely in harmony with Mr. Nelson, but in that I believe I am in a minority among the working men. I think the general tendency of the thought of organised workmen is that if they could secure the enactment of a law regulating the hours of labor they would take it." As for himself he believed, "that along the lines of voluntary coöperation the most good can be accomplished"; and, said Mr. Schilling, "the whole history of the short hour movement proves it."

Mr. C. S. Darrow criticised Mr. Schilling for the conservative tone of his remarks, and said that an eight hour law could be enforced as well as any other law; and he inquired why, since the power of production had multiplied itself twenty times in fifty years, the working people had not received their share of the product of this power. He declared that competition had nothing to do with the perpetuation of the ten hour working day. He rejected all political and economic reasons for and against the eight hour day, and advocated it on ethical grounds only, saying, "Whether or not you believe in the eight hour day, is a question of sentiment alone, and depends solely on whether you believe in righteousness."

Like a ghost at the banquet came the declaration of Mr. Edward O. Brown, that the laborer was not free, and hence, all the previous reasoning was vain because it had no application to the exact status of the workingmen. He scornfully swept away the freedom of contract argument by declaring that the laborer could not sell his labor in a free market because he was compelled to make his bargain under the duress of hunger. He contended in effect that both parties must trade under equal conditions to make it a free contract, and he said, "It is not a free contract which tells a man 'you must go to work for what you can get, or starve.'"

Mr. Brown made a very strong point of the fact that the Sunset club was discussing whether or not the eight hour day should be given to the workingmen, and this, he said was proof in itself that the laborers were not free to decide. "Under our present social conditions," he said, "the workingmen have no free choice; and this is the reason why employers discuss whether or not they will reduce the hours of labor."

Mr. Brown contended further that under the present system the hirer imposes conditions which the hired is compelled to accept, and this though in form a mutual agreement is not a free contract. On the one side is the ownership of the raw materials of all production, the very elements of life, and health, and comfort; on the other side is the ownership of nothing but muscle, and brawn, and brain. Here, according to the argument of Mr. Brown, the unequal relations of the parties to the subject matter of the agreement deprive it of all the qualities of a free contract. "If you look into this question," he said, "you will see that the reason why the workingmen are not able to settle this question for themselves is because the gifts of God, the natural opportunities of the earth, which were intended for all men, have been taken for the few."

There was more discussion, but Mr. Brown's impeachment of the social arrangement which practically deprived the laborer of any voice in the decision, and made it all dependent on the conscience of the employer, puzzled the club, and left no basis of agreement between the sentimental and the economic side. Yet the feeling was almost unanimous, that in some way or other, in order to make society itself respectable, there ought to be some reduction in the length of the working day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCILIATION OF SCIENCE WITH RELIGION.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

IN *The Open Court*, No. 226, Mr. John Burroughs remarked, "Our knowing faculties are certainly outstripping our intuitions and our devotional instincts," and inquires, "What will be the upshot?" "The upshot" will be that mankind will leave religion, which is but vagaries of the human mind, for pure science, just as fast as evolution goes on and fits mankind for it Nature has no use for the useless; and religion is useless to the mind that is fitted for science. But you seem to have an idea that "the upshot" will lead to religion; for to what has been said about "fast approaching an era of irreligion, you say, "that is not so." . . . . "The fact is that we begin to know what religion is." You admit that religious subjects have been deeply probed and that there is a conflict between science and religion, and that "if religion is to be considered as the superstitions contained in the old religions, this age certainly, ... is the least religious of all."

Now if there is a conflict between science and religion, one side or the other must be victorious in the end. Do you mean to say that religion will be victorious? You say further: "But if religion is to be considered as the truth in the old religions, we are nearer to it (religion) than ever." If there is any truth in the old religions it is about time we had a little of it demonstrated, so that science can verify it. There is only one kind of truth; and that is scientific. I don't know of one single truth in religious literature but what has been taken from science. There are not two real views of the universe and man's relation to it, when one is opposed to the other. Religion has presented the false view, and science is slowly but surely eating religion up, so that Mr. Burrough's question, "Will religion survive science," will be answered negatively. It will not do to assume that religion is something else than what all scholars have understood it to be. There must be a credential to back up such an assertion. Assumption will not pass for authority now. The only pope in the domain of science is a natural credential, and if "we are approaching a new reformation which will be more radical and consistant than that of Luther," *it must* be seated upon a different basis than that reformation was. If it is to be original it cannot be founded upon a religious basis; *it must have truth for authority*—religion never had truth. If it should come to pass that the lowly Nazarene taught truth and that truth mixed with error is found in the scriptures' that would not help religion any, because religion has expressed itself in dogmas, one conflicting with the other. If such should come to pass it would be a case of science being established· When Martin Luther set up the standard of justification by faith against the doctrine of justification by works, he did not set up science against religion; he simply laid more stress upon that religious dogma, and Rome laid greater weight upon the other. His movement was not so much a reformation as it was a change of religious base. The "new reformation" will indeed "be more radical and consistant than that of Luther," for it will be based upon science alone. Man's relation to the Universe is far different from the standpoint of evolution, than that which religion portrays. He is not a subject of probation, put here to see what he will do, according to the teachings of religion, but he is a sojourner undergoing development by the process of evolution. Religion is the expression of false states of consciousness which were intuitive and subjective, but they will all disappear before the rising sun of science. With science there is logical authority, but with religion there is none save in its anathemas. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" was born of subjective guess—came from a human mind that was not objectively acquainted with the difficulties that would have to be surmounted; came from a mind that did not know that millions were locked up hard and fast in the embrace of other religions that might outlive his own. All the gods, devils, and hells of religion were born of subjective guess also; the same is true of all its dogmas, not one of them relate to anything that is real. If I am mistaken I want to be corrected. If there is any truth in the old religions let it come to the front so that I can do them justice; so that they will not be defamed by this growing irreligious age.

JOHN MADDOCK.

[Mr. Maddock's definition of Religion differs widely from ours. The religion of a man as we understand the term is his world-conception regulating his conduct. The old religions are based upon the science of the past; to base religion upon the science of the present is the object of *The Open Court*.—ED.]

I AM.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

I AM! The ages on the ages roll;
And what I am, I was, and I shall be:
By slow growth filling higher Destiny,
And widening, ever, to the widening Goal.
I am the Stone that slept; down deep in me
That old, old sleep has left its centurine trace;
I am the Plant that dreamed; and lo! still see
That dream-life dwelling on the Human Face.
I slept, I dreamed, I wakened: I am Man!
The hut grows Palaces; the depths breed light;
Still ON! *Forms* pass; but *Form* yields kinglier Might!
The singer, dying where his song began,
In Me yet lives; and yet again shall he
Unseal the lips of greater songs To Be;
For mine the thousand tongues of IMMORTALITY.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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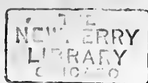

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ETHAN ALLEN'S ORACLES OF REASON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Since the publication of Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia" the English reading world has been steadily becoming Unitarian. People of middle age can remember the rapidity with which the next great scientific generalisation, that of Darwin, revolutionised the thought of the world. But Newton's conception of the unity of nature lay hid in Latin for forty-two years after it was printed (1687), remaining thus the possession of the learned, chiefly of the clergy. During that time Newton himself developed his hypothesis, adding in further editions conclusions which gave the principle bearing on theology. In 1708 he added these pregnant words: "Perhaps the whole frame of nature may be nothing but various contextures of some certain etherial spirits or vapours, condensed as it were by precipitation; and after condensation wrought into various forms, at first by the immediate hand of the Creator, and ever after by the power of nature." In anonymous writings Newton helped to revive anti-trinitarian theology, which was pretty strong by the middle of the eighteenth century; but his subtle attack on supernaturalism, of which the above sentence was the most forcible, was left to be developed by the deists.

In America the pioneer of Deism was Ethan Allen. His book (pp. 477, 8 vo.) bears the following extensive title: "Reason the only Oracle of Man, or a Compenduous System of Natural Religion. Alternately adorned with Confutations of a variety of Doctrines incompatible to it; Deduced from the most exalted Ideas which we are able to form of the Divine and Human Characters, and from the Universe in General. By Ethan Allen, Esq. Bennington, State of Vermont. Printed by Haswell & Russell. M,DCC,LXXXIV."

The negative part of the book is mainly incidental to its chief aim, which is to build up a system of natural religion on the basis of a deity expressed in the external universe, as interpreted by the reason of man, in which the author includes the moral consciousness. The origin of the conception of a superintending power is traced to the sense of dependence on the laws of nature. From study of those laws reason discovers the perfections of that power, though its mode of existence is incomprehensible. Order implies an orderer, harmony a regulator, motion a mover, and benefits goodness. Chaos would prove a Creator, but order and beneficent design are necessary to prove a Providence. "As we learn from the works of nature an idea of the power and wisdom of God, so from our own rational nature we learn an idea of his moral perfections."

God being self-existent and eternal (this is assumed) is the efficient Cause, but cannot be called the First Cause. This would indicate a beginning, which eternity excludes. The Creation is equally eternal with God. "To suppose a king without subjects, parents without issue, or a God without a providence, is equally chimerical, and to suppose a providence previous to creation is as romantic a supposition as either of the former; for on this position there could have been no existencies or creatures to govern or provide for," and consequently no display of those perfections essential to the being of a God. Finite souls must for the display of divine goodness (essential to the conception of deity) have always existed, which is no more difficult to suppose than their eternal existence in the future. But creation is distinct from formation. "Creation affords the materials of formation or modification, and that power of nature called production gives birth to the vast variety of them; but production could not be from nothing; formation and modification are therefore the production of creation."

By comparing the sentence of Ethan Allen just quoted with the second clause of Newton's sentence given above, it will be observed that the ideas are substantially the same. The "various forms" supposed by Newton to have been primarily wrought by the Creator correspond to the eternal beings supposed by Allen to have eternally exemplified divine wisdom, reproduction and modification being attributed by both to the power of nature.

Allen deduces from his premise the diffusion of finite intelligences throughout infinitude. There could be no exercise of divine perfections "merely in repleting immensity with a stupid creation of elements, or sluggish, senseless, and incogitative matter." God could constitute a nature adapted to the sun, im-

breathing flame as we do air, even as some animals live in water where others would perish. In Allen's view of the aim and end of creation there is discernible a republican departure from the autocratic dogma that it is all for the glory of God. "That whole which we denominate by the term *nature*, which is the same as creation perfectly regulated, was eternally connected together by the creator to answer the same all glorious purpose, *to wit:* the display of the divine nature, the consequences of which are existence and happiness to being in general." "The good of being in general must have been the ultimate end of God in his creation and government of his creatures." As these creatures are declared to be coeval with the deity, and their rational existence necessary to the existence of his qualities, we have here something like a divine commonwealth supplanting the divine kingdom. "Thy commonwealth come!" was, it is said, used in the Lord's prayer by some of Cromwell's clergy.

But it is necessary in this eternal Commonwealth that man shall be free. With an omniscient deity at its head this was not easy, and Allen toils through twenty-five pages to harmonise human free-agency with divine infinitude. He does indeed advance a step, which was a bold one in 1784; he gives up the absolutism of God as to power. "The infinity of the divine nature does not include all things, though it includes all possible perfections; if it included all things it would include all imperfections also, which is inadmissible . . . . it does not include the actions of free and accountable agents, for that they are more or less imperfect and sinful; though his providence sustains their power of agency, for God cannot control the actions of free beings." But here Allen draws the line; he cannot give up the omniscience, though he vainly struggles with its consequences. He verbally shifts the issue from Foreknowledge: there is no before or after in the divine knowledge,—it is one eternal Now. God does indeed know all events and actions throughout eternity, but his knowledge does not necessitate the actions; the actions necessitate his knowledge. This of course only shifts divine responsibility for the actions back on the all-inclusive act of creation. Allen had really left himself an escape from his dilemma, had he only seen it, in previously saying that creation never had a beginning, but was co-eternal with God. He might as well have rejected the word "creation" altogether; then, with the help of a little agnosticism, he might find his deity expressed in the good part of nature, and omniscient concerning the rest without being able to control its imperfections. But fundamentally it was the divine personality that made his difficulty. That the author was not satisfied with his own argument may be inferred from his saying at last that the subject is so intricate that "it would need a volume to clearly investigate it, which at a future period I purpose to do." The volume was never written. Though he obtains man's freedom it is pretty much in the revolutionary way by which political freedom had been secured,— the extra-constitutional way: man's free agency is a "reality," it is established in our "consciousness," in "our notions of right and wrong, or of moral good and evil." This is sufficient to use against Paul, especially as Paul was not in Bennington just then. Paul is rebuked for comparing God to a potter who has a right to make his vessels for honor or dishonor as he pleases. "The apostle's argument is not applicable to the government of rational beings; for it is of no consequence to a lump of clay whether it be moulded into, etc."*

Our author next proves the unreasonableness of the notion that finite sin is infinitely punished. He accepts the belief in future punishment, characteristically, on the suffrage of mankind, but not its eternity, since there the majority are in conflict with the higher law—justice. He has four pages headed "Of Physical Evils," but, as with all deistical writers, his eyes are closed to the real problem. It is merely stated that physical evils are inseparable from animal life. "As they began existence in a necessary dependence on each other, so they terminate together in death." Omnipotence itself, we are told, could not, without self-contradiction, make animal life indissoluble; why not, is left unexplained; nor is a word said of the agonies not necessary to dissolution. Had Paul been in Bennington he might have abandoned his potter-and-clay metaphor, and asked concerning many a suffering creature, why was it so tortured?

Close and extended argument is given to the subject of immortality. The existence of a soul is argued from the difference between sensation and reflection. The survival of the soul is inferred from the indestructibility of matter, the injustice involved in permitting the wrongs of life to go unredressed, the universal expectation of mankind, conformity of the hope with the aim of Providence in creation to subserve thinking beings, divine benevolence.

It is an indication of the distance orthodoxy has travelled since 1784 that Ethan Allen then devoted nine pages to prove that human Reason is not depraved. Little could he dream that after all his arguments from external nature were fossilised, the or-

*The last religious essay ever written by Paine was a criticism on Romans ix. 18 *seq*. He says: "The Predestinarians, of which the loquacious Paul was one, appear to acknowledge but one attribute in God, that of *power*, which may not improperly be called the *physical attribute*. The Deists, in addition to this, believe in his moral attributes, those of justice and goodness. . . . Paul says, 'Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus'? Yes if the thing felt itself hurt, and could speak, it would say it. . . . It is an offense to God's attributes of justice, goodness, and wisdom, to suppose he would treat the choicest work of creation like inanimate and insensible clay."

thodox would be adducing human reason as the evidence of God's existence!

I will quote here a rather remarkable passage:

"Virtue did not derive its nature merely from the omnipotent will of God, but also from the eternal truth and moral fitness of things; which was the eternal reason why they were eternally approved by God, and immutably established by him, to be what they are; and so far as our duty is connected with those eternal measures of moral fitness, or we are able to act upon them, we give such actions or habits the name of virtue or morality. But when we in writing or conversation say that virtue is grounded on the divine will, we should at the same time include the complex idea of it, that the divine will which constituted virtue was eternally and infinitely reasonable."

In this passage we see arbitrariness disappearing from the deity. At the same time he is not becoming a figure-head, like an English monarch, but a constitutional governor approved by his constituency of moral intelligences. Admitting, says Allen, the so-called "revelations," claimed by various religions, they could be but transcripts from the original revelation of nature. "The knowledge of nature is the revelation of God." Miracles are inadmissible because they would be alterations in the constitution of nature and imply its previous imperfection. "That which we understand is natural, and that which we understand not we cannot understand to be miraculous." Our author reproves prayer. If God were moved by prayer to alter his providence, he does not govern by infinite reason, but "is governed himself by the prayer of men." Jehovah declares he will smite Israel with pestilence and disinherit them. Moses advertises him of the injury it will do his (Jehovah's) character among the nations. Jehovah said, "I have pardoned according to thy word." "God had the power but Moses the dictation of it."

I need not, however, proceed with the negative part of Ethan Allen's book. His disquisition on the vague and contradictory character of so-called prophecies, on the philosophical absurdity of a divine Trinity, on the story of Eve and the serpent, on the notions of imputed sin and imputed righteousness, on the existence of Satan, on the impossibilities attending the theory of infallible manuscripts which would need infallible preservation and translation, are sufficiently familiar. I have aimed rather to condense his constructive scheme of natural religion. It will be seen that this, as compared with the English deism of his time, has some distinctive features. It is more humanised in that it subjects the divine nature to interpretation by the moral nature of man, with which it is made to conform. It bears traces, also, of the influence of the revolution which had abolished the idea of arbitrary rule and prerogative. God is no longer a monarch but a president administering and executing the Constitution and laws of the universe not for his own glory but for the public welfare of the universe. Louis Blanc says that in the debate in the French Constitution (revolutionary) 1793, as to the recognition of God in the Constitution, the opposition to it was a revolt of conscience: "They have made him sanction so many crimes, this *King of kings!*" They had just executed one king, and should they adore the invisible Will which enthroned him? They had not heard our Green Mountain "oracle" announcing, albeit vaguely, a Constitutional God.

OUR CLERGYWOMEN.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

There has been a great change in public opinion since 1840, when four-fifths of the men who had been working with Garrison left him, mainly because he insisted on allowing women to write and speak for the slave. No female delegate to a temperance convention would now be prevented, merely on account of her sex, from speaking on the religious aspects of teetotalism. But this is the way that Rev. Antoinette Brown was silenced in 1853, when the male teetotallers were so violent against her that Garrison, who knew all about mobs, said "I never saw anything more disgraceful." Miss Brown was then the only woman who held a pastoral charge; and the indignation at her presumption was so general that she said, "The church has cast me off." There were 164 other clergywomen enrolled with her in the census of 1880; which showed that the number had increased 146 per cent. since 1870, while that of clergymen increased but 47 per cent. There were 43,807 men to 67 women in 1870, and 64,533 to 165 in 1880; so that the proportion of women rose from 15 in 10,000 to 25. The number is undoubtedly much greater now than ever before; and it is also to be remembered that there are 350 female preachers among the Quakers, while the Hallelujah Lasses and Captains in the Salvation Army must not be overlooked. The recent opening to women of the Hartford Theological Seminary by the Congregationalists is an event of much importance, especially as most of the clergywomen have been ordained in comparatively small sects, like the Unitarian, Universalist, Christian, Free Will Baptist, German Methodist, and Wesleyan Methodist. The Congregationalists have several women in the pulpit, and the Methodist Episcopal church has Rev. Annie H. Shaw; but the Universalists have ordained about 50 clergywomen, and have now 37 enrolled on a list containing the names of about 700 preachers, a proportion of over five per cent. The Unitarian Year-Book for 1892 gives the names of 17 women among about 500 active or retired ministers. Most of the 17 have been ordained since 1880, and more than half of the parishes under their charge are in the North West. No statistics, how-

ever, are so significant as are names like those of Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Anna Garlin Spencer, and Julia Ward Howe.

And there are many other facts which must be weighed carefully to enable us to see what a place clergywomen are likely to hold in the church of the future. Two hundred and fifty years ago, public opinion did not permit women to act on the stage in England; and they had to wait until prejudice subsided, before they displayed their unrivaled powers of fascinating great audiences. No one knew what woman's capacity for oratory was, until Anna Dickinson spoke. The demand of the theatre for actresses, and of the platform for lady readers and lecturers, is now so fully and acceptably supplied, that we can be sure that the same will be the case with the pulpit, as soon as its doors are thrown wide open. As yet they are only ajar. Make it as easy to get a place in the pulpit as on the stage, and clergywomen will soon be as numerous and popular as actresses. As for writing sermons, women cannot be expected to do it even as ably as men do, until they are not only as carefully trained for the work, but as highly honored and rewarded for success. Even now, however, the writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte M. Yonge, Frances Power Cobbe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and many other popular authors show that if we wish women to furnish the best of sermons, as well as the best of religious essays, poems, and novels, we have only to say the word.

It would be absurd to suppose that the sex which is peculiarly fond of hearing sermons, and believing in them, is peculiarly unfit for writing them. If woman's intellect differs at all by nature from man's, it is in the direction which makes her more fit to work for the church. To tell what she has actually done would take many volumes. The Countess of Huntingdon was so indefatigable in founding and overseeing chapels as to be called the Pope Joan of Methodism; and that mighty movement was started in this country by Barbara Heck, who persuaded the first preacher here to begin the work which he had neglected for six years after coming to America. Other denominations might furnish similar instances; and much of their prosperity is due to the energy and ability with which women manage Sunday schools and sociables, as well as fairs, suppers, dramatic exhibitions, concerts, and other pleasing devices for raising funds. Women enjoy an almost complete monopoly of all those kinds of churchwork which get no pay; and their exclusion from the kind which is paid highly, at least in comparison, cannot be ascribed to any desire to benefit the sex. Personal experience satisfies me that there is no occupation which imposes so little physical or mental strain upon those really fit for carrying it on, and gives so many leisure hours, holidays, and long vacations. How many women who are earning a living have such opportunities for taking a fortnight's rest as the system of pulpit-exchanges and labors of love offers to ministers? These latter are certainly a very long-lived class, and find time to do an unusual amount of literary work on non-professional subjects; while the general conviction that it is a duty to contribute liberally for supporting clergymen enables most of them, I think, to receive larger salaries than would be paid them elsewhere. It is also to be remembered, that the unprecedented activity of modern philanthropy is partly due to gifted individuals, like Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, Dorothy Dix, and Clara Barton, and partly to magnificent organisations like the Women's Christian Temperance Union, with its three hundred and fifty thousand working members, the Sanitary Commission, which raised twenty-five million dollars for our soldiers, the King's Daughters, the Women's Christian Association, and the Ladies Health Protective Association of New York. Formerly woman was forbidden to engage actively in what is now seen to be her peculiar work. When we duly consider this fact, together with the capacity of women for churchwork, and their need of lucrative and honorable employment, we can feel certain that the increasing opportunities for entering the ministry will be eagerly embraced.

It has always been the special privilege of women to take care of the poor and sick, or in other words to perform the most important of pastoral duties, and it is easy to see which sex ought to be employed to comfort widows and orphans, as well as to help and advise young girls. The management of Sunday schools, church fairs, etc., is acknowledged to be women's work; and therefore requires a clergywoman rather than a clergyman. The only other important branch of pastoral duty is making ceremonial or social calls; and here again the woman would be in the right place. The minister's wife is usually a more efficient pastor than her husband; but she always suffers from a lack of authority, and often she has not the necessary training or inclination. It would be better for the parishioners to choose their own pastor than to let her be chosen for them by their minister. Most parishes now support a family in the parsonage; and if both the heads of the family were to be thoroughly trained for pulpit as well as pastoral work, and were to divide these duties between them, there would be an obvious gain to the community. A denomination which should allow only women to preach and do pastoral work would be much less useful than if it were to employ both sexes; and for the same reason a denomination which employed both freely would be more useful than if it were to employ only men. We can no better afford to let men write all the sermons than all the novels, as was once the case. We should have poorer

teachers, on the average, if only men were permitted to take schools; and we actually have poorer preachers and pastors, on the average, than we should have if women were competing freely for vacant pulpits.

The popular feeling against clergywomen is merely a remnant of what was once a mighty prejudice against having anything but needlework, housework, factory-work, or schoolwork done by the unemancipated sex. So many hundred employments are now open to women, and with such manifest benefit, that they will not long find public opinion stand in the way of their making full use of their peculiar capacity for teaching religion and practicing philanthropy. There has been change enough already to give us very liberal interpretations of some unfortunate texts. We should have no Sunday schools, nor prayer-meetings, nor temperance lectures, if it were really and literally "a shame for women to speak in the church." We are not going to dismiss all the college-professors, school-superintendents, factory-inspectors, librarians, and other officials, who would be turned out at once by a strict observance of those once almighty words "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man." Ecclesiastical usage is likely to form a much more serious obstacle than the letter of Scripture; but those denominations which will give women an equal place are sure to grow at the expense of those that will not. The Roman Catholic Church will undoubtedly continue faithful to precedent; but there is no reason why Protestants should forever follow her example. Most of our clergywomen are in those denominations which hold the liberal views that are gaining everywhere. The same causes which are driving bigotry out of all the pulpits are letting women in.

The time has not yet come, however, when any girl can hope to succeed in the ministry without an unusual amount of health, self-reliance, oratorical power, originality, and literary skill. Deficiency in this last respect is said to be the only failing of the Unitarian clergywomen in the West. Their elocution is particularly good; but they do not write sermons with sufficient ease to make their positions permanent, except where there is either a husband or a colleague for the same pulpit. All liberal preachers in that region suffer from lack of neighbors with whom to exchange; but these ladies are also unfortunate in not having had more training in the divinity schools. It is sad to find Meadville, after publicly announcing that pecuniary aid is ready for male students, say "Women are admitted upon the same terms as men, but the Institution has as yet no beneficiary funds available for their assistance." Even this is better, however, than to have the offer of free education tempt women who are not likely to succeed, into entering a profession, where the sex cannot afford to be thus discredited. It would be well to have, in each sect where women preach, a society for helping them do so, not only more generally but more successfully. The members of such an organisation would correspond freely with young ladies desiring to enter the ministry, and in many cases give the kindest possible advice by saying "Don't!" Other students would be encouraged and assisted, not only to go through a full course at a Divinity School, but also to have outside advantages like gymnastic exercise, elocutionary training, labor among the poor, and familiarity with our highest forms of social and family life. I knew a man who resigned a small country parish in order to listen to popular preachers in a great city, and work at vocal culture and gymnastics. A single year of this polishing gained him one of the highest places in the sect. Give our most brilliant, eloquent, and energetic girls the best possible training; and no other arguments will be needed to prove the natural fitness of women for a profession whose members are generally supposed to form an intermediate sex.

MANIA.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

> "She sees a hand we cannot see
> That beckons her away,
> She hears a voice we cannot hear
> That calls on her to stay."

No better poetical expression of the maniacal distraction has ever been written than in those lines. Mania is a form of insanity characterised by mental, emotional, and nervous exaltation. The maniac need not rave to constitute him one. He may whistle, sing, strut, laugh, chatter pleasantly, exhibit prodigious politeness and even overpowering kindness, or he may be so furious as to occupy the attention of many attendants and make his cell and corridor look as though a hurricane had swept them. One may be constantly raging, another be always happy, or the moods of the same individual may swiftly change from joy to anger. The acuteness of the senses and memory are often very remarkable. Taste, touch, sight, smell, hearing, never before were so exalted. Shades of color can be discriminated to which previously there was practically blindness.

Restraints exist no more. The inhibitions or checks upon behavior are removed, and it is often wondered where the vile language that previously refined ladies often use when insane could have ever been learned by them. Frequently a remarkable ability to make jingling rhyme is developed and this may be indulged in for hours or days at a time, or the associations are quickened by ideas, and the most fantastic jumble of sentences are spoken or written. It is common for visitors to asylums to doubt that certain maniacs are

insane because their memory is far better than that of the average person. I knew a maniacal boy who recited almost everything he had learned in school and great rigmaroles of poetry, political speeches, and sermons, but upon recovering his reason he became again dull and even below the average of intelligence of his class, yet during his asylum residence he was thought by the uninformed to be original, talented, and quickwitted. The apparent incoherence of simple mania is due to ideas and words crowding so fast that a sentence here and there may be incomplete.

The exhileration of acute mania resembles that of beginning intoxication and indicates the chemical nature of the changes in the blood and brain upon which both disorders depend. In fact it would appear that mania is an auto-intoxication. The inhalation of laughing gas (nitrous oxide) or of pure oxygen, and the action of medicines that increase the quantity and change the quality of blood circulating in the brain can be advantageously regarded in a study of mental derangements generally.

The three subjective mental disorders from which the maniac suffers, may be thus briefly, though inadequately, defined: Delusions, faulty ideas; illusions, distorted perceptions; hallucinations, baseless perceptions, all of which are of an expansive nature, the very reverse of the depressed corresponding conditions of melancholia. Many of the grand delusions of the maniac resemble those of paretic dementia but they are more fantastic and unreasonable, and less fixed. He claims to be five hundred miles high, to be able to lift mountains, bands of military music are heard playing, vast processions pass before him, confused noises, as dogs barking, machinery rattling, shrieks, laughter, and in short almost everything the patient has heard before beset his ears, astonishing varieties of odors and grotesque sights of inconceivable kinds impel him to alternate delight and horror.

The more intense the case the sooner recovery occurs, while mild cases may last for years. The proportion is about equal as to males and females, the age at which it is apt to occur is before thirty-five years, women, especially blondes, are more likely to recover than men, the prospects of recovery in all being about seventy-five per cent., the remainder passing to a chronic state and finally becoming what is known as terminal dements, or making a partial recovery in which though the active phases of the disease have disappeared the mind is forever disabled, to a greater or less extent.

The duration of mania may be from a few weeks to a year or more, the average being five months. As a broad rule, the difference between the cerebral conditions in mania and melancholia consists in too great a blood supply to the head in the former, and too little in the latter, but exceptions to this are so frequent as to indicate that the circulatory factor is not the only one.

CURRENT TOPICS.

I AM still in hopes that the Jingo fever will subside, and that the "war at any price" party will be disappointed. The true grandeur of nations does not lie in spiteful declarations of war. At the same time, I am compelled to acknowledge that there has been for the past week a strong flavor of sulphur and saltpetre in the dispatches from Washington; and the symptoms of the President indicate much inflammation in that portion of the brain where Gall and Spurzheim placed the organs of combativeness and destructiveness. On the authority of a cabinet minister I learn that "President Harrison has his fighting blood up, Secretary Tracy has his fighting blood up, and they are supported by all the members of the cabinet with a single exception." And the exceptional cabinet minister who has not got his fighting blood up, appears by a sort of paradox to be the "aggressive statesman," Mr. Blaine himself. He may temper the rage of the rest; and I heartily hope he will. Men with their fighting blood up sometimes fight well, but they are not safe statesmen, because when in that state of mental inflammation they do not reason well.

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In the case at bar, as the judges say, the suggestion of Bombastes Furioso forces itself into the controversy grinning like a circus clown, because those valorous gentlemen who "have their fighting blood up" do not intend themselves to do any of the fighting. They will cheerfully quit claim all the glory of battle to other men, who perhaps have not got their fighting blood up at all. This feature of it reminds me of the old French song, Jeannette and Jeannot. Jeannette is weeping for Jeannot, her lover, who has been marched off to the army as a conscript, and in the song she thus declares what she would do under certain impossible circumstances:

> "If I were Queen of France, or what's better, Pope of Rome,
> I would have no fighting men abroad, nor weeping maids at home.
> All the world should be at peace, and if kings must show their might,
> I'd have those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight."

In that case Jeannette, there would be very little war; and it is very likely that under those conditions President Harrison and his cabinet would not get their fighting blood up much above zero in the thermometer of international dispute. I wish Chili were larger, not quite so large as the United States, but about seven-tenths as large, so that we might get the glory of whipping her without running the risk of getting whipped ourselves. I remember when a boy, at the polls, on election day, listening with delight and approval to a quarrel between a little wasp of a tailor and Jem Burn, a noted Hercules, and prizefighter. The little tailor was very caustic and tantalising in his remarks, and even talked of thrashing Mr. Burn. It was comical to see the giant looking down upon his diminutive enemy, and wishing him six or seven sizes taller, and about fifty pounds heavier, so that he himself might "get his fighting blood up," which under the unequal conditions then prevailing he found it quite impossible to do. In this dispute with Chili the giant American people are very nearly where Jem Burn found himself in his quarrel with the aggravating little tailor.

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The extravagant irreverence which is called American humor, and which I very much enjoy, assumes its most amusing form when embodied in an official prayer-maker, a person specially elected, not by the Holy Ghost, but by his fellow men, to act as a sort of corporation counsel for them in their dealings with God.

It seems to me that spiritual indulgence touches the borders of religious dissipation when gratified by the luxury of a special chaplain, duly appointed, as in congress, for instance, to do the praying for three or four hundred statesmen, most of them past praying for. It may be graceless levity on my part, but I never can think of an army chaplain, or a navy chaplain, or a congress chaplain, without comparing him to one of those praying machines, which I am told are used in India with great success, and to the saving of immense labor. No matter how vain and useless a certain privilege may be, if "the court awards it and the law doth give it," we immediately feel the need of it, and must have it. I once knew a Colonel of cavalry, in fact I was most intimately acquainted with him, who, being a freethinker and an atheist, had a cynical contempt for army chaplains, declaring them to be useless, unconstitutional, and void. The office of chaplain in his own regiment, having suddenly become vacant, he became extremely anxious to fill it, and when his officers wondered why an atheist with such contempt for chaplains, should be so eager to have one, he said, "Gentlemen! the law allows me a chaplain, and I'm a going to have him!" And he did have him; and for special emphasis he appointed a presbyterian.

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It must be because "the law doth give it" that Congress indulges in the luxury of a chaplain. The position of chaplain to Congress is a very desirable one, because the wages is good, and the length of the working day has been reduced to five minutes. The praying too is easy and light, for a chaplain in congress is expected to address the throne of grace in a few choice words, and in a quiet conversational tone. Surely nothing could be more genteel and even diplomatic than the prayer in reference to Chili which was delivered yesterday in the house of representatives, and which is printed in the papers of to-day. It is courtly, as becomes the prayer of a national chaplain, and it prudently avoids committing the chaplain himself to the policy of either peace or war. It is the prayer of a chaplain laureate, "Inspire, uphold, and direct thy honored servant the President of the United States, his constitutional advisers, and members of the two houses of congress in this solemn crisis of our history." The chaplain has adopted into his prayers the fashionable style of a congressman when he addresses another as "the honorable member," but is it correct, as a matter of religious taste, to speak of the President as "thy *honored* servant" in a prayer to the Almighty? Of course there can be no objection to informing the Creator that under the American system of government, the members of the cabinet are the "*constitutional* advisers" of the President. There was much more in the prayer that might be disapproved, but its most grievous fault was that in such a "solemn crisis" it failed to pray for "peace on earth, good will to men." After all it was a consistent part of that inconsistency which provides for national chaplains and prohibits a national church.

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Self-sacrifice in the public service is the highest form of political duty, and when fully developed, it glows with patriotic fire While that form of benevolence is more active in the United States than elsewhere, it is not altogether absent from the philanthropic spirit of England, France, and Germany. A republican paper which gives me daily "pointers" on American politics presents me with this heroic specimen of civic self-devotion, "Mr. Blaine is not in any sense a candidate for President, but should he be nominated at Minneapolis he is patriotic enough to accept the office. He cares nothing for the Presidency, but he will take it as a matter of public duty." I regard that as a very high type of chivalry, the sacrifice of self upon the altar of the country. The work may be heavy and the wages light, but when duty requires a man to be President of the United States, why, President he must be. France at this moment presents a parallel example of self-devotion in the person of the Count of Paris. Some alarm had been created among the royalists by a report that Paris had renounced his claim to the throne of France, but the Count of Houssonville, a royalist partisan, denies the story, and shows that it is impossible to be true. "There can be no question," says Houssonville, "of renunciation or of abdication. A right may be abdicated but not a duty. The ties of duty bind the Count of Paris to France, and will never permit him to abandon the cause which is less his own than that of the nation." That sentiment is fine, and worthy of the Count of Paris who considers it his patriotic duty to be King of France, and believes that his personal objection to the office ought not to stand in the way of a nation's happiness. "I drink whiskey punch," remarked a patriot, "not because I like the mixture, but because the revenues of my country come from a tax on spirits, and therefore it is my duty to drink punch in order that the government may be sustained."

* * *

In the feverish excitement of dollar hunting we fail to notice the American reaction against liberty. We tender a great deal of lip service to abstract freedom, while planting tory dynamite under the actual freedom which is the birthright of Americans. While good old King George toryism is almost obsolete in England, it flourishes in the United States, and is "growing up with the country" in a very healthy and vigorous way. King George the Third himself did not scorn more heartily than does this modern toryism the doctrine of human rights proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. A spectacular illustration of this was given a few nights ago at the Hamilton club in Chicago. It was Saint Hamilton's day according to the calendar, and a great feast was given in his honor. The after dinner speeches, redolent of terrapin, denied the rights of the people, and then dowered them with duties. One of the chief orators, fluent as a mocking bird said, "In the history of the Mayflower one heard a great deal of duty, but nothing of rights." This was a mistake; the pilgrims of the Mayflower had a great deal to say about their own rights, although a little careless about the rights of other people; but let that pass, while we notice this Hamiltonian sneer, "In the closing days of the nineteenth century there was a loud clamor for rights. Anarchy was born from the cry of rights, and not of duty." This was the genuine toryism of Pitt and Castlereagh. It is very true that there is in some quarters a loud clamor for rights; and it is equally true that at the Hamilton club there is a loud clamor against them. Continuing, the orator said, "Men's rights may be in the search for happiness, but the days of a republic were numbered when rights were insisted on." This medieval doctrine delighted the Hamiltonians, and they cheered in unanimous chorus. The cheering was renewed when the speaker, having emptied the American of his rights, filled him up with duties; which, again, was very much like the toryism of old England, in the days when the king, and the bishop, and the earl had all the rights, and the people all the duties. When the feast was ended, the Hamiltonians departed, saying to one another, "The electric light is too dazzling for us, let us do away with it, and get the tallow candles again."

M. M. Trumbull.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S ANTHROPOGENY.*

We are now in receipt of the new, i. e. the fourth edition of Ernst Haeckel's Anthropogeny. We have published already in a previous number of *The Open Court* the preface which Professor Haeckel had the kindness to send us together with all the advance sheets of the work before its publication. The merits of the previous editions of the book are too well known to be enu-

* Anthropogenie oder Entwickelungsgeschichte des Menschen. Keimes- und Stammes-geschichte. Von Ernst Haeckel. Mit 20 Tafeln, 440 Holzschnitten und 25 genetischen Tabellen. Vierte, umgearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig: Engelmann.

merated again. The author has in the main remained faithful to the philosophical standpoint from which he has treated the subject and which he characterised in a letter to the editor of *The Open Court* published in No. 212; yet he has added several entirely new chapters and he has worked in the new material brought to light by recent investigations. Professor Haeckel is right when he says in the first lecture: "The natural history of man will be of special importance to philosophy, and since the most general results of the entire human cognition are gathered up in philosophy, all the sciences of humanity will be more or less influenced by the history of the development of man."

We expect to present a review of the book with regard to Professor Haeckel's philosophical standpoint in a forthcoming number of *The Monist*. Professor Haeckel's monism and that of *The Open Court* have been sometimes identified and sometimes differences have been discovered which might be found to be of great consequence. Whatever these differences may be, we are one with Professor Haeckel in his positive work and we gladly recognise that human knowledge owes to his indefatigable diligence and also to his methodical carefulness invaluable additions. Haeckel is not only an original enquirer of the first degree, he is also a popular writer, that is, he understands how to present the substance of a science in most simple language. This latter quality, so important for science and for humanity but often treated with a certain scorn by the pedants of scholardom, has enabled Haeckel, whenever the occasion demanded the invention of new terms, to find the right words, which were very soon embodied into the dictionaries of science and have contributed not a little to a lucid comprehension of most intricate subjects.

NOTES.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn are publishing a series of English Classics with the purpose of furnishing well edited, substantially bound editions of such books as are required by the Eastern Association of Colleges to be read by candidates for admission. The prices of the several books of the series have been made low, so as to bring the books within reach of all the students of this class of literature. Twelve books of this "Students' Series" are now before us, and others are announced to follow. Net prices are allowed for books purchased in quantities for class use. Here are their titles and prices, the net price quoted in parenthesis: *Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum*. By Louise M. Hodgkins, M. A., Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College, 0.30 (0 25). *Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration*. By Louise M. Hodgkins, M. A., Professor of English Literature at Wellesly College, 0.30 (0.25). *A Ballad-Book*. By Katharine Lee Bates, B. A., Associate Professor of Literature, Wellesley College, 0.54 (0.45). *Coleridge's Ancient Mariner*. By Katharine Lee Bates, B. A., Associate Professor of Literature, Wellesley College, 0.30 (0.25). *A Ruskin Book*. By Vida D. Scudder, B. A., Literature Department, Wellesley College, 0.54 (0.45). *Sir Roger De Coverley Papers*. By Alfred S. Roe, A. M., Principal of Worcester, Mass., High School, 0.42 (0.35). *Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive*. By Vida D. Scudder, B. A., Literature Department, Wellesley College, 0.42 (0.35). *George Eliot's Silas Marner*. By Mary Harriott Norris, Instructor in English Literature, New York City, 0.42 (0.35). *Scenes from Clerical Life*. By Mary Harriott Norris, Instructor in English Literature, New York City. *Macaulay's Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham*. By W. W. Curtis, A. M., Principal of the Pawtucket, R. I., High School, 0.42 (0.35). *Johnson's Rasselas*. By Fred N. Scott, University of Mich., 0.42 (0.35). *Scott's Marmion*. By Mary Harriott Norris, New York City, 0.42 (0.35).

The last poem written by James Russell Lowell, the only one of importance left by him in manuscript and at the same time one of the strongest in the whole list of his works, will be published, by arrangement with Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, his literary executor, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The poem, which it is said will rank with the Commemoration Ode, is entitled "On a Bust of General Grant." Charles Scribner's Sons have also published a bound index of volumes I–X of their magazine, which will be valuable for reference.

A selection of editorial articles on ethical subjects which appeared in *The Open Court* during the last two years are now published in book form under the title "Homilies of Science." The homilies are arranged according to their contents under the following headings: "Religion and Religious Growth"; "Progress and Religious Life"; "God and World"; "The Soul and the Laws of Soul-Life"; "Death and Immortality"; "Freethought, Doubt, and Faith"; "Ethics and Practical Life"; "Society and Politics." The book (317 pp. without preface) is carefully indexed and being well bound with gilt top, presents a neat appearance. Price, $1.50.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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BENEDICT SPINOZA.

BY W. L. SHELDON.

There never was any beginning and there never will be any end, to the speculations of the human mind as to the nature and being of God. We may think we have settled it one way or another ; we finally make up our minds as to what we think or believe, what we accept or reject, what we affirm or deny. At times we are clear that we have come to a definite conviction.

We may think for example that we don't really believe in a God. We have looked over the arguments, reflected on what men have told us and made up our minds that there is no such being. Just when we may have fancied that it was all plain and we had done with the subject, lo and behold, some other idea, some other conception of that great Power, is brought before us. It is not that a new argument has been presented. Probably the arguments and evidences have been quite exhausted. What is not exhausted however, is the idea itself. And so it is that in spite of all our efforts, if we are thinking beings, given to serious purpose and reflection, we are again and again brought back to the same old problem, because it is always coming before us as a *new* problem. We are again and again confronted with new ideas, grander and more lofty conceptions of God.

The reason why we never get away altogether from the subject, is plain enough on closer investigation. We cannot escape it because we cannot actually get away from the Universe. When we are asking who or what is God, we are asking what is the Universe. When we are asking what is the Universe, we are asking who or what is God. Atheism has no existence in philosophy. We can no more deny the existence of a Supreme Being than we can deny that there is a bed or bottom to the ocean. We have not been there ; and as long as that is the case, modesty forbids the spirit of denial ; precisely as the same spirit of modesty requires, that we be cautious and conservative in presuming on too much knowledge about that Supreme Power that men call "God."

We are told that about two and a half centuries ago there was born in the old town of Amsterdam a child whose name has come down to us as Benedict Spinoza. He came of the race that has given us Isaiah and St. Paul, Jesus and Jeremiah. He was of the line of people whose most serious thought from the time of Abraham and Moses has been given supremely to reflecting about the nature of the Supreme Being. They might be said to have been the "God-intoxicated" race of early history. When this child grew to manhood and desired humbly to wear the mantle of the prophets, to give up his whole life to the study of that theme, to search into it more deeply, to enlarge its conceptions, to make it grow with the expanding thought of the birth of a new world,—the race to which he belonged, nay further, the thinking reflecting Christendom, cast him out ; they would have none of him. The age to which he belonged pronounced upon him its anathema. Men refused to recognise his mission ; they would almost have driven him from the face of the earth.

But two and a half centuries have rolled by. The world which has forgotten most of his opponents, has picked up the mantle which men tore from his shoulders, and wrapped it once more about him. They place him again where he belonged, among the great prophets, not only of the Israel of the race from which he came, but of a universal Israel. We can say that he was in his life an outcast, but that he has come down to us as a conqueror. He has won a triumph rare and unique in the whole history of philosophy.

It is not that he established forever the principles which he advocated ; it does not imply that he became the great and exclusive discoverer of the final truth. No man dare claim that privilege. He has triumphed in the sense that he has proved the right to be a teacher, an enlightener of his own age, and a stepping stone in the development of human thought by which we have climbed to our present era of higher knowledge. No man would perhaps at the present time call himself in the full sense of the term a disciple of Spinoza. But there is not a shadow of a doubt that the most profound thought of our own time, the deepest thinkers of our century, have ever been influenced by, or shown marked indications of, what is known as "Spinozism." We can see it in the case of Goethe as

well as Darwin and Emerson. Almost everybody knows something about him. But there is such a fascination in the study, in just thinking about him, that we venture to tell the story over again. It gives new feelings whenever it is brought to our minds.

Who was this man, the father and author of "Spinozism"? He was a modest retiring Jew, a plain, simple unpretentious person, a grinder of lenses, a mechanic, a workingman. He was not this at the beginning. He was destined by his father to be a leader in the Church, to become another of the great line of Rabbis among the Hebrews. He could have had the comforts and conveniences of life; he was in one of the great centres of culture and refinement; he was given the best education. But he chose the life of the humble and lowly. He did not do this because that was the most preferable; but rather because it left him a free man. We no longer know of him or hear of him in a wealthy home at Amsterdam; he has not come down to us as a leader or guide in the lore of the Talmud. We know of him rather as a lens grinder, earning his living by the use of his hands, in a quiet corner of the city of the Hague.

Where had he come from, or who were his forefathers? A century or more previous they had come from Portugal. The edict of the king and the inquisition of Spain had driven them from the south. The Jews were not wanted there; they were told to leave. Word came to them "get you gone from this land." The fathers and mothers had to obey, life was not safe; the children might have been torn from their arms; there was no hope for them in that country. But up in the north another people had come into prominence. They had shaken off the yoke of the southern oppressor; they had a land of freedom and opened their doors to the exiles. Holland was glad to receive those banished Hebrews and welcomed them even with open arms. And so they came and settled there and were known as the "Portuguese Jews." They were the fore-fathers, the ancestors of this lens grinder or mechanic, the God-intoxicated Spinoza.

What was this man in his life and how was he esteemed? He received little esteem. He was an outcast. Men looked down upon him; they felt themselves wiser than he. They were sure that they deserved better of the Most High; they would have wiped the dust from their feet after separating from this man. He was the "Atheist Spinoza." It makes us smile a little now, as we hear the word. It is hard to understand just what it means. Spinoza an Atheist! Well then so was Moses, Luther, Plato, or St. Augustine. Men know better now. His teaching has been in existence two hundred and fifty years. He was not an Atheist; he did not deny the existence of a God.

What kind of a man was he? That would be difficult to answer. He left no biography of himself like Rousseau; he did not put himself forward as many a great man has done; he did not have what is called ambition; he did not care very much for the world. He was not an intense nature with overmastering feelings; he could live even without much sympathy. He did not have many friends, he had no family. He was childless, wifeless, fatherless and motherless; and yet it is said that he was cheerful and even happy. He had nothing bitter to say about men. I don't know that he was given to exclaiming against fate or destiny; I have not heard it intimated that he ever assumed that he had not had his share of the joy in the world. He would perhaps have been glad of more joy and affection, more sympathy and friendship; but he could exist without it and yet not be miserable.

Are we to think, because he was so quiet and unobtrusive, that he did not have will-power and character? Was he just a "shop-worn" philosopher, a tiresome writer of books? We recall to mind a little incident that broke the monotony of his life. It was a sample of the *man* rather than of the speculative thinker. When his father died, the two sisters undertook to deprive him of his share of the inheritance. What did he do? Was he meek and submissive; did he let them have their own way and continue in his course as a polisher of glass, and a philosopher? No, he contested his rights in the courts, established beyond dispute the claim to his share of the property;—and then, then he handed it over to his sisters. Unfortunately philosophers as a rule have not always been that kind of men. But that was the character of Spinoza.

He did however have one passion, great and overpowering in its influence upon him. He was intense in just one way. He was mastered by the passion of *love for thinking*. Spinoza is one of the few great religious teachers who have been incarnate intellects. There is perhaps nowhere in literature a more exalted expression of regard for pure thinking and its worth than we find in one of the chapters of his greatest work called "Ethics."

"It is therefore of the highest utility in life that we perfect our understanding or reason as much as possible; and in this alone consists the supreme felicity or blessedness of man; for blessedness is nothing else than that tranquillity of soul which arises from the intuitive knowledge of God. Now, to perfect our understanding is nothing else but to apprehend God, and the attributes and acts of God which follow from the necessity of the Divine Nature. Wherefore the highest end and aim of the man whom reason guides, his supreme desire, that by which he studies to regulate all other desires, is the desire he feels to adequately conceive and know himself and all things else that can fall under his intelligence. There is however no rational life without intelligence, and things are only *good* in so far as they aid man to enjoy that Soul-Life (mentis vita) which is defined as understanding. Those

things on the contrary, which prevent man from perfecting his understanding and enjoying this rational life, and those only, do I call *bad.*"

He was essentially and above everything else just *mind.* The one problem which absorbed that intellect, drew its attention and enthusiasm, was the nature and the being of God,—though he has been called the "Godless Spinoza."

How do men as a rule form their ideas of the Deity, what gives them their God. Is it philosophy and speculation, is it the teaching of their childhood, is it from study and reflection? No, for the most part it has been none of these. It is the human feeling, the craving of the heart, which supremely has given men their Deity. They built him out of their ideals and longings, and clothed him in the garment of the Universe. We cannot all be thinkers. Men have not time for continued or prolonged reflection, they must live and work. But while they do this, the heart goes on craving something, and it believes and trusts in some kind of an unseen Power. This has been the fact from the earliest ages. Philosophy has not given the race of men their God.

It is not for me to criticise this method. Good as well as evil has come from it. Truth as well as error may spring from the feelings. But of this much I am certain, that the songs and hymns, the music and the architecture, have more to do with what men believe on this subject, than their own abstract thinking. The Bibles have done more in this respect than philosophy. It was love or fear which first brought men to their knees; and it is so still.

But there in that old town in Holland, two hundred and fifty years ago, was a solitary man who was a rare exception to this method. He did not get his belief through feeling or the emotions. He is one of those unique, isolated examples of men who have found their God strictly and exclusively through their minds. Spinoza was dominated first by the passion for true thinking, rather than by the yearning to find the Deity. He has as much, and perhaps more than any other man, used the method of logic to discover a God.

I dwell on this exception because it is of great consequence. We must understand the majority of writers and even thinkers on this subject, from what they are trying to say, rather than from their actual utterances. There is always a confusion in their thought from the elements of emotion. But when it comes to this other man, we are to judge him exactly by what he has said. He undertook to prove his position with the accuracy of a mathematical demonstration. He laid down his definitions and his axioms, formulated his propositions, undertaking to establish every one of them by propositions previously established, or by axioms already adopted. We have the unique instance of an attempt to prove the existence of a Deity by the method of Geometry.

If I undertake to explain what he said, it can only be in a crude, fragmentary sort of a way. All that can be done is simply to lay down some of his thoughts. I shall not venture to offer criticism. He was so big a mind, he stands out so by himself, that it would be better to leave him to be judged, and not for me to pronounce judgment. Much of what we shall give, may be known already, even if people have not read one line of his writings. His thoughts are in the atmosphere of our day.

The exiled, outcast Jew of the Hague did not have to aid him the writings of Kant, Helmholz, Darwin, or Huxley. Science was scarcely in existence. They did know a little something about anatomy, practically nothing about chemistry, still less of biology. Philosophy had only just been reborn and rebaptised in the great minds of Bacon and Descartes. Religious thought had occupied itself for the most part with the great struggle as to the authority of the Church, the historic accuracy of the Scriptures. It had said much as to what the Church and the Bible taught of the Deity. But little however as yet had appeared in human thinking of the disposition to ask just who or what is this Being called God. Descartes the father of modern philosophy had given the one starting point from which the modern world has not receded. He did not know what he was doing when he laid down his proposition; but it was the standpoint essential for present modes of thinking. He had ventured to urge men "to accept only that which you can prove." Spinoza adopted the standpoint and brought on the convulsion. He dared to lay his hands, not merely as Luther did, on the accepted traditions as to what was real history, but still further on the accepted tradition as to what was the real and final truth.

What did they do to him when he ventured to do his own thinking, to lay his hand on the traditions? They offered him money. The rabbis went to him and said they would give him a thousand gilders a year, if he would attend the religious service occasionally, and just *keep quiet.* But Spinoza did not care for money. They tried something worse; although it is not known who is responsible for the effort. A man rushed out upon him in the darkness and thrust at him with a dagger. If money would not buy him into silence, death would quiet him. It was then that he left his native city of Amsterdam and finally settled in the Hague.

We do not assume that we can make perfectly clear what were these thoughts of Spinoza. As the human mind becomes large and searches deep, its thinking grows complex. We know more, we have more profound ideas, but they are less sharply drawn. Human

views of the Supreme Being in early times were very simple, but they were well defined. Men felt that they clearly understood what they meant by God. It is not simply the difference in opinions as put forward by this deep thinker, which makes the attitude of mind more difficult to comprehend ; it is that the whole subject is vastly larger in all its aspects at the present time. The early view as taken by men was more easy to grasp, because it was more in the form of a picture. It could be seized in part by the mind, and completed by the imagination. But the intellectual grasp of the idea must be bare, it can give no picture. The imagination may not step in here and help out the conception. The atmosphere for that reason is cold and frigid on the mountain-top of pure intellect.

Spinoza would have said, I suppose : You say that your idea of the Deity is a power outside of and regulating Nature. A personal Supreme Being is easy to grasp by the imagination. But that which is the simplest to grasp by that means, is the very hardest and most difficult to grasp by the mind or intellect. The God and Nature you offer is picturable, but not thinkable. Mind can grasp only one substance. There can be no "God *and* Nature." If there is such a Being, it must be a God in Nature, a Nature which is in God. One substance cannot spring from another substance. Either they have both been from the beginning, or else they have always been united. God and the Universe are One.

You talk of this infinite space as being something separated from that Being. In that case, He must be outside of it, and can have nothing to do with it. But no ; He is in space and space is one of His Attributes.

You say that God may change the order of Nature, alter its laws and movements. Why then, there must be two Gods in one God, two agencies in him and pulling in different directions, so as to induce him to change his plan. No, God cannot interfere, not because he is finite and limited, but because he is Infinite, complete and unchangeable. He acts by the necessity of his own nature and that is his Freedom. There is no miracle-working Deity because there is something better. There must be something higher than caprice of thought. The Deity must have known from the beginning what was to take place throughout eternity. The laws of nature cannot alter, because they are a part of the laws of the nature of the Deity; the two are identical. Only that which is finite is changeable. There exists rather an unchangeable Infinite Mind and that Mind is God.

You say that God is a person. Have you thought what that means ? Do you know what it implies to be a person, to have a separate individual self-consciousness. Personality is that which distinguishes one being from another, isolates him, divides him off from other individuals. Can you attribute that to the Deity ? Are we to think of Him as divided off from something else, separated by limitations ? If that be the case he must be divided off from another Deity and there would be two Gods. Personality is a quality of human beings, it is a limitation which confines the self within boundaries. God is too perfect, too high, too supreme a Being, for us to think of him as limited by existing as a personality. He is not infinite self-consciousness ; but Infinite, Impersonal Mind.

You say that Nature acts by the will of God. But that would imply caprice. It is the mind that acts and not the will, the understanding and not the heart. Nature acts not by the will or wish of a Deity, but by the law which comes from Him because it is a part of God. There is but one universal law, that of Cause and Effect. The result must always follow from the cause, the cause must always give the result. There are not many acts, but just one act; there is only cause and that is God. He acts as much in the movements of my finger tips as he did when he set the planets and the suns swinging in their orbits. These finger tips are as much a part of Him as they are of me. He acts in myself because there is and can be only one source of action. He is the author of all action as He is of all being. There is or can be but one cause, and that cause is God.

You may say that the Deity is tender and loving, that he feels joy and sorrow, that he is troubled about us, that he loves mankind. But what after all are these feelings of sorrow and joy ? Whence do they spring, how long do they last ? They are the changeable fleeting modes that come and go, they arise simply from our limitations. Sorrow is due to imperfection ; it is a hindrance to the action of the mind or the soul. How can there be such a feeling in a Being that is perfect and without hindrance ? We should make him human like ourselves, finite, influenced by passions and affections, if we attributed that quality to him. No, He is mind, and not feeling, cause and not emotion. God does not feel joy or sorrow. We are to love Him and not to expect that He shall love us. We should make Him inferior, if we thought of Him as having such a feeling.

This was what he thought about the Deity. For him in his convictions there was just one substance, one cause, one law, one power, one universe, one mind,—and that All was one God.

It is bare, cold and abstract, hard to grasp, most difficult to comprehend. And yet the science of Darwin and Helmholz is saturated with it ; it is voiced in the poetry of Shelley or Goethe ; it is reflected in the philosophy even of Emerson or Hegel.

What was he doing, how did he live, where was he, while doing all this thinking ? For a time he was in a

back room up two flights of stairs working by himself at his trade, earning his living and doing his thinking. When he found however that that was too expensive he moved to the house of a painter, took a room and got his own meals. There he would work, sometimes not going out of the room for days. Life for him was not expensive. Philosophy may cost brain energy, but can subsist by frugal living. From a translation of his work I take a little extract that is given from an old biography of Spinoza.

"He would live a whole day upon a milk soup done with butter, which amounted to three pence, and upon a pot of beer of three half-pence. Another day he would eat nothing but gruel done with raisins, and that dish did cost him four pence half penny. There are but two half pints of wine at most for one month to be found amongst these reckonings, and though he was often invited to eat with his friends, he chose rather to live upon what he had at home, though it were never so little, than to sit down at a good table at the expense of another man. He was very careful that his expenses should not exceed his income, and he would say sometimes to the people of the house that he was like a serpent with its tail in its mouth, to denote that he had nothing left at the year's end; and that he designed to lay up no more money than would be necessary to bury him decently, and that as he had got nothing from his parents, so his heirs and relations should not expect to get much by his death."

It was not necessary that he should have been so sparing with his means, living with such absolute simplicity. There were some friends who loved him and who would have shared with him what they had. One time they brought to him as a gift the sum of two thousand florins. What a treasure that would have been, setting him free to do nothing but just live a life of thought or reflection. Spinoza would not take it. He said that he wanted nothing, that if he were to accept that sum of money it might divert him from his study and occupation.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PULPIT AND ITS DUTY.

BY G....K....

PERHAPS a large majority of the American people attend the sermons and lectures of the ministers of the various religious denominations either as members of the church or casual visitors. There can be no question that the clergy, both catholic and protestant, by their preaching do exercise a vast influence not only upon their congregations, but also upon the general public, for it has become customary for some years past for the great city papers to publish the sermons, lectures, prayers, and even interviews, if not literally yet substantially, of the greater lights of the ministry in their Monday issues, thus giving to their lucubrations an extensive circulation.

If the clergy, however, would confine itself to preaching the doctrines of their creeds, endeavoring to explain and prove them, they would do but little service to their flocks. For this reason they have to deduce from their dogmas rules to guide the people in their every day conduct of life; in other words they have to evolve from their doctrines, as they appear from resolves of œcumenical councils, synods, and confessions of faith, a moral code. In this application of dogma to the ordering of practical life by moral principles, the ministers, and particularly the more eloquent and popular amongst them take often a very wide range, entering often into the most minute relation of business, domestic, and social life. There are prayers and preaching against the pride and extravagance of the rich, against the envious lawlessness of the poor, against the saloons, theatres, balls, dancing, tobacco, gambling, sabbath-breaking, and many other evils real or imaginary. It may be all very well to dwell on these topics, but they touch the people only as individuals. As regards however the conduct they are to pursue as a part only of a whole, as citizens as regards the duties they owe to the state, very little is to be found in all the clerical sermons, lectures, and discourses.

It is certainly not desirable that the clerical fraternity should descend into the dusty arena of politics, should discuss party questions from the pulpit, making it a tribune or a platform. Nothing would be more degrading to the profession and injurious to the community.

But still there are questions in one sense political which involve at the same time moral questions. Such was the slavery question. Within our country the existence or non-existence of slavery, guarded as the institution was by constitutional and legislative provisions, was a matter of most eminent political importance, but no one would deny, that it was not a question to be dealt with from its moral side, by those who have assumed the cure of souls and who have taken the spiritual welfare of their parishioners under their special care.

Now it may not be said that the state is not above or rather below the morality of the individual, that the rules of justice and equity, binding upon the citizens, ought not to be applied to the state, the aggregate of the citizens, that we must support the policy of our country "right or wrong."

Yet it is too obvious that in many instances the pulpit has been silent upon political questions involving grave moral principles. For the last month the clamor against the great agnostic, Col. Ingersoll (personally a most generous, amiable, kind hearted, cultured, and eloquent gentleman) has been resuscitated, for it had almost died out, by clergymen of various denominations. A great clerical light in the east has called him a small mosquito, hardly worthy of the least notice, forgetting that Mr. Gladstone, some of the English prelates, besides a dozen or more of our

American orthodox ministers had entered the lists against him long ago. This late battle had been carried on in many public journals, filling their columns with sermons, open letters, interviews, while all the time there was a great question pending, which ought to have called upon the clergy to use their best exertions in order to prevent a flagrant wrong. Nothing less was threatening than a war with a small sister republic which might have cost the country thousands of precious lives and many millions of dollars, a war inglorious at best, if successful, a war to be brought about unquestionably for personal aggrandisement only, without the least adequate cause. The brawl of drunken sailors and of an ignorant mob of the lowest order, maddened by the idea, not altogether unfounded, that our Representative had been unduly partial to the dictator whose usurpation had caused the revolution and a destructive civil war. The Chilean government had expressed its regret at the occurrence right at the start, had assured us that the matter would be investigated and tried according to their laws, and had not sanctioned the conduct of their police officers, if any of them were guilty of having failed to perform their duty. And yet while through the machinations of some of our public men this war, to be engaged in for the most unreasonable reasons, the ministers of the gospel of peace and good will to all men on earth were busy in trials for heresy, holding inquests over dead creeds, quarreling over the significance of the word "Sheol," revising catechisms and prayer books of three hundred years ago, they had nothing to say about the immorality of such a war, did not exhort our pious president to show some indulgence, if such were needed to a small nation, just emerging from a bloody revolution and still fearing a counter revolution, in the interest of the vanquished party, if the new government would not show a bold front to the great northern republic. Here was surely an occasion where the pulpit ought to have exerted its salutary influence. It ought to have silenced the clamor of those would be great little men, who offered themselves as organisers of volunteer regiments to wipe out little Chili, to have warned the people against those patriots who want war in order to fill their pockets by fat contracts, as they have done in our late unpleasantness.

To have endeavored to stop this insane war cry and to have denounced its instigators and supporters would not have been defiling, but glorifying the pulpit.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It has been judicially decided that it is libellous to speak of a lawyer as a "shyster"; and yet it has never been legally determined exactly what a "shyster" is In the slang of popular contempt the word has usually been applied to a tricky, unfair, and unscupulous lawyer; a fellow of stratagem and deceit who gambles with lies and perjuries for a fee; a creature void of conscience, who for money glorifies the guilty side; and in the language of scripture, "taketh reward against the innocent"; an unscupulous hireling "casting firebrands, arrows, and death," at anything or anybody to gain a case, without the excuse of madness for doing it. A lawyer-like effort is now being made in Chicago to give the word "shyster" a limited and special meaning, and to apply it only to those irregular pleaders who practice in the courts of Justices of the Peace, *without having been admitted to the bar.* The illegal methods adopted by the justices in some of those courts having been exposed by a lawyer in a lecture, professional and public discussion was aroused, and the whole wickedness conveniently fastened upon those self-appointed advocates who have never been admitted to the bar; or in the classic language of one of the justices, "the men of the 'shyster' class, the men who defend prisoners in my court without having a license to practise law." This was turning the whole subject to the left oblique, for the point in issue was the shystering of the courts and not the character of the unlicensed bar.

* * *

Whether or not a barrister is a "shyster" depends entirely upon his own character, and not at all upon his license. There is an aged superstition still believed in, that admission to the bar is a sort of sacrament, like baptism, conferring grace and wisdom by force of a diploma, an error that has done much wrong, besides making fools of men. Some of the most accomplished shysters that I have ever known have been lawyers of high standing at the bar, and such lawyers abound in history. Lord Coke was a lawyer of some standing in the profession, but in his practice at the bar he was a "shyster," especially in the office of Attorney General, where in the prosecution of persons charged with crime, he was unscrupulous, and unfair, ready, and sometimes eager, to take reward against the innocent. Lord Bacon, I believe, had his diploma, and was considered a lawyer in his day, but as counsel for the crown in the trial of Lord Essex, he proved himself a "shyster," putting false meanings upon facts, perverting the testimony, reviling the prisoner, and twisting the truth out of symmetry to secure a conviction. To the credit of Coke be it said, he was no shyster on the bench, but a just and fearless judge, while Bacon was a shyster even in the great office of Lord High Chancellor. And in this day, and in our country we have some licensed shysters eminent at the bar, and there are some of them on the bench, which is a much more serious matter. Diplomas confer neither knowledge nor wisdom, although they do create castes, which, by the way. was the original design of a license to practice law. To require a man to obtain a license to earn a living at anything is a usurpation by government of a power to divide the people into classes, and to put fines and penalties upon industry. I cannot think of any justification for it except in the case of doctors and drug-sellers; and I am not sure that it is justifiable even there.

* * *

Among the rights of which the colored man is unfairly deprived in this country is the right of having his head knocked off in a prize fight. I have just read a challenge from a famous "champion" of Caucasian blood, in which he promises to knock out any "white" man in the world, provided the "purse" be made large enough to constitute a provocation; but not for any amount of money will he be prevailed upon to confer such a distinction upon a "nigger." This challenge is really a prudent one although it appears to be a trifle bigoted and invidious. There is actually a colored man from the antipodes or somewhere, who is willing to bet money that he can put the haughty Caucasian to sleep in a limited number of rounds, and as he might accidentally do it the wisdom of the white man in despising him becomes evident. There may be money it it, but where is the honor? Where is the glory of conquering a nigger when contrasted with the mortification of

being conquered by him? Sentiment is very often the most practical good sense, and it seems to be so here. Death by the foot of a horse is more honorable than death from the kick of a sheep, and I think the colored man in this country has helped us greatly to preserve our dignity. When I refuse to pay a colored man what I owe him for the moral reason that it is improper for a white man to owe a "nigger" anything, I save my money and vindicate my nobility at the same time. During the war, when we first began to think of enrolling the negroes into regiments, the scheme was opposed on sentimental grounds by many of our own officers One of them, disputing with me on the subject, put an end to the argument by saying, "Well, it ain't right to make soldiers of them. How would *you* like to be shot by a nigger?"

* * *

One of the most chivalrous of the "war at any price" party is a member of congress from Illinois by the name of Stewart. He is reported as talking thus: "I don't want a war just to lick Chili. Chili is not big enough, but if we could get into a war with Chili, England might be drawn into it, and that is what I want." Mr. Stewart wants a war with Chili just to whet his appetite so that he may make a hearty meal of England. He would relish a war with Chili like his drink of bitters before breakfast, as a pungent stimulant. He has no quarrel with England, but as a Christian statesman and humanitarian, he thinks that "a country ought to have a war in every generation, because it wakes things up." It is very true that a war with England would "wake things up," and it might even wake Mr. Stewart up to see that he is the Don Quixote of Congress, but that is not likely. He would be too much interested in the destruction of life and property; in the shelling of towns and the sinking of ships; in all the savage and sulphurous paraphernalia of war. And besides, he would be too busy in the front of battle to think of commonplace things. The high spirit of Mr. Stewart in selecting a formidable adversary is worthy of praise; and in this he reminds me of Jack Dolan an Irish friend of mine, who was almost as foolish when drunk as Mr. Stewart is when sober. Whenever he was "in drink" Jack always wanted to fight, and with eccentric chivalry, in which he is imitated by Mr. Stewart, he selected the biggest adversary he could find. One evening a stranger of splendid physical proportions happened to be sitting in front of the hotel, and his immense muscularity so excited the admiration of Dolan that he immediately proposed a fight. The stranger declined the challenge, kindly telling Jack to go away, but this only provoked him to still more offensive defiance, and at last he took his victim by the collar to make him fight. This was too much, and the stranger gave Jack a couple of blows that sent him whirling to the ground, so that he rolled over six times before stopping, and would not have stopped then had he not been rolling up hill. When he came to, and picked himself up, Jack advanced upon his enemy and extending his hand exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "I thought you could do it."

* * *

A faint and feeble attack upon our political aristocracy has been made in congress by Mr. Miller, a member from Wisconsin. He proposes to reform the United States Senate by amending the constitution so that senators must be elected by the people, their term of office reduced from six years to four, and so that each state, in addition to one senator on its own account, shall be allowed another for each million of its people. By this amendment Mr. Miller hopes to change the American House of Lords into a popular and representative body. The scheme will fail, because the American people are more thoroughly devoted than any other people in the world to this principle of government in their national affairs, namely, that the minority shall rule. This doctrine has been firmly set in the constitution by that clause which gives the states equality in the senate, irrespective of their wealth, geography, or population. It was intended from the first, that the minority should rule by the veto of the Senate on the House of Representatives. This is the foundation stone of the government, for historians tell us that without it the constitution could not have been built at all. Under this plan we have eleven states with twenty-two votes in the senate, although their inhabitants added together are less by three hundred thousand than the population of New York alone, and yet New York has only two votes in the senate. Twenty-four states with forty-eight votes have less than thirteen million people, while the other twenty states with only forty votes have more than fifty millions. I always laugh at the anomaly when I hear a fellow citizen boasting of "*constitutional* democracy," because I know that he means aristocracy, just as I knew that he meant slavery when he boasted of "*constitutional* freedom" thirty-five years ago. Of course the Americans will not submit for ever to minority and aristocratic rule, but they will bear it for a long time yet; and when they abolish it, they will do so not by amending the constitution, but by the constitutional process of stopping the supplies, the method by which the commons of England, brought the King and the House of Lords under popular control. M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

MAY I say a word as to one of General Trumbull's comments on my "Eight Hour" address in No. 230 of *The Open Court?* He says, "as an economic argument it [my address] was deficient in evidence, and it was effectively challenged by Mr. Eastman who said in referring to the claim that a reduction of hours would not reduce products, 'When that is proven the question is settled.'" A reader might suppose that I had simply made the claim without citing evidence to support it. But I did adduce a considerable array of facts and I think it no exaggeration to say that they showed conclusively, or "proved," that reducing the hours does not in and of itself limit production. These "facts" were taken in good measure from an article by John Rae on "The Balance-Sheet of Eight Hours" (*Contemporary Review*, Oct. 1891), which I wish everyone who takes the subject seriously would read; Mr. Rae writes in that discriminating and judicial vein which indicates the sincere student of the question. I willingly admit that the proof I gave is not absolute and is quite consistent with cases in which reducing the hours would injure production. But is it not rather unreasonable to ask for such absolute proof? Is there not even a touch of absurdity in it, since if in each and every line of industry actual experiment demonstrated that "eight hours" was practicable, there would be nobody left to whom the proof could, or needed to, appeal? Absolute proof an employer can have only after he has himself tried the system and found it will work. In other words, the very proof he wants is only possible as the result of an experiment, that is, of acting without absolute proof. Is not the practical question something like this—whether evidence does not already exist sufficient to justify one in venturing or experimenting? Experience proves that a reduction of hours *need* not be harmful; whether such reduction *will* be harmful in a special case can only be known by trial. Here is where the part of good-will to the cause comes in; if one has it, I should think one would be naturally prompted to make the trial. But "proof," such as Mr. Eastman apparently asked for at the Sunset Club, is out of the question in the present stage of developments. If one waits for it, one may never act.

As I write this, my eye falls on a newspaper account of an experiment with the eight hour system which was to be tried this year in London among the book-binders, and which I suppose is now under way. It seems that a strike was threatened and the London Chamber of Commerce mediated in the matter, with the

resulting agreement between the employers and the men that the eight hour day should be tried for twelve months, at the end of which time it should be continued or abandoned according to the character of the results. An arrangement was made as to overtime (i e. all time over forty-eight hours a week); but the employers pledged themselves, in accordance with the desires of the men, to make every effort to abolish systematic overtime. They also granted an advance of ten per cent. on prices for piece-work. Something of this character seems a reasonable way of getting at a solution of the problem. Why should not our Chicago employers make an experiment with the eight-hour or the nine-hour day? They have Mr. McVeagh's example to encourage them. I do not mean that all the fault lies with the employers. The workingmen are sometimes unreasonable and demand too much or at least demand it too soon. A large Chicago firm did recently try to gradually reduce hours, but the men would have eight hours at once or nothing; and the result was nothing and a sincere disappointment to the firm. The spirit of reason needs to animate both sides of a controversy, if an all-around justice is to be done and real progress made. WM. M. SALTER.

Chicago, Jan. 27, 1892.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SPINOZA'S ERKENNTNISSLEHRE IN IHRER BEZIEHUNG ZUR MODERNEN NATURWISSENSCHAFT UND PHILOSOPHIE. Allgemein verständlich dargestellt von Dr. *Martin Berendt* und Dr. med. *Julius Friedländer*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.

Spinoza's system, so the authors of this book claim, has in spite of innumerable commentaries not as yet been properly understood. The reason is that his philosophy which does not belong to his time alone but to all times, is presented in an antiquated from and dependent in this respect entirely upon its time. Spinoza's method is the formal system of scholasticism, but the contents of his philosophy is closely related to all the problems of modern times. His method is deductive, but the substance of his thought is analytic; he repels by his artificial syllogisms but is after all *par excellence* the philosopher of experience.

The authors have arranged the material systematically, treating in five chapters of (1) Spinoza's idea of "imaginatio" or insufficient cognition, (2) rational cognition, (3) the transition from rational to intuitional cognition, (4) the object of intuitive cognition, (5) a review of the three degrees of cognition. A sixth chapter is added containing critical notes and references. The last chapter is in size two fifths of the whole. It has purposely not been worked into the exposition of Spinoza's system in order that this main part of the book may be popular. And we approve of this division of the material for the learned bywork and historical apparatus are too apt to encumber the exposition of a system and render it indigestible to those who care little for the literary feuds of scholars.

The make up of the book is very practical. The authors present Spinoza's ideas by explaining quotations which are made prominent through indentation and stringing them together by headings in bold-faced letters which show the continuity of the thoughts. Their attempt to modernise Spinoza's views is upon the whole not carried too far, although we have our doubts whether their interpretation of reason and intuition will be tenable. However the reader having the material before him can easily judge for himself.

The authors go perhaps too far when declaring that Spinoza forms the intellectual centre of all thought before and after him. The problems of all the leading thinkers, so they say, have already found satisfactory answers with great clearness and precision in Spinoza's philosophy—if he is but rightly understood. We are great admirers of Spinoza but we cannot join in this exaggerated praise. With the same right we might say that all the problems of philosophy find their proper solutions in the sentences of the Koran, if they are but rightly understood. Yet this exaggerated praise of a master is easily forgiven and does not detract from the value of the book, the aim of which is a popularisation of the world-conception of one of the greatest thinkers that ever lived.

P. C.

ASTRONOMISCHE BRIEFE. Die Planeten. By *C. Dillmann*, Tübingen. Lauppsche Buchhandlung, 1892.

C. Dillmann is the principal of a mathematical high school in Stuttgart. A review of his book "Die Mathematik die Fackelträgerin einer neuen Zeit" appeared in *The Monist*, I, 4, p. 617. He is a scholar who understands the practical importance of science and especially mathematical science which he attempts to make (and we think that he has found the right path) the basis of modern education. The present book serves a practical purpose; it is popular, reviewing in short and pleasantly written sketches our astronomical knowledge of the solar system. He tells us in seventeen letters which cover about 230 pp., the most important results of scientific research concerning the planets and their inhabitability, the moon, the planetoids and the laws that make of the assemblage of these celestial bodies a solar system. The title seems to indicate that this little volume on the planets will be followed by other astronomical letters on the fixed stars which undoubtedly will be as welcome an addition to the German popular science literature as is the present book before us. P. C.

NOTES.

The signature of G. K. under which the article "The Pulpit and Its Duty" appears in the present number, is well known to many citizens of this and other states of our country. To those who do not know it, suffice it to say, that it is the signature of a man who held the highest position in the administration of the state of Illinois, of a man who looks back upon a long and active life well spent in labor for practical and ideal aims and whose name is never mentioned without honor.

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L A Y

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BENEDICT SPINOZA.

BY W. L. SHELDON.

[CONCLUDED.]

We have spoken of his views about God. We may perhaps also want to know what were his views of human life, its purposes and aims,—what were his thoughts of the Highest Good. We are to remember that he gave his *own* opinions, that in these teachings he was an outcast, despised among men. And yet it is remarkable to see how closely those opinions resembled some of the best thought of the founders of our established religions. It contrasts less with them than it does with the thoughts and average beliefs of the men of his own day. He also went backward in the higher sense, even while striding forward. The philosopher in his little room himself, the mechanic, the grinder of lenses, the student-recluse, was no morose unfeeling unsympathetic character. He too had a philosophy of life.

Spinoza would have said, I suppose: You may tell me that we are to be constantly thinking about death. But that is not the law of our being. We are born, come from and are a part of the one substance, the Supreme God. He made it in us as a law that we should strive for the preservation of our own being. Man desires to live and act, to continue in his state of being. "Therefore the free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his meditation is not of dying but of life."

You may say that we are then to obey all our desires and passions, to be the slave of our own longings. But no, it is just the contrary. We are to strive to be ourselves the cause of our own acts and work. The more we are guided by such a cause, the less we are influenced by the law from without; the more we live according to reason, the more we preserve and develop this our being. What we have to do is to have right and adequate ideas as to the nature and influence of the passions, make them our servants rather than let them be our masters. "To act absolutely from virtue is for us nothing else than under the guidance of reason, to act, to live and to preserve our being."

You may tell me that this law of virtue would lead me to be indifferent to the welfare of my fellow-men, to care only for my own existence. You might think that it would encourage me to cherish ill will or even hatred toward my neighbors. But I know on the contrary that such feelings or passions are a check upon the preservation of my being. It is according to my very nature that I should love my fellow-man. "The man whom reason guides is freer when he lives in a community under the bond of common laws, than when he lives in solitude where he obeys himself alone." "Hate is to be vanquished by its opposite love." "Every man who is guided by reason desires that the good he wishes for himself should be enjoyed by others also."

You might tell me that this law of virtue would make men selfish and lead them not to care for one another's welfare, to be constantly thinking only of the preservation of their own existence. But such an impression would come only from an inadequate idea of reason and virtue. I would answer: "Nothing is more useful to me than my fellow-men. Nothing I say is more to be desired by men nor more desirable as a means for the preservation of their being than that all should in all things so agree that the souls and bodies of all should constitute as it were one soul and one body; and that together all should endeavor as far as possible to preserve their being, and that together all should earnestly seek whatsoever is for the common good."

It is noticeable therefore that he draws the motives of virtue directly from what is in ourselves. He repudiates the suggestion that a man should care for or follow the law of virtue for the sake of an external reward. We follow it because it is the very law of our being. We are reminded of the saying of Thomas a Kempis: "Where shall one be found who is willing to serve God for nought?"

You may tell me that this leads me to think only of myself, to be indifferent to the great Power or source of all things. My reply would be just the contrary. If it is my effort or ideal of virtue to become the master over my passions, and at least in part independent of external circumstances, how can I better do it than by seeing how these passions come, what are their causes, tracing them all to their original

source. "The supreme good of the soul is the knowledge of God, and the highest virtue of the soul is to know God."

This last thought is really the culmination of the whole doctrine of Spinoza. He seems in part to revert to the old idea or teaching, although it is only a partial reversion. The love for the Deity is for him the supreme value or joy of existence. He could almost answer in the language of the old teaching, that the object of life is, "to live and glorify God." But in the thought of this philosopher it means something different. Indeed I should almost say that it means something higher. He intimates, and perhaps truly, that there is a certain selfishness and perhaps weakness in craving from that Being a personal affection in return. He called it rather an "intellectual" love of the Deity. We would probably name it rather by the word *trust*. The supreme joy of life to him would be to so understand the order of nature, to be able to trace it so perfectly in all its actions and ramifications to the one great ultimate cause or source,—as to be camly undisturbed and indifferent, because we do appreciate that it all moves according to that one ultimate law; and in trusting *that*, we trust and love its source, the Infinite God.

In closing this summary of the teachings of Spinoza I give the last paragraph of his great work. It reads like the final utterance that he would have recited at the close of his life as a last farewell.

"From this it clearly appears how much the wise excel in power, and how much better are they than the ignorant who act merely from appetite or desire. From the ignorant man, besides being agitated in many and various ways by external causes, and never possessing the true peace of soul, lives as if unconscious of himself, of God, and of all things, and only ceases to suffer when he ceases to be. The wise man, on the contrary, in so far considered as he is truly wise, is scarcely ever troubled in his thoughts, but by a certain eternal necessity, is conscious of himself, of God, and of things, never ceases to be, and is always in possession of true peace of soul. If the way I have pointed out as leading to freedom appears very difficult, it may nevertheless be found. And indeed that must needs be difficult which is so seldom attained. For how should it happen, if the soul's freedom or salvation were close at hand and to be achieved without great labor, that it is so universally neglected? But all things of highest excellence are as difficult of attainment as they are rare."

This, as near as we can state it, was the teaching of Benedict Spinoza. It may be very imperfectly put forward; we may have misunderstood it in part. Thinking minds are not altogether agreed upon the details of his views. We cannot well take them by direct citations from his writings. We have to interpret them or state them in another form, after going over and over what he said.

It may be wondered what was done to him, for thinking and believing in this way about men, the world, and a God. A late writer has given the anathema pronounced upon. Most readers are familiar with it. But it is in such contrast to the teachings of Spinoza himself that we cannot refrain from giving a portion of it again. He would not accept money, he would not consent to be quiet, he was determined to think and be free. When the congregation knew this, they assembled and pronounced judgment. The priests read the curse:

"We beseech the great God to confound such a man and hasten the day of his destruction. O God, the God of Spirits, depress him under all flesh, extirpate, destroy, exterminate, and annihilate him. The ire of the Lord, the most contagious storms and winds fall upon the head of impious men; the extirminating angels will fall upon them. Cursed be he wherever he turn; his soul shall go out from him in terror. His death be in dire sickness; his spirit shall not pass out and away; God send the sharpest and most violent evils upon him. Let him perish by a burning fever, by. a consumption, being dried up by fire within and covered with leprosy and imposthumes without. Let God pursue him until he be rooted out and destroyed; until his own sword shall be pierced through his own breast; and his bow shall be broken He will be like the straw which is scattered about by the wind. The angel of the Lord will pursue him in darkness, in slippery places, where the paths of the wicked are. His destruction will fall upon him at the time when he does not expect it; he will find himself taken in the snare which he laid in private for others. Being driven from the face of the earth, he will be driven from light into darkness. Oppression and anguish will seize him on every side. His eyes shall see his condemnation. He will drink the cup of the indignation of the Almighty God, whose curses will cover him as his garments, The strength of his skin will be devoured. The earth will swallow him up. God will extirpate and shut him up forever out of his house. Let God never forsake him in his sins Let the wrath and indignation of the Lord surround him and smoke forever on his head. Let all the curses contained in the Book of the Law fall upon him. Let God blot him from under the heavens. Let God separate him to his own destruction from all the tribes of Israel, and give him for his lot all the curses contained in the Book of Law."

Who was it that pronounced that curse upon Benedict Spinoza? It may be said that it was his race or the religion of Judaism. No, I assert it was not that only, which uttered the anathema. It was "Ism" everywhere,—Christianity*ism*, Juda*ism*, Spencerian*ism*, Kantian*ism*, Hegelian*ism*, and every other *ism* which insists that all men shall think in a certain way or in a particular groove and does not encourage the mind to act for itself. The world is so much disposed to say: You shall be anathema if you do not think as I think. Men do this at the present day just as in former times. As soon as the human mind has at last caught up, after a century or more, with the earlier leaders, immediately it begins to repudiate the new and later leaders. It never seems to learn the lesson from experience. It will recognise the former Spinozas, but it wants no *new* Spinozas. And what was the reply of this heroic lens-grinder and searcher after God? Did he waver or shrink, did he curse back or deny? No; with imperturbable serenity of spirit he went out for himself alone, saying: I accept the ana-

thema; but I will think as the best and highest in myself commands; according as my own mind in its purity and serenity shall dictate and guide me, so shall I search for the higher truth that tells of men, of the world and of God.

As we know he did not live to old age and become a ripe philosopher, like Emanuel Kant. The mechanic, the lens-grinder, the modest retiring philosopher, for twenty years had been suffering pain, slowly breaking down from weakening lungs. At last at the age of forty-five the account was coming to an end. They made him a broth for his dinner one day at noon. The family went out. When they returned later, they found him resting quietly on his bed in his last slumber. Peacefully he had gone to his rest like a child in the arms of his father. He was on the bosom of that Being whose nature he had given his life in order to study;—the Infinite and Eternal Substance, that he called "God."

THE NATURE AND INDUCTION OF THE HYPNOTIC STATES BY AN HYPNOTIC SUBJECT.*

BY ARTHUR HOWTON.

It is generally believed that the repeated and successive induction of hypnosis is harmful eventually to the subject of the experiments, and even physicians of an otherwise high order, psychologists, and others in whom we might justly expect more knowledge on so important a therapeutical adjunct, too often give credence to falsifying reports, garbled misstatements or wilfully misleading representations, which, did they know it, do incalculable injury to what has been incontrovertibly established as one of the greatest boons which a beneficent providence could possibly bestow on a suffering mankind, whose chief evils are their petty ones, or more particularly whose chief evils are those most particularly susceptible to the psychotherapeutic treatment, the utility of which treatment has been practically and clinically demonstrated upon thousands of grateful sufferers by, among hundreds of other practitioners, Doctors Bernheim, Liébault, Beaunis, Liegois, etc., at the school of Nancy (France) since 1866, and by the justly celebrated Neurologist Dr. Charcot of La Salpêtrière (Paris) since 1878, and by schools established for its special study in all parts of Europe, including even conservative England.

I must confess that I am not as enthusiastic over its direct curative powers as some of the distinguished devotees of the school of Charcot are, especially the renowned M. J. Luys who believes in the possibility of cure for Tabes Dorsalis, and even of advanced progressive muscular atrophy by psycho-suggestive treatment, or by his pet favorite "Methode du transfert."

As I am convinced from actual observation that this is the best possible application of suggestion to the treatment of nervous affections (chiefly hysteria) a few words of description may not be out of place: In this case the sick person is not the one operated upon, (which is convenient considering the difficulty of influencing sufficiently each patient) but a special sensitive is used.

The patient and sensitive are seated in chairs facing one another close enough to hold each other's hands; the sensitive is thrown into the somnambulistic or third stage of hypnosis (Charcot) or according to Liébault the ninth, and a magnet (although I do not see any other virtue in a magnet than in the effect on the patient's imagination) is drawn downwards from the body of the hypnotised sensitive, over that of the patient.

The first effect observed is, that the sensitive shows the symptoms of the patient's sickness in an exaggerated form, then the operator impresses the patient with the idea that his malady has been transferred to the subject; if the patient is of an hysterical temperament he will think that as "seeing is believing" he has really lost his disease. This accounts for the seemingly miraculous cures we hear of, for we all know that to convince hysterical patients that they are well is to make them well, unless there is actual organic derangement.

I myself have been used in a large number of cases in both the Old and the New Worlds and have seen performed some cures that would cause St. Paul and Simon Magus to take back seats.

One thing is certain, and that, from practical experience, that as an alleviator of suffering from that very distressing yet not serious class of ailments whose termination is algia—cephalalgia, nostalgia, neuralgia, myalgia, etc.,—it stands unrivaled.

But it is as an educational and moral agent that I expect most good from it. Dr. Myers of London, England, says: "I have seen the confirmed drunkard throw the gin bottle out of the window in extreme disgust, and I think that this is a genuine advance in therapeutics which England should be glad to learn even at second hand."

* The author of this article was an hypnotic subject for more than 13 years. He is an electrical mechanic by profession, at present engaged with the Chicago Edison Electric Light Co., and through his education and intelligence compares favorably with most of the trained subjects. Mr. Howton is confident that he can resist, and he would not be influenced by an operator in whom he had not unlimited confidence, but he concedes that most trained subjects will not be able to resist. Their belief that they cannot resist will take from them the power of resistance.

Mr. Howton was born in London, England; he was a subject of Donato, Hansen, Milo de Meyer, and was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales. He has written a book on the subject which has not yet gone to press. He was also the subject of a somewhat remarkable series of experiments such as the effects of drugs on the hypnotised subject; The parallel between Hypnosis and Narcosis; The influence of antipyrine upon the cutaneous sensibility in somnambulism (from which is made an interesting æsthesiometric table of comparative sensibilities of different parts of the body in the normal and hypnotic conditions). The results being intended for publication at the second International Congress of Hypnotism, Paris, 1892.

He has also expressed his willingness to answer any questions on this subject, providing communications are made as briefly as possible.—Editor.

Many persons arguing from the premiss of popular prejudice may say, "Yes but these advantages are more than counterbalanced by its evil effects on the unfortunate subject"; vain delusion, unpardonable mistake, I have been a subject for the last 13½ years, and far from experiencing any inconvenience from being hypnotised as many as a dozen times a day, I may say that I have actually felt physically, morally, but chiefly intellectually better for it. Not only this but I have had unexceptional opportunities for studying the cases of other habitual or as Charcot calls them "trained" hypnotic subjects,—and can honestly say that they showed a higher status of intelligence than others of similar education, and were certainly benefited by it.

Again, as for its use for surgical operations its value has long since been determined, and Dr. Esdaile, Presidency Surgeon of Bengal at Calcutta performed in the six years ending 1851 chiefly upon natives, no fewer than 256 surgical operations without pain, anæsthesia being produced hypnotically, some of them as serious as lithotomy and amputation above the knee. Other surgeons of more or less note, including the famous Dr. Elliotson, editor of the *Zoist*, and house physician of the Mesmeric Infirmary London, also demonstrated its practical utility, but the discovery of chloroform soon turned the tide of attention from hypnotism to something easier understood.

The inscription "Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin" applies to hypnotism as a surgical anæsthetic when compared nowadays with ether, but it is still useful in minor surgery where ether is contra-indicated.

There are several ways of inducing the various hypnotic states, each one called by some distinctive name, they are, the Mesmeric method, the Fixation or Hypnotic method, the Fascination method of Donato whose subject I was for some time), the Nancy or Pure Suggestion method, and the mixed Hypnotic.

The chief fact in hypnotism is the changed condition of the mind (or condition of the brain, when viewed from the physiological, that is, the objective side) of an individual. The first of these, viz., the Mesmeric method owes its peculiarity to the belief of its exponents in the existence of a universal fluid called Animal Magnetism, now fully proven to be a chimera—an offspring of the imperfect science and fervid imaginations of those philosophers of the middle ages, who also believed in the existence of the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, the talisman, the lodestone, and other wonders long since consigned to oblivion, by the searching glare of modern research.

The operator in this method goes through a lot of ceremony, making passes with his hands over the subject in a certain set manner, not formulated by Mesmer, but by the honest but elaborate M. Deleuze a celebrated naturalist and librarian of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The operator all the time under the impression that a subtile fluid was disengaged and flowed from the tips of his fingers to the subject when they made a downward pass, and when they made an upward pass of the hands the action was reversed and the fluid was supposed to flow back again to the operator.

The success of this method depends very materially upon the effects of imagination, expectancy, monotony and rhythm, not to mention the ever present and important factor of intentional or unintentional suggestion.

The next method, the Fixation method has been in use for ages, and was revived in the eleventh century by the Hesychasts or Omphalopsychics, who were monks of Mount Athos, who habitually threw themselves into ecstatic catalepsy by gazing at their navels until cerebral exhaustion produced marked changes which finally resulted in deep hypnosis. This navel-gazing obtained for them the sobriquet of Umbilicamini. Dr. Braid, a Surgeon of Manchester in 1841, after incredulously witnessing the experiments of La Fontaine, began at last to see some grains of truth in the matter, and after experimenting on his coachman and his friend Walker, and putting them to sleep, and producing all the effects ascribed by La Fontaine to animal magnetism by merely gazing at a lancet case, and decanter stopper respectively, he propounded the theory of cerebral exhaustion due to the strain on the optic nerve but we now know that this theory is insufficient, requiring to make it complete the hypothesis of suggestion.

In 1843 he published his now classical work "Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep." Dr. Braid made one grand mistake,—he believed in phrenology, and even tried to graft the young shoot of "Braidism" on to the stock of phrenology, thus producing the incongruity "Phreno-Hypnotism." As we all know phrenology is an exploded idea, and "bumps" have given way before the scrutinising eye of cerebral localisation and it would be difficult to find even the smallest part of the brain which has not been diligently explored and its functions, sensory or motor accurately mapped out, and not one agrees with phrenology.

All there is necessary to produce hypnosis by this method is to gaze intently upon a small bright object at a close focus for from twenty-five to thirty minutes. When the eyelids begin to droop it is time to give a suggestion to produce any desired result.

The Donato method is certainly the best method we possess and is well described by Professor Bernheim.

In this method the operator requests the subject

to place his hands on his and bear down with all the weight of his body, then he says "look into *one* of my eyes," and as he says this he turns rapidly upon his subject with a fixed stony glare as though he would pierce him through; in the momentary start caused by this manœuvre the subject is lost before he has time to consult his Ego.

Hypnotisation by Fascination takes only three or four seconds and it takes an impetuous, ardent operator to become an expert.

If the subject is susceptible, Fascination is instantaneous, he is transfixed, and slavishly follows the dictates of the operator's will as expressed in his eyes. At this juncture any other hypnotic phenomenon can be produced by suggestion. The Nancy school is the exponent of *pure* suggestion, and differs very materially from the Charcot school both in its theory and practice. Professor Bernheim, whose patients are chiefly of the sturdy peasant class, is in high contrast to Professor Charcot who operates "in toto" on hysterical patients, and then again, chiefly females.

It is quite customary to see a sturdy peasant bent down with some malady more painful than serious, enter and seat himself in an armchair, and await patiently the commencement of the somewhat weird operation.

Professor Bernheim approaches the patient and merely to distract his attention and render him expectant, tells him to look fixedly at some point such as a part of the pattern in the carpet, his lancet case, or even the tip of his finger, generally placed at short focusing distance, so as to cause undue convergence and thereby tire the ciliary muscles and the optic nerve. Bernheim does not place much stress on the theory of cerebral exhaustion, nor upon that of peripheral excitement (Heidenhain), but attributes the effect produced entirely to suggestion during a predisposed condition induced by expectancy.

After a few moments he begins telling the subject that he is going into a calm, peaceful, natural sleep, which the patient really does after a few minutes.

This sleep although it possesses much in common with the ordinary hypnotic sleep, is yet widely different in its leading characteristics; for instance Professor Bernheim never induces Catalepsy, and very rarely Somnambulism, but the sleep which is induced by his method is generally very superficial. A noise will awaken a sleeper as in the natural sleep and the patient is not always insensible to pain, and moreover the patient very often remembers upon awaking what has occurred during the sleep. Nevertheless, I have seen all the phenomena of neuro-muscular hyperexcitability elicited in this state. From the foregoing, do not imagine that this in any way impairs its utility, for the fact is that whereas only twenty-five per cent. are hypnotisable by other methods, as many as ninety per cent. are found susceptible to this, to a sufficient degree for practical suggestive-therapeutics. The last method we shall notice is the Mixed Hypnotic;—this method consists of a combination of the good points of all other methods. For instance we may use a machine (Alouette) with a small revolving bright point, such as a glass diamond, to tire the eyes, and suggestion and passes to produce respectively peripheral excitement (Heidenhain) and the lulling effects of rhythm; or even introduce the fascination method of Donato.

This combination is much in vogue as a hospital method in this country and is a good all round method. The only noticeable feature which may be regarded as an evil effect of repeated hypnotisation is a certain reflex irritability, first investigated by Baron Rudolph Heidenhain, which some authorities think may result in chorea (St. Vitus's Dance), but which in the first place is an extremely rare condition, and in the second place it can be removed by suggestion.

It is a much lamented fact that in this country, hypnotism still lies chiefly in the hands of the public exhibitor, very often a man totally unfit to play with another man's body or ego, and although I say it, it is my opinion that the sooner that legislation gives the monopoly to the regular educated physicians, the sooner will it make the rapid strides in public estimation, that it has made in countries where (like France, Italy, etc.) public exhibitions have been forbidden by law.

Two things in concluding I should like to suggest, one is that America should have a school of hypnotism conducted on similar lines to the great European schools, for a great deal of money leaves this country to my own knowledge to be spent by physicians in the study in Europe of this art, which could well be spent in America, did it contain the necessary facilities. The next suggestion is that at the Grand International Congress (President Dumontpallier) Paris 1892, cognizance should be taken of Mesmer, and a fitting memorial passed, for although history says that avarice was the mainspring of all his actions, yet those that knew him say that he had an inherent love for suffering humanity, which statement is borne out by the fact that he always had a free *Baquet* for the use of the poor, he also "magnetised" a tree in the Rue Bondy finding the former insufficient for the crowds seeking relief.

To all who would pursue this interesting study I say, experiment carefully for yourselves, noting results, and remember with Victor Hugo that,

> "The real is narrow—
> The possible .... immense."

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Nebraska comedy of "The Two Governors," to which I referred in *The Open Court* last May, having had a run of about nine months will now be taken off the boards, by order of the Supreme Court of the United States. The babies who had been illegally changed have been transposed again, the right baby to the right place this time, and the wrong baby to the wrong place, where he properly belonged Mr. Boyd having been elected governor of Nebraska, swore in, and went to governing in the usual way. His right of governing was denied on the ground that he was not a citizen of the United States, and therefore not eligible to the office of governor. This view of it was taken by the Supreme Court of Nebraska, and Mr. Boyd was "ousted." He ceased governing, and the preceding governor, Mr. Thayer, who had not been voted for by anybody at the last election, began governing again, under that provision of the constitution which allows the retiring governor to hold over "until his successor is duly elected and qualified." I told Mr. Thayer at the time, through the columns of *The Open Court* that he had better abdicate, because it was very uncomfortable to sit in another man's chair of State and to wear another man's shoes. I was thinking of this remark which Hume applies to King Henry the Fourth, "Henry soon found that the throne of a usurper is but a bed of thorns." Mr. Thayer would not accept the hint I gave him, and now he finds that he has been for nine months a usurper, holding an office by wrong and not by right, an office which he must ignominiously leave, because the Supreme Court of the United States has reversed the Supreme Court of Nebraska, and has decided that Mr. Boyd was a citizen of the United States when elected Governor. On being informed of this reversal Mr. Thayer said, "I bow to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." This was a very handsome and gracious thing to do. "Was your father resigned to die, my boy?" said a sympathising friend. "Oh yes!" replied the orphan, "he had to be."

* * *

A great deal of derision has been cast upon the late Mr. Caspar Hart of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, because of his eccentric will, which has just been filed in the Probate Court. Mr. Hart left about $50,000 to himself, as nearly as any man can do such an impossible thing. He bequeathed it for the erection of a monument to his own memory, with a statue of himself on the top of it in the form and semblance of a soldier on dress parade. The lot on which the monument is to stand is given to the city of Cedar Rapids, on condition that the said city shall forever keep the lot and the monument in good order and repair; but if the city will not accept the gift, the Lutheran Church is to have it on the same terms. Neither the city nor the church will accept the trust, for they are not willing to pamper such *post mortem* pride. Also, the citizens generally treat the vanity with scorn, for Mr. Hart proposes to pay for his own monument out of his own money, which is altogether irregular, because the custom is to pay for such things with other people's money, either by private subscription or by a public tax. There was a good deal of modesty in the bequest after all, for Mr. Hart does not want to appear in effigy charging up to the cannon's mouth, but in the calm and quiet attitude of a soldier on dress parade. In that interesting position the soldier is always out of mischief. Many dress parade soldiers of high rank have monuments paid for out of the public taxes, and why should not a dress parade private have one, especially when he is willing to pay for it after death with money earned in life.

* * *

The papers of Chicago proclaim the joyful news that the Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, President of the World's Columbian Exposition, has been made a "high mason." He has been lifted up to the 33rd degree; and this puts him on the very topmost floor in the Eifel tower of masonry. This is an important matter, for we now have a competent mason at the head of the world's fair, to superintend the work of building the multitudinous temples, towers, palaces, pavilions, halls, galleries, domes, pantheons, and bungalos which must ornament the exposition grounds in 1893. In the ordinary course of masonic evolution Mr. Palmer must have waited several months longer for his diploma, but out of consideration for the people of Chicago, a royal dispensation was granted in this case by the Sanhedrim, and he got his degree at "a special council of sovereign grand inspectors general 33rd degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry." Those illustrious and imposing titles oppress the soul with reverential awe, and the wonder is that such exalted rank is possible to be attained by mortal man in three or four hours, which according to the papers was all the time occupied in the ceremonial drill necessary to qualify Mr. Palmer. Not without a feeling of jealousy we learn that "the grand east of the jurisdiction is in Boston"; but it is at least a comfort that the "grand west" of it is in Chicago. Sadly we confess that there is one eminence to which even Chicago cannot aspire; it never can be the "grand east" of any national thing. Fain would I know this cabalistic 33rd degree, and why its wisdom is hid. There must be something sacred in this esoteric masonry or it would not be so jealously guarded. I am as inquisitive as Bluebeard's wife was when she unlocked the forbidden door; and I have always thought that in that fatal investigation she was looking for the 33rd degree. She knew that Bluebeard had it, and she thought he kept it locked up in that mysterious room. Thackeray tells us in one of his books that he also was consumed by a desire to explore its mazes. When he failed, he thought it sour grapes and said, "I suspect it's a humbug after all."

* * *

As soon as peace broke out with Chili, a new excitement came to flutter the delicate nerves of Washington society. Diplomatic relations are again strained by the international complications growing out of Mrs. Leiter's ball. Snobdom is fitting out armaments, Vanity Fair is in a state of anarchy, and Congress has become so interested in the trouble as to be quite unfit for business. The telegraphic dispatches from the capital inform the triple-plated sect of shoddy that, "The echoes of the Leiter ball are the topic in all Washington drawing rooms to the exclusion of almost every other subject. There were innovations of etiquette which opened the eyes of diplomates and officials of wide reputation, and these innovations are the one theme at six o'clock teas, cabinet receptions, and social gatherings generally." This is a startling and sudden change. Only a week ago the cabinet receptions were tainted by the odor of "villainous saltpetre," and now their "one theme" is the perfumed and embroidered etiquette of a fashionable ball. The other day, Mr. Jeames Yellowplush, the court chronicler for a morning paper, having need for some historical illustration, spoke of "Adam and Eve, and other distinguished persons"; and he is the very same footman who sorts Mrs. Leiter's guests into different grades of quality as if they were samples of tea. Says Mr. Yellowplush, "One class was made up of those people who are of conspicuous rank officially or socially, such as the Marquis Imperiali, the courtly charge d'affaires of Italy; M. Paternote, the French Minister, and daughters of several cabinet officers who are somewhat exclusive in their social surroundings. The other class was made up of those people who are known in social circles of the national capital, but who have not graduated into the most exclusive circles." Reading that, I weep for the social poverty of my country, destitute of a titled nobility, and unable to produce from its democratic and republican institutions a grandee even of the second class, or a pasha with two tails; not so much as a Marquis Imperiali.

* * *

In selecting her guests for "the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast," Mrs. Leiter imitated Patrick Mulqueeny who had

only two kinds of flowers in his garden, roses and cabbages; and the cabbages in a triumphant majority. That he may be mathematically exact, the critical Mr. Yellowplush remarks, "Altogether there were eight gentlemen and eight ladies in this exclusive set." This again is very much like Mulqueeny's flower garden, which contained sixteen roses to about five hundred cabbages; a proportion accurately preserved at Mrs. Leiter's ball. Mr. Mulqueeny would not allow his roses and his cabbages to associate with one another, and he carefully established a line of demarkation between them; as Mrs. Leiter did between the cabbages and the roses at the butterfly's ball, for, says Mr. Yellowplush, "The line between these two classes at the ball was very clearly defined, as each class had the apartments of one side of the spacious residence at its entire disposal, and it was made evident at the outset that there was to be no mingling from side to side." Of course this arrangement made some confusion, which Mr. Yellowplush deplores, for he says, "Naturally this was the cause of innumerable incidents which are now the main theme of gossip." Certainly; and sad as it is, it could not be otherwise; but the trouble might all have been avoided by inviting none but roses, or none but cabbages to the ball. Here is the most heartrending of the "incidents": M. Paternote,—not Paternoster,—M. Paternote, the French Minister, "broke through the line of demarkation," I quote the words of Yellowplush, "and was escorting to supper a young lady who was not on the favored side, when he was unexpectedly stopped on the stairway by one of the hosts,"—which one is not stated, nor are we told how many hosts there were,—"who explained that M. Paternote had made a mistake. It had been arranged that he should take Mme. — a descendant of one of the imperial houses of France." Here again Mr. Yellowplush is very tantalising, for he does not give us the lady's name, nor tell us which of the imperial houses she belonged to. No matter; M. Paternote clung to the girl he had selected; and in the courtly language of Yellowplush, "he gallantly declined to drop her on the stairway." I am sorry to say that he ungallantly did so when released by the young lady herself; and off he went with "the descendant of one of the imperial houses." If Mr. Yellowplush tells the truth in all this, as he probably does not, the whole company was composed of snobs; and the French minister who dropped the young lady on the staircase after asking her to go to supper with him, was the worst snob of them all. Since the point of etiquette that arose at the wake of Teddy Roe, where half the company got their heads broke before it could be settled, nothing has appeared so disturbing to society as the extraordinary etiquette observed at Mrs. Leiter's ball.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Right of the State To Be. An Attempt to Determine the Ultimate Human Prerogative on which Government Rests. By *F. M. Taylor*, Ph. D., (U. of M.) Ann Arbor, Michigan. 1891.

The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, published at Philadelphia under the editorship of Professor James were founded by a society whose aim it is to study and propagate sound economical views, and their work is done in the right direction. They cling to no panacea, they are not one-theory men, who expect by one single stroke to bring down a millennium on earth; they investigate the conditions and try to reform by the slower but surer means of education. If there is any additional thing to be wished for in this great undertaking of educating the citizens to comprehend the nature of social and political problems, it appears to us, it would be to have the questions presente[illegible] a popular way. The popularisation of science is no easy t[illegible]d it takes great scientists to do it, but among all the scie[illegible]h in a republic need popularisation most, the science [illegible] political economy stands first. We wish that our contemporary at Philadelphia would undertake that mission.

The pamphlets before us, although not designed for a popularisation of legal questions, are a work in that direction. They are reprints from articles which appeared in the Annals and treat their subject scientifically and in a lucid form.

It appears as if the "law of nature-theory" had no room in the modern conception of social philosophy, which attempts to be "positive" and being exclusively engaged with the actual institutions and codified laws neglects what Sophocles called the unwritten laws, invoked so often against the wrongs of existing laws under the name of "the law of nature." It must be conceded that social philosophers have proposed many wrong ideas about the law of nature but there can be no objection to Professor Taylor's definition, who asserts that "there is a standard of right, independent of, and supreme over, the will of man." We have repeatedly maintained that morality, law, and all our ideals are not mere subjective fancies which we excogitate at our pleasure in accordance with some principle of which we do not know how we got into its possession; morality, law, and ideals have a basis in reality and unless they are shaped in actual accord with reality, unless they are based on facts, unless they agree with the law of nature, they are mere dreams. Back of the right which is codified in statutes there are the natural laws of social growth.

The author apparently sympathises with intuitionalism. His argument that the Utilitarians are intuitionalists because "the principle of utility is incapable of proof," is interesting and in a certain sense correct. But if utilitarianism is wrong, we need not adopt intuitionalism. What is the meaning of the phrase we cannot prove to a man that he ought to choose "the highest kind" of happiness? We can investigate facts and can find out what the highest kind of happiness is, and supposing we have found it out, *this* will be capable of proof. We can present to a man all the consequences of certain acts, we can at the same time exhort him by example and by words to act in that way which for certain reasons we call good. According to his character he will follow or disobey the instruction received and he will have to bear all the consequences. Besides himself others will have to bear the consequences, and the effects of his course of action will go down to the coming generations. Utilitarianism stands upon a principle, and Intuitionalism declares that this principle is of a mystical nature, it is an unanalysable fact, but positive ethics aims at a presentation of moral injunctions as suggested by a full comprehension of facts.

The second pamphlet discusses the questions: By what right does the state exist? By what right does any human organisation coercively control the will of individuals? What is the ultimate basal prerogative on which governments are built? These questions are answered by a theory stated in four theses, the first of which maintains:

"To every person as such belongs the prerogative of rule, i. e. the prerogative of coercively interfering with the liberty of other persons in order to maintain the first person's version of the jural ideal."

The exercise of this authority, it is said in the following theses, belongs to the fittest; the prerogative of associated man is higher than that of a man acting in isolation and the prerogative of men acting in communities is the highest of all

We are inclined to agree with the main idea of these theses; yet we believe that they admit of a more thorough presentation, in which we may at once recognise the common ground between might and right without identifying them. Right is often contrasted with power as if something could be right which has no intrinsic power to be. Professor Taylor defines person as well as society, but his definition is not satisfactory. If he had investigated the relation of the individual to society, he would have found

that there are no isolated persons. The most essential features of a person are the product of social life. Society is a number of persons in systematic relations, but vice versa, social relations make persons. The language, ideas and ideals of what is commonly called an individual originate and consist in the social relation. If the concept person had thus been considered as a correlative term of society, Professor Taylor's theory would have gained in breadth as well as in depth.

FURTHER RELIQUES OF CONSTANCE NADEN: BEING ESSAYS AND TRACTS FOR OUR TIMES. Edited with an Analytical and Critical Introduction, and Notes, by *George M. McCrie*. London: Bickers & Son. 1891.

The publication of Miss Naden's most important philosophical composition with other essays was so recently noticed in *The Monist*, that it is not necessary to give a lengthy review of the present work. As evidence of the versatility of the authoress, this is of great interest. It deals not only with several aspects of Hylo-Idealism, but with more strictly scientific questions, such as Geology, and the evolution of the sense of beauty. Under the title of "Geology of the Birmingham District" we have an excellent general summary of what is known of the constitution of the earth's crust, illustrated by numerous sections of local geological formations. It is not surprising that this essay gained for Miss Naden the Panton Prize at Mason College. The origin of the sense of beauty is traced to well-being instead of the feeling of pleasure, on the principle that the greatest well-being is derived from the maximum of activity with the minimum of waste. The vigorous discharge of any function, when not carried to great excess, reacts beneficially on the organism as a whole. Therefore, "those organisms which court varied stimulation are the most likely, other things being equal, to survive and to replenish the earth." It is as we ascend in the scale of existence that consciousness emerges, and well-being is then translated into its subjective correlate, pleasure. In birds we find the earliest trace of something like human æstheticism. Unless, however, the exercise of the bodily functions were pleasurable, in the sense at least of not being painful, the principle of well-being would have little chance of operating. Hence, as Miss Naden points out, the normal exercise of any function is pleasurable, and the greatest pleasure is derived from the maximum of activity with the minimum of fatigue. To ensure this however, the stimuli to activity must be varied, and the action itself must be smooth and continuous. On the latter condition depends the enjoyment of graduated light and shade, which is due to a gradual passing of action into rest and rest into action.

In dealing with the question of religion, Miss Naden makes the remark that "the creative power of man is not limited to the sphere of intellect, but extends to that of religion; and the cerebral organ which evolved the 'superhuman' and 'supernatural' may yet produce a consistently human and natural system of morality." We can sympathise with this observation, without reference to the philosophic views on which it is based, as well as with the concluding statement of the essay that "our only hope of salvation lies in the conscientious endeavour to draw new life from nature, and to make science itself a well-spring of ideal truth.

The most important phil[illegible]hic contribu[illegible]n [illegible]ntained [illegible] the present work is on Cosmic I[illegible]. This is de[illegible]lared [illegible] be [illegible] mary post[illegible] [illegible]arch [illegible] result of scienc[illegible] B[illegible] tity" is meant [illegible]ty of ci[illegible] id[illegible] of va[illegible] stances, that is, *constancy of* [illegible] [illegible]osmi[illegible] dicates "the fundamental truth [illegible] of [illegible] ordinary common sense." This [illegible] an[illegible] argue from the identity of the co[illegible] [illegible] cosmos with the ego, as Miss Naden [illegible] fessor Green's transcendental psychol[illegible]

able. The relation between subject and object on which the question turns is a difficult one, and we cannot now discuss it. We may safely say, however, that the last word has not yet been spoken on the subject.

The appendices to the work comprise, besides several contributions by Dr. Lewins, a reprint of Dr. Dale's biographical sketch of Miss Naden, which appeared in *The Contemporary Review* in April last, with a reply by Mr. McCrie, who assures us that the one-sidedness of the material world is an illusion, near and far being quite indifferent. This, with the statement, cited in his introduction as one of the most pregnant dicta in all the literature of abstract thought, that "if the subject and object be indissolubly one, the simplest unit from which we can start must be the ego in its entirety, that is the universe as felt and known," give a fair idea both of the teachings of Hylo-Idealism and of the difficulty many minds must have in accepting them. That the system is deserving of serious study cannot be denied and for this purpose Miss Naden's works are indispensable. Ω.

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THE DONNYBROOK PLAN OF REFORM.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Donnybrook fair has long been famous for free fights among champions whose plan of campaign is simply this: "When you see a head, hit it." A survival of this picturesque old practice may be detected among those very prominent and active reformers, whose motto seems to be "When you happen to think of any institution, go for it." Our Donnybrook reformers are too impartial and zealous to be stopped by such trifling considerations as that some institutions have been preserved during countless generations on account of generally acknowledged necessity for social existence, as is the case with marriage; or again that other institutions, like our reformatories, embody the most advanced thought of the century so fully as to provoke conservatism and corruption to make attacks which it is difficult to resist. No matter how useful an institution may be to the world, nor how urgently it may need to have friends of progress support it long enough to have a chance to show its real value, some would-be reformer is sure to denounce it as an obstacle to his own pet scheme; and this he changes so often as to have what he thinks good reasons for sooner or later attacking everything and everybody.

Take such an agitator for your guide to-day, and you will be pretty sure to be told by him to-morrow that you have gone completely astray, as will probably be the fact. A man who had brought up his children after the plan laid down in Rousseau's "Emile," and ventured to tell the author that he had done so, got nothing but rebuke.

We read in the October *Atlantic* that Tolstoï's wife says he changes his opinions every two years, and that the charge is admitted by him, as well as by one of his enthusiastic admirers, to be substantially true.

Wendell Phillips can scarcely be honored too much for the energy and steadfastness with which he went on, year after year, attacking slavery; but he was obliged to approve of its abolition by men whom he had denounced bitterly, and whose motives were such as he had done his best to make inoperative. Emancipation must be considered his work as well as theirs, however; but after it was accomplished, we find him advocating one wild plan after another, in a way that reminds me of the story of the first steamer that the Chinese tried to navigate without any European on board. She made her way by a zig-zag course to her destined port; but when she got there, none of the officers knew how to stop her, and so they had to let her go round and round the harbor, until her fires burned out.

Of course, it is a great stimulus to intellectual activity to have an eloquent and zealous man or woman advocate first one view and then another of every difficult problem, and beseech us every time to work for that moment's special dictum, as if it were an infallible revelation. Our conservative and reactionary friends may, however, be relied upon for pointing out all the objections to every improvement; and there is really no need that they should have the assistance of any one who wishes to aid progress. It may be said that those who attack all institutions indiscriminately, do society a service similar to that rendered to the passengers on a train by the men who go about with hammers, tapping every wheel to test its soundness; but we can be sure that every new wheel will be tested thoroughly by the opponents of reform; and the man who does most to carry the train onward, is not he who taps the wheels, but he who makes them go round.

When I see one reformer trying to enlarge and another to restrict the power of government, when again I hear appeals made in the name of progress, now for confirming and now for abolishing private property, here against and there in favor of free trade, sanitary reform, manual training, scientific charity, vaccination, woman suffrage, vivisection, prohibition, employment of prisoners, free coinage, and scores of other issues, I am reminded of what took place, the first night that lamps were lighted in the yard of Harvard College. A zealous sophomore came running into a room, where a number of his class-mates were assembled, to tell them what a great and glorious deed he had done to distress their natural enemies, the professors. He had just taken his life in his hands, blown out a lamp near by, and escaped without capture. Everybody praised such heroic public-spirit; but before the congratula-

tions were half finished, another lad came in, almost breathless, to boast that he had just dared to relight that very lamp, which he supposed some professor had put out. Men and women ought to be wiser than this. The cause of reform is not so strong, that the world can afford to have it played with thus.

Nothing hinders so sadly the growth of that holy cause, as the difficulty of seeing what it really means. A young man or woman might naturally speak, when asked to take an interest in reform, as the Hindoo did, who was invited to become a Christian, and replied, "I have listened to thirteen missionaries, and each one condemns all the others as in dangerous error. It is certain that all are not right; and it is twelve to one that all are in the wrong."

Perhaps I might feel tempted, if told that I ought to help circulate the works of some author, about whom I know only that he is a reformer, to remember the story of a wicked man who added to the good old epitaph,

> "When this you see,
> Prepare straightway to follow me,"

the naughty words,

> "Before to follow, I consent,
> I'd like to know which way you went."

We should not, of course, forget that reformers, however erratic and inconsistent, are on the average much more disinterested than the advocates of conservatism, who are generally in the pay of vested interests, kept up to benefit the few at the expense of the many. It is also well to remember that our race has never yet been able to develop all its capacities and powers, except perhaps in the case of a few exceptional individuals. There is still need of earnest effort to enable all to climb where some have stood. This is an age of changes and improvements; and that makes it all the more necessary that the whole social fabric be sufficiently expanded and renovated to bear the growing burden of new requirements. We have not too many but too few reformers; and we cannot spare even those who are least endowed with wisdom. This last great gift comes so gradually that we can scarcely be too patient with him whose struggles to reach clear comprehension of humanity's most sacred interests have not yet brought him to the top of the mount of vision. Honor to those who are still toiling through the thick, dark woods at the mountain's base; for they at least do something to keep open the path which must be traversed by all who make the great ascent. All friends of reform are worthy of sympathy and praise; but some deserve more than others; and these latter cannot be overpraised without depriving the world's greatest benefactors of part of the honors justly due.

The highest honor we can pay to any man is to imitate him; and it ought to be plainly understood that the men most worthy of imitation are those who have devoted all their zeal and thought to urging the race onwards in the straight line of progress, who have never tried to delay the great march, nor even allowed their feet to stray out of the direct path into any byway which has turned out to be no thoroughfare. Thus Voltaire wrote and lived for toleration and philanthropy, keeping to the same plan from first to last as closely as was permitted in that age of oppression, making such temporary concessions as seemed necessary for ultimate victory, often changing his point of attack, but constantly directing his blows against the same great enemy of liberty and progress. Still more consistent and far-sighted was John Stuart Mill, who would not, I think, see aught to change in the main objects of his life, if he were to come back to earth to-day. Time has already completed much of the work which Mill and Voltaire had most at heart; and there is good reason to believe that the future will build on the foundations which they helped to lay. This could not be said so truly of Rousseau, or Carlyle, or Tolstoï; but Mill and Voltaire had the great advantage of knowing how to make the light of experience guide them straight forward. Study of history taught them what institutions had worked for or against human happiness, which among many attempts at change had turned out to be mistakes, and which had shown themselves to be real improvements. Knowledge of what was worst in the past helped them to see what was best in the present and most worthy of fostering care. Their ideal was not floating far away in the clouds, and changing with them, but standing near at hand on solid earth; and it needed only to be enlarged, multiplied, and strengthened, in order to become a universal blessing. This is what Mill, Voltaire, and their friends learned from the philosophy of Bacon and Locke, a system which has had too little influence in America, but is now gaining general approval in the highly advanced form to which it has been developed by Herbert Spencer. The laws of human progress are now plain enough to show which reforms can succeed by obeying them, and which must fail on account of disobedience. The application of this general principle to particular cases must be reserved for another article. My present purpose is merely to show that reformers are under the same necessity as other laborers of conforming to natural laws. Any attempt at reform which is made in opposition to science will be no help, but only a hindrance to progress.

RELATIVITY AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

The theory of the relativity of knowledge is founded on the old idea of the subjectivity of the ego which Berkeley in his early years enunciated with all the confidence and hopefulness of youth, but which afterwards

received its death-blow from the spirit of the Kantian philosophy which brought back reflexion from "subjective uncertainty to the green pasture of objective "reality."

When this theory denies that there is any possibility of knowing reality, the doctrine really refutes its own premises and the basis of its argument, for it founds its reasoning on a supposed reality, the existence of which it admits cannot be proved or recognised by the only means of acquiring knowledge open to it, viz. thought-symbols, for after all these thought-symbols are not credited with furnishing the individual with true and certain knowledge; and accordingly if the reasoning of the relativist is to be carried out to its legitimate conclusion the individual is not even left to the subjective play of illusions for there could be no criterion of certainty by which these illusions could be recognised as such. No wonder that Heine remarked "that the distinction of objects into phenomena and "noumena, i. e. into things that for us exist and things "that for us do not exist is an Irish bull in philosophy."

It has been pointed out by a recent writer that the theory of the relativity of knowledge receives its plausibility from being confused with another fact of experience, viz. in acquiring knowledge there is always a conviction that man can never know things fully; every investigation of science, even when dealing with the most elementary things, is forced to stop short of the whole truth and that something beyond, that inner essence, is just regarded as the essence of the thing and thus the reality is supposed to lie outside knowledge. It is quite true that man can never arrive at absolute truth. The facts of existence are so numerous that thought can never come to a full and complete knowledge of them, but the principle of evolution is applicable here for man's knowledge is always a development and true so far as it goes and is ever progressing to, but never attaining absolute knowledge.

It is one of the principal results of German idealistic philosophy to show that thought is not merely a state of a subjective individual (not a knowing of thought-symbols and nothing more as Dr. Janes believes, see *The Open Court*, No. 217), for man's whole consciousness of self implies the consciousness of that which is in distinction from it and which grows by means of it, and without it self-consciousness could never come to a knowledge of itself. When this relationship of consciousness or thought with the world in all its variety is reflected upon, man is lifted to a higher standpoint where he sees that his feelings are united with the objective and the universal by means of which a guarantee for its truth can be obtained and in which he can find a field for the boundless activity of his higher consciousness. If looked at in the light of evolution and the laws of development neither thought nor things can any longer be regarded as absolutely separate and distinct from each other, on the contrary each is necessary for the other, and either taken by itself is a meaningless abstraction. Man is not called upon to prove the existence of the world, but to comprehend it as it exists and to direct the activity of his will in accordance with the highest principles brought to light in self-consciousness.

THE ETHICAL SOCIETIES AND THEIR VIEWS OF ETHICS.

Hoping that we could lead the Ethical Societies to the recognition of the truth that ethics must rest upon a basis, and that this basis must be a clear knowledge of the world in which we live, our criticisms were formerly made in a reserved and private way. We avoided public struggle but have found that this way leads to no results. Our attitude it appears was rather considered partly as weakness, partly as an importune and unsolicited censure, and we see that struggle is a necessary factor not only in the world in general but in the field of ethical aspirations also.

While the Ethical Societies avoid struggling where they ought to struggle, they also struggle in a wrong way, they are lacking in the ethics of struggle; and there is no better proof of the truth of this than the answers directly and indirectly given to our criticisms. Our criticisms were never personal, they never contained any offences, they were respectful toward the men who represent the views criticised and were written with the sincere desire to come to a mutual understanding. Mr. Salter was the only one, and we say this in his honor, who replied directly and without circumlocution, but he did so privately, as it were, explaining that the Ethical Societies as such had neither a religious nor a philosophical opinion, they simply tried to *do* the good.

* * *

We find most of the objections made us privately re-stated by Mr. Horace L. Traubel, editor of *The Conservator*, of Philadelphia, who says with reference to the article "The Ethics of Struggle and the Ethical Societies":

> "Mr. Carus thinks 'the ethics of struggle' cannot be sufficiently realised by the Ethical Societies because the lecturers seem to avoid any active participation in controversies over the constitution of their movement and the philosophical question it opens up. Mr. Carus has himself raised questions which he appears to think have not received the attention they deserved. I think that in the active questions of the day the lecturers quite actively participate. Mr. Salter's discussion of labor—its rights and duties—is well known and always fundamental and generous. The only important issue which Mr. Carus has raised—whether the Societies should have a moral creed or philosophy—has often been presented and discussed."

This is a misunderstanding, first of what we have said in a former article, and secondly of the situation as

it is. We have never meant to deny the fact that the Ethical Societies in general and Mr. Salter especially are laboring hard in almost every field, social, political, religious. But labor is not as yet struggle. We concede even that they are in a certain sense struggling, for they cannot help struggling in this world of strife. What we mean is, that they avoid struggling concerning *the main issue which alone can give character to their work.* We fully recognise their good will as well as their busy activity in struggling against what they conceive to be false and wrong. But the point is that they do not give information as to what their conception of false and wrong is. What is the use of all the preaching to do good and avoid evil if a definite statement of what good and evil means is to be avoided. We might justly repeat to the Ethical Societies the word spoken to Martha:

"Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

The Ethical Societies do not understand that one thing is needful, and that without it all their work must be vain. Here lies Mr. Traubel's misunderstanding of the situation.

On the battlefields of life as much as on the battlefields of real war it is not only required that one must fight, but also that one must fight on the right spot. There is a certain place where the decision lies. This place has been surrendered by the leaders of the Ethical Societies and they make a principle of it not to take any definite position either pro or con where they should bear the brunt of the battle.

There must be a reason why the fundamental problem of ethics as a matter of principle is not discussed by the Societies for Ethical Culture, why they avoid all struggle about it. And there is a reason. They declare it to be transcendental and say that the ladder of science does not reach so far. This practically makes of the ethical teacher a priest whose sentence is to be taken as authority concerning that which has to be regarded as moral or immoral. The public have simply to accept their preaching and there is no reasoning about it.

We say that the place where the decision lies, has been surrendered by the Ethical Societies. This is true, but we have to add that they have only apparently surrendered it. They cannot surrender it without at the same time destroying the efficacy of their work. All they can do is avoid discussing it and let the decision lie with the lecturers of the Ethical Societies. Thus while they disavow the objective authority of facts verifiable by scientific discussion, they have adopted and had to adopt the subjective authority of their individual opinions.

The Societies for Ethical Culture call themselves ethical, but they do not intend to find out and clearly to state what is meant by ethical. They made it a rule to adhere in this respect to a "non-committal policy." Their ethics is pure conventionalism and thus all their struggle and work necessarily is lacking in system and certainty of direction. Nor do they seem to care for system and certainty of direction, for Professor Adler in his song of the Golden City compares them to builders of an ideal city who do not know what the plan of building may be. The work of the Ethical Societies must necessarily be a mere hustling about so long as they adhere to their non-committal policy of having no plan.

* * *

The Ethical Societies have adopted a very beautiful name, but they must not think that their name gives them the authority to declare their way of thinking to be ethical. They are not the first and the only ethical movement in the world. We have said before and say it again that every religion is an ethical movement, and every religious idea if true and practically applied, is ethical. *Vice versa* ethical maxims are based upon some conception, be it religious, philosophical, or scientific. To act somehow, one must have an opinion as to how to act, one must have an idea why to act in this and not in another way; and to exclude this opinion, which is the idea on which the course of action is to be based, is to take out the very core of action.

Mr. Traubel says in another editorial note of his:

"*Open Court* remarks: 'Among the adherents of Ethical Culture the word justice is often used, but I have found no definition of the term.' No doubt. Nor is that the only term the friends of Ethical Culture use; nor is it the only term they and others, using, do not too sharply define. Definition may ruin as well as make sense and sobriety."

A wrong definition will ruin and a correct definition will make sense and sobriety. Therefore let us have correct definitions. But to make certain ideas fundamental principles of conduct and leave people in doubt about their exact meaning is in our conception of ethics unethical. Shall everybody think by good and bad, justice and injustice what he pleases? Are the words ethics, goodness, justice, etc. catch-words like the phrases of party platforms, where an exact definition of the meaning, so the party leaders fear, might do more harm than good? The words of a preacher of ethics are his actions and they are comparable to the bills in which a merchant pays his obligations. Let the value of the bills be unmistakable and let the words of the public preacher be clear and definite.

If clearness of our plans and aspirations means creed, if lucidity and intelligibility of our words means philosophy, we certainly consider creed and philosophy as indispensable conditions of ethics.

The words ethics, morality, goodness, welfare, justice, etc., are most emphatic and valuable words, but

the leaders of the Ethical Societies when using them have failed to give them a definite meaning. And without a definite meaning, they are empty phrases, mere counters which, however, to the unknowing appear good money. Says Schiller in one of his Xenions:

> "Long you can pay with your counters; they'll be accepted by many,
> But in the end, my dear sirs, you'll have to pay in good cash."

The Ethical Societies have a right to be as they are, for they will have to bear the consequences themselves. But they are a public movement. So is *The Open Court.* This being so, it is our duty to criticise them whenever we hold their teachings to be wrong. Since they proclaim themselves Ethical Societies, we have a right to stay them and to ask: What are you? What do you mean by ethical? To ignore such questions indignantly or to resent them is in our opinion not the proper thing.

* * *

As an instance of indirect replies we quote the following passage from Professor Adler's article in the first number of the *International Journal of Ethics*, the organ of the Societies for Ethical Culture. Professor Adler discusses the objections made to the Ethical Societies; he first speaks of the churches as making "circumvallations of sectarian opinion" and he continues:

> "The same objection lies against the adoption of a philosophical formula, or set of formulas, as a basis of moral union. In the first place, there is no philosophical system which commands universal assent. Is any one hair-brained enough to suppose that he can propose one? . . . To adopt a philosophical formula as the basis of union would be to proclaim ourselves a philosophical sect; and a philosophical sect is the most contemptible of all sects, because the sectarian bias is most repugnant to the spirit of genuine philosophy." *International Journal of Ethics*, Vol. I, No. 1, p. 18.

That which commands universal assent is called "science."

Science does not command universal assent among the ignorant, but science is of such a nature that in its progress it does gradually, but with certainty, command universal assent.

If in ethical action we had to wait for a universal assent, among all people, the foolish as well as the wise, we might just as well cease acting altogether. Such a universal assent in ethics if it were possible at all, would presuppose a universal assent on the fundamental questions of religion as well as philosophy. The essential features of a religion are recognised in its ethics. Two religions are in practical agreement if and in so far as they agree ethically; all other differences will be found to be mere differences of their method of formulation. Religious views may be expressed in a more or less allegorical language or in an altogether different system of mythology. We may try, and it is natural that we do try, to free ourselves from mythology, but that will not lead to pure ethics, so called, i. e. to ethics which will hover in the air without any religious or philosophical basis, but to an ethics based upon the consideration of a pure statement of facts. It is the ethics of a religion of science, and that is the aim and ideal of positivism, as we understand it.

Now we do not at all demand the founding of a philosophical sect, whatever that may mean, but we do demand that in all ethical aspirations there should be a criterion of ethics and that this criterion should be enunciated in clear and unmistakable words. Whether we call such an enunciation a philosophical, a scientific, a religious, or an ethical formula, or whatever we call it, is indifferent. Philosophy is nothing but a critical clarification of our thoughts. Is it defensible to make objections, in the way Professor Adler does, against the attempt to deepen our ethical and religious conceptions? The ethical problem cannot be solved by mystification by declaring that it lies beyond the pale of science, but it can still less be solved by scolding. To speak of "hair-brained enough" and "contemptible" (and it alters little whether these words were aimed at us or at any other person or persons) is to say the very least, in the highest degree unwise, and an ethical society in which such tendencies prevail will contribute little toward the moral progress of mankind.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Hon. Mr. Pickler, member of congress from South Dakota, will go down the raging stream of history as "The soldier's friend." He is a patriot statesman of the ancient Roman stamp; and he believes that "the men who saved the country" ought to have it. Mr. Pickler thinks that "the nation owes the soldiers a debt which it can never pay"; and as a small instalment on account he proposes that by force of an act of congress they shall all be admitted into the World's Fair free of charge. This broad and liberal policy, at the expense of other people, may secure for Mr. Pickler the "soldier vote" next fall. Through inadvertence, he forgot to include free drinks and sandwiches in his bill. He has remedied this oversight in another bill which makes it the duty of the War Department to furnish rations to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic at its next annual encampment. This, of course, is better than nothing, but Mr. Pickler may lose a good many veteran votes because his bill does not provide for transportation as well as food. What do I care for free rations if I have to pay my fare to Washington and back? And Mr. Pickler ought to have seen to it also that if the veteran is not able to attend the encampment and eat his rations there he shall receive a cash commutation for them at his home. There are politicians of great moral incapacity, in congress, and out of it, who think that the pride of the Grand Army has become a mendicant spirit to which they may safely appeal for votes.

* * *

Perhaps there is no country in Europe where the mean custom of "tipping" the lower classes is more general and more degrading than it is in England; and there is no country in the world where the meaner custom of "tipping" the higher classes is so prevalent and so demoralising as it is in the United States. Nearly every office holder, is ready to receive a "tip"; and "can thy spirit wonder" that its power of debasement reaches

the old soldiers provided for in Mr. Pickler's bill. Not even the judges are proof against the seductions of a "tip"; for I have seen the Chief Justice of a great State beg like a tramp for a "tip" from a railroad corporation. Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, is waging indignant war on the practice of "tipping" the judges of that State, but he will very likely be beaten in the fight. Because Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor, took "tips" two hundred and seventy years ago, he was punished heavily, and his ignominious fate points a moral for all time. Nevertheless, our judges imitate him without any fear of punishment whatever. Senator Chandler says: "There is much need of fearless comment on many of the past and completed acts of our judges. Some of them ride free on Boston and Maine Railroad passes. I think also some of them ride free on the Concord and Montreal Railway. The judges salaries were raised $500 each in 1881, with the distinct object of keeping them from riding free." Had they been raised $50,000 it would not have made any difference. The poison of "tips" is in our official blood, and millionaire dignitaries will beg for "tips" without any sense of shame. I had a very intimate friend who was a cabinet minister in the administration of President Grant; and when he went to Washington he got a "tip" from the Street Railway Company in the shape of a pass. He told me that one day, when riding up to the capitol, he handed his pass to the conductor, who, being a poor reader, began spelling out the name before all the passengers in the car. Mortified and ashamed, my friend snatched the pass from the conductor, paid his five cents, and never offered the pass again. Not until the stupid conductor began spelling out his name in public did the "Honorable Secretary" see how undignified and improper it was for a cabinet minister to take a "tip" from the Street Railway Company.

* * *

A few days ago, a conscientious jury, befogged by counsel, and bewildered by the judge, threw dice for the verdict, whereupon the "twelve good men and true" were called into court and severely reprimanded. They ought to have been complimented, for they ended the dispute in a very sensible way; that is, it would have been sensible if adopted at the beginning of the controversy. In fact, any plan of settling a dispute is better than going to law, —as the law is administered now. For example, throw your eye over this little paragraph which I find in this morning's paper: "In the Appellate Court yesterday opinions were rendered in thirty-six cases, sixteen of which were reversed." When those thirty-six cases get up to the Supreme Court it is the mere flip of a copper how many more of them will stand. Considering their loss of time and money, their months of anxiety and care, and their waste of nerve capital, would it not have been wiser for all the litigants in those cases to have cast lots for it at the very beginning of their difference? Out of thirty-six cases twenty are sustained and sixteen reversed,—and another court to hear from yet. Now, take any blacksmith in Chicago, and let him give judgment in those thirty-six cases after hearing the evidence and the arguments on every side, and it is morally certain that on appeal to the higher courts more than twenty of his decisions will be sustained. By the law of chance alone he will be right half the time, which gives him eighteen cases, and surely we may allow him two more for common sense. The state usurps the right to license men to practise in the courts; and it provides by impossible statute that all applicants for admission to the bar shall know the law. The result of all its fussy interference is that no two lawyers know the law alike. And when they get promoted to the bench they know it less alike than ever. Whether a man is or is not a citizen of the United States appears to be a very easy conundrum, and yet the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Governor Boyd could not agree on the answer.

The death of Mr. Spurgeon is not without pathos, for with him dies a God; the God of Calvin. While Spurgeon himself, for the good deeds done in the body, enters Paradise, his Cromwellian theologies, glide with solemn dignity into the Purgatory of dead creeds. The churches are aware of this, for, said the Rev. Mr. Delano in his memorial sermon, "The last and the noblest of the Puritan preachers is gone." This lamentation concedes that Puritanism itself is gone. The Rev. Dr. Lawrence declared that Spurgeon was "England's greatest preacher"; and some other Doctors of Divinity even canonised him. "I have not many saints in my calendar," said the Rev. Dr. Wolfenden, "but Saint Spurgeon is one of them." This kind of idolatry, though slightly pagan in its form and fashion is animated by the spirit of liberty. I rejoice to see a man brave enough to canonise his own saints and deify his own images, without asking the synod, the sanhedrim, or the areopagy to do it for him; and in truth there was a good deal of the Saint Paul about Spurgeon. He was at least equally worthy of beatification, for he did much in his own way to beatify other people, and chiefly the lowly and the poor. I think he was the reincarnation of John Bunyan, and the theology which is passing away with him is this, as I find it in a eulogy on Spurgeon in the *Springfield Republican*, "He not only believed in everlasting punishment, but he insisted on others believing it." Although Spurgeon was a sensational preacher he was not a clerical clown, which is more than can be said for many of his imitators among our American pulpiteers. He hated the devil, not because he had anything against him, but because he thought God hated him. His capacity for belief was colossal, and to him a truth not biblical was error. The telescope was a seditious heretic, and the almanac a liar. To him the discoveries of modern science were phosphorescent illusions leading men astray. I heard him say so; he believed it; and, to his credit be it said, he bravely spoke his thought out like a man.

* * *

At the risk of writing myself down a snob, I must confess that I am something of a man worshipper; and the praises given to a great man drop like soothing flattery upon me. When I hear an eloquent senator cheered I take to myself a share of the tribute, for he has only done what I could do if I were in the senate; and when the circus clown gets a round of applause for jumping over eight horses and an elephant, I appropriate my share of that, because I could as easily make the jump,—with practice. Our praise of mighty men is a form of self-esteem, for their feats are only proofs of what we ourselves may do. A few years ago I happened to be in London, and while there I called at the "Licensed Victuallers Asylum" to pay my respects to Jem Ward, an old man of eighty years or so, once champion prizefighter of England. I did that, not because I had any special affection for Jem Ward, or the pugilistic profession, but because I have a meek and lowly reverence for any man who was the best man of his day at anything. In that same idolatrous mood I went the following Sunday to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach; for he was then the champion of England in his line; and like Jem Ward, he had very muscular opinions, especially about the neck and shoulders. I was told to go early, and I did so, but already there were hundreds of people crowded about the various doors of the Tabernacle, and so great was the rush when the doors opened that I had to be satisfied with "standing room only." Although I was in a most unfavorable place, the preacher's voice was so clear, sonorous, and well modulated, that I did not miss a word. North of what Mr. Beecher used to call the equator, that is, from the nostrils up, Mr. Spurgeon's head was small, though solid; south of the equator, it was heavy and large. He preached from the text, "He is altogether lovely;" and he handled it in a very familiar and patronising way; with an air of self-confidence that was nearly self-conceit.

"He is altogether lovely," said Mr. Spurgeon, tossing the text about as a conjurer tosses a brass ball. "He is altogether lovely," he repeated over and over again. In fact, he repeated himself too much, as most extemporaneous orators do. With careless indifference to criticism he dealt in quaint and curious phrases; and with uncivil candor he exclaimed, "This is a fool of a world"; which indeed it really is, although it may not be polite to say so right out in meeting, as Mr. Spurgeon did. Further on, he compared himself to "a chick in the egg picking at the shell and trying to get out." Also, he gave his congregation this theology, which may be sound, although I doubt it, "If you love Christ, it is a simple pledge and token that he loves you." A moment before he had said that some of them loved Christ for "what could be got out of him"; a sarcasm that echoed back and forth from soul to soul until the sermon ended. Some of his language patronised the Lord, as when in flattering Christ and describing his beauties he said repeatedly, "This is rare praise"; and he asked the congregation this question, "Did you ever feel inclined to excuse Christ?" Some of his descriptions were cheap, like the puffs of an auctioneer, as for instance this, "The best of the best is to be found in Christ"; and this, "Christ is that ring which is diamond, emerald, ruby, and pearl." Once he threw contempt upon his text by saying, "This is only Old Testament praise after all"; for the "spouse" who gave it, "had never seen the real Christ." What I most admired was the sublime daring of the man when he said, "The recent facts of modern science are only worthy of contempt; they are utterly beneath argument." His discourse was not without poetical imagery although somewhat overstrained, and it contained sentences like this, "When our eyes shall find a heaven in beholding him"; and, "The merriest sight that ever I saw was my sins falling into Christ's sepulchre and he lying there my substitute." Of his philanthropy every fragment will survive; of his theology, nothing.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RESURRECTION PROBLEM.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

"Macrocosm and Microcosm = Autocosm."

PERMIT me to offer a short argument contravening Mr. Whipple's theory that the resurrection of Jesus from the dead was merely a resuscitation *à la* Humane Society of the *apparently* dead. This partial estimate I find, nowadays, to be very prevalent among ordinary sceptics. Yet looked at from a medical point of view, it seems quite untenable and really won't hold water at all. From the latter standpoint it is indeed physically certain that his supposed ascension from the dead was, like his subsequent ascenscion into "Heaven"—a mere phenomenon, or phantom, conjured up by the excited feelings of his credulous and superstitious followers, the fishermen of Galilee, and especially of Mary Magdalene, "out of whom he had driven seven devils," which is the animistic, or spiritualist, equivalent for lunacy. Indeed a popular theological volume by Dr. Hanna, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers: "Forty Days After our Lord's Passion," distinctly postulates the assertion that her "sin" consisted in being insane and not a "social evil." The probability is that she was both and hence doubly an untrustworthy witness for an event so unprecedented and one so universally conflicting with all human experience and judicial reason. Christ's posthumous apparition, on the sole evidence at our command, supposing it to be a contemporary record and not a later Church myth, is clearly a quite familiar case of *Spookism* or Ghostism—the "lawless and uncertain" Hamlet-like creation of the overstrained and unregulated emotions and imaginations of his bereaved *cénacle*, exactly as experienced by the *narcosis*-ridden poet and dreamer Coleridge who, when asked by a lady if he believed in Ghosts, answered: "No, Madam, I have seen too many of them." Relativism, Monism, Phenomenalism, and Evolutionism have thrown quite a new light on this, and all analogous mysteries, and Mahatmisms—a fact of which, as yet, Clericalism and modern crazed Occultism takes little or no account. How else could Dr. Hanna lay stress on the testimony of a female lunatic, or Arch-Deacon Farrar, in his recent biography of St. Paul, the real Founder, and not Christ, of Gentile Christianity, argue for his being a victim of the falling sickness? Modern alienist Medicine has clearly established the fact that epilepsy deranges and breaks down the mind faster, and more completely, than it does the body. And yet St. Paul is credited, both by the universal early tradition of the Church and by his latest biographer alike, as afflicted with this terrible *Neurosis*—the *Morbus Sacer* of the Ancients. It seems thus certain that Pauline Christianity—like Islam—had its origin in the brain of a would be Reformer, not thoroughly *compos mentis*, as indeed Swedenborg and Emerson in his "Representative Men" allow, being, by the latter, classed with Sir Isaac Newton and Pascal. No doubt St. Paul, on these nosological premises, did not die a martyr by instantaneous decapitation. His death must have been a far harder and more lingering living one, by what is vulgarly—often falsely—termed *Softening of the brain*, as in the case, only to mention three examples—one for for each division of the United Kingdom,—Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, and Michael Faraday. Heinrich Heine's wretched death in life arose from lesion, not of the brain, but only of the spinal marrow, leaving his mental faculties practically intact. Thus, fable and vaunt as we may from our false dominant ideal, Christianity has no superhuman origin any more than other ancient or modern religions. To its founders, as to all others, is applicable Byron's verdict on Rousseau and other originators of sects and systems: "These are the madmen who have made men mad by their contagion." *Self*-denial being the only denial that is quite inadmissible. And, as Godism is only a section of Spiritualism, we *must* extend the negating principle to divinity itself; Theism having not only no better evidence in its favor than any subordinate form of Superhumism, but being distinctly contraindicted and foreclosed by the substitution of Egoism for Absolutism, or true Causality, for to that point we are forced by the subjectivation of the objective. When we resolve all things into Self we virtually dissolve the former and reach, on the surest *data*, Kant's negation of *Ding an sich*; a postulate from which that Prince of Metaphysicians recoiled in all his writings subsequent to the first edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason"! Nowadays we *dare* not be content with less and Practical Reason and Life conduct *must* follow suit. No courage, or mental grasp, seems necessary, in our age, to hold fast this obvious conviction. It is quite implicit in the axiom *All Perception is only Apperception*, i. e. Self-Perception; our own sensorial states of Consciousness being, in the last resort, the goal of all research whatsoever, mental, ethical, or empirical. Higher than, or apart from, Self, or aggregate of Selves we can never rationally presume to range. That limit is the end of our tether. Beyond it is to us, not merely Chaos, but Nullity.

R. LEWINS, M. D., Surgeon, Lieut. Colonel (R.)

BOOK REVIEWS.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS. By *Clarence H. Seyler*. London: W. L. Prewer. 1891.

This pamphlet is the result of earnest study and thought on the most important subject of all times. The following sentences culled from the conclusion will show the spirit in which it is written: "Actuated by a primordial impulse to seek happiness, man has sought, from time immemorial, to form a true theory of the Universe in order that he might derive from it rules of conduct which should secure his permanent happiness. To such systems

the name of 'Religion' has been given. . . . To desire, to act, and to know how to act in order to satisfy desire, is the business of life. These mighty Religions, then, were nothing more than crude and imperfect philosophies. They were the necessary steps towards a better and truer one. They have shaped the history of humanity—in rhythms that have led the race, now upward; now through terrible bloodshed, cruelty, and persecution; at times and for a period, downward into night and degradation—but always leaving the race ultimately a step in advance. . . . Religion has survived, whilst theologies have perished. . . . Philosophy is essentially the religion of progress, of enlightenment, of sympathy, of conscious mastery over nature, human and external—and, therefore, of freedom and organisation, toleration, efficiency, of systematised methods and knowledge, rising from facts to general truths and principles! . . . We know of no finality in the realm of the knowable and have no weapons save those of persevering investigation, culture, and mutual help. To perfect our methods, our skill, our character, our mastery of self and of the forces at our command—in a word, the attainment of *well-balanced efficiency*, physical, intellectual, sympathetic, and automatic—this, the true *Culture of existence*, is our proximate aim for the attainment of our ultimate end."

THE WHIRLWIND SOWN AND REAPED. By *Saladin*. London: W. Stewart & Co.

Saladin, the English freethinker and undaunted enemy of traditional orthodoxy in every form, has published a new book which shows the same tendencies as his former publications, among which "God and his Book" and "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God" are the best known. "The Whirlwind Sown and Reaped" is a novel which considered in itself aside from its tendency is original in composition, well told and interesting. Yet it is to be doubted whether Saladin was fair toward his adversaries, the clergy. It has been customary among the faithful to represent the freethinker as licentious and use the word libertine in the exclusive sense of a person lax in morals. In Saladin's story we see the reverse of the medal. The evil spirit of the story is a young clergyman whose licentiousness entangles him into such troubles that he sees but one way out, which is to make people believe that he has died. The coffin is filled with stones and buried while he absconds. Devil as he is, he commits new crimes and when detected ends at last miserably in a ditch. We are not pleased with those pious stories which paint the devil red, but we are not pleased either with the infidel stories which paint the devil black. However when the pious complain about the latter, we shall have to point to the former and ask, Who was the first to set the bad example? We consider infidel novels of this type as a natural reaction and any one who has excuses for the former will have to bear with the latter. Saladin is undoubtedly one of the best authors of his kind and his novel will command the same or more interest than Helen Gardner's story "Is this Your Son my Lord?"

HYGIENE OF THE NURSERY. Including the General Regimen and Feeding of Infants and Children; Massage, and the Domestic Management of the Ordinary Emergencies of Early Life. By *Louis Starr*, M. D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son, & Co. 1891.

This neat little volume of 286 pages is full of good advice and instruction to mothers and nurses, and many of the difficulties experienced in raising healthy children will be overcome by studying and carefully carrying out the directions here given. The chapter on Food and Dietary are especially valuable, and include the author's method of sterilising milk for the nursery; too much care cannot be taken in preparing the baby's food, and we heartily endorse the author's condemnation of the deadly feeding-bottle tube. In his preface to the first edition the author says: ". . . . Little or no reference has been made to drugs or methods of medical treatment." This is commendable in a work intended for mothers and nurses, and we see many evidences of the author's caution in this direction. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that the danger of directing a nurse to place the delicate bulb of a clinical thermometer in a child's mouth, did not occur to him. We think decided preference should be given to the axilla. This is the third edition of the book. γρβ.

NOTES.

Liberty, the exponent of Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker's conception of anarchism, says concerning Mr. Horace L. Traubel's criticism:

"Referring to a remark of the editor of *The Open Court*, to the effect that the ethical-culture workers often use the term justice but never take the trouble to define it, the *Conservator* says: 'Nor is it [justice] the only term which the friends of ethical culture, using, do not too sharply define. Definition may ruin as well as make sense and sobriety.' This is a curious confession. Either the teachers use words without attaching to them any clear ideas themselves, or they are unwilling that their listeners shall attach clear ideas to their terms. In either case, nothing will ever come of their efforts. Science without clear definitions is impossible; only theologians and metaphysicians dread the application of scientific methods to their systems. Would Mr. Traubel advise Tyndall to dispense with definitions, on the ground that physical science would be ruined by them? If ethical culture is not scientific, what title has it to our respect?"

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MONISM AND MATERIALISM.

A REJOINDER.

BY PAUL R. SHIPMAN.

Dr. Carus has replied, through one of the two mediums of publication at his command, to certain criticisms of mine, which, I regret to say, have not appeared in either of these mediums; if they had, I should be content to let his reply pass without a rejoinder. As it is, I ask permission to make one.

I said that the monism of Dr. Carus "sets duality in the atom, and runs it throughout existence"; and, in proof of this, cited his assertion that "feeling is not material," that "motion can never be transformed into feeling," that "the interconvertibility of motion and feeling is an error," that the "non-mechanical has nothing whatever to do with the mechanical," that feeling "can impart no impulse," that "the motions of all atoms are accompanied with elements of feeling," that these elements of feeling "produce in certain combinations actual feelings," and so forth, to the end of a long chapter. In reply, Dr. Carus asks, innocently: "Did I ever speak of the duality of atoms?" Not that I know of; I certainly never said he did. I simply showed that his multiform assertion of the immateriality of the elements of feeling, and of their intimate and inseparable coexistence with all atoms, means this or nothing.

Of this showing, however, Dr. Carus has taken no notice. He has not disputed my citations or endeavored to confute my arguments. He has made no further attempt to explain how two things, which he says have nothing whatever to do with each other, and consequently nothing in common, can be one. What he might do, if he tried, I will not conjecture. Perhaps, more potent than Gratiano, he might rail or rally the seal from off the bond—the words from out the printed page; but, till he does, he will pardon me for saying that, like Gratiano, he but offends his lungs to speak so loud.

Dr. Carus also asks, with like ingenuousness, if he ever declared, as I accused him of declaring, that "consciousness is immaterial and will material." He does not disown the declaration, to which my accusation refers, that consciousness is immaterial, and that will is motion, but claims, it seems, that motion, as well as consciousness, is immaterial. Such being his view, how is it (will he tell us?) that motion can act on matter, and that consciousness can not—that consciousness, as he asserts, "can impart no impulse," whilst motion, as he will admit, is a living spring of impulse? Is the immaterial convertible with the material, and not with the immaterial? Or are there degrees of immateriality, and does a chasm, fathomless and spanless, divide the scale—sundering one of these degrees from the rest, as all of them are sundered from materiality? But this by the way. The question of the materiality of motion I will discuss presently in connection with the nature of properties.

It pleases Dr. Carus to imply, what he cannot seriously mean, that I hold materialism in the form imagined by some of his philosophical countrymen in the first half of this century, and he addresses himself particularly to confuting the dictum (as if it concerned me) that thought is a secretion of the brain, saying on this head, among other things, equally irrelevant, though not all equally decorous:

> "Gall is a substance, but thought is not a substance. Gall is a special kind of organised matter, but thought is no matter. If it were, we might bottle it, or preserve it in tin cans. What a fine prospect to buy canned thought at the grocers!"

It is enough to say of this infirm logic, and superannuated pleasantry, not to speak of either irreverently, that thought, while not a secretion, figuratively or literally, is nevertheless the effect of the activity of organised matter; and, as every effect is consubstantial with its cause, the effect of material activity is itself material. "Nothing is immaterial, and everything is material," says the article to which Dr. Carus is replying, "that has anything to do with matter; whatever acts on matter, or is acted on by matter, is material—everything else, provided there is anything else, is immaterial." If this account of the material is true, mind unquestionably is material, and in this relation the sole remaining problem—no doubt a stupendous and superb one—is to trace the processes that emerge in consciousness. And the truth of this account results, necessarily, from the nature of causation, joined

with the principle that action and reaction are equal and opposite.

Matter can neither act nor be acted on without reaction, which includes interaction, confessedly possible between material agents only. But mental phenomena, it is now admitted, spring from the interaction of subject and object; both of which are thereby admitted to be material. From the character of knowledge, thus derived, it follows that what knows must be the same in nature as what is known; "this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof." The whole superstructure of modern psychology is founded implicitly on the materiality of mind.

Furthermore, the materiality of mind is proved by the coextension of matter with reality, as guaranteed by the absolute impossibility of conceiving the negation of this proposition; out of which flows the corollary that mind is a form of matter, since nothing but the mysterious something that we call matter exists—nothing but matter in one or another of its infinite modes.

Moreover, the materiality of mind is proved inductively:—first, by the fact that consciousness is invariably and unconditionally consequent on the action of material forces; and, secondly, by the fixed correspondence of the variations in consciousness with determinate variations in material forces: each of which, if there is validity in the axioms of science, proves that consciousness is the effect of material forces, and, consequently, material, too.

I perhaps should not omit to say that the materiality of mind, in addition to all this, is implied in the very definition of matter which Dr. Carus accepts. In "Fundamental Problems," p. 93, he defines matter as "that which affects our senses," and, in "The Soul of Man," p. 383, as "anything which can effect one or more of our senses." Affecting our senses is a process the product of which is perception, or what psychologists generally misname *sensation*, a psychical product at all events, in whose production the affection consists; so that matter, in affecting our senses, acts on mind—produces feeling—gives rise to consciousness: and, as causation is transformation, the mental effect of this action must be equally material with the action itself, reacting on matter, and setting up therewith the interaction which belongs exclusively to material things. It is an obvious suggestion that perception or sensation is merely the *sequent* of material action, instead of the effect; but, if matter does not produce sensation, so called, it does not affect our senses in the established acceptation of the phrase, for this affection consists purely in the production of sensation. An object unperceived is not considered, popularly or philosophically, as affecting our senses. An impression that stops short of the sensorium is not a sensory impression; so long as the "process" does not emerge in consciousness, it falls short of sensation—is physical, not psychical; and this is true of subconscious or subliminal activities and passivities of every kind. Consciousness is the essence of sensation, as of mental phenomena at large. This observation opens a field into which at present I cannot properly enter.

Having produced this argument to the man or the school, I ask briefly to make one other, more especially *ad hominem*, prefacing it with the remark of Professor Höffding, who therein but vouches for a self-evident truth, that "the conception function (in the physiological sense) implies, just as much as the conception matter or product, something presented as an object of intuition in the form of space." Dr. Carus, in one of his chapters in "The Soul of Man," talks about localising consciousness, and actually suggests that the hemispheric ganglions known as the Striped Body constitute the organ of consciousness; whereby he concedes, unequivocally, I need not say, that consciousness is not only the function of a material organ, but the product of motion, wherein the functioning of a material organ consists: whence it follows, beyond question, not merely that motion can be transformed into consciousness, but that both are material. *Quod erat NON demonstrandum.* But this argument, and its fellow, I throw in for good measure; my intention is not to baffle criticism, but to elicit truth.

Such is my position—the citadel from which I assail the monism of Dr. Carus. This position Dr. Carus has not attacked. He has neither stormed it nor besieged it. He has not so much as summoned it to surrender. He has not come in sight of it; although the shrill note of his fifes, and the rubadub of his drums, announce that he is vigorously marching and counter-marching somewhere in the rear. I respectfully challenge him to show himself. Where does he stand? Does he accept my account of the material? Does he reject the inconceivability of the negation of a proposition* as the ultimate test of its truth? Does he doubt that causation is transformation? Does he deny that an event on which another is invariably and unconditionally consequent is the cause of the other? Does he admit or refuse to admit the canon of induction respecting concomitant variations?

Dr. Carus would seem to have a peculiar notion of the properties of matter—a kind of dissolving notion, which passes insensibly from one notion into another, as he changes his point of view. From the point he occupied when he made this reply, he appears to re-

*I mean a simple and legitimate proposition—one that can be framed in thought, and cannot be decomposed.

gard the properties of matter as a group of co-ordinate abstractions, of which matter itself is one among the rest. He says:

"If we speak of matter we do not mean force. If we speak of force, we do not mean matter. If we speak of form, we mean nothing but relation. If we speak of consciousness, or of feeling, or of thought, we have no reference to either matter, or force, or even form. All these terms are different abstractions of one and the same indivisible reality. . . . The thing moved is material, but the motion itself is not material."

If we speak of matter, we may with propriety mean its properties, whereby we know it, and of which, in the order of thought, force not only is the first, but comprehends the others. When we speak of matter, if we do not mean force, we can mean nothing else than matter in itself, which Dr. Carus says is a nonentity. If he speaks of matter, and does not mean force, therefore, he means nothing.

Force, motion, and the rest, are properties of matter; but that the properties of a thing partake of its nature is a corollary from the definition of properties. Besides, matter is manifested in its properties, and if these are immaterial it must be immaterial itself; so that either matter does not exist, or its properties, with their effects (to the remotest and finest issues), are material. Dr. Carus, indeed, if I understand him, holds that the properties of a thing, as they are known to us, constitute the thing; wherefore, the absurdity of holding that the properties of matter are immaterial should be especially manifest to him. But in this view of properties I do not concur.

Dr. Carus says "Every reality is material," which is saying that everything real, subjective or objective, is material, for to say that anything is real, without being a reality, is to say that it is real without the state of being real, which in turn is to say that it is real without being real. Unless Dr. Carus is prepared to accept this contradiction, he must give up the notion that there is any difference in extension between *real* and *reality*—that *real* may be applied to that of which *reality* cannot be predicated; the extension of *real*, if the tautology may be pardoned, is exactly measured by the objects to which it belongs, whereof all, by virtue solely of the quality it names, are *realities*. The proposition "Everything real is material," and the proposition "Every reality is material," are identical beyond dispute—self-evidently the self-same. Escape from this conclusion is a logical impossibility. So far, so good. But here comes the difficulty. Dr. Carus, in the reply under notice, says with some "feeling," if not "force": "To declare that force, and feeling, and consciousness, and thought, are material does not prove the boldness of freethought, it betrays an immature mind." This is intended to be rough on somebody, and it obviously is, but the somebody, I shudder to relate, turns out to be the author of it. The killing remark puts one in mind of McFingal's gun, which,

"————————Aimed at duck or plover,
Bore wide, and knocked the owner over."

This is the difficulty. That it is an awkward one Dr. Carus will probably own, though he may imagine (his imagination seems abnormal in some directions) that he can manage somehow to right himself, without retracting the admission that has wronged him. Anyhow, I resign the situation into his hands, with cheerfulness, and the best of good wishes.

Dr. Carus never wearies of repeating that *matter is an abstraction;* as if that were a common clincher. Matter is an abstraction, if, from his standpoint or one of his standpoints, we consider it as the raw stuff of material things, marking them off from immaterial things, though, even in this view, it symbolizes a reality; but if, from another and juster standpoint of his, we grant that "every reality is material," then matter is coextensive with reality—is the All—and of course is not abstracted from anything, or possessed by anything. Matter is an abstraction in the view of supernaturalism only—in that of immaterialism it does not, speaking logically, exist at all; in the view of materialism, the idea that matter is an abstraction drawn from things, or inhering in them, is the contradiction of contradictions: matter, in the materialistic view, is itself the sum total of things—absolute, infinite, transcendent.

For my part, I conceive the universe as arising from one element, whereof the mental symbol is what we call matter, and of which the thing we call force symbolises the primary attribute, whereby are evolved all the complexer elements, with their properties, and, through these, the universe as we know it, mind included: all of which, mind not excepted, is resolvable into the original element. The world is a tree of which mind is the blossom and fruit.

This is monism, as I understand it. What Dr. Carus understands as monism, it appears to me, is almost any ism under the sun, except monism. I reckon it a flat self-contradiction. It is a burlesque on monism, unless I mistake both, though a good specimen of dualism—better, if anything, than that of Zoroaster himself, for Light and Darkness may be conceived as shading into each other, and, moreover, in the Persian conception, they have immateriality in common; but the monism of Dr. Carus lacks this shadow of unity. Yet I am open to reason. If he will demonstrate that two things having nothing in common are the same thing, I will cheerfully accept the demonstration; wherever truth leads, I am ready to follow, be it into the jaws of the absurdest-looking paradox. But the demonstration has not yet come forth. Nor does it seem forthcoming.

Prof. Höffding, who agrees with Dr. Carus in asserting the inconvertibility of mind and matter, essays to unify the two by referring both to some *tertium quid*, of which he supposes that they are parallel manifestations. This unification of them, however, abandons their essential heterogeneity, for things that are homogeneous with the same thing are homogeneous with each other; and this result must attend every possible mode of real unification. The parallels cannot be made identical at either end without becoming identical throughout, when they cease to be two, and are one and the same. Dr. Carus himself reaches this result by a short turn. "The simplest conception of the case," he says, "is the monistic view, which considers the parallelism an identity,"* subjoining: "Fechner seems to have hit the mark, when he compared feeling and motion to the inside and the outside curves of a circle." This conception is certainly simple, in one sense (which it is unnecessary to unfold), but bewilderingly intricate in another. If the two manifestations are identical, they are not different, far less so different as to have nothing in common; the only trouble, as well as I can perceive, is that their individual identity leaves the world devoid of one or the other of them, and it is not easy to see how the world can get on without both. But this curious monistic puzzle I hand over to the reader.

The whole question raised by it, as it seems to me, may be put into a nutshell. Mind and matter† are fundamentally the same or fundamentally different. If fundamentally the same, they are interconvertible; and monism is established. If fundamentally different, they are not interconvertible; but monism is exploded. Either way Dr. Carus is fundamentally wrong. If this reasoning is fallacious, in his opinion, I invite him to expose its fallacy—I seek the truth at all hazards; but he will make no head in this direction, by talking around the point, instead of to it, or splitting hypothetical hairs in the face of "unwedgeable and gnarled" facts.

Dr. Carus suggests (though the body of his reply hardly bears out the suggestion) that the difference between him and myself is "primarily a difference of reasoning rather than of opinion," adding, with engaging frankness, though scarcely with his usual lucidity, that I overlook "the fundamental rules of philosophical propædeutics, and this oversight produces, as a secondary symptom, a difference of opinion." Concerning the first part of this suggestion, I will say nothing; but, as for the latter and more learned part, if he is right in his diagnostics, and would have his prognostics indicate our agreement, I advise him, in the immortal figure of Captain Cuttle, to overhaul his propædeutics, and, when found, make a note of. "Whereby, why not?" That important branch of his mental equipment will evidently be none the worse for a very thorough overhauling. Meantime, I rest content in my "opinion," and am not disturbed about my "philosophical propædeutics." Propædeutics, philosophical or otherwise, may be judged by the fruitage. The end crowns all.

* *The Soul of Man*, p. 20.

† The word *matter* I of course use here in the popular sense—as signifying one of the forms of matter in what I conceive to be the true sense.

MONISM OR MATERIALISM.

WE MUST protest from the beginning against Mr. Shipman's calling his article *Monism and Materialism* "a Rejoinder." The article is no rejoinder. Mr. Shipman criticised *The Open Court's* view of monism from the materialistic standpoint in several articles published in *Secular Thought*. We replied to his criticism in the same journal in an article entitled "The Error of Materialism." This article was reprinted in *The Open Court*, we saw another reprint of the article introduced by a few editorial remarks in *The Reform Advocate*. If Mr. Shipman's article were a rejoinder, it ought to appear in *Secular Thought*. We see no obligation to publish it, especially as we received it many months after the controversy. Yet we do not wish that any cause be insufficiently represented in *The Open Court*, nor that the cause which we plead should unduly enjoy the editorial advantages.

Mr. Shipman's present article, is a most vigorous attack couched in strong language, and displaying at the same time an almost enviable consciousness of triumphant superiority. That is the reason we have accepted it for publication,—for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. The present reply shall be brief in order to avoid the wearisomeness of repetition.

* * *

I have said it before and I say it again that the disagreement between Mr. Shipman and myself is "primarily a difference of reasoning rather than opinion; he overlooks the fundamental rules of philosophical propædeutics and this oversight produces as a secondary symptom a difference of opinion." He declares that mind is material, to which I answer: "If mind were material. We might not only weigh it and measure it as we weigh sugar and measure cloth, but we might also bottle it and preserve it in tin cans."

In the present article Mr. Shipman comes and attempts to prove the materiality of the mind. He says:

> "[Mind] is the effect of the activity of organised matter; and as every effect is consubstantial with its cause, the effect of material activity is itself material."

Could anything be a better proof than this, that there is a difference of reasoning between Mr. Shipman and myself?

I object to the maxim that the effect must be con-

substantial with its cause. For instance, the hunter shoots a deer and it dies. The shooting is the cause, the deer's death the effect. Some people who cannot distinguish between the act of shooting and the ball shot, say the ball is the cause, and then argue, the cause being material, the effect must be material too. But if the effect must be consubstantial with its cause, the deer's death ought to consist of lead. It ought to be exactly the same material. But there is no sense in calling any material thing a cause, and still less in saying that cause and effect are consubstantial.

The activity of a material body is not material itself. Activity is motion and motion is change of place. He who maintains that the motion of a piece of matter is material, that the act of changing the place of a piece of matter is itself a piece of matter, is in possession of such a peculiar kind of logic that I can no longer argue with him. His logic may appear to him from his standpoint as a hyperlogic which is not bound to respect the usual rules of logic, but it is and remains radically different from mine.

Suppose we find out on the ground of physiological facts (as I have tried to do in "The Soul of Man,") that a certain part of the brain is the organ of consciousness. Does that prove the materiality of consciousness because it is granted that the brain is material? We might just as well say that the clock, viz., the instrument of measuring time, is material, and that, therefore, measuring time is material. It would further follow that time itself is material also. I should like to know whether any chemist has ever succeeded in analysing this queer piece of matter, called time!

According to Mr. Shipman, everything that exists is matter. He believes in "the coextension of matter with reality"; and he objects also to a discrimination between adjectives and nouns, between "matter" and "material," "reality" and "real." The terms "real" and "reality" are by no means coextensive, nor are the terms "matter" and "material" coextensive. I should not hesitate to say that reality is material, i. e. every concrete existence possesses a quality which affects the senses and which is called material. Reality as a whole in so far as it is or can be perceived by the senses consists of matter. Even ghosts, if there are any, would have at least pro tem to be materialised in order to appear. But reality possesses other qualities too which are not material. So for instance a dog consists of matter, he is material. But he possesses also a special form, which makes of him a poodle or a spitz. Moreover he is sentient, he has feelings. And neither the forms nor the feelings of a dog are matter.

Is it so difficult to understand that all our abstract words, such as matter, form, feeling, etc., have been abstracted from reality? Matter is not the whole of reality but a certain feature of it. What a confusion must arise, if we call everything and anything matter! But such is the materialism of Mr. Shipman. We might with the same reason call everything spirit and on that ground call ourselves spiritualists.

Considering the fact that Mr. Shipman's reasoning follows a peculiar method of its own unintelligible according to the customary rules of logic, it is not at all strange that he is unable to understand the monistic conception which considers subjectivity and objectivity as not being the same but one.

We say, and in this we are in agreement with many prominent thinkers and psychologists of modern times, viz. with Fechner, Clifford, Wundt, Lewes, Ribot, Höffding, Lloyd Morgan, and others, that a feeling is not a motion and a motion is not a feeling; they are different and not interconvertible. Yet a certain feeling and a certain motion (viz. certain nervous actions of the brain) are one, being the subjective and objective aspects of one and the same reality.

Mr. Shipman is unable to see that such a view is monistic; he declares that I "set duality in the atom." I wish Mr. Shipman would leave the atom alone and speak of atoms only when we discuss chemical questions. As to the duality, I do not see why a curve should be called dual because it is said to be concave on the one side and convex on the other side. No mathematician will consider concavity and convexity as identical, nor will he, by making this distinction, have "to set duality" in the curve itself. The curve it self remains one although it possess two sides that are quite different from one another.

If after these explanations Mr. Shipman and myself cannot come to an understanding, I feel satisfied that at least each of us has had a chance of setting forth his view clearly. Our readers are the umpires, who according to their taste may choose between materialism and monism—or if they please, form some other Ism of their own. P. C.

THE SUNSET CLUB ON THE WAY TO UPLIFT THE MASSES.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

It was ladies night at the Sunset Club on the 4th of February, and accordingly the attendance was very large, five hundred and seventy men and women being present at the banquet in the big dining hall of the Grand Pacific Hotel. Miss Frances Willard presided, and the topic was, "How would you uplift the masses?" The most effective speeches were made by women, spiritually and mentally strong, absurdly forbidden by law to take any political part in the work of social uplifting, which never can be completed without their political aid.

Mrs. J. M. Flower opened the debate, and in a very womanly way began to uplift the masses by giving them a good washing in the first place, then some food, and then some clothes. Her social trinity appeared to be soap, flour, and cloth, the triune elements of good and happy life. Dirt, rags, and hunger were the dangerous microbes corrupting our social constitution and filling the body politic with disease. Expressed in Mrs. Flower's own lan-

guage, "Spirituality is incompatible with a craving stomach, and the best mind can be stunted by insufficient bodily nourishment." Therefore she "would begin the work of uplifting the masses by improving physical conditions, and especially the conditions of child life." She would uplift the masses by making law and justice synonymous; she would enforce the laws against trusts; and against child labor. She would improve the habitations of the poor, equalise taxation, establish public baths, and multiply the schools.

For charity in the form of almsgiving Mrs. Flower had only censure. She declared that almsgiving "acts detrimentally on both giver and receiver by quieting the conscience of the one, and by supplying the physical needs of the other at the expense of his independence and self-respect." Instead of alms, Mrs. Flower would give justice. This doctrine, for which I hold myself in some degree responsible, contains a grain of truth and a shipload of error. I am now convinced that it is unsound and at least misleading. Several years ago, in a moment of enthusiastic passion, I said in the "Wheelbarrow" papers that the toilers "ask not charity, but justice"; and ever since I said it the echo of it has been coming back to me in sentiments like those uttered by Mrs. Flower at the Sunset Club. Placing those two sublime virtues in antithesis was a mistake; I ought to have demanded for them "charity *and* justice."

I wish I could stop the spiritual degeneration which the sentiment is making, because if it continues we shall see the time when the poor will get neither charity nor justice. If less charity made more justice, the position taken by Mrs. Flower would be invincible; but the very opposite is true. A study of her own acquaintances will convince her that the men and women most conspicuous for charity are the most inclined to justice. While we are waiting for justice let us go on with the charity, with discriminate charity, I mean, for God loveth a cheerful giver. "It is in the scriptures, Trim"!

While some of Mrs. Flower's projects of reform were generous wishes and aspirations merely, and while she relied a little too securely on the coercive power of governments, the majority of her plans were within the scope of social effort and practical statesmanship. Indeed it would be well if our professional statesmen understood our political needs as intelligently as Mrs. Flower does. Of course there is a suggestion of Utopia in those impossible courts "where politics will not rule, and where law and justice will be synonymous and within the reach of all"; but there was practical politics in her demand that the burdens of government be more fairly distributed; and there was good morals in the contempt she threw upon that system which "taxes the poor man earning his scanty living with his cheap horse and cart, as much on his slim equipment as his rich neighbor on his five thousand dollar turnout." Mrs Flower did well to ridicule that. To fine a man for earning his living with a horse and cart is a travesty and caricature of government.

Dr. E. G. Hirsch was the next speaker, and with rare felicity of expression he showed how strong the temptation was to prescribe some favorite and infallible panacea, education, statutes, charity, temperance, or something else. "With one medicine," said Dr. Hirsch, "the disease cannot be reached. To lift up the masses it is necessary before all to unmass them." He then showed wherein lay the hope and chance of doing it.

According to Dr. Hirsch, before we can uplift the masses we must restore to man his individuality. The massing of men was due to the invention of machinery and the introduction of steam, whereby "men who had to earn their living by the work of their hands were deprived of all individuality." House industries gave way to the factory system which "reduced men and women to the level of mere hands." Following out this train of thought, Dr. Hirsch said, "the factory makes it essential that all wage workers shall live in the neighborhood of the great industrial establishments." The result of this is the tenement abomination, where privacy and healthy development are alike impossible. The value of privacy and room to grow was illustrated by this fine comparison, "As the body requires a certain minimum of cubic feet of fresh air, so the soul, using this term to cover all the functions of man's moral nature, needs at least some space which cannot be invaded by any other person."

It seemed like a poetical dream, but the hope of Dr. Hirsch lay in the development of electricity as a mechanical power, whereby home industries may be restored, and men again become whole persons instead of bits of a machine. There was so much glow of human feeling in his words, that ideal as his prophecy appeared to be, it was impossible not to wish that it might be fulfilled. He said, "The age of steam is passing away. Electricity is the force of the future. It is my conviction that it offers the possibility of reviving the old house industries, allowing room for individuality, and allowing the workers to live comfortably, not in the crowded hovels of the city, but in the laughing homes of healthy suburbs." Eloquent and animated as Dr. Hirsch was, the realisation of his hope is too far distant, even if possible at all. Something must be done to uplift the masses now.

Mr. George A. Schilling followed Dr. Hirsch, and promptly made a claim that the question itself conceded that the masses were down, and that they might be lifted up by human agencies. If the masses are oppressed, he said, there must be something that oppresses them. He averred that merely social and private remedies such as charity, prohibition, and similar expedients were inadequate; and he contended that the problem was one of justice in the realm of economics. He would uplift the masses by setting them free, and he contended that they were under a form of slavery by duress of hunger, cold, the fear of the future, and the love for wife and children which compelled them to sell themselves in the labor market for whatever they would bring. It was not the chattel slavery of old, but it was a form of moral slavery which ought to be abolished.

Mr. Schilling's argument had the merit of specific statement, and his remedies were three, the abolition of land monopoly, of money monopoly, and the monopoly of patents. Legalised privilege concrete in those monopolies was responsible for what Mr. Schilling called "the exploitation of labor." He would abolish all land laws, and make occupancy and use the sole title to land, thus "restoring to the masses those natural opportunities and resources upon which their energies may be employed." There is a high purpose in all that, but I fear the scheme is impossible, at least in this geological epoch. It is doubtless true that land monopoly is a grievance that ought to be abated; it may be also true that natural resources, the inheritance of all the people, are locked up from the masses by the privileged few, whereby the productive power of nature is abridged, and agriculture oppressed with heavy burdens, but I fear the scheme of Mr. Schilling would abolish agriculture altogether. Men will not cultivate land unless they can read their title clear to a certain quantity of it described by metes and bounds. Title by use and occupancy alone is too precarious to justify a man in ploughing land or planting it; in fencing it, or building a barn on it. Security of title is the foundation of agriculture; and agriculture is the support of every other industry. The other social remedies proposed by Mr. Schilling, the Mutual Bank, and the Abolition of the Patent Monopoly, I will refer to at some future time.

Miss Addams of Hull House came next; and the appearance of this young lady created a sensation that will not soon be forgotten by the Sunset Club. Hull House, now famous because of Miss Addams, is conspicuous over there in Darkest Chicago, a mansion owned by that lady, where for the past five years the masses have been actually uplifted through her unostentatious work, and largely

at her own expense. Not many of those present had ever seen Miss Addams, but evidently all had heard of her, for as soon as her name was announced, and she rose to speak, the audience recognised at once that the greatest woman in Chicago stood before them, and the applause was a magnificent and spontaneous tribute of respect. It could not be suppressed, but broke out again and again. It lasted for several minutes, to the embarrassing surprise of Miss Addams, which almost broke her down, but the cheering was a testimonial unmistakable that her good deeds had found her out.

The address of Miss Addams was of wonderful strength and quality. It was democracy set to music, and the religion of social equality inspired every word. The description of Hull House as a social force was condensed and very clear; Miss Addams said: "The Social Settlement of which Hull House claims to be a modest example is an attempt to know the 'masses' as one neighbor knows another neighbor. The residents of such Settlement live among the masses as nearly as possible without a sense of difference. They claim to have added the social function to democracy."

The purpose expressed in that sentiment appears to me to be the most morally scientific solution of the social problem that has yet appeared. It reminds me of the democracy of Robert Burns, wherein the principle of social equality forms its most essential part. The poor, having political rights without social equality, "meet in a saloon," says Miss Addams, "their only host a bartender, and a local demagogue forms their political opinions." Nor, according to Miss Addams, is this equality necessary for the elevation of the poor only, but also for that "fast growing number of so-called 'favored' young people who have no recognised outlet for their active faculties." This somewhat startling doctrine Miss Addams made beautifully clear.

Into educational matters also, Miss Addams would put social as well as political democracy, and this is the style of education obtained at Hull House. How many hundreds of years it has taken to find out what some of us would not have discovered for hundreds of years to come had it not been shown to us by Miss Addams, that, "people who have been allowed to remain undeveloped, and whose faculties are inert and sterile, cannot take their learning heavily. It has to be diffused in a social atmosphere. Information held in solution in a medium of fellowship and good will can be assimilated by the dullest." There is enough genial warmth in that sort of talk to thaw out a good deal of our natural stupidity, and make learning easier to get.

I would gladly quote a little more from the speech of Miss Addams, but Lady Henry Somerset spoke well too, and with admirable grace and elegance. Her speech was magnetic with human sympathy, and very much in the strain made so attractive by Miss Addams. Lady Henry Somerset is President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Great Britain, and in addition to the duties of that office, she performs a work very much like that performed at Hull House. Familiar with the palaces of Belgravia and the slums of Whitechapel there was much valuable instruction in what Lady Somerset said. Her comparison between the social phenomena of England, and those of the United States was valuable. It was kindly said, but there was a solemn warning to Americans in this parallel: "Your problems here, it seems to me, are simpler in some measure, because your evils cannot surely have taken such deep root in your social system; but superficially speaking, I should say that you are meeting to-day exactly the same spectres with which we are grappling in the old world."

Like Miss Addams, Lady Somerset proclaimed the elevating tendency of social democracy upon the masses and the classes too. She expressed the sentiment in a picturesque and vivid way, saying, "There is deep rooted in the minds of men and women a sense that what we have to give is not all that we think it is. We want to bring before them little by little the feeling that they must raise themselves. The moment we attempt to put our hand down or to lift it up, I believe all effort is useless. We need to hold out the level palm and say, 'Greeting to you my brother and my sister' And only that which comes in this spirit, whether we deal with the great problems or whether it is in our social relations, will tell for good when we seek, as we call it, to uplift the masses."

There were other speeches and good ones too, that I should like to review, but my comments are already too long.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETHICAL SOCIETIES AND THE CRITERION OF ETHICS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Your recent criticism* of the ethical culturists seems to me to be very praiseworthy, opportune, and pertinent. It is about time that this sailing of the sea without a compass or chart which is claimed to be the scientific method of ethical culture societies were pointed out as *un*scientific and by no means consistent with the modern spirit of criticism and the rationalising efforts to get at and maintain the possible criterion for conduct or the basis for and the existence of the ethical formula. If we are to be guided by ethical culturists what surety have we that our work, teaching, conduct, is right? If there is or can be no common unit of truth among men built on the conception of the reality and existence of truth itself—truth which as law predestinates not only the human will but determines the rationale and method of conduct, then what ground for positive ethics or authority for right and wrong conduct have we? Will our ethical co-workers say none at all! If so, how do they know this? Will they please oblige us by explaining their reasons for this agnosticism? On the general assumption by them that there is a method in the universe—that the universe is this method, perhaps; why then could not it be formulated, if truth can at all be arrived at, even if the masses should not see it. Is truth to wait before man formulates it, if he can, until humanity is *ready* to see and accept it? It strikes any fair mind that our ethical culturists, are not sure of their ethics or the authority for the same or they would not be so modest and timid about seeking with the rest of us for the only possible criterion for truth, and be so arbitrary and absurd in their belief that because they refuse to be scientific, the other thinkers who differ with them are like the foolish ostrich who knew it all.

J. C. F. Grumbine.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Linguistic Essays. By *Carl Abel*. London: Trübner & Co.

This volume of essays is intended as a contribution towards rendering philology a comparative conceptology of nations, with which object a systematic attempt is made "to realise the psychological significance of the dictionary, and to connect dictionary and grammar by conceptual ties." The meaning of words is explained in groups, each conveying a complete view of a particular notion, and the ordinary mode of discussing grammatical subjects by parts of speech, is supplemented by a classification of inflections and their syntactical combinations according to what they express. The larger part of the work treats of language as the embodiment of a nation's general views of men and things, and the author has brought together some very acute observations on this topic. For example, in the essay on "Language as the Expression of National Modes of Thought," he compares the ideas conveyed by the German word *Freund* and the French word *ami*, tracing the difference between them to the different ideas entertained by the peoples who speak those languages in relation to friendship. In France so slight is the pathos bound up with this

*No. 234.

sentiment, that not only people habitually address each other by the term *ami* in the trivial intercourse of everyday life, but mere acquaintances call each other *amis*. On the other hand, "the German scarcely ever says to his friend, *Mein Freund*. The word denotes too sacred a bond to be lightly used. Only in earnest or excited moments are Germans moved by this lofty name to confess, confirm, or appeal to their intimate relation to each other." Thus the difference in the meaning of the two terms is significant of the difference in the character of the peoples to whom they belong. To this may be added that the German word has preserved a memory of the time when among many peoples, as it still is with some of the Sclavs, the bond of friendship was considered the most sacred of all ties.

Dr. Abel's second essay is entitled "The Conception of Love in Some Ancient and Modern Languages," and it contains much curious matter relating to this interesting subject. The languages compared are Hebrew, Latin, English, and Russian, and in summarising the results the author states that the strength of the Hebrew is shown in the recognition of the love of God to man, the love of man to God, and the common love of men to one another; Latin is distinguished by accentuating obligatory love, inspired by attachment to family, tribe, and country; in English there is "a noble and intelligent development of the concept in all its various aspects"; while Russian has in addition a word peculiar to itself for the different varieties of active love. The religious temperament of the Russians is shown by the fact that their language alone of those compared has a word, *blagost*, which expresses "the love of God to man, universal, all-embracing love."

We must pass over the elaborate study of the eleven English words of command, and succeeding essays, until we come to that which treats on the Origin of Language, which is the subject of most general importance. The author's views as to the origin of language are the result of a study of ancient Egyptian, which possesses certain remarkable features distinctive of really primitive speech. In the more ancient hieroglyphic period Egyptian was largely a language of homonyms, one sound or a combination of sounds being used to denote a variety of things. Moreover, there was the opposite practice of expressing one idea by any one of many sounds or combinations of sounds. Such a language when written would appear to be unintelligible, and it would be so largely, if it were not that, with the exception of certain well understood grammatical abstracts, every word in an inscription is accompanied by a supplementary picture. Dr. Abel draws the inference that gesture and facial expression must have occupied in the spoken tongue the place which elucidatory drawings had in the written language. He says "but half understood as such, primitive speech required to be supplemented by and interpreted by the intelligible motion of the body, the signal given by the head, hand, or leg, the impression conveyed by nod, shrug, wink, glance, or leer." The study made within the last few years of gesture language confirms the truth of these remarks. Probably hieroglyphics were originally intended to be pictorial illustrations of gesture language itself, in which case they would be only indirectly representative of the written words. An advanced stage is marked by the appearance of words definite in meaning and distinct in sound, in place of the numerous homonyms and synonyms, a change which was attended by a corresponding development of the sense of hearing, and the power of definite speech. Similar linguistic phenomena are observable in a close examination of the Aryan and Semitic families of languages. The use of numerous words for the same object, and the application of the same word to different ideas opposes the hypothesis "that speech began as an outburst of uniform inspiration, or that the distinct linguistic sense which to-day connects sound and meaning, had any original existence." What happened, says Dr. Abel, was "the gradual development within rationally confined boundaries of the faculty of appropriating distinct sounds for distinct concepts." Nevertheless this would seem only to throw the difficulty further back unless, as is very improbable, sounds were used almost haphazard to denote many different objects or ideas. Possibly ancient Egypt was populated by a conglomeration of tribes each of which contributed to the common language, which would require gesture to make it properly understood. Hieroglyphics would thus occupy the same position as the Chinese written characters, which are read by various peoples whose spoken languages are totally different from one another.

But ancient Egyptian had other remarkable features, among them the inversion either of sound or of sense, or of both. The author's Coptic Researches contain ninety pages of such inversions and the explanation he gives of them appears reasonable. As to the case of inversion of meaning he shows that it must have been intentional, and that it was due to the primitive practice of thinking by thesis and antithesis, in order to facilitate the comprehension of either of the opposed conceptions. Arabic furnishes many examples of this polar change of meaning, which we would suggest is probably connected with the fact that thought itself is in many cases antithetic. The explanation of inversions of sound is different. Egyptian roots are almost always capable of development by repetition of the initial consonant at the beginning or end of the word, or by the repetition of the terminal consonant at the end. When the initial consonant is repeated at the end, a slightly emphasised pronunciation will produce a complete inversion of the root, added to itself, and the idea expressed by the reduplicated whole will come to be likewise expressed by each of its constituent parts. Dr. Abel accounts for such inversions as "simply instances of the full play given to the speech-making faculty in the first glorious flush of its exuberant spring." He gives various examples of them in the Indo-European tongues, and it is known that they are frequent in languages of a more primitive type. We cannot do more than mention the essay on "Coptic Intensification," which is one of the most valuable studies in a work every part of which is deserving of careful perusal. Ω.

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THE PAINE-CONDORCET DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A hundred years ago Thomas Paine and the Marquis de Condorcet were engaged in writing a constitution for France. Each could read but not speak the other's language and the Marchioness acted as interpreter, and perhaps assisted with her ideas. It is probable that the Constitution so framed was the most thoroughly republican instrument ever framed. It has never appeared in English, but is printed in the works of Condorcet (Paris, 1805). It was offered to the French Convention in February 1793, but did not please the revolutionary "Mountain," which really desired no Constitution, but permanent revolutionism. Thus the document has attracted no study, but it well deserves the attention of those interested in political philosophy. I send you a translation of the Declaration of Rights. It impresses me as far surpassing any other instrument of that kind known in European or American history.

"The end of all union of men in society being maintenance of their natural rights, civil and political, these rights should be the basis of the social compact: their recognition and their declaration ought to precede the Constitution which secures and guarantees them.

"1. The natural rights, civil and political, of men are liberty, equality, security, property, social protection, and resistance to oppression.

"2. Liberty consists in the power to do whatever is not contrary to the rights of others; thus the natural rights of each man has no limits other than those which secure to other members of society enjoyment of the same rights.

"3. The preservation of liberty depends on the sovereignty of the law, which is the expression of the general will. Nothing unforbidden by law can be impeached, and none may be constrained to do what it does not command.

"4. Every man is free to make known his thought and his opinions.

"5. Freedom of the press, and every other means of publishing one's thoughts, cannot be prohibited, suspended, or limited.

"6. Every citizen shall be free in the exercise of his religion.

"7. Equality consists in the power of each to enjoy the same rights.

"8. The law should be equal for all whether in reward, punishment, or restraint.

"9. All citizens are admissible to all public positions, employments, and functions. Free peoples can recognise no grounds of preference except talents and virtues.

"10. Security consists in the protection accorded to society to each citizen for the preservation of his person, property, and rights.

"11. None should be sued, accused, arrested, or detained, save in cases determined by the law, and in accordance with forms prescribed by it. Every other act against a citizen is arbitrary and null.

"12. Those who solicit, promote, sign, execute or cause to be executed such arbitrary acts are culpable, and should be punished.

"13. Citizens against whom the execution of such acts is attempted have the right of resistance by force. Every citizen summoned or arrested by the authority of law, and in the forms prescribed by it, should instantly obey; he renders himself guilty by resistance.

"14. Every man being presumed innocent until declared guilty, should his arrest be judged indispensable, all rigor not necessary to secure his person should be severely repressed by law.

"15. None should be punished save in virtue of a law established and promulgated previous to the offence, and legally applied. A law that should punish offences committed before its existence would be an arbitrary Act. Retroactive effect given to any law is a crime.

"17. Law should award only penalties strictly and evidently necessary to the general security; they should be proportioned to the offence and useful to society.

"18. The right of property consists in a man's being master in the disposal, at his will, of his goods, capital, income, and industry.

"19. No kind of work, commerce, or culture can be interdicted by any one; he may make, transport, and sell every species of production.

"20. Every man may engage his services and his time; but he cannot sell himself; his person is not an alienable property.

"21. No one may be deprived of the least portion of his property without his consent, unless because of public necessity legally determined, exacted openly, and under condition of a just indemnity in advance.

"22. No tax shall be established except for the general utility, and to relieve public needs. All citizens have the right to coöperate, personally or by their representatives, in the establishment of public tribute.

"23. Instruction is the need of all, and society owes it equally to all its members.

"24. Public succors are a sacred debt of society, and it is for the law to determine their extent and application.

"25. The social guarantee of the rights of man rests on the national sovereignty.

"26. This sovereignty is one, indivisible, imprescriptible, and inalienable.

"27. It resides essentially in the whole people, and each citizen has an equal right to coöperate in its exercise.

"28. No partial assemblage of citizens, and no individual, may attribute to themselves sovereignty, to exercise authority and discharge any public function, without a formal delegation by the law.

"29. Social security cannot exist where the limits of public administration are not clearly determined by law, and where the responsibility of all public functionaries is not assured.

"30. All citizens are bound to coöperate in this guarantee, and to enforce the law when summoned in its name.

"31. Men united in society should have legal means of resisting oppression. In every free government the mode of resisting different acts of oppression should be regulated by the constitution.

"32. It is oppression when a law violates the natural rights, civil and political, which it should ensure. It is oppression when the law is violated by public officials in its application to individual cases. It is oppression when arbitrary acts violate the rights of citizens against the terms of the law.

"33. A people has always the right to revise, reform, and change its constitution. One generation has no right to bind future generations, and all heredity in offices is absurd and tyrannical."

BELIEF AND HAPPINESS.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE relation of happiness to belief is a subject that has occupied men's minds from earliest times, and is as inevitable as it is important. My own thoughts have been drawn to it anew by a letter lately received from a friend, a young woman thoroughly alive to all that the busy stirring life of to-day has to offer an active aspiring mind like her own.

Like many others whom the thought of the ideal continually sways, my friend has been strongly attracted in the direction of modern theosophy, chiefly interested, I suspect, in its general claim regarding the essentially spiritual nature of the universe, and less concerned with the special phenomena by which it seeks to make good that claim. In words whose ardent sincerity impresses a less susceptible and more time-worn consciousness with a slight feeling of envy, she describes the feeling of continuous abounding content that has been hers since this spirit side of things has become a fixed mental possession with her. Life has gained in worthy impulse and meaning on all sides, and to a degree that imparts a positive physical buoyancy as well as spiritual uplift and calm. Old causes of discouragement and discontent have disappeared; all that pertains to the merely temporal and material side of things is now reduced to its relative insignificance. Not that the sense of duty has grown less, or the feeling of personal moral accountability waned; on the contrary my friend has for years been actively engaged in the various reformatory and educational movements belonging to a large city, besides being a busy and successful worker on her own behalf in the world of business. But while following one of the busiest and most exacting of professions she lives day after day in the thought of the eternal and the infinite.

I hesitate to use these terms, spoiled, almost, by the fulsome and sentimental use made of them in religion, where pious adoration has so long taken the place of rational belief and the worship such belief has power to inspire. They are the words, however, that define the main reality to all thoughtful minds, words also that postulate a certain kind of belief, of religious belief let us say. The conclusion then seems inevitable that they are the words which point to the only true, safe road of human happiness. I cannot but think, if this is so, that the reason lies as much in their moral as in their religious import; at least that this former reason, if not yet fully recognised, will become more apparent as man grows in clearer understanding of himself. That noble belief of some kind constitutes the only basis of true happiness may be readily admitted, but thought on these subjects is still too obscure and tentative always to be clearly traced to its beginnings, or accurately solved as to its outcome. Admitting the merit of belief in this connection, it is not so easy to determine either its origin or its final, most important effect on men's minds. It is impossible the last should not be of a varying degree and quality, all the elements of individual temperament, disposition and training entering into the problem.

There is little doubt in my own mind that under present tendencies of thought this belief on which human happiness is so dependent is losing its distinctively religious character and becoming a kind as rightly described, ethical. We have not yet begun to surmise the true scope and significance of that term; though I am not among those who look to see it wholly replace both the idea and the terminology of religion. No doubt, however, the thought conveyed by the increasing use of this word is one of widening beauty and meaning to us all. It has won honored place for itself in the field of theological discussion, where once it was ignored entirely, and has become the word of highest worth and meaning to a large body of our ablest thinkers. Daily the ethical element in religion is receiving more and more attention from its special instructors, to say nothing of the unconscious place and influence it is coming to hold over all minds.

It is worth while inquiring, then, whether the happiness we all are seeking and seem to trace to some form of religious belief, has not a nearer cause. May not the rapidly-growing belief in our own kind, the growth of the sentiments of human justice and kindness of a true democracy, have much, perhaps most, to do with an increasing sense of happiness? Whether they have or not, that is certainly a most exalting and enticing thought which bids us seek the motive of happiness in the love and increased well-being of our kind. The noble beauty of George Eliot's hymn, "The Choir Invisible," must impress even those most strongly dissenting from its philosophy, and its power of inspiration is universally acknowledged.

As religion has profited by this infusion of the ethical motive, deepening and enriching all its thought, so it will be found has our general philosophy of life. The questions of abstract philosophy will never lose in importance and interest, but every step here taken shows that it is the *relations these questions bear to practical life*, the pressing problems of conduct, which most endears and sanctifies them to the human understanding.

My friend is very far right therefore when she attributes the free and happy state of mind in which she now finds herself to a renewed conviction of the reality of the unseen side of things, a freshly-clarified spiritual vision; but she does not yet realise what measure of purely human love and aspiration enter into these new beliefs; how her own warm living personality is a part of that spirituality with which she is striving to endow the universe and her own being, its most potent factor indeed, so far as the present stage of affairs goes.

But if my friend has missed the nearer in the more remote conception, I make a still greater mistake in setting one factor of human consciousness over against another, dividing it against itself, when any true means of comprehension lies in an exactly opposite direction; that described in the word "Unity," or as *The Open Court* likes better to define it, "Monism." We cannot separate the ethical from the spiritual in our analysis of men's deeds and motives, however clearly they may seem to separate themselves in our own mental workings.

The causes of happiness are as obscurely located and as hard to define as the cause of life itself, and perhaps it is well; since opportunity is its own chief reward. The happiness and triumphs of life lie far more in the pursuits it offers to heart, hand, and head, than in any results one single struggling career can attain. Belief does bring happiness then, but along with belief in the worth of the world outside ourselves, in some divine purpose ruling it to ends of infinite beauty and wisdom, must go belief in ourselves, as fit instruments for the attainment of those ends, belief in the ethical not less than the spiritual quality of the universe.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE MORAL OUGHT.

COMMENTS UPON PROF. H. SIDGWICK'S VIEW.

The question has been raised by ethical students, How is it that man has the idea of "ought" at all?*

The ideas "right," "moral goodness," "duty," the "ought," etc., are fundamental notions of ethics. As such they should be carefully defined; yet they are frequently used by moralists without an analysis of their meaning. Professor Sidgwick says in his article "Some Fundamental Ethical Controversies," *Mind*, No. 56, p. 480:

> "Different systems give different answers to the fundamental question, 'What is right,' but not, therefore, a different meaning to the question."

Professor Sidgwick adds:

> "According to me, this fundamental notion is ultimate and unanalysable: in saying which I do not mean to affirm that it belongs to the 'original constitution of the mind,' and is not the result of a process of development; that is a question of psychology—or rather psychogony with which I am not concerned: I merely mean that as I now find it in my thought, I cannot resolve it into, or explain it by, any more elementary notions. I regard it as co-ordinate with the notion expressed by the word 'is' or 'exists.' Possibly these and other fundamental notions may, in the progress of philosophy, prove capable of being arranged in some system of rational evolution; but I hold that no such system has as yet been constructed and that, therefore, the notions are now and for us ultimate."

*I owe the suggestion of writing this article to Mr. Salter. He takes the view that the "ought" is an obligation of absolute authority residing beyond facts and beyond the realm of science. Thus my attention was called to the importance of an analysis of the ought-idea itself. Whether or not the ought-idea is conceived as absolute, ultimate, and unanalysable is not a merely theoretical problem, it is of practical importance; for if we suppose that the ought is absolute, ultimate, and unanalysable, we are prevented from inquiring into its nature and come under the spell of a mysticism that debars progress and further philosophical research.

The "ought" is most certainly a fact, or to use Professor Sidgwick's words, it is "a co-ordinate with the notion expressed by the word 'is' or 'exists.'" But he who attempts to describe the meaning of the "ought" will find that it is neither unanalysable nor ultimate; on the contrary it is a complex fact of a very special kind. The expression "ought" represents a certain relation among the ideas of a living, thinking, and acting creature.

By "analysing an idea," I understand, as Professor Sidgwick expresses it, "a resolving it into more elementary notions." All our notions are descriptions of facts. Those notions which represent a complex state of things accordingly are analysable, they can be described as certain relations or certain configurations of more elementary and more simple facts. Analysing is at the same time classifying. The most elementary and most simple facts would be those qualities of phenomena which are a universal feature of reality. And it is a matter of course that something that is universal can in its turn be no further subsumed under more general views. Analysis as well as classification ends with the universal and simplest qualities of existence.

The mind of a living being consists of many impulses the origin of which is a problem that belongs (as Professor Sidgwick declares of the "ought"), to psychogony. Yet the subject is too important to be left out in ethics and if Professor Sidgwick knows of no system that can analyse such facts as the ethical impulse of "the ought," it is highly desirable to do the work.

* * *

Impulses are tendencies to pass into action. To pass into action is an incipient motion. What is motion?

Motion is change of place. Hydrogen and oxygen when brought into contact show a tendency to combine; they exhibit an incipient motion. A ball placed on a slanting surface will roll down; it is going to change its place and this state is an incipient motion. The process of chemical combination and the rolling ball are motions, but no actions; they are not deeds of rational beings.

The word "action" is used in two senses, (1) to designate the purposive deeds of rational beings; and (2) to denote a certain view of motion, which should include every kind of efficiency, not only real motions, i. e. changes of place, but also pressures where the effect of the action is to counteract another action of equal force: thus the result of $+1$ and -1 is a zero of motion, or rest. In this wider sense of the word we speak of the action of oxygen upon other elements and the action of a resting stone that exercises a pressure. Action in the narrow sense of the word, designating the deeds of rational beings, is a very complex kind of motion. There is some additional feature in action. What is that additional feature?

Action is purposive motion. What is purpose?

Purpose is the aim of the actor.

Has the rolling ball no aim? Yes it has an aim. Motion cannot be thought without possessing a definite direction. Every gravitating body has an aim. It does not always reach its aim, but that is of no account. Every chemical atom that combines with another atom has an aim. Every piece of reality is acting somehow in a definite way. The end of the direction of its action is called the aim of its action. If there are obstacles preventing a motion reaching its aim, the motion comes to a rest. That is the end of the motion, yet not the end of the activity of the moving body. The action of the moving body (i. e. in the wider sense of the term "action") continues in the shape of pressure in the direction of the aim.

These processes are described by the physicist who uses the terms kinetic and potential energy to represent the two forms of the activity of acting things. All acting things are real. Their activity is that feature which makes them real. Activity in this sense of the term is called in German *Wirklichkeit*, and *Wirklichkeit* at the same time means "reality."

Every motion having an aim, purpose must be something more than "aim"; and indeed it is. Purpose is the conscious representation of an aim. The falling stone has an aim. If the stone were conscious of its aim, we should say, that the falling stone has a purpose.

This then is the main difference between motion and action, between aim and purpose. Action (in the narrow sense of the term) is conscious motion, and purpose is a conscious aim.

* * *

Action and motion are different, but on the other hand they possess something in common. The similarity between action and motion is their spontaneity.

The gravity of a stone acts in a certain way according to the stone's position. This gravity is a quality of the stone, it is part of its existence, it is its intrinsic and inalienable nature. There is not a force outside the stone that pushes it, there is no external so-called "cause"* that makes it fall, but the stone itself falls. The stone falls because that is its nature, and when lying on the ground it exercises a certain

* This wrong usage of the term "cause" has discredited the idea of cause, so that philosophers rose to say, there are no causes whatever. Their intentions were right; there are no causes acting as agents upon things. But this wrong usage of the term cause is no reason to discard a useful idea. Causation is transformation and the term "cause" should mean only the relatively first motion in a series of motions representing in a certain process the start of the transformation which can be arbitrarily selected, and "effect" the final state of things with which the process ends. (See *Fund. Prob.* pp. 96—104.)

pressure, because that is its nature. In certain positions this same nature, called "gravity," acts as motion, in others as pressure; but throughout it is spontaneous activity—spontaneous, because rising out of its own being, and characterising its real nature.

This same spontaneity is found throughout reality, in organic nature, and also in the conscious actions of living organisms. The spontaneity of living organisms is so immediate that men have always believed that their actions (in the absence of compulsion) are their own doing and that they are responsible for their actions. This state of things has been called freedom of will. And certainly this conception is not based upon error, it is true. Yet men noticing that actions performed without the compulsion of others are spontaneous expressions of the actor's character, forgot that this is true of all activity in nature. The light burns because it is its nature to burn. The burning is spontaneous. The oxygen combines with the fatty substances of the oil in the wick not because there is a so-called "cause" operating upon it, but because the oxygen is a reality of a definite nature and to enter under this condition into a combination with certain atoms of combustible materials is this nature of the oxygen. Its action is spontaneous just as much as a man's action is spontaneous.

There is no reality but it is possessed of spontaneity, nay reality is spontaneity itself; and the constancy of this spontaneity makes it that natural processes, the actions of men included, can be foreseen and predetermined; or as the scientist expresses it that all nature is governed by law—not that there were a law from the outside imposed upon the world, but that the nature of everything that exists is constant in all its changes, that accordingly it exhibits regularities which can be described in formulas called natural laws.

Natural law is no oppression of nature. Natural law is only a description of its being; and nature is free throughout. Everything in nature acts not as it must, but (to speak anthropomorphically) as it wills, i. e. according to its own being.

* * *

Man's actions are distinguished from the motions of so-called inanimate nature in so far as he is conscious of his aim. The aims of so-called inanimate nature are not conscious, they cannot be called purposes. Conscious beings alone can have purposes. The problem of the origin of consciousness accordingly will also solve the problem of the origin of purpose and purposive action. We have treated the problem of the origin of consciousness at length on other occasions, which briefly recapitulated is as follows: *

Consciousness is a certain feature of our existence which is best characterised as awareness. Consciousness is not objective existence, it is not matter and not motion: it is subjective existence. Consciousness is a complex state of simpler elements and these simpler elements are called feelings. The simplest feelings a man knows of are perceived as awarenesses of certain states. Feelings as they are perceived and known have a meaning, and this meaning originates by comparison with other feelings and memories of feelings. Feelings represent something, and that which they represent is called the object. A feeling organism feels itself as a body, as an objective thing among things. This body affects and is affected by other bodies and it feels differently as it is differently affected. Although other bodies like our own body belong to and are a part of objective existence, we communicate with them and cannot deal with them otherwise than by treating them as possessing subjectivity. We regard them as conscious beings like ourselves. Their feelings, their consciousness cannot be seen, but their whole attitude indicates that their feelings are analogous to ours. It is natural that feelings cannot be seen, or observed, for they are not objective states but subjective states. They are felt by the subject that is feeling. Our own feelings would appear to others who looked into our pulsating brain as motions, so it is natural that the feelings of others can appear to us likewise as motions only. Motion and feeling accordingly are the subjective and objective aspects of reality.

Every feeling is objectively considered a motion, but not *vice versa*. Not every motion is a feeling. Feelings are in their objective aspect very complex motions. Yet while we do not say that every motion is a feeling, we say that every objective existence, is at the same time a subjective existence, and this subjective existence which seems of no account in inorganic nature, is no mere blank, it is, not feeling, but potentiality of feeling; it contains the germs of psychical existence, and this leads to the inevitable conclusion that the world is throughout spiritual in its innermost nature. That which appears to a subject as objectivity is in itself subjectivity, that which appears as matter is in itself spiritual: either actual spirit or potential spirit.

We can form no idea of the subjective existence of inorganic nature, but its objective existence is grand enough to satisfy us. The subjectivity of the sun for instance may be as grand as the enormous amount of energy that carries his light through cosmic space, an extremely small part of which is intercepted by the earth where it is the main source of light and life and joy. Yet whatever be the subjectivity of inorganic nature, apparently it does not consist in representations. Representations originate only with the rise of feelings when feelings acquire certain meanings, and when subjectivity becomes representative we call it mind.

* See *The Soul of Man*, pp. 23-45

Living organisms are active beings, and with the rise of consciousness the aims of their actions become purposes.

Suppose a conscious being were possessed of one purpose only, his action would be determined by that one purpose. Yet living beings are very complex and the memory-structures of their minds will under certain circumstances naturally suggest in a rapid succession several propositions of which one only can be selected as a purpose. The conflict among these several propositions, which are called motives of action, will cause a delay, this conflict is called deliberation, which lasts until the strongest motive has overcome the resistance of the other motives.

The strongest motive at any one moment is by no means the strongest motive at other moments. Thus actions are done which afterwards would not have been done. If a man considers a former action performed through a motive that has lost its strength, he pronounces the verdict "I ought not have done it."

This "ought" is not as yet the moral ought. The moral ought is still more complex.

If a man has a certain purpose and performs an action in compliance with that purpose but fails in realising his purpose, he says, I ought to have acted otherwise in order to attain my purpose. His means to the end were inadequate. If on another occasion he follows the same motive, he says to himself, I have more carefully to consider the means to the end I have in view.

This idea of "I have to" is again an ought, but it is not as yet the moral ought.

The choice among several motives to do a thing, or among several ways of doing a thing is the condition of any ought. The idea that this or that will have to be regretted or will fail, that another thing will not have to be regretted and will succeed, leads to the formulation of rules. These rules appear to him who has the intention to obey them, as an ought.

It is natural that those motives which promise pleasure are stronger than others. Almost all the rules of ought are to protect a man against the temptation of his pleasure-promising motives.

The idea of ought in general is a very complex idea, yet the moral ought is still more complex. What is the moral ought?

Man is a social animal. Society is not merely a collection of individuals, but the individual is a product of society. An individual that is prompted by egotistic motives alone will always fail in the end; and suppose that a certain man's fate were an exception, that he succeeded by a favorable combination of circumstances, death will defeat him after all.

A man in whom the idea of his being a member of a family, of a nation, of humanity, is a live presence, will feel bound to stand up for the common welfare with equal or even more energy than for his private interests. He is impressed with the importance that everyone in his place has to attend to the work allotted him, and he himself will be serious in the performance of what he is wont to call duty.

Duty is formulated as a norm or a prescript which is to be the highest motive for action and the intent of the moral man is to make it unbendingly strong so as to overrule all other considerations.

* * *

To sum up:

We have seen that the moral ought is not unanalysable, it is not an ultimate notion. It is a very complex mental fact which admits of analysis and a description of both its origin and its nature. The moral ought is a special kind of any ought or of any rule of action devised for the guidance of conduct. Conduct is a special case of natural processes; it is a motion plus purpose, purpose being an aim pursued with conscious intention. And aim, again, is one constituent feature of motion. There is no motion without aim. The ought grows from the realm of inorganic existence together with the unfolding of mind in animal organisms and it reaches its grandest development in the moral ideals of man.

Professor Sidgwick has sufficiently guarded his statement, saying that he merely means he cannot now resolve it into or explain it by any more elementary elements. Nevertheless it is not advisable to deal with a fundamental idea as if it were unexplainable or unanalysable and thus cast the glamor of mysticism over the whole realm of the most important and practical of sciences. There are ethical students who follow blindly the authority of such a great teacher as is Professor Sidgwick and they are too apt to forget the cautious limitation of his words preaching the mystery of the ought in its transcendent incomprehensibility.

There are always minds who love to live in the twilight of thought, who think that the unintelligible is grander than that which can be understood; and these minds seize eagerly upon every expression that throws a shadow on science, that dwarfs philosophy, and makes human knowledge appear dull and useless.

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Yesterday was Washington's birthday, and the celebration of it as described in the papers of this morning, was inspired by such an exuberant and thrifty patriotism as must excite the wonder of the world. At Albany the Democrats assembled in honor of the day, and tagged their platitudinous platform to the tail of Washington's coat; under the belief, not altogether vain, that some people with votes to give, will honor it as a piece of the original garment. At Detroit the Republicans adopted the same stratagem; and at St. Louis, the People's Party, or whatever the name of it is, did the same thing. Under the guise of patriotism,

each of them pressed the memory of Washington into the service of party; and all of them spent the day in coining the glorious legacy left by Washington to all his countrymen into political capital for themselves. Are there not enough days for faction outside of Washington's birthday? In Chicago the great theme was not profaned by party politics. We asked nothing of the mighty shade of Washington, except a little help in Congress for the benefit of the World's fair.

* * *

Political contradictions enough to fill the old curiosity shop were offered up yesterday at the shrine of Washington, and his festival day was principally devoted to the science of "winning elections." In the name of Washington, Senator Hill spoke to the democrats at Albany, and referring to the tariff, he said, "It is a maxim of sound policy better fitted to *win elections* than to lose them; better dividing into easy chapters the lessons of a long campaign of education, abolish whenever you can one after another, one indefensible tax at a time." The sentiment and the grammar of that "maxim" are both bad, although not any worse than those proclaimed by the republicans at Detroit, and by the People's party at St. Louis. While Mr. Hill at Albany was "improving the occasion" to declare his policy, Mr. McKinley at Detroit was covering it with ridicule, as if it were a mere motion for continuance, or some other dilatory plea; an excuse for treachery or cowardice. In rollicking banter, Mr. McKinley said, "The democratic party will not repeal the tariff in twenty-five years. They have started in to repeal it item by item, and there are two thousand five hundred items in it." And thus it was that party avarice begun the political strife of 1892 on the birthday of Washington.

* * *

"A plague on both your houses," exclaimed the People's convention at St. Louis, also in the name of Washington; and with no better taste than the others, the third party threw in its little contribution to the discords of the day. Said the tautological Mr. Polk, the President of the convention, "We want relief, we demand that we have relief, we will have relief, and I repeat, we must have relief, if we have to wipe out the two old parties from the face of the earth." This threat of wiping out the two old parties ought to have general approval; and on any other day than Washington's birthday I rather think it would be a beneficial thing, but considering that the "two old parties" include within them about nineteen twentieths of all the people, it will not be an easy task for Mr. Polk to wipe them out, although Mr. Ignatius Donnelly offered to perform a still more difficult feat. He agreed to "wipe the Mason and Dixon line out of the geography, and the color line out of politics." Mr. Donnelly would also undertake for a very small wager to wipe out the ecliptic, and pull up the North pole.

* * *

Chicago honored the day by patriotic exercises at the public schools, by appropriate services in the churches, by civic banquets of great magnificence, by generous hospitality to senators and representatives from Washington, and by a great meeting at the Auditorium addressed by Gen. Stewart Woodford, of New York, a very eloquent orator. From the life, character, and work of Washington, General Woodford drew a beautiful moral, wherein he showed that it was the duty of Congress to make a liberal appropriation for the World's Fair. "We want no unseemly, wasteful, and barbaric extravagance," he said, "and we will tolerate no pitiful, niggardly, and miserly meanness." This, from a citizen of New York was very magnanimous; and the same feeling was manifested by the guests from other states, who, in the figurative language of one of the reporters, were "sojourning within the gates."

Generous as was the before dinner oratory of General Woodford, it was parsimonious economy when compared with the after dinner eloquence of the clubs, a gushing artesian well whose bountiful flow actually persuaded the people of Chicago that we were too modest in asking Congress for only five million dollars, when we might have had fifty millions. Mr. Doan, a member from Ohio, said that he had "heard a congressman say *just after dinner* that he was willing to vote a hundred million dollars to Chicago." Judging from the "Menu," which by the way, was published in the papers, I should think that any member of Congress who would not vote that way, after enjoying such an aristocratic and indigestible free lunch would show himself ungrateful, especially when the millions came not out of his own pocket. Merely reading the "Menu" was equal to an ordinary meal; and a stimulant strong as a common drink was the suggestion artfully scattered through the bill of fare, about Old London Dock Sherry, Pommery Sec, Cognac, Liqueurs, and Siberian Punch, to say nothing of Chateau La Rose, and Chateau Yquem, which I think are wines of rare and precious vintage; although for anything I know to the contrary they may be the French names for turnips and potatoes, but I think they are Baronial brands of wine; nectar that has been ripening in the cellars of old castles these hundreds and hundreds of years. The Siberian Punch was poetry in bottles. What inspiration it would give to a Tennyson or a Browning, when a couple of glasses of it could make a newspaper man talk thus, "And so supper waned and champagne flowed. The immaculate china was soiled, the flowers withered as eyes grew brighter, and the time came as it always comes, when desire was satisfied, and when the things that were good became vanity. And only the curling, evanescent blue cloud of the Havanna did not pale upon animal satiety."

* * *

Intoxicated by the "evanescent blue cloud of the Havanna," as by voluptuous incense, Mr. Enloe, a member of Congress, I think from Tennessee, showed his political sagacity and his knowledge of the world by giving to his hosts this most valuable bit of counsel, "I advise you," said he, "to get the appropriations committee to come out here and see what you are doing. They are a lot of men whose brains need enlarging." Mr. Enloe had seen how the dinner and the Siberian Punch had enlarged the brains of his colleagues at the feast, and he thought that if the committees on appropriations could be Chicago's guests for a couple of days their brains might be enlarged in the same way. Mr. Enloe's advice ought to be acted on at once, because one member of the appropriations committee is worth ten of the other kind; and the recipe which Mr. Enloe found so effectual, will be just as good for the appropriations committees if we can only get them here. Of its power to enlarge the brain, I had convincing evidence this morning, when a member of Congress who was at the banquet, was bidding good bye to a friend. "I do not like your Chicago drinks," he said; and when his companion asked him why, he replied thus, "Well, I had some of them at the banquet last night; and this morning, when I tried to scratch the top of my head, I had to reach up about four feet to get there, my brains were so enlarged."

M. M. Trumbull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

I wish to call attention to one or two statements made by J. C. F. Grumbine in his last article in *The Open Court* on "The Present Religious Revolution."

He says, "The right path (meaning the path of action) is right because it is the path of least resistance, and affords man the greatest possible and the highest quality of enjoyment." "The

wrong path is wrong because it is the path of greatest resistance and affords man the least possible and poorest quality of enjoyment." I cannot agree with him in these statements. There is truth in the statement that "man must be born anew." Man is in a constant state of development. He is born with tendencies and aptitudes founded on all his past in lower conditions. These tendencies and aptitudes are both good and bad and both mark alike the paths of least resistance. Constant action will in the lower conditions form paths of least resistance; these paths are carried to a higher condition where they are the natural paths of least resistance also, but where action along them would bring evil consequences. Action along the paths of least resistance does not always "afford the greatest possible and highest quality of enjoyment," nor does action along the paths of greatest resistance "afford the least possible and poorest quality of enjoyment," on the contrary it may and does often afford just the reverse.

The paths of least and greatest resistance cannot be the determining principles of action. There is a constant changing of the paths of least and greatest resistance. Our knowledge of the universe and our relation to it is constantly changing and increasing. As we develop and society grows and develops new relations are necessitated and there must be corresponding change of action regardless of the paths of least and greatest resistance.

Minneapolis, Minn. LEROY BERRIER.

THE EFFICIENCY OF WOMEN IN FINE WORK.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

A WATCHMAKER friend of mine surprised me with the information that there were no women watchmakers. I told him that the delicate manipulations required in watchmaking, it would seem to me, could be best performed by women, but he said that they were very efficient in such fine work as in the manufacture of the single parts, but when it came to the assembling of the pieces and the minute adjustment and general horological judgment, they had proven themselves incapable.

I think it would be well to ventilate the subject and ascertain whether my friend is mistaken or not.

Yours sincerely,
S. V. CLEVENGER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NATURAL RELIGION. By the Rev. *Theo. W. Haven*, Ph. D. New York: Twentieth Century Publishing Company. 1892.

This little book is a collection of fifteen sermons which are broad as well as religious. The reader will look in vain for the author's creed, and we are at a loss where to place the reverend Doctor who must send his articles to *The Twentieth Century* to find a publisher. We note the following subjects from the table of contents: "Normal Living is Religion," "The Religion of Health," "The Religion of Mind," "God and Man." Dr. Haven quotes Christ's word "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He concludes the article:

"Walk in the light of your eyes, with ears open, of your native sense, your judgment and your reason, of pure and spotless emotion, and beneath the brightly burning stars of your moral sense, and thou shalt behold God."

Other chapters treat of: "Conscience," "Duty," "Heart," "Character," etc. In the article "The Moral Sense God-Given," the author does not appear to be clear as to the meaning and origin of conscience, and in the article "Intimations of Immortality" he tells us too little about immortality. He pictures man's want of a continuance of life, when love kisses the lips of death, but he stops short when the reader expects to hear the author's own opinion on immortality.

The appearance of the book is a good sign of the times. There are not many reverend gentlemen like Dr. Haven. κρς.

SHAKESPEARE AND JOAN OF ARC.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

"STRUMPET"? Oh, Shakespeare, was your heart so blind?
What fair ideal is there, all your own,
That casts no shadow by the light of Joan?
Her love prevailed beyond the strength of mind.

A simple woodland flower, pensive, kind
And fearful till she heard the time make moan
And that great pity on the realm and throne
Grew lily royal over king and hind.

Proud vengeance this on her who turned to sheep
The wolves of Crecy and of Agincourt!
Was faith in France triumphant infamous?

Or did you cast the groundlings bait so cheap?
How well might honest gain of such a sort
Play minion to the gold of Pandarus.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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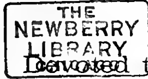

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MODERN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

BY LOUIS J. BLOCK.

The world of art is a world of reflections. As in some magic mirror phase after phase of human life and experience glitters across that polished surface and gives place to others, subtler and nobler as the ages proceed. For whatever the past has done, and to what extent soever certain aspects of expression, whether in words or marble or color, have been carried to their limits, and exhausted in the entire range of their possibilities, yet to each perfected flower and fruit as it hangs and glows on the marvellous tree of time, another succeeds which touches deeper sensibilities, presents the story of the everlasting idea in a newer and more seductive guise, discloses depths of nature and heart and mind the earlier artists dreamed not of.

The history of art is the history of the human soul. The babbling infant, ages ago, sought to sing to itself its thought of the world that it saw around it, and the abyss that it felt within it; the religious tales of the older time remain as a precious heritage to these latter years; successively the deep heart of humanity has told to itself in vast piles of architecture, or wondrously chiseled marble, or passionate commixture of colors, the old, old story of its hopes and aspirations, its beliefs and its convictions, its worships and its venerations. To understand these progressive manifestations of human power and tendency, to grasp them in their unity and intention, is to learn a lesson in the comprehension of the world.

The art of the world has developed in a series of progressive phases which are manifestations of the successive unfolding of the human spirit. The environment in which humanity dwells overshadows at first with its immensity and vague generality the earlier efforts of intelligence. Complete consciousness and separate understanding of the self as opposite, and in a measure antagonistic of the world, both natural and spiritual, are ripe developments of the spirit, and only attained after ages of struggle and resistance. The human soul confronted by this vast and moving spectacle, which we have learned to call the universe, swoons back as it were into unity with it, and can only murmur inarticulately and dimly its reverence, its fear, and its hope of enswathement in universality, and consequent freeing from the torments of growing individuality. The oriental peoples illustrate fully this tendency. To them the flight of time meant so little that they have developed no consistent histories of their progress and advancement. They lived in a luxury of the imaginative consciousness, an ecstatic half-slumber, in which their personality was continually on the verge of extinction into the all—Nirvana, as the Buddhist devotee calls it, in which somehow mystically without volition of his own the illimitable potencies of the universal life sway through him and the thin shell of his distinctive personality is a constantly obliterating shadow before the splendor of the All-light that is to suffuse him. Nature to such minds had no separate existence and could therefore be neither an object of representation or study. In that twilighted consciousness the exquisite form of tree and flower and cloud floated bathed in the irradiation of an idealising tendency, but always as an accompaniment of the wished for realisation, the breaking down of the barrier of the self before the imposition of the larger life that had neither limitations nor characteristics such as constitute the essence of things we know by the processes of the reason. Government under such spiritual conditions could only be a tyranny, history only the baseless and capricious transference of power from dynasty to dynasty, each as irresponsible and as little devoted to human amelioration as its predecessor. In such a dream-life, art could only manifest itself in massive and symbolic structures, whose chief significance lay rather in another formalising of the one idea of unity with the All, the divine, the universal, than in any specific content of its own.

To the Greek the problem presented itself anew, and with fairer chances for a successful solution. In his rocky peninsula, sea-girt and island-girt, life put on a severer face, and spurred to loftier achievements. The awaking from the dream became inevitable. Under those sapphire skies, and fanned with the glorious salt winds of the neighboring sea, overlooked by the solemn mountains, and urged by the intractable soil, face to face with Mother Earth, who offered her gifts

of subsistence and leisure only to strenuous effort, confronted by hordes of orientals who came upon them like devastating swarms of locusts, and engaged in heroic rivalries with each other, that people could do nothing less than be aroused to an appreciation of what humanity was, and how nobler than the environment was the human heart that pulsated beneath each fleshly covering. It was the morning song of joyance and delight, when humanity first knew itself, and the darkness of the night fled never to return as it had been. Freedom, clearness, ecstasy became the appanage of the human spirit. The noblest study of man was man. Human individuality was recognised as the ground of history, and the basis of progress. Art reveled in this discovery as never before or since. With a passsion of pleasure she plunged into the novel realm, and produced her splendors of creative success, which can be neither equalled nor surpassed. Out of her marble quarries, she evocated those representations of humanity, which glitter through all the ages as white miracles embodying the perfection of human naturalness. She placed on hilltop and acropolis harmonies of line and proportion, which were as unconsuming beacon-lights to all the nations, proclaiming the worth of individuality, gloriously finished as the outer temple, in which it was worshipped. She sang her deathless songs of the greatness of the heroes who ploughed the unknown seas like the Argonauts, in search of the golden fleece, conquest of the unknown world that darkened around her, or she hymned the worth of human perfection in the Achillean demand for sufficient recognition, or in the victory of Ulysses over the weltering wastes of ocean and tumultuary disaffection at home, or in the sacrifice of human life at the shrine of beauty, beauty so transcendent that all claim of conscience or government or domestic attachment shriveled before its flame like flax or paper. But to her, Nature was only as an orchestral accompaniment to the grander human chorus. Her sculptors had no need of other background than her silver-wooded mountains, and pale blue sky arched over foam-flowered waters. Painting had a beginning to be sure as a separate art, but landscape painting had no sufficient motive in the national idea. Even descriptions of nature are rare in Greek poetry, and are never introduced as in modern times for their own sake, but as accessories to the human emotion that underprops them. Indeed, to a Greek, nature as such was unworthy of real attention; except as accompanying the special myth to be represented, she was unfit to be made the subject of a serious artistic effort.

Genuine landscape painting, it must be seen from what has been said, could in those days have barely raised its first slender stalklet and leaf above the soil. The conditions for its successful prosecution did not exist. We have accounts of painters, who had made large advances in their art; the secrets of perspective and light and shade were not unknown to them, but the art as such was barely rising above the horizon of human consciousness. The world had yet many steps to take before she reached the plateau whence nature shone back to her as a reflex and symbol of all her strivings, and therefore a marvellous material for the expression of her deepest moods and most graceful fancies.

But the Greek seized his solution wholly on the natural side. Life to him was the joyous equipoise of man and nature, the happy flow of thought into sense, and the transfiguration of sense into thought with no consciousness of the depth of spirituality involved in his own being and destiny. While upon the earlier civilisation destiny and the movement of things pressed like a weight no effort could alleviate or lessen, there came with the bursting of these bonds the delightful consciousness that man and nature were natural complements of each other, that achievement and manifestation, hope and realisation were the opposite faces of the same shield, that to think was to be, and that existence was not to be conceived without thought. His perfect art is but the necessary expression of this equilibrium attained once and once only on the earth. He and his work are the "one thing finished in this hasty world."

But the content of life could not rest here; summit after summit loomed yet to be climbed, outlook upon outlook shone in the growing illumination of the everlasting day of the world, yet to be reached, whence life assumed an aspect for other than had yet been surmised or anticipated. It is the glorious privilege of the race thus forever to tread upon exaltations which the previous realisation hinted or but vaguely foreshadowed. We cannot tell whither the next opening of the doors of time will lead us, into what realms of splendor we are advancing, upon what new scenery our eyes are yet to open.

Suffice it to say here that individuality had been recognised as the counterpoise and co-equal of nature. The eyes of the nations had been directed within, and the depths of spirituality were now to be explored. The Roman is the incarnation of will, resistless, unvanquishable will, But he is essentially prosaic; he has no art of his own. He has wit enough to borrow from his neighbor the Greek, and make him subservient to his luxury and caprice. His view of the landscape is that of the kitchen garden; his poetry is didactic and tells us how to cultivate the soil and get the most abundant crops. But yet the will is the deepest internality of man, and the step forward has been taken. The whole world of the inner life, the secrets of the heart and conscience, the mazes of hu-

man aspiration begin to dawn upon us. Heaven lies within us; and now for the first time the outer fades from the view, is looked upon as a mean and degrading accessory, is relegated to the limbo where dwell the evil and satanic potencies. As formerly nature and life had been seized abstractly and as all dominating, so now the soul of man is looked upon as the only verity, and the environment, the life outside and around, sinks into the shadow of disrepect and depreciation. But such abstraction could not last long; nature must reassert herself; once more the soul and the world confront each other; but with deepened content. As the soul had grown richer by the contemplation and knowledge of itself, so nature forced into relief has become an abyss where the student might spend his days and nights and never come to an end with his ceaseless meditations. But to the artist nature is now the symbol of that which is rarest and noblest in the heart of man; he can contemplate her in her separateness, and yet give her that human interest without which no art product can be successful. Nature is to him but undeveloped man; all the contents of the soul are mirrored in her restless movement, in her vast and heaving waters, in her night glittering with stars, in her valleys encircled by her snowy mountain peaks.

We see the growing sentiment of nature in the works of the old painters. Giotto released the human figures from the gold background into which the Byzantine painters had sunk them. The artist could not resist the charm of this innovation; he began to hollow the distances in which his personages were placed, and spend his loving care upon the depth of sky or green expanse of field or meadow which engirt his creations. Perspective, which, had, with the rest of the learning of the Greeks, been submerged for a time in the deluge which had destroyed the ancient world, was re-discovered, and a whole vision of unachieved possibilities crowded upon the apprehension. It was thus that "with the beginning of the fifteenth century, there appeared a new and independent development of painting, which aims more universally at a powerful conception of nature, at a more radical study of form, and at a more complete perfection of coloring and perspective." So in the attempt of the artists of the fifteenth century it often happens, that "the incident is no longer the main matter, but it serves them, as it were, with a pretext for the life-like conception and representation of reality. Hence they place their figures in rich landscape scenes, and delight in magnificent architectural backgrounds, introducing their own contemporaries, in the costumes of the day, as interested witnesses of important events."

Thus spirit has travelled through the long course of ages, and discovered its own depth and significance, and thus too nature, the opposite of spirit, has been thrust into bold antithetic relief, and become a genuine object of study and contemplation. But while nature has thus been found to be the opposite of spirit, yet this antagonism is resolved into unity, inasmuch as, threading nature, and converting it into a systematic interplay of potencies, are found laws whose significance is perceived only by viewing them as forms of rationality, of the infinite reason. Nature and spirit are thus but opposite manifestations of one substance, and the former reflects the latter throughout its breadth and extent. To the artist nature becomes in truth the garmented form of his idea, the visible reality in which are already imbedded the thoughts, the emotions that constitute the very essence of his being. He has to study reality, pass it through the alembic of his imagination, and it emerges the transfigured expression of his profoundest thought; no longer mere natural beauty, but the beauty bathed in the light that never was on land or sea. It is noticeable that with the rise and growth of landscape painting, appear the first great achievements of natural science. Galileo asserts that the earth moves; Copernicus rejects the old astronomy and places the sun in the centre of the system; Kepler discovers the golden secrets of the stars; astrology vanishes into the mists of the foredone and finished; alchemy gives place to chemistry, and the Healing Art studies the human body, and begins its genuinely philanthropic mission. The reason for this parity of appearance is the same; nature is first seen as she really is, and then studied as she deserves to be.

The content of landscape painting is the same as that of all the arts. The human heart in all its varying play of emotions again essays to make a portrait of itself, and again leaves a precious and incomparable representation. There is nothing spiritual that the landscape painters have not endeavored to delineate; their canvases glow with every hope that has ennobled man, gloom with every fear that has darkened his career. Individual caprices, and vast conceptions of whole peoples as shown alike upon these canvases. The progress of the race, the throes of religious anguish, the ecstasy of assured success, the abstraction of the philosopher, look back to us from these radiant comminglings of colors. This world and the next, mankind in the totality of its realisations, are again portrayed so that all who choose may read the old, old story. Pessimism and optimism, lyric despair, and dramatic collision, degradation and supernal heights of the spirit, glitter before us once more, and the words of hope and the incentive to lofty effort are again the general purport of the message.

The culture of the landscape artist should be of the widest. All science he needs in the fulfilment of the dreams that pursue each other in radiant guise through

the precincts of his imagination. He needs must be something of a geologist to reproduce the soil of valley and mountain, the rocks in all their regularity of arrangement or contortion in which the play of titanic forces has left them. Into the old myths of giants and titans and monsters, in which are reflected primitive nature views of the early peoples, he must read the deep significance which the rugged struggling thought of slowly advancing civilisation set there. The fondness of Turner, for old classical themes, for instance, is not difficult of explanation. By the force of imagination, and a necessary kinship, he thrust himself back into the thought-modes of the Greek or Roman, and the landscape became to him the manifestation of mind-processes which were inevitable stages in the development of mankind. As some one has said no painter can successfully paint an object without in some sort being that object, so the landscapist must sink himself in the spectacle he sees, till from a process analogous to the one that brought forth the real landscape, he ushers into the light of day the resplendent scene he has placed upon canvas. World-life, rock-formation, river-fluency, cloud-transformations, growth and death of plants, the passion and pathos of semi-articulate animal-life, the phases of human motives which are subordinated to natural processes, all these must enter into his conception, not as mere picture and outer shows, but as real living processes, the essence of whose production he has grasped, so that it is from a creative idea, as it were, that his picture grows upon the canvas. The majestic memory of a Turner needed no studies from which to evocate into visibility his gorgeous mysteries of light and color; nature was to him as a larger body, his soul was akin and fused with the vast potencies whence the everlasting mountains proceed and in the solitude of his chamber the ocean in all its vicissitudes, the sky in all its mutations, struggled into view as in the realm of nature herself.

Nature is the inexhaustible treasure house to which he goes that he may forever learn her new moods and phases. She is a language so various, so profound, so creative of ever new glories, that he must forever be near to her or sink into a mere repetition, a soulless echo of his previous achievement. But she is after all a language, a mode of speech, an instrument for the utterance of ever-variant harmonies. The attempt to be merely photographic in the reproduction of natural scenes, must be forever a failure. The details of nature are too great to be grasped; human achievement sinks exhausted before the endeavor. Besides nature herself only glows into significance when related to humanity; what she is in herself alone, apart from the universal mind that perceives her, is one of those philosophic fantasies, which haunt certain crude forms of philosophic speculation, so childish as not to recognise that the endeavor to ascertain what nature is, abstracted from the general consciousness, presupposes always the effort of mind that is sought to be eliminated. This language of tree and flower and hill and sky the artist beholds as expressive of thought, and he puts it on his canvas in such guise that all mankind may read. It required his specially endowed susceptibility to discover the secret of the real landscape; he makes it on his canvas plainer to his lesser contemporaries. As has been well said by a French writer:

> "The spectacles of nature want the essential characteristic of art, unity. Nature not only varies every moment of the day, but in her infinite complexity, her sublime disorder, she contains and manifests to us that which corresponds to the most contradictory emotions. Capable of exciting these emotions in man, she is powerless to express them. He alone can render them clear, visible, by choosing the scattered features lost in the bosom of the real, and eliminating from them what is foreign to or contradictory of his thought."

This is far from being the shallow idealism which attempts from a most cursory study of nature to reproduce her beauties and sublimities. It involves the most tender and loving appreciation of her, that penetration into her most subtle and recondite processes which she grants only to her devotee and worshipper.

Says Ruskin:

> "All great art must be inventive, that is to say, its subject must be produced by the imagination. If so, then the great landscape art cannot be a mere copy of any given scene."

And Wm. M. Bryant,* one of the great authorities on this subject:

> "In landscape painting then as in art generally—as in all human endeavor—freedom in the use and choice of materials, will always prove co-extensive with the power of the individual to choose wisely and well, and to use rightly and nobly: the artist like every other man, realises for himself a broader and a richer freedom by deepening and widening his individual culture."

All the ardors and glories of the imagination have disclosed themselves in the work of the landscape painter. To a Salvator Rosa, nature is the reflection of moods sombre as the darkness of his own soul; to a Claude Lorraine she is fresh with the joyousness of a soul to whom life was a scene of innocence and childlike gayety. Very justly is he said to have been the first landscape painter who set the sun in the heaven of his creations; but that sun had first risen on the horizon of his own soul in the radiant view which his clear and joyous character took of the world and man. In Turner on the other hand, all the tempestuous intellectual conflicts of his time are displayed; the attempt to believe what is no longer credible, the attempt to accept what is barely acceptable, the despair of doubt that disdains itself for the lack of power

*"Philosophy of Landscape Painting," by Wm. M. Bryant, Griggs & Co. Chicago.

to allay its own torments, and exorcise its self-created ghosts, the moral struggle which leaps from stern asceticism to wildly ecstatic indulgence, and finds satisfaction in neither, with moments of transcendent peace, idyllic and serene as the golden age dreamed of by poets in the foreworld, all shine, and darken, and fascinate in his incomparable portrayals of nature, made to be, as she is, the vehicle of the expression of thought in all its phases.

But the great landscape painter above all perceives the total process of nature, how she perpetually destroys herself only to reproduce herself. He seizes all these aspects in their most permanent and essential form; the capricious, the merely vague, the unimportant, by the instinct resident in his creative skill, he recognises at once, and drops from his picture. He sees how all nature is resumed and comprehended in the atmospheric process; how as Emerson says, the mountains are dissolved into the air even as the waters are, how everything is engirt by the mist of its disintegration. Out of this marvellous medium the solidities of the earth are so to speak precipitated. The modern painter no longer portrays his object in clear isolation, in a medium crystalline and pure, but as it really is enveloped in the smoke and vapors of existence. The landscapes of Corot seem like dreams so pervaded by mists and exhalations are they; but the attempt is here distinctly made to reproduce that total process in which all things live and move and have their being, that dying into life and living into death to which everything sublunary is subject. These painters introduce the air into their pictures, and lo! the genetic processes of nature become their subject matter and premeditated delineation. Such pictures, seeming irrational agglomerations of light, and shade, and color, are gigantic efforts to throw upon canvas the whole movement of nature's life. No object in them has a definite outline; it flames up into the air, and seems gradually dissipating into space; the golden glow of the universal movement of all things suffuses the delineation, and one is confronted with nature as she really is, eternally passing away, eternally restoring herself.

The art of the landscape painter like music is an essentially modern art, complex, capricious, various, but expressive of the deepest emotions, humane, ennobling. The past after all has not entirely exhausted the range of artistic power as some writers have suggested; the destinies yet hold in their providence some gifts not vouchsafed to the earlier and happier generations; out of the mysterious All whence all things great and noble have come by ways as mysterious as itself these two, music and landscape painting have descended in our own times; no doubt the ever fructuant years will continue to give to mankind new powers which will approximate the earth to the loveliness of those dreams, which are unreal only because all reality is contained in them, as the stars disappear in the golden glory of the pervasive light of the daytime.

THE MEANING OF STATE.

BY J. G. HERTWIG.

What does State mean? Jurisprudence, the science of law, teaches, that generally considered it means human society organised for realising the highest destination of man, within a certain country. The essential requirements, therefore, of State, as such, are: a State government, a State constitution, a people, and finally a territory. State is also defined as the whole body of a people united under one government.

The opposite of State is said to be the natural condition, the state of nature, a kind of social life lacking the essential characteristics of State, when every individual acts according to his own notions and interest, and every one lives in an unsettled and inordinate manner. It cannot be proved by history, that such a state of nature, involving complete lawlessness, has ever existed permanently among men, and it is also inconceivable, that it would ever exist among them for any length of time. Anarchy, therefore, intended for a certain territory and meaning such a permanent state of nature, is a non-entity for any civilised country, the United States of America included. Without just laws, equally promoting the welfare of all its inhabitants, and without their strict enforcement, there would be no public order, no civilisation, no education, in fact nothing in the Union, that could render life dear therein to man.

The civil liberty of a country acquires its true value only by the mental, moral, and social education of the inhabitants thereof, under the protection of the law, and not in the chaos of lawlessness. Lawlessness, anarchy, as a permanent thing in any country, would be the greatest misfortune for it, destroy all human happiness in it, render all men living there mutual outlaws, and prevent true social life among them. In other words, it would reduce man there to the condition of the animal. Lawlessness, anarchy, as the basis of civil life in the Union, would mean a wrong of all against all in this country.

The object of State is the realisation of the moral law, dwelling in every man's heart. State, therefore, means a moral community. It is the most general institution of educating mankind for its highest destination. Yet, the highest destination of man is the most perfect development of all his mental, moral, and physical powers and faculties.

The question now arises, what does State mean according to American public law, based upon the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The Declaration of Independence says:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The Constitution says:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

In this free and independent country, State does not involve any power based upon so-called, but untrue birthrights, an individual could claim over the citizens of this country. On the contrary, it means a compact of all the citizens of the land, as free men, subject to no one, and under the principle of equal rights to all before the law, mutually to protect and to defend themselves in the full and unabridged enjoyment of all their natural, inherent, and inalienable rights, that is, of the rights of man, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The principle of equal rights to all, in all matters of public concern, that is, in all matters affected or to be affected by law, is and forever will be the corner-stone of American liberty.

In this free country the people govern themselves by laws and principles adopted by them, and all the public officers of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government are not rulers but servants of the people, elected by the latter for certain periods, fixed by law, or appointed by elective officers, to hold their own offices during good behavior or during other definite or indefinite periods. In such a free country public life should always be as pure as private life, and public affairs should constantly be conducted as truthfully as private business. In other words, in such a country public life, the so-called politics, should always and under all circumstances be strictly moral, that is, just and honest. Education and morality are the only means for the American people of preserving their freedom, their free institutions, permanently, for all time to come. By education the highest intellectual development and by morality the truest self-respect of an individual or of a community are meant.

Freedom and education naturally are and always will be true and inseparable companions. For the welfare of the American people, this ought to be invariably the case in the Union.

WHAT SHALL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TEACH?

A DEBATE OF THE SUNSET CLUB.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

Less than a hundred men, and no women, appeared at the banquet of the Sunset club on the 18th of February; a great falling off, when compared with the attendance at the previous meeting where several women spoke with a magnetic power conspicuously absent from the proceedings on the 18th. The after dinner theme at this later meeting was, "What shall the public schools teach?"—and in sympathy with diminished numbers, the debate started on the dull plane of mediocrity, and stayed there. Excepting praises to the kindergarten and the manual training school, there was little said that was of any special value; and the whole debate was tainted with an air of apology and excuse for the existence of the common schools.

The talk was monotonous, and rather flat, because nearly every man who spoke to the question had carefully narrowed his mind Not a man of the club knew anything about the democratic genius of the American common school; and the principle of equal rights on which it stands was totally disregarded. Theoretical democracy is common enough in this country; but in our social constitution actual and real, there is only one absolutely level floor, and that is the floor of the common school. Even the ballot box cannot secure political equality between the rich and the poor, although the "one man, one vote," principle is the theory of our political system. Nowhere, in any public institution provided for by law do "sense and worth" establish rank, except in the common schools. Nowhere else does the child of the poor man have an equal chance with the child of the rich man. There, merit, and merit alone is the test of quality. In the bosom of democracy throbs the heart of the common school system; and that system exists not for the state, but for the child.

The debate was opened by Mr. William G. Beale, who pitched the tune in a low key, where it remained until the end. He said, "The existence of the free public schools supported wholly by public funds procured by enforced levies, seems to be warranted only on the theory that the public welfare requires it. The public school is directly for the public benefit. Its fundamental function is much the same as that of a policeman. The personal benefit to pupils is neither the ultimate nor the main consideration. The conferring of such benefit is but incidental to the chief object."

The reverse of that is true. Mr. Beale's doctrine puts the abstract shadow called the state above the citizen, but he forgets that the citizen is the very substance of the state. The sentiment must be tested by political conditions. The words of Mr. Beale, had they been spoken by the German emperor at Berlin, might have been in logical harmony with the genius of the German monarchy, but they are discordant here, where public education rests on the principle of equal rights and equal opportunities. In this country the right of the state to educate the children grows out of the right of the children to be educated; and the prerogative of the state is limited to the simple duty of providing the means to enforce the right of the child; for the child's own sake, in order that every boy and every girl may have an equal start with every other in the race for honorable position, and in the struggle for a respectable existence.

In the opinion of Mr. Beale the supreme question was, not how much, but how little should be taught in the public schools; not how public education might be expanded, but how it might be diminished. "The question," he said, "is as to the boundary line, which must not be passed.—as to the subjects to be excluded." He was willing to concede to American children, "reading, writing, and the simpler arithmetical processes, together with something of grammar, geography, and history." This is a meagre

bill of fare on which to bring up citizens of a republic, although it may do for subjects of a king. There is an air of college condescension in the "*something* of grammar, geography, and history," as if they were merely seasoning for the more substantial food, delicacies too rich for the mental digestion of the poor.

Mr. Beale did not approve of the free high school He thought that free public school instruction should stop at the grammar grades, and that the public money now expended for the benefit of high schools should be taken from the top of our educational system, and used at the bottom of it, in attaching the kindergarten to all the public schools. He was not in favor of abolishing the high schools altogether, but he would require the pupils therein to pay some tuition fees; and on the same conditions he thought that a manual training school might be added. "In the high schools, he said, "the main benefit is to the pupils, and the public benefit is a comparatively small and incidental one." In other words, when a child learns arithmetic, the state gets the benefit of it, but when it comes to algebra the pupil gets it. The distinction is fanciful and gratuitous; the child gets the benefit of the learning in both cases. Let us have the high school and the kindergarten too.

Professor Bamberger, Superintendent of the Jewish Manual Training School spoke next. Some prefer one study, and some another, explained Professor Bamberger; with the Greeks it was one way, and with other nations a different way, but as for him he would state emphatically that "manual training in the fullest acceptation of the term should be included in every curriculum." He did not condescend to consider "the state" as a party in interest at all, yet he stood on high moral and intellectual ground, when he spoke of developing men and women, and of the use of education to them; but except as to manual training, and reading, writing, and arithmetic, he was non-committal; and he said, "Let us listen to those who plead the cause of other studies, how impressively they prove their necessity. It must therefore have always been as impossible as it is to-day to prove what objects of study should be incorporated in the public school system and which should not, as long as the principle of utility has the deciding vote."

The subject having been thrown open for general debate the public school was put on trial as a criminal under indictment, while hasty, thoughtless opinions passed for evidence. One gentleman said, "The public school used to be called the common school, and I always liked that term, the school of the common people." In that he showed a complete misunderstanding of the word common as applied to the public schools. The phrase "common school" never did mean the school of the common people, except in the minds of persons who use the word common in the sense of inferior. The common school meant a school common to all the people, to rich and poor alike. Another member believed in the egotistic absolutism of Louis the Fourteenth, "I am the State"; and had he been at the battle-field of Gettysburg on the day of the dedication he would have contradicted Abraham Lincoln thus, "It has been said that this is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but I believe the reverse of that. I think the people should be of the government, by the government, and for the government." In admirable harmony with that belief was the opinion of the same gentleman that children should not be compelled to go to school before they are fifteen years of age, nor after they are eighteen; and he also thought that "the general education of the people should be under the control of the federal government."

The one particular member most critical of the public school system as oppressive and unjust, was willing to compromise on the "three R's," for the curious reason that they "gave us Cleveland for President." This intelligent explanation gave a partisan flavor to the cigar smoke and puzzled the club by starting this new and unnecessary conundrum, If the three R's elected Mr. Cleveland, what beat him? Taken in connection with the antediluvian theory of government advocated by the preceding speaker, this remarkable argument showed how valuable a term or two in the public schools would be for the Sunset Club.

Of course there were some gentlemen present who opposed the public schools on taxation grounds, and they paraded in all its rags and wrinkles the ancient formulary, "Government has no right to tax one man for the education of another man's child." Many of those who proclaim this doctrine, vehemently declare that it is the duty of government to tax one man for the benefit of another man's business. Some of them remind me of old Billy Clark who was always writing censorious letters to the papers under the signature of "Tax-Payer," although he never paid a tax nor anything else in his life. In the domain of social justice there is no such thing as "another man's child." The smallest baby is a distinct personality of itself, a potential man or woman, having individual rights of its own, which as such are independent of its father or its mother, especially the right to an education; and let me here once more insist upon it, in addition to an education the right to a trade.

There was also present at the banquet that optimistic person who thinks that when a boy has learned to read the Constitution of the United States his education is finished. After that the state has nothing more to do with him except to govern him and tax him; and he has nothing more to do with the state except to obey it and pay the taxes. This gentleman's "curriculum" had a very high fence around it, to keep out everything in the shape of wisdom except reading, writing, simple addition, and the Constitution of the United States. "Teach him to read," he said, "teach him to write, and if you wish to amuse him as he goes along, teach him that two and two make four, teach him to read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; then you have done everything that the state is called upon to do." All that is very much in the style of the wine-fed old squire who flourished in England just before the age of steam came in. What magic virtue is there in the power to read the Constitution of the United States? Edison's phonograph can read it and repeat it every word; and yet there are thousands of men who would make even the right of suffrage dependent on the ability to read the Constitution.

Any attempt to abridge our common school education will fail; the tendency now is to enlarge it. The right to reading, writing, and arithmetic having been conceded, it was natural that the victorious democracy should expand its claim, and insist that the principle covered every kind of education; and that every kind of education was included in the rights of every child growing up to usefulness in a society based on the doctrine of equal rights for all. Men will make inequalities for themselves, but children have no power to fix their own state, and for that reason a democracy must require that all the children shall have equal rights and equal chances in all the schools of learning. A democracy that will not insist upon that is a comical imposture. It is a Bourbon king wearing the cap of liberty.

In that splendid catalogue of accomplishments which is called scholastic education, where shall the line be drawn between those branches of learning which ought to be paid for by the community, and those which must be paid for by the parents of the child? I answer, Nowhere! It must not be drawn at all,

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOSTON SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

As you will observe, our Society was founded in '81 and independently of Mr. Adler's. Sometimes, I am sorry that we changed our earliest title, though the present is so attractive, and

truly expressive of our work. We are often misconstrued to be the offspring of Mr. Adler's genius.

Some day, the title will appear the general property that it ought to be.

Your article of the 18th inst. (in *The Open Court*) seems unjust to our own Society, which, for eleven years has sought a reliable basis for its ethical instructions.

Our young people are taught that definitions mean much, that they do much towards clarifying thought which precedes word and act.

So soon as pupils enter the third, or advanced grade, of our school, they are told that "ethics is the science of human conduct"; and forthwith their efforts are to build a scientific formula of right and wrong, discussing first the origin of these terms, and their bearing upon life. We believe that the common ground to which science conducts all, will thus grow, and gradually be recognised.

We teach this class that "right," "good," and "just," as applied to conduct, mean neither the isolated selfishness of Hobbes, nor the equally isolated unselfishness of the historian and philosopher, Hildreth; but, rather, that *combined egoism* and *altruism*, which is *promotive* of *general welfare*.

I am surprised to see the quotation from Mr. Adler in regard to "philosophical sectarianism." One of his disciples, years ago, led me to believe, that, in his estimate, only a Kantian should accept the position of leader, on the ethical platform. *We* make it fundamental that the "credo" of every member, leader or not, should be open to change, and thus, through possible growth, posit more and more towards the universal creed.

Yours, most sincerely,

Mrs. Clara M. Bisbee.

[There are several societies for ethical culture which have nothing but the name in common with Professor Adler's and are quite different in spirit. The late Prof. Wm. D, Gunning was the speaker of an ethical society in the far West; the Rev. Wm. G. Babcock and Mrs. Clara M. Bisbee are the speakers of an ethical society in Boston. The Brooklyn Ethical Society whose President is Dr Lewis G. Janes and where Mr. Wakeman waged his war concerning Monism, Agnosticism, and Spookism is again quite distinct from Professor Adler's as well as the other Ethical Societies.—Ed.]

FURTHER RELIQUES OF CONSTANCE NADEN.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Audi alteram partem.

Permit me, at your convenience, a very brief review of the generally able and suggestive critique of the above volume by Ω. in *The Open Court* of February 11, page 3142. The point to which I chiefly desire to attract the attention of your readers is the sentence: "This is a truth we can receive, but to argue from the identity of the cosmos to the identification of the cosmos with the ego, as Miss Naden does in her criticism of Professor Green's transcendental psychology, appears to us unreasonable." Now, as her literary executor, and familiar with her most esoteric convictions, let me be allowed very shortly to traverse this critical judgment. Miss Naden's position is to foreclose all metaphysics and psychology, which latter is only the former under a new name, by physics and physiology. Indeed psychology and biology are synonyms, as the Greek terms *Psyche* and *Bios*—both connoting the Latin *vita*—are *solidaire*. As I have shown on many former occasions, one strong argument—apart from the more strictly scientific *thesis* against Dualism and Animism in any shape or form,—is that no words have been ever coined to express the latter. Spirit is but Breath and generally, as in Hamlet, all percepts and *a fortiori* concepts, are at once bodily and bodiless creations of the Brain. If, and surely we must concede that it is so, Thought or Mind be the natural function of an anatomical (somatological) organism, its vicarious exercise is quite unthinkable—a postulate which, of itself alone, eliminates altogether the separate idea of the object, not as being "annihilated," but only as absorbed in, and annexed to, the subject self. Hylo-Idealism, or Neo-Materialism, as I have often said, is only the positive of Kant's negation of *Thing in itself*—the only alternative to which is *Thing in myself*. Or in other words all Perception, and Conception must follow suit, is only Apperception (Self-Perception). So that all thought, including all empirical research, little as specialists reck of the rede, can be only an Autopsy or Self-inspection.—Q. E. D.

The outside world must be therefore only the outer or distal *pro*ject of all-and-self-sufficing-egoity—a position physically proved by Wöhler's identification of the organic and inorganic from his artificial manufacture of *Urea* more than sixty years ago. And also by the morphology of ocular vision which shows that the cones and rods of the retina are directed backwards and inwards, not towards the "outer" light, which latter "offspring of Heaven, First born of the Eternal Co-Eternal beam," can have no claim to be called so till called into being by the retina and brain themselves. "Thing" is thus seen to be transfigured into "Think" ere entering the domain of conscious knowledge.

R. Lewins, M. D.

Mr. C. S. Peirce has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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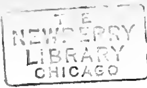
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TIDES OF PROGRESS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

In a little watering-place of southern Switzerland, I once met an old French officer, who entertained his comrades with contributions to the military chronicle of the first Empire.

"It is a wonder how your recruits could survive that passage of the Alps," said one of his companions; "do you think that any human beings of modern times could stand greater hardships?"

"That depends," said the veteran; "during the first Italian campaign we weathered worse fatigues and didn't seem to mind it a bit. We all felt like moving along with a tide of good luck that made us forget petty troubles."—"The whole world, in fact, seemed to experience a revival of energy," he added in deference to his international audience. "Only those who witnessed it can realise the elating influence of that time, and a good many hundred years may fail to repeat a chance of that sort, but by some coincidence or other the same quarter of a century appeared to produce the ablest men of some twenty-five different nations."

Can that coincidence be explained? Was it an accident that made Napoleon the Great a contemporary of Goethe, Byron, Volney, Mirabeau, Beethoven, Bentham, Davy, Jefferson, Schopenhauer, Petöfi, Carlyle, Cuvier, and Humboldt? The analogies of history have confirmed, rather than elucidated the fact that eras of memorable reforms were ushered in by meteor showers of genius; but it seems a suggestive circumstance that such eras generally involve a revolt against some abnormal obstacle to the progress of evolution: a phenomenon which finds its most striking analogue in the possibility of changing the current of a stream by the sudden removal of an artificial obstruction. The pent-up waters surge and rise, and the crest of the dam feels the first effect of their more and more irresistible pressure. The foundations of the dike at last give way *en masse*, and the moral history of the seventeenth century proves, indeed, that the great flood-wave of the Napoleonic era revealed its first premonitions of a coming change by its effect on the upper strata of society: the doctrines of Danton and Mirabeau were foreshadowed by the scepticism of King Frederick, the Emperor Joseph, and the Czarina Katherine. The top of the dam had yielded by inches, the main body yielded with a suddenness that turned the sluggish stream into a rushing torrent.

The outburst of the French revolution, in fact, was the consummation of the long prepared revolt against the most obstinate obstacle that has ever been opposed to the progress of mankind, viz. the alliance of secular power with the doctrine of asceticism and renunciation. The absolutely inhuman tenets of that doctrine: the monstrous monastic ordinances of the Middle Ages had already been modified by the insurrection of the North-European reformers, and the life-blighting gloom of antinaturalism led to a reaction revealed in the Italian revival of pleasure-worship, in the libertinism and licentious literature of the Queen Anne period, in the extravaganzas of luxury at the courts of Louis Quatorze and Augustus the Strong.

The doctrines inculcating the incompetency of human reason and the duty of passive submission to the "powers that be," held their ground longer till they were shattered by the upheaval of downtrodden millions and the equally Titanic explosions by which secular genius proved its ability of shining with a transcendent splendor of its own.

In tracing the record of similar phenomena, we must go back to the end of the seventh century, and the fifty years following the caliphate of Omar the First. Then, too, a world-changing reform was accompanied by the appearance of dazzling luminaries in every quarter of the intellectual horizon: the fame of great warriers, like Musa and Parik was rivalled by that of great statesmen and philosophers, historians, orators, and poets. The enthusiasm of that period led the disciples of the prophet from conquest to conquest and sufficed to lift the noblest of the Semitic nations above reach of the far spread deluge of superstition.

Was that enthusiasm evoked by the precepts of the Koran? We might as well be asked to believe that the victors of Jena and Austerlitz were inspired by the paragraphs of the Code Napoleon. The promise of Paradise may have steeled the arm of numerous

true believers, but thousands of half-believers and sceptics instinctively realised the significance of a mission that turned the scales of fortune against ignorance, misery, priestly terrorism, crusades, and *autos-da-fe*, in in favor of Unitarianism, tolerance, science, and prosperity. The rise of Islam was the Protestant revolt of the Far East.

That outbreak, too, had been prepared by centuries of obstruction. About three hundred years after the beginning of our chronological era, the missionaries of Buddhism succeeded in fostering their doctrine upon the nations of the eastern Mediterranean, and the mania of world-renunciation spread southward and westward like a virulent epidemic. Monachism in its ugliest forms infested Syria and before long the entire north coast of the African continent from Alexandria to the western foothills of Mount Atlas. Before the middle of the sixth century all the south-eastern provinces of the Roman Empire were studded with convents. Begging friars roamed the highways. Anchorites haunted the caves of the desert and vied in the exhibitions of self-tortures à la Simon Stylites. "A gaunt, filthy fanatic," says Lecky, "a self-torturing wretch without knowledge, without patriotism, without the instincts of manhood, glorying in self-abasement and crazed by the phantoms of his own diseased imagination, had become the ideal of nations that had been familiar with the writings of Plato and Cicero." The celebration of secular festivals was restricted, and at last entirely abolished. The suppression of secular science not rarely took the form of murder, as in Alexandria, where a noble female disciple of pagan philosophy was slain by a gang of rabid fanatics. The relics of pagan art were demolished with a rage proportioned to their beauty. The propagandists of the new faith became more and more inclined to supplement their logic by an appeal to force. Self-abasement became the chief standard of merit.

The worn-out sensualists of southern Europe might welcome a doctrine of that sort, but on the borders of the Roman Empire its missionaries met with a very different reception. The manful tribes of the southern Semites were just then emerging into the consciousness of intellectual life and the first phases of national development. The valley of the Atlas Range had recently been colonised by valiant Germanic immigrants, the adventurous vandals and several Suevi hordes,—the ancestors of the modern Zouaves. To such neighbors the constant encroachments of the crusading creed must have been a fearful menace. They could not help witnessing the life-blighting effects of monasticism and the more and more ruinous neglect of science and industry; religious persecution began to rear its horrid head; their own borders were haunted by the harbingers of the moral epidemic.

"Woe unto the race of men! I see a cloud approaching! A great darkness is going to overspread the face of the world!" cried the son of the prophetess Sospitra on awakening from his trance in the temple of Serapis. That darkness began to spread over the hills of the Semitic border, when the advent of the Unitarian prophet ushered in the sunburst of a miraculous Goshen. The doctrine of Mohammed, too, had its substrata of superstitions, but they differed from those of St. Jerome as the fancies of supernaturalism differ from the nightmares of antinaturalism. The zeal of its followers was undeniable, but that zeal was compatible with tolerance, with the love of nature, with a liberal encouragement of science and art. In less than sixty years that revival of common sense triumphed throughout a territory of fifteen hundred thousand square miles, and the enthusiasm of its apostles would have been sufficiently justified by the almost unparalleled prosperity of Moorish Spain—not to mention the palace-cities of Moorish Egypt and Syria—during the five centuries when priest-ridden Europe brooded under the darkest gloom of monastic barbarism.

At the birth of Mohammed just about a thousand years had elapsed since the last great tidal wave of human progress. The energy of the Roman commonwealth in the establishment of its independence during the fourth century of their national existence has perhaps never been equalled in the annals of heroism. Could those deeds of valor and devotion and the cheerful enterprise of almost superhuman toils be explained by the jealousy of petty rival states? The pleasure of substituting the eagle emblems of Rome for the lion emblems of Samnium? Could they be explained by the ambition which often gets its only reward in the honor of a warrior's funeral?

"So much labor for a winding-sheet?"

The last purpose of the Herculean toils bequeathed from sire to son of long successive generations, was revealed by their final outcome and foreshadowed by the inspiration of patriot-poets: The long-cherished, though often only half conscious hope of deliverance from the very evils which reached their climax during the storms of the transition period: The horrors of continuous warfare.

War, in that boisterous spring-time period of the human race was a curse that could not be exorcised by homilies, but only by the dread of rousing the wrath of a clearly superlative and inexpugnably established military power. Under the auspices of such a power, developed beyond the fear of invasive barbarians, the arts of peace might hope to flourish for centuries, and an era of that kind was actually inaugurated by the establishment of the Pax Romana—the three hundred years' calm intervening between the

bustle of erecting the citadel of the Roman world-empire and the crash of its final collapse.

It has been said that the sceptre of the Roman Cæsars was only a club in disguise, but the fact remains that under their sway the tributary provinces enjoyed a prosperity and an amount of personal freedom unknown under the yoke of their native rulers; and no sophistry of court-chaplains can explain away the still more significant fact that during a period equal to the long interval between the birth of Luther and the death of Napoleon III, the peace of an empire embracing thirty-five different nations and nearly four million square miles was maintained by a standing army of eighty thousand men.

NON-MYSTICAL AGNOSTICISM

BY ELLIS THURTELL.

Mr. T. B. Wakeman's essay entitled "The Nature of the Soul," and inserted in *The Open Court* of Dec. 17th, is one with which I feel a good deal of general agreement. I should however like to be allowed a few paragraphs of protest against certain over sweeping condemnations of agnostic world-conceptions contained therein.

To start with—the lines translated from Goethe saying

> "Into the Infinite wouldst thou stride?
> Go in the Finite only on every side,"

have my entire assent. But Mr. Wakeman must needs spoil perfect satisfaction with the spirit of his citation by declaring: "These lines give no quarter to agnosticism. They are the essence of monistic positivism." Now if it turns out that Monistic Positivism has really so excellent an essence as this, I for one shall have to grapple it to my soul with hooks of steel. But I shall by no means feel bound to give up my Agnosticism in so doing. I say my Agnosticism advisedly. For it seems beyond question that there is more than a single type of this philosophic faith, and that my own can scarcely be called the most orthodox of all.

That, as Mr. Wakeman declares, "there is no "room for an unknowable," I fully believe. And in this belief am reluctantly compelled to fall behind (or is it to shoot ahead of?) Herbert Spencer, and other lesser thinkers for whose opinions I feel much regard. For his and their Unknowable is simply my Unknown. To say that anything whatever is absolutely and forever unknowable seems certainly nowadays a somewhat needless piece of dogmatism. And it is a psychological conclusion to which the advanced and advancing views of a younger generation of Agnostics appears to give but scant support. So that when Mr. Wakeman speaks of a "ghost-world" which "simply "does not exist, except in the imagination of agnostic "philosophers," there are many of us—who would fain be philosophers, and who consider the term agnostic as on the whole our most appropriate epithet—whose withers will nevertheless remain unwrung. For Dr. Fiske, whom our author is especially attacking, I of course do not presume to answer. But for myself, and I should fancy for some others also, I may express a very strong conviction that there does still exist, beyond our utmost stretch of working thought, the realm of the Unknown. And that in this region dwell those problems of "Materialism, Atheism, Agnosti-"cism," from which Mr. Wakeman would (apparently under the high authority of Professor Haeckel) have us "get free" through the easy expedient of smothering our doubts in that blessed word Monism.

I am as far as possible from wishing to cast ridicule upon a philosophic theory that, under one form or another, is probably destined to become the common intellectual possession of the foremost thinkers in this century's last decade. But Monists have yet much to make out, and must keep their head. For Monism is at present but a tendency, and is far from being a terminus of thought. One may very well be monistic, in the sense of believing in an ultimate tracing of all existences and all ideas to a single origin appropriate to each, without declaring that this suitable and single source has hitherto been found in any but an occasional and uncomplicated instance. Moreover Materialism, whether old or new, is in itself monistic. The older forms of it may be discredited by the best opinions of the day. But the Neo-Materialism so ably set forth by Mr. Edmund Noble (in *The Open Court* for Nov. 26th) has assuredly the promise and potency of much strong and continued life. Nor does Monism any more get us free from Atheism, which is again essentially monistic. To say, as the Positive Monists do, that God and the world are one; that God *is* the world, or the world *is* God may be by them called Pantheism or Entheism. But the difference between this belief and Atheism is not so obvious after all. It may well enough be doubted whether any clearly-defined difference of either practical or philosophic value has ever been conclusively set forth. Whether Atheism is a true solution or not, it is most certainly a monistic one. And monistic again Agnosticism very generally is, though not necessarily so. Monism indeed can certainly not at present set us free from the agnostic attitude of thought. This attitude I at least hold to be but tentative and transitional to a state of greater certitude. But the greater knowledge necessary to the greater certainty is still withheld, and no ignoring of palpable and present limitations will do anything to speed our acquisition. We may all be monistic with the authority of the best science of our time. But we can I think be Monists only with great reserve—a reserve frankly recognised by the Agnostic,

but far too boldly or blindly resented by the positivistic household of belief.

I cannot therefore at all assent to what is expressed in Mr. Wakeman's second quotation from Germany's great philosophic poet. To the context I am not able to refer. But the citation stands as follows:

> "Is it then so great a secret, what God, and Man, and the World may be?
> No! But no one is willing to hear it. So a secret it remains."

Upon this sentiment Mr. Wakeman's comment is: "Thus our Agnostic or Unknowable [sic] friends seem "unable or unwilling to have this great 'mystery' ex- "plained. They keep telling us that if feeling is not "a space—motion—force correlate it must be some "inscrutable kind of power, entity, or spook. But the "monist says: No it is not such at all, but simply "the *fact side* of nervous changes, which *as facts* are "being *noted* by the organism. Such noting is a fact, "and the continued repetition of such noting of facts "is a process constantly going on and called aware- "ness, feeling, consciousness, etc." Well here, though not caring much to speak of the Unknowable myself, I nevertheless side promptly with those who do so speak. And I have no hesitation in emphatically declaring that Mr. Wakeman's so called "Unknowable friends" are—unless they are altogether unlike my own friends of the same persuasion—just as willing to have this or any other mystery explained as Mr. Wakeman is himself. They are also just as little able to give any satisfactory explanation of "what God, and man, and the world may be." But they are much more able to see their own inability than their Positive Monist friends appear to be to see the equal inability that exists for them. What feeling may, in its actual essence, be, is still a very much disputed and disputable point. The Agnostic at any rate is in fully as good a position as the Positivist to find the solution that science shall eventually accept. Nor would any Agnostic with whose ideas I am acquainted dream of describing feeling as an "entity or spook." Whether or not we gain anything by calling Feeling "the fact side of nervous changes," it is certain that there is nothing about a belief in the Unknowable to prevent anyone assenting to this proposition, should it seem to him for psychological reasons a sound one. It is really high time that we should have done with this idea that people who agree with us entirely upon the grand principle of a perfectly naturalistic (as against a supernaturalistic) philosophy, are to be considered precluded from employing any of the methods, or attaining any of the results appropriate to that philosophy, merely because of some difference of opinion as to how far our cosmic theory is capable of carrying us at present.

With Mr. Wakeman's last quotation from Goethe: "There is no wisdom save in truth," I am of course, having no theological prepossessions, in entire accord. But I cannot see that the truth is served by the casting of such aspersions upon a school of severely scientific opinions as would be merited only by a body of spiritualists, theosophists, or theologians. I feel no such antagonism to the school of Positive Monists as some of the leading writers of that school exhibit to the circle of Agnostic Monists. That sort of intellectual *animus* is reserved for the genuine exponents of spookism, sorcery, and superstition. Of these—Christians apart—we have a most menacing and strangely increasing number still amongst us. These are the true traitors to common sense, sound science, and profound philosophy. Even ordinary honesty is by some of them plainly set aside to suit purposes of popular edification or personal ambition. We Monists, of the positivistic and agnostic school alike, shall do well to close our ranks more firmly, and to concentrate our fire more effectively than we have hitherto done. What we now chiefly need is, I believe, a more clearly conceived distinction between our friends and foes. And to this end let Mr. Wakeman and myself both bend our powers.

IS MONISM A TERMINUS OF THOUGHT?

IN REPLY TO MR. ELLIS THURTELL.

The agnostic that has surrendered the idea of the unknowable is most certainly a very welcome confederate to monists and positivists; but we were always under the impression that the very core of agnosticism lies in the doctrine of the unknowable. The name agnosticism seems to have no sense otherwise, for I do not know that any thinker would object to what is best called the agnosticism of modesty, which prescribes that we suspend our judgment until proofs are forthcoming. There is accordingly no quarrel with Mr. Ellis Thurtell's agnosticism.

Mr. Thurtell says of monism, that it "is at present but a tendency and far from being a terminus of thought." I wish to add a few explanations to this sentence, which I should say is true, but must be rightly understood.

Monism is in a certain sense indeed a terminus of thought; yet in another sense it is a tendency, or rather a principle applied to scientific investigations.

Monism, as we understand the term, is a solution of certain philosophical questions. It explains certain problems concerning which agnostics usually say that we can know nothing at all. Such problems are the God-idea, the nature of the soul, the connection between soul and body, the immortality of the soul and others. Monism looks upon all existence as one great inseparable whole and does not forget that man's ideas are abstract symbols representing certain features of reality. They do not, any of them, exist as absolute

or separate entities, but as parts or qualities of the One and All.

If anybody pleases, he might call monism a hypothesis or a tentative theory. We have no objection either to calling the Copernican system a hypothesis or the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation a tentative theory. We might call the law of causation an assumption and mathematical theorems dogmas which may not hold true in other worlds. But we should say that these names are at least misleading. Monism is more than a tentative theory, it is the basis of cognition; it is the condition of all scientific work when applied to practical life, it serves as the corner-stone for the formulation of our rules of conduct.

What is knowledge but a description of facts? what is cognition but a systematisation of knowledge in one unitary conception free from contradiction and formulated with consistency? Every science exists only by the application of this principle; every branch of science is the attempt to establish monism in a special province of nature, every problem is an apparent dualism, every discovery is always a step forward in recognising the unity of facts, the solution of a problem is the establishment of a monistic conception.

Thus monism is a terminus of thought which is the solution of a very important problem, the problem of method. Monism, however, does not solve all the problems, it only solves one fundamental problem, and this solution is made the basis of further scientific progress.

We do not hold our judgment suspended concerning the monistic solution of the philosophical problem, but we use the solution, we operate with it, we apply it to new problems.

The monistic solution is thus a terminus of thought as much as the Copernican conception of the planetary system is a terminus of certain astronomical investigations. But neither the one nor the other is a terminus of thinking. On the contrary, both represent starting points for entirely new departures; they become leading principles for the solution of new problems, and monism indeed was the principle of science even before the scientists became conscious of it.

Agnosticism (that agnosticism which believes in the unknowable) either suspends judgment concerning the God-idea or it calls its unknowable itself God. Either solution is very unsatisfactory. Atheism, starting from the pupular conception of God as a personal being, denies the existence of God. This is also unsatisfactory because it does not explain how an absolute error could be the fundamental ethical idea of mankind for ages. Ethical ideas that are wrong cannot enjoy a long existence. Perhaps the God-idea is no absolute error. There may be some truth in it!

The God idea is the solution of a certain problem which although insufficient held good for certain purposes. There is a moral order in the world; there is a law which cannot be violated with impunity; there is an authority which with irresistible power enforces a certain kind of conduct. This moral order, this law, this power or authority is that something in the world through which and in which we live such as we are—thinking, aspiring, and constantly progressing beings. This something exists and we call it God.

God has been conceived as a person, and this conception of God is the best allegory by which man on a certain stage of scientific maturity or rather immaturity can form an approximate idea of God. The allegory is wrong, but the idea is right. To say that God is no person is not atheism.

Atheism says there is no God, for man was not shaped by a huge person but is the product of evolution. Very well, these conditions that shaped man are not a chaotic play of forces, but a certain and consistent order. The materialist sees in a stellar nebula only a heap of gaseous matter in an irregular turmoil of raging whirls. But there is something more in it which he cannot see. How grand this cosmic existence is of which we are a part, how spiritual it is in its nature, how orderly in its relations and arrangements, can be seen in the highest efflorescence of the world which we know—in man, his intelligence, his civilisation, his ideals.

The problem is not (as Atheism puts it), Is there a God at all? but What is God?. And denying the personality of God is not yet a solution of the problem.

The problem, What God and man and the world may be, is not a mere theoretical problem, for our actions are expressions (albeit unconscious expressions) of a certain solution of this problem. It has to be solved again by every generation, and let us hope that the solution of every new generation will be an improved edition of the solution of former generations. The personal God idea is a solution which we no longer accept. But, after all, it is truer than the atheistic solution; for the personal God-idea is a mythological conception of a great truth. There are very astute and keen thinkers among atheists; nevertheless atheism is superficial: it disposes too quickly of a problem which is deeper than it seems.

Most philosophical systems come with great pretensions as a final solution of all problems, which implies that they form a terminus of thinking. Monism is different: it solves the problem of method; or rather it renders it clear, for it has been applied in science unconsciously since times immemorial, and thus it will be of help for further investigations. Negative solutions of denying an error or keeping judgment suspended, or assuming an attitude of reserve, are only

partial solutions. Doubt is better than going astray and reserve is better than making mistakes; but doubt and reserve are demands to arrive at a positive solution. The test of truth is always the practical applicability of an idea. So far as an idea can be used in real life, so far as it works in the right way with the desired results, that far it is true. Thus a mythological idea may be true. We may know that the mythology of the idea is a mere and an erroneous analogy, we may at the same time be unable to express it better, yet it would be a mistake to say that the idea is wrong. This is not only true of religious ideas but also of scientific ideas. The terms electric current, atoms, ether-waves, etc., are mythological expressions, but we have no better means of describing certain facts than by such terms, and although they are insufficient because mythological, they are (so far as they go) true. We use them for practical purposes, and we know that we can rely on them. The mythology of the terms is an artifice to represent truth, but the truth contained in this mythology is no mere hypothesis, no mere tentative conception of things, but it is a description of facts that can be employed when we have to deal with facts; and that is after all the purpose of all knowledge. P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ONCE upon a time, when a boy, I visited some of my relatives, and on a certain evening by riotous romping in the house with two or three cousins, I gave serious annoyance to my aunt, who was busily cooking supper while my uncle sat in the chimney corner serenely smoking his pipe. Having tried in vain to keep us quiet, she at last appealed to my uncle for protection, and wanted to know whether he was going to "attend to them boys"; and whether he was going to let them "ride rough shod" over her; I quote the dear old lady's very words; to all of which he calmly answered, "They ain't a meddlin' wi' me." This indolent reply will serve as a motto for the American citizen, in his individual character, so careless has he become about the injustice that others have to bear. So long as he can hear his national clock ticking with mechanical regularity he cares very little whether it is truthfully telling the time or not. So long as he enjoys a republican *form* of government, he is willing to let the substance go. Only when a political wrong falls heavily upon himself does he invoke the spirit of the Constitution. He sympathises with the subjects of Russian despotism, but for the victims of American misrule he cares nothing. He knows that the Constitution ordains that freedom of the press must be respected as part of the organic law, but when the ministers of government suppress that freedom where he himself is not concerned, he calmly smokes his pipe, and says, "They ain't a meddlin' wi' me."

* * *

There is published in the city of New York a journal called *The Voice*, an influential organ of the Prohibition party. In a country blessed with "two great parties," one Republican, and the other Democratic, there is evidently no need for a third, and the Prohibition party, or any other party intruding into American politics must be regarded as a trespasser, infringing on the patent right of exclusive ballot-boxing; a right which the two great parties claim to own in common. Where there is no use for a prohibition party there cannot be any need for a prohibition paper, and therefore certain postmasters, with a public spirited zeal to protect the vested rights of the two old parties, refuse to recognise *The Voice* as legitimate mail matter, and they decline to deliver it. Up to date, no less than twenty-seven postmasters have refused to deliver *The Voice*, and there are several states to hear from yet. Eager to perform their duty according to party ethics, and anxious that the people should receive only proper politics through the mail, those postmasters have written to the editor of *The Voice* telling him not to send any more of his papers because "they are not taken out," which indeed was true, for the sufficient reason that they were not "given out" by the postmasters, as appears by more than a hundred letters received from subscribers and others to whom the paper had been sent. All this reminds us of the dear departed good old slavery times, when the two great parties were Democratic and Whig, and when the intrusion of the Republican party into politics was rebuked in that very same way, as the history of the *New York Tribune* will clearly show. When Horace Greely complained to the Postmaster General that certain postmasters refused to deliver the *Tribune* to subscribers, the answer was that it served the *Tribune* right, and that the conduct of the postmasters was praiseworthy and patriotic. We know what came of all that, and what a ragged appearance that Postmaster General makes in history. Now the republican postmasters apply the same discipline to *The Voice*; and republican papers complacently remark, "they ain't a meddlin' wi' me." Mr. Wannamaker himself must be held guiltless of this wrong until he has had an opportunity to correct it, but no longer than that. No doubt *The Voice* is a very aggravating paper, especially to the two great parties, but the suppression of it by the "Department" at any post office is a despotic assault upon the rights of every newspaper and every magazine published in the United States.

* * *

There is something hopeful and stimulating in the prospect of plenty of money, and I feel as grateful to the St Louis convention for the promise of it, as I do to my bankrupt friend, who, not having five cents in all the world, leaves me ten thousand dollars in his will. He shows at least his love. So the Third Party Conference, with the same powerless generosity, would give to every man of us ten thousand dollars a piece if it could. For a beginning it will be satisfied with fifty dollars a head as a circulating medium, to be issued by the government in a currency "safe, sound, and flexible," and to be loaned at a rate of interest not to exceed two per cent. per annum, "as set forth in the Sub Treasury plan of the Farmers Alliance or *some better system*." There is a suspicious look in that alternative, as if the leaders of the People's Party, were about to betray the Sub Treasury plan, and substitute for it "some better system." What better system can there be than making unlimited money and loaning it to the people at two per cent. a year? Pleasing as the prospect is, I feel discouraged by the contradiction of the policy by one of its ablest advocates, as I find it in *The Arena*. Describing the "plenty of money" paradise, and the financial good time coming, he says, "When money is so plenty that the farmer or planter who has need of $50, or a $100, can obtain it for thirty or sixty days of a neighbor, as easily as he can borrow that neighbor's wagon; then there will be plenty of money in the country and not before." I fear that the logic of the Alliance is no better than its money; for if that argument proves anything, it proves that there is *not* plenty of money in the country, when farmers and planters are ground down to the necessity of borrowing from neighbors $50, or $100, for thirty or sixty days. Why not borrow it of the government, the creator of money out of nothing, rather than of a neighbor who must earn every dollar he gets?

In the *New Review* for February is an article by Tom Mann and Ben Tillett on "The Labor Platform," that social and political structure which is again undergoing alterations and repairs. The architects who have presented in the *New Review* their plans and specifications for an improved labor platform are the popular firm of Tillett and Mann, platform builders and cabinet makers, and they will put in as low a bid as any other firm for the job of building it. Messrs. Tillett and Mann are a couple of statesmen with much practical sense and some theoretical nonsense in their scheme of social change. By force of mental and moral ability they have become the teachers and leaders of many men; but unfortunately they have been in the reprehensible habit of earning their daily bread by daily labor, and therefore society cannot patronise them with any higher titles than the nicknames "Tom" and "Ben." After they enter parliament, and the cabinet, which by the way will be a fine improvement, they will get revenge for "the proud man's contumely" when he doffs his plume to "The Right Hon. Thomas, and The Right Hon, Benjamin." Perhaps, however, Messrs. Tillett and Mann affect those very sociable nicknames, as our own aspiring politicians do, to captivate the crowd by a show of equal 'umbleness and a public invitation to friendship and familiarity. In that case I should withdraw the praise I have sincerely given them, and class them no higher than I do the Honorable Toms, Dicks, Harrys, and Micks, who so profusely ornament American public life.

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One of the easiest and most pleasant of the mental exercises that I enjoy is the luxury of calling every man a crank whose theories and arguments I have not sense enough to understand. I shall not do so now, although Mr. Mann offers me some very strong temptation when he says, "We demand that the slums be cleared out, that healthy dwellings be constructed at reasonable rents, that town life be made tolerable, even comfortable, and we demand that *poverty be banished.*" In that part of the "demand" which Mr. Mann has placed in italics every man can join, because it includes all the rest of his claim, and it is an absolute and final solution of the social problem. When poverty is banished there will be no slums; and town life, and country life too, will be not only comfortable, but happy. We may demand that poverty be banished, and we may "call spirits from the vasty deep"; but who is to abolish poverty, and how shall the work be done? The editor of a social reform paper was one day carrying his "form" to a job office to be printed, when he was met by a friend, who said, "Joe, why don't you buy a power press?" "Yes," he answered, "and why don't I buy the Palmer House, and the Auditorium?" Men large of heart and brain, impatient of injustice, and seeking like Archimedes for a fulcrum by which to lift the world, look to beneficent conclusions, and passionately demand that they be established at once by some revolutionary miracle. But the mills of the Gods grind slowly, and the banishment of poverty is a work of painful detail, comprising hundreds of specific improvements in our own individual characters, in our social customs, and in our public laws. Mr. Mann is in the debatable domain of statesmanship with social ethics for his guide when he demands "the abolition of systematic overtime, the fixing of a forty-eight hour maximum working week, the abolition of the half time system for children under thirteen years of age, and the withdrawal of wives from mills and workshops." Here he is definite, and we can all confer with him as to the wisdom of his plans and the best means of securing their adoption; but he steps into the mist again when he demands that there shall be "some kind of communal responsibility recognised, making provision for those who are dislodged from their ordinary occupations by changes of fashion, of seasons, or methods of manufacture. Borrowing the jargon of the lawyers, who is to fix "the measure of damages" here? And how is the community to be made responsible for a change of seasons?

I desire to notice for a moment one part of Mr. Tillett's argument, because the ends he aims at are like those of Mr. Mann, ideally good, although I think his reasons are occasionally unsound. In a summary of the points that he has made, he advocates the "abolition of all poverty by a scientific appreciation of natural and economic laws; assuming each human being's real worth to consist of capacity to consume as well as to produce. If the wages of ten thousand are no more than adequate to maintain in comfort one thousand, it necessarily follows that trade is impoverished in an ever narrowing circle." The logical connection between those two propositions is not very clear, but I only wish to notice "the capacity to consume" doctrine, which, although it has long been cherished by the working men of England is, I believe, unsound in social, domestic, and political economy. It stands as the antithesis of "the capacity to save" doctrine, and it converts waste and extravagance into virtues. For ages, English working men have held it mean to save their wages instead of spending it because extravagance is "good for trade"; and so is loss by fire and by flood. The capacity to consume, and the greed for its gratification is one fruitful cause of the injustice that oppresses the working men to-day. One day when Sam Weller and his father were enjoying themselves over a "pot o' beer," Sam took a ravenous long pull at the mug, and his father looking into it and observing the enormous cavity that Sam had made, remarked with reproachful sarcasm, "You've a werry good power of suction, Sammy; you would have made a good oyster, if you had been born in that station of life." Here Sam's healthy "capacity to consume" was all very well, but in the gratification of it he deprived his father of a fair proportion of the beer. And this principle carried as it is into all the relations of human life, deprives millions of their legitimate social share. The "capacity to consume" creates more poverty than it cures.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cheap-Money Experiments in Past and Present Times. New York: The Century Company. 1892. Price 10 cents.

This pamphlet is a compilation from "Topics of the Time" in *The Century Magazine* from March 1891, to January 1892. It contains much more than ten cents worth of instruction; and warning examples worth millions of dollars. The argument of it has been anticipated in *The Open Court*, especially in the "Wheelbarrow" papers and the discussions growing out of them. We are glad to see it in this pamphlet form, because having upon it the image and superscription of *The Century Magazine*, it ought to have a circulation of many many thousands, as it very likely will. The pity of it is that the men who need its lessons most will read it least, the mechanics and laborers who want their wages paid in cheap money, and the farmers who want to be paid in cheap money for their corn. The "awful examples" of the cheap money mistake presented in the book are The English Land Bank, The Rhode Island Paper Bank, The John Law Bubble, The Argentine Cheap-Money Paradise, The Michigan Wild Cat Banks, and some others. These would be amply sufficient warning if the question were one of economics only. Unfortunately, ambitious men use the "cheap money" theory for their own political advantage, while thousands of others think they see in it a method by which they may scale their debts. The subject must be discussed from the ethical side.

The author of this pamphlet says, "The harmful delusion that the Government has the power to create money is traceable directly to the Legal Tender Act of 1862." Perhaps so, in its more direct and immediate influence upon the American people, but the virus of it was in our monetary legislation long before that. It was put there when the government first usurped the power to de-

clare anything whatever a Legal Tender in payment of debts. The "fiat" that makes gold coins a legal tender in payment of debts is just as potential in the case of silver, brass, leather, or paper coins; the difference is only in the extent and degree of the mischief done by the "fiat." The truth is that Legal Tender acts are all morally void. A debt cannot be paid until the moral obligation contained in it is cancelled, and no government can cancel that. It appears by the papers that a recent explorer has discovered that the source of the Mississippi river is not in Lake Itasca, as we have long supposed, but in a fountain farther back. So, the author of this pamphlet will discover that the source of this "harmful delusion" lies in legal tender legislation farther back than the Legal Tender Act of 1862. The greatest statesman that this world has ever produced was the ruler who invented indirect taxation, and persuaded the people who could not see the amount they paid, that the taxation itself was the source of their prosperity. The next greatest was the man who invented the scheme of "Legal Tender," and nicknamed coins so that the people might be deceived as to their weight, quality, and value; calling them shillings, dollars, florins, and other abstract names instead of ounces, half-ounces, quarter-ounces, and other concrete words expressive of the actual quantity of metal they contain. M. M. T.

NOTES.

Baronin Bertha von Suttner is an author of uncommon repute. She wrote a powerful novel under the title "Die waffen nieder!" in which she preached peace upon earth and good will among men. We are now in receipt of a new monthly published and edited by Bertha von Suttner which bears the same significant title as her novel. (Price 6 marks per year. Berlin, W. Potsdamer St., 27.) It is designed to be an organ for the aspirations of those who endeavor to supplant war by decisions of international tribunals. Bertha von Suttner had received when attending the last Congress of Peace, at Rome, many exhortations from prominent men among whom she mentions E. Haeckel, F. Spielhagen, E. de Laveleye, Fr. Bodenstedt, L. Fulda, the Duke of Oldenburg, Prince Stahremberg, B. Carneri, P. K. Rosegger, L. Büchner, H. Heiberg, and Count L. Tolstoï. In the first number of the new periodical she publishes several additional letters from Max Nordau, Lieut. Col. M. v. Egidy, Charles Lemonier, Frédéric Passy, and Dr. M. G. Conrad. The more threatening a constant danger of war hangs over Europe, which may be brought about as the last war between France and Germany for frivolous reasons, the more the nations yearn for peace; and it is right that they should not submit to being rushed into war for mere party considerations of a government that uses such means to remain in power. One of the contributors says: "Struggle is necessary, struggle is beautiful, struggle is human, struggle is a natural law, the strong, the healthy must be victorious,—but war is not struggle, war is horrible murder!" Dr. Knauer, of Vienna, gives a short exposé of Kant's propositions how to attain a perpetual peace among the nations. It is no mere fancy, says Kant (*kein leeres Hirngespinst*). "The eternal norm as the basis of a state constitution abolishes war among its members. A society organised in this way is its representation according to laws of liberty, practically given in experience; yet it can only be acquired with difficulty after various struggles and wars; but its constitution, if once accomplished, is best qualified to keep off war the destroyer of all good things."

Die Waffen nieder! is so far as we are informed the only German periodical of its kind. Similar periodicals are *Concord*, a journal of the international arbitration and peace association, London (40 Outer Temple, Strand), *L'amico della pace*, published at Milano, *Almanach de la Paix*, published by Plon-Nourrit & Co., Paris

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THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE COMMUNITY *

BY WILHELM WUNDT.

While I request your most thoughtful attention to a brief consideration of the relation of the individual to the community, I desire above all to emphasise the fact that it is not the juridical nor even the legal philosophical aspect of this problem, that I purpose to discuss, however much they may crowd into the foreground at the mention of the theme. It is rather another point of view, heretofore little observed, that has led me to this question and for which I should like to claim your attention. This is the psychological point of view. In fact, the question, how the individual is related to the life-communities that surround him, to the nation, to the state to which he belongs, is certainly, perhaps I could say in the first degree, a psychological question. For if it is the spiritual nature of man, upon which his being and the character of his existence chiefly depend, then that science which has this spiritual nature as its object, must also give account, first of all, concerning the nature of the relations, which, in all forms of human association unite men with men. Does that nation, which, united by the same language, customs, and views of life, looks back to a common history and calls intellectual products of imperishable value its own, consist of nothing but the multitude of individuals who belong to it? Or is there something else added, which first makes possible the qualities of this community, a spiritual collective power which cannot be conceived of merely as a sum of particular effects? And is the state, in which such a national community is compacted into a firmly united organisation, nothing but a multiplication of the same combinations, as individuals arbitrarily enter into with each other, at pleasure, for passing purposes? Or is it also a unitary, collective being, no less independent and *sui generis* than the individual organism?

It is a spectacle which the history of science furnishes frequently enough, that problems which we count most difficult in view of the opposition of opinions which exist concerning them, appeared capable of easy solution at a remote period which furnished them with more simple explanations but also under more simple conditions. More rarely it may happen that we again to-day, after long circuitous courses, prefer such early discovered solutions to the multitude of painfully conceived theories that have since asserted sovereignty, and we prefer them perhaps just because an investigation begun under more simple hypotheses might more easily succeed in comprehending the essence of the thing with hasty glance, since the eyes of those coming later are blurred by the plentitude of circumstances that have since come to light, or also by accepted opinions.

The problem that lies before us, belongs as I believe to those of such a character. That the nature of human association can be understood only upon the basis of a comprehensive insight into the spiritual nature of the individual man, and that the qualities of the individual presuppose, none the less, the community as its necessary condition, has scarcely ever since been expressed so excellently and clearly as by that thinker who presented the collected world and life-views of antiquity in a complete system that observes all just claims proportionately,—I mean Aristotle. It is not to his logic and metaphysics, which in spite of the long sovereignty which they have asserted, are for us long since antiquated, that I would like to give preference, but to two other writings of this philosopher, because the fundamental thoughts by which they are sustained, even to-day, possess for us, with certain limitations, a living significance. These are the little treatise concerning the soul, and the most mature work of his age, "Politics." The two belong together; for only the two united give a perfect idea of how the man, who was a teacher of Alexander the Great in philosophy as well as statecraft, conceived of the nature of the individual and of the community.

I. THE STATE OF NATURAL GROWTH AND MAN A POLITICAL BEING.

To be sure, in almost every phase, the disclosures of the Aristotelian psychology can no longer be our standard. To desire its restoration would be no less an anachronism, than if one were to attempt to transplant

* This is the substance of a lecture delivered as an oration by Professor Wundt on the birthday festival of the King of Saxony. The oration was published in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

the physical doctrines of Aristotle into the physics of to-day. But when he points to the indivisible connection of all psychical activities, to the evolution of the higher from the lower, according to law, to the inner union of the psychical life with other life processes, and above all when he beholds the true spiritual essence of man in the spiritual activities themselves, not in some sort of transcendental substance, in which the psychical phenomena flit by simply as perishable shadows, foreign to the true essence of spirit,—these are views, to which, again, to-day psychology returns after long wandering about upon the uncertain sea of changing metaphysical opinions.

Most of the political doctrines of this philosopher, indeed, are likewise unfit for restoration. Not merely is what he says concerning the participation of the classes in government, concerning the relation of the citizen to the non citizen and stranger, and of the freeman to the slave, repugnant to our present feeling of right and humanity, but also the narrow compass of the ancient state, the total lack of those manifold interactions and voluntary combinations of individuals, which we in the notion of "society" contrast with the political community, make his discussions inapplicable for us. Nevertheless his fundamental view of the state might even to-day appear to very many superior to all the artificial hypotheses that have since obtained. Above all, the thought that it is not permissible, to derive political existence from any past condition in which the individual has lived apart from any association with his like; the thought also, that man from the beginning was a "political being," as well as the other thought that the state does not exist merely for the sake of the possession and security of its citizens, but that it is besides an end in itself, destined to produce good and beautiful results,—these fundamental thoughts of the Aristotelian politics, will have now more prospect of acquiescence than heretofore, since the knowledge gradually begins to prevail that egoistic ultilitarian considerations, are a much too insecure basis upon which to found the noblest impulses of the human soul.

The ways, indeed, are long and strangely entangled, that have to-day led us back to views akin to those which an impartial thinker, independently surveying human affairs, expressed more than two thousand years ago. When the civilisation of antiquity became antiquated and the gospel of the redemption of disconsolate humanity had placed before our eyes an ideal that presented the strongest contrast to the ideal of life-enjoying Greece, that antithesis had also to find expression in views regarding being and the value of the individual existence and the life-associations to which the individual belongs. The Christian view of the world, which esteemed the sensuous life merely as a preparation for the true life, the supersensuous, was here consoled incomparably more than by the Aristotelian doctrines or that Platonic conception, which considered the union of spirit with body as an evil, as an imprisonment of the soul, from which the latter looked back with longing to the unsullied purity of its previous incorporeal existence. Even, later, when Aristotle had become the unquestioned leader of mediæval science, people accommodated themselves to his doctrine of the nature of the soul only under reservations that limited the union of the lower psychical powers with the bodily organs to the earthly life. Among life communities, however, only one in the eyes of the mediæval church had permanent value; the community of believers, who without regard for political limits realise the Divine state, a representation of the heavenly kingdom upon earth. This one community alone, is of Divine, supernatural origin. All secular states arose in the natural way. They are founded for perishable purposes, by compacts, which like all secular compacts can be dissolved when those purposes are on the point of subversion. The ideal life, however, is life separate from state organisation. Therefore man in Paradise, before the fall, lived separate from state organisation, just as the future life, which will no longer need the laws and legal ordinances of this world, will be unconnected with state organisation. World revolutionising developments can only be perfected in violent oppositions. When Christianity overcame the one-sided idea of happiness of ancient ethics, when it overcame the limited political conceptions of the civic institutions of antiquity, finally, when it assured to the individual personality as such, without regard to race and class distinction, its claim to moral esteem, it succeeded only by rendering everything that seemed good and valuable to the Greeks, as worthless when compared to the higher goods, which it taught men to know. But it has, visibly to all eyes, come to light, that the negation of real life to which Christian philosophy was thus continually impelled, gradually had to destroy itself, that, thought out with consistency, it led necessarily to the opposite of that which it strove after. This appeared not merely in the secularisation of the mediæval church, to which it was doomed as if by fate, but is to be traced also in many other phenomena, which as they belong to the more obscure development of scientific views, are more wont to escape observation. To these phenomena, belongs also, as I believe, the remarkable fact that the weapons forged by ecclesiastical philosophy for the protection of its transcendental system, when turned against this system in the following age, transformed themselves into the most effective instruments for a perfectly secular, natural view of life.

When, in the sixteenth and seventeenth century,

the newly prevailing impulse for investigation abolished, in all domains, the remnants of mediæval scholasticism, when there no longer remained one stone upon another of the building of Aristotelian Physics and Metaphysics, then those two essentials of the ecclesiastical philosophical doctrinal edifice, which relate to the anthropological and the sociological problem, preserved themselves intact, according to their essential fundamental concepts, in the new era. While mediæval metaphysics had regarded the union of spirit with body, in the sense of the relation of all earthly things to the supersensuous world, as a transitory imprisonment, from which it was the hope of the suffering soul to be released, this same conception of Aristotle's became a welcome tool for the worldly minded philosophy of the following centuries, to implant anthropological concepts in that mechanical view of the world, which obtained sovereignty under the influence of the pioneer discoveries in the natural sciences. At this time, the body was esteemed little more than a prison, involuntarily endured by the soul. Nevertheless body and spirit confronted each other as equally real substances, and in the conceptions concerning their interactions, the preponderance lay so much upon the side of the corporeal event, that there fell to the soul, at the most, only the rôle of an atom of specific inner qualities, which, like the material elements in which it was bound up, was subjected to the universal, mechanical conformity—to law. Therefore, it is comprehensible, that people, from these conceptions came easily to accept the spiritual life as nothing but a sport of mechanical movements. As the rise of mechanical physics, soaring above everything as it did, after the beginning of the seventeenth century, furnished aid to materialistic views, so the very idea of the transcendentality of the spirit, which at one time, sprang from the negation of the sensuous world, offered also to this differently moulded era, the expedient for satisfying the claims of faith. The immaterial, immortal soul,—thus a Francis Bacon, a Pierre Gassendi and many others explained it,—the immortal soul lies outside the pale of cognition: Cognition has only to do with the sensuous soul, which is necessarily a sensuous being.

Modern times accepted the inheritance of the mediæval church, in the same manner, in the conceptions that prevailed concerning the significance of political institutions. The political powers striving after an independent unfolding of strength, even in the fourteenth century, made a vain attempt to resurrect the Platonic conception that the state was a living being, with organic members. The German Reformation, at a later period, in a similar sense, sought in vain to secure recognition for the precept that the magistracy was established by God. The notion that the state was the result of a compact between men, did not again disappear from science and it soon, victoriously superseded all other views. However, there was no longer any question of opposing a divine state to this human state, established for perishable purposes. On the contrary, when Thomas Hobbes developed his idea of the state church, he boldly claimed the unconditional subordination of the latter with the cynical words: "Religion is the belief permitted by the state, superstition the belief forbidden." The main principle of these new theories of the state was to create a legal basis for the sovereignty of the state, which led back to no supersensuous origin, but taught men to conceive of the "corpus politicum," as a no less natural creation than is any natural body that issues from known natural powers. Thus, the secular theory, in this respect also, takes possession of the same conception as the ecclesiastical once did for opposite purposes. For the latter, the state had been a work of human agreement, in order to subordinate it all the more certainly to the divine state, which was of supernatural origin. The contract-theory now became an expedient for insuring the state against all attacks, just because that only is regarded as legitimate which is of natural origin.

The logical development of this conception, however, was obliged gradually to lead far beyond its aim, in order, finally, to attain a result again annulling it. In the endeavor to establish the primitive equality of the natural rights of individuals, Hobbes replaced the early idea of a "contract of subordination" which was applied to the state on the basis of the relation of the ruler to the ruled, by that of a "social contract," which each concludes with each, because in the natural condition precedent to the state, each is dependent upon his own will alone. Now, as indeed actually happened, this social contract could be adapted to all possible political views. However, the ideal of an absolute sovereignty of the people, corresponded to it most perfectly, according to which the best state's constitution was said to be that in which each foregoes, in his originally unlimited will only the minimum which is indispensable for the safety of all. Here, again, the social contract of a Jean Jacques Rousseau accorded most beautifully with the testimony of those Christian philosophers, who esteemed the state as a necessary evil and the anarchical or stateless primitive condition, as the true paradisian ideal.

Thus, in manifold relations, that mediæval doctrine prolonged its existence up to the threshold of our century. Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his "Attempt to Determine the Limits of State Interference," condemned even that activity of the state which seeks to further the positive well-being of its citizens, as

deleterious. For it would be the highest ideal of the collective life of human beings, "if each developed from himself alone and for his own sake." And Fichte, a few years later, in his "Lectures Concerning the Vocation of Scholars," thought that there must, surely, lie a point somewhere in the prescribed course of the human race "where all political institutions will be superfluous," because pure reason will be universally recognised as supreme arbiter. Only from that point however, and only when the state has gradually become unnecessary will we, in general be "true men." Truly, the antithesis to the Aristotelian principle, that the state was prior to the individual and that man is a political being, cannot be more vigorously expressed.

Yet, in the latter case as well as in the former, the conception of the community stands in the closest connection with that of the individual man. If good and truth are, everywhere, only a product of subjective reason, a commonwealth that binds the wills of individuals will be experienced only as a galling restraint that, finally, may be unable to withstand the struggle after a perfectly free activity of the rational will. Thus, the bold idealism of the Storm and Stress Period leads to the same result that the naturalism of the social theories of the seventeenth century attained. As for Fichte, the individual reason, so for Hobbes, the individual body only, possessed a title to independent reality. In both cases the commonwealth becomes a sum of individuals, which, by voluntary assent, subject themselves to certain rules of action, for harmonious, subjective purposes.

But the author of the "Addresses to the German People," (Fichte) had already abandoned much of the fundamental thoughts of his earlier lectures, as, after him, likewise the statesman Humboldt wished no longer to acknowledge the content of his youthful labors. There were two intellectual streams, independent of each other in external appearance, but, at bottom, sustained, half consciously and half unconsciously, by the force of national exaltation, in the beginning of our century, which caused those views to totter.

On the one side, a deeper historical conception of habits and laws of previous eras, awakened and roused to independent life by Romanticism, caused the rationalistic constructions of state and society to appear in an increasingly more doubtful light. On the other side, in German philosophy, there issued forth from the logical progressive development of Fichte's ideas, the notion of an objective world-rationality, of a spirit of universality, concerning which people assumed that, in history, political life and in all ideal creations depending upon the united intellectual labor of mankind, such as art, religion, and philosophy, it proves its reality, independent and infinitely superior to individual existence. An age whose distinction from the former ages consisted, not the least in the fact that it had learned to think historically, could not escape the power of this idea, even although the abstruse, dialectic garment, in which Hegel's system, its most thoroughly developed presentation had clothed it proved obstructive to its propagation. But for just this reason, one cannot regret enough that the logical scheme of that system established everywhere in the place of real, historical developments an artificial system of concepts and that, led astray by this, it split into opposites such things as according to their essence and origin belonged together. Thus the domain of objective morality was here, like another higher world, placed in opposition to subjective morality. Law and state appeared like beings *sui generis*, almost as if they could exist independent of individuals. Thus arose the idea of an independent existence of communities, through which they were, on the whole, considered too much like individual beings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE AND MORALITY.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ETHICAL VIEWS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

I. THE MEANING OF BASING ETHICS UPON NATURE.

John Stuart Mill has written an essay on Nature in which he "inquires into the truth of the doctrines which make Nature a test of right and wrong." He sums up the results of his inquiry in the following conclusions:

> "The word *Nature* has two principal meanings: it either denotes the entire system of things, with the aggregate of all their properties, or it denotes things as they would be, apart from human intervention.
>
> "In the first of these senses, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature is unmeaning; since man has no power to do anything else than follow nature; all his actions are done through, and in obedience to, some one or many of nature's physical or mental laws.
>
> "In the other sense of the term, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature, or in other words, ought to make the spontaneous course of things the model of his voluntary actions, is equally irrational and immoral.
>
> "Irrational, because all human action whatever, consists in altering, and all useful action in improving, the spontaneous course of nature:
>
> "Immoral, because the course of natural phenomena being replete with everything which when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence, any one who endeavoured in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men."

If the word Nature is used in the second meaning, it is obvious that an imitation of nature would signify the suppression of the human in man, of that which is properly called ethical; it would deprive man of his most characteristic and noblest feature,—rationality

—and degrade him into an animal blindly obeying its instincts.

Yet what is instinct but inherited habit? How have habits been acquired but by repeated action? Instinct is by no means bare of the rational element. Instinct is not totally blind. Although it may not prove rational intelligence in the individual, yet it does prove rational intelligence in the race. Instinct can be explained only as having been acquired through race-experience. The human has grown out of the race-experience of man's ancestors, and the rationality of certain instincts are a prophecy of the human. If the blindness of instinct has to be called "natural," and that element of rationality, however small it may be, which represents judgment and may be considered as the germ of humanity is to be counted as "non-natural," the whole animal kingdom from man down to the moner must be classed as part of the non-natural domain of the world. Nature in that case would have to be limited to the province of unorganised things, to stones or minerals, and the world of plants might be a disputed ground.

This conception of nature is not admissible, and it contradicts its etymological meaning, which is not as yet forgotten. The word "Nature" is derived from *nascere*, to grow, and denotes especially the evolution of organised life.

If we take "nature" in its first meaning, denoting "the entire system of things with the aggregate of all the properties," Mr. Mill declares that the doctrine that "man ought to follow nature" has no meaning. He says:

"The scheme of Nature regarded in its whole extent, cannot have had, for its sole or even principal object, the good of human or other sentient beings. What good it brings to them, is mostly the result of their own exertions."

Certainly, that good which nature brings to sentient beings, is mostly the result of their own exertions. But if nature comprises the entire system of things, it also includes the exertions of sentient beings. That sentient beings can make efforts, is one of the most important, nay, for us it is the all-important part of nature. In other words, ethics is not something artificial in contrast to that which is natural, it is not something non-natural or unnatural; ethics is the most characteristic feature of human *nature*.

Mr. Mill has much to say about art and the artificial. He treats art as something radically different from nature. He ought to have remembered Shakespeare's lines:

"Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. . . . . .
. . . .
. . . . . . This is an art
Which does mend nature—change, rather; but
The art itself is nature!"—*Winter's Tale.*

Mr. Mill tries to dispel some ambiguities that lurk in the old proposition *naturam sequi*, yet he confines his investigation to one interpretation of this rule only, and indeed to that which is the crudest and the most obviously absurd conception we can form of it, so crude that nobody has ever maintained it and, so far as I know, even thought of it before Mr. Mill refuted its proposition.

* * *

In the introductory remarks to his essay on Nature, Mr. Mill complains about the "many meanings, different from the primary one, yet sufficiently allied to it to admit of confusion." The article was apparently suggested by the reading of certain propositions of theological authors, who maintain that nature must be considered as a divine revelation; nature's doings are acts of God; the scheme of nature indicates a plan wisely premeditated and designed to serve the good of human or of other sentient beings; and that "all things are for wise and good ends. Such a view has been presented to "exalt instinct at the expense of reason."

Mr. Mill deals with these notions with great adroitness. He refutes the idea that natural processes are an indication of the Creator's designs. Natural laws act blindly; the storm rages without taking into consideration that it may do harm to sentient beings.

Now, if we consider nature as a personal being who acts not in uniformities of law, but with conscious knowledge of the consequences of his doings, and adjusting them to special ends, it would truly be ridiculous to say that we must act as indeliberately, ruthlessly, and blindly, as nature acts. Mr. Mill has succeeded completely in the refutation of this view, although it almost appears to me that a serious refutation is scarcely necessary.

The following passage might be suspected of humor, but Mr. Mill is in deep earnest.

He says:

"In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are nature's every day performances. Killing, the most criminal act recognised by human laws, Nature does once to every being that lives; and in a large proportion of cases, after protracted tortures such as only the greatest monsters whom we read of ever purposely inflicted on their living fellow-creatures.

"Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed. All this, Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and worst; upon those who are engaged in the highest and worthiest enterprises, and often as the direct consequence of the noblest acts; and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for

them. She mows down those on whose existence hangs the well-being of a whole people, perhaps the prospects of the human race for generations to come, with as little compunction as those whose death is a relief to themselves, or a blessing to those under their noxious influence. Such are Nature's dealings with life. Next to taking life (equal to it according to a high authority) is taking the means by which we live; and Nature does this too on the largest scale and with the most callous indifference. A single hurricane destroys the hopes of a season; a flight of locusts, or an inundation, desolates a district; a trifling chemical change in an edible root, starves a million of people. The waves of the sea, like banditti seize and appropriate the wealth of the rich and the little all of the poor with the same accompaniments of stripping, wounding, and killing as their human antitypes. Everything in short, which the worst men commit either against life or property is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents.

"Nature has Noyades more fatal than those of Carrier; her explosions of fire damp are as destructive as human artillery; her plague and cholera far surpass the poison cups of the Borgias. Even the love of 'order' which is thought to be a following of the ways of Nature, is in fact a contradiction of them. All which people are accustomed to deprecate as 'disorder' and its consequences, is precisely a counterpart of Nature's ways. Anarchy and the Reign of Terror are overmatched in injustice, ruin, and death, by a hurricane and a pestilence."

The passage quoted appears to me of special interest because the anthropomorphic view of nature is pushed to its utmost extreme. Mr. Mill combats here the conception of a personification of nature which is unequalled in mythology. Mr. Mill concludes from his considerations:

"Nature cannot be a proper model for us to imitate. Either it is right that we should kill because nature kills; torture because nature tortures; ruin and devastate because nature does the like; or we ought not to consider at all what nature does, but what it is good to do. If there is such a thing as a *reductio ad absurdum*, this surely amounts to one. If it is a sufficient reason for doing one thing, that nature does it, why not another thing? If not all things, why anything? The physical government of the world being full of the things which when done by men are deemed the greatest enormities, it cannot be religious or moral in us to guide our actions by the analogy of the course of nature."

Mr. Mill apparently takes the words *naturam sequi* in the sense of *naturam imitari*. To follow nature is in his conception not a conforming to the entire system of things and its laws, but the regarding the facts of nature as the actions of a person, and acting accordingly.

If "nature" is taken in the sense of the whole system of things, the precept to follow nature, Mr. Mill says, is, with reference to the irrefragable necessity of natural laws, meaningless. For every atom—so to say—obeys the law of gravitation, and every motive sufficiently strong to incite a man to action, if not counteracted by other and equally strong motives, will pass into an act; it will—so to say—obey the laws of psychical dynamics. Any advice to obey the laws of nature in this sense is not quite as ridiculous as the injunction to imitate nature, but it is meaningless. It makes no sense.

But there is another sense still—and Mr. Mill has not overlooked it—in which the doctrine of basing ethics upon nature can be conceived. Mr. Mill, it appears, has devoted little space to an explanation of it, because to his mind it seemed so very obvious and unquestionably correct. Indeed it is as unquestionably correct as the other views which he combats are unquestionably erroneous and meaningless.

The original definition of nature is formulated by Mill as follows:

"As the nature of any given thing is the aggregate of its powers and properties, so Nature in the abstract is the aggregate of the powers and properties of all things.

"Nature means the sum of all phenomena, together with the causes which produce them; including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of Nature, as those which take effect."

Mr. Mill concludes:

"Since all phenomena which have been sufficiently examined are found to take place with regularity, each having certain fixed conditions . . . . on the occurrence of which it invariably happens; mankind have been able to ascertain, either by direct observation or by reasoning processes grounded on it, the conditions of the occurrence of many phenomena; and the progress of science mainly consists in ascertaining those conditions."

Mr. Mill proposes to express the doctrine not by *naturam sequi* but by *naturam observare*. He says:

"To acquire knowledge of the properties of things, and make use of the knowledge for guidance, is a rule of prudence, for the adaptation of means to ends; for giving effect to our wishes and intentions whatever they may be.

"If, therefore, the useless precept to follow nature were changed into a precept to study nature; to know and take heed of the properties of the things we have to deal with, so far as these properties are capable of forwarding or obstructing any given purpose; we should have arrived at the first principle of all intelligent action, or rather at the definition of intelligent action itself."

The ancients, Mr. Mill says, were very unequivocal in basing their ethics upon nature. "The Roman jurists, when attempting to systematise jurisprudence place in the front of their exposition a certain *Jus naturale*, 'quod natura' as Justinian declares in the Institutes, 'omnia animalia docuit.'" Mr. Mill after alluding to Christianity, continues:

"The people of this generation do not commonly apply principles with any such studious exactness [as the ancients], nor own such binding allegiance to any standard, but live in a kind of confusion of many standards; a condition not propitious to the formation of steady moral convictions, but convenient enough to those whose moral opinions sit lightly on them, since it gives them a much wider range of arguments for defending the doctrine of the moment."

This is very true. But how can we improve the present state of ethics, otherwise than by being exact and trying to find out the leading principle of ethics. A leading principle of ethics, which may serve us as a standard for the rules of action and a test for right or wrong, cannot be artificially constructed. The facts

upon which moral aspirations have to be based, are just as much facts of nature as the formation of crystals or the growth of plants. The conditions under which those facts are formed can be ascertained; and we can by observation and forethought predefine their consequences. They can be described in laws that are just as immutable as the laws which concern the growth of plants or the health of the body. Morality in all its phases and possibilities is deeply founded in the nature of things, and unless morality be an unexplainable fact in contradiction to all other facts of nature—there is but one way of comprehending morality and discovering its principle. This way is to study the facts of social life, the consequences of what is called immorality and the consequences of moral aspiration, to analyse them, to observe them in their origin and further development, to understand their importance, and to formulate their operation as exact natural laws.

The principle of morality cannot be contrived; it must be discovered. It cannot be devised like a work of art, but has to be found out not otherwise than any other natural law. Principles of art might be fashioned so as to suit our imagination—not so principles of morality. Artistic taste, yet even that in a certain sense only, is arbitrary, but the principles of morality are not arbitrary; they are not a product of our fancy, to suit special inherited or acquired inclinations, be they ever so lofty, charitable, altruistic, generous, or self-sacrificing. The principles of morality are to be based upon rigid truths which must be ascertained by experience and demonstrated by the usual scientific methods.

There is no choice left; but we have to base ethics upon nature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE practice of giving a dead congressman a roaring wake is again exciting comment. Dead statesmen have become so expensive that the people desire not the death of a congressman, but rather that he be converted and live. It costs so much to bury him. The funeral bill of a congressman depends apparently upon what state he hails from, as the figures vary from a few hundreds up to several thousands of dollars per head. The undertaker's bill for burying the late Mr. Houk, a member from Tennessee, amounts to $1,994.90, but this does not include the expenses proper of the wake itself. These are in addition to the undertaker's bill. The price of the coffin alone was $1,200, not including the "trimmings" which cost $200 more. True, it appears in the bill as a "burial casket," but it was nothing but a coffin after all. When a man is buried at the expense of his own family it is of course a private matter with which the outside world has nothing whatever to do; but when he is buried by public generosity, a $1,200 "casket" is an illegal perquisite, and a *post mortem* vanity setting a bad example. There also appears to be some invidious distinctions made between the members, for it is remarked that the undertaker's bill for burying the late Mr. Ford, a member from another state, amounted to only about $500, and the report ironically says, "Instead of a $1,200 casket, Mr. Ford rests in a $150 coffin." Mr. Ford may rest fairly well in a $150 coffin, but not so luxuriously as Mr. Houk reposes in a $1,200 casket, decorated and adorned with $200 worth of trimmings. Petty payments made out of the public money by legislators for the benefit of each other weaken the moral sense, and end in the squandering of millions. Tailors' bills and undertakers' bills are alike private affairs, and congress has no legal right to pay either of them out of the national treasury.

* * *

It is not surprising that undertakers charge exorbitant rates for burying congressmen, when the committees in charge of the funeral set them the example. When a member of congress dies the custom is to appoint six members of the House and three senators to escort the body home; and this pious duty often takes the form of extravagant self-indulgence. A few years ago, a member from Kansas died in Washington, and the usual funeral committee was appointed. Their bill for taking him to his home and burying him amounted to $3,561. This great expense could not have been made except by indulgence in the most costly wines, liquors, and cigars; and by their help the funeral was converted into a "wake" coarse, lavish, loud. It appears by the vouchers that the committee fortified themselves for their journey, and tempered their grief by a "lunch," at the moderate cost of $200. As we have a right to assume that they had something to eat at their own homes in Washington, why did they need a $200 lunch before starting on their journey? And what sort of a lunch fiend is it that can devour twenty dollars worth of lunch at one effort? Nine or ten men cannot eat $200 worth of lunch at one trial. They may drink it, but even then each man of them must consume two or three quarts of the most expensive champagne; and this is enough to make any one drunk except a congressman. By the time they reached Harrisburg, the disconsolate mourners were in such a state of sorrow and starvation that it became necessary to strengthen and stimulate them with a $200 breakfast. By careful nursing and proper nourishment of this kind, they managed to reach Kansas and get back to Washington at the cost of $3,561. All the funeral expenses that were dignified and respectable probably cost about $561,—the other $3,000 represented luxury, jollity, and drink.

* * *

In a highly colored sketch of Mr. Spurgeon, somewhat partial by reason of private friendship, the *Review of Reviews* for March, confirms what I said a few weeks ago about the collossal faith of that celebrated preacher. According to his religion, belief was the key of heaven; not belief in reasonable things, for there is no religious merit in that, but belief in the impossible, and in the Sacred History of that which never happened. In his theology the soul's danger lay just behind the forehead, and therefore the smaller the facial angle the larger the chance for heaven. He believed, says the *Review of Reviews*, "that the whole revelation of the Divine Will was contained in the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, in the verbal inspiration of which, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelations, he never ceased to believe." The leaves of Nature's Book of Revelation, the geologic strata were all heretics to him, for they contained the testimony of the rocks, physical revelations uncorrupted by interpolation or forgery. He warned his church against the pagan story of the stars, for Astronomy was the science of Lucifer. He was impatient of mental development especially among the Baptists, although they greatly needed it; and, says the *Review of Reviews*, "he protested with such vehemence as he possessed—and that was not small—he denounced, he thundered, he almost excommunicated those of his brethren who could not share his conviction that no one could really believe in God the Father and Christ the son who was not certain that the majority of the human race were created to pass a whole eternity in endless torment." As the vision of hell faded from human eyes, the despair of Spurgeon

grew. As light fell upon other men, darkness fell upon him. With fear and trembling he saw Faith diminish, and Hope and Charity increase. His friend and biographer says, "He roundly assailed the tendency of the present time to take a broader view of the fate of man and the love of God; and his last years were saddened and darkened by what he regarded as the apostasy of English Christianity."

* * *

It is only fair and generous to pay a tribute of admiration to a brave man fighting against the stars in their courses, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and therefore I give sympathy to Spurgeon wrestling against the sunshine, and challenging the very learning and temper of his time. He made a stubborn fight for his doctrine, but he found that not only were the mental powers of the world arrayed against him, but the spiritual and moral forces too. He did not know that these were all one in essence and in substance, and that they rose and fell in sympathy together. The soul is not weakened by strengthening the mind, for as the world grows wiser it grows better, and as men become better they cherish a better opinion of God. Even the Baptists have grown wise enough and good enough to believe and hope that the "fallen angels" will rise again; and it appears even by the Calvinistic census that the population of the bottomless pit is growing smaller day by day, and the sulphurous cavern will soon be empty. With a touch of pathos, the *Review of Reviews* thus explains the defeat of Spurgeon. "He who had proved himself a very Hercules, who had successfully accomplished all those labors imposed upon him by a kindly providence, nevertheless found himself baffled and confounded by the subtle Zeitgeist or spirit of his time, with which he waged an uncompromising warfare." Yes, but unfortunately for Mr. Spurgeon "the subtle Zeitgeist" wages an uncompromising warfare too; and in a contest with him the mythological Hercules and the theological Samson both go down.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION AND ORGANISATION IN THE GERMAN SCHOOLS. By *John T. Prince*. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Dr. John T. Prince has made a very careful study of the German school system and presents in a most convenient form within the small compass of 237 pages all its most characteristic and most important features. The reviewer of the book has been trained in German schools and was for several years in active service as a teacher in Germany; he feels confident that he is as well informed on the subject as anyone can be; so he believes that his opinion has some weight when saying that Dr. Prince's report is in every respect accurate. But it is more; it is judicious. The author notices the drawbacks as well as the virtues of the German schools and exaggerates neither the one nor the other. He wants the American teacher to learn from the German educational methods, but he is far from demanding their direct imitation. The concluding chapter states the author's opinion in the following words:

"I have said that our schools are poor in comparison with the "schools of Germany. And yet, I believe I am not inconsistent "in saying that the best we have are better for us than the best "that exist in Germany would be."

NOTES.

The Truthseeker Co. (28 Lafayette Place, Yew York City) have again collected their illustrations of the last year in a handsomely bound volume, entitled "Old Testament Stories Comically Illustrated by Watson Heston." Their plan is to propagate freethought by ridiculing the superstitions and errors of religion, but they are not careful as to whom or what they strike. They are as vigorous in their work as are the most fanatic believers on the other side. We do not approve of this method of the Truthseeker Co.; they spread in this way a wrong kind of freethought and we believe that they will make but few converts by their grotesque pictures It will make the iconoclast laugh, but the believer will turn from them with disgust. In the general household of human thought, iconoclasts of this kind seem to equilibrate the balance with those eccentric forms of piety which find an expression in the Salvation Army and similar institutions. So long as the one extreme exists, the other extreme has also right to existence, and there seem to be deeper causes that demand that it should exist too.

The *New England Magazine* for March contains an article which will be interesting to all Americans. It is entitled "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," the author of "Little Women," and is written by Maria S. Porter. The article is preceded by a beautiful frontispiece engraving of Miss Alcott, taken from a portrait made at the age of twenty, and contains besides a number of reproductions of later photographs handsome cuts of the Alcott homes. Every one will find in these "recollections" pleasant and welcome glimpses of the life of a woman whose fame rests as much on her private virtues as on any of her literary achievements.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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FIRST PRINCIPLES IN ETHICS.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

It is the prerogative of man to ask for reasons for what he is enjoined to do or believe. An animal does not ask a reason why; a child may not—but a developed human being has a dignity with which mere blind obedience and unreasoning assent are felt to be incompatible.

It is as legitimate to question and inquire in the ethical field as in any other. There is nothing sacred about duty, right, good—in the sense of their making a region which we should not explore, or look upon with critical eyes. If we are told we *ought* to do any special thing, we have a right to ask, why?—just as we have a right to ask for the evidence of any theological creed or any scientific or philosophical proposition. Yes, more than "having a right," I may say that we should ask for reasons in the realm of morals: For, in the first place, some things which we may be told to do may be questionable and we should not wish to be imposed upon; in the second place, there are different notions of right and wrong abroad in the world, conflicting notions, and we are obliged to have some standard by which to judge between them; thirdly, the very sacredness of what is really right should make us jealous of anything that falsely goes by that name; and fourthly, even what is absolutely right should not be accepted as such by a rational being on authority, because this or that person says so, or this or that book so teaches—but only because he sees it to be so with his own eyes, because it is the deliverance, the discovery of his own reason. It may not be possible for every one to be rationalised at once; and in the meantime those for whom suffice the poets "few strong instincts" and "few are fortunate; none the less is it the ideal for every one who has the capacities of reason in him to develop those capacities, to "look before and after" and know the why and wherefore of everything he does, to bring his whole life, moral and intellectual, out into the light.

And now perhaps the first thing we need to do is to get a clear idea of what the ethical field is, which we are to explore. It is, firstly, the field of human action—and not only of actions in the outward sense, but of all that we do, whether by body or mind, so we do it voluntarily. Whatever happens in us apart from our will is outside the realm we are considering, just as much as what happens without us: the digestion of our food, for example, the circulation of the blood—though to the extent that we can affect these by our will they may come inside; if, for instance, they are feeble and imperfect and by anything we can do we can make them stronger, healthier, it may be our duty to do so. It is our life so far as it is regulated by our thought that we have to do with as ethical inquirers; so far as it goes on of itself and is ruled by laws which we are powerless to affect, it is beyond the province of ethics. Yet, more particularly, all voluntary actions may be of one sort or another, according as our thought determines. We may, for example, in taking a walk, go along this street or that as we choose. In talking with a friend, we may give or we may withhold certain information in our possession. In recollecting a promise or a vow, we may keep it or break it as one or the other thought is predominant in us at the time. Now wherever there are two possible thoughts and it occurs to us to say that one is better than the other, that one should be followed rather than the other, we enter the field of ethics proper. This by no means always happens in the case of voluntary actions; when we are off for a holiday it may not matter, within limits, what we do—whether we ride or walk or row or "lie in the sun" and do nothing; the only duty in the matter, may be, may be to do as we please. But sometimes we say, This is good and that is bad; this deserves to be done and that ought not to be done. Such judgments are ethical judgments; they are not of course descriptive of the actions, but of what the actions should be; in other words, they assert an ideal, and when they are repeated and generalised, they become formulations of a rule. Ethics is really a study of the rules of human action; if we call it a science, it is an ideal science—for it is not a study of the actual conduct of men (and so differs entirely from sociology or history), but of what that conduct would be if it conformed to certain rules; and these rules themselves are not simply the matter-of-fact rules which an individual or a peo-

ple reverences, but the true rules, the rules which are intrinsically worthy of reverence.

Here then is the field for our inquiry—not nature, not man in general, not his actions, but the rules according to which he conceives he should act; and our inquiry now is not so much, what these rules are in detail but what is their reason for being, not so much how and when they arose and what is their history, but what is their justification and validity. To trace the rule, "Thou shalt not steal," for example, back to the one who first conceived it, to fix its authorship and date in the dim distant past, and follow its history since, is not the same as justifying it; customs and rules may have existed for ages and yet be without a rational basis. Ethics proper, on its intellectual side, is a reasoning about rules of conduct, it is a testing, criticising, accepting or rejecting the rules commonly proposed; and in searching for first principles in ethics, we are really asking for the ultimate reasons why we should follow (or refuse to follow) this, that or the other special injunction, for the final justification of whatever we call right.

Where shall we turn for light as to this problem? There seem to be those who think that science can settle it for us; they say that the basis of ethics is to be found in a clear knowledge of the world in which we live. And there is a measure of truth in this. If we do not understand our own being and natural laws about us we are to this extent in the dark, in our actions. Ignorance of the teachings of physiology and hygiene may cause us aches and pains that knowledge might have prevented. Ignorance of sanitary science is doubtless responsible in part for the large mortality of great cities. It is only by a knowledge of nature's forces—gravity, heat, steam, electricity,—that we can turn them to account and make them serve and benefit man. If we study the facts of sociology and history, we learn what conditions are favorable and what unfavorable to the growth and prosperity of communities. Such knowledge is of incalculable value; it is a help and guide to action—and yet there is some confusion in regarding it as the basis of ethics or as giving us an ultimate standard of right action. For who does not see that everything depends upon the use to which we mean to put our knowledge? It seems to be taken for granted that everybody desires happiness or long life for himself and for others; that the only wish of a person can be to use nature's forces for the general benefit; that all we care for is to make communities grow and prosper—in which case it would of course only be necessary to learn how these ends can be attained. But the fact is that we may desire other things; we may wish to know how to cut short our lives and how to end the lives of our people—time and again this has happened and is happening to-day, a great part of the activity of men consisting in killing one another or making preparations to; we may use nature's forces to injure as well as to benefit—a man of violence has the same motive for getting a complete scientific understanding of dynamite that any other sort of man would have; we may desire to degrade and humiliate a people as well as uplift it and make it prosperous—as England seems to have acted toward Ireland. Such scientific knowledge as I have referred to cannot be the basis or ultimate standard of ethics (however useful and necessary it may be in a subsidiary way), for one may act in complete accordance with it and yet aim at opposite things; one may have the clearest view of the world in which we live and yet play either (what we are accustomed to call) a good part or a bad part in it. The real question of ethics is, what are the true things to aim at, what is the meaning of playing a good or a bad part in the world—and, so far as scientific knowledge is concerned, for what ends shall we use that knowledge? Our very intentness on those ends (when we have discovered them) must make us resolute on finding out every possible means and observing every condition necessary for attaining them.

But if science fails us at the critical point (a certain mental confusion being involved in the very notion of its being more than a subsidiary guide for us), what else have we to do than to face the problem with our own discursive minds and by thinking of this end of our action and that, by weighing and balancing between them, try to find out that which seems worthiest, completest, most final and self-sufficient? For this, let it now be distinctly said, is what we are in search of—something, some state or condition which seems good in itself, which does not need to be regarded as a means to another end but which of itself satisfies the mind. If we ask for a reason for any action or rule, it must be because the action or rule requires a reason, being incomplete, objectless, irrational without it—as when a person going down town is asked Why? by a friend and in replying he tells his errand, while if he should say, For nothing, the friend would not know what to make of him. There are plenty of human actions, and sustained courses of conduct that have no meaning save in relation to some purpose beyond themselves. Yet on the other hand there may be things that seem so good that we do not look beyond them, things that it is superfluous to ask a reason for; they are complete in themselves and do not require any justification. It is such things that we have no reason of, things in virtue of which, or by their relation to which, all other things are good, things that it would be as absurd to ask for a reason for aiming at, as for conceding the truth of any self luminous fact of nature. If such things can be found, if a supreme

rule (or rules) can thus be formulated and if, on the other hand, all minor, special rules can be traced back to the supreme one and an explanation and justification thus be furnished for each single duty, then our problem would be virtually solved. To give a reason for everything that requires a reason, and to find those things for which no reason can be given only because they are self-evident—is all that the ethical student can ask. It is as when (to take a minor and imperfect illustration) having been in distant parts, we begin to travel homewards; at every step of the journey, at every change from sea to land, or from train to train, there is a reason for the action beyond itself; but when at last we reach the loved spot, and are safe within the dear old walls with father and mother or with wife and child, we do not ask a reason for being there—it is where we belong.

Let us, then, without attempting systematic completeness, take up a few of the duties and see if good reasons can be given for them and gradually work our way, if it is possible, toward the discovery of ends that are good in themselves. Temperance is one of man's duties; it is almost universally admitted. Yet I think it is legitimate to ask, why we should be temperate—for though familiarity with the idea may make it appear almost self-evident, it is not from the standpoint of reason really so. We take in as much air as we can with our lungs, we can hardly have too much light and sunshine—why may we not drink as much water or wine as we can and eat as much food? The answer obviously is that eating or drinking beyond a certain amount or measure is injurious to our health; if we have gone beyond certain limits, we strain our bodily organism and weaken it. Hence, to the end of health, we must be temperate; but for this, temperance would be no virtue and intemperance no vice. Or consider the virtues of chastity and modesty; respect for them is almost instinctive in men and women who have been normally born and educated—and yet we may ask why these should be virtues and may come to see that if the race were not perpetuated as it is, if certain peculiar consequences did not flow from certain acts, if the institution of the family were not such an all-important factor in the evolution of man, there would be no more occasion for chastity and modesty than there is for refusing to shake hands with more than one person or for covering one's face so it shall not be seen. A duty is no less binding because we see the reason for it; rather it is only he who does see the reason who feels the full extent of the obligation, as knowing all the duty rests upon. This, it appears to me, equally applies to truth and falsehood. We should tell the truth to others because they need it, because without knowledge every one is more or less in darkness; and if there are ever times when we should withhold the truth it is in those rare circumstances when it may injure rather than help. Falsehood is base because it is a sort of treachery—a disowning of the bond by which we are united to our fellow men. For the same reason we have a right to the truth from others; and, moreover, we ought to give it to ourselves, or search for it, if it is not at hand; we can only grow, we can only step surefootedly in life, as we know. In brief, truth is obligatory, because it is a means of benefit; if it were in and of itself a virtue, irrespective of the needs or circumstances of those to whom the knowledge is implanted, then we should have to speak the truth though it killed people and should have to refuse to deceive a raging animal though at the risk of being killed ourselves.

But now let us take a step further. We have found that there is a reason for some of the commonly-recognised duties of life, that they are duties, because in doing them we contribute to certain desirable ends. In the one case, it is health; in another, the perpetuation of the race; in another, the benefit or welfare of men. The question then forces itself upon us, are these ends desirable for themselves alone, or have in turn we to give a reason for choosing them, just as we had to for temperance, purity and speaking the truth? Have we at this stage arrived where we can rest, have we the ultimate ends, the final goods, the first principles of which we are in search? It does not altogether seem so. What is for the good of our health should indeed at once have respect from us; and yet I think it is tolerably evident on a little reflection that health is desirable, because with it we can best do our work in life, because with it we are put in possession of all our faculties—and without it we are in a measure useless, a burden to others and a burden to ourselves. If we could do our work as well, if we could be as cheerful, if we could think and attain all our higher spiritual development as well without health as with it, health would be a matter of indifference. And if we ever allow an injury to our health, if we ever take risks with it (with the sanction of conscience, I mean), it is in aiming at some good beyond it—as mothers may in child-bearing, as explorers and pioneers may in opening up new countries to the world, as students and philosophic thinkers may in endeavoring to unravel the mysteries of existence, as reformers may in contending with old wrongs and abuses, as patriots may who risk their very life in the defense of their firesides and homes. We should keep our health for a purpose; it is not an end in itself. I am obliged to think in the same way of the perpetuation of the race. I think we may ask, *why* should we follow these deep-seated instincts of our nature? Natural as it may be to obey them, self-evident as it may seem to many

that there ought to be more and more people in the world, I think that on sober reflection we are bound to ask, why? My answer would be that whether more people in the world are desirable depends upon what sort of people they are to be, how circumstanced (whether favorably or no to a really human development)—for we can easily conceive of conditions (and there are likely to be such in the later history of the globe) in which life would be a pitiful, useless struggle; and there may be inborn tendencies, physical and mental, that may make it better for some men and women not to have children now. The perpetuation of the race is a good, so far as it means the possibility of the race rising ever to higher and higher levels, so far as it means that there may be new human beings who may do better than their fathers and mothers did (or, at least as well), so far as it means the continuity and perpetuation and advancement of that spiritual something we call human civilisation and culture. No, the family, is not an end; it is a means to an end—a necessary means, indeed, and thereby a sacred institution, but still looking beyond itself; and these fathers and mothers are truly hallowed in their domestic lives who wish to bring up their children to carry still further the conquests of light, of love, and of justice in the world.

Yet when we think of the third end of which discovery was made—namely, the benefit or welfare of men, must we not say that this is a self-evident good, that no reason outside it is required for seeking it, since it appeals so immediately to us? In a sense it must be admitted that this is so. The reasons that have been given for the other ends, just discussed, are more or less closely connected with this end. And yet it is necessary that we have a clear idea of what the benefit or welfare of men means. There may be different standards by which to judge it, there may be limited notions of it; and we must not content ourselves with a phrase or a vague idea. Some may understand by welfare simply being well-situated in life, secure against enemies and accidents; but such welfare is as one-sided and incomplete a notion as health—we may ask, Why should we be thus favorably situated? what is the good of it, if we do not make more of ourselves thereby? Others may understand by welfare happiness; and surely happiness has the marks of being a good in itself. When we are happy, we do not ask why, to what end are we happy? For all labor, for all effort, for all self-denial there must be a reason; but there needs be no reason for happiness. And yet happiness, while a good (in itself), is not necessarily the good, the whole good; and such is its singular nature that it may be connected with not only what is otherwise good, but with what is unworthy and bad. Are there not those who find happiness in ruling other people and bringing them under their thumb, are there not those who find happiness in living in the eyes of the world and being continually noticed and applauded, are there not those who find happiness in giving themselves up to selfish pursuits and are never so pleased as when they have driven a successful bargain at somebody else's loss? Happiness in and of itself is innocent and is one of the first ends of our being, but when it is made into the only end, when other goods are made secondary or ignored, it may be the accompaniment of ignoble as well as noble action; moreover, in the existing state of human nature, happiness is so variable a quantity, that it can scarcely be said to furnish a standard at all (even a low or poor one), and so an ancient writer said well, "Pleasure is the companion, not the guide of virtue." We may live for happiness, if we only make it consistent with other ends of our being; we may work for other's happiness, so it be a worthy happiness, a happiness which is a harmonious part of a total good.

Physical security and comfort, happiness—these are not enough as measures of man's welfare; the one is too low, the other too variable. And how is it possible to judge of welfare save by saying that it must take in the whole of man, not only the life of the body or the satisfaction of existing desires, but the life of the mind and spirit, the possibilities of willing and achieving, the capacities of love—so that to work for human welfare means to work for the cultivation, the enrichment, the indefinite enlargement and expansion of the entire life of men, physical and spiritual? If we mean by human welfare, human perfection, if we set before ourselves the ideal of a perfected humanity—then we have an end in which we can rest, a goal that has every appearance of being a final goal, because we can imagine nothing greater beyond it, because there is no outside purpose a perfected humanity could serve which could be as great as itself. We may not be able to say beforehand all that a perfected humanity would attain, all it would be; we may not be able to present a definite picture of it—yet we know the tendencies, the capacities that await a full and complete development, we know the lines of advance in the past, we see how they stretch out before us now; we know our direction, our bearing—and what will be (or should be) in the future is only an extension, an unfolding, a blossoming and ripening of what we have now. Humanity's powers, (all it has consciously, all that may be revealed to it) passed into realisation—the mind, the heart, the will of universal man in full play and triumphant activity; that is the ideal that seems to sum up what is valid in all other ideals, that is the good which serves to measure all other goods; everything is right which tends to its accomplishment and everything is wrong which tends

to defeat it and make it impossible; all our duties (which are real duties) have their ultimate sanction here—they are explained by, derived from the one supreme duty of laboring for such a consummation; every valid rule of action is only an application of the sovereign rule to work for the perfection of society, for the total development of the capacities of man.

It is only another way of stating this to say that we have now reached the point where we cease to ask for reasons. It is as with any scientific investigation; when we reach an ultimate law of nature or an ultimate fact, we are satisfied. We do not wish to go beyond it, because there is no going beyond it; and all the demands and efforts of our reason might be said to be to the end of finding something about which we have to reason no more. Such a recognition as this when made in the realm of morals is sometimes misunderstood. When we propose an ultimate rule of right action and say that no reason can be given for it, this is misinterpreted as meaning that we give up reliance or reason and abandon ourselves to mysticism; while it is reason and reason only that has brought us to the discovery of the ultimate rule, and the rule might be called (if so long a word can be pardoned) the objectification of reason—that is, reason written out into an objective law. Mysticism is, if I understand the word, a love of vague, shadowy, nebulous thoughts, a preference of twilight or the dark rather than the clear light of day; but nothing is clearer, more distinct, (to one who thinks along the lines I have just followed) than this ultimate law of right which I have stated; no reason could be given for it that is as clear as the law itself. A sense of all this is the motive for the assertion sometimes made that it is absurd for a man to ask, Why should I do right? For when one finds the real, ultimate right, the question is absurd; but this does not mean that it is absurd to ask why one should be temperate, or truthful, or chaste, or obedient to authority, all of which are right only in relation to circumstances that may change. When we find out what is right, when we discover any special minor duty that is really duty, there is nothing under heaven for us but to do it; and the question, Why? as it is sometimes raised does not mean a demand for intellectual clarification, but rather, What am I going to get by doing right? and springs from a base motive rather than a noble one. There are not a few of these specious questioners to-day—weak, timid children of fashion and conventional religion—who ask why should they rule their passions and live sober righteous lives, unless it is that they are going to be rewarded for it hereafter; so little does popular Christianity really educate the moral nature of its followers. For there is this implication in the idea of an ultimate rule of action—namely, that man has a capacity of acting in accordance with it, that there is (what we may call for lack of a better term) an instinct for the right in him, a love for the right as such, just as there is a love for the truth as such, irrespective of any personal gain save the consciousness of knowing it; this disinterested love of truth is the basic motive of science and the love of right is the basic motive of really moral conduct.

From the standpoint of the supreme rule it ought now to be possible to survey the whole field of duty and to give an explanation and justification for each minor rule. This would be necessary to complete our investigation and to give it a thoroughly scientific character. But I fear I have already taken more space than should be accorded to a single article.

THE "IS" AND THE "OUGHT."

THE distinction between explicative and normative sciences is for certain purposes very commendable. Such sciences as psychology, physiology, botany, grammar, etc., explain the "is," they describe facts as they are, while such sciences as logic, horticulture, hygiene, ethics, etc., set forth an "ought"; they prescribe the methods by which a certain ideal is to be attained. Normative sciences in so far as they are practically applied are also called disciplines.

Yet the distinction between explicative and normative sciences is artificial; it serves a certain purely scientific purpose, viz. to discriminate between natural laws and rules; but it is not founded in the nature of things. The realities which form the objects of these sciences are undivided and indivisible. Hygiene is possible only on the basis of physiology; logic only on the basis of a knowledge of the actual modes of thought; horticulture only on the basis of botany, and ethics only on the basis of psychology and sociology.

It is true that as a rule a skilled gardener will raise better fruit than a scientific botanist, but the best fruit will be raised in the botanical gardens where skill is guided by scientific insight.

The ethics of mankind has up to date been almost exclusively in the hands of the clergy, who in so far as they are imbued with the spirit of dogmatism, claim to be in possession of a nostrum which was by a divine revelation entrusted solely to their care, and maintain that nothing can be learned from science. The present age, however, no longer believes in nostrums and science penetrates everywhere. Humanity has found out that ethics forms no exception among the normative disciplines and that it can be based upon science as much as hygiene and horticulture.

The greatest demand of the time is not as the iconoclast says the abolition of religion, it is not as the dogmatist says, a revival of the blind faith of ages gone by, the greatest demand of the time is a conciliation

between religion and science, is the imbuement of the clergy with the holy spirit of research, not in their symbolic books only, not in the Bible only, but in the wider and more reliable revelation of God, in nature; the greatest demand of the time is the maturing of dogmatic religion into a religion of science which will finally turn the cathedrals, temples, and synagogues of mankind into churches of science.

The Christian catechisms distinguish between the visible churches and the Invisible Church, the latter being the ideal of the former. There is a great truth in this distinction. The Invisible Church is that church whose faith is the religion of science, who preaches the ethics based upon facts and stands upon the ground of demonstrable truth. The Invisible Church is an ideal; but it is not an air castle. The Invisible Church is the aim toward which the development of all the visible churches tends. So long as the visible churches grow to be more and more like the Invisible Church, they will be and remain the moral leaders of mankind.

If the churches refuse to progress with the spirit of the time, they will lose their influence upon society, and the kingdom will be taken from them and given to others. That which we want, that which we must have, and that which mankind will have after all, if not to-day or to-morrow, yet in some not too distant future is a church which preaches the religion of humanity, which has no creed, no dogmas, but avowing a faith in truth and in the provableness of truth, teaches an ethics based upon the facts of nature.

When the Ethical Societies were founded many people hoped that a movement was started which would supply the demand of a religion of science and of scientific ethics applied to practical life. This hope was not fulfilled. The founder of the ethical societies is swayed by principles which are little short of an actual hostility toward science, and Mr. Salter is not as yet free from the belief that the ultimate basis of science rests upon some transcendental principle. Science in his opinion fails at the critical point.

The Societies of Ethical Culture can be called progressive in so far only as they discard rituals and ceremonies; but they are actually a reactionary movement on the main point in question. And there are frequent instances of clergymen and rabbis who proclaim freely and boldly the advanced ideas of a scientific conception of religion. Such views are not only not heard from the platforms of the Societies for Ethical Culture, but they are stigmatised by their leader.

It seems to me that in the present article Mr. Salter has considerably approached our position. He objects to mysticism, which Professor Adler formerly regarded as an indispensable element of ethics and ethical culture, and we may hope that the barrier of his transcendentalism that separates us still may be broken down too.

Mr. Salter says:

"Here then is the field for our inquiry—not nature, not man in general, not his actions, but the rules according to which he conceives he should act."

But he exclaims with a tinge of hopeless despair, as if there were no answer to the question:

"Where shall we turn for light as to this problem?"

He answers the question by a counter-question; he asks:

"Who does not see that everything depends upon the use to which we mean to put our knowledge?"

"It seems to be taken for granted that everybody desires happiness or long life for himself and others."

"But the fact is that *we may desire** other things."

Is Mr. Salter's question unanswerable? We hope not; for if it were unanswerable, ethics could not exist as a science.

The ultimate question of ethics is not *what WE desire*, but on the contrary *what IS desired of us.* We, i. e. our personal likes and dislikes, our intentions to make or to mar, have nothing to do with the subject. Ethics does not in the least depend upon the use to which *we* mean to put our knowledge. The mere introduction of the *we* and what *we* intend to use facts for, will produce confusion. This "we" of our personal desires is the veil of Maya which deceives us and leads us so easily astray.

The "is" that forms the basis of the "ought" in ethics consists in the nature of mankind and of the universe in which mankind exists. The laws of nature, especially of human nature and of the evolution of humanity, are the very same thing which the dogmatic religions call "the will of God." The will of God remains and will remain, for ever and aye, the basis of ethics.

Facts are such as they are, and the laws of nature will prevail. This is the basic truth of ethics and any question whether *we* shall recognise the will of God, whether *we* shall acknowledge the truth of nature's laws, whether *we* shall adopt the rules that are derived from the "is" into our will as the supreme rule of action, is another question of a personal nature, but it does neither invalidate the basis of ethics, nor does it stand in any connection with it.

We might be dissatisfied with the laws of nature and might imagine that we, if we had created the world, should have arranged them better than they are. We might decline to respect the precepts of the moral ought. That would doom our souls to perdition, for O Man! who art thou that repliest against God? (Rom. ix, 20.) It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. (Acts ix, 5.)

* Italics are ours.

The ought of ethics remains the same whether I, or you, or anybody else, deigns to follow, or refuses to follow, its behests; for the ultimate basis of ethics is not founded upon any so-called immovable rock of our conscience, not upon our subjective likes or dislikes, not upon what we choose to do or to leave alone. The ultimate basis of ethics is of an objective nature. The criterion of ethics is one of fact and not of opinion. That which has to be the standard of moral action can be inquired into, and can be searched for by scientific methods; it can be stated with as much exactness as the mathematical or logical rules or as any other precepts of the normative sciences.

Ethics is a normative science. It is as truly a science in every respect as are all the normative sciences. The ultimate principles of the normative sciences are not of a transcendental nature, they are founded upon the actual facts of life; the "ought" derives its rules from the "is," the ideal is rooted and must be rooted in the real. P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is not the habit of Chicago citizens to go into hysterics because rain falls in March, and yet they pretend to be worried and flurried because bribes have been accepted by members of the City Council, where bribery is as natural and easy as rain upon the lake. Public virtue comes in spasms, and seven aldermen were indicted yesterday, literally in a spasm; the indictments against them being of that sudden, dangerous, and unconstitutional kind known at the Court House as "dummy"; good enough says the apology for them, to hold the accused persons "until the State's Attorney can file indictments more specific." Better to endure bribery than "dummy" indictments, for bribery at the worst is only a species of larceny affecting the public pocket, while "dummy" indictments threaten the liberty and the good name of every citizen in the land. In the present case the ethical distinction between the bribery charged and the "dummy" indictment which charges it is this, that the bribery was wilfully felonious, while the State's attorney in drawing the "dummy" indictment was innocent of any intention to do wrong; indeed he was only too hasty to do right; but a judge should never hold a man to bail on such an indictment. It is too severe a strain upon the constitution and the law. A "dummy" indictment with the names of "dummy" witnesses upon the back of it is fraught with potentiality of mischief. The "dummy" indictment on which the accused aldermen have been held to bail, makes no fact averments of any kind. It contains nothing but a conclusion of law prefaced by an abstract accusation. The excuse that it was necessary to hurry lest the men should get away is not good, because they could have been arrested on a warrant issued by any Justice of the Peace, on a sworn information.

* * *

The paroxysm of indignation at the swaggering rapparees in the City Council who for years have been plundering the citizens, and selling valuable bits of the city itself, while entirely natural and just, contains within it a good deal of affectation; and in its present form of action, it makes another fierce attack upon the shadows, leaving the substance undisturbed. We imprison a knave or two, but cultivate the conditions out of which they grow. We provide all the facilities for public larceny, and then affect to be shocked by official theft. We submit to Saloon government administered by an aristocracy of the slums, and then wonder why corruption develops in the City Legislature. We put the control and disposal of millions into the hands of the beery elements, and then ask them to guard and protect the city honestly for nothing. We pay only nominal salaries to aldermen expecting them to reward themselves by collateral gains, which they very liberally do. Judging from the clouds of tobacco smoke which perfume the Council Chamber when the Honorable Council is in session, the salary of an alderman can barely pay for his cigars. Every Democratic committee, and every Republican committee that makes an assessment on candidates for seats in the Council, must at least suspect that in many cases they are asking for a share of anticipated spoil. The theory of our municipal constitution is that aldermen shall give to the public something for nothing, and the practice of the aldermen is to reject that rule and give something for something to private corporations. The only wonder is that under a system of multiple temptations, there are now, and always have been men in the city Council, faithful, vigilant, and absolutely incorruptible. This is the hope that lies at the bottom of this Pandora's box. "Tim wants to run for alderman again this year, and it's a shame for Tom to be trying to get the nomination away from him," said a partisan advocating his friend. "Tim ought to have another term, because this year there'll be something to be made." The aldermanic Tims and Toms, who aspire to the City Council because "this year there'll be something to be made," are the microbes born of a disease, and propagating a disease which "dummy" indictments will not cure.

* * *

Like the clatter of tin pans comes up a lot of delirious clamor for the indictment of the bribers too; and there are thoughtless critics who demand a double punishment for them. This is an erroneous view of justice, because in municipal bribery there is usually no equipoise of guilt between the bribers and the bribed. John Adams, in his old age, desired that it might be said of him hereafter, "Here is one who never seduced any woman, nor any man"; and the glory of that praise will shine for ever about him like the aureola that the painters draw. Even a long career of patriotic statesmanship grows pale within its light; but in the ordinary corruptions of a civic parliament the seduction of an honest man is rare. There is an important moral difference between the giving of a bribe, and the payment of a toll. Illegal money extorted by an alderman for the performance of a duty is a bribe in the hands of the man who takes it, but from the hands of a man who pays the money it may be only the tribute of blackmail. When legitimate business is blockaded by aldermanic tariffs, what can enterprise do but raise the blockade by payment of the toll. A man in the hands of brigands pays a ransom for his liberty, but he does not thereby become a brigand. There are citizens in Chicago of the highest character who have been compelled to remove municipal obstructions out of the way of their lawful business by paying money to men who live by City Hall brokerage, the buying and selling of aldermen. It is an inflamed and irrational anger that includes broker, aldermen, and victims in one moral indictment; and by putting them all into one criminal indictment the law bafles its own ministers and defeats itself, because by making the victims criminal their testimony is lost, and the bribe taker is made secure. An instructive example of this folly is that part of the Inter-State Commerce Law, where it is made criminal for a railroad company to grant rebates, and equally criminal to accept them. This latter provision defeats the former, because the shipper is protected by it from giving evidence. So, the law should make a distinction between the man who deliberately corrupts an alderman for purposes of public plunder, and the citizen who merely pays illegal tribute for permission to engage in a legal and beneficial business. If bribers were exempt from penalties and could be compelled to testify, the business of bribe taking would soon be at an end.

Here is a bit of expressive news which I copy from a morning paper, "A committee of prominent members of the Jacksonian club of Omaha, arrived yesterday at the Sherman House to arrange for 1000 enthusiastic democrats who will attend the National Convention. 'Nebraska will send an uninstructed delegation,' said Mr. Sternsdorf, 'Our club and the democracy of the whole state are divided on the Presidential question; we shall however, stand by the nominee, whoever he may be.'" This piece of information and its animating sentiment exhibit a very fair sample of that self-abasement which goes by the name of party loyalty. Those "enthusiastic democrats" are not coming to the convention as delegates, but merely to make an enthusiastic noise. They are not players in the Presidential game; they are only chips with which political shufflers gamble for the government. They are the morally inanimate counters with which the "statesmen" play. As to the meaning of "democrat," no two of them understand it alike, but they do know that the whole thousand of them are democrats, ready to "stand by the nominee, whoever he may be," even Mephistopheles himself. In their partisan blindness they swear by Saint Jefferson, who had such intellectual scorn for them. Although they were not born in 1789, he knew they would be born, and he told them then that he never submitted his opinions to the creed of any body of men, in religion, in philosophy, in politics, or in anything else where he was capable of thinking for himself; and he said, "Such an addiction is the last degradation of a free moral agent. If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go to heaven at all." This doctrine is repudiated by his disciples, the "enthusiastic democrats" from Omaha. If they cannot go to heaven in a party procession they will prefer to stay out of it altogether, although there is not the slightest chance that a democratic procession would be allowed inside the celestial gates. Jefferson was the founder of the mugwumps; he would be free, or nothing. About the time the democrats meet in convention at Chicago, the republicans will meet in convention at Minneapolis, and Omaha will very likely send a thousand enthusiastic republicans there, to howl for the winner, and yowl at the loser, and "stand by the nominee."

* * *

Although the democrats of Nebraska are prepared to "stand by the nominee," they are "divided on the Presidential question," and this marks an advance in the evolution of party morals, because it shows that even political chips may have independent spirit enough to think for themselves *before* the convention, if not after it; whereas, in former days, as I well remember, a true partisan had no soul of his own at either time. Early in 1860, and long before the conventions of that year were held, I heard a man say to a friend, "Who is your first choice for the nomination?" The answer was, "My first choice is the nominee." The enthusiastic partisan had abdicated himself so effectually, and surrendered himself so unconditionally to the caucus, that he had not manhood enough to form a choice or to express any opinion in advance of its decree. Lately I have read in a democratic paper of national importance that Senator Hill is quite unfit for the Presidency, by reason of much intrinsic and extrinsic moral weakness, and the editor finishes a high spirited and indignant protest against Mr. Hill's presumption, with this obsequious promise to obey the caucus, "Still, should Mr. Hill be nominated, he will receive our hearty and enthusiastic support." All of which reminds me of Bill McBride, editor of *The Marbletown Independent*, a republican organ in the days before the war. Quincy A. Bellows, editor of *The Free Flag*, a rival republican journal, wanted to be a member of the legislature, and was laying pipe for the nomination, when his pretensions were thus "laid bare" by McBride. "We understand that the recent importation who edits the *Feeble Flicker* in the alley, aspires to be a member of the General Assembly. This impudent ambition reveals a conscience made of leather. It is well known to the people of Marble county that he is in the daily practice of the seven deadly sins, and Quince has no more chance for the legislature than he has for heaven. Still, should he be nominated by the republican convention, he will receive our hearty and enthusiastic support." Mr. Bellows did get the nomination, whereupon the *Independent* said, "The work of the convention was well done, and the people of Marble county will be represented in the next legislature by that vigorous writer, that eloquent orator, and staunch republican the Hon. Quincy Adams Bellows."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

NOTES.

The Conservator comments upon our last criticism of The Societies for Ethical Culture as follows; "Mr. Carus thinks that we "need to square ethical statement with fact. So do I. So does "Mr. Salter." . . . . "It is astonishing that Mr. Carus resists all "explanation."

We call *The Conservator's* attention to Mr. Salter's article in the present number, which may be compared with the following passage quoted from Mr. Salter's book "Ethical Religion," p. 37: "Base morality on facts? Which facts? There are innumerable "facts, an induction from which would only give us immorality. "The good facts, then? But plainly, this is moving in a circle. "In truth, there is nothing on which to base morality. We do not "so much find it, as demand it in the world."

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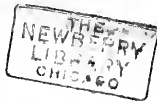
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WALT WHITMAN.

MY LITTLE WREATH OF THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The phenomenal poet had a phenomenal funeral. I went to the poor frame house in Camden with an old college chum who happens to be an eminent railway president in Philadelphia: we took our place at the end of a long row of people in the street, working men and women, children, who to the number of four thousand filed through the house to look upon the dead poet. There he lay in the familiar gray garb, his face in such sweet and beautiful repose that I shall always be more friendly with death for having seen it. None could look upon this face without reverence. Rembrandt would have selected it from a million. The magnificent dome of head and forehead, and the glory of snowy white hair; the brow, unfurrowed; the delicate mouth, not concealed by the thin moustache, the long flowing beard; the finely cut features, the expression of perfect peace and perfect kindliness: they were all a marvellous refrain to his own poem on "lonely and soothing Death," with which the funeral celebration in the woods presently opened. It is the face of an aged loving child. As I looked it was with the reflection that during an acquaintance of thirty-six years I never heard from those lips a word of irritation, or depreciation of any being. I do not believe that Buddha, of whom he appeared an avatar, was more gentle to all men, women, children, and living things. There arose in my memory many thoughts that I have heard from him, in the spirit that wrote the closing lines of his "Leaves of Grass":

> "Dear friend, whoever you are, take this kiss.
> I give it especially to you—Do not forget me;
> I feel like one who has done work for the day, to retire awhile;
> I receive now again of my many translations—from my avataras ascending—while others doubtless await me;
> An unknown sphere, more real than I dream'd, more direct, darts awakening rays about me—*So long!*
> Remember my words—I may again return,
> I love you—I depart from materials;
> I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead."

There were touching responses. From all parts of the world wreaths were sent; myrtle from the grave of Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner"; flowers from the poets Gilder and Stedman; and some lilies from old Mrs. Davis who nursed him to the last. Portraits of his mother and father looked from the walls. Near by was the large bust of his spiritual father, Elias Hicks, founder of the Hicksite Quakers. Large histories found some connection with this little room where Walt Whitman lay. I remember hearing Carlyle talk of the "Leaves of Grass," which Emerson had sent him. He recognised something of the mysterious fire called genius, but was repelled by the democratic enthusiasm. "He seems to be saying, 'I am a big man because I live in such a big country.' I know of great men who have come from small and obscure corners of the world." Carlyle should have seen the poor little house, in poor little Mickle Street, which contented the man he supposed inflated. Whitman combined a childlike humility with a childlike delight in all applause of his works. His pleasure in such tributes was mainly that he might transfer them to America. The inspiration of the New World was to him much the same as to a Quaker the moving Spirit, to which he ascribes whatever he utters. Walt Whitman's ambition would have been more than satisfied by recognition as a rude pioneer of a race of American bards who should exalt and transfigure the facts and features of their own country. This country he could never criticise; his feeling towards America was personal; to criticise it would be to him like dwelling on the faults of his mother. The nearest thing to fault-finding I ever heard from him was when, in deprecating something said of the tendency of democracy to commonplace, he said he thought it too soon to say that; that democracy was in its infancy; and an improvement would appear when women were enfranchised.

It was a beautiful soft day when we bore Walt Whitman to his vault,—that great rough-hewn granite vault in the side of a wooded hill several miles out of Camden. There Col. Ingersoll spoke more impressively than I had before heard him speak; Dr. Binton, Dr. Bucke,—one for Philadelphia, one for England,—spoke well; and Thomas Harned, Whitman's neighbor, feelingly conveyed his old friend's farewell to his humble neighbors, and thanks for their kindnesses, as

he had been enjoined by the dying man. There were, however, comparatively few authors present,—I saw about seven. There have been several severe criticisms in the press showing animosity towards Whitman. There has been some resentment, in certain literary quarters, that the authors of England, with Lord Tennyson at their head, should have singled out this particular man for their homage. But these critics would be wiser if they studied the fact instead of resenting it. The English love Walt Whitman because he is totally un-English. This was what Emerson felt when, after reading the "Leaves of Grass," he wrote the poet: "It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork, or too much lymph in the temperament, were making our western wits fat and mean,." "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." That was the secret: it was contributed by America.

Well do I remember a day when, in the early summer of 1855, as I entered Emerson's study he handed me the "Leaves of Grass," of which I had not heard, and which was just out. Emerson said: "Americans abroad may now come home: unto us a man is born." A month later I sought Walt Whitman out, in the farthest part of Brooklyn. His father (English) had died early in the year; his mother (Dutch) I saw. She was a kindly old lady, and I thought she seemed a little frightened about her son's work. Whitman told me, as we roamed about that Sunday, that I was the first visitor whom his book had drawn. He had set it up in type himself, and gave me a copy which I now have. All of this he remembered four or five weeks ago when I visited him. His memory was bright for old times. He told me of persons he had known in Huntington, Long Island, where he was born (1819). Elias Hicks, who died in 1830, he heard preach. His tall slender figure and earnest manner made a strong impression on my childhood. Hicks resided in the neighborhood of William Cobbett, and the two, he thought, knew each other. He (Whitman) enjoyed the personal friendship of Col. John Fellows of New York. Fellows wrote several books (on Freemasonry, etc.) which are now forgotten, but his constant friendship for Thomas Paine is remembered. "Col. Fellows was a ruddy well-dressed gentleman, often seen about the courts. He told me that the pious legend of Paine's being a drunkard, and so forth, is quite false: Paine drank only as everybody else did. He said also that Paine had a very large following in New York, which increased after his death." While Whitman was talking I several times arose to leave, fearing he might suffer. But he never groaned or murmured; he bade me farewell very cordially. Although nothing of the kind was said, we both felt that we were parting forever,—that is, in this life; for Whitman never had a doubt of meeting all of his friends in some conscious Nirvana.

That any one could find a trace of prurience in his pages was a thing Whitman could not conceive. Those who have censured him on this score cannot, on their side, conceive the completeness with which the popular transcendentalism of the Hicksite movement revolutionised the minds trained in its atmosphere. It was a sort of mystical naturalism to which nothing in nature—literally nothing—was common or unclean; and it was accompanied by an hereditary tendency to write with what Emerson used to call "biblical plainness." One of the most remarkable things about Walt Whitman was his spontaneous orientalism. Let me quote from my "Sacred Anthology" a few passages which I know were not translated when Whitman wrote the "Leaves of Grass." Here are sentences from the "Arthava Veda":

> "I praise the world, which is continually renewed.
> May clean waters flow for our body: I wash me thoroughly and am clean.
> All the range of thee, O earth, which I look over by the help of the sun—may the sight of my eye lose none of it till the latest years that are to come.
> May the peaceful earth, whose fragrance is excellent, whose breasts contain the heavenly drink, bless me with her milk!"

Even more has Whitman the trick and accent of the Persian poets of the tenth century—who were partly Moslem and partly Zoroastrian. The following is from Faizi:

> "The companion of my loneliness is my genius.
> Did I bring forth what is in my mind, could the age bear it?
> In my regulated reason I see the system of the universe, and in heaven and earth my motion and my rest.
> My own blood is the basis of the wine of my enthusiasm.
> Although I have buried my head in my hood, I can see both worlds; it may be that love has woven my garment from the threads of my contemplation.
> I have become dust, but from the odor of my grave people shall know that man rises from such dust."

The Persian Urfi calls his own name in his poetry in the same manner as Whitman:

> "Urfi has done well to stand quietly before a closed door, which no one would open: he did not knock at another door.
> To pine for the arrival of young spring shows narrowness of mind: hundreds of beauties are on the heap of rubbish in the backyard which are not met with in the rose garden."

Walt Whitman was not a reader of oriental books unless in later years; but it will be seen that he had reproduced some characteristics of those ancient literatures. The "Leaves of Grass" was certainly a sort of New York Vedas. The Western mind finds erotic elements in the warm spiritual passion of the oriental writers; they are tolerated only in the Bible. But Whitman has gone farther than the Bible lands, and sees life and nature with the eyes of an old dervish. Strange, this correspondence between the colors of the world's sunrise and sunset!

NATURE AND MORALITY.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ETHICAL VIEWS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

[CONTINUED.]

II. THE ETHICS TAUGHT BY NATURE.

What can be the meaning of Mr. Mill's objection to basing morality upon nature, i. e. upon the entire system of things, of the universe, of which we are a part? I see only three possibilities: either it means (1) that there is no ethics at all, or (2) that ethics is imported somehow into the world from the outside, or (3) that ethics is a purely subjective invention, that it is an artificial product of man's fancy.

If nature were a chaos, if there were no constancy of law in the universe, no regularity but only the sportive arbitrariness of an irregular play of chance, no world-order but a *tohuvabhohu* of general confusion, intelligent as well as moral action would be impossible, for no calculation of consequences would be reliable. Yet if there is a world-order, conformity to it will be possible. Upon the presence of law depends the intelligibility of the world; the regularity of law is the basis of rational action, of foresight, of responsibility, and of moral action.

The view that ethics are imported into the world from the outside is the theological theory of revelation. It is based upon the dualistic world-conception that the world and God are two distinct entities. The world by itself is supposed to be a chaos, but God brings order into it by penetrating the chaos. According to this view the regularity of law is not of the world but of God; it is not an intrinsic feature of existence, but it is imposed upon it by an extra-mundane Deity.

The view that ethics is a purely subjective invention, that it is human to the exclusion of the not human in nature, we may fairly assume, is Mr. Mill's view. Mr. Mill would have objected to the idea of considering his view as a special case of the revelation theory in ethics, but such it is none the less. What is the human but a product of nature. Those forces and laws which shaped man are the very same agencies which shaped the rest of the things in the universe. If the human be something so radically different from and in essence so extraordinarily superior to the whole of nature as to justify the idea that the human can create a new world-order instead of using the world order that exists by accommodating itself to it, it must contain, at least in germ, a certain something that is not of this world. Man's existence in that case must be the revelation of an extra-mundane power which thus enables him to rise above nature so as to be her superior.

Mr. Mill does not accept this view. There is no doubt about it that he regards man as the product of nature. His philosophical standpoint excludes the possibility of revelation. Accordingly, he can only mean that ethics is an artificial product of man's imagination. Man shapes his moral ideals as the musician composes a sonata or as the poet conceives a beautiful dream.

There are men who believe that ethics cannot be based upon facts, i. e. upon nature, but that it must be based upon some principle. But what is the value of a principle if it is not derived from facts? Ideals are mere dreams unless they are realisable, and to be realisable they must be shaped out of the facts of experience. Principles are rules to attain ideals. If ideals are in conflict with nature and nature's laws, what is their use? If they are not based upon a solid knowledge of facts, they are nothing but worthless vagaries of the human mind and it will be a positive waste of time to ponder over them or to give them a minute's serious thought.

There is only one kind of ideal that is useful and worthy of man's attention. It is that ideal which aims at creating a better state of things upon the ground of the eternal order of things. Ideals must be based upon the terra firma of natural law, otherwise they are mere fancies.

This world of ours in which we live is a world of law, and the irrefragibility of natural law renders intelligent action possible. Intelligent action is such as foresees and predetermines the course of events. Intelligent action consists in fixing an aim and in adapting means to this aim as an end. Intelligent action is the condition of moral action. Intelligent action becomes moral through rationalising the aim of action. Mankind in the child phase of its development obeys al most blindly its natural impulses, the general intent of which has been characterised as self-preservation. Self-preservation remains the ultimate aim of moral action. Yet with a modification, with an amplification and an increase of man's knowledge of the nature of himself, the ultimate aim of his actions must be modified.

The question arises, Can man at all preserve his self? Is not every individual doomed to die and is not self-preservation for any length of time absolutely impossible? Yes, it is impossible, if by "self" we understand this particular body consisting of a definite quantity of living matter in a special form. This particular self cannot be preserved for it is constantly changing; through slight modifications it becomes another with every minute, with every second of its life.

Yet man's self contains a something that is preserved, that is transmitted to others. What is this part of his self? Every man has received it, or at

least the greatest part of it, through heredity and education, from his ancestors. It is his organisation including the rationality of his speech, thoughts, and actions—in one word it is his soul. His fellowman, too, has inherited it and in so far as two or several men recognise the sameness of their souls, they call each other brothers. In preserving his fellowmen's souls a man preserves his own soul.

An advanced knowledge of self necessarily changes the original impulse of self-preservation into a preservation of the soul.

Man, as a particular individual being mortal, can preserve his soul only in and through others. The nature of man's being is social and his life is ephemeral. Thus self-knowledge will teach him that he is a part of a greater whole; the most important elements of his soul originate out of his intercourse with his fellow-beings; the essence of his life, of his speech, his thoughts, his aspirations and ideals, lies in his connections with them. At the same time he must learn that his particular life is only a phase in the fuller life of the soul which has come to him out of the past animating him now and sweeping onward into the dim future. Man's real self is not the materiality of which his body consists at a given moment, but his soul. The former cannot be preserved, the latter can. Any attempt at preserving the former is thwarted by nature. If we attempt to preserve anything of ourselves, we can preserve only our soul. No other choice is left.

There is one strange fact about self-preservation. This world of ours is never at rest, there is no standstill. Any attempt at preserving life exactly as it is leads to dissolution. Preservation is only possible in growth; the preservation of life must be for its further development, it must include progress.

Such is in broad outlines the injunction that nature teaches. Such is an ethics based upon the facts of life, it is the derivation of an ultimate aim of action from nature, i. e. from the nature of the being that acts and also from the nature of the world in which this being lives. When we thus base our ethics upon the facts of experience and the natural laws that have been derived therefrom; in one word, when we base our ethics upon nature, we define those actions as moral which tend to preserve and further develop the human soul.

III. INTELLIGENT ACTION AND MORAL ACTION.

Mr. Mill says, "to make use of knowledge for guidance is a rule of prudence." But it is more; it is also a rule of ethics.

What is the difference between a prudent action and an ethical action? A prudent action may have been performed from a selfish motive merely; an ethical action is performed from a motive broader than self-interest, from a desire to be somehow of service to the development of humanity. Prudence is not morality; but prudence will lead to morality, for all immorality will defeat itself in the end. Thus prudence teaches us to avoid immorality.

Not every intelligent action is moral; but every moral action is intelligent; and it is an indispensable principle of morality to render all actions intelligent. Yet while all moral actions are intelligent, the intelligence or rationality of an action does not as yet make it moral.

A man may act in the right way against his inclinations from mere prudence. He may act in a certain way not because he wants to do the act, but because he knows that it is after all the best way; he thus acts against his will; he acts under a certain compulsion. His act in such a case may be called mere prudence. However as soon as the desire to act in the best way or to act as he knows that he should act, becomes part of his character, as soon as he performs the act done in the right way, because he wills it, his action is truly ethical.

All our actions—even those performed for our private interest, which are perfectly legitimate—should be guided by higher motives than by the impulse of a selfish self-preservation; all our proceedings, our omissions and our undertakings should be regulated by superindividual considerations; they should be in strict harmony with what may fitly be called the moral law.

The moral law has been taught us by our parents and teachers. We may accept their instruction simply on the ground of their authority, but we have a perfect right to ask, Why must we obey moral commands? And the answer would be: Because the natural course of events demands it. Nature defeats all egoistic intentions; and it sanctions the superindividual aspirations only—those which are commonly called moral principles.

There is no right in this world but it is the counterpart of duty. We have a right to ask why egotism should be overruled by higher principles. What is the duty that corresponds to this right? This duty is our obligation to inquire into the conditions of human life, so as to ascertain the principles by which our actions must be regulated. We must not rest satisfied with our moral sentiments; we must understand our sentiments, that we may be assured not by mystic intuition but by clear comprehension, that they are truly moral. We must be on our guard against ethical enthusiasm which is not based upon a clear comprehension of facts; for there are many noble sentiments which, as can be demonstrated by scientific investigation, are anything but morality. For instance, eleemosynary philanthropy, has been highly praised as the acme of morality; and yet, scientific investigation has stated with

irrefutable conclusiveness that it is a wrong practice. All enthusiasm that has been wasted in this direction, can be called moral only if motives alone be considered. Objectively, they are as immoral as any criminal act committed under the influence of an erring conscience.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ELECTING SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

A SHORT and easy lesson in American democracy is the speech made by Senator Palmer in the United States Senate on the proposition to elect senators by the direct vote of the people. Some of it is new, and some of it is not, but the speech is interesting and instructive both as history and as argument, for Senator Palmer is quite familiar with the evolution of the American constitution and the constitution of Illinois. The builder of a State, speaking to a new generation is worth hearing, and Senator Palmer was a member of the convention that made a constitution for Illinois forty-five years ago; a constitution which weakened the aristocratic apex and strengthened the democratic base of the political state. Of this he is rightfully proud.

Senator Palmer, as a philosophic democrat, is jealous of a National aristocracy elected by State legislatures. He would have the Senate elected by a direct vote of the people, and he gives good reasons why, but this argument will carry thousands of his countrymen, if it does not carry him, far beyond the mild proposition to reform the Senate by a more democratic mode of electing senators. This will do for a beginning, but Senator Palmer cannot logically stop there. Having challenged one prerogative of the American peerage he must go on, and amend his amendment so as to reduce the senatorial term of office, and give States a representation in the Senate in proportion to their population. Senator Palmer says he desires to make the Senate "what it never has been; the popular branch of the American Congress." Truly a democratic purpose, but how can he accomplish it so long as a member of the Senate is elected for six years, and a member of the House of Representatives for only two years; and so long as Delaware has a representation in the Senate equal to that of Illinois?

When great abuses grew and flourished under the constitution, men interested in the wrongs done, made an idol of it, and declared that whatever it permitted became thereby sanctified. In the ecumenical councils where party creeds were canonised, it was made the Holy Scripture of politics, and its Immaculate conception became the superstition of a people. Senator Palmer is free from this idolatry, for he forcibly says, "It is not a sufficient answer to the popular dissatisfaction with the present mode of electing senators to say that it is the method provided by the constitution." Certainly not; and that bit of common sense will apply to every part of the constitution. It is nothing but a code, adopted for the service of the people, and like every other law it may be amended. This attack upon the mode of electing senators is merely a continuation of the old struggle between the Lords and the Commons which in some shape or other has been agitating the English race for more than six hundred years.

Speaking of the feeling that animated the delegates who framed the constitution, Senator Palmer says, "It is manifest that there prevailed in the convention the most profound distrust of popular elections." Yes, and the distrust was reflected in the constitution itself, for that instrument curtailed the political power of the people, and made them subject to a government which was jealously guarded in all its branches except one from their direct political interference. In the Judicial department of the National government the American people have no voice whatever; all the judges being appointed by the President. In the Executive department they have a roundabout and qualified vote for President and Vice President; but for cabinet ministers and the other executive officers below the President they have no vote at all. As to the Legislative branch, the people have original jurisdiction by direct ballot over the House of Representatives only, the Senate being the profitable perquisite of the State legislatures.

Notwithstanding its contemptuous distrust of the people, they have become so mystified and overawed by the Divine claims made for the Constitution that they really believe the limited rights they do enjoy come to them by the grace and condescension of that instrument. They do not think for a moment that the Constitution is inferior and subject to them, but religiously believe that they are inferior and subject to the Constitution.

Senator Palmer says, "The framers of the Constitution found but little difficulty in the application of the principle, then, as now, so important, of distributing the powers of the government to three independent departments." The reason why they found no difficulty in that matter was that having lived under the English monarchy, and being familiar with its forms, they adopted as nearly as possible what they understood, the English trinity of government, King, Lords, and Commons, merely changing the names, and making the King, and the House of Lords elective; not by the people, however, but by a carefully sifted few.

It is not easy to convince Americans that the Senate is their House of Lords, and that it was intended to be so. Senator Palmer has no doubt about it, for he quotes evidence to prove it, and says, "But it is probable that the general purpose of the convention in the organisation of the Senate and in the mode of electing Senators was expressed by Mr. Dickinson, who said he wished 'the Senate to consist of the most distinguished characters; distinguished for their rank in life and their weight of property, and bearing as strong a likeness to the English House of Lords as possible,' and he thought 'such characters more likely to be selected by the State Legislature than by any other mode.'" All that is very interesting, and Senator Palmer might have added that Mr. Gouverneur Morris, a delegate from New York thought that the Senators ought to be elected for life.

To prove that the Constitution is not sacred and above amendment, Senator Palmer shows that it has actually been amended fifteen times, and that the very first Congress that assembled after the adoption of the Constitution began the work of amending it by proposing to make the Bill of Rights a part of it; and on that branch of the subject he says, "It may well excite surprise that the framers of the Constitution who were familiar with the long struggle in England to secure popular rights neglected to provide in the Constitution securities for freedom in the exercise of religion, free speech, a free press, the right of the people peaceably to assemble," and so on to the end of the charter. There was nothing so very surprising in the omission, because the Convention thought that as each individual State would include the Bill of Rights in its own Constitution, it would be superfluous to put it in the National, or as it was then, the "Federal" Constitution, but as Jefferson and the radical democrats complained of its omission, the Bill of Rights was put there by amendment.

Jefferson was in Paris when the Convention was in session at Philadelphia, but he watched very anxiously from a distance the building of the Constitution. As soon as it was finished he disapproved of its conservative character; and in a letter to James Madison written on the 20th of December, 1787, after telling what he approved in it he said, "I will tell you what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights providing clearly and without the aid of sophism for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land." Jefferson thought also that the Judicial department was too fa

away from popular control, and that the Constitution in some other features bore too close a resemblance to that of the ancient monarchy.

It is historically interesting to learn from Senator Palmer that there was no opposition to a National Legislature consisting of two branches, and that it was agreed to without debate or dissent, except that of Pennsylvania, given probably from complaisance to Dr. Franklin, who was said to be partial to a single house of legislation." This does but feeble justice to Dr. Franklin, whose opposition was not so much to two houses as it was to a House of Lords; for he saw as plainly in 1787, as Mr. Palmer does in 1892, that the Senate was to be in all its essential attributes and character another House of Lords. He was the most far-sighted statesman in the Convention, and he would not accept a House of Lords at all until it was provided that it should have no power to tax the people, and that the right of raising revenue by taxation should be the sole prerogative of the House of Representatives.

The greatness of Dr. Franklin as a statesman has never been acknowledged, but we are indebted to him for that provision of the Constitution which declares that "All bills for raising reveuue shall originate in the House of Representatives." The courageous assertion and maintenance of that right by the Commons of England has reduced the King and the House of Lords to the position of subordinate auxiliaries in the legislation of that country; and it will be so here, as Dr. Franklin was wise enough to see.

INGERSOLL-BUCKLEY—1892.

BY VIROE.

O, right but rash
Knight of the Word
In Truth's great host,
Be steadfast and beware:
However you may dare,
When two blades clash
'Tis the sharp sword
That suffers most.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In *The Monist* for April I noticed an article by Mr. Chas. S. Peirce, entitled "The Doctrine of Necessity Examined." In it he makes the following statement: "When I have asked thinking "men what reason they had to believe that every fact in the uni- "verse is precisely determined by law, the first answer has usually "been that the proposition is a presupposition or a postulate of "scientific reasoning." I would have answered him differently, by saying, that the reason why I know (not believe) "that every fact in the universe is precisely determined by law," is because it is impossible to name any fact that is not determined by law, or that any occurrence was not determined by something else that occurred. This doctrine of necessity is a stone which has been rejected by nearly all philosophical builders, but it will "yet become the head of the scientific corner." While it may be philosophical as a means to an end—that end to spur mankind onward—to say that God is sovereign and man is free, or that determinism is wholly true and man is free, yet scientifically—truthfully—one or the other is false; no sound reasoning can make both statements true, for it is as much as to say that a horse hauls a load, yet the load is free—it moves of itself.

But, as you stated in *The Open Court*, No. 238, monism is a starting point for a new departure, and if we are to take a *new* departure we must not take it from a cape bearing the antithetical name of yes and no. If we do, we will still be at sea without any compass, star, or guide. Evolution is monistic in character, and by its principle, and from its lofty and invulnerable cape, we must take our departure; for its latitude and longitude are now well known; no sophistical reasoning can change them; evolution cannot exceed involution; hence Mr. Peirce's argument does not remain unrefuted. The doctrine of necessity is not based on chance, as he seems to suppose, but upon well ordered law and intelligence. If evolution is to begin, there must be power to begin it; and if it is to go on every change in its onworking must be "precisely determined by law"; the thing evolving cannot get beyond the power of the evolver; it is always subject to involution and the power of evolution, whether plant, rock, animal, or man. I respectfully beg to differ from that school of evolutionists which teaches that evolution comes by acquirement, because, on the contrary, acquirement comes by evolution—there cannot be evolution without involution, and involution is as "precisely determined by law" as evolution in accretions for either brain or brawn. I respectfully request any reader of *The Open Court* to name any fact that is not "precisely determined by law." I have not found one yet.

John Maddock.

[Mr. Maddock alludes in his remarks to the controversy he had in our columns, but he is not free from misrepresenting his antagonist when speaking of the car load as being free.

We do not at all agree with Mr. Peirce, but we think that it is the most formidable attack upon the doctrine of necessity that was ever made and believe that Mr. Peirce's article will be a profitable reading to those who do not agree with him. An editorial article in reply to Mr. Peirce will appear in the next number of *The Monist*.—Ed.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

What is Reality? An Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion. By *Francis Howe Johnson*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

The object of this work is to develop the idea that reality is the agreement of our thought with that which is external to our thought, and by inference to establish the existence in the universe of a self-conscious *ego* as the source of creation. Before considering the arguments adduced in support of this inference let us see whether the definition given of reality is justifiable, and if so to what it leads. The author refers in the first place to the fact that any apparently external object may be an illusion, the proof of which is the absence of certain qualities which we supposed to be present. A thing is real only "when it is capable of fulfilling the promises it makes to us." Hence, although we have no direct knowledge of the *whole* nature of things, we may say that what we call things are groups of events, that is of sensations, since every sensation is an event. But the sensation of external objects is the effect they produce upon us and thus we know them in their qualities. It is of course assumed on the one hand that an external world exists, and on the other hand that the subjective world is equally real. There may be illusions of the internal world, just as of the external world, but both alike have their rise in realities. The starting point of subjective reality is our personal identity, the *ego*, which is "an ultimate datum of consciousness." This datum is the outcome of experience, and our belief in the continuity of the *ego* is referrible to memory, which, by the registration of the reactions of the *ego*, is the abiding certificate of its continuity and identity. So far our author's reasoning is correct, and it must be affirmed that, notwithstanding the ever changing conditions of consciousness, there is an element or substratum on which all subjective reality depends.

What has gone before forms the ground-work for the following propositions: (1) I exist. (2) There exists in time and space a

world external to myself. (3) I can produce changes in myself and in that external world. (4) Changes take place in me and in that world of which I am not the author. These propositions taken literally cannot be objected to, but it will be asked at the outset what is the personality that exists and acts? The answer to this question requires a definition of the *ego*, to illustrate the nature of which the author refers to the development of organic forms from the simple cell and the unity in multiplicity which marks every step. This unity is represented in the human being by the intelligent, self-conscious, self-asserting *ego*, but we are told that there is no room for it in the organism, which is a multiplicity of cells. Hence, the mystery of the unity of being is not solved, although to the author it is the soul. It is surprising that so much mystery is made of the unity of being, seeing that it naturally follows from the fact that "every animal, man included, is at the outset a single nucleated cell." This cell at first constitutes the whole organism, and therefore has a unity as perfect as that of the grown man, whose organism is only that of the primitive cell, which throughout all its multiplications and transformation retains its pristine unity. The unity of being is thus the organism itself, which is the seat of life and sensibility, although self-consciousness is relegated to the higher nerve-centres. Here we have the real basis of subjective reality, and the ultimate datum of consciousness, that in which our personal identity consists, is the organism itself.

We may now consider the reasoning by which the author seeks to establish the existence in the universe of a self-conscious *ego* as the source of creation. While admitting that we cannot know anything as it is in itself, which means only that we cannot attain to a perfect knowledge of things "in the unity of all their relations," the author maintains that it is not necessary to grasp *all* the relations of a thing in order to know its essential being. Moreover, knowledge is not confined to relations, since the knowledge of self which accompanies the awareness of a relation existing between myself and something else is over and above a knowledge of the relation. The self-conscious soul is in fact a thing-in-itself, known directly as a peculiar and vital element of all experiences. This thing-in-itself is known to us as the unity of being, as intelligence, and as cause, and by analogy we may assume the existence in the universe of a self-conscious being who stands in the same relation to the world as the *ego* does to the physical organism.

We have already referred to the importance attached by the author to the "unity in multiplicity" which exists in the organism, where the *ego* dominates a hierachy of beings. The *ego* as *immanent* is not conscious of the separate individuality of the cells which are its subjects. It knows them directly only in organised groups, but as *transcendent* it knows them and ministers to them in the same way as Jehovah is represented as having dealt in primitive times with Israel. These ideas are by analogy applied to God, the thought of whom as immanent has, "all through the Christian ages . . . . lived alongside the thought of a God who is transcendent," as in the symbolism of the human person immanency and transcendency are united in a living and abiding reality. The fact that man knows himself as intelligently causative justifies us in postulating intelligent cause in the orderly adaptations of nature, but it is not necessary to refer all creation *directly* to the supreme mind. The adaptations of which nature is full may be regarded as the cumulative product of innumerable inferior minds, without excluding the divine agency from any point, and without limiting the knowledge of God, "whose consciousness is coextensive with the universe of which He is the centre."

This very ingenious analogy is well worked out and is supported by reference to various facts bearing on the theory of evolution. But there are many difficulties in the way of its being accepted. Thus it is admitted that the microcosm does not accredit the idea of origination out of nothing, and as that which has always existed is supposed to be modified by inferior intelligences, what room is there for a supreme intelligence? Moreover, as the universe is governed by certain principles of activity which are evidently inseparable from it, may we not regard nature as the result of the orderly operation of those principles without calling in the aid of intelligence at all? The chief difficulty those who regard nature as the outcome of intelligence have to contend with, is to show that the universe as a whole is conscious. This is in fact the central point of the author's argument, and, notwithstanding the acuteness of his criticism of the philosophy of the unconscious, he does not succeed in establishing it. Nor is it supported by the analogy between the universe and the human *ego*. This, as we have seen, is in reality the organism itself, the elements of which are essential not only to its unity but to its very existence, and which is sensitive throughout, and not merely at the chief nerve centre. In the lowest organisms there is no trace even of any nerve structure, which is the result of a process of evolution. All that analogy justifies us in assuming therefore is that the universe as a whole is organic, and that it possesses a degree of sensitiveness which resembles as little the sensitiveness of the amœba as the latter resembles the feeling of the human organism; while its elements stand towards the universe in the same relation as do the elements of the body towards the complete organism.

We have dwelt so long on the fundamental thesis of the work before us, that we can say little with reference to "the naturalness of revelation." The author takes the view, which has now in the light of evolution become orthodox, that although revelation is superhuman it is in accord with the order of nature. By revelation the author means "the direct assistance and enlightenment of a human mind by a mind infinitely greater than its own,—a mind with which it is organically connected." Without such revelation there could be no formation of new germinal ideas Such a view, however, is equivalent to asserting that revelation is only a phase of evolution. This is going further than the author would allow, but it is the truth. What is *called* revelation is a reflection from the human mind itself, and it is the necessary accompaniment of man's progress towards natural enlightenment, which includes the evolution of conscience as well as the development of the idea of God.

Able as this work is in many respects we are compelled for the reasons stated to reject its main conclusions. We agree, however, with the author that "the premises of religion are as real as any part of man's knowledge," although we must take exception to the explanation he gives of those premises. Ω.

THE ONLY GOOD THING IN ALL THE WORLDS. By Prof. *J. B. Turner*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co 1891.

The present book is not cast in the form of thought in which we should have put it. The author has not availed himself of the modern Bible-criticism presented us by the theological scholars of Europe, as we should expect of a man who criticises the religious dogmas of Christianity and comes to the conclusion that they little agree with Christ's preachings. But the more interesting is the book in other respects. It is the product of an American pioneer scholar, for he was one of the very first professors of the growing west who came and settled here when the red man had not yet retreated from the old home of the Illinois and most of the country was still virgin soil. He is a representative western thinker, showing all the strength and earnestness of our first settlers. Those who are interested in knowing the latest verdict of European scholars upon religious subjects will be disappointed in reading his book, but those who wish to know what impressions the doctrines of the Christian churches made upon an original but to a certain degree lonely thinker, upon a deeply religious and

truth loving man, will be richly repaid by a perusal of Professor Turner's book.

Professor Turner is a faithful christian; believing in Christ he yet opposes with great vigor, often with vehement impatience many most cherished dogmas of orthodox Christianity; and his arguments are often well put. We quote his view of inspiration from p. 70-71:

"Bayard Taylor, on his return from Arabia, some years ago, "told me he found in those Idumean mountains, near where the "author of the book of Job is supposed to have lived, a tribe of "Arabian people who still retained all the old primitive modes "and habits of life, of speech, thought and action which they in-"herited from their old Abrahamic fathers, particularly with re-"gard to their modes of speech. They still thoroughly believed "in the Old Testament doctrine of inspiration, as defined by Job, "and as is expressed in some of our older creeds; viz. that God "Himself directly, spiritually inspired them to know, think, be-"lieve and do all the good and true things that they ever do be-"lieve, know, think or do, and they did not express this in any "abstract proposition, but in their hourly life and conduct, and "habits of speech, as did their fathers before them. Instead of "saying, 'I believe, I think, this that and the other,' they would "say, 'God has told me this, that and the other; God met me "this morning, or yesterday, or in some day past, and said so-and-"so to me, or He appeared to me in such-and-such a place, and "under such-and-such conditions, and told me or commanded me "to do this or that.' And this personified and dramatised mode of "speech meant no more to them, and seemed no more strange to "them than ours does to us, when we say, 'I sincerely believe or "think this, that or the other.' For they were in the habit of "using it daily about all sorts of affairs and interests of any im-"portance to them.

"There may be a question as to which of the two modes of "speech, theirs or ours, is most profoundly philosophical and re-"ligious, but there can be no question that either party is bound "to accept the thoughts of the other, whether expressed abstractly "or dramatically, without a further examination, nor do they "hold it so. For each man still insists on revising what God has "said to his neighbors, by what God has said to himself, as Christ "rightly did in the case of Moses and of all the old Jews; and it "has now turned out to us as clear as daylight that He was al-"ways philosophically in the right whenever they were philo-"sophically in the wrong, and their methods of dramatising their "speech makes not the slightest difference with its weight and im-"portance, and any pretended monopoly of the inspiration of the "world is worse than a pretended monopoly of its wealth."

So far so good. We take the same view of inspiration. But Professor Turner applies the principle in a peculiar way. While modern bible criticism has proved that Matthew and John are rather late productions of the early Christian literature, certainly later than Mark, Professor Turner makes them the cornerstone of his "Christ word." He says p. 72-73:

"The only books in the Bible or now in the world, 'according "to scripture,' that even pretend to have any authority from "Christ himself are the two simple narratives of Matthew and "John, neither of which pretends to any other inspiration than "the simple fact that they had seen and heard the Lord, the sole, "true revealer of God, the Father of all, and of His kingdom of "the heavens, and Himself the sole *kurios*, curator, caretaker, "leader, and teacher of all His children here on earth, their "elder brother, *the* only true and full-born Son of Man; and, "therefore, *a* true Son of God."

It is the ethics of Christianity which inspire Professor Turner and he accepts the fourth gospel apparently because Christian ethics have found in it their purest and grandest expression.

The book with all its rather ferocious denunciations of dogmas and creeds and with all its other shortcomings deserves our attention as a typically American book characterising the aspirations of liberal religious thought in a period of the history of our country that is fast disappearing now. P. C.

NOTES.

THE publication is announced for the present month of a new "newspaper" called *Thought News* The aim of *Thought News* is to supply the want of a magazine "which shall not go beyond fact, which shall report thought rather than dress it up in the garments of the past, which, instead of dwelling at length upon the merely individual processes that accompany the facts, shall set forth the facts themselves; which shall note new contributions to thought, whether by book or magazine, from the standpoint of the news in them, and not from that of patron or censor. The immediate responsibility for the conduct of the magazine will lie in the hands of Prof John Dewey, of Ann Arbor, Mich. Its cost will be $1.50 per volume (12 numbers); it will appear irregularly, as often as the material warrants, but at least once a month. We wish the project all success.

We are informed that Helen Gardener is about to publish a new work, entitled "Pushed by Unseen Hands."

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE COMMUNITY.*

BY WILHELM WUNDT.

[CONTINUED.]

II. RATIONALISM AND UTILITARIANISM. THEIR CONCEPTIONS OF RELIGION, ETHICS, LANGUAGE, AND STATE UNTENABLE.

Hegel's ideas have left behind many traces in modern political science. If the representatives of the so-called "organic-states-doctrine," (which holds that the state is an organism) do not merely apply the idea of the organism to the political whole,—against which no objection is to be made,—but are concerned also according to the example of Plato and the Platonic theories of earlier centuries, in searching out special relations between the organs of the individual organism and the parts of the administration of states, these attempts at reviving the public interest in the community, produce exactly the opposite effect to that intended. Social organisms are deprived of their peculiar dignity, when they are made enlarged images of individuals.

In a similar sense, the modern social theory has used the so-called "real analogies," with greater wisdom, in that it seeks to explain social phenomena by means of well-known physiological processes. Such comparisons as e. g. those of economic intercourse with change of matter, may be permissible and useful so long as one limits himself to illustrating compound by simple phenomena that are like them in certain qualities. But as soon as the analogy is used not merely as an appropriate representation, but transforms itself into a constant relation between the social and the corresponding physiological processes, the danger of false analogies might be greater than their didactic advantage.

We can hardly censure juridical statesmen if many among them still continue to prefer to the phantastic constructions of the older organic states doctrine as well as to the physiological analogies of modern sociology, the contract theory, which if it be both psychologically impossible and historically untrue, is, at least, from a legal point of view, clearly conceived. Analogies are indeed generally of doubtful value. But if they are at all applicable, a comparison of the state and its magistrates to a business company and its employes, will be more instructive than a renewal of the old Platonic opinion that the state is nothing but a man of vast proportions.

I attempt no decision, as to how extensive a rôle those old philosophic antitheses, still play in the differences of opinion existing to-day between jurists and sociologists, between Romanists and Germanists. They are often less concerned about the great communities of nation and state than about such corporations as can arise voluntarily, within a national and political community at the call of special social purposes. Psychological contemplation, conformably to its general task will be necessarily limited to those social bonds that have arisen naturally and which therefore, in some form, everywhere determine the order of human life. But whatever other estimate may be placed upon its value, the psychological view of the subject has the one advantage over the concept developments of philosophy that it is secure from the danger of losing sight entirely of the relations between the individual and the whole or of explaining them away to mere analogies. For Psychology throughout has at command only the attributes of individual consciousness as the ultimate principle of explanation and yet at the same time, she is everywhere referred by experience to the limits of the experience and the work of the individual. In opposition to such standpoints, which are limited fundamentally like the juridical and the political to the phenomena of legal and political life, psychology is perhaps in the fortunate condition of being able to procure for comparison other products of the intellectual life of a significance of a similarly universal validity and thus explain the more difficult by the more simple, although she must stand modestly in the rear when the solution of particular practical problems is in question.

In fact, legal order and the state constitute only highly developed forms of a common life, that early expresses itself in the one language uniting a national

* This is the substance of a lecture delivered as an oration by Professor Wundt on the birthday festival of the King of Saxony. The oration was published in the *Deutsche Rundschau.*

or race community, in its peculiar religious and mythological views, finally in ethical rules that have a binding force for all. Although, according to the current conception, these phenomena are of earlier origin than state and law, yet, they certainly belong with state and law to that same class of spiritual creations, for whose origin a multitude of individuals living together is indispensable; and they are especially analogous in this that ethics includes rules, and rules can to some extent be regarded as the first steps of a legal order and a state organisation.

Now it is a remarkable fact that the rationalism of the eighteenth century universally embraced notions concerning the origin of language, religion, and morals, that correspond perfectly to the theory of the social contract. Language was regarded as a system of signs, arbitrarily devised for the understanding and expression of thought. Religions, they said, are founded by wise moral teachers; or they are, according to the favorite reversal of this conception by the radical freethinkers of the revolutionary age, the fraudulent inventions of cunning priests, who seek, by these means, to keep the people in darkness and dependence. Similarly myths and sagas are said to be poems which were intentionally invented sometimes for educational purposes, and sometimes for the propagation of fraud and deception. But from as many causes as the phenomena of the common life may be derived, all these explanations were one in this that those products of the national spirit were supposed to be thought out by individuals for the purposes for which they can be used at the present stage of civilisation; and that the attributes of man, since time inconceivable, conform exactly to the mode of thinking of the enlightened philosopher of the eighteenth century. The utilitarian considerations of a philosophy whose faith in its own unsurpassability has scarcely ever been reattained, appeared to be a truth quite axiomatic and of universal validity; it was deemed hardly possible, that there ever could have been men who felt and thought otherwise.

To-day we readily surrender the assertion that language arose by agreement. But it easily escapes our observation, that the opinion that state and law rest upon a necessarily presupposed contract between individuals, contains a circle of errors of a similar character. This distinction in the criticism of theories which are perfectly analogous to one another and which have issued from the same general conception of human relations, certainly has reasons that are good and not to be undervalued.

If new forms of state arise to-day among civilised nations, such forms can win a universal legal sanction only by constitutional contracts. It is plain, therefore, that this actual existence of state contracts, has a more real significance for the formation of the state, than perhaps the possibility of inventing a language like Volapük has for the origin of language. But first those legal acts which lend to the existence of a state its legal sanction, do not, in the least, under present relations, embrace the conditions of their origin, but that sanction itself is possible only upon the basis of conditions that cohere with the totality of qualities and historical events of a national community. Thus the New German Empire could not have arisen had not the community of will of the German races which strove after this unification, existed prior to the treaties between the states and the princes. In a civilised community, every new political creation needs a legal sanction to insure it against attacks from within and without. But this sanction is the last not the first member in the circle of the factors of origin; and among primitive relations it is wholly lacking. The natural race community, when the overtowering will of a single leader is added, is here sufficient to engender a political organisation.

But what is the significance of speaking of a contract "tacitly concluded," where no contract whatever exists? I suppose one could with the same right trace language back to a "tacit agreement." In view of this actual development the old debated question whether law is of earlier origin than the state or *vice versa* proceeds in about the same line as the famous zoological question, whether the egg was prior to the hen. Law and state arose, not as new creations, suddenly and without preparation, but they issued from the rules of ethics and the primitive forms of the race-community. As soon as this latter received the character of a state, definite rules of ethics became the fundamental essentials of a legal order, and again as soon as ethics became condensed into law, the community, which subjected itself to legal rules, developed at the same time from a mere horde of people into a politically organised national community.

If national and state communities are not arbitrary creations, if they are not artificially compounded bodies, as Thomas Hobbes once called them, but evolutionary products of primitive forms of common life, the active powers of this life are to be sought elsewhere than upon the basis of those utilitarian considerations, to which, according to the rationalistic philosophy of the previous century, which is even yet influential, all the intellectual impulses of the human race are said to owe their origin. The fundamental conditions for the origin of the spiritual creations of a community, are nowhere so plainly visible as in language, not only in its dependence on the qualities of individuals, but also in its being different from that which the individual as such can produce.

Impulsive movements which have their source in the perceptions and affections of the individual consciousness are possible, indeed, without any relation to the environment and without stimulation by the same. They are the natural products of the spiritual and corporeal organisation of the individual man. But such movements of expression, can become language only when they arise in a community, where the members live amid the same external and internal conditions, so that the sensations and perceptions, which one member finds in himself, are also not lacking in the other, and so that the sound-movement, to which, perceptions and affections impel the first are an expression of common experience directly intelligible to the ear of the other.

Thus language is a creation of individuals and yet infinitely more. For it can only arise when the intellectual life is common and directly experienced as such. Therefore language truly is a product of the collective mind, and as it is related to the impulsive expressions of individual sensations, which give themselves vent in natural interjections and other involuntary movements of expression, just so is the collective mind related to individual minds conceived as isolated.

As language possesses no existence outside of those who speak it, so also the collective mind is no spiritual being, which lives and develops outside of individuals, but it is the intellectual association of individuals themselves. But for just this reason it is also infinitely more than a sum of individuals. As little as a language could arise from a mere collection of individual sounds of expression, just so little is an intellectual, associative life conceivable without that primitive equality of intellectual processes in the members of the community, by means of which through an exchange of sentiments and ideas the spiritual life of the individual is stimulated and strengthened by the life of its environment in order to retroact in its turn with similar power upon the collective spirit of the community.

Therefore the common life is never a mere accumulation of individual effects. I would not even like to compare it to a multiplication,—if it were permissible to illustrate these things by mathematical symbols,—since multiplication always produces only magnitudes of the same character as the original. The spiritual creations of the community on the contrary are new creations, the cause of whose origin, it is true, lies in individuals, but they present qualitatively as well as quantitatively new values. This relation could perhaps be symbolised through that of complex numbers to integrals, since complex numbers would not exist without integrals, in contrast to which they notwithstanding present a qualitatively new, conceptual domain, to which one would never obtain through mere operations of quantitative multiplication.

Language however is by no means such a function of common life, which must be presupposed as an indispensable medium for the production of common views and rules of action, so that it should be judged differently than the very spiritual life-content itself which it helps to beget. The contrast between form and content of our thought, from which such an acceptation of a greater primitiveness of language is inferred, is an abstraction useful for certain purposes but it ought not to embarrass the insight into the real connection of phenomena.

Language is possible as an intelligent form of expression of ideas only because these ideas themselves and the feelings and impulses attached to them are common, so that the sound used by the individual is immediately comprehended as the fit representation of what all feel. The domain of a common language, therefore, includes in and for itself a common life with all that belongs to it. Religious views, customs, conceptions of right cannot, therefore, be regarded as a common life-content, which could only arise after a more perfect development of language and perhaps also in another way and with intellectual powers other than they, but all intellectual life is, so far as we are able to trace it back, one entirety inseparably united in all of its essentials; and here as in other fields nothing can so seriously embarrass comprehension as the frequent mistake of transferring logical distinctions, which owe their origin to our conceptual method of representing things, to the things themselves.

It is a vain task to imagine, what man was or could have been ere he possessed a language and common views of life finding expression in language, and in general ere he was a social being. We not only know nothing of such an isolated existence of individuals, but besides we cannot even think of man with the attributes, which he actually possesses, as thus having ever existed. We may accept an animal existence of man prior to the possession of language, yet even here some kind of common life similar perhaps to such states as we know of among certain associations of animals, must have existed, if the anthropoid should develop into man. For as the life phenomena of the community everywhere depend upon the intellectual powers of individuals, so the latter need, none the less, a collective life by which every individual development is sustained and conditioned in its work. But the special national community to which the individual belongs is also in its turn subject to the conditions of the historical development in which it arose, and which act upon it unceasingly during its continuance and decline. Thus the individual life is a passing wave upon the stream of national life, flowing along through the centuries, with which it finally mingles in the immeasurable ocean of the intellectual life-totality of humanity.

How worthless, contrasted with this view, which is everywhere stated so clearly by the facts of intellectual development, appear the conceptions of rationalism and utilitarianism, with their theories of contract and invention according to which the individual man, unchangeable as the rock in the billowy sea, is supposed to withstand the influences assailing him from without, to be thrust hither and thither by them, to be united indeed with others of his like into conglomerates, but himself always only a whole, always without other aim than to maintain himself. To be sure the defenders of this doctrine have rarely acknowledged the practical consequences to which it leads. For it is, fortunately, peculiar to one-sided ethical theories that they are continually refuted by the practical life of their adherents.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NATURE AND MORALITY.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ETHICAL VIEWS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

[CONCLUDED.]

IV. THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC STANDPOINT OF MR. MILL.

Mr. Mill in opposing the conclusions drawn from an anthropomorphic conception of nature, imperceptibly slips into the same erroneous position. He treats nature as if it were a person and arraigns nature for immorality. He looks upon every progress as a further aberration from nature and speaks of the lower stages of savage life as "the times when mankind were nearer to their natural state." Thus he easily proves that nature is chaos and that civilisation is a conquest of man over nature. As if man were not a part of nature! "To dig, to plough, to build, to wear clothes," Mr. Mill declares, "are direct infringements of the injunctions to follow nature."

If we accepted Mr. Mill's usage of the word nature, which deliberately excludes man's exertions from the sphere of the natural, we should have to declare that man's entire being is "supernatural." The adversaries of Mr. Mill may very well thank him for his method of attack, for he furnishes evidence in support of the very conception he so eagerly attempts to overthrow. It is, of course, allowable to use the concept nature in this restricted sense, as Mr. Mill does. We may define our words as we please; but if we were to limit the word nature always to the lower stages of natural evolution, we should recognise the truth that the "supernatural" naturally grows from the natural. The supernatural has been regarded as having come into nature from spheres beyond by some extra-mundane intercession; and we discard the idea of supernaturalism simply and solely in order to avoid this misconception. If by "supernatural" is understood that higher kind of nature which evolves from the lower stages of nature, we shall entertain no objection to the word.

Nature is not a person and natural laws are not the decrees of a personal being. The order of nature is not a scheme designed for an end. Nevertheless nature has an aim. Every process of nature has an aim, every motion has a certain direction and if all the natural processes are viewed as a whole, they possess in their entirety also an aim. Our scientists have formulated the general aim of nature and call it evolution. If we look upon nature as a person, we are led to absurdities, but if we look upon nature not only as purposeless but also as aimless, we sink into a bottomless pit of errors and confusion.

Nature being no person, we cannot speak of nature as being moral or immoral. Nature is non-moral. Persons alone, individual beings, can be moral or immoral; and morality is nothing but the intentional conformity to nature and to the order of nature.

It has been said that God is moral. There is no sense in speaking of God as moral—unless it be in popular language where the usage of the phrase is to be regarded as an excusable and allowable poetic license (within certain limits even quite legitimate). God can only be called the standard of morality. God is non-moral; man only, if he conforms to the will of God, can be said to be moral.

* * *

Mr. Mill in arraigning nature for being beset with all kinds of vices, disorder, uncleanliness, and cowardice, is very emphatic in denouncing her injustice. He says:

> "It is one of Nature's general rules, and part of her habitual injustice, that 'to him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath.' The ordinary and predominant tendency of good is towards more good. Health, strength, wealth, knowledge, virtue, are not only good in themselves but facilitate and promote the acquisition of good, both of the same and of other kinds. The person who can learn easily, is he who already knows much: it is the strong and not the sickly person who can do everything which most conduces to health; those who find it easy to gain money are not the poor but the rich; while health, strength, knowledge, talents, are all means of acquiring riches, and riches are often an indispensable means of acquiring these. Again, *e converso*, whatever may be said of evil turning into good, the general tendency of evil is towards further evil. Bodily illness renders the body more susceptible of disease; it produces incapacity of exertion, sometimes debility of mind, and often the loss of means of subsistence. All severe pain, either bodily or mental, tends to increase the susceptibilities of pain for ever after. Poverty is the parent of a thousand mental and moral evils. What is still worse, to be injured or oppressed, when habitual, lowers the whole tone of the character. One bad action leads to others, both in the agent himself, in the bystanders, and in the sufferers. All bad qualities are strengthened by habit, and all vices and follies tend to spread. Intellectual defects generate moral, and moral, intellectual; and every intellectual or moral defect generates others and so on without end."

It is certainly true that "to him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath;" but it is perfectly useless to complain about it. It is neither justice nor injustice, but it is a law of nature or if you prefer the expression, it is the will of God; and *we* have to mind it.

To speak of the injustice of nature is just as anthropomorphic as to speak of the morality of God. Mill's mistake is that he argues from an antiquated theological standpoint which is, even among theologians, not at all the universally accepted view.

Morality may be described as our attempts to improve the given state of nature, but it certainly can never improve the order of nature. All the improvements we can make upon the given state of nature, have to be based upon the unalterable order of nature, and he who attempts to formulate any rules of action, be it in the department of industrial enterprises, in social and political reform, or in the realm of moral aspirations, will have to do it after a careful study of facts. The irrefragable laws of nature form the immovable basis upon which we have to take our stand. Whatever action we undertake, before we plan or devise, we must take heed of the laws to which we have to conform. The laws of nature and among them the moral laws, are not flexible, they are stern and immutable. If we cannot understand the nature of things in scientific abstractness, and if (in order to understand the earnest necessity that the moral law must be obeyed) we represent the order of nature as a personal being, it will be well to remember the parable of Christ in which he compares God to a hard man, reaping where he has not sown and gathering where he has not strewed. If we have received one talent only, there is but one way to keep that one talent; we must go and trade with the same and make with it another talent. But if the very knowledge that we have to deal with a hard man, induces us to be afraid, so as to go and hide that one talent in the earth, then, that one talent will be taken from us.

The parable of the talents is very instructive. Its doctrine seems severe on the poor, especially those who are poor in spirit; but it is just as much severe on the rich. Christ spoke to the poor and his application was made so as to impress their minds, that he who has received little is no less responsible for that little, than he who has received much for the much he has received. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required, and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." If Christ had spoken to the rich, the learned, and the great, he might have made a different application of the parable and might have told them of the servant who having received five talents had not only buried but wasted the rich gift. There are perhaps more men ruined through having received too much than by having received too little. The temptations are greater in the former case, and the dire necessity of the latter case often exercises a wholesome and educating influence.

If justice means that every servant, whether he increases the talents he has received or buries them in the earth, should in the end receive an equal share, Mr. Mill would be justified in denouncing the course of nature as unjust. But it appears to me advisable that any one who thus indicts the very order of nature for injustice, imagining that the whole universe is wrong and he alone and perhaps also a few fellow beings of his with him are right, should first revise the logic of his conception of justice; for it is in such a case most probable that on close scrutiny he will somewhere discover a flaw in his idea of justice.

* * *

Mr. Mill's objection to basing ethics upon nature was made to oppose a theological conception of ethics. Our traditional religions, we must know, are in their intentions monistic, they are dualistic only if the allegory of their symbols is taken as literal truth. In opposing the theology of traditional religions Mr. Mill attacked erroneously their very heart, the monistic meaning of their doctrines instead of striking at the dualistic interpretation of their mythology. Thus if Mr. Mill were right in his objection to basing ethics upon nature—i. e. upon the unalterable, the eternal in nature, upon the law of nature or to use the religious and most pregnant term, upon God—if Mr. Mill were right, there would be two alternatives left: Either there is no ethics at all, which view Mr. Mill would not accept, or the dualistic interpretation of theology is correct, that ethics is an extramundane factor.

When ethics and the conditions of ethical ideals are found and can be proved to be an immanent part of nature, the dualistic interpretation of the old religions will have to be surrendered while their monistic meaning which is after all the core and living spirit of all religious aspirations will appear in a stronger light than ever.

P. C.

USE AND BEAUTY IN SCIENCE.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

In his "Essay on Beauty," Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

"Astrology interested us for it tied man to the system. Instead of an isolated beggar, the farthest star felt him, and he felt the star. However rash and however falsified by pretenders and traders in it, the hint was true and divine, the soul's avowal of its large relations, that climate, century, remote natures as well as near are part of its biography. Chemistry takes to pieces but it does not construct. Alchemy which sought to transmute our elements into another, to prolong life, to arm with power,—that was in the right direction. All our sciences lack a human side. The tenant is more than the house. Bugs, and stamens, and spores on

which we lavish so many years, are not finalities, and man, when his powers unfold in order, will take nature along with him and emit light into all her recesses. The human heart concerns us more than the peering into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer."

Had Emerson's broad intellect been engaged in scientific directions he would have been heartily ashamed of having written such stuff. Herbert Spencer writes that science opens up new beauties in the universe to which the uninstructed are blind. Hugh Miller, Herschel, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, could have made Emerson's heart leap for joy at their revelations, and his writings would have been enhanced in their power for good.

The very reverse of Emerson's idea is true.

Astrology and alchemy with other "philosophies" of the days of sorcery, the black art by which one creature hoped to be able to take foul advantage of another, were emanations of the night of time, when burnings at the stake were frequent alike for thinkers and witches. The horoscope is still cast by Indian fakirs, and astrology thrives there amidst appropriate surroundings. And doubtless Emerson would have opened his eyes in surprise if asked whether he preferred to live in the land of jungles and the suttee rather than among spectacles and baked beans.

Looking back over the evolution of the sciences, it is plain that in astrology and alchemy, it was not the love of science that actuated these studies; the object primarily was puerile. The philosopher's stone, which would transmute all metals into gold; the elixir vitae, which was to confer everlasting youth, were the absurd things sought for, and so in the search, expeditions throughout the world were actuated by greed and love of power. The march of Coronado hunting for the seven golden cities, Ponce de Leon's childish rambles through Florida looking for the fountain of youth, are instances in point.

It is quite probable that among the ancient Roman, Greek, and Egyptian priests many physical laws were understood, but the only use they made of them was to deceive the people and enrich themselves. Among the vast multitude of to-day such a thing as cultivating a science for its own sake or to benefit the public would seem absurd, and so the medical student of lesser calibre would complain upon being compelled to learn chemistry and botany, and especially bacteriology, when in many instances all these bear directly upon general medicine.

Chemistry sprang from alchemy, and astronomy from astrology. At first the facts that were discovered could not be used and so they were mainly regarded as curiosities. Eventually these neglected discoveries were found to be of great use. Had it been possible for the childish ancient philosophers to have developed the sciences to their present status, most of them would have certainly made selfish and oppressive uses of their knowledge. As knowledge is slow of growth, so it broadens the intellect of its votaries, making them more merciful and considerate, particularly nowadays when scientific fakirism is not so possible as in olden times; and so it would seem that as fast as the world deserves the comforts afforded by science it receives them, and no faster.

Probably even in the future if the elixir vitae were compounded and immortality were thus placed in the grasp of everyone, no one would be so foolish as to use it, for all would realise that perpetual life would be perpetual suffering.

Franklin was asked once, what was the good of the discovery of the galvanic spark. He asked, "What is the good of a baby?" That baby has since grown to giant size. The vast accumulation of scientific facts by which the world is to-day beautified and made more comfortable have been piled up amid sneers and opposition. The olden searcher for knowledge wanted to make a short cut to power over his fellow men; the student of to-day learns to spread his knowledge as a means of helping himself through helping others. So as intellects broaden, men find that by all working for the common good, the individual good would be best conserved.

Imagine Nero or Cleopatra with all our present scientific knowledge and resources at command, would they not have made the earth a pitiable planet? But this knowledge cannot be owned by any single mind, and hence working in unison for the common good is the result of the existence of that knowledge.

As science gradually inculcated altruism, perforce, the teleologist idea would be that as fast as the world deserved good things it received them, but the more rational view would be that the comforts and conveniences of the peaceful arts and sciences were the product of mental broadening, and that egoism developed into an altruism through selfish realisation that individual interests are best secured through individuals seeking the general good.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Australian voting system was again tested in Chicago at the recent City election, and was condemned as a ruinous failure by the curbstone patriots who formerly taught the citizen how to vote, and chastised him when he voted wrong. Sadly, the story goes, as I copy it from the papers, that "Even in the 9th and 6th wards only a few eyes were bunged up, and a few hats smashed, while the policemen looked the other way." And the 5th ward, which,—I quote again the plaintive wail of the papers—"the sunset of an election day formerly found suffused with blood and arnica, was peaceful and stagnant as the south branch of the Chicago river." The dramatic appearance of an imaginary Good Samaritan with a bottle of arnica at "the sunset of an election day" is well managed by the reporter, as it relieves the sombre gloom

of the story, and antithetically presents to us the bane and the antidote, the sore and the salve together. There is a legend of that same 5th ward, fabulous I think, although said to be well authenticated, that a man once got his head broke there on election day for voting wrong, and died under the correction. It was shown at the inquest by a surgeon that the skull of the deceased was no thicker than an egg shell, whereupon the jury brought in a verdict of "temporary insanity, and served him right," on the ground that a man with a skull no thicker than an egg shell had no business trying to vote in the 5th ward. In kindly tribute to the days of "auld lang syne" the reporter gives a word of sympathy to the policemen "who leaned up against the doorways and grumbled because the good old days were gone. They did not know whom to club. Under the uncertainties of the Australian system they might have injured some of their own friends." I am sorry for the policemen thus embarrassed, but in the midst of the gloom I sing with Charles Mackay, "Who mourns for the days that are gone? I' faith, good friend, not I."

* * *

The subject of debate before the Milwaukee Ministers' Association at its recent meeting, was the smooth and easy marriage laws of Wisconsin, whereby all the runaway couples from other states are invited to cross the border and get married without banns, or leave, or license. By reason of this liberality the marrying trade has grown to be a thriving industry in Milwaukee, greatly to the profit of clergymen, who it has been irreverently said were sometimes overzealous in duty, and "tied the hymeneal knot" for lovesick boys and girls without asking any embarrassing questions, provided the fees were paid. Hundreds of elopers from Chicago get married in Milwaukee, and our people rightfully complain of this, not as a matter of morals, but as a species of unfair competition very injurious to the Chicago marrying trade. The Milwaukee ministers, in answering the accusation, threw the blame upon the lax marriage laws of Wisconsin, which caused the wicked hackmen of Milwaukee to tempt the clergy by hauling runaway couples to the "parsonage," and helping the minister to unite them in "the holy bonds of matrimony" for a share of the marriage fee. The Rev. Mr. Parkhurst thus exposed the depravity of the hackmen; "The hackman," he said, "first located ministers as near the railway station as possible, and ascertained what hours they could usually be found in, next he found out whether the minister asked too many searching questions of the runaway couples, and lastly he made sure that the minister would make a division of the marriage fees. If that was satisfactory the hackman then became a regular runner for that minister and took all his trade to him." The conference was very properly shocked at the conduct of the hackmen, and a committee was appointed to prepare an address to the public explaining the attitude of the ministers on the runaway marriage question.

* * *

The Milwaukee hackmen, being wiser than the clergymen, have not had any meeting to complain of the Wisconsin marriage laws. They think it better to say nothing, lest the legislature interfere with the runaway couple business, an important "home industry," very profitable to the hackmen, the clergymen, and the hotel keepers of Milwaukee. One of them, a metaphorical sort of man, treated the good resolutions of the Milwaukee Ministers' Association as of no more honesty than a party platform, and he said, "There's nothing in 'em. We know our business. We do the hauling, say nothing, and saw wood. There's plenty of ministers that want our trade, and we know it. All they want is for us fellows to say nothing." Another, equally cunning, but broader in mental scope, and more profound in learning, said "There's a good bit in it for the hackmen and the ministers too. More Chicago people come up here to get spliced than anybody knows of. They come in on one train, get tied, and away they go back on the next train. Now I claim that's a good thing for the town; it's foreign capital coming in and nothing going out." That sentiment is worthy of Adam Smith or Stuart Mill, and it reveals to us in homely grammar a political economist and statesman. That the man who uttered it should waste himself in hack driving is wonderful. Why he is not a member of Congress I cannot understand. And look at the skill by which he dispenses with the middleman, and brings the producer and the consumer closer together. "We used to take these 'moonshine' couples to the hotels," he said, "but now we deliver the goods direct." In the tone of a moralist and with the sneer of a cynic he finished his remarks by saying, "I guess the ministers won't hurt themselves by trying to have a new marriage law passed."

* * *

I desire to add by way of postscript, and as a hint to the Milwaukee ministers in case they have not heard of it, that the Rev. S. F. Butts, deacon of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Cumberland, Maryland, has been suspended by the Presiding elder of the district, for practices like those charged upon the ministers of Milwaukee, except that in the case of Mr. Butts, he obtained a monopoly of the marrying trade, by means of a secret agreement with hackdrivers for a division of the marriage fees, thus excluding his reverend brethren from a fair share of the business. According to the dispatches, which I quote *literatim*, "Mr. Butts stood in with the hackdrivers and cornered the marriage market. The other ministers could not understand how it was that their colleague did all the business while they were left out in the cold." It was six months before they found him out, during the whole of which time "Butts had all the marriages he could attend to," and was rolling in wealth, or according to the pathetic story which describes his rise and fall, "He alone married more than half the out-of-town couples and was making money handily, when the other preachers got on to his methods and preferred charges with the Presiding elder. Butt's suspension followed."

* * *

Did you ever think about the vast quantity of genius annually wasted on the newspapers by merely local reporters who are not paid for originality or style, but merely to "write it up." Probably not, but I have, and I tell you there is enough of it if saved in book form to make literary fame for a hundred men. And let me tell you another thing, there *are* men of literary fame who steal a good deal of it and sell it for money as their own. When a friend shows me a bit of good work, either in prose or poetry, and tells me that he just "threw it off" last night, I praise him openly to his face, while secretly I doubt his word; and if the composition is extremely good, I suspect that it is due to the oil and the toil of many nights, and the thought of many days. But when there is only one evening between the deed and the printed story of it, then I know that the writer of the story "threw it off last night," and I give him credit accordingly; as, for instance, the account of yesterday's election which I find in this morning's paper; and which I thank the reporter for presenting to me in a well-fitting dress, with flowers of humor and fancy in the button hole, and embroidery of rhetoric where such adornment ought to be. Like a dash of Worcestershire sauce on a tender steak, is the sarcasm, pungent and refined, which excites my appetite when I read that the voters of a certain ward, "objected to Cooper because he wore a silk hat and went into good society." What further description of that ward is necessary? I see its alleys and courts, and beer saloons as in a photograph, and I know without looking at the returns what became of Cooper. So, there is equal pictorial strength, and saving of words too, mind you, for which economy I am told the reporter gets no pay, in the description of a winning candidate, who, "proud and victorious, tramped down Ashland avenue, with his big red face divided by a triumphant smile." There is high art in that, for I know without looking that the victorious

candidate is a saloon keeper, and I see him laughing clear across his face from ear to ear. "His face divided by a smile" is humorous poetry, worthy of Butler, and I maintain there is no more expressive line in Hudibras.

* * *

I was engaged in showing some of the pearls cast before swine by nameless and undistinguished reporters, when I was interrupted by a call to lunch, and I will now continue the subject with a few additional instances from that same election story. "Peaceful as a tramp in a haystack," said of the 23rd ward, is a picturesque description that saves a multitude of words. I cannot imagine anything more sleepy, quiet, and careless than a tramp in a haystack; and the comparison is poetical too. Of a certain candidate, notorious for his expansive liberality on election days, I learn that "About 2 o'clock he went to his house on 20th street and laid in a new stock of campaign arguments *in small denominations*." I put in the italics because I think them well deserved. No coarse and ugly dead-wall statement there, but a delicate and genteel euphemism which tells it all in a vivid and effective way. It is the bright rapier instead of the dull club. The munificence of that candidate is made visible in the same artistic style, so delightful to read, and so easy to understand, thus: "Then he went to the saloon of Jan Novak and put up for a new freshet of beer, which soon had the neighborhood in a sloppy condition." Not kegs of beer, nor barrels of beer as a commonplace reporter would have had it, but a "freshet" of beer; and the poetical exaggeration is ingeniously corroborated by the further testimony that the neighborhood was made "sloppy" with beer, and by this evidence the fact of the freshet proved. I have read, in another paper, another account of that same election. It contains just as much information as the one I have spoken of in these comments; but there is no yeast of witty imagination in it, to "raise" it, and make it light, and easy of digestion. It is dull, soggy, inelastic dough, and altogether too much of it.

M. M. Trumbull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF NECESSITY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Replying to the request of Mr. John Maddock to name a fact "not precisely determined by law," permit me to suggest the Asymptote, the ratio of diameter and circumference; and generally any fact for whose accurate finding intellect is baffled. Action and reaction are as equal, contrary, and simultaneous in mentality as in mechanics. Man is unquestionably the resultant of all the countless influences which have focused the past in his being. Is it inconceivable that he possesses a volition,—utterly unprovable though it be,—resident in his nature, and yet of a different order, of an order as infinite and eternal (and paradoxical) as the insoluble subtlety of the antinomy?

Hudor Genone.

[The instances of Hudor Genone for proving the existence of something "not precisely determined by law" are not well selected, for the ratio of diameter to circumference and also the asymptote are most unequivocally determined by law. We cannot arithmetically express the ratio of diameter to circumference in all its actual determinedness. All the calculations made of π, although they are more than sufficiently exact for any practical purposes, are theoretically considered mere approximations. But π itself is nevertheless precisely determined by law.

Mr. Maddock, it seems to me, denies that man has volition. We should not say so. It is a fact that man has volition. This is not unprovable as says Hudor Genone; on the contrary, it is provable, and this volition, being "resident in his nature" or rather "his nature itself" is exactly that which determines man's actions. We do not see why man's volition should be of a different order, why it alone should be eternal and the rest of nature not, why it alone should be branded as paradoxical while the rest of nature is regarded as intelligible.—Ed.]

NOTES.

A very welcome letter comes to us from Mr. George Julian Harney, of England, whose "Notes on Books," and other things in *The Newcastle Chronicle* are such delightful reading. Mr. Harney has made some valuable contributions to *The Open Court* and would have made more were it not that for several months he has been seriously ill. We rejoice to learn from his letter that the opening spring has tempered Mr. Harney's pains, and that his health is much improved. There is yet some good work remaining for him to do.

George Julian Harney is an historic personage, and was a conspicuous figure in England fifty years ago. He has a strong memory and if he would write or dictate his reminiscences they would be an interesting and valuable contribution to the political history of England. Harney, seventy-five, and Thomas Cooper eighty-eight, are the last surviving leaders of the Chartist movement, the precursor of all the political, and many of the social reforms which have been achieved in England during the reign of Queen Victoria. They got imprisonment for blazing the way, while the Gladstones and the Russells, and the Palmerston's, who followed, got the glory. Harney, Hetherington, Holyoake, Richard Carlisle, and a few others gave England a free press. They sold unstamped newspapers, went to prison for the deed, but won their battle after all. We trust that Mr. Harney will find renewed health and vigor in the sunshine of spring.

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THE NEW COURSE OF GERMAN POLITICS AND THE PURPORT OF ITS WORLD-CONCEPTION.

BY ERNST HAECKEL.

During the past two months the civilised world has watched with increasing astonishment the memorable events which have taken place in the German empire. Although we have become accustomed during the two years which have passed since the resignation of Prince Bismarck to political surprises of all kinds, yet the vaunted and marvellous results which were to come from the new course do not appear in spite of many grand and imposing programmes of reform, in spite of many attractive speeches and fine promises. On the contrary, many abnormal variations of the needle were noticeable. Instead of pointing North it points alarmingly South. How much we have lost through this reversal of the course is proved by the rejoicings of our English cousins over our colonial resignation and modesty, by the satisfaction of the French at the dismissal of the hated old Chancellor, by the growing internal perturbations of the empire, by the dismal amiability of the Vatican, and by the triumph of social democracy over the middle classes. These facts necessarily awaken the well-founded fears of many German patriots, and yet they are nothing in comparison with the astounding events of the past two months.

We do not refer here to the speeches of Emperor William II., which aroused in the widest circles, and especially among conservatives, a high degree of excitement. Although they challenge public opinion yet we do not intend to reply to them, the more so as it is impossible to reproduce the opinions of the most moderate journals of foreign countries without being exposed to a charge of felony. We can only regret these conditions in the interest of the monarchy itself, but we cannot alter them. Fortunately we do not stand here before the bacteriological question of investigating the many causes which led to the rapid origin and epidemic spreading of what the people humorously called the "excitement bacillus." When Count Caprivi a few months ago, before he tendered his resignation, made his brilliant speeches against the excitement bacillus he apparently had no idea that his own cabinet was engaged in producing it wholesale in mischievous perfection—real *Reinkultur*. It would not be fair to measure the successes of the second Chancellor by the mightier triumphs of the first, for aside from the special labors and energies which Prince Bismarck united in his own personality, he has through his rare knowledge of the world and of men, through his historical experience during fifty eventful years of work, and especially through his own merit in founding the independent empire of the German nation, accumulated an immense capital of political power and insight. That any successor of the iron Chancellor, whatever be his name, could inherit only the smaller half of that capital was self-evident, but that his inheritance would be so meagre as it now appears could not be expected.

Every impartial observer must see clearly that the much praised new course is not a continuance of our old course, but means the opposite direction. Up to Canossa is the watchword at Berlin. The first step taken by the Prussian government in ushering in the new counter reformation is the plan of the new public school bill which the cabinet of Caprivi proposed in January, 1892, to the Prussian parliament. As generally known now its vital point lies in this, that the public school which is the basis of national education shall be withdrawn from the control of science and be surrendered to the Papistic hierarchy. Objections might be made that Prussia is a state in which Catholics and Protestants enjoy equal rights, and that they will both exercise their separate authority over the schools, but Protestantism of whatever color it may be lacks entirely, and necessarily must lack, that great hierarchic organisation which has given power to the Roman Catholic church for more than a millennium, and which gives her an unparalleled power in our civilisation at the present day. Therefore Roman Catholicism, or briefly, Papism will conquer in the struggle for dominion any other church that stands with it on equal rights, and as it pretends to be the only saving church, will also claim absolute control over the state. We need only compare the triumphant rejoicings of ultramontane journals with the heavy anxiety of all in-

dependent papers in order to know what grave meaning has the new public school bill.

"Christianity or Atheism," that is the surprising alternative which the new world-conception proposes. What Christianity was meant to be can be learned from the explanation subsequently made. The new Prussian Christianity which it is hoped will save her present civilisation and protect her from the dangers of social democracy is not that purified morality which has greatly developed in the course of nineteen centuries from the simple doctrines of original Christianity. On the contrary it is the naked belief in miracles, its stubborn dogmatism, and its blind faith in traditional legends and in supernatural events of so-called Holy history, the historical reality of which has been long disproved by an impartial scientific criticism.

The remarkable progress of natural philosophy has led the intellectual and spiritual life of civilised nations into entirely new paths. Shall now the fanaticism of different colliding dogmas be reintroduced into our public schools. It almost appears as though the crusades and the Thirty Years war were to reappear in a new Prussian edition. But among all these confusions there is a widely separate opinion propounded with noteworthy ingenuousness that Christian faith will be the best weapon against social democracy. The pure original and unadulterated Christianity however is most ominously interwoven with socialistic doctrines, and its first congregations cultivated pure communism. The fathers have developed those communistic ideas so clearly, that we are only astonished that the social democracy of to-day does not claim the authority and sanction of those primitive Christian institutions. The true and really useful weapons in the struggle against the errors of social democracy are not found in Christian dogmas but in rational science, and especially its latest and most promising offspring, the modern doctrine of evolution. If the socialistic leaders attempt to base their Utopian theories upon the doctrine of evolution, and especially upon Darwinism, the theory of selection appears in the light of impartial criticism as an aristocratic principle. It is based upon the selection of the best. The division of labor upon which more than upon anything else the progressive development of the organised world rests, necessarily produces a constantly increasing diversity of character, a constantly increasing inequality of the individuals, of their education, their activities, and their conditions. Human civilisation the higher it rises makes the various classes of workers which coöperate in the complex machinery of society appear the more different and diversified. Communism and that equality of conditions and of work which is aimed at by social democracy would be equivalent to a return to barbarism and the brutal primordial state of rude savages. The strange views which Caprivi's cabinet have propounded stand in decided opposition to the results of modern science, they found their strongest expression in the surprising alternative of Christianity or Atheism. The late Chancellor confesses in child-like simplicity to embrace the "Christian" world-conception of the Papistic leaders of the centre with whom "he feels to be in perfect agreement." He has the conviction that religion cannot be taught without dogma, even more, he says, we can have no other dogmas than those which exist.

What shall philosophy, the queen among the sciences, say concerning this confession of faith! According to the theory of the new course all the serious labor performed by the greatest minds of three thousand years has been done in vain. According to that all the philosophy which ought to be studied and which ought to be allowed to be taught is that of the Christian fathers, yet it will be difficult for the government to say which of the many conflicting and irrational opinions shall in the future be considered as the only canon of philosophy.

All the great results of modern science are therewith doomed. Doomed are also all the miserable men who attempted to solve the great problems of existence, not through blind faith but with the assistance of that divine goddess, reason. We should feel disconsolate over the loss of our temporal and eternal salvation if we had not fortunately come into good company. Goethe, Lessing, Kant, Spinoza, Shakespeare, Newton, Humboldt, Darwin, Frederick the Second of the Hohenzollerns, and Frederick the Second of the Hohenstauffens, they all roast eternally in the hell of hopeless atheism. And here we pass over in silence all those non-Christian philosophers and scientists of other civilised nations to whom we look up with reverence as stars of the first magnitude. But more still, even Moses and the prophets, and also Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed, in brief all the God-inspired founders of non-Christian religions, they also are all miserable atheists for the historical phrase of Caprivi "Either Christian or Atheists" applies to them also.

The public school bill has been withdrawn. But the danger that threatened our educational system is not yet passed, and uncertainty prevails as to what the future will bring, and our souls are still full of anxiety and expectation.

Whatever may happen in Prussia, should the influential party of Conservatives blindly combine with the ultramontane centre, and similar bills be proposed which may be carried with the assistance of those parties who are hostile to the Federal Union of Imperial Germany, we do not believe that the counter revolution will ever sweep over the whole of the fatherland. Prussia is not Germany. We have still in

the German empire many independent princes who are mindful of their duty, their ancestors, and their history, and who understand their mission in the civilisation of our country. There are still the descendants living and ruling in the small state of Thuringia, in the true heart of Germany, the descendants of those glorious princes who were the protectors and promoters of the reformation, and who have been during the period of our greatest literary renown immortal names in the history of our nation.

In the face of a great political mistake, and of the grievous errors which in the last two years have been committed in Berlin we are inclined to undervalue the merit of the second chancellor of the empire. Three great benefits have come unwittingly from his administration.

First. He has reminded the German people to be themselves vigilant in guarding for their own welfare, to comprehend that the nation can preserve its important position in the world, its political freedom, and its national unity only on condition that the people themselves are constantly engaged in preserving their rights.

Secondly. His action has warned us that whatever high value for the preservation of our noblest ideals the German federalism possesses, the independent development of the various states and their individuality must not be sacrificed to Centralism.

Thirdly. By means of his policy the intelligent part of the German nation have again fully recognised the great danger by which our freedom of thought and our civilisation are constantly threatened by ultramontane hierarchies, and by that dark power of the extreme Anti-National party which is called the Centre.

The German Liberal party have often given aid to the Centre, and we cannot spare them the reproach of having strengthened its dangerous position. How much more clear-sighted on this important question was our venerable old emperor, William the First, whose wise, considerate, and strong rule is now so grievously missed! In the beginning of the Kulturkampf in February, 1874, he wrote these memorable words:

"It is now my duty to be the leader of my people in a combat which has been fought by the German emperors of former times against the power whose rule has never been compatible in any country with the liberty and welfare of the people—a power which if it could be victorious in Germany at this time would annihilate all the blessings of the Reformation, and would endanger our freedom of conscience and the authority of our laws."

Those are the words of the experienced, mild, and truly pious emperor who had succeeded in solving the old Sphinx riddle of German unity, and in fulfilling the old dream of the German nation. And shall we now surrender our independence which has been gained by great sacrifices?

Let us hope that the Prussian Government will still remain conscious of its Protestant mission, and even should it admit the threatening ecclesiastical reaction in the domain of educational institutions we still have the consolation of believing that the rest of Germany would powerfully resist such measures. We have recognised the great merit of the second Chancellor, that he unconsciously antagonised the increasing centralism and that he has revived the right of each state to individuality. Now our German smaller states have again a decisive opportunity to show once more their often proved importance for the spiritual life of our nation's ideals. We expect from the majority of German princes with great confidence that they will not follow the dangerous reaction inaugurated by Prussia, and that liberty of conscience will find an inviolate refuge in their territories.

The high flourishing condition of German civilisation and science has rested for many centuries upon the great number of radiating centres which were sustained by the smaller German princes. The universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg in Baden, of Tübingen in Württemberg, of Munich, Würzburg, and Erlangen in Bavaria, Leipsic in Saxony, Jena in Thuringia, etc., etc., are so many independent workshops of German intellectuality which have preserved their individual character and independence. That which those non-Prussian universities have done for the spiritual life of our nation, sometimes under the most difficult conditions and with small means, is certainly no less than that which the numerous and well endowed Prussian universities of a later growth have accomplished. Therefore even if the ecclesiastical reaction should prevail, even if "the science of dogmatism" should pursue its long proposed retrogressive course, the brighter will shine in the rest of Germany from the altars of the highest ideals of humanitarianism the holy fires of free science and free investigation.

THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE COMMUNITY.*

BY WILHELM WUNDT.

[CONCLUDED.]

PERSONALITY AND SPIRITUAL ORGANISMS.

It is a frequent custom to-day to claim *experience* in favor of an individualistic and atomistic conception of the relations of life, while people call the opposite view "transcendental or metaphysical,"—expressions which unjustified as they may be in this case, do not easily lose their effect in our antimetaphysical time.

* This is the substance of a lecture delivered as an oration by Professor Wundt on the birthday festival of the King of Saxony. The oration was published in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

Naturally, the impossibility of our observing the primitive origin of human life-communities is readily granted. On the other hand it is extolled as the only justifiable empirical procedure, that we criticise the products of a distant prehistoric past according to the experiences which human life furnishes us to-day. And yet it is an undeniable result of historical and psychological experience, that we are not allowed to judge absolutely, according to our own thought and action, the thought and action in a remote stage of human development. And yet it is the principal doctrine, which history can impart to the psychologist, that in order to learn to understand a primitive intellectual life, he must attempt to think himself back into an intellectual world entirely different from the present, although built upon the same elementary, fundamental processes!

The history of mythological theories from the days of the famous Greek mythologist Euphemeros to the present, furnishes many astonishing as well as entertaining examples of the consequences of conceiving man as immutable.

In general, it is a fundamental error to think that the individualistic theory of the community, is free from metaphysical presuppositions. On the contrary, it becomes an irredeemable victim of metaphysics, because it cannot decide to apprehend facts as they present themselves. Thus the strange fate devolved upon the natural philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, that where it expected to support itself with most certainty upon facts of experience, it was entangled most inextricably in metaphysical presuppositions.

When Thomas Hobbes declared that only the sensible perceptible bodies were real substance; that everything else of peculiar content which the world offers us was to be derived from affections of the body: our perception and will from mechanical movements of the brain, the artificial unions of sentient and volitional bodies, such as states, from the endeavor of those living bodies to maintain themselves, it was obviously not experience but firm faith in a system of materialistic metaphysics, that begot these doctrines.

The spiritualism attaching itself to Descartes, being in opposition to this view, saw in the individual soul a supersensuous substance, that lives its true life only in its separation from the body, and for this reason also, in complete separation from communal life in which it only finds its sensuous existence; yet this view attained the same results, in its conception of the ethical significance of the community, because, according to its historical origin, it was nothing but an adaptation of the natural philosophy demanded by the spirit of the time to dogmatic traditions.

Modern Psychology since Kant defined it course seeks the essence of the soul as did Aristotle in the very facts of the spiritual life, not in an unknowable "Ding an sich" that produces the spiritual phenomena as a transient sham, by means of its ephemeral interactions on other things, and not in a nominally simple and yet infinitely complex monad, which in consequence of wonderful predetermination, creates a subjective and confused picture of a world entirely different.

Psychology as an empirical science knows nothing of a spiritual life content that stands out of all relation to the content of our real thoughts, feelings and actions. But it may as I think for just this reason be well adapted to the ethical demands, which the real life imposes. Without surrendering the value of the individual existence, and fully recognising the fact that the spiritual powers of the whole originate only in individuals and that a spiritual collective life can be created only when these factors retroact upon individuals, it must be admitted none the less, that this collective life is equally real as individual existence. It possesses a reality even superior to it wherever the actions of individuals are directed to the most important life purposes of the community.

The creative energy of language also with which every valuable activity of the individual is connected, forms a concrete testimony for this superior significance of the community. It seems to me that, practically, the most important proof lies in the fact that the rules of law, can only create that obligatory power, by means of which they assert their unconditional sovereignty over the individual will, from a real collective will. Where else could the penal power of the state, which decides concerning the most important goods of individuals and indeed concerning life itself, acquire its legal title if not from the unconditional superiority of the collective will which springs from the legal consciousness of the community over the individual will?

How inadequate, how contradictory to every natural conception of right appear those rationalistic artifices which would fain justify this enormous power of the law merely from egoistic considerations in the interest of the security of individuals!

If in the last mentioned case, it is not the national community as such, but the political community united by a certain legal order, which becomes the basis of a collective will of regulative power, the capacity for the formation of a political collective will, lies on the other hand, chiefly in the primitive unity of a nation,—a unity of language, customs, and harmonious views of life. If therefore states may originate in other ways in consequence of the multiform influences of historical conditions, if the normal causal relations may occasionally be reversed so that the nation does not produce the state but the state the nation, yet the first

mode of development seems to us to be the natural mode, not merely because it is the more primitive, but because here alone the formation of the state as the last member takes its place among those creations of the national spirit which find their expression in the language community.

A nation deprived of these different domains of common activity, of which the collective life consists, is a perfectly empty concept. When people in spite of all expressions of their intellectual activity declare the nation itself to be the author of these expressions, the question, of course, is about a mere ideal distinction. Under the term nation, therefore, we understand the community as such without regard to the particular intellectual creations in whose production the community acts as a whole.

Harmony need not necessarily prevail in all the tendencies of life in order to insure to a body of people the character of a nation. Thus the Germans formed a nation, even during times when they lacked a true political union. Thus the Swiss form a nation although they lack the unity of language. In the natural development of collective life, a common language is always the basis of all other common structures. Common conceptions and customs immediately adhere to it, as if necessarily dependent, though capable of greater differentiations. Finally appears the subordination to a political order developed from ethical rules and then determined by historical events.

If one considers, as is indeed conceivable, although not historically permissible, that the nation is the author of all these creations, then the nation is that body which while yet unorganised, possesses the capacity for producing all those creations through an indwelling organising faculty. Yet all products of the national community, language, morals, religious views and the state are true spiritual organisms.

If it pertains to the idea of an organism, that it is a complex life unity of natural origin, and that this unity consists of parts that are themselves unities of similar qualities, and besides ministering members or organs of the whole, who can deny to a language, be it the rudest and most imperfect, the quality of being a spiritual organism created according to fixed laws? Or who can fail to see that the mythological conceptions of a nation, although removed perhaps in a greater degree than language, from external influences and therefore from mixture with foreign conceptions, who I say can fail to see that these, and likewise ethics and ethical conceptions possess a unitary connection, which lends to them the qualities of spiritual organisms capable of further development? Only a materialism that generally ascribes no reality to spiritual productions could deny that the question here concerns true organic creations.

Among all spiritual creations, the state, however, takes a peculiar position. It is that product of the national community, through which all the latter are united into an organic whole. The creation of the state is, therefore, not merely a production of a spiritual organism as perhaps the creation of language is, but it is an act of the self-organisation of the community, and thereby the community from a substratum which produces spiritual organisms, becomes itself an organism. While this organism subjects itself to a unity of will, that regulates the actions of the whole body of citizens as well as of the individuals according to certain binding norms, it obtains at the same time the character of a collective personality.

The ideas of the spiritual organism and of personality are, therefore, by no means obscure. The language, customs, and life-views of a community are organic creations; but only by a phantastic mythological consideration could one expect to see personality in them. Therefore, people have believed at times that they ought to ascribe to the state the character of an organism but not that of personality.

Now the application of an idea, naturally depends upon the definition given it. If the essence of personality be defined to be that direct unity of psychical processes being regulated by an individual will, which is peculiar to self-consciousness, the condition is thereby at once established, that only an individual being can be a person. But if one only demands a harmonious willing and acting according to freely chosen motives as the essential qualities of personality, there can be no doubt that the significance of such belongs to the state. And this is so not merely allegorically as the term "person" is applied to certain corporations and unions, formed for more or less limited social purposes, such as are designated as juridical persons in order to signify their legal capacity. The collective will of the state on the contrary embraces all tendencies of the common life, just as the single will of the individual personality regulates the entire spiritual life of the individual being. In opposition to those legal persons so-called which for certain limited purposes, obtain a significance analogous to those of real persons, the state is the only real collective personality, and its distinguishing characteristic, upon which at the same time its peculiar value depends, consists in just this that in the state self-consciousness and will, although as free and as many-sided as in the individual person, are yet not a unity directly attached to a single physical substratum, but emanate only from the alternating relations of a great number of independent individual beings.

Where divergent conceptions of facts that have developed historically are at strife with one another, the practical consequences resulting therefrom, form a last

instance of decision. Since the contract theory regarded the state as the arbitrary product of individuals, it became inextricably involved in a fate, that speaks an audible language in the revolutionary state-theories of the previous century and in the frightful applications which they found in history. Whatever the sudden and arbitrary act of individuals creates, can be destroyed again just as suddenly and arbitrarily by individuals. The best form of state, therefore, according to this theory, is not that which has developed by historical necessity, from the organising power of a national community, but it is that which seems to correspond best to the immediate accommodation of all its members or since this is impossible at least to the accommodation of the prevailing majority.

How strongly knitted together appears the organically developed state which is rooted in the views of life and customs of a national community, in comparison to the transient state-construction of Utilitarianism, for the latter aspires in vain for the greatest happiness of the greatest number which aim can, in this way, not be secured in the national development with any permanence or certainty.

A MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

1796. BY JOHANN FRIEDRICH HERBART.

[In glancing over the works of the well-known philosopher and psychologist J. F. Herbart, I struck (in Vol. XII, p. 782, Ed. Hartenstein) the following passage which I suppose is little known, while it ought to be known. It characterises the agonies of an untiring seeker after truth in a moment of weakness, to overcome which it takes all the vigorous efforts of the strong mind he was. Every life has its moments of darkness in which our burdens seem heavier than we can bear, and we must learn to struggle with and to conquer our pessimistic moods.

This disconnected passage in the works of a philosopher, might be called a poem in prose. It is a poem: it is a characteristic image of a certain moment in the soul-life of a thinker. Yet it is more than an artistic picture; it is a photograph, it is true to life, it is life itself; and we can feel that Herbart wrote these lines with his very heart's blood.

So let this little sketch be an exhortation, not to yield to despair, not to be despondent when the struggle of life and thought threatens to overwhelm us, but to be up and doing, to fight bravely and never leave out of sight the ideals of our life. Says Longfellow:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;—
>
> Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again."

Here we see the footprints of a brother surrounded with the dangers of shipwreck. He felt forlorn and was full of despair. Yet he took heart again and made his life sublime by earnest struggle and fruitful work.]

FULL of gloomy thoughts I walked alone by the river. Although nature offered me her friendliest morning-greetings, the green fields smiled upon me in vain, and in vain the delicate mist of the early day glittered for me in the soft rays of the sun; I stood there ashamed of myself, for I could not possibly return these friendly greetings.

Upon the high bluff I stopped and looked down into the depth. It is only two paces down, I said to myself, only two paces down to the flood! The river is turbid as thy mind! The bright sunlight is not thine element! What means the image of pure humanity in thy breast? Enwrapped in the gloom of night is this image, unadmired, scarcely thought of. If the sun of the truth within cannot break through the night and brighten it with luminous rays, then, let it be shattered upon this rock and let the river carry the fragments along in its wild turmoil, then let it carry down into the wide sea of oblivion and eternal sleep the speculating questions of the mind, the troublesome doubts of the heart!

My glance passed aimlessly from wave to wave. To the middle the river was shaded by the bank. Beyond that I saw my own shadow hanging in uncertain shape, it mocked my unsteady movements. So it is right! Thou, my shadow, wilt vacillate here in my place, wilt mark the spot where I ended, wilt repeat my last sigh unto my friends, wilt stammer unto them my farewell and my wishes, in groaning sounds, wilt tell them how I felt and what became of me; dreadful will be thy sounds and dismal, but willingly they shall listen unto thy warning and heed it; they will not inquire into the infinite, they will not seek untrodden paths for themselves, nor be their own guides; they will remain upon the broad highway, they will enjoy themselves like children with child-like spirits, they will not be desirous of exchanging the gifts of nature for self-won trophies, not simplicity for wisdom, nor innocence for virtue. O! all ye dear ones, ye parents, relatives, friends, all ye beloved, ye dear ones, near and far! If ye knew—

Whilst I was thus addressing myself and the mind, I had walked on without noticing I had climbed higher, for the bank rose more and more. I turned around to look for my shadow, and behold it was walking along on the opposite shore upon flowery meadows and the sparkling dew-drops upon the near shrub were frolicking with it. I had followed my path, the eminence had been reached and therefore the sunbeams had carried it across the waves. It was a beautiful moment! The fullness of joy and courage and hope returned to me.

"I will strive higher and higher then, will restlessly struggle with fiery zeal until the tomb shall open; Phœbus will then send a beam of his light after me; not in the frail bark, no, in the light of truth I shall soar along over the sacred waters and hail the borders of Elysium."

SPRINGTIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN BY JEAN W. WYLIE.

In a rosebush love lay sleeping,
Springtide came and whispered : "Greeting!"
Love heard, awaked, laughed out in glee,
Peeped from the rosebuds cheerily,
Then mused : "'Tis early yet, I ween—"
And hied her back to sleep and dream.

But Spring resolved to have his way,
Awaked her with a kiss each day
And moved her with such cunning art
She ope'd at last to him her heart,
And thus his longing so intense
Repaid with love's best recompense.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In *The Century* magazine for April is a glowing picture in words of Mary the mother of Washington. The story of her life is radiant with domestic beauty, and therein is every American matron crowned and glorified. The mother of Washington was worthy of her son, as the son was worthy of his mother. The fragrance of a life so dutiful will make the social air more wholesome in this land so long as the memory of that life continues in the world. Therefore it is that in my sentimental mood I honor the Virginia court that put sentiment above the law, and forbade the owner of her burial place to sell the grave of Mary Washington. I do not think there is in all the thrifty north a real estate conscience so far gone in mercantile petrifaction as to give or take an "option" on the dust of Mary Washington. It is not easy to believe the charge that such business-like and enterprising souls flourish in Virginia, although the news from Richmond makes and proves the accusation. It appears by the record that Kirtley and Kolbert, dealers in real estate at Fredericksburg, thought they could buy and sell the national sentiment that hallows the grave of Washington's mother, so they got an "option" on it from one Shepherd, the owner of the lot on which it was. Mr. Shepherd also stimulated the bargain by generously throwing in a monument which some reverent and patriotic citizen of New York had placed upon the grave. The price of the bones within the grave and the monument upon it was $2,500, and on the payment of that sum by a certain day Kirtley and Kolbert were to get a deed for the venerated lot. Having got their "option," those enterprising speculators looked for a customer to whom they could sell out at a profit, and they found him in Mr. G. H. Huntingdon of Baltimore who offered them $20,000 for the grave, probably for the purpose of preserving it from buyers and sellers and from the Goths and Vandals in all coming time. Then they foreclosed their "option," tendered the $2,500 to Mr. Shepherd and demanded a deed, which he refused to make, perhaps because he had heard of the $20,000 sale. Then they sued him for a deed in the Circuit Court of Fredericksburg, and that court ruled against them for the purely emotional but very laudable reason that the grave of Washington's mother could not be the subject of a sale. The case is now pending on appeal before the Supreme Court at Richmond, where the judgment of the lower court will most likely be affirmed.

* * *

Whatever may be the decision of the Supreme Court at Richmond as to the owner's right to sell the grave of Washington's mother, there can be no doubt that patriotic and pious opinion everywhere will sustain the judgment of the Circuit Court at Fredericksburg declaring the sale of it invalid. Still, it will take some skill in judicial casuistry to affirm the judgment of the Circuit Court on legal grounds. Speaking by the law, if Mr. Shepherd has the right to own the grave, he certainly has the right to transfer that ownership to another, and the fact that he does it for money can hardly affect his right. Can Virginia by judicial force or otherwise compel him to own that hallowed grave against his will? And if the sale of it be a scandal schocking to the moral sense, let Virginia acquire a title to it on payment of just compensation. Then let her preserve it in honor as an heir-loom in the family of her people for all time.

* * *

The Emperor William, taking God into partnership with him whirls the political elements of Germany into a social cyclone which he is not able to control. The irreverence is the emperor's, not mine, for in his speech to the Brandenburg Diet he spoke of the Deity as "our ally at Rossbach and Dennewitz, who will not leave *me* in the lurch." He went further and advised his hearers to "put their trust in God, and their *hereditary* ruler." He declared at the same time that God had taken such "infinite pains" to support and sustain the Hohenzollerns that "we cannot suppose he has done this for no purpose." Animated by this feudal sentiment, he tells his minister Caprivi to put the clock of German freedom back. The national and political unity of Germany having been achieved by Bismarck, Caprivi agrees to bring her intellectual genius down to the level of provincial mediocrity. The free spirit of Germany is too big now to be put back into the ancient cage. It will expand with every additional conquest made by the Germans in art, science, philosophy, and statesmanship. The efforts of the emperor to arrest the brain of Germany and imprison it in the cloisters of a church will fail, as the like attempt of King James the Second failed in England more than two hundred years ago. A scheme to deprive the people of education, ironically called the "School Bill" was proposed by Caprivi, the second and smaller chancellor; and this bill put the schoolmaster under the direction and correction of the priest. In order to pass the bill, Caprivi bore aloft into the senate two metaphorical dragons, breathing imaginary fire and smoke. One of these he called Socialism, the other Atheism, and with these effigies he tried to frighten the parliament and the people of Germany. "The School Bill," said Caprivi, "is only intended to counteract Atheism; and Christian denominationalism alone can pull down socialism." It would avail Caprivi nothing to lock up all the German universities to-morrow unless he can also catch and put back within them all the mighty thoughts they have sent out in the centuries gone by. These wander free and invisible over every road in Germany, and they are the inspiration of the German people, not only in the Fatherland, but in the United States and wherever they may be.

* * *

It is to Americans a very provoking puzzle that we can hardly ever tell whether affairs apparently most potent, grave, and reverend, are being carried on in earnest or in fun; because having lifted hypocrisy to a place among the fine arts we have added so much to the piquancy of American humor that even when we are sentenced to be hanged we doubt the reality of it, and think that the whole ceremonial is a joke played by the sheriff and the judge. In religion, in politics, and in trade, we laugh at Sincerity as a fool. For instance, I am at this moment enjoying that ironical bit of comedy now being played at Washington, where as the curtain rises we see a Committee of Congress sitting on the Commissioner of Pensions, grave and solemn as five owls trying a mouse by Court Martial. What signify the scandals exposed by this investigation? says the accused. I am not a public officer; I am a party agent, and in that capacity I have done my duty. Here is an innocent question put by the owls to the mouse, "If you found that examiners in the field were using their places to aid the Democratic party, what would you do?" And here is the answer of the mouse, "Call them in. I always give preference in every possible way to Republicans, because this is a Republican Administration. I am in my position because I am a Republican. I never assign men to

the field without knowing their politics. I want Republicans only." Now the humorous hypocrisy of all this trial is that the owls pretend to be shocked at such a candid avowal of depravity, and they blink judicial reprobation at the delinquent in the dock; whereas every owl of them will expect and require their own Commissioner of Pensions to act in the very same way when the Democrats come into power. M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HUMANITY IN ITS ORIGIN AND EARLY GROWTH. By *E. Colbert*, M. A. 392 pages. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1892.

This work is the result of long and patient scientific investigation, and there is a good deal of scientific imagination in it also. The author was formerly Superintendent of the Dearborn Observatory, and Professor of Astronomy in the University of Chicago. His opportunities have been great, and he has made good use of them. A practical astronomer he has discarded the revelations of inspired legends for the more divine revelations of the telescope; and he confidently claims that the theologies of the present have sprung from the astrologies of old, and that "the star lore of the remote past forms the root and trunk of the great religious tree of our own day." Further, he shows by abundant evidence that "astrology and magic are the twin parents of ancient worship," and that "to those two sources the Christian world is indebted for much of the material that is incorporated in the creeds of the present generation."

Professor Colbert affirms that all animated nature is the product of an evolutionary process working unceasingly for millions of years; and he condenses the proof of it into a few chapters at the beginning of his book tracing the slow development of man through the various ages, epochs, and periods of geologic time, from the mere animal to the savage, and from him to the semi-civilised, and rather conceited citizen of this overruled nineteenth century. The evolution of the physical man is merely the foundation on which Professor Colbert builds his larger theory of the evolution of "Humanity," the intellectual, moral, and spiritual man.

Much of the evidence which Professor Colbert offers in support of his argument appears to be conclusive, while some of it, though always probable, is of a speculative character; and herein he shows how a scientific imagination may make a learned book entertaining, and stimulate the appetite for knowledge. It may not be literally true that man's habits and principles sprang from accident or special necessity just in the way supposed by Professor Colbert, as for instance, the supposed fortuitous manner in which the remote man came to add a ration of roast meat to his acorn diet, but it is not unlikely; and at all events, Professor Colbert is never so weak in reasons as to call in the aid of miracle to keep an illogical Noah's ark from sinking.

The childish fables which pass for "Sacred History" and "Holy Writ," Professor Colbert covers with comic ridicule. He will hardly condescend to give them serious denial, any more than the stories of Jack and the Beanstalk, St. George and the Dragon, or Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. He is content to show their origin, and "there an end." He has a sort of scornful pity for the men who having outthought and outgrown belief in theologic myths and magic give them negative support by silence, as if it was not their business to enlighten fools. "Few scientific investigators," remarks Professor Colbert, "have taken a position of active dissent. Their attitude in the matter is simply that of withholding assent from dogmas they cannot indorse." But in another place he says, "It is difficult to see why a reputedly conscientious man in all else should feel it his duty to wink at a monstrous falsehood for fear that other people should be spoiled by being told the truth."

Professor Colbert says that "part of the material of his work is to be found in the encyclopedias and other books." This is true, and the same thing might be said of any other book built upon a scientific and historical foundation, but the value of Professor Colbert's book consists in this, that it is not merely raw material but the finished article wherein we get in one volume what we could not make for ourselves out of the raw material contained in a hundred encyclopedias. For that reason, and for many others it is in spite of some ingenious guesswork as to the origin of many creeds and dogmas, one of the most useful books of the year. M. M. T.

NOTES.

Mr. Morris Phillips, editor of the *Home Journal*, New York, has published a little book entitled "Abroad and at Home: Practical Hints for Tourists." It describes London, Paris, and several cities of the United States.

We are in receipt of "King's Handbook of the United States" which is a stately volume full of information concerning the history and conditions of our country. Its text is explained and illustrated by 51 pages of colored maps and 2,639 illustrations of the great features of this country, all made expressly for it. The book is accompanied by good recommendations of high authorities, among whom are the Professors Andrew D. White, W. D. Whitney, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, and many others. (Buffalo: The Matthews-Northrup Co.)

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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REFORM ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

It is following these principles which makes a man really a reformer and not merely a crank. Cranks whirl round and round, each in his own little orbit, which is changing its shape incessantly. The real reformer presses steadily forward in the direct line of social progress, preferring to advance slowly rather than wander astray. All motion takes place according to fixed laws; and those by which our race has advanced thus far are not likely to be repealed. To know how to improve the present, we must remember how we have improved on the past. Look back to the state of things a thousand years ago; and we see that men differed much less among themselves in beliefs, occupations, and habits generally than is the case in civilised countries to-day. In these countries there has been great progress during the last two or three centuries; it has been accompanied by a growing diversity in ways of living and thinking; and the lowest savages continue to live alike and think alike, as the first men did in all probability. Men become more dissimilar as they advance in civilisation; and it is well known that the change to ever higher and higher forms of vegetable and animal life has been marked by ever-growing dissimilarity. These and many other facts establish the truth of Herbert Spencer's famous law of differentiation, according to which social progress must involve an ever-growing diversity of occupations and opinions. To enable the diversities in society to increase, it is, of course, necessary to let people think and act as they choose. The recent period of rapid progress is also one of decrease of governmental interference with religion, literature, wages, amusements, food, and dress. No State in our Union would think of passing such laws on these points as were obeyed without opposition in Massachusetts two hundred and fifty years ago. The law of progress is also the law of liberty. Loss of individual freedom would take us back towards barbarism; and increase of the power of government means loss of liberty. Herbert Spencer is perfectly right when he speaks of "Conservatism, which stands for the restraints of society over the individual, and reform, which stands for the liberty of the individual against society," and again when he tells us that, "The progressive extension of the liberty of citizens, and the reciprocal removal of political restrictions are the steps by which we advance." ("First Principles," pp. 512 and 513. Am. ed.). Mill took substantially the same ground in his great book "On Liberty"; and I do not know of any student of social problems by the scientific method who thinks otherwise; but I claim for Mill and Spencer only such authority as is justified by the fidelity with which they state plain facts of history.

To call Spencer's definition of reform worthless, would compel us to say that Garrison, Phillips, Douglass, Sumner, and the other abolitionists were not reformers. Those who would imitate them will find quite enough still to do in extending the liberty of our citizens, and diminishing the power of society over the individual. There for instance are those laws against Sunday amusements, due, as stated in the "Study of Sociology" (p. 17), to "ascetic fanaticism in generations long past." To the Puritan, pleasure meant sin; but we know that it means health, and to that extent duty, as is shown in the chapter on "Pleasures and Pains" in Spencer's "Psychology." Neither church nor State has any right to forbid dancing or base-ball on the only day when active amusements are possible to the majority of our citizens. To tell people they must not have any work on Sunday, nor any amusement either, is simply trying to reduce them to the condition of criminals in the worst of jails. Rest must include amusement for healthy people who are wide-awake. When our citizens do awake to full knowledge of their rights, the laws against Sunday amusements will go where those for burning heretics went. One reason this tyranny is borne so tamely is that it presses most heavily on the poor. The rich man gets amusement enough on Sunday in his carriage, yacht, or parlor. To the poor man no place is open in many of our cities, except the saloon. No wonder that the brewers seem as anxious as the clergymen to have the World's Fair next year kept shut on the day it is needed most. Fortunately Chicago is already liberal enough to open her theatres; and I have no fear that she will suffer either her guests or her own poor citizens to be op-

pressed. One thing worth remembering about Sunday laws is that they are being repealed as fast as they become dead letters. The best way to reform them is to violate them.

Spencer has much to say about the need of making "the administration of justice prompt, complete, and economical," and giving better protection for property and reputation to the poor against the rich, as well as to the individual against the government. This reform is not so much needed here as in England; but the Chicago anarchists are said to have been maddened by failures to obtain justice peaceably. Another reform which Spencer strongly favors is likely to be the main issue in this year's presidential campaign. A prominent protectionist, Ex-Governor Ames, said at the recent celebration of Lincoln's birthday in Boston:

> "In the last campaign we Republicans claimed that we wanted to revise the tariff on the lines of protection, that we Republicans intended to reduce the tariff all along the line: but instead of that, we raised the duty on manufactured goods, and it didn't need any prayers that fall for rain. We were completely flooded and swept away on account of the McKinley bill."

This law has raised the duty on women's and childrens dress goods, with woolen woof and cotton warp, to 128 p. c., so that a piece of 53 yards, which was sold at the English factory for $14.31, costs $18.15 more than it would if we had free trade. This and similar taxes compel every buyer of woolen goods to pay much more than the real value; and a large part of the extra price goes into the pockets of wealthy manufacturers. Give individual liberty to buy goods for what they are worth, without interference from the government; and you give the poor protection against the rich.

No reform of recent date has done so much as the Australian ballot to establish the poor man's right to vote according to his own convictions, without risk of being thrown out of work. This law of liberty is already in force in thirty-three states, according to *The Forum* for last January: but the forms adopted in seven of the thirty-three are shown to have serious defects. Of the two methods in use in twenty-six states, that preferred in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, where a man need not make more than one mark in order to vote for his party's entire ticket, has the advantage of greatly shortening the time needed not only for casting but for counting ballots.

The best men in both parties support this reform, and also one for which there is such an opportunity of working at present as will not come again until four years hence. The Russian government gives all the offices to its most faithful partisans, with little heed to what they are otherwise; and thus the administration has become so inefficient for all good ends that the people starve. We expect this of a despotism; but a republican government should not be permitted to rob the citizens of their right to have the money they pay into the public treasury used solely for the public good. My liberty to use my money as I choose is violated, when it is taken from me in order to keep in power men whom I want to have turned out. This will not, perhaps, be an issue at the next election, and certainly not the leading one. The best time to work for it is before the nominations. Every Democrat ought to do his utmost to prevent his party from choosing any candidate who has sinned against civil service reform as deeply as Hill and Gorman; and it will be no sign of fidelity to it for the Republicans to renominate Harrison.

These reforms in politics deserve a party pledged to carry them out; and we should have one if the Democrats were true to the Jeffersonian platform. Their original principle, that of maintaining individual rights against interference by the central government, has been sacrificed again and again to catch votes. It is difficult even now to say how the party stands in regard to civil service reform; and there is some danger that the golden opportunity to reduce the tariff next year will be thrown away in order to propitiate fanatics for a wild scheme which is advocated as a way to improve business by governmental interference, but is denounced by leading Democrats as certain to debase the value of the many millions of hard-earned money, deposited in savings banks by industrious citizens. This party seems likely, however, in spite of its inconsistencies, to do more than its opponents for reform, as may be judged from the fact that the leading organisation of New England reformers was once composed almost entirely of Republicans, but has now an overwhelming majority of Democrats, though the same men still fill the seats. It is hard to say which party is most likely to increase personal liberty in a way strongly favored by Mill, and also by Spencer in his first book but not at all in his last. Women are said to be all born smugglers; and I do not see why they should not have a chance to say at the polls, how they like having the price of dry-goods and table-ware raised, in many cases to two or three times the free-trade value, by the tariff.

Spencer's definition of reform need not be taken so narrowly as to forbid promoting the welfare of society in ways which do not restrict liberty, though they do not enlarge it. Every school, for instance, ought to give a prominent place to manual training, if only because this enables the child's brain to develop by the same process which has made the brains of our race so much larger and mightier than they were originally, I mean working over things instead of names, and using tools much more than books. Much needs still to be done for the protection of children in factories;

but I think it has been proved by Atkinson and Cabot, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1892, that men and women ought to be allowed "to work according to their own will, and to control their own time according to their own judgment." Prohibitionists should not be permitted to invade our liberty on a bare chance of gaining ends which are actually reached without any tyranny in Norway and Sweden, by a plan described in *The Nineteenth Century* for December, 1891. As regards socialism and its cheap edition, nationalism, I have only space enough left to refer to D. G. Thompson's lecture on "Evolution and Social Reform," (published by James H. West, 196 Summer St., Boston), in addition to many well-known essays and chapters by Herbert Spencer, whose last book, that on "Justice," ends thus, "What can be a more extreme absurdity than that of proposing to improve social life by breaking the fundamental law of society?"

FAITH AND REASON.

A REVIEW OF FECHNER'S METHOD OF CONCILIATING RELIGION WITH SCIENCE.

Gustav Theodor Fechner is the founder of psycho-physics, i. e., the science which determines the relation between sense-stimuli and sensations, thus explaining the interdependence between bodily functions and psychical phenomena. Prof. E. H. Weber had set up the law that the increase of a stimulus to be appreciable must always bear some fixed and definite proportion to the intensity of the stimulus with which it is compared. For instance if we can just distinguish between 16 ounces and 17 ounces, we shall be able to distinguish between 32 and 34 ounces, not between 33 and 34. The fraction $\frac{1}{16}$ must be the same. This fraction, the smallest noticeable difference, which is to be found out by experiment, is called the "difference threshold" of muscular sense.

Fechner took up Weber's investigations and stated Weber's law with greater precision in a mathematical form thus: "The sensation increases as the logarithm of the stimulus." He made this law of the relation that obtains between body and soul the basis of a new branch of science which he called "psycho-physics."

We must add that the law is approximately true in the case of sight, hearing, pressure, and the muscular sense, it is most exactly true of sound, but it is uncertain for the chemical senses of smell and taste. It is most exact in the middle regions of the sensory scale but becomes unreliable when we approach either the lower or upper limit of sensibility.

Fechner called attention to the duality of sensation and motion; yet he proposed to conceive this duality as two aspects only of one and the same thing. Fechner's philosophical ideal was monism, yet we must add that, in our opinion, he has not fully realised his monistic ideal. His imaginative powers were those of a poet and we find that his views of God and soul and immortality are sometimes bordering on or even entering into that kind of fanciful spiritualism which is generally called supernaturalism.

* * *

This is a short description of Fechner's position and importance as a psychologist. At present we do not intend to give any further explanation of his metaphysical, or psychological, or philosophical views, but to describe his attitude toward religion. No one perhaps could feel more deeply and earnestly the demand of the soul to have science and religion conciliated. He was a man of science; his life was devoted to most intricate investigations and experiments, but he never lost sight on the one hand of the religious importance of scientific work and on the other hand of the indispensability of religion to science.

Fechner argues:

Knowledge and faith are intimately interconnected. Science cannot live without faith. I know that I have a sensation of red or green or yellow, I also know that the sum of the angles in a plane triangle are equal to 180 degrees. But I do not know in the strictest sense of knowledge that another man has the same color-sensation when he looks at the same objects. I do not even know that space is tri-dimensional, I may have (and we cannot say that we do not have) good reasons for believing the one and the other, but this belief, certain though it may be, rests upon our faith in the regularity and cosmic order of the universe, which is the result of an inference but not an object of direct knowledge. Fechner starting from such considerations, says, it is the duty of the man of science not to abolish faith but to replace it so far as possible by exact knowledge.

Faith originates because we need it, we are in want of it, it is a necessity of life. We cannot extend our knowledge without faith, we cannot act without it, and that faith an essential feature of which is the aspiration to extend knowledge is superior to the self-sufficient faith of the Moslem who burns the books and spurns science.

The basis of religion lies deeply buried in the nature of man and human society, so deeply that many cannot detect it. Many propose the principles of humanity or pure ethics as a surrogate in the place of religion. But they forget that these principles of humanity are a product of religion and would not exist without it. Humanity and religiosity rise and sink together. We may imagine the stones in the foundation of the building useless, because they are hidden from sight, but if we should take them away the house must fall.

Religion holds and keeps human society, and human society is such an immediate presence as the air we breathe. To discard religion and keep humanity or ethics is about the same as to propose that we can dispense with the air so long as and because we have breath.

Fechner maintains that there are three essential elements in religion and no religion is perfect unless it proposes a belief in all three. These three elements are the belief in (1) God, (2) an immortal soul, and (3) spirits. God is to him not only the ground of all existence but also the soul-tie of all spirits among whom Christ is our ideal as the foremost revealer of God.

* * *

We do not intend to give further explanations of Fechner's views and are satisfied in having outlined his religious standpoint. We shall now attempt to construe his views satisfactorily to our world-conception.

Fechner's conceptions of God, the soul, and the spirit-world are not without fantastic notions, and we cannot accept the arguments he proposes, especially for the last and most favorite of his three religious ideas. We do not deny the spirituality of the world, for we ourselves are spirits, not pure spirits but spirits after all, and our innermost nature is spiritual. But we deny Fechner's peculiar conception of a spirit-world above the spirituality of nature.

Let us see whether we can give to Fechner's views an interpretation that will stand the test of scientific critique.

The idea of a spirit-world is strange, but if interpreted allegorically it has a deep significance. Among Christians it finds its expression in the mythology of angels, saints, and devils. Yet this idea of a spirit-world, although it is mythology, contains (as all mythology does) a great and important truth. If we decipher the mythological meaning of the belief in saints and translate it into a statement of facts, we should say that the soul-life of all humanity is one great stream; all sentient creatures that lived on earth since organised life began form one great empire, one large republic of interdependent citizens. A man's life does not begin with birth, nor does it end with death. There are no individuals in the strict sense of the word. The soul-life of past generations flows through the present generation into future generations. Our ancestors' souls are not lost; our dead are not dissolved into nothing; they continue; so long as we speak their language, think their ideas, and act according to their maxims; they are with us all the time and will be with us even unto the end of the world. In so far as their presence is effective of evil, they are demons, in so far as it is effective of good, as their influence leads the race onward and upward, they correspond to the saints of the church.

Is there also a truth in the belief in angels? Certainly there is! If those features of nature's all-being which produce and uphold the spiritual world of man's soul-life, are called in their harmonious totality God, we should say that the single powers of nature tending to advance God's work in the world, are, mythologically expressed, his messengers and servants. If we conceive the sun merely in his physical effects, we are overwhelmed with his grandeur, his awfulness and beneficence. Through him we receive directly and indirectly most of the boons that produce and sustain life. The sun is not a mind, yet we stand in a relation to the sun that is, on our part, of a personal nature. We can and often do regard him with gratitude, and to represent him as an archangel of God is by no means an inappropriate allegory. It is mythology, but the mythology has a meaning.

Our consciousness is the effect of the subconscious spirituality of our organisation. This subconscious spirituality is, as it were, our attending angel, our familiar, the spirit that nourishes and bears our mentality, it is the pedestal upon which our conscious life rests.

It is a wrong conception of nature to think of nature as a dead machine regulated by the law of inertia. Nature is life, nature is spontaneity, nature is spirituality.

If we weigh the materialistic conception, (which considers solely and exclusively what we define as the objectivity of nature i. e. matter in motion, dropping that source of psychical life which we call the subjectivity of nature), if we compare materialism with the mythology of ancient and modern religions, we should say that the former is radically wrong and the latter, the modern and even the ancient religions, are right in the face of the former. The latter are wrong only in so far as the truth is symbolically expressed and not in exact scientific formulas. But the truth is there nevertheless.

* * *

Fechner concludes a little volume which he has written on the subject, with a peculiar confession. He says in his "Drei Motive und Gründe des Glaubens":

"As free as the position is which I advocate in this work and have advocated in former writings, yet the orthodox position where I have met it elsewhere, has on the whole, though not in every case, pleased me better than the free. . . .

"To this firmness of faith is attached a wonderful blessing. When I observe that many enjoy this blessing even now and apply it in their principles and actions, in as far as it is possible in this time of imperfection, relying partly on the need of such blessing and partly upon the truth and goodness of the principal tenets of the Christian religion, I am thereby filled with a secret admiration and joy. I see in this on the one hand an expression and on the other hand an acceptation of the meaning and fact of a perfect religion, an acceptation, which can only take place in so far as the respective religion is looked upon as that which accord-

ing to its idea it intends to be in completion, and in so far as its historic sources are considered entirely reliable. . . .

"Religion should furnish to reason the highest, safest, and surest points of view; and now it is left to the function of the individual reason to govern, to improve, to judge and to sift these views; that is to reverse the whole subject, and in the place of the unity settling all things which we must expect from religion, we now get in addition to the other causes of dissent we already have, also the confusion and contention about religion itself, so that we easily lose all religion."

Let us pause here for a moment and ask, What is "the individual reason"? Reason is reason in so far only as it agrees with that feature of reality which makes of the world a cosmos. Objectivity accordingly is the nature of reason; and "individual reason," denoting a subjective kind of reason is a contradictory term.

The individual reason (supposing that the term means subjective rationality, a rational taste or fancy) is not and cannot be an absolute criterion of truth. That is not true which pleases the taste of a rational being best, but that which agrees with reality; not that which satisfies one's conception of rationality, but that which is in conformity with actual facts. There are some people who believe that that is right which their conscience tells them to be right, and that that is true which pleases their peculiar sense of rationality best. But their position is false. The standards of truth and error, and of right and wrong, are objective not subjective; and the very instrument of reasoning, man's organ of arranging the facts of experience in proper relations, his mechanism of formal thought is but a copy of the world-order, an imitation of the ways of nature, and a systematised recognition of the forms of existence. Through reason the scientist can formulate the regularities of the universe in laws and through reason alone living beings are enabled to set themselves purposes for their actions.

Religion is the recognition of authority. It stands on the recognition of something that is independent of our wishes and tastes; of something that is as it is whatever we think of it; it stands on the recognition of reality. But religion is not based alone on the recognition of reality, it implies also the demand of finding out the nature of reality. Religion demands cognition, and so the proper employment of reason is an essential part of religion.

* * *

Fechner proposes three principles which lead to faith, (1) the historical principle, (2) the practical principle, and (3) the theoretical principle. The first and second are the main stays of orthodox religion for they lead to religion whatever it may be, the third principle, however, which includes critique and science, is that which purifies religion and leads on to that ideal religion of which the mythological conceptions are dim prophecies. Fechner continues:

"And why then do I not place myself upon the ground of unconditional faith in what has become historical? I cannot, and hundreds and thousands cannot. The theoretical principle asserts itself, too, and must assert itself. And if implicit faith in what has generally been accepted, for those who have such faith, has its advantages which nothing could replace, yet with the impossibility that all have it and that reason be sacrificed to faith under all circumstances, another task of history comes into play, that is the task to make the advantages, which those believers alone can have almost exceptionally and yet not in a perfect degree, because they look upon the yet imperfect religion as already perfect, the common property of all, by really advancing religion to its perfection and thus making it possible for it to reach its culminating point.

"It must finally arrive where reason will be fully satisfied and will be a pillar of the faith it now constantly shakes, instead of demanding impossible sacrifices of reason in behalf of faith. And for this end indeed the introduction of new positions in history is needed; the efforts of a reason no longer tied to rigid dogmas and its attempts to overthrow what is destined to fall at some time, require the greatest diversity of aspirations, a ceaseless fight from all sides and the failure of most of these efforts, so that, after all the false courses are exhausted and done away with, the right course may at least surely and safely remain."

There is much truth in what Fechner says and we sympathise with the position he takes; yet we propose to go further:

Fechner's third principle is the most important one of all. Without it the other two principles cannot produce religion. Without it, religion would be dogmatism, and would cease to be religion.

Fechner concludes his book "Die drei Motive und Gründe des Glaubens" with a poem which may be regarded as his confession of faith. Some verses express the author's sentiment in the words of Christian mythology and we must know his scientific faith in God as the all-and-one in order to avoid misconstruction. We here present a translation (made by Mr. E. F. L. Gauss, of Chicago, for this special purpose) which faithfully preserves the rhythm and the character of the original even in most of its details.

"In God my soul is resting;
He lives and therefore I;
Life is in and about Him,
I cannot live without Him,
He cannot let me die.

"In God my soul is resting;
Say that it ends who lists:
I have no care, for surely
For aye rests there securely
What now in Him exists.

"In God my soul is resting;
My life with all its trim
In Him is bound and bidden,
And when He shall have bidden
My soul returns to Him.

"In God my soul is resting;
Though hid He from its sight,
The witnesses descending
Reveal Him without ending,
Foremost the Christ, the Light.

"In God my soul is resting;
The angels' host I see
In His pure heights of Heaven
In glory move, and even
One of them doth hear me.

"In God my soul is resting;
The tie of souls is He,
Faith, Love, and Hope forever
Will shun the soul's endeavor
Till this we fully see.

"In God my soul is resting;
In Him are ever rife
The truth, goodness, and beauty
That purpose be in duty
And harmony in life.

"In God my soul is resting;
What could the parcel be?
Far what I'd fain be grasping!
Fear not, soul, in thy gasping
Salvation comes to thee.

"In God my soul is resting;
He is its very source.
His will my acts commandeth,
And though my will withstandeth
He holds His steady course.

"In God my soul is resting;
Although He never sins,
Yet with His children's ailings
He also hears their failings
And them to duty wins.

"In God my soul is resting;
Comfort in grief, sublime!
He's love and must unfold it,
And never can withhold it,
I still abide my time.

"In God my soul is resting;
This be my final word.
Though storms my bark encumber,
Yet peace attends my slumber:
He's my eternal port!"

We regard Fechner's method of conciliating Religion with Science as an attempt in the right direction, but we cannot say that we are fully satisfied with the conclusion at which he arrives. His expositions do not clearly show the boundary line between Faith and Reason, and thus his Faith actually interferes with his Reason.

There is one way that will hopelessly confound the issues between religion and science, which is, when faith performs the function of science. There is another way that will take out of life purpose, charity, and comfort, which is when cold and unimpressible reason performs the function of faith, i. e. when the sentiment and enthusiasm of the heart is chilled or entirely replaced by the figures of dry calculations. There is but one way that will reconcile science and religion and that is when science and faith harmoniously work together, each of the two in their coöperation performing its own function.

Faith when it performs the function of reason is called creed. Creed is injurious, but faith is wholesome. He only who is faithful will conquer.

Reason when it performs the function of faith is craftiness and guile. Craftiness is a vice but rationality is the human in man.

Faith is not knowledge, but an attitude of the soul. Faith is a moral not a mental quality. Faith is character, strength of will, loyalty to truth. There is no religion in a man unless he be faithful.

Reason is the arranging and systematising of knowledge so as to represent facts correctly, or in one word, so as to construct truth. Reason must be the torch in the hand of faith, so that faith may walk on the right path.

Reason without faith makes of man a machine without sympathy, without tenderness, without enthusiasm for his ideals. Reason in the soul without good-will, constancy and moral stamina, is a torch in the hand of a vicious man, and the mischief it works is great.

Faith without reason is superstition. It is like unto a man that is groping in the dark. He has eyes but either they are blind or he shuts them to the light. There is light and he might use the light to illumine his path, but he scorns the light. He rather relies upon what he imagines to be an inner light which is in reality luminous hallucinations that appear to him when he runs his head against the objects of his surroundings.

To sum up: Irrational faith is as much irreligious as faithless reason.

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. Stewart, of California, owns a half-interest in the far away colony of Nevada, and by right of eminent domain he represents in the Senate his half of that argentiferous province. Mr. Stewart raises crops of silver on his plantations and therefore advocates that silvery device which by legislative miracle is to give him a dollar for every sixty-six cents worth of his crop. He does not think, however, that it would be good politics to give the producers of wheat, or cotton, or tobacco a similar advantage in the national market. Senator Stewart is gifted in the art of speech, and it is an "intellectual treat" to hear him pour invective hot as boiling water on the "gold bugs" of the East, who wickedly discriminate against the people's money, the white metal of the West. A layer of comedy has been pasted on to Mr. Stewart's indignation by a prowling resurrectionist who has dug up from the archives of California no less than twenty-five mortgages given to Senator Stewart wherein it is required that the interest and principal of the debt secured shall be paid him in *gold coin*. A brother senator "on the other side" of the question, solemnly rose in his place a few days ago and asked the senator from Nevada how it was that believing publicly in silver, he should privately believe in gold. And why require his own debtors to put a golden stipulation in their bonds? The senator answered, "Because I am not a fool." These were not his very words, but when translated from the senate idiom into common sense, they meant exactly that. The senator on the other side feebly thought that he had exposed the inconsistency of the senator from Nevada but in this opinion he was wrong. Senator Stewart was entirely consistent according to the "double standard" of ethics which our statesmen use. In advocating the "silver bill" he was consistent with his own interest, as he was when stipulating with his debtors for payment in gold coin. The inconsistency is in the people, who hire law-makers "to promote the public welfare," and then permit them to legislate for the private welfare of themselves.

* * *

The election in Rhode Island confounds the political fortune-tellers who read the horoscopes of candidates, and give us "tips" upon the winners. For instance, my favorite soothsayer, an "independent" paper,—for I trust not any of the party organs, has been assuring me for several weeks that Rhode Island was going Democratic, because it went that way last year, and the year before, and the year before that; and for the stronger reason that the property qualification was now abolished, so that thousands of working men, heretofore disfranchised, had been added to the voting classes, and as these were mostly democrats, they would largely increase the majority for the democratic ticket; and moreover, because the secret ballot law would prevent the republicans from corrupting the voters and thus "defeating the popular will" as the custom formerly was. Well! Rhode Island went republican, and then the journalistic prophet impudently told me that such a result was to be expected, "because Rhode Island always does go republican in the gubernatorial election of a Presidential year," and also because "Rhode Island has long been the most corrupt state in the union in the matter of elections." What I complain of is that the seer in whom I trusted did not tell me anything of that before the election, for he knew it then as well as he knows it now. I do not place any reliance at all in the additional reason that it was revealed in the campaign that the democratic candidate "blacked his own boots," whereby the shoe-black vote was lost.

* * *

What is the use of worrying about the election when I can go any day in the week down to the Palmer House or the Grand Pacific Hotel and find men there who can tell me just what the result is going to be. They do it by some psychological means mys-

terious to me. Not only that, but they can tell the exact majority stated in thousands that any state will give, Sir, if somebody is nominated, Sir, and the number of thousands that state will throw the other way Sir, if somebody else is named. They predict and contradict with equal confidence. Lately I dined at the Iroquois club with a couple of democratic friends who were both ready and willing to give me pointers enough to win a fortune by betting on the election if I were a betting man. "If Cleveland is nominated," said one, "he will sweep the country"; and the other, equally well informed, replied, "He cannot sweep one side of it." I think it must be from those political magicians that the newspapers get the information on which they prophesy with so much bluffing power. Out of a multitude of discordant prophecies I select by way of sample only two. The Memphis *Appeal—Avalanche*, a paper whose ponderous name gives it great political weight, remarks, "With Mr. Cleveland at the head of the column victory is certain." This is positive, and it ought to be convincing, but a little further down the river the Vicksburg *Commercial Herald*, retorts in this fashion, "Cleveland has had his two innings, and has demonstrated his weakness. Let us look for a winner." This is excellent advice but weakened a little by the obstinate theory that we never can pick out the winner until after the election.

* * *

About a year ago I referred in *The Open Court* to the Nizam of Hyderabad, who out of gratitude to the English for sending Christian missionaries to convert his people, had returned the favor by sending a few Mohammedan missionaries to convert the English people. By *The Allahabad Review* for February, I learn the progress made by the Nizam and his missionaries down to November, 1891. The figures are for Liverpool only, so that I know nothing of what has been done in London, Manchester, Canterbury and other places. According to the roster published in the *Allahabad Review* it appears that the Mohammedan church in Liverpool numbers seventy-one members, forty adult converts, sixteen children, and fifteen born Moslems. Of the adult converts there are one Catholic priest, and three other Catholics, thirteen members of the church of England, two Spiritualists, one Jewess, one Atheist, and the rest "scattering." Their names and professions are given, and they have all signed the following very brief and very candid confession. "We the undersigned hereby acknowledge our belief in the Moslem Faith and that we hold the same and none other to be the true religion, and that we believe (1) That there is only one God. (2) That Mohammed is his prophet. (3) That the Koran is the inspired book and word of God." There is one Unitarian among the adult converts, but as the Mohammedans are Unitarians also, I do not place much value on his conversion, especially as he is described as "Clerk in the Ottoman Consulate," which as the learned Sergeant Buzfuz remarked in the famous trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick, "is in itself suspicious."

* * *

Taking the seventy-one Moslems out of the census, there still remained in Liverpool about five hundred thousand Christians; and these were jealous of the insignificant share of the population which had been given to Mohammed; so they proceeded according to their ideas of religious duty to "stamp out" the eastern heresy which had struck root into the soil of England. With the zeal of Peter the Hermit and the rage of the old crusaders they raised the banner of the Cross, and charged upon the Crescent as their forefathers did upon the field of Askalon, and again was heard the song of the Red Cross Knights, triumphant as that of Miriam.

> "Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to see
> The charge of the Christian chivalry."

The battle is thus described: On the 15th of November, in the evening, the Moslems of Liverpool were at their devotions in their mosque, and engaged in performing the "*Maghrab Nimaz*" whatever that is, when several hundred Christians, chanting their battle hymn, "I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me," broke down the doors of the mosque, and pouring stones and lighted fireworks upon the kneeling worshippers, they scattered the astonished Moslems like stubble in the blast. Many of the Mohammedans were seriously injured, and one little boy narrowly escaped a violent death, as a "arf a brick" struck within a few inches of his head as he kneeled in prayer. There is a deep humiliation in all this, not only to those who believe in the Christian religion, but also to all of us who belong to the Christian race. The Nizam of Hyderabad protects the Christian missionaries in his dominions; he allows them liberty of worship, and freedom to proselyte his people if they can, while his missionaries and their converts are driven from their humble prayer house and pelted with stones in England. Oh, Nizam of Hyderabad! Send more missionaries to England, and especially to Liverpool.

* * *

Probably the most impressive Easter Sunday services were the devotions dramatically exhibited by the Knights Templars of Chicago, at the Episcopal Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The newspaper description of them has a martial sound, that reminds us very much of tinselled war as we see it represented on the stage. The Knights Templars are the heirs of the old Crusaders, and, although nobody outside the order knows their secret, it is generally believed that they are sworn to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens. They will start for that purpose to Jerusalem, not as their forefathers did in the old crusades, but with first class tickets, and at excursion rates. As it had been announced in the Saturday papers that the knights would worship at 4 o'clock sharp on Sunday. "A large concourse of people," says the paper, "lined the sidewalk," and crowded the cathedral to see them do it. Those new crusaders made a gallant show as they marched along the boulevard with belts and swords, and helmets and plumes, and gauntlets and gonfalons, and red crosses here and there. "They filed into the cathedral," says the paper, "to the notes of a stirring martial strain," which is a great improvement on the ostentatious worship of the Pharisees, who never had the advantage of a brass band advertisement when they went up to the synagogue. Inside the cathedral the services were theatrical and to some religious minds irreverent. The knights were welcomed by a priest and forty choir-boys who marched up and down the aisle singing the harsh and fiery hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war." When the singing was done, the captain gave this dress parade order, "To your devotions, Sir Knights," as if worship were tactics, and then the Knights went through the form of kneeling down to pray. It looked almost like profanation, when the Knights, as the priest began to read the Apostles Creed, all drew their swords and held them naked in the air until the saying of the creed was done. This bit of pantomime was applauded by many of the congregation as it really deserved to be. All this in the cathedral of St. Peter, to whom Christ said, "Put up thy sword." There are some people who do not believe in the Apostles creed, and I wonder if it was the intention of the Knights to flash their sanguine swords at them. Or was the menace intended only for the Saracens? I know that all this crusading show is intended for harmless play, and the adoration of helmets and plumes, but it sanctifies wrongs like those done to the Mohammedans in Liverpool.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

NOTES.

Professor Turner's book "The Only Good Thing in All the World" has received several reviews favorable, unfavorable, and intermediate. Among them are some which express their disapproval of the author's hurling of invectives against all the creeds of Christendom. That this is a feature of the book cannot be de-

nied and if the author is to be censured for that he is justly censured. But exactly this feature makes the book interesting. Consider that the author is a pious Christian. He is of an advanced age and means to leave to posterity the quintessence of his life's experience. The knowledge displayed in the book does not demand our attention. It is the man that speaks. Those who are interested in knowing the spiritual wants of religious men ought to read the book. Professor Turner's invectives are of a peculiar kind. They are not the invectives of the infidel, yet they are perhaps for that very reason no less severe. A few days ago we received a letter from Professor Turner, an extract from which will characterise him better than we can do:

"I have myself been to church almost every Sunday for eighty "years, and to as many camp-meetings and week-day meetings as I "could. I have been into and through all sorts of schools, both "as pupil and teacher, from the gymnasium to the university, except the theological, which I have never stepped foot into and "never intend to. I have read all the current criticism, higher "and lower, German, Scotch, and English, theological and scientific, theories about the beginning and end of the world, the origin and destiny of being, God's mode of existence, the mode of "existence and action of the human soul or spirit, of life and of "force. Of course you will readily perceive that I have heard "and read more lies about the Bible on both sides, for and against "it, than there probably are words in it. Now the only reason "that I do not advert to any of this stuff in my little book is simply this: Scientifically they have nothing at all to do with my "subject; and having thrown overboard all the books and dogmas on which they are based, I have nothing more to do with "them than I have about speculations about the man in the moon. "I never propose to thrash this pile of rubbish over again, or to "write an encyclopedia of the devil-hood of the old apostate "church, or of methods by which it substituted its shameless "dogmas for the simple truth of the Christ-word: the greatest "fraud and crime ever committed on earth against our common "humanity since the crucifixion of Christ. I turn rather to the "simple Christ-word as it speaks to the conscious spirit in every "human soul and only about that spirit; rising upward toward "the ever-present spirit of the God and father of all spirits, and "descending again only to shield and defend the equal rights of "every man that walks the earth; beginning where he begins, and "stopping where he stops; leaving each and all men free to believe, think, and do as they please outside of these few necessary "things; accepting all that is in accord with them and repelling "all that is at discord, whether in the Bibles or books or outside "of them all. I should have said of Paul that, if he had been "reasoning about the North American Indians or any other people, instead of the Jews, he would have come to exactly the same "Christ-word for his conclusion. For to 'cease to do evil and "learn to do well' is the only possible remedy for all human ills, "whether of Jews or of Gentiles, bound or free.

"If you had read my last paper on 'Universal Law and Its "Opposites,' I think it would have made this subject plainer, as I "wrote it for that special purpose.

"But after all, I have to confess to you, that since writing "that, I have myself fallen from grace. For the first time, in the "eighty-seventh year of my life, I have myself signed a creed, "which I never expected to do, as I have always been in the church "protesting openly against all its creeds. I not only signed it, but "I sent it down to our picture-framer, requesting him to put it "into the finest possible frame, and return it to me. It now hangs "in my library right before me, in the centre of my choicest book-"case of American and universal law and science literature. So "that righteousness and truth can kiss each other whenever they "please. I did not hang it on my theological book-case; for I "knew there would be a row at once, and I want a little peace in "my old age, at least in my own library. It reads thus:

"'I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the "Founder of Christianity—love to God and love to man—as the "rule of my life.'

"Now if you will sign it too, I will count you as good a Christian brother as walks the earth, and you may think and write outside of it and about it just as you please; yea, a much better "Christian brother than any Pope of Rome ever was or ever "could have been or even any subscriber to an apostate church "creed. The way this happened was thus: An article in the "February number of the *Review of Reviews* on the 'Laymen's "Movement' was read to me; I said at once, that is the trump "for the resurrection of the dead—our dead churches and orthodoxies, and especially, our dead laymen—dead and buried fifteen hundred years ago under the piles of wood, hay, and stubble "heaped upon them by the old apostate church, so deeply that "they cannot move hand or foot, unless some sectarian priest "pulls them out by the heels and thereafter leads them about by "the nose as one of his *peculiar* show-case saints. I said I must "inquire into this, so I wrote to all the gentlemen mentioned as "interested in this country and in England, and soon came back an "answer from Mr. T. F. Seward, East Orange, N. J., with a pair "of creeds to be signed, one to keep, and the other to return. "Men and ministers from all denominations and from outside "all denominations in this country are freely joining it. So you "see I was at last caught by my own petard, and obliged to confess.

Yours truly,

J. B. TURNER."

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THE SAINT OF NEW YORK.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The United States may fairly regard as an event of national interest the inauguration of the City Club of New York. Nearly four hundred gentlemen, of both political parties, mostly of high position, wealth and ability, organised a society for the purpose of securing for their city real and honest municipal government, which it has never had. The evil they confront is the long subordination of the welfare of the city to national partizanship, its offices being regarded as part of the spoils with which party services are rewarded. These eminent republicans and democrats have pledged themselves to exclude national politics from municipal affairs and to oppose candidates proposed by Tammany Hall on the one hand or the republican machine on the other. The real struggle is against Tammany Hall which holds New York in the hollow of its hand. In so holding this city, Tammany holds also the State, and, in holding the State whose electors are the most numerous, that organisation largely controls the nation. But Tammany itself, these gentlemen declare, is held in the hand of its president, called its "Boss"—just now a personage named Croker. It is probable that the majority of Americans never heard of Mr. Croker, yet is he the most powerful individual political factor in the United States. When any election is drawing near the Tammany regiment gather in their Hall; the "Boss" sticks up before them on a Bulletin-Board the names of the Mayor and Alderman, or the Governor and State officers, or the President and electors, for whom they are to fight. No one dreams of asking how or why those names are selected. They all go out and work in primary meetings, when those names are always nominated. The nominees are certain of election if municipal, nearly certain if for the State, and have, if national, the only chance of carrying the State electors their party can give. No democrat opposed by Tammany can carry the State.

The origin and evolution of St. Tammany form the most extraordinary chapter in our national history.* Tammany was the name of an ancient chieftain of the Delaware tribes, an aboriginal Charlemagne, invested from the early colonial time with a large mythology, in which he figures as the mightiest of warriors and most virtuous of rulers. Early in the American Revolution some officers and soldiers conciliated the aborigines by calling themselves "Sons of Tammany." Among such soldiers was one John Pintard of New York City, the virtual founder of the organisation, which dates from the period of Washington's first inauguration.

There is a tradition that when the first president was about to be sworn into office at Federal Hall, New York, no Bible was found in the building, and Chancellor Livingston sent for one to the masonic lodge in John Street. The Bible (edition of 1767, containing a portrait of George II.) is preserved in that Lodge, adorned with inscriptions. The masonic legend is that Washington kissed the open book, and the very page is shown; a page showing the picture of Issachar as "a strong ass couching down between two burdens." The legend sounds like the invention of some political philosopher who saw Washington between the two burdens of his time,—a radical democracy, and an obstinate devotion to the pomp and circumstance of royalty. The first month of Congress was given up to an acrimonious dispute between Representatives and the Senators about titles. Among the titles proposed for the President were "His Majesty," "His Elective Majesty," "High Mightiness." A committee of the Senate reported in favor of "His Highness the President of the United States, and Protector of their Liberties." "The Lower House," as some heady Senators called it, overruled all this, and compelled the Vice President, John Adams, to address the chief magistrate merely as "The President." It also struck out the phrase in which he proposed to thank the president,—"for his most gracious speech." Adams declared that he would never have "drawn sword" (purely metaphorical, in his case) if he had foreseen such a result. This aristocratic feeling found its centre in a powerful organisation known as the "Order of the Cincinnati," which preserved the hereditary fea ure, membership bei ng confined to revolutionary of-

*I am permitted to use in this form researches made for the second volume of the *Memorial History of the City of New York*, edited by General Grant Wilson.

ficers and their descendants, in primogeniture. Washington was its first president, but had resigned because of the hereditary feature. He was retained on promise that this feature should be abolished, a promise unfulfilled to this day, when, however, the society of the Cincinnati has become so unimportant that few know or care anything about its regulations. Nevertheless, a hundred years ago, led by General Hamilton, Baron Steuben, and other powerful politicians, it filled the democracy with alarm. Tammany was the American answer to the Cincinnati. Its first public appearance was on old May Day (May 12th) 1789 when its members masqueraded as Indian chiefs, in paint and feathers, through the streets of New York. They called themselves "The Sons of St. Tammany, or the Columbian Order." The "Saint" was adopted in competition with the foreign Saints of other societies in New York—Patrick, Andrew, George. The new society included then people of different parties, like that which was last night organised to resist it, in its turn, as it once resisted the Cincinnati. The society called its place of meeting the "Wigwam," its officers Grand Sachem, Sachems, Sagamore, Wikinskie. Curiously enough it anticipated the French revolutionists in their wish to alter the names of the seasons, which Tammany distinguished as Blossoms, Fruits, Snows, Hunting. The months were "Moons." An old Tammanyite letter might be dated: "Manhattan, season of Fruits, 17th day of the 7th Moon, year of Discovery 300th, of Independence 16th, of the Institution 3rd." Of the grotesque aboriginal features the chief relics now are two large Indian figures kept in Tammany Hall. When the great "Boss," Tweed, was plundering the city he regarded these figures apparently as his "mascots" or "pals," and transferred them to his private rooms. (From which they were recovered by Mayor Abram Hewitt.) But in early times the aboriginal features of St. Tammany were of national importance. In 1790, while New York was still the Federal Capital, the Indians of the far South gave the whites much trouble (perhaps not so much as they received,) and an officer was sent by the president to negotiate with them. The tidings presently came that the chief of the Creeks and twenty-eight warriors were on their way to New York to form a treaty. The Sons of St. Tammany, in full paint and feathers, went out to meet the red men, introduced them to the president and ministers, showed them the sights of New York, gave them a banquet and speeches, and stood around them in the Federal Hall when the treaty was signed. The President's last visit to Federal Hall, New York, was to sign that treaty. He went in his New English coach-and-six, with all pomp, even the horses' hoofs painted. Addresses were interchanged, the President gave the Chief wampum and a paper of tobacco (substitute for the Calumet), and all, including Washington, joined in singing a chorus of peace. The costumed Sons of St. Tammany managed this business, and made their mark on the nation. The Cincinnati began to court them.

The leading Tammanyite at this time was the before-mentioned John Pintard. Most of them were tradesmen and mechanics, but Pintard was a University man and in fashionable society. He was editor of the leading republican paper, in which he published the whole of Paine's "Rights of Man." He was also, and at the same time, a member of the City Council, and of the State Legislature, which then sat in New York city. The foundation of the Historical Societies of both Massachusetts and New York (1791), was due to Pintard. The City Council gave Tammany a room in its Hall to show American antiquities. The St. Tammany Society made its next great impression by a stupendous banquet in celebration of the third centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus. There was set up in its Hall an illuminated obelisk. At the base a globe, emerging from chaos, presented America as a wilderness. At the top History, drawing a curtain, revealed a commercial port, and Columbus instructed by Science, who presented him with a compass and pointed to setting sun. Other figures were Columbus at Court, next in chains, where Liberty points him to the gratitude of posterity represented in the obelisk and the Sons of Tammany or the Columbian Order. Near the chained Columbus was the prone eagle and the inscription, "The Ingratitude of Kings;" elsewhere the eagle was seen soaring with a scroll inscribed "The Rights of Man." For some years after the transparency was exhibited in a museum with living tableaux.

So Tammany took root in New York. As the conflict between the Hamiltonians and the Jeffersonians—the Federalists and Republicans—waxed hot, Tammany called Jefferson its Great Grand Sachem. It was denounced as a "Jacobin" club. It was imitated by other clubs throughout the country. Gradually the earlier society developed what is now called "Tammany Hall." The two now co-exist, as wheel within a wheel. The old society preserves its character as a sort of charitable institution. A Tammanyite is not seen forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. The "Hall" was sixty or seventy years ago a place where politicians used to assemble and drink hot flagons, toddy and rum punch. Although they are not distinguished now for hard drinking, a good deal of their power lies in the fact that they are understood to be steadfastly against all the efforts of prohibitionists to break up the saloons. At the organisation of our new "City Club" most of those present were smoking their cigar-calumets, and on the tables were decanters of

whiskey. Few drank any, but I have a notion that the chief promoters wished to forestall any charge of prohibitionism. They mean to fight Tammany, no doubt; with some of its own political fire. Such then is the archaeological history of St. Tammany, probably little known to most members of that society. It will be seen that the society is to be credited with having checked a monarchical tendency in the beginning of our government. In the relative importance to-day of the two burdens between which our governmental Issachar couched, and which found their respective labels in the "Cincinnati" and "St. Tammany," the political history of the United States may be pondered. But Tammany, while it has lost its aboriginal costume, has developed a tendency to revert to the aboriginal mental condition to which Sir Henry Maine traces all partisanship. The Australian who travels hundreds of miles to join one tribe against another, merely because that tribe has the same "totem" with itself, reappears in the Tammanyite who fights for a candidate with his own badge, or "totem," without particularly caring whether the said nominee is an embezzler or a competent man. The comparison is borrowed from an eminent democrat who spoke at the City Club. The Hon. Abraham Hewitt, who once resigned his seat in Congress to become Mayor of New York, declared that he had owed both of those offices to Tammany, but had discovered by his former connection with that society that their reign was the pure autocracy of a "Boss," and entirely subversive of self-government. Such it has turned out to be. New York is practically without self-government. But although I have joined the new club I do not take an optimist view of its prospects as a municipal reformer. The moral forces of New York are largely mingled with pious fanaticism, and whenever they are aroused spend their thunder and lightning on private vices with which law has nothing to do, or on suppressing Sunday beer, with which it ought to have nothing to do. We sadly need some political school to teach such men as Comstock, Parkhurst and Co. the meaning of personal liberty, and the baseness of prurient espionage.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

E. P. POWEL.

THERE is no subject that can be of importance superior to our common schools. The marvellous fact is, that with all the progress made in all other directions, in higher education as well, the curriculum of our common schools remains substantially as it was one hundred years ago. Nor do our prominent educators seem to consider this a matter of importance. I have looked over the recently issued volumes of reports made by W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, and while the courses of study for city schools, and colored schools, and normal schools are carefully compiled, there is nothing said about the courses pursued in the common schools. But the character of the people, and the shifting of population, and maladjustment of production to traffic, all depend, as we may quickly see, on the kind of education given to the children in the country schools. It cannot have escaped the attention of all students that the deepest political problem of England and Germany, as well as of America, is how to reverse the drift toward urban residence. In this country one hundred years ago our agricultural population was over 90 per cent.; it is now less than 60 per cent. and dwindling. That is, the individualising tendency is giving way to the massing tendency. Our cities are filled largely with hordes of helpless creatures steadily degenerating, and always dependent. Has it occurred to our economists to look for the cause of this drift of population to education imparted in our general schools? Evidently if we are to have farmers we must create farmers. But the courses of study universally pursued in all our States eliminates every element that specifically tends to inform a child of matters pertaining to farm life and farming. That is biology, both as concerns plant-life and animal-life,—with the rare exception of physiology, is overlooked. Geology or the study of soils, rocks, water-courses, minerals is equally ignored. Chemistry or the analysis of soils and of waters; and the synthesis of manures, and whatever else pertains to prosperity and sanitation, is never thought of. On the contrary precisely those studies are pursued which naturally point toward trade and town life. Geography, beyond the merest elements, is properly a very advanced study; and should so be placed. As it is now used it possesses some value in the way of training the memory; and little else. If it wakens the interest of the pupil at all, it is in town matters, and not in agriculture. It needs no argument to show the need of botany and geology and zoology in order to any intelligent cultivation of land and domestic animals. These sciences deal with those things underfoot and all about the land holder. They make land, and things on the land pre-eminently interesting. They should of course compose the burden of early education in our common schools. But even worse is it that no provision is made for developing the powers of observation in younger pupils. From three or four till nine or ten the children are set down to learn to read and write. Nine out of ten are mentally dulled during this process; some of them are intellectually paralysed for any future bright mentality. It has not occurred to our legislators that these years should be devoted to the development of innate powers of seeing, hearing, feeling, and even smelling. The senses are the avenues through which the outer world must reach

the inner; and if negleted at this period are blocked, if not forever closed. Few children are taught to use their senses as well as they should. Not one of our senses but in civilisation is losing more or less of power in valuable directions. The Australian wild boys are able, on all fours, to track marauders by scent, as dogs, everywhere. But the nose is not our only neglected sense organ. Humboldt tells us that while on the Andes a portion of his party was detailed to follow another spur of the mountains. The time had come when they should be in sight. He had long watched for them, but could not discover any sign that they were within the range of vision. Expressing his anxiety to his Indian guides, they replied "Why there they are; and have been." Humboldt could yet see nothing; but pointing a powerful field glass in the direction indicated by the Indians, he could see his friends as mere specks moving. I do not care to enter into any extended demonstration of the possibilities of sense-development. But clearly it is for the advantage of the farmer to have senses quickly responsive to nature. Our common schools must follow the initiative, already taken in Germany, and to some extent in England, of comprising school gardens. Here the pupils have practical studies, not only in observation but in cultivation.

I purposely omitted the mention of entomology in the list of sciences needful, because I wish it as a decisive illustration of the advantage possessed by a properly educated farmer in the matter of profits. Our special fight in production is with insects. Yet very few of our agriculturists can successfully cope with those minute foes. They do not indeed know which are friends and which are enemies. The loss to our crops is at least one fourth of the whole; that from one enemy of the wheat was estimated at forty millions in one year in a single state. The damage from the codlin moth to the apple crop is still many millions each year to every state in the so-called "apple belt"; although horticulturists educated to some knowledge of entomology, have learned how to prevent this loss by spraying with arsenites. The real contest of agriculturists is with insects. These minute creatures have so far waged a successful warfare with us. To make farming pay, to say nothing of making it a delightful pursuit, entomology is an absolute requisite. But our schools do not refer to the subject. You would not so much as find out by the curriculum of our common schools that there was such a science; or that land-culture depended on it so largely for success.

I have made good my assertion that while in all else we have made astonishing progress our common schools have hardly progressed beyond their condition in the eighteenth century. Higher schools, colleges for the most part, and universities are modernised in methods, and in courses of study; but the way-side school, upon which depends our national character, and ability as agriculturists, has not been allowed to come under the force of evolution. The three malign consequences are, an unwholesome drift of population toward urban life; the necessity of an enormous increase of distributive traffic, in order to feed our herded multitudes,—thus making commerce proportionately still more powerful; and thirdly our remnant of agriculturists is left helpless to contend with natural foes, as well as drearily unable to read the vast volume spread open at their doors. Jefferson, with instinctive apprehension, warned us that a Republic could thrive only when fundamentally agricultural in its tendencies. "Agriculture," he says, "is a science of the very first order. It counts among its handmaids Chemistry, Mechanics, Geology, Physics, Botany. In every college and university a professorship of agriculture might be honored as foremost. Young men, closing their academical education with this, the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms, and at a time when they are to choose an occupation,—instead of crowding other classes, would return to the farms of their fathers, their own, or those of others, and replenish and invigorate a calling, now languishing under contempt and oppression." The advice of this pre-eminent statesman was not heeded. Our commerce and our manufactures have grown with astounding rapidity; but now we find the underlying soul of production still languishes, unfostered and overlooked, in the vast educational system of the people. The farmers' problem, like the problem of labor and capital, pertains to general sociology, and concerns us from a scientific standpoint. Sooner or later we find that the real basis of human progress and prosperity is right education; and every possible phase of evil may with equal surety be traced to false or defective education.

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TYPE.

There is a little town in the New England states which lies aside from the rush and bustle of the world, but its inhabitants are not behind the times; they are quiet but thinking men and their thoughts are worthy of attention.

There were two friends in that town, a smith, and a type-setter. The one was a political orator and a freethinker, the other an author and a poet; the former strong, quick, and bold, the latter given to meditation, slow, and carefully weighing his words.

They were returning from a funeral, and said the freethinker to the poet: "There we see how wise it is not to compromise with superstitions of any kind. The friend we have buried was a freethinker as you

are and as I am, and the clergyman spoke at his grave in the old bombastic phrases of the immortality of the soul, and he really talked on as if that man were alive still. Could the dead have risen he would have bidden him hold his peace."

The clergyman was a unitarian of liberal views and in the opinion of many of his brethren unsound in doctrine, but he was dear to his parishioners, because instead of preaching the old theological dogmas, he taught what might be called a practical religion. He prayed little and his prayers were in the nature of injunctions to his flock, not petitions to God for benefits but rather exhortations to his people to perform their duties in this world. This clergyman had spoken of the mysteries of the soul which, though the body die, lives on.

"Well," said the type-setter, "I do not see why you do not allow the preacher to speak a truth in his own way. Would he not be misunderstood, if he spoke as you would express yourself?"

"I think not," was the quick reply, "for look here! What is a man? He is an organism, a million times more complex than a watch, and his soul consists of his constituent elements in their co-operative action. Break the watch and it is gone, prevent the co-operation of the organs of an organism, and its unity is lost; it dies. The soul of a human being is the product of the co-operation of its parts. When the organism is out of order, the soul is out of order, if the organism breaks up, the soul dies and it is gone forever."

"That is all very well," said the type setter, "but I don't think that it covers the question, for the soul of man is something more than the co-operation of his organs. Does not a man think? And has he not ideals?"

"What are man's thoughts," shouted the freethinker, "but brain-action. All is mechanical. It seems you are not yet free from superstition."

"I grant you," answered the other slowly, "that brain-motions are mechanical. The physiological action of the brain may be called molecular mechanics. But does the soul consist in brain-action? Is it not something more? I think it is. Our brain action is a feeling and our feelings are of different kinds and each feeling has a meaning. The soul, as I understand it, lives in the meaning of the brain-action, and I find that the soul continues to exist and have its effects, although the brain may rot in the grave."

"Then you are a spiritualist," exclaimed the smith. "You believe that the soul can exist independently of its body."

"Oh no!" replied the type-setter, "I am no spiritualist. I do not believe that the soul can exist without a body. Spiritualism regards the soul as a substance and thus it is actually a psychological materialism. Let us bear in mind that the soul is not matter but that subtle something of which ideas consist."

"Very well."

"Now what is your soul?"

"My soul is my feeling and thinking."

"Exactly. But would it not be quite indifferent how you feel and think, if when you cease to feel and think, all your ideas are gone forever."

"Stop, I do not mean to say that, for I am not the only one who thinks and feels as I do. The books I read are still to be had and I teach my boys to think and act as I do."

"Don't you think that you thus transplant your ways of thinking into the minds of others."

"Certainly I do and I mean to do so."

"And did not you say that your ways of thinking constitute your soul?"

"Did I? Yes, I did!"

"Thus you preserve your soul or at least parts of your soul in others."

"Well in that sense, it will do, but I object to the very word immortality, for every individual soul dies, it is mortal and if it is dead, it is gone forever. Death is a finality and he who believes in any beyond is in my opinion still under the baneful influence of superstition."

"My dear friend," said the type-setter. "I am as radical as you are, but I differ from you. Listen. Many years ago, when I was a young fellow of twenty-five, I wrote a small volume—the one which you know. I wrote it in the evenings and when I had finished it, I set it in type in my leisure hours. Whenever I had finished sixteen pages I carried the form over to the printer, and I assure you I did it with a heavy heart. I had put my soul into the work and whenever I locked up a form, the taps of the hammer reminded me of the nailing of a coffin. A certain amount of work was done; whether it was good or bad it was now beyond redemption. The toil, the struggle, the activity, the labor was over. The black letters stood lifeless in rows and as soon as they had been returned from the press, they were distributed back into the cases. I say my soul was in the work. Was my soul gone when the type ceased to stand in that order in which it had represented my ideas? no! say rather my work was done and the soul lived. The soul lived a new life. It is a life of a greater and fuller activity, yet at the same time without toil, without labor, without trouble. This is an allegory, but it may fairly represent to you the truth that the soul of a beloved friend, father, mother, brother, or child may still be an active presence in our lives. It is a spiritual presence, it is not material as materialists regard substance or as spiritualists think of spirits which latter are too earthly in my view to deserve the name spirit,—but it is real nevertheless.

And all our work in life is a preparation for that other kind of existence which Christians call the beyond. The preparation for, the beyond, is or at least ought to be the purpose of every action of, the now. Thus I labored unmindful of my comfort to bring out my ideas in adequate words and have the type appear without misprints, for I knew as soon as I had locked up the forms, that any mistake I had made was gone beyond the possibility of mending. When on the following day I distributed the letters I thought of the words of Christ in his dying hour: It is finished. But what is finished? Certainly the work, not the life of the work, not its purport, its usefulness, its efficacy. The soul of the work lives. While the bookmaker toils, there is life in his efforts. After the distribution of the type, his labors cease but his book does not cease to exist, it enters a higher career of existence. That was a lesson to me and I am not sorry I learned it, and it came home to me whenever I received word that my book had met with a kind welcome and that ideas of mine had taken root in the souls of men. The body dies, that is true enough ; but do not tell me that death is a finality. After death our soul begins a new kind of activity and it seems to me there lies a certain grandeur and a holy perfection in that kind of existence which is above anguish, pain, and anxiety, and yet full of efficacy and illimited, infinite in potentialities."

"I would fain answer you," impatiently said the smith. "It almost seems as though you intended to excuse the irrational dogmas of religion and the many sins which the church committed in past ages. I know you are a radical thinker and I'll forgive you. But are you not conscious that you subvert the principles of radicalism, the truth established by scientists and the ideals of the heroes of freethought?"

"No," said the type-setter, "I do nothing of the kind. Yet I see that if a man of science passes out of this life, that the truth he has brought out is not lost, when a man that struggled for right and justice sinks into the grave that his principles and aspirations are not buried with him ; when a hero of thought dies his ideals remain with us. The body dies but the soul lives."

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

With or without authority, the newspapers are saying that Mr. Gladstone gives as the key to all his political changes this explanation: "I was educated to regard liberty as an evil; I have learned to regard it as a good." Good for men, he meant, but not for women ; on the woman question, he still remains a Tory. Mr. Gladstone's explanation of his numerous political changes is a metaphysical picture showing the power of early training to influence the actions of old age. The genii who broke him to political harness, and brought him into Parliament more than sixty years ago still hold the reins upon his revolutionary spirit and check him up when his radical instincts threaten mischief to ancient institutions. By nature a destructive, he is through discipline and precept a conservative. Whenever any of his bonds give way they break by a pressure from without. No other great man was ever converted so much or so often as Mr. Gladstone. It has been his eccentric fortune to oppose as a duty, the numerous reforms which he afterwards thought it his duty to defend. Psychologically speaking, he has many a time sentenced himself in the astral body to imprisonment and fine, although the physical punishment was borne by others. Reacting on his own resistance he has been flung into the leadership of popular agitations which he formerly condemned and punished. He has had the sagacity and the audacity to assume command of the very storms that swept him off his feet. And when the Woman Suffrage movement in England becomes irresistible he will assume command of that; not because of its popularity or its political force, but because he will then himself believe in it.

* * *

In *The Forum*, for May, there is an article on the Silver question written by the Hon. Michael D. Harter, a member of Congress from Ohio. Mr. Harter, although a new member, has already achieved national distinction, not only by reason of his political knowledge, which is of a high order, but because of his political conscience, which is of a higher order still. He stands conspicuous as a statesman among politicians, and it is due to the courage of Mr. Harter that his party did not plunge over Niagara and go down into the whirlpool of defeat on the Silver question. His contribution to *The Forum* contains a great deal of political instruction, but in some places it shows a moral carelessness deserving of rebuke. It sanctions indirectly, and no doubt unintentionally, the economic error that America gets rich on the poverty of Europe, and the religious mistake that God hath made it so. Referring to the mischief already done by the coining of silver dollars to bury them in the ground, and advocating a reversal of that policy to save us from a predicted commercial panic, Mr. Harter says, "Great crops here and small ones abroad give us Heaven's opportunity to correct our mistakes of the past." The sentiment of that opinion springs from a selfish religion which is utterly unknown in Heaven, for no professors of that creed are there. Heaven does not blight the fields of Europe to give America an "opportunity." The religion of Heaven teaches that every man is interested in the welfare of every other man, and every nation in the prosperity of every other nation, and this is the moral foundation of true political economy. Mr. Harter warns his countrymen that Heaven may not blight the fields of Europe this year to save America from the folly of her statesmen; and he says, "If we continue this wild craze for free silver, fair crops in Europe next year will bankrupt the United States." The danger is the other way; and Mr. Harter may find by looking a little deeper down, that the "drain of gold," and the commercial peril he deplores are largely due, not to the "silver craze," but actually to the failure of the crops in Europe.

* * *

A correspondent of the New York *Nation* complains of what he calls the "Law English" perpetrated by the Supreme Court of Illinois in the decisions of that unlearned and ungrammatical tribunal. In his letter he incloses a few samples such as this, "An attorney officing in the same building," an economical style very often adopted by writers out of ideas and short of words; and this, "We are satisfied that the testimony given by the appellee establish these facts"; and this, "The train ran from Quincy to Hannibal and return." As volunteer counsel for the Supreme Court I submit that these barbarisms may be the work of some printer fiend in complicity with an abandoned proof-reader, but the following comic solecism is far beyond the perverse ingenuity of printers and proof-readers. The Supreme Court of Illinois alone has the genius to produce it, "We cannot say that five thou-

sand dollars is a compensation too large for an injury so serious, and which at any moment may become strangulated and produce death." For that last offense I do not ask an acquittal for the Supreme Court, but a lenient sentence, because the court has merely followed the precedent set by the Illinois judge who in sentencing a culprit said, "Prisoner at the bar! You have had a good education, and Christian surroundings, instead of which you go about stealing sheep." The correspondent of *The Nation* criticises only the "Law English" of the Illinois Supreme Court, but if the grammar of the court offends him, what would he say to its jurisprudence if he could only see that? He would think that its English is better than its law. "If your honors please," chirruped the learned counsel, "I will now read a passage from Blackstone, bearing on the point." "Never mind reading that," said the Chief Justice, "this Court has read Blackstone." "Have you!" said the counsel, in a tone of delighted surprise, as he laid the book down, "Well, I never suspected that."

* * *

At last Congress has entered upon a benevolent work which will be of great value to the country. It has resolved itself into a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It will furnish reading matter for the people free of cost and thank them for accepting the boon. It will provide a free circulating library on a scale of magnitude which in the language of the lamented Mr. Barnum "has never before been attempted in this or any other country." Our ancient statesmen were never competent for such an enterprise, and would very likely have been astonished had they seen the scheme attempted, simple and innocent as it is. All there is of it is for an Honorable member to rise in his place, and begin to make a speech on the silver question, or on the tariff, or on the proposed public building for Slab City, or on any other anomaly under the sun, and after speaking thirty seconds, finish his oration thus: "But, Mr. Speaker, I see that it is now time for me to go to lunch, and as the point which I wish to impress upon the House is made clear to the meanest understanding by Dean Swift in "Gulliver's Travels," Part the Third where he describes the voyage to Laputa, I ask that "Gulliver's Travels" be printed in the *Congressional Record* as a part of my remarks." Leave is given as a matter of course, and "Gulliver's Travels" is printed in the *Congressional Record*, at nobody's expense, because the government has plenty of paper and printing presses, and hired men on hand. It is then distributed by the million copies through the mails, also at nobody's expense, because the government has a post office of its own and can just as easily circulate the books as not. "Gulliver's Travels" having been transmuted by congressional alchemy into a "Public Document," goes free under the frank of any Honorable Member to "every home in the land." Lest I be accused of jesting I will quote Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts, who having pretended to make a speech on the tariff question, after saying little or nothing at the beginning of it, abruptly finished it thus: "But I will not detain the House with any remarks of my own, but will merely quote briefly a pamphlet by Mr. Welker Given." Mr. Welker Given's book on the Tariff is then made a part of Mr. Lodge's remarks, and by the process above explained, it goes free through the mails. Never was a plan of public education so comprehensive and so liberal as this.

* * *

The credit for this new system of popular education is due to the Democrats, and may truly be called a Democratic Reform. It was begun in the House of Representatives, where some public spirited men anxious to give the people good political instruction free, tacked Mr. Henry George's book on to "these few feeble remarks, Mr. Speaker," and thus converted it into a Public Document, so that we shall now get "Protection or Free Trade" that standard work on Political Economy for nothing. Of course those Democratic members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge never read the treatise, for if they had they would have noticed that while at the beginning of it Mr. George demonstrates that Free Trade is a scientific theory, he tries to show at the end of the book that Free Trade is of no practical use at all. The most insidious argument against Free Trade that I know of is put by Mr. George himself in the ten concluding chapters of his book. As a campaign document it will prove a boomerang for the Free Traders. But perhaps those Honorable Members did not adopt those last ten chapters and print them in the *Record*. What surprises me a little is that Mr. Jerry Simpson of Kansas has become a zealous evangelist in the Society, and drops his mite into the Treasury of Knowledge in the shape of six lines of his own gospel, and six pages of the gospel according to Mr. Henry George, but if he is not slandered by public rumor, Mr. Simpson, since he has been in Washington, has adopted the effeminate habit of wearing socks, and this may account for his curious interest in public refinement and popular education. It is very gratifying that the republicans have not allowed party prejudice and political bigotry to warp their patriotism in this matter, for they have seconded the movement in the most disinterested way. In fact, they have really improved upon the strategy of the democrats, as they generally do. They promise to contribute more free literature to the people than the democrats ever did or ever can. Mr. Milliken of Maine has already given to the country by the *Congressional Record* route, five lines of his own argument, and fifteen pages of a campaign document on the Protection side. Mr. Johnson of Dakota contributes to the Education fund Mr. Robert P. Porter's book on the blessings of a Protective Tariff. Mr. Dolliver of Iowa, who has talent enough of his own if he had energy enough to use it, throws into the *Congressional Record* nine lines of his own, and five pages on something or other from an author named Horr. A celebrated Senator is going to insert Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in his next "effort" to illustrate the weary journey of an eager soul towards the Presidential throne. And so the good work will go on until all the literature we need from Othello to Goody Two Shoes will come to us in the *Congressional Record* free.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIT HIM IN HIS WIND!

To the Editor of The Open Court:

FAR be it from my intention to provoke a controversy as to the meaning of ultimate "necessity." No one ought to go into a fray when it is a foregone conclusion that he will be worsted. Speaking of "frays" reminds me of what happened during my Third Class year at West Point. A classmate of mine named Tom took umbrage at something I said or did, and gave me some "lip." According to the barbaric code then in vogue (and now too for all I know) there was no alternative between being branded as a poltroon and tendering a gauge of battle. I tendered the gauge. It was not Christian conduct; but it was better,—it was wise.

My second arranged matters. He settled with Tom's man that the fight should be "stand up," and according to the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury. As it happened, although brim full of pluck and resolved to die, if needs were, with an untarnished scutcheon, I had never even so much as heard that there was a Marquis of Queensbury. But,—as you may have noticed,—many a man fights according to the rules of one of whose name he is ignorant.

We fell out of ranks after dress parade, cut supper, and proceeded across the plain to Fort Clinton,—the Bladensburg of that locality. My man gave me a few tremors by producing a bottle, which he filled at the hydrant, and a big sponge (sponged from the chemical laboratory) which he soaked. It looked so bloodthirsty I trembled, and the more that whilst on our way across

the cavalry ground, he regaled me with vivacious, and, I now fancy, somewhat mendacious accounts of conflicts wherein the vanquished was injured for life. He primed me with instructions, all of which I ignored for technicality, and dilated, as it seemed to me with needless severity, upon Tom's merits as a "bruiser."

However, scared as I was, I kept on, and in due season we stood up together, Tom appearing much larger and more muscular than I had ever imagined possible. I spare you any account of the rounds. Tom's nose (which he wore big and imposing) was in my front, and the sole idea possessing me was to hit it. As at first I made no great business success at this my second thought to help matters by advice.

"Hit him in the wind, Hudor!" was the form his advice took; but I was too busy to heed, and kept right on my way. "Hit him in the wind! In the wind!" cried my man, till, vexed at his persistence, I turned right around, and inquired sharply: "Where in h—l is his wind?"

Perhaps you think that yarn hasn't any moral. It lacks dignity, I admit that cheerfully, for a philosophical journal; but I'll be bound there's a moral to it. I can't reason it out, but I feel it.

If I have any mission,—which some doubt,—it certainly is not to the philosophers, and perhaps I did wrong to instance the asymptote as a fact "not precisely determined by law."

What I meant was the "actual determinedness" was the fact not actually determined. I know now I ought to have said that in the first place. Oh! dear! dear! who would be a philosopher? With the best intentions in the world, as soon as I write I go astray, and speak nonsense. In time, I trust, with plenty of fresh air, and exercise, and good wholesome nourishing food, such as I find in *The Open Court* and *The Monist* I may get to the true inwardness of things. I regret to say that I am not there yet.

Hudor Genone.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Great Hopes for Great Souls. By *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*. Chicago: All Souls Church. 1892.

The title of this pamphlet is a misnomer. It may be true, as the author states, that "only great souls can have great hopes," and further, that great hopes "come not from great arguments but from great souls," but surely when once formed and uttered the hopes may be indulged in by small souls as well as great. Every one who has any thought for the future may hope that poverty and disease will someday be things of the past, and that good will at last triumph over evil in family, social, and political life. He may even hope for the time when religion shall be "a sublime following of the ideal," and when churches shall become "training-schools of character instead of being the guardians of dogmas." As to the hope of immortality, this is the common heritage of all Christians, but we would like to ask the author where is the "experience of the past" which warrants the expectation that "the mind that has used the body religiously may reach the point where it can do without that body and be the better off." This appeal to experience, which is supported by the statement made near the close of the pamphlet, that to doubt of immortality is "to deny science and to honor no truth," is not consistent with the deprecation of argument. This is valuable only so far as it is based on experience. We do not see how Mr. Jones's propositions can be maintained from a scientific point of view. c. s. w.

NOTES.

The Rev. W. G. Todd of Topeka, Kansas, is trying the experiment of a "People's Church," adapted to the spiritual and social needs of working men, and "especially those who feel ostracised by other churches, either on account of their social position or their attitude of unbelief towards what goes by the name of religion." The quotation is from the prospectus which explains the aim and proposed methods of the People's Church. Its general aim appears to be not worship but "respect, reverence, and love for the divine ideal of character in itself as it is foreshadowed to man by the orderly operations of the Supreme Intelligence in the Universe." And to make this ideal of character concrete "in such laws and customs of society as shall further the ends of human justice and social harmony." The methods by which this is to be attained are in brief, "the study of the natural revelation of God to-day," "purifying from the dross of superstition the so-called supernatural revelation of past ages," and by promoting "the social companionship of a true fraternity of brothers and sisters based only on the respectability inhering in personal merit. The religion of the People's Church is to be a "Natural Religion," founded on a belief in "God, the one absolute unity of all," as he is revealed in the Scriptures of Evolution. Mr. Todd gave proof of his earnestness and sincerity by offering to devote his time "to the upbuilding of a People's Church, on the average wages of the mechanic." The aim's of the People's Church are high, its methods rational, and under the guidance of a zealous, and unselfish man as Mr. Todd appears to be, it will doubtless do much good. It comes when the time is ripe for it, and it ought to succeed.

Some time ago *Public Opinion*, the eclectic journal of Washington and New York, offered $300.00 in cash prizes for the best three essays on the question "What, if any, changes in existing plans are necessary to secure an equitable distribution of the burden of taxation for the support of the National, State, and Municipal Governments?"

The competition has attracted much interest, and the committee, consisting of Hon. Josiah P. Quincy of Boston, Hon. Jno. A. Price, Chairman of Nat'l Board of Trade, and Mr. W. H. Page, Editor of *The Forum*, have just awarded the first prize to Mr. Walter E. Weyl of Philadelphia; the second to Mr. Robert Luce, editor of *The Writer*, Boston; and the third to Mr. Bolton Hall of New York. The successful essays are published in *Public Opinion* of April 23d.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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WAVES AND RAYS.*

BY PAUL SPIES.

It has long been regarded as the ultimate problem of physical science, to bring the manifold phenomena of nature within the reach of the mind, by reducing them to a set of fundamental phenomena of great universality. The causes of such fundamental phenomena it is usual to call forces—gravitation or the attraction and repulsion of electrical particles may serve as examples; and hence we might conceive the business of physics to be the reduction of phenomena to a series of fundamental forces. But one easily perceives that such a manner of comprehension would be little satisfying to us, and certainly much less so, the greater the number of forces might be with which we should have to conceive matter as mysteriously endowed. It must of course be known to you that for this reason modern natural science has striven to represent a single phenomenon of great comprehensibility and simplicity as the ultimate cause for all occurrences in nature—namely *motion*, whether this motion take place in large masses or in the smallest particles of bodies, the molecules, or finally, in the particles of that subtile substance that fills up the whole world, the ether.

The results which physical science has attained in this effort rest, as is probably not unknown to you, upon the consideration of a particular kind of motion which we usually call wave-motion or vibration.

Now that I have undertaken, on the basis of this general aim of natural science, to consider the more special question of the departments of physics in which this kind of motion plays a part, allow me to begin at once with that simple natural occurrence which has given its name to the phenomenon with which we are here concerned. You have all observed waves of water as they occur when the equilibrium of plane water surfaces is disturbed. And you have doubtless noticed two peculiarities of such a motion,—namely, first, that the movement spreads gradually farther and farther and secondly that at the same time the individual particles of water move but little from the place at which they originally lay; that on the contrary the particles of water execute almost exclusively an upward and downward vibratory motion whilst they accomplish the propagation; that, in other words at any definite place a periodically changing condition of things is presented. We can easily imitate this phenomenon by an experiment, which will lead us a step further.

You see here a stretched rubber cord or rope.

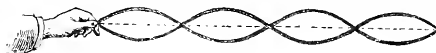

Fig. 1.

If I produce a disturbance of equilibrium near one of the extremities by striking the cord, you will observe first the propagation along the cord of the deformation I have produced, and secondly you will perceive it is impossible that any particle should move away from the position it had when at rest. And now you will observe a further phenomenon. The disturbance of the equilibrium is not destroyed when it reaches the extremity which is fixed, but on the contrary is reversed and transmitted back to me. We have here the reflection of a wave before us, a phenomenon which you can also observe in connection with water-waves and to which I shall again recur. I will now take the free end of the cord in my hand and send out along it a succession of shocks, so that the reflected disturbances are constantly met by new ones. You see what the result is. The whole cord vibrates up and down. You perceive no transmission of the rope-wave. On the contrary, a *stationary* vibration, a stationary wave is produced, generated by the coincident effects of the waves reflected from the one side and the fresh ones sent out by me from this. Now it is easy to make the reflected wave meet a fresh one twice in its backward course; to do so I have only to move my hand twice as fast. I thus produce a division of the cord into two parts. You see that an upward vibration of the one part is accompanied by a downward vibration of the other, and *vice versa*; the middle remains almost totally at rest. Again, increasing still more the rapidity of the motion, the cord vibrates in three and now finally in four parts, so that we have two and then three points which remain at rest.

Coming now to the clear establishment of some ideas on the subject, we have in addition to the desig-

* Translated from *Himmel und Erde*.

nations wave-crest and wave-trough, the meaning of which in reference to waves of water explains itself, the notion of ray. By ray we understand simply the direction in which the motion is propagated. In our case this was fixed by the direction of the cord. Water-waves are in the simplest case circular, the propagation taking place in all directions over the surface of the water. The rays, if we should here speak of such, would in this case be disposed like the spokes of a wheel. In both cases the direction in which the vibrations take place is perpendicular to the direction of the transmission: and we have transversal vibrations, transversal waves. By a wave-length we understand generally the length between crest and crest or trough and trough twice taken, so that in the case above given, when the cord was vibrating in two parts, the length of the cord represented a wave-length.

The points which remain at rest are called nodes, the parts lying between, the parts most violently agitated, are called the loops. The measurement of wave-lengths, which here indeed would have been very simple, is universally effected by determining the distance apart of two successive nodes, or what is the same thing of two successive loops; this distance is equal to half a wave-length. We shall have occasion to make use of this further on.

I have, however, first to present to you another kind of wave. You see here a wave-machine whose principal component part is a spiral spring two metres long suspended by threads (Fig. 2). In order

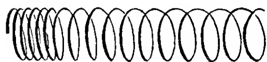

Fig. 2.

that the movements of this spring may be clearly visible there is fixed at every turn of the spiral a polished metal ball on which I will cause to fall a ray of light from the electric lamp. If I strike one of the extremities with my flattened hand I press the turns of the spiral closer together; I produce an accumulation, a condensation. When the turns of the spring again expand they press against their neighbors, and the disturbance of equilibrium thus effected is further transmitted. Each single ball, however, simply performs a movement to and fro about its position of equilibrium. You observe, that though we perceive here nothing whatever that resembles an undulatory motion, this phenomenon nevertheless in so far accords with the one before considered as to exhibit the two properties of wave-motion which we emphasised as characteristic. The resemblance would be still greater if we should quantitatively examine the condition of the spiral, that is to say if we should determine what gradation the degree of the compression assumed in the different turns of the spring.

We can also produce stationary undulations here. You see that I have set the spiral spring so vibrating, after having fastened one of its extremities by a clamp, that it swings back and forth as a whole. The stationary end forms a node of vibration, the free end, which shows the strongest motion forms a loop of vibration. You will now again notice the spiral vibrating in parts—namely so that a nodal point likewise occurs at one-third of the distance from the free end. The distance of this point from the stationary end corresponds to half a wave-length. Notice that the nodal points remain motionless but exhibit an accumulation and scarcity, condensation and attenuation of turns whilst in the loops the places of greatest movement, the turns constantly maintain the same distance apart. As here the motion of the particles corresponds with the direction of the propagation, this wave is called a longitudinal wave.

Now that we are agreed regarding the most important points in the province of the wave-theory, we may pass on to point out the importance of the ideas we have acquired for the theory of sound. When the air effects the transmission of sound it vibrates in so doing in exactly the same manner as did the spiral spring in the preceding example. I might show to you the condition of the air here involved by means of a large column of air, for example by means of the air in this glass organ-pipe, 220 centimetres long. When I blow a note upon this pipe, I produce in it stationary undulations with nodes and loops of vibration.

If we should introduce a small barometer into the pipe, the barometer, if placed at one of the loops would indicate no change of air-pressure, because although there is rapid motion here, there is little condensation or rarefaction. Nor indeed would it indicate any change at nodes of vibration, for condensation and rarefaction succeed each other very rapidly—in this pipe 300 times in a second—so that the barometer is unable to follow it. With the tube which I here hold in my hand and which leads to the barometer, I have connected a little valve, so that when a condensation takes place the air forces itself in but cannot when a rarefaction takes place find its way out. With this valve we will explore the pipe. You perceive the barometer to which the tube leads now reacts very strongly on the note being sounded: the valve is at a node of vibration. I push it further along. Our barometer now shows no result, the valve is at a loop of vibration. Here we again find a node; and here, on going further along, we again find a loop, so that we have, as you see, explored the condition of the column of air. The air pressure is of course distributed in the manner here found only in the case of

the note which I have just produced. For a different note we have a different wave-length, and a different position of the nodes and loops. The barometer, which was not influenced in the last position of the valve, begins to move as soon as I blow a higher note. We are now in a position to measure the wave-length with facility. The distance between two successive loops here—a distance of 55 cm.—gives me as before in the case of the cord-vibration, the half wave-length; so that the complete wave-length amounts to $1\frac{1}{10}$ metres.

I will here point out the important connection between velocity of transmission, number of vibrations and the wave-length. Suppose that I had observed in the case of waves of water in a vessel that they are propagated a distance of 10 metres a second, and I had further observed that at a given fixed point of observation five waves are successively produced during such a time. Plainly then five waves distribute themselves over a space of 10 metres, which would make the length of each individual wave 2 metres. So generally, if we know two of the three quantities, velocity of propagation, number of vibrations, and wave-length, we can find the third. We can, for example, from the wave-length just ascertained, and the number of vibrations before stated, compute the velocity of the propagation of sound by multiplying $1\frac{1}{10}$ by 300. This gives the well-known velocity of 330 metres a second. We shall make use of this principle later on.

If the vibrations excited by a sonorous body strike another elastic body, they throw this second body likewise into vibrations. You know that use is made of this in the phonograph. These motions become especially strong when the body influenced is in condition to make the same number of vibrations as the originally sounding body, when, in other words, it is tuned to the same note. This concurrence of vibration is called resonance. The pair of tuning-forks which you see here will show you this. I will exhibit the phenomenon to you by hanging a little pendulum near one of the tuning-forks. You see the image of the prongs of the tuning-fork and of the pendulum greatly magnified upon this screen. If I rub the other fork with a violin-bow, this one also will give out a sound. You hear it now, and you see how the prong of the fork casts off the pendulum. I will now ask you to suppose for a moment that the gift of hearing had been denied us, but that we knew such an elastic fork, which we should then of course not call a tuning-fork, produced vibrations, and that we wished to ascertain whether these vibrations were capable of effecting an *actio in distans* through air-filled space. In that case we might explore space with a second fork, corresponding to the one first described, and should be able to demonstrate the effect of the note without hearing it. For electric vibrations, of which we shall speak later on, we lack a special sensory-organ of perception, and the propagation of such vibrations has therefore been frequently investigated by means of electrical resonators.

I should like to show you with this pair of tuning-forks still another experiment, one which we execute by producing two wave-systems of different wave-lengths, or what is the same thing, of different numbers of vibrations. I accomplish this by simply encumbering one of the tuning-forks with a little weight. It then vibrates slower than the other. Now I will assume that the one sends out say 100, and the other 99 undulations in a second, so that at a precise moment, say at the beginning of a second, two *condensations* of air coincidently strike your ear. A half-second later, when the first fork has completed exactly 50 and the other $49\frac{1}{2}$ vibrations, a condensation of air again proceeds from the former to the ear, while from the latter a rarefaction reaches it. And not till the end of the second, when the one fork has completed exactly 100 vibrations and the other exactly 99, do they again both influence your ear in the same way. Hence it follows that in the middle of the second the total effect upon your ear is considerably weaker, whilst at the end of every full second the effect will be strongest. The sound will thus rise and fall once in each second. You hear that now. You hear the beats or the tremors, which follow upon one another more quickly, of course, when the difference of the number of vibrations is greater. This phenomenon rests, thus, upon the interaction, or interference, of two wave-systems. Such interferences are, obviously, a characteristic feature of the wave-nature of a phenomenon.

I have already mentioned that the pitch of a sound is deducible from the number of its vibrations. To the lay person this is perhaps the best-known physical fact. You are aware that slow vibrations produce low tones, and that rapid vibrations produce high tones. But not always when we produce regular vibrations do we hear a sound; for that would suppose a distinct capacity of our sense-organs, a capacity which we do not possess as regards too slow and too rapid vibrations. In our room you will find a series of tuning-forks which allow vibrations to be produced up to the number of 50,000 a second. At this, or at least at a somewhat greater number of vibrations, our ear hears nothing. Upon the whole it cannot be said to what extent an increase of the number of vibrations is possible. Vibrations much more rapid than these are not observed in larger masses, as in the prongs of tuning-forks and the like; but they are in the smallest particles of substances, in the molecules; for here since little parts are moved only small distances, rapid vi-

brations are easily made. These are, as you know, the vibrations of heat and light. The wave-lengths of these vibrations are approximately the size of some few ten-thousandths of a millimetre, the longest being a few thousandths of a mm. in length; so that the smallest organisms which we know of, the bacteria and cocci, are a little smaller than the largest of these waves.

It would lead me too far here, if I should draw from the theory that the phenomena of heat and of light are reducible to vibrations, only the most important conclusions which science has drawn. The choice which I must make applies, in the case of heat-vibrations, to reflection. The important law of reflection is common to water-waves, to sound-waves, and to the type of waves just mentioned. This is the law by which the direction in which a wave-system is reflected from a surface forms with that surface the same angle as the direction does from which the waves proceeded. A body which is thrown against an elastic wall furnishes the best demonstration: for example a ball moving about upon a billiard table. It cannot be difficult, upon the basis of such a law, to construct a surface which will concentrate the rays in a common point. This is done for sound-waves, for example, by the ear-trumpet. You see here a pair of mirrors (Fig. 3) with whose help a similar phenomena may be exhibited. If we generate sound-waves in front of the centre of the mirror standing at the left, they, agreeably to the particular construction of the latter, will be so reflected as to proceed onward in parallel lines. They soon strike the second mirror, 6 metres distant, are there a second time reflected, and finally concentrate themselves at a single point in front of the centre. The two points that thus correspond to each other, and whose position is determined by the construction of the mirrors, are called the foci. We will perform the experiment for heat-rays by placing a glowing-hot ball in one of the foci. An easily inflammable substance, placed in the focus of the second mirror, is ignited as you see at once. If I now really wanted to convince you that the law of the reflection for these heat-rays is the same for sound-rays, I should have to bring a *sound* into the one focus and beg you to step up here singly and be personally convinced whether the sound is clearly concentrated in the other focus. I think you will excuse me from the performance of this experiment.

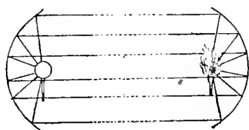

Fig. 3.

Light-rays have the same characteristics as heat-rays, only their undulations are somewhat shorter, and their vibrations follow one another more quickly: we have here, to some extent, higher notes in the tone-scale. But to us human beings they offer a much greater multiplicity and variety than sound, inasmuch as we are, by a wonderful sense-organ, placed in a position to distinguish from one another a whole series of these sounds, namely the various colors.

The assertion that we have before us here actual undulations in the ether, has its mainstay and chief foundation in the fact that a great number of light-phenomena may be shown to be interference-phenomena; and we will now examine a few of these facts, the phenomena, namely, shown by polarised light. What polarised light means is best made clear by means of a rope-wave. Let us suppose that I have caused the rope to vibrate twice in definite time, first upwards and downwards in a vertical plane, and secondly to the right and to the left in a horizontal plane. Obviously, both these wave-systems, notwithstanding the fact that they have equal wave-lengths must exhibit different properties. When they are considered from any one determinate point of view you will see that such modifications of the experiment are only possible with transverse undulations, and not so with the longitudinal vibrations of the spiral spring.

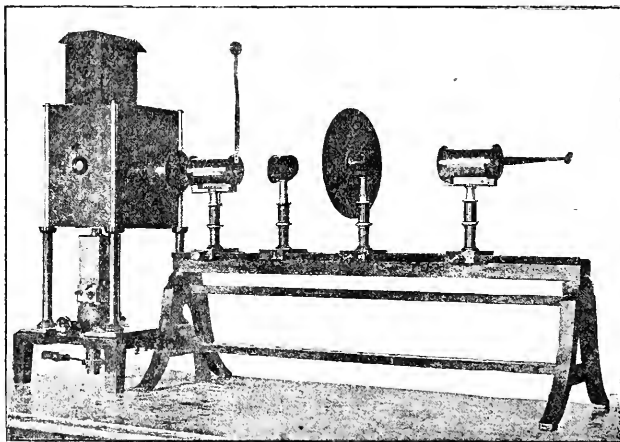

Fig. 4a.

From the lamp there is emitted at this moment a ray of light which produces the luminous circle you see upon the screen. The vibrations which constitute the ray are transversal. But in its present state no one of the planes which you may imagine to pass

through the ray, possesses preference over the others. The vibrations take place in all directions that are at right angles to the direction of the ray. Such light-rays are termed *unpolarised* rays. With the help of a special optical apparatus, a so-called *Nicol's prism*, made out of a crystal, I can polarise this ray. (See Fig. 4a.) The undulations now take place wholly in one plane; suppose in that which the pointer fixed to the prism indicates,—that is to say in a vertical plane. Such a prism does not allow undulations in any other plane to pass through it. You see, however, that in the light-phenomenon upon the screen, no change apparently has taken place.

I now introduce a second prism, just like the first. It likewise allows the rays to pass through it, since the direction of the two pointers coincide and the rays that have passed through the first prism strike the second in a favorable position. But if I *turn* the second prism the light gradually becomes fainter and fainter, and now, you will see, it is wholly extinguished: for as is evident from the position of the pointers the planes of undulations are now perpendicular to each other.

I interpose a thin layer of transparent gypsum between the crossed prisms. Light, you see, again appears; but this time it is colored light. This remarkable phenomenon is the effect of a peculiar property possessed by such crystals of doubly-refracting light, or of decomposing a ray of light as it enters it into two separate rays. Each of these two rays, which pursue courses very close to each other, has its own determinate plane of vibration. I have inserted the layer now in such a manner that these two planes of vibration make an oblique angle with the plane of vibration of the first prism; consequently the light polarised by the prism can pass through the layer. But as the planes of vibration of the light after passing through the crystal do not form a right-angle with the plane of the second prism, the latter does not hinder the transmission of the light. This explains why the layer of gypsum in some degree forms a bridge between the crossed prisms. That colors appear here is a consequence of the interference of the two rays produced in the crystal of gypsum.

Just as the union of action in the case of the sound-rays which proceeded from the tuning-forks was shown to be dependent upon the number of vibrations of the respective sounds, so also is this the case with these light-rays. You may form therefore at least some approximate idea of the fact how among all the various systems of undulations contained in the white light of the lamp,—that is, among all the different colored rays,—in some there may be produced by interference an annihilation, and in others a reinforcement. If we give the Nicol's prisms a parallel instead of a crossed position, then in the place of the green this bright red will appear, which is, as you know, the complementary color to green, that is to say, the one which makes it white.

The sort of color that appears also depends very much upon the thickness of the layer of gypsum. As that was the same at all times, the identical crystal being used, our field of view always showed the same color.

But if I concentrate the rays of the light by means of a lens, so that they do not all pass through the crystal at the same angle (as Fig. 4b shows), the feasibility is at once evident of obtaining a variegated colored picture upon the screen. All rays equidistant from the centre ray travel over the same distance in the crystal; for such it is equally thick; and the consequence is that we obtain an image in which the individual colors form concentric rings.

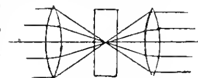
Fig. 4b.

With this, indeed, the phenomenon is by no means completely explained. In particular the statement of the reason why the ring-system (Fig. 5) is broken by a dark cross is lacking. And I do not, moreover, intend to enter into this question. I might show you that there appears here a complementary phenomenon if instead of crossing the Nicol's prisms, we place them parallel. But what I chiefly wish to insist upon is the following: That all these phenomena whose explanation I have here really only indicated can, theoretically, be completely followed out. If a layer of crystal be cut in a definite way and light-rays be permitted to enter it at particular angles, and we set about to determine in what ways the wave systems formed by double-refraction interfere, it is possible to construct a complete idea of the total resultant effect. Experiment always verifies our calculations; indeed there exists a whole series of phenomena, which, like the planet Neptune, were first demonstrated by calculation and afterwards verified by observation. It is plain that these facts bestow a high degree of probability on the wave-theory assumption at the basis of the calculations.

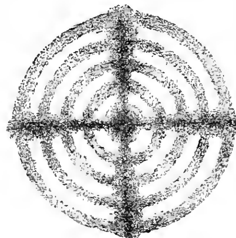
Fig. 5.

The most famous experiment of this kind is perhaps the one due to Faraday, by which this investigator showed for the first time a remarkable relation between light and electricity. He showed that the plane of vibration of light can be turned by an electric current. And I must not omit performing the experi-

ment for you. I place a bit of glass inside a spiral of wire and interpose it between the crossed Nicol's prisms. You see the field of vision remains dark. If we conduct a powerful electric current around the piece of glass by means of the spiral of wire, the glass will receive the remarkable power, exactly as before the layer of gypsum, of making the passage of the light again possible. The field, you see, becomes bright and dark as I close or break the circuit. We have the same effect as in the case of the gypsum, but another cause. I said that the glass acquired the power of turning the plane of vibration; a more careful investigation of the phenomenon referred to would confirm the statement. That such a turning suffices to allow the passage of the light through the second prism is evident without further elucidation.

This phenomenon was discovered by Faraday, one of the greatest physicists that ever lived, just because he held the opinion that there must exist some connection between the phenomena of light and electricity. And the fact furnishes us, moreover, with a splendid proof that nature loves to throw bridges between the different great departments of her phenomena. That these relations may be followed out much further Faraday surmised and it will become my task, in the second part of my lecture to approach the proposition nearer from this point of view. You will then see that the conception of undulation which we have here taken as our fundamental notion, is able to conduct us a good way further. [TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE DROSS IS DISCARDED BUT NOTHING IS LOST.

I SAW in a poetic vision the genius of mankind closely bent over his work. I knew it was an allegory and I saw as through a glass darkly, but the allegory had significance.

The genius had before him innumerable glasses and retorts filled with some precious substance. He had some of the vessels on burning coals, others he kept on ice, still others were stored away in an oven. Many of them remained undisturbed as if they contained a liquid that should settle, while others again were being thoroughly shaken.

"What is it that thou hast under thy hands?" I asked.

"I make experiments with the souls of men," said the genius. "I expose them to all kinds of conditions and observe the results."

While thus speaking, the genius poured the contents of two vessels together and set the mixture aside as the beginning of a new life.

"Is that the beginning of a new soul?" I asked.

"No," quoth the genius, "there is no beginning of a new soul. Every soul is a mixture of many souls. Here is the soul of an infant in this almost empty glass. Now I pour into it the contents of other glasses. They are the words of the parents, of the nurse, of brothers and sisters, of all its kin and its friends. When the boy grows, I instil into his mind the teacher's lessons and the ideas which he finds in books, and all that is exposed to certain conditions which make his soul act and react in this or that way, producing original associations of the elements and creating new combinations in his mind. There are precious elements and worthless elements. There is gold, and silver, and clay. These I combine and I separate, I intermingle, and I distil, I blend and I analyse. I discard and I select—and this process goes on and on and on. It began with the appearance of organised life and will continue so long as life continues and men call it evolution."

Looking close I found that all the glasses and retorts were connected by little tubes and their contents were in a constant flux, tending to equalise its substance. Nevertheless this exchange was neither sufficient nor rapid enough to produce even an approximate equality in the different vessels.

"What is an individual soul in this constant flux?" I asked. "Thou art constantly mixing soul with soul! If you succeed in a precious mixture, having distilled it in a special retort, is not all your labor wasted and is not the soul lost when you break the vessel?"

"An individual soul?" the genius replied. "I know not of what thou speakest. I have the soul of mankind before me and not individual souls. An individual soul can mean only the mixture as it appears at a given moment in one of my retorts. But the process of fusion is constant, and whoever attempts to study an individual soul must bear in mind the whole totality of soul-life with which it is connected. What is the individual in this continual change? I take the elements of my compounds from everywhere. Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they find it. Iron is taken out of the earth and brass is molten out of the stone. There is the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold. I shall melt the souls of men, and try them, and I shall bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle that his foolishness may depart from him. There is nothing lost when the dross is thrown away, for the gold and the silver after being separated from the dross will shine brighter than before." P. C.

THE SUNSET CLUB ON CRIMINAL LAW.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE Sunset Club had a banquet on the 31st of March; and the supplementary "feast of reason" was a trial of the criminal courts for maladministration of the law. According to the expert testimony offered by the pleaders, the term "criminal" is ironically descriptive, for that evidence makes the courts appear more criminal than the convicts. The Constitution counts for nothing. Wise

rules for the protection of the innocent and the conviction of the guilty, are habitually disregarded, and oftentimes reversed. Judicial anarchy animates the proceedings, and throws into moral disorder the intelligent scheme of justice established by ethics and the law.

The debate was opened by Mr. William S. Forrest, a lawyer of large experience and high rank at the bar. He drew an indictment grim and dire against the courts; and he supported it by direct evidence enough to convince anything except that warped and much entangled piece of understanding called a "judicial mind." The argument of Mr. Forrest was well made, and he spoke with boldness and persuasive moral energy. Justice fails because the judges are not learned in the law, because they have not the capacity to understand it, and because when it is brought within their comprehension they have not the moral courage to administer it fairly. Mr. Forrest did not say exactly that, but he said this, "There are wrongs in the administration of criminal law in Cook county, wrongs against the accused, wrongs against the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the State. The rich and powerful are seldom indicted and never tried, well, hardly ever: The criminal court of Cook county exists only to punish the poor. Men are convicted who are innocent. Even in ordinary trials, the forms of law are frequently set aside, and the rules of evidence ignored; the rulings of some of the presiding judges are commonly believed by the bar to be influenced by the press, and popular opinion supersedes the law of the land." If all that is true the vaunted "protection of the law" is abolished by the courts, and the citizens escape imprisonment and fine, as they escape lightning, by good luck.

With a liberality for which the judges ought to thank him, Mr. Forrest graciously conceded that they were only ignorant of the law in its most important qualities, and that in matters of inferior moment they were fairly competent to give judgment. After describing those "who do not understand the first principles of the criminal law," he said, "These same judges give satisfaction in the civil courts, but in the criminal courts they dispose of life and liberty by rulings that shock the moral sense and make justice weep." The praise and the censure do not harmonise well, and Mr. Forrest ought to modify one or the other. It is true that legal knowledge may be deficient in one court, and sufficient in another; but where the judge is morally incompetent in either court, he cannot be trusted at all; he is a failure altogether. The judge, who by reason of moral cowardice will not administer the law according to the very right of it in the criminal courts because public opinion is against the prisoner, will not give judgment fairly in the civil courts, when the wrong side has behind it social influence and political power. What avails it that the judges know something about the law of contracts and the puzzles of a promissory note, if they are ignorant and careless of the laws affecting the very life and liberty of the citizen. Mr. Forrest did not forget that while judicial ignorance occasionally convicted the innocent, it very often acquitted the guilty. And which ever way we may compare the debts and credits the balance is on the side of wrong.

There is an imprecation in the scriptures against the lawyer who "taketh reward against the innocent," and if Mr. Forrest had not forgotten his bible he might have "hurled" it against those prosecuting attorneys who for official reward strive to destroy the innocent, especially by that very dangerous device known as the "special venire." This is a subtle contrivance by which the right of trial by jury is practically taken away from the poor man innocent, and made the deliverance and safety of the rich man guilty. It all depends upon the bailiff, who may pack the jury at his pleasure for the State or for the prisoner, and he generally packs it for the State, because he is a member of the Court House staff, appointed by the sheriff. "If," says Mr. Forrest, "bailiffs do not bring into court men satisfactory to the prosecuting attorney, that officer demands a different class of veniremen, complaint is made to the sheriff by him, the bailiffs are censured and made to feel that they are suspected of being in sympathy with the defense. Now, the bailiffs are each and all active politicians. They are in politics as a business. Their tenure of office is precarious. They must please the State's Attorney in order to hold their positions. The result is that the prosecution controls the bailiffs, and the bailiffs determine who shall be the jurors." To a jury selected in that way the prosecuting attorney appeals for a conviction, and gets it; and also his "reward."

Mr. Elliott, Assistant State's Attorney, tried to counter on Mr. Forrest by saying that "the bailiffs are more likely to be influenced by a criminal lawyer than they are by the State's Attorney," but this, if true, is only an additional argument against the special venire, the very delinquent on trial; nor was Mr. Elliott more fortunate when he said that, "So far as a certain branch of the criminal court is concerned I know that for five years no bailiff has been asked, instructed, or even advised what kind of persons it was desirable should be brought into court." It was plain that Mr. Elliott was speaking for himself alone, for if his disclaimer was intended to apply to his colleagues and his chief, it was refuted by the astonishing statement made by Mr. Forrest that in the Cronin case, "out of 1,116 persons summoned by special venire there were fewer than fifty persons of Irish birth or Irish extraction." Few Roman Catholics were summoned, and these were promptly excluded by the prosecution. "And it seemed to the defense," said Mr. Forrest, "as if every Orangeman and Englishman in town was brought in and presented to them as jurors." This bit of testimony was very strong, and it was a strange coincidence that considering the large number of Irishmen, and the small number of Englishmen in Chicago, the bailiff without being "asked, instructed, or advised" at head quarters, found so many Englishmen and so few Irishmen to sit upon a jury in a case where the defendants were all Irishmen on trial for their lives.

Wrongs, like microbes, multiply wrongs; and in the methods of the bar the bench becomes involved. This was the ominous result of the special venire in the Cronin case. Here we have it in the language of Mr. Forrest. "Defendants counsel day after day, in open court, begged the court to order a drawing from the box. The court refused to make the order. He did however, rule at one time that it seemed to him that the veniremen were all of the same class. Thereupon he ordered the bailiffs to bring in veniremen from the body of the county. That order failed to affect the class of veniremen. Then, as a last resort, he selected a certain bailiff and ordered him personally to bring in daily six workmen out of every twenty-five persons summoned." Here the court in trying to correct the abuse of the special venire made an illegal order. The judge's order to the bailiff amounted to this, "You must not pack the jury *that* way; you must pack it *this* way." It is clear that the court had no more legal right to order the bailiff to summon six men of one kind and nineteen of another, than he had to select six catholics and nineteen protestants, or six tailors and nineteen blacksmiths. The judge meant well enough in prescribing a hair of the dog to cure the bite, on the principle that "like cures like"; but that rule although it may be efficient in therapeutics or in chemistry, is dangerous in the courts of law.

The duty of answering Mr. Forrest had been assigned to Gen. I. N. Stiles, also a lawyer of eminence and great experience but he rather strengthened the main argument of Mr. Forrest, and emphatically said that the special venire system ought to be abolished. He supported the indictment with much additional evidence, and his condemnation of our criminal court practice was contemptuous and severe. He said, "Criminal law is not administered in good faith and with that earnestness and honesty necessary to protect the public interests. Juries are packed in the interest of defendants, and they are packed in the interest of pros-

ecutions. Grand juries are impanelled as often to find no bills as they are to find true bills." This agreement with Mr. Forrest was so important that the points of difference with him became trivial in comparison. These had reference chiefly to the special advantage given to defendants, such as the right to a change of venue, and the "presumption of innocence," which Gen. Stiles regarded as an antiquated and "ridiculous proposition." He did not attempt to excuse the bench and bar for the practices adopted in the prosecution and defense of persons charged with crime. He merely contended that the law was corrupted by both sides; which, indeed was part of the accusation made by Mr. Forrest.

It must have been gratifying to Mr. Forrest, that Mr. William S. Elliott, Assistant State's Attorney, whose Department was on trial before the Sunset club, voluntarily came to the banquet and turned State's evidence against the prosecutors and the judges of the criminal court. With unconscious irony, he said, "The criminal law of this county is administered with a conscientiousness that carries us back to the foot of Calvary." This confession was all that was necessary to complete the triumph of Mr. Forrest, and to establish his case, for the comparison left him nothing more to say. It is the everlasting reproach of the tragedy on Mount Calvary, that the crucified victim did not have a fair trial; and when Mr. Elliott showed the resemblance between the criminal trials in Chicago, and those under Pontius Pilate, he drew a parallel that everybody recognised as true.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MORALS OF CHRIST. By *Austin Bierbower.* Second Edition. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

If the author of this work is correct in his opinion, the founder of Christianity had much more system in his moral teachings than he is generally accredited with. Instead of his preaching having reference to the kingdom of God which was at hand, and the repentance necessary to fit man for its citizenship, "every utterance of Jesus bearing on morals was spoken in contemplation of" one or other of the Mosaic, the Pharisaic and the Græco-Roman systems. The object of this essay is to set forth the morality of Christ as a departure from these three representative types of morality, "it being this triple departure, more than anything absolute, on which he puts his chief emphasis, and which, more than anything original, characterised his system." That the teachings of the gospels can be thus arranged is well shown, but the fact has a different significance for us. It proves rather that much of what is ascribed to Jesus belongs to others, and that what is known as Christianity is largely the product of a later age. The title of this work should strictly have been "the Morals of Christianity," but as it is not critical, it must be dealt with in a similar spirit.

From the standpoint of the author, the subject has been well worked out. It is treated in an antithetical style which, although somewhat wearying when carried to excess, will recommend the book to many readers. Such a style is well fitted for pithy remarks, such as, "under the Mosaic morality religion was an effort to reconcile God with man; under that of Christ it has rather been an effort to reconcile man with God;" or "religion was formerly theological; now it is anthropological." The author begins his comparison of Mosaic morality with that of the New Testament by the statement that the former is negative and the latter positive. This was the general character of ancient moral codes, but it would be a mistake to suppose that moral conduct was purely negative. The command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," (Lev. v, 18) contains the essence of all active morality, and it has practical application in the direction to leave the gleanings of the harvest for the poor. There is much truth, nevertheless, in the observations that the morals of Christ are a departure, as compared with Mosaic morality, from the objective to the subjective, from the particular to the general, and from conduct to character. These are merely different expressions of the same idea, which is happily stated in the remark that "Christ wished to make morality a means of culture as well as a guarantee of conduct; an agency for the elevation of man as well as for his regulation."

The departure of Christian morality from Græco-Roman morals is dealt with under three heads—from the Interest of the Fortunate to that of the Unfortunate; from the Interest of Self to that of Others; and from Hardness to Kindness. Here as elsewhere the distinctive characteristics of the several systems are well brought out, and we are finally told that the morality of Christ is a protest against being conformed to the state, the church, and the world, respectively represented by the three systems with which it is compared. While Mr. Bierbower's book cannot be described as a great work, it possesses a certain originality in the treatment of its subject which fully justifies the call for a second edition. Ω.

NOTES.

We present to our readers in this number an article that was delivered as a lecture in the Urania of Berlin—an institute founded for the special purpose of spreading a love of nature by popularising natural science. Prof. Paul Spies's address is a very good specimen of the work of the Urania which deserves imitation also in this country, especially in our large western cities. We may mention here that an institution after the model of the Urania has been founded in New York. Spreading a love of nature by increasing among the people a knowledge of nature is very important considering that our whole civilisation rests upon natural science.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS PAINE.

TO JAMES MADISON, SECRETARY OF STATE, WASHINGTON.

"Broome Street, New York, May 3, 1807.

"Sir: When Mr. Monroe came Minister from the United States to the French government, I was still imprisoned in the Luxembourg by the Robespierrian party in the Convention. The fall of Robespierre took place a few days before Mr. Monroe reached Paris; and as soon as Mr. Monroe could make his own standing good, which required time on account of the ill conduct of his predecessor Gouverneur Morris, he reclaimed me as an American citizen; for the case was, I was excluded from the Convention as a foreigner and imprisoned as a foreigner. I was liberated immediately on Mr. Monroe's reclamation.

"Mr. Monroe made an official account of this to the then Secretary of State, Mr. [Edmund] Randolph, and also an account of what he had done for Madame la Feyette, who was also imprisoned, distinguishing the one to be done officially, and the other, that for Madame la Fayette, to be in friendship. In Mr. Randolph's official answer to Mr. Monroe's letter, he says, as nearly as I recollect the words, 'The President (Washington) approves what you have done in the case of Mr. Paine.' My own opinion on this matter is, that as I had not been guillotined, Washington thought it best to say what he did. I will be obliged to you for an attested copy of Mr. Monroe's letter, and also of Mr. Randolph's official answer, so far as any parts of them relate to me. The reason for this application is as follows:

"Last year, 1806, I lived on my farm at New Rochelle, State of New York. A man of the name of Elijah Ward was supervisor [of elections] that year. The father of this man, and all his brothers, joined the British in the war, but this one, being the youngest, and not at that time old enough to carry a musket, remained at home with his mother.

"When the election (at which the supervisor for the time being presides) came on at New Rochelle last year, for members of Congress and members of the State Assembly, I tendered my tickets separately, distinguishing which was which, as is the custom; each of which Ward refused, saying to me, '*you are not an American citizen.*' Upon my beginning to remonstrate with him, he replied 'Our Minister at Paris, Gouverneur Morris, would not reclaim you as an American citizen when you were imprisoned in the Luxembourg at Paris, and General Washington refused to do it.' Upon my telling him that the two cases he stated were falsehoods, and that if he did me injustice I would prosecute him, he got up and calling out for a constable said, 'I commit this man to prison.' He chose however to sit down and go no further with it. I accordingly commenced a prosecution against him last fall, and the court will sit the 20th of this May. Mr. Monroe's letter to the Secretary and the Secretary's official answer are both published by Mr. Monroe in his 'View of the Conduct of the Executive,' printed by Benj. Franklin Bache. But as a printed book is not sufficient evidence, an attested copy from your office will be necessary. As to Gouverneur Morris the fact is, that he did reclaim me on my application to him as Minister, but his reclamation of me did me no good, for he could hardly keep himself out of prison, neither did he do it out of any good will to me. Joel Barlow and other Americans in Paris had been in a body to the Convention to reclaim me, but their reclamation being unofficial was not regarded. I then applied to Mr. Morris, but I know not what he wrote to the French Minister, whatever it was he concealed it from me.

Yours in friendship,

Thomas Paine."

WAVES AND RAYS.*

BY PAUL SPIES.

[CONCLUDED.]

If now we undertake to ascertain whether the phenomena of electricity likewise can be brought under the same point of view which, as we have seen, dominates a great portion of mechanical phenomena generally, and all the phenomena of the departments of sound, heat, and light, the question next in order is: Do we have here occurrences which exhibit the first of the characteristics of wave-phenomena, the property

* Translated from *Himmel und Erde*.

namely of effecting actions at great distances through space? Have we in the province of electricity, action at a distance at all? I do not refer so much here to the possibility of carrying electrical effects along so-called conductors, along metal wires for instance; for this phenomenon affords obviously but a slight analogy to the processes now in question. The object here rather is, to establish the transmission of effects through air or through empty space,—that is, space filled only with ether. There are in this direction especially two effects which may be taken into consideration: effects well-known to you, and to which I may devote some experiments.

You see here a so-called electroscope, an instrument in which two thin metallic leaves are suspended near each other. I will project an image of these upon the screen. With the aid of the electroscope the presence of electricity may be shown, as the two leaves repel each other when they are both electrified in the same sense, as for instance positively electrified. I need only to stroke the knob of the instrument with a fine hair pencil and I generate by the friction electricity. You observe the effect—namely the divergence of the leaves. I touch the knob, draw off the electricity, and the leaves fall together again.

It will suffice, however, to bring an electrical body near to the knob, without direct contact. You see that as I bring the rubbed glass rod nearer to it a separation of the leaves takes place. As you know, this phenomenon is explained by the hypothesis that an unelectrified body possesses in reality two kinds of electricity, positive and negative, but in equal and mutually neutralising quantities. By the approach of the positive glass rod, the unlike, negative, electricity is, we imagine, drawn up into the knob while the similar, positive electricity is driven down into the leaves. This is the phenomenon of electrical distribution or of "influence" so-called, one of the simplest cases of electrical action at a distance.

Here the question intrudes itself: Have we here to deal with a direct and real action at a distance or is the effect that proceeds from the glass-rod transmitted from point to point through some intervening medium, the air or some other substance. In the latter case we should have to assume that the air in the vicinity of the rod, or the ether, assumes under the influence of the rod some definite condition, and that this condition is gradually disseminated farther and farther. You see that as a consequence of these thoughts the supposition naturally follows of a finite, definite, and perhaps ascertainable velocity of transmission of the influence (or inductive) effect. Such an assumption would plainly be much more satisfactory to the mind than that of direct action at a distance.

A second action at a distance, which we observe in connection with electrical currents, is the phenomenon of *induction*, discovered by Faraday. To select a special case from the multiplicity of this great series of phenomena, one of the laws of induction asserts, that in a wire conductor in no wise connected with any source of electricity an electric current is always set up whenever an electric current in the vicinity suffers an alteration, particularly when it starts or altogether stops. You may frequently observe this effect at your telephone. If you hold your telephone to your ear without previously having obtained connections, you will hear the talking which is being transmitted through the neighboring wire conductors. The rapidly alternating currents that flow through these neighboring conductors, cause currents to arise in your conductor which is not in any way connected with them and produce thus sounds in your telephone. You see that here again we have to do with an electrical action through space, respecting which we may again put the question that we proposed before in the case of influence.

And, now, compare this electrical percussion, if I may so express myself, which discharges itself through space whenever I cause a current to start or stop, with the shock which I before imparted to the stretched rope, and imagine furthermore that in the last instance I impart not only one impulse but a whole series of them one after the other. The possibility of waves being produced, is evident. The effect of the first impulse will have propagated itself a certain distance before the second takes its departure. We may therefore call this distance a wave-length, but must in so doing first of all modify our idea of a wave; for who will say to us that we are concerned here with a motion, for example with a vibration of the ether! In any event, though, changes of electrical condition actually are in the present case propagated through space. Or, viewed from another standpoint, we actually do observe when placed at a point in space that the electrical condition at that point fluctuates in regular alternation, and nothing prevents us from using the word wave to express this fact. Here again we generalise our motions in the same way we did before when we passed from transversal to longitudinal waves.

The idea might possibly suggest itself to us, now, of producing this kind of rapidly alternating inductions with the help of one of the well-known induction-apparatuses of which you see several in use in this room. By means of a self-acting mechanism the electric current might be opened and closed in rapid succession. This is effected by means of a vibrating elastic spring, and you may infer from the tone of the same that we have to deal here perhaps with several hundreds of vibrations per second. Several hundred times a second therefore is the current opened and shut in a

bundle of wires which is in this apparatus; and just as often is an induction-effect emitted from this bundle of wires. In the present instance you will observe this induction-effect by the sparks which dart back and forth in quick succession between these two metallic balls—two balls which are nothing more than the extremities of a second wire spiral which surrounds the first without in any wise touching it. If we imagine the second spiral removed; the induction-effect will be freely propagated in space. The velocity of the transmission of such induction-impacts is certainly extraordinarily great. As the following experiments will show it is a question of some thousands of kilometres per second. Now as we have assumed some hundreds of induction-impacts for this same interval of time, an appeal to the method of computation before employed will give a wave-length of more than ten kilometres; and it would hardly be possible to institute investigations on such undulations. We must get more rapid vibrations, and shorter wave-lengths. And for this purpose a different expedient presents itself.

About thirty years ago the physicist Feddersen furnished the experimental demonstration of a fact which Helmholtz had already surmised on the ground of theoretical considerations; namely, the proof that the spark discharge of a Leyden jar does not consist in the simple transfer of positive electricity to the one side and of negative to the other, but that for a short period an oscillation of the electricity, so to speak, takes place.

In order to illustrate this in a more palpable way I have placed these two tubes filled with colored water upon a stand, and joined the tubes beneath by a rubber pipe. The water would stand at the same level in both tubes if I did not hold the rubber pipe closed. As soon as I let go the difference of the levels equalises itself. But the adjustment you see is not quite perfect; the water by virtue of its inertia oscillates backwards and forwards a few times before coming to rest. Something similar, now, takes place under certain conditions in the production of the electric sparks; which consists in reality of several successive rapid discharges.

For the analysis of such phenomena a rapidly rotatable mirror is used in physics. When I contemplate the image of a candle in such a mirror, the image of course rotates when the mirror rotates; and upon more rapid rotation you see a closed circle of light. But when an object emits light not continuously but at interrupted intervals, the case is different. (Fig. 6.)

I have here an exhausted tube which I can illuminate in rapid succession by the aid of the alternating currents produced in the induction-apparatus. You will see the reflected image of the tube only at the instant in which it is illuminated. You will see no luminous band, as would be the case with a continuously acting source of light, but a star.

If I know the velocity of rotation of the mirror and at the same time the distances apart of the reflected

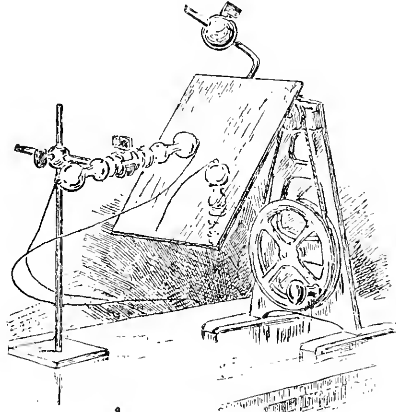

Fig. 6.

images, I can determine with facility how many times a second the tube is illuminated. Feddersen employed this method, and he found that when one single spark only was observed there was exhibited in the mirror a *whole series* of spark-images. The great number of the spark-images plainly furnishes one proof, although not the only one, of the oscillations of electricity. Such electric oscillations, however, follow one another with extraordinary rapidity—namely with a rapidity of about one hundred thousand oscillations in a second.

When you reflect now that every one of these Feddersenian single-discharges, each one of these brief-living currents, must diffuse its induction effects throughout space, you will understand that since the number of the vibrations is so large the wave-lengths must be considerably smaller.

The laws of these oscillations have been accurately investigated and especially has the dependence been determined in which the rapidity of their succession stands to various different conditions, particularly to the form and the size of the metallic bodies employed. When therefore Professor Hertz of Bonn, with a contrivance somewhat like the one I have here (Fig. 7), produced oscillations which were executed with considerably greater rapidity than those of Feddersen, he was able to calculate the number of the oscillations, numbers which ranged from about one million to ten millions per second, although in this case a measurement by means of the mirror was no longer possible. The apparatus which you see here consists of two plates to which are attached rods with balls. (The

figure, Fig. 7, shows the outlines of the apparatus, so that the plates standing vertically appear as lines.) By means of the induction-coil (J) we cause sparks to pass between the balls.

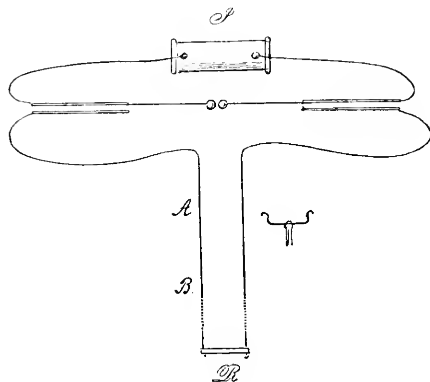

Fig. 7.

If with every spark oscillations take place, the plates become electrified positively and negatively in rapid succession. Just opposite these plates stands a second pair which are not in any way connected with the first but upon which the previously mentioned influence (or inductive) effect will be exercised; and hence these plates likewise become positively and negatively electrified in rapid succession. We have, further, two wires, about seven metres long, leading off from the last-mentioned plates. Upon this wire also must the electrical condition continuously fall and rise. The effect will, however, reach the more distant point later than it does the nearer ones. If the oscillations, then, succeed one another rapidly enough, the conditions will be given for the production of stationary electrical *undulations;* at least if we are allowed to suppose that at the ends of the wires a reflection of the electrical effect takes place. We will make this assumption for the moment. Each of the wires must, then, behave just as our spiral spring did when we fastened it at one end and caused the other to vibrate in some regular time. At the end of a wire a node therefore must be produced—a point, if I may so express myself, of strongest electric condensation and rarefaction—and be produced, furthermore, simultaneously in both wires, yet in such a way that when in the one positive electricity is concentrated, in the other wire end it is lacking, or more correctly speaking a concentration of negative electricity takes place there. If we bridge over the ends of the wires by means of a vacuum tube (R), the tube will be illuminated in consequence of this electrical action; as you see. And now we will explore the two wires, just as we did before the pipes, with a pressure-indicator so to speak. Such an instrument is here supplied by a piece of copper-wire. If we bridge over the wires with this contrivance, the equalisation of the two electricities takes place through it and the tube remains dark. Only when we bring the wire to a place where there is a loop of vibration, where therefore the electricity oscillates so to speak without condensation or rarefaction will its presence remain ineffectual.

You see that I have now found such a place (A). The tube is again illuminated. The distance from this point to the tube—a length of five metres—is therefore the distance apart of the nodes and loops of vibration and is consequently equal to a quarter of a wave-length.

We will lengthen the wave by hanging two strips of metal to the ends of the wires. This corresponds to the experiment in which I blew a different note upon the organ-pipe. The distribution of the nodes and loops of vibration is now a different one; the curved copper-wire no longer lies in a loop of vibration and is consequently effectual again: the tube is no longer lighted. But it will light up again when I bring the curved wire somewhat nearer to the tube, as at (B).

You see thus how closely these experiments agree with the ones we performed in the first part of this lecture.

I will but observe that this form of the arrangement of the plates is in all essentials principally due to Hertz, but that the method of investigation by means of Geissler tubes originated with Dr. Lecher, a physicist of Vienna; and, not to be inaccurate, I must also observe that the explanation of the phenomenon as I have here given it turns out upon closer examination to be not in every respect satisfactory. For our purpose it is nevertheless sufficiently complete.

On the basis of the calculations of which I before spoke, the number of vibrations for the foregoing experiment was determined to be about 15 millions per second. As our wave-length was found to be 20 metres you are easily in a position to determine by the multiplication of these two numbers the velocity of the transmission of such a wave; you will find it to be 300,000 kilometres, a number which you probably already know. It is the velocity of transmission of light. Electrical waves, therefore, are transmitted with the same velocity as the light-waves!

But this is only one of the surprising experimental results of Hertz, which we must follow still farther. Hertz sought first of all to obtain evidence of the propagation of these electric oscillations through *free* space. This is not a problem so essentially different from the one just above discussed as might appear; for in the foregoing experiment the air, or other sub-

stance between the wires, to which we attribute no other function than that of isolating the wires from each other, plays a very essential part. The salient point of the researches of Hertz is this, that by them the real arena of electrical oscillations is placed in these insulators, while the conductor simply plays the part of an impenetrable bounding surface to the medium in which the electric oscillations are produced. Hertz accordingly placed a metallic partition in the path of the electric waves which he had produced in a pair of plates of this kind, and demonstrated that the waves were reflected therefrom so as to produce stationary waves.

Since, now, as I intimated to you, the rapidity of the oscillations is dependent upon the nature of the metallic body in which they are produced, you can easily imagine that two bodies may be attuned to each other. If therefore we pace off the region of action of the stationary waves with some such properly arranged resonator, which is nothing more than a metallic substance with a break in it, we shall find that at certain points of the region sparks appear in the break and at others not. What conclusion we are to draw from this, is very evident. We have fixed the position of the nodes and loops of vibration.

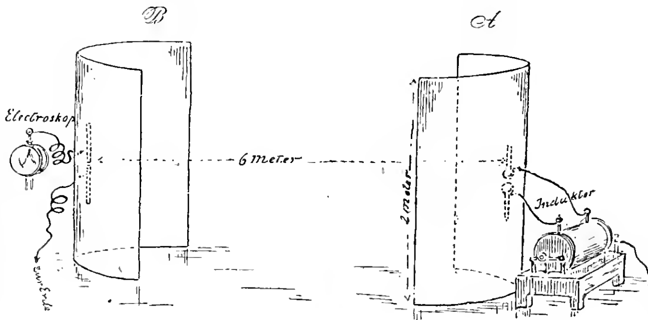

Fig. 8.

We will here repeat another, the most noted, of the experiments of Hertz. In the focal line of this large parabolic mirror (A., Fig. 8) we will produce oscillations by causing sparks to pass between two metallic bodies in connection with an inductorium. The ray of electrical energy thus produced will, in close analogy to our earlier experiment on the radiation of heat, be concentrated in the focal line of the second mirror (B). At that place is a metallic body with a break in it, at which a little spark will appear as soon as oscillations are produced at (A).

The question now is, how can I make visible to you this little spark, which despite the size of the apparatus is only about $\frac{1}{100}$ of a mm. long. To do this I proceed as follows: With one part of the metallic body in the second mirror I connect an electroscope whose leaves I project in visible form upon this screen; the other part of the metallic body I connect with the earth. If now I charge the electroscope, it will, it is evident, retain that charge, because its connection with the earth is interrupted by the break in the metallic body. But when a spark passes across the break, the connection is restored for the moment and the electroscope is discharged. The electrical ray which is here transmitted from the one mirror to the other will be made manifest to you by an instantaneous collapse of the leaves. Of course, the discharge of the electroscope does not stand in any intimate connection with the original phenomenon, but it affords us a convenient means for observing the latter.

You see now that the apparatus performs all that I have promised. Non-conducting bodies are penetrable to such a ray—for example, this board-partition which I have erected here admits its passage. Conducting substances are impenetrable to the ray, or are not "transparent"—for example, the human body. I and my assistant place ourselves in the path of the ray. You see that the electroscope retains its position. Now we step aside and at once the leaves collapse, a proof that we two are in this sense not "transparent."

And, furthermore, the ray which we produce here is necessarily polarised. The electrical action is not distributed uniformly about the axis of the ray; in a vertical plane it is different from what it is in a horizontal plane. I set up here, vertically, a grating which consists of a wooden frame strung with copper wire. You will not wonder that now the effect ceases; for we have interposed here a wall of conducting-substance which is impervious to electrical oscillations. I now turn the grating so that the wires are horizontal and as you see the effect reappears.

We may express this result as follows: If an induction-effect can take place in a body (the wires first were vertical, in a line with the path of the sparks), the body will behave like a metal, it will allow no ray of electric force to pass through it. If on the other hand no induction-effect can take place (as when the wires are horizontal) the body is for such rays "transparent." Without entering further into the discussion of these rays, it will be evident to you that an agreement with the experiments performed with light-rays exists here in the minutest details.

I will still mention that Hertz beside these experiments on reflection and polarisation also made similar experiments with regard to the refraction of electrical

rays. He employed for this purpose a prism made of an insulating substance, namely pitch.

I have already alluded to one significant aspect of the experiments of Hertz. But much more important is the perception which we last attained. These experiments furnish the experimental proof of a connection long previously suspected between electricity and light. According to the electromagnetic theory of light, which was principally elaborated by Maxwell and afterwards by Poynting and Hertz, light-vibrations are nothing else than the electric oscillations which we have here produced. Only the number of the vibrations is somewhat greater for heat and light undulations. Every phenomenon of light, according to Hertz, is of an electric nature, not merely the light of the incandescent lamp which is produced immediately by the electric current but also the light of a candle and of a glow-worm.

I should like in conclusion to show you a final experiment, which points from another side to the relations between electricity and light. Hertz also gave the impulse to this series of investigations. The researches were especially conducted by the Messrs. Hallwachs, Elster, and Geitel. It was found that certain kinds of light,—especially those invisible to our eyes, the ultra-violet rays, were able to influence considerably the phenomenon of electrical discharge. Their action on negative electricity is different from what it is on positive electricity.

Thus, I so place the electroscope, that the rays of the light from the lamp shall strike it without passing through the lenses. I do this because although glass transmits all visible rays, it does not transmit ultra-violet rays. The rays fall for the most part upon a particular part of the electroscope, namely upon the amalgamated zinc ball which you see here.* I now let the rays of light pass through a glass plate. I charge the electroscope with negative electricity. You see that the leaves fly apart. I remove the glass plate and at once the leaves collapse. I need not, perhaps, call your attention especially to the fact that in this case the discharge is the essential part of the occurrence, and not, as formerly, simply an adventitious accompaniment. We are very far from having found a final explanation for this phenomenon. The foregoing attempts at explanation would rank the occurrence as a phenomenon of electrical resonance.

If finally we gather together the results of these new and, as you see, most remarkable researches, they will appear at first sight to be wholly negative. For it would seem as if the existing theory of light, which had passed as incontestable, must be cast aside as worthless. And, moreover, the considerations here supplied do not tell us anything about the real nature of such an electric wave and consequently also nothing about the real nature of electricity. "Can we then," we ask, "this being so, trace everything back to that simplest and most comprehensive of all processes, motion?" As to the first point, however, the case is not so bad; we need not really abandon the wave-theory of light. Everything it has told us concerning waves, their length, their interference, etc.; the surprising inferences which it has drawn;—all that remains. Our conception only of a wave has been altered. We speak no longer of the disturbance of the elastic equilibrium of the ether, but of electrical and of the therewith inseparably connected magnetic disturbances. If we are not yet in a position to give a satisfactory answer to the second question, we at least have the advantage of knowing that there exist for us now only two provinces of natural processes. Namely, first, that of the mechanical and acoustical phenomena. And, secondly, the phenomena of that other province which now forms a kingdom by itself, but which is nevertheless a kingdom in which no chasms exist, but in which the mind may freely roam without its aspiration after a monistic comprehension of nature remaining at every movement unsatisfied.

*The zinc ball was fastened to the rod of the electroscope by means of a strong wire and hung between the lamp and the gold leaves of the electroscope, a little below them. The rays of the light influenced the ball and at he same time illuminated the electroscope, so that a projection on the screen was possible.

CURRENT TOPICS.

"Is Misther Murphy in?" said an Irishman, inquiring for a friend. "No," was the answer, "there is no Murphy in the building; the nearest we have to Murphy is O'Brien." "Well," said the visitor, "Its O'Brien I want." A like blunder, lacking the wit, was perpetrated the other day in Chicago, when a "Detective," accosting a lady on the street, inquired, "Is this Miss White?" "No," said the lady, "my name is Robinson." "Well," replied the Detective, "You are the woman I want. I arrest you for forgery, grand larceny, and breaking jail at Elmira, New York." In vain the lady assured her captor that she had never been in the state of New York. In vain she implored him to take her back to the office she had just left, where she would convince him that he had arrested the wrong person. Wooden and dull as his club, he marched her triumphantly through the streets up to the castle of his "Chief"; and that potentate, lawless as his vassal, committed her to prison as Miss White, of Elmira, although she offered to prove by her mother, her aunt, her cousin, her employer, and other witnesses that she was Mrs. Robinson, of Chicago. "Away with her," was the sentence, "to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat," and the kidnapped lady was escorted by those gallant men to a prison cell, there to be tortured by the inmates of adjoining cells, an insane woman on one side of her, and a drunken man on the other. At midnight her mother was allowed to take her home, under the espionage of two detectives, who "shadowed" her until next day, when she was taken out of their valorous guardianship, and brought before Judge Clifford on a writ of Habeas Corpus. Here, it having been conclusively shown that she was not Miss White, of Elmira, Mrs. Robinson, of Chicago, was discharged.

* * *

I see by Tuesday's paper that Mrs. Robinson has begun a civil action against the kidnappers who without any warrant either

from the state of New York or from the state of Illinois, seized her in the public streets and dragged her to a prison cell under the stubborn delusion that she was Miss White, of Elmira, in the state of New York, although they had no warrant even for the arrest of Miss White. Mrs. Robinson ought to file a criminal information against the whole syndicate of persecutors, and especially against the "Chief," the most hardened and unintelligent of the lot. Dogberry had more conscience and more sense. On Sunday morning one of the leading dailies, commenting on the unlawful arrest and imprisonment of Mrs. Robinson, exclaimed with editorial indignation, "Are we living in St. Petersburg?" as if a Cossack police was an exotic in Chicago, although congenial to the government of Russia. The innuendo lurking in the question contains an unjust imputation on the Russian system, for in St. Petersburg no such oppression would be permitted as is habitually practiced in Chicago. If imprisonment of the wrong person, or of the right person either, without warrant, without evidence, and without hearing the accused, should be tolerated in St. Petersburg, the alarmed citizens there might properly exclaim, "Are we living in Chicago?" If a wrong like that suffered by Mrs. Robinson were done in St. Petersburg, all the participators in it would be punished, and the "Chief" would be ignominiously dismissed from office. The only exception to this rule would be in the case of arbitrary arrests directly ordered by the government itself There is but one Czar in Russia; there are hundreds of him in America.

* * *

The illegal arrest of Mrs. Robinson, leads me to consider the nomination of Judge Altgeld for Governor of Illinois. I am glad that he was nominated; not on political grounds, for as to them I care nothing, but because he wrote a book, which his political opponents now declare shall be made a part of his platform. It is not often, in these days, that either party, in any state, has the courage to nominate a man for Governor who has enough sense to write a book; and when such a rarity is nominated, it is only fair that the other side should pelt him with his book until the end of the campaign. As soon as Judge Altgeld was nominated by the Democrats, the leading Republican organ exultingly quoted this bit of ancient wisdom, "Oh, that mine adversary would write a book"; and it said, "Judge Altgeld has done that, and we will now circulate his book among the people and expose his dangerous doctrines." That is a legitimate act of political war, and I hope to see the threat carried liberally into execution. Judge Altgeld's political fate is a small matter, but his book is of supreme interest. It will now be generally read, and therein lies the importance of his nomination. It brings the book into notoriety, and the reading of it will put an end to such Police rioting as the lawless arrest of Mrs. Robinson. It will abolish all the other "fantastic tricks" played by Jonathan Wild in the petty monarchy of Chicago. Through decay of public spirit, the topics discussed by Judge Altgeld in his book have become torpid, but under the excitement of an election they will become "Live Questions" in reality, especially those relating to "Our Penal Machinery" and "The Administration of Justice in Chicago." Under those headings we are shown how magisterial and ministerial policemen dislocate the Constitution, and trample down the statutes under the pretense of administering the law; throwing the social system into moral confusion under the plea of preserving order, and breaking nine commandments to enforce one.

* * *

Lest it may appear that the importance given to Judge Altgeld by his nomination for Governor, had magnified in my imagination the importance of his book, I may be pardoned for saying that I reviewed "Live Questions," nearly two years ago, as may be seen by *The Open Court* for September 18, 1890. At that time I really did not know whether Judge Altgeld's party label was "Republican" or "Democrat," but I did know that he was a judge, and I did think that his official position would compel public attention to the judicial malpractice then, as now, so common in our courts; and in that review I said: "Here from the bench itself comes a cry that in the days of our fathers would have moved the very stones to 'rise and mutiny.' That cry has been heard before but it rose to the sky unheeded, because it came from the halls of unrest, where labor pleads its cause. It came from the platform of discontent, where passionate invective shakes our social system like a storm. This appeal for justice was unheeded when it came from the 'lower classes,' and the men who made it were outlawed by 'society' as the enemies of social order; but a warning from the court house, a charge from a judge on the bench, will be heard above the jingle of coin in the bank, or the clamor of trade." My over confident expectation failed. The appeal of the book was not heard, but it will be otherwise now. The book becomes a "campaign document" because its author is a candidate, and therefore the dark story of our Courts of Injustice will be read. When a man becomes a candidate, that character, by the law of party spirit, attaches to everything he ever said or ever did, and his writings are tattooed all over him in the form of praise from his friends and censure from his enemies. Judge Altgeld could not now hide his book if he would, for his opponents will not allow that. His enemies cannot hide it either for his partisans will not allow that; and so "Our Penal Machinery," and "The Administration of Justice" become "Live Questions," and issues of the campaign.

M. M. Trumbull.

LIFE.

BY A. COX.

Could grain of sand o'er-see its own advance,
From rock,—through flower or fire,—to ether skies,
Despair and Death, to its unreasoning eyes,
Would mark each change of seeming fate or chance.

To thought of man; with high and god-like glance,
The world endures; whate'er the passing guise
Eternal, indestructible it lies,
The plastic slave of Life and circumstance.

And shall the spark, the atom of All-Life,
The cause of Form and Motion in the clod,
Decay or Die?—Annihilate the Soul!—
The fiends of sin and darkness wield no knife
With power to cut from man the germ of God
Or hurl him forth from His Eternal Whole.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals. By the Rev. *Henry Hughes*, M A. 2 Volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

We are reminded by the title of this work that a large proportion of the English reading world is still, professedly at least, Christian. By those who have progressed beyond this standpoint, the word *supernatural* will be regarded as irrational, and the second volume of this work, which treats of so-called "supernatural morals" may be deemed a superfluity. As a fact, however, this phrase might be used as indicative of classification rather than as having reference to origin; seeing that it is employed to express the distinctive features of Jewish and Christian morals. Under the former head is included "the phenomena of the moral life of all persons to whom, not being Christians, God has in some way revealed himself as the Moral Ruler of the universe." According to this view the Jews and Christians, together with certain individuals whose moral sense is highly developed, form a class, distinguished by its supernatural morality, apart from all the rest of mankind who are "pagans." The first volume of this present work exhibits a system of "natural morals" applicable to the

case of the second class, whose representative writer, according to the author, is Aristotle.

We are told that Aristotle speaks "with high authority on the subject of man's moral coustitution as it then was." We have here a distinct recognition of the fact of moral development in the human race, a fact which is admitted by Christian *scholars*, although they affirm that the development of the phases of morals spoken of as Jewish and Christian is due to supernatural revelation. Thus, according to Mr. Hughes, who divides ethics into three branches, natural, Jewish, and Christian, the phenomena which distinguish Jewish morality from that of "pagan or non-religious" man, arise from man being brought into conscious relations with God. Such is also the origin ascribed to the special phenomena of Christian morality.

The whole argument in favor of "supernaturalism" is to be found in the assertion that "in order to arrive at anything like a correct understanding of moral processes in the present day, it seems necessary to discriminate carefully between those that have their origin in the constitution of man's ordinary nature, and those that are dependent upon his being brought into personal relations with God." We are little interested in inquiries that assume the existence of supernatural facts. So the author will excuse us for neglecting this part of his work.

The first volume embodies the author's special views in relation to "natural morality." He ascribes moral obligation to the action of life-force which contains certain "currents of constraint." Thus man is impelled to adopt such modes of conduct "as appear to him to be suitable to his position as a constituent part of the world of nature." To this principle of conformity to nature is added the principle of law, which constrains to the adoption of conduct characterised by uniformity. Moreover, as a member of society, man is under constraint to adopt certain modes of conduct which are essential to intercourse and coöperation with his fellow men, and to act for the common good, as well as to help others and to seek help from them. But further, he is impelled, generally to satisfy his several desires in such a degree as tends to the maintenance and promotion of harmony among them ; but sometimes, so as to develop new relations of harmony among his desires. Here we have the source of the ideals which present themselves to the mind, and exert a constraining influence on the conduct; being thus intimately connected with the sense of individuality. The end which nature has in view in sometimes urging man to the encouragement of some desires and to the restraint of others is the growth towards a "fuller harmony in the system of desires and of more complete uniformity with natural rules." Ω.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRODUCE. By *James C. Smith*, Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute. Charing Cross Road, London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1892. 77 pages.

This is a plea for the "wage co-operative system" as against the "wage competitive system," and the ethical reasons for it are supported by economic explanations as to where the produce comes from and where it goes to under the complicated machinery of our present industrial system. In the language of the author it is an attempt to show "that employés representing the element labor, should participate in profits equally with employers representing the element capital, as a matter of justice, not as a matter of benevolence ; and that such equal participation in profits by employers and employés is mutually beneficial and practically possible." In this the author appears to be more successful on the sentimental than on the scientific side.

The proposed change from the wage competitive system to the wage co-operative system is a desirable one if it can be accomplished, but this can only be done under the persuasive eloquence of mutual interest, and that it would be for the advantage of all parties is not at all made clear by the argument of Mr. Smith. In fact, the difficulties in the way of it are presented by him when he says, "With these limitations there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the wage co-operative system from being adapted and applied to the work of the world to-day; all that is really necessary is the agreement freely entered into between employers and employés."

Certainly, anything can be done by "an agreement fairly entered into," but the plan must be profitable to both parties in the opinion of both parties before an agreement will be made. Mr. Smith's co-operative system is the wage system still. The workman is not a partner in the business; he is merely a sharer in the profits. Now, unless the workman be a part owner of the factory, profit sharing must always be a gift from the capitalist, because the laborers would not accept the factory as a Christmas present, and bind themselves to share the losses as well as the profits. They require that their wages must be a certain sure sum whether the business wins or not.

At the same time, Mr. Smith's book is instructive and useful for the skilful manner in which he separates our industrial system into its various elements, and shows how the produce is distributed, and the moral reasons why the shares of the producers are or ought to be so much for capital and so much for labor in proportion to the contribution made by each to the total product.

M. M. T.

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AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The subjoined letter was written to the Rev. Benjamin Waterhouse, an eminent Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Jefferson speaks of himself as a Unitarian, but he was what might have been described in later years, as a "Parkerite." There is preserved in the home of Jefferson's descendants in Virginia, near Monticello, a richly bound volume once belonging to that President, in which he had pasted side-by-side passages cut from the Greek and English New Testaments, such passages being exclusively the teachings of Jesus. It is tolerably certain that Jefferson, while not believing in the supernatural, was hopeful of Unitarianism. He and John Adams,—President and Vice President, representing antagonistic political poles,—used to attend the preaching of Dr. Priestley in Philadelphia. In the later years of their lives there was sufficient unity of religious opinion to draw the former leaders of hostile parties together, and they indulged in a voluminous correspondence. The allusion to John Adams in this letter is very remarkable. Adams was eight years older than Jefferson, who was in his 82d year when the letter was written. These two ex-presidents had mainly carried the Declaration of Independence, on the 50th anniversary of which they both died,—a unique historical coincidence. A picturesque circumstance of the University of Virginia, concerning which Jefferson writes, is that this first purely secular college in Christendom was built on one of the old glebes which the Revolution and republicanism had wrested from the English church establishment in Virginia.

"Monticello, Jan'y. 8, '25.

"Dear Sir:

"Your favor of Dec. 20 is received. The Professors of our University, 8 in number, are all engaged. Those of antient and modern languages are already on the spot. Three more are hourly expected to arrive, and on their arrival the whole will assemble and enter on their duties, there remains therefore no place in which we can avail ourselves of the services of the revd. Mr. Bertrum as a teacher. I wish we could do it as a Preacher. I am anxious to see the doctrine of one god commenced in our state. But the population of my neighborhood is too slender, and is too much divided into other sects to maintain any one Preacher well. I must therefore be contented to be an Unitarian by myself, altho I know there are many around me who would become so if once they could hear the question fairly stated.

"Your account of Mr. Adams afflicts me deeply; and I join with him in the question, Is existence, such as either his or mine, worth anxiety for its continuance. The value of life is equivocal with all its faculties and channels of enjoiment in full exercise. But when these have been withdrawn from us by age, the balance of pain preponderates unequivocally. It is true that if my friend was doomed to a paralysis either of body or mind, he has been fortunate in retaining the vigor of his mind and memory. The most undesirable of all things is long life; and there is nothing I have ever so much dreaded. Altho' subject to occasional indispositions, my health is too good generally not to give me fear on that subject. I am weak indeed in body, scarcely able to walk into my garden without too much fatigue. But a ride of 6, 8, or 10 miles a day gives me none. Still however, a start or stumble of my horse, or some one of the many accidents which constantly beset us, may cut short the toughest thread of life, and relieve me from the evils of dotage. Come when it will it will find me neither unready nor unwilling. To yourself I wish as long a life as you choose and health and prosperity to its end."

"Th. Jefferson.

"Superscription
"Doctr. Benjamin Waterhouse
"Cambridge, Mass."

PROFESSOR SEELEY'S NATURAL RELIGION.

BY ELLIS THURTELL.

The author of "Ecce Homo" is one of the most interesting literary philosophers of the present time. It has been for long a perfectly open secret that he is no other than Mr. J. R. Seeley, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. His "Natural Religion" is now just ten years old: and nothing seems to have

been added to its substance since its first publication. Much has however been accorded it in popularity and influence. And small is the wonder. For the book has all the characteristics that chiefly appeal to a period producing an ever-increasing number of men and women at once sceptical of "antique fables, beautiful and bright," and confident that these may be replaced by modern facts through which even beauty and brightness may be accorded all the consideration that is their due.

John Stuart Mill has somewhere said: "All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed "not by those who originate them, but by those who "know best how to compromise between the old opinions and the new." And Mr. J. R. Seeley has taken the spirit of the maxim entirely to heart. There is indeed a passage in the preface to his second edition that far out-Mills John Mill. In it Professor Seeley actually says: "I have always felt, and feel now as "much as ever, that my ideas are Christian. I am "surprised that any one can question it." Well, compromise of this kind must seem to many, at first sight, better described by a stronger and less complimentary name. And there are certainly some men who would, on reading such a confession of faith in such a place, have flung the book containing it into their limbo of literature found wanting and for sale. I am free to confess that a hasty impulse of the sort did momentarily scud across my own mind. To have let the little volume be borne away by this passing gust of perhaps pardonable impatience would have been to do a great injustice to its writer, and to involve upon its intended reader a genuine loss. But to say this, is not to allow that so extreme a case of compromise is either justified by the facts admitted, or consistent with the spirit of free investigation everywhere displayed. The one hopelessly jarring note in an otherwise wholly harmonious volume is, to my ear, struck by this passage, and by others like it scattered through the book. But with such disappointing discords I do not now propose to be concerned. Indeed Professor Seeley's Christianity has been so thoroughly purged of all supernaturalism that it in no way collides, as Christianity, with any discovery of exact science, or any speculation of positive philosophy. So that his theory of Natural Religion can quite well be put beside those of the most purely secular writers of the present day, and judged as being one of theirs.

Who, or what then is the object of the religious feeling championed in this remarkable and charming volume? It is not the Deity of the Churchman. Neither is it the Humanity of the Comtist. It *is* the Nature of the man of science who believes in Nature only. And this belief is declared to be theism, and to involve theology. "If we will look at things," says Professor Seeley, "and not merely at words, we shall soon see "that the scientific man [believing in no revelation] "has a theology and a God, a most impressive theology and a most awful and glorious God. I say, that "man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself, and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of "which he feels safety and happiness. And such now "is Nature to the scientific man." There is moreover another cementing tie between the theologian and the naturalistic devotee of science, besides the realisation of some pervading and stupendous Power. "A true "theist," proceeds our author, "should recognise his "Deity as giving him the law to which his life ought "to be conformed. And here it is that the resemblance of modern science to theology comes out "most manifestly." Admiration, awe, and even affection are claimed as amongst the feelings of the purely scientific contemplator for the infinite and eternal Universe that is his study. Even too the sense of personal connection between a worshipper and the object of his adoration cannot be denied to the truly enthusiastic searcher after Nature's Secrets. "He "cannot separate himself," we are reminded, "from "that which he contemplates. Though he has the "power of gazing upon it as something outside him-"self yet he knows himself to be a part of it."

To such association of man with the scheme of Universal Being we can cordially assent. But can we follow our lucid and persuasive author any further? Can we allow that distinction between philosopher and theologian which we had imagined as becoming clearer and more cogent every day to be so completely set aside? Can we admit that Pantheism and Theism are after all but different names for an identical idea? If compromise at any intellectual cost is to be our goal, such questionings may indeed give us some pause. But policy and politely evasive speaking set aside, surely the voice of pure philosophy—seeking truth only even in its sternest phase—must give out a prompt denial to these pleasant dreams.

Professor Seeley, in point of fact,—scrupulously fair to his opponents, and quick to catch the scope of their objections—has put the following words into the mouths of the "many religious men" who will inevitably, as he foresees, dispute his view. "We want to "make atheists believe in God," he hears them say, "and you do it, not by changing their minds, but by "changing the meaning of the word God. . . . Away "with these plausible distinctions which would make "it impossible for any rational being ever to be an "atheist." This imagined attack is met by a curious and subtle discussion as to the true meaning of Atheism. "An atheist in the proper sense of the word,"

Professor Seeley replies, "is not a man who disbe-"lieves in the goodness of God, or in his distinctness "from Nature, or in his personality. These disbe-"liefs may be as serious in their way as atheism, but "they are different. Atheism is a disbelief in the *ex-"istence* of God—that is a disbelief in *any* regularity "in the Universe to which a man must conform him-"self under penalties." And again that man only is allowed to be an atheist who is "without God, because "without a law."

Now here we come down upon the core of that Natural Religion which is the subject of this most thought-provoking little volume. It is a belief in the reign of law throughout the natural world. But can this belief—common to all who insist on taking the modern naturalistic as opposed to the mediæval super-naturalistic view of the Universe—can this sheerly scientific belief in cosmic order be accurately described as theistic, theological, or religious? I, for one most strongly hold that it cannot.

The author of "Natural Religion" identifies, in the sentence cited above, "a disbelief in the existence of God," not with a disbelief in God's distinctness from Nature, but "with a disbelief in any regularity in the Universe." Now at this point I must regretfully part company with our far-seeing and light-giving guide. By "existence of God" I *do* imply, contrary to Professor Seeley, existence apart from Nature. And by "regularity in the Universe" I do *not* imply, as does Professor Seeley, a regulating God. We have ample evidence already of a general reign of law: and even where order seemed to our ancestors the least apparent, chaos is being gradually reduced to cosmos by careful scrutiny and acute experiment. The majestic regularity of nature is everywhere disclosed, or being disclosed before our eyes. But where is the regulator in nature whom some assume? Nowhere, so far as I can see, or can even learn that others really see—conjecture and aspiration put apart, as altogether incompetent to prove.

The supposed opponents among religious men are surely justified on philosophic grounds in their adjuration: "Away with the plausible definitions which "would make it impossible for any rational being ever "to be an atheist." Many most rational and morally irreproachable beings do hold that we have no knowledge of any Power outside the powers of nature. And that all ascriptions of observed order, or apparent disorder to God or Devil are simply idle efforts at reversing scientific methods, by attempting to explain the known through the unknown. Some of those who so think prefer to describe themselves as agnostics, some as pantheists, some as atheists; while some avoid any of these names. The most unpopular of all these designations is that of atheist. Is this the reason that it is the most uncommon? Is it that the choice of title is usually determined rather by a timid spirit of compromise than by a sturdy eagerness for naked truth?

I am not now concerned to show that atheist is the proper name for everyone who refuses to call himself a theist. But I do wish to express the firm conviction that there is nothing in atheism from which the naturalistic contemplator of the Universe should shrink. Carlyle unfortunately gave a fresh lease of life to much illiberal thinking and loose talk about men who, in Professor Seeley's sense, were far less atheistic than himself. But the whirligig of time has brought round its revenge. And Carlyle now stands pilloried, in the opinion of the rationalistic generation which Darwins and Herbert Spencer have done so much to raise, for these very blunders of blank negation and despairing scepticism, because of which he so persistently castigated the leading naturalistic writers of his own and of a previous day. For theirs in general was the saving faith that Carlyle strangely lacked, but of which Professor Seeley has given so profound and impressive an account—the faith in that nature-truth whose separate features are to be first found out by science, and then formulated by philosophy into the guiding principles of life.

The author of "Ecce Homo" indeed holds by the dualism underlying even the most pantheistic conception of a regulated universal order. He meets a necessarily monistic atheism not with rhetorical exaggeration and abuse, but with such sweet reasonableness as comes like a benediction upon all. We cannot choose but listen. For a moment we are even tempted to lay down our weapons and make common cause with a peace-harbinger of such persuasive power. However this may not be. Peace to the pioneers of progressive thought can only come after the struggle and succeeding victory. The maxim that "the laws of nature are the thoughts of God" can only truncate the question whose real solution is thus given up and not supplied. To Professor Seeley we read "it is evident that in knowing nature we do precisely to the same extent know God." "It is evident" has been said to usually mean "I do not see how I am to prove." And this is to my mind its meaning here. At any rate I fail to grasp the necessary connection between the two terms of knowing nature, and of knowing God. The connection, it seems to me, can only be produced by the obvious artifice of em-employing God and nature as terms that are to all intents synonymous. But this would be mere paltering with words. As it is I can no more accept a deity or Godity creating, or regulating nature, than I can accept a vitality supporting life. Nature we know, and life we know: but what are these entities behind them but the shadows they themselves are casting—though,

unlike material objects, with diminishing distinctness before the ever increasing light?

Now where the idea of God has become—as in so many minds it unquestionably has—the simple shadow, not indeed of a name, but of the one intense and all-pervading reality of nature, what place is there for any natural religion? None truly at all. Nothing but a natural philosophy remains. Nor must we ever dream we actually need that which the truth, as it is in nature, has at last shown us to be a shadow after all. It is the substance only that we positively require for nourishment. And the *wants* of an earlier time, surviving even to our own, must not be taken as the measure of our imperative and present *needs*. These wants, no doubt, seem justified by some of the tenderest teachings we have known. They seem to nestle closely to some of the purest and sweetest spots of natures that are not all sweet and pure. And they have had—nay they yet have—what we still may call poetically a sanctifying charm. No healthy intellect can deny all force to reasonable pleading for a religion and a God. There are those who can claim continued possession by a religious sentiment that seems not practically to interfere with the perfectly bold and unbiassed pursuit of nature—knowledge. It is in theory only that they appear to any of us as falling at all behind that foremost line of philosophic thought which inevitably leads even the hindmost on. They on their part—Professor Seeley's beautiful exposition is a most welcome proof—look with real regard, and an almost pathetic regret upon the comrades whose ears are deaf to spirit-voices that still supply encouragement to them. We and they must certainly at every halt clasp hands. Yet none the less is "Pure Philosophy" our only battle-cry, though "Real Religion" be still conjoined to this in theirs.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Frank Walker and his friend Charles Allen, two engineers on one of our great inland roads went to a labor meeting to hear an agitator of renown. The speech was very effective and the orator pleased the audience. He spoke of the great hopes of the future when labor shall be easier and the laborer shall rule the world. He denounced capital in every form as that which gives power to him who owns it to enslave and control men so that they must work for him and help him to increase his wealth.

The address was over and several speakers followed the orator of the evening, debating with him and criticising the measures he proposed for the future welfare of society. His theory was some kind of nationalism and his adversaries of anarchistic sentiments made the debate very hot. But he came out victorious, at least in the opinion of his own followers. He was never embarrassed for whenever he failed in argument he made his escape by fierce denunciations of the rich and a storm of applause invariably rewarded him whereupon he looked fiercely around and sat down with an air of scorn as if he had challenged a man who did not dare to fight.

When the two engineers went home Charles said to Frank:

"I do not yet quite understand how the laborer can be benefited by the elimination of the capitalist from society. May be the labor question is like the perpetual motion question an insolvable problem. But if it is to be solved at all, it seems to me, that none of the speakers who took part in the debate touched the salient point. Suppose capital were abolished, and we were living in that blessed state where all the land belongs to the community so that we might keep a cow grazing on the common and go out hunting to shoot a deer for breakfast, would we, the laboring class be benefited by the change? Scarcely! We would be little better off than are the Indians now, the 'free children of nature' who are not enslaved by capitalism."

"You do not understand the idea," replied Frank. "It is that society shall own all the capital and we become possessors of the common wealth of machinery and all the implements of production as well as mines, forests, fisheries, and all the other natural opportunities."

"Don't talk to me of that Utopian proposition. It is impossible in itself. I would rather serve a company or a private capitalist than society at large. Look to the undignified conditions of our political life. Consider that the offices of the government are given to those who control votes and not to those who would serve the people best. Do you think that the mass meeting we have just attended is morally or mentally competent to appoint railroad engineers, or any other workmen in any of the departments of our complicated system of industry? The capitalist, even if he be a relentless egotist appoints the man who will do the work best."

"And who does it cheapest," interrupted his friend.

"Well, that may be. I agree with you that we must work for the improvement of the laboring classes. We ought to seek for higher wages and that is always the gist of the social question, lighter work, fewer hours, more pay! What I mean to say is this that the real social remedy is a matter of slow development; the trouble is not a disease that can be cured by a panacea. All the propositions to cure our ills by tearing down the institutions of society and building them up again according to another plan are only so many hindrances to the recognition of the real problem. This loose talk about how the future society

should be arranged is a waste of words. There are men who get excited about it as if they had made a motion and the vote on it was to be taken to-morrow, while in fact the whole scheme is visionary."

"But the cause of labor must be promoted," Frank ventured to suggest.

"Of course it must," replied Charles, "but it cannot be promoted either by destroying or nationalising capital which latter would almost amount to the former considering that nationalised capital would be rapidly wasted by bad management. All the schemes of labor reformers, so far as I know of them, lead back to barbarism; instead of proposing progress, they point back to past stages which ought by this time to be regarded as gone by and done with forever."

"Can you suggest a way to bring about progress?" asked Charles with irony.

"Not I," said Charles.

"Aye, there's the rub," was Frank's sarcastic remark. "Criticising is easy. So long as you know no better, let our reformers think of and propose their schemes. They work and aspire for labor; they accomplish something and that is better than nothing. They attempt at least approximations of our ideals."

"No, they do not," retorted Charles,—"I do not mean to say all of them, but at least those I have listened to—they do not. If they did I should be satisfied, but they actually lead in the wrong direction; they put us back. They are not better, they are worse than nothing, they are retrogressions and put us back."

"If you know what puts us back, you ought to know what puts us forward, and you ought to show us the way to go."

"*I* ought not, but history ought to do so. Let a man who is familiar with the present conditions of labor study history, and history will reveal the secret. Have we not actually progressed? Partly by fighting the capitalist and enforcing fewer hours of toil, easier work and higher pay, but all those struggles would have availed nothing had not capital grown rich enough to make the concessions. Capital is the milch cow of labor and instead of trying to kill her we ought to help her to give more milk. The richer and more powerful capital is, the easier it will yield to our conditions, while on the other hand the poorer and the more wretched laborers are the less resistance can they oppose to oppression."

"Then you concede that we ought to fight capital?"

"I concede or rather I maintain that we ought to struggle for a constant improvement of our conditions. This can not only be done merely by demanding higher wages, but also by enabling capital to pay higher wages. I go farther still. The solution which history and the present situation offer is that laborers become capitalists. Being capitalists, even small capitalists, they become share holders in the wealth of the community; and the better off a laborer is, the higher wages can he demand. But if we wish to become capitalists we must save and not waste, we must not break the bottles when we have emptied them, after the manner of Powderly, in order to make a scarcity of bottles, and thus increase the demand of labor, but we must live economically and save."

"Well, my dear fellow, you want us to acquire the same habits for which we blame the oppressors of mankind. No, that won't do. A laborer is an honest man, but a capitalist is a drone among the bees. I read of late in the back number of the *Twentieth Century* that if a laborer saves money and buys one of these magic papers, as the editor of that journal called it, which draw interest, he thereby becomes detestable. So far as he is a laborer, he is praiseworthy and honest, but so far as he is a capitalist, he is a barnacle to society!"

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense? So say all the capitalists! You say nonsense because you have no better argument."

"I have arguments enough, but the best argument is that if you tried to live up to those principles, the result would be lamentable."

"If the result would be lamentable that would prove at best that it is a lamentable world we live in and not that the principle is wrong. Don't you recognise that there is an ideal realm superior to the world? Principles are ideals."

"Well, I give in; if your ideal principles are the criterion of superiority, then the whole world is wrong and if we fare ill with our principles, it is the worse for the world."

* * *

A few days later Frank and Charles visited a scientific lecture on evolution which liberal minded members of our progressive churches had established for an almost nominal entrance fee.

"This lecturer," said Charles to his friend, "reminds me of our discussion on capital and labor. Man has grown out of the animal world exactly by becoming a capitalist in soul-treasures."

"That is again one of your odd ideas. How will you make that out?"

"What is capital? It is labor stored up for making further labor more effective. One might imagine that labor done has been done and is used up for ever. But no! It can be made serviceable to the future. We can actually make it live after the work is over. Build a road, a bridge, a railroad-bed, and travelling will be easier forever after that. We can hoard labor up and use it to double and treble the returns of other work. Capitalising is making labor immortal. It con-

tinues to yield a rich harvest; it brings regularly its returns."

"Well, and how do you apply this principle to the evolution of man?"

"The first human beings among the anthropoids were exceptions as much so as are the capitalists exceptions to-day. They of course were more powerful than their less fortunate brothers, and it is very likely that they exercised their power over them, which may have given cause to much jealousy. But there was little use in decrying this condition; the others had to follow their example and acquire the same kind of capital until all humanity became like them so that the whole species man stands now high above the rest of the animal world as the big millionaire in soul-values."

Frank looked at his friend who continued meditatively:

"I see a future dawning on mankind that will be as much grander than the present state as is the present over the anthropoid era. I expect that this grand future will have not only a higher civilisation in store for us, but also a fabulous capital of comfort, prosperity, and wealth. The princes of our Saxon ancestors about a thousand years ago lived not as well or as comfortably as you and I live to-day; and we are laboring men who live upon the work of our hands. Thus the laborer will enjoy in that distant future the comforts of our millionaires."

"That certainly is the aim we all pursue," exclaimed Frank, "and if your method of attaining it were wise, I should say that our labor agitators should rather work in that direction, and they will, as soon as they see it as you do."

"As soon as the laborer has grown to be a capitalist, he has gained his independence. While at present the wage earner seeks for the employer, the employer will under these altered conditions seek for his laborers. Then, wage earners will not so much compete with wage earners, as employers will compete with employers to secure workmen; and they will no longer pay the lowest price for labor, but the highest price the business will afford."

Frank nodded assent. "That would be an arrangement of society," he said, "in which the laborer would find justice."

Charles continued:

"But this state of society, if my view be sound, can never be brought about by any panacea of our re-reformers, neither by a single tax nor by Mr. Bellamy's Nationalism, nor by tearing down the present order of society, and rebuilding it according to utopian plans of any description, but simply by patient labor, economic habits, by improved education and by increasing the wealth of mankind. It is not a matter of measures but of action. The road lies before us, it is the same road on which we have traveled. We have not to retrace our steps but to go on undaunted." P. C.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

(Written in the English Lake District.)

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN.

If you desire a well-known point to reach,
  Some tourist's Mecca quickly to attain,
  The beaten high-roads you will not disdain
To follow, nor to con what guide-books teach
Assiduously; but if not, as a leech,
  You suck your knowledge from another's brain,
  You'll brave the wilderness and reck nor pain
Nor danger, though your dearest friends beseech
You tarry with them. In this unctuous world
  If you desire an easy prosperous course
  You'll do as others do unquestioningly.
For, if you try discovery, you'll be hurled
  Outside society's pale, the mightiest force
  At your command can't change this destiny.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HYMNS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Sir:—Doubtless Gen. Trumbull is not in the way of hearing or reading hymns. Nevertheless, with cheerful confidence he evolves the camel from his inner consciousness, and announces that a certain well known specimen is a "harsh and fiery" production. One might as well apply these epithets to the Lord's Prayer:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
  A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
  Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
  Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
  He follows in His train.

"A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
  Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train."

That is to say, as expressed in your own admirable remarks on faith, in the same number,—"He who is faithful will conquer." Conquer what? His own weakness of will, his temptation to disloyalty to truth, his readiness to let comfort instead of character get the upper hand. "Christian mythology," like all others, is that dramatising, consciously or otherwise, of the movements of our inner life which has always resulted when "morality is touched with emotion" and becomes religion. What is Christ's blood-red banner but the "heart within, blood-tinctured with a veined humanity"—as Mrs. Browning sings:

"Like Him with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
  Who follows in his train?"

And this is the harsh and fiery chant which is supposed to incite to deeds like that of the Liverpool mob. "It is well to be a free-thinker, but it is likewise well to have a respect for facts," as John Fiske says in his war volume. As to the performance in the

Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, one is tempted to borrow Charles Lamb's apology for a particularly cloudy and unintelligible discourse of Coleridge's, and say that being a cathedral, "it must have its fun." LOUISE KENNEDY.

Concord, May 5, '92.

[The above letter was sent to *The Open Court* through one of its esteemed contributors who referring to the same subject writes as follows :]

"My own feeling is simply regret that General Trumbull should thus have weakened the force of a just rebuke. The idea of conquering Palestine is atrociously immoral, and has always been so. The vow of the Knight Templar is simply a pledge to commit murder. The mutual understanding of the Knights that this pledge is to be repudiated saves them from being murderers at heart, but only by making them hypocrites. The wickedness of making vows that are not meant to be kept cannot be rebuked too sternly. F. M. HOLLAND."

[Gen. M. M. Trumbull's reply reads as follows :]

I think that Mrs. Kennedy is right, and that I, myself, instead of the hymn, was "harsh and fiery." She is also right in supposing that I erred through ignorance of what I was talking about. I had never heard the hymn that I described as "harsh and fiery," and I had never read a word of it except that opening line, "The Son of God goes forth to war." From that I built up the entire hymn, as Cuvier used to build up any animal you chose to call for if you would give him the smallest bit of its bone for a beginning. This feat is possible in anatomy, but unsafe to attempt in poetry.

I thank Mrs. Kennedy for exposing my blunder, and for teaching me the hymn. I see nothing objectionable in it when explained; and by the way, that is the trouble with so many hymns; they are so deeply religious that they have to be spiritualised by explanations before their moral meaning can be seen. For example, let us look at the opening lines of the hymn in controversy :

> "The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain;
> His blood-red banner streams afar;
> Who follows in his train?"

Those lines in spite of their "harsh and fiery" sound, are mild and peaceful when read by the light of the succeeding verses and the explanations of Mrs. Kennedy. My excuse for giving them a "harsh and fiery" character is that I found them in martial company, doing military duty, and stimulating warriors who flashed their naked swords in the very church itself when the Apostles creed was read.

It is not at all certain that the Knights Templar, marching on a new crusade against Palestine would allow those opening lines to be qualified by the succeeding verses, or by Mrs. Kennedy's explanations. The whole performance that I criticised was theatrically warlike, and I thought that the hymn was chosen for its military sound. Ignorant of the hymn itself, I was easily misled by its opening words, when I found them in such company. Mrs. Kennedy's definition of "Christ's blood-red banner," may be poetically and sentimentally correct, but it is not historically true. In the hands of the Knights Templar, "Christ's blood-red banner" had no such meaning. It was the symbol of slaughter, and its religious appeal was "Death to the Saracen."

Mrs. Kennedy thinks that I am not "in the way of hearing or reading hymns"; and here she is right again. I relish the sarcasm, for it has to me a pleasant flavor. The reason why I neglect the study of hymns is that I was brought up on them; and the first coin that I ever owned I earned by committing a hymn to memory. In my childhood I was pampered so much on hymns that in my later years, I have kept as far as possible out of the way of hearing them. I readily admit that many of them are very beautiful and very good: and they have had the good sense to attach themselves to sweet and melodious music; but I think that most of them are selfish and self-righteous, and religiously false.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PROFESSOR AND OTHER POEMS. By the author of "Moods," "Times and Days," etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd. 1892.

These verses breathe a truly poetical spirit and their author is not only a poet but at the same time a man of thought. We cannot agree with many of the views and sentiments he expresses but some of his ideas will, no doubt, find an echo in many aspiring hearts. The poem "Doubts and Duty," describes most graphically and perhaps copied from life the state of mind of a clergyman who having lost his faith in the creed of the church still remains in his position, now accusing himself, and now justifying his attitude.

He says:

> "But is there more of harm than merit in't?
> Although I doubt, I doubt if doubting's good
> For all mankind. Perhaps delusion's best
> For all the common toilers on the earth,
> Whose trivial round and irksome daily task
> May well be lightened to them by the thought
> Of better times than these, or place than earth.
> . . . .
> I teach the Creed I vowed that I would teach,
> I do not say this Creed is but a lie—
> Whoso believes it holds what cannot be,
> And desecrates his sacred temple, Thought,
> By harboring in its shrine a paltry lie.
> I do not preach my inmost thought of all,
> But outer thoughts, which, sound and sweet enough
> Although the heart is rotten, cannot harm.
> . . . .
> I have emoluments, these comforts here—
> . . . .
> All this I have connected with this trust
> Of saving souls. True, I might give them up,
> Refuse to take a penny since my thoughts
> Have straggled from the Church's stolid rock.
> . . . .
> I cannot, as it is, convince myself
> But that more evil would be done to all
> If I were, for the scruples of my brain,
> To cease to preach that I have ceased to hold.

The poem closes with the following consideration:

> Remember, it is not you I'd convince;
> Your Conscience cannot be a guide to mine;
> It is myself that I have got to shew
> That I am doing right, not doing wrong,
> And if there be a right and wrong at all,
> Which for the present purpose I concede,
> I have convinced myself that right is done
> By staying in the fold, and preaching truth,
> Which, as you say, I know to be a lie."

We do not doubt that this picture is true to life. There are a great number of clergymen who "doubting doubt if doubting's good," and stay in the fold because of the negative argument that they cannot convince themselves "but that more evil would be done," if they cease top reach what has become to them a lie. The quoted lines remind us of an article that appeared some time ago in *The Monist*, (Vol. II, No. 2, p. 278) under the title "The Clergy's Duty of Allegiance to Dogma and the Struggle Between World-Conceptions"

There also the proposition is upheld that "Clergymen who have grown liberal should not leave the church." But the argument is very different; nor is it said that these liberal clergymen should continue to preach the old dogmas which have become to them untrue. The church or any of the churches is not founded to make propaganda for absurd dogmas. The church has been

founded to teach ethics and these ethics are based on what at the time of the church's foundation appeared to be absolute truth. The purpose of the church is deeper than its dogmas, indeed, religious dogmas are but an attempt at formulating the truth, and a clergyman's duty of allegiance is first to truth, to the real purpose of the church, and not at all to dogma, although mistakenly he has been bound by men who could not distinguish between them to teach the latter instead of the former. It is the duty of clergymen who have progressed with the time and have overcome the untenable notions of antiquated dogmas to stay in the church and to make their influence felt to broaden the spirit of the church. If the church removes them from their position, they yield to the authority at present in power, but they should not yield without a struggle, to be conducted on their part modestly but firmly, with reverence toward their authorities, with tact and decency, but fearlessly and bravely, for they are fighting not only for their personal interests but for the progress of mankind, they are fighting for the holiest treasures of the church—for truth.

The poet is a pessimist that would have been a delight to Schopenhauer, and many of his verses are extremely gloomy. As an instance we quote several lines from "A Mummy at the Feast."

"Egyptians had a mummy at their feasts,
To keep the present temperate in its joys
By thought of the to-morrow, which is stark,
. . . .
No mummy's needed to apprise grown men
That Death's within the ambit of our laugh,
That his cold breath mixes with our hot sighs.
. . . .
Remind me of the grave! Nay, if you will
Give me mnemonics for my benefit,
Recall my memory to this pleasant hour,
In which you laugh, I cannot even smile.
Mummy! There are more mummies at my feast
Than living men! The world's a charnel-house,
And all the laughter comes from ignorance
Of the grim guests which sit about the board,
But which I hob-a-nob with. Death itself
Is here beside me! Why his trophies vaunt?
There's not much need to take my thoughts to him,
He has already often ta'en my heart,
And it is buried underneath the sod
Which smiles in daisies mocking at my woe.
These epitaphs are only half the truth,
There are more buried there than yet are dead."

κρς.

LECTURE ON THE BIBLE. By Rev. *Charles Voysey*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

The present is the fifth edition of Mr. Voysey's pamphlet, with which is now published by way of introduction a few remarks by the Rev. Herbert Taft Root, intended to supply the constructive element in which the lecture is deficient. Mr. Voysey's object is to prove the fallibility of the Bible by reference to some of the "contradictions" it contains. These he divides under the three heads of, passages which attribute to God feelings or conduct unworthy of Deity; passages which directly or indirectly inculcate wrong-doing or bad motives in man; and passages illustrating the human error and infirmity of Jesus. So far as it goes the work is on the whole well done, but it is doubtful whether so slight a contribution to Biblical criticism can be of much real service for the advancement of truth. Mr. Root's remarks are good. He well says that a written revelation of God once for all is a manifest impossibility while human nature remains as it is. He adds truly that "all nature is a revelation of God, never varying, never false or contradictory, but differently apprehended by the different onlookers." In attempting to explain the mystery of evil in the universe "each sincere seeker in every age seems able to give such explanation as justifies the common faith of all the good, high or low in intellectual status, in the fixed principles of goodness and order." Ω.

THE PRISON. A Dialogue. By *A. B. Brewster*. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

We have in this book a dialogue between four characters designated as a supernaturalist, a neo-Christian maiden, a positivist, and a wise man. It turns on the supposed discovery of a manuscript written by a man condemned to solitary confinement, who records from day to day the thoughts which come into his mind. The idea intended to be developed appears to be, that the unity of the individual is made up of two principles, the animal and the divine. The belief in the supernatural does not entail the determination of a supreme principle nor of the right path, and religion is distinct from ethics. Animal sympathy is the main source of right conduct. The notion of God is a form of self-consciousness, arising from the possession of the divine principle, which necessitates eternal existence. This commences only with the dissolution of self, whose earthly task is "to tame wild life and caress it into beauty." The author has treated a mystical subject with considerable ingenuity, but with, we fear, little practical result. Ω.

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FARMING AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY PROF. CALVIN THOMAS.

In a recent issue of *The Open Court* (No. 245) Mr. E. P. Powell draws attention to what he regards as a conspicuous defect of our common schools, the fact, namely, that they universally neglect the sciences that "make the land and things on the land pre-eminently interesting." These sciences, by which he means especially botany, zoölogy, geology, and chemistry, Mr. Powell thinks "should of course compose the burden of early education." Instead of these however the pupils learn precisely those things "that point toward trade and town life." And this Mr. Powell thinks particularly unfortunate since at the present time "the deepest political problem of England and Germany, as well as of America, is how to reverse the drift toward urban residence."

The educational theory here propounded is novel and interesting, and I desire, in a purely scientific and not at all in a controversial spirit, to examine it from a point of view which must either have escaped Mr. Powell or have seemed to him to lie aside from his path.

It is safe to assume, probably, that most thoughtful people would agree with Mr. Powell in deprecating the present cityward tendency of our American population. Whether it is really "the deepest political problem" of our day is another question. Personally I incline to the opinion that the danger is not so great as it is often imagined, and that the evil will tend to correct itself from purely economic causes. But granting the gravity of the situation and the desirableness of enlisting the school-master in the interest of a reaction, I raise the query whether Mr. Powell's diagnosis of the case is correct and whether the remedy he proposes would prove efficacious.

Stated in simplest terms the question is this: Would the teaching of botany, zoology, geology, and chemistry in the common schools have a tendency to check the influx of young people from the farm to the city? I think not. Mr. Powell seems to assume without argument that all that is necessary to make farm life attractive to boys and girls, is to turn their attention early in life to the sciences that "make the land interesting" to an adult of scientific proclivities. He expects that the boy who knows something of the facts of botany, zoölogy, etc., will therefore be ready, or at least much more ready, to devote his life to the tilling of the soil. But where is the experience to justify such an expectation? The agricultural colleges of the United States have been founded in part for the express purpose of educating farmers, but it is well known that they have not been conspicuously successful in this part of their mission. In every quarter the complaint has been heard, and most often from the farmers themselves, that the young men, after receiving at considerable expense a farmer's education, persistently refuse to become farmers. (By a "farmer" I mean here one who earns his living by tilling the soil; farmers by proxy, political farmers, etc., are expressly left out of consideration). But now, if the agricultural colleges, working upon youths who are at the right age to derive most profit and a most decided bent from scientific instruction,—if the colleges find it so hard to create a taste for farming among their students, is there much to be hoped from a smattering of three or four sciences learned at an early age in the common schools?

I say a smattering, since it is evident that nothing more than that could be attained in average cases. Mr. Powell would have the land sciences "compose the burden of early education"; but surely reading, writing, and an elementary knowledge of numbers must come first. Learning to read is the indispensable foundation of all other learning whatsoever; and really it takes a long time to learn to read. There are also good grounds for wishing to have a little American history, and a modicum of geography taught in the common schools. A little drawing is also very desirable. With these the usual subjects taught (and I fail to see, by the way, how any of them can fairly be said to "point toward trade or town life" more than to any other life), there is little time left for instruction in the sciences "that make the land interesting." But suppose that little, increased as much as possible by the processes of curtailing and wedging-in, to be used for such a purpose. Suppose the time given to a series of science-primers, or to elementary object lessons, if the latter

were deemed better: what would be the practical result in average cases? Anything more than a useless smattering? Would the pupil take with him any really inspiriting, character-building scientific knowledge such as would sustain him in following the plow or tend to repress his cityward yearnings?

I think there is no doubt how the great mass of intelligent teachers, even those most in sympathy with the end proposed, would answer these questions. They would say that in three cases out of five the instruction would produce no appreciable effect whatever on the mind and character of the pupil; that in one of the other two it would blight an otherwise promising scientific curiosity by setting tasks for which the mind would not be ripe. (I make this remark because we could not expect geniuses to teach science in the common schools, at least not as wages now are); in the remaining case they would say that a real bent for scientific study might be imparted. But then, they would add: The first effect of that bent, when the pupil had gone to work upon the farm, would be to make him long to be away that he might have time and opportunity for further study.

In short it strikes me that Mr. Powell does not discriminate sharply enough between a love for the sciences that make the land interesting and a love for the art of digging one's living out of the ground—two things that are not at all identical, not even functions of each other. Nor does he allow sufficiently for the difference between the instincts of youth and the reasoned opinions of the philosophical adult who has seen something of life in divers phases and can tell the better from the worse. There is a certain youthful emotion, called in German "world-thirst," and referred to by Tennyson in the well-known lines of "Locksley Hall":

> "Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
> Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield."

It is this emotion, in some one of its many phases, that draws the country boy, to some extent the country girl also, away from the farm to the city. It begins to be borne in upon him in early boyhood, that the life of the farm is a narrow, monotonous life of hard work, small pay, and meagre opportunity for action, enjoyment, or improvement. He goes to the city in search of a better opportunity. Doubtless it would be better for him in most cases to remain upon the farm, but *he* does not know that until experience has taught him. He knows from books or from hearsay of men who have left the farm and found fame, money, or excitement in the city. He knows nothing of the battles they have fought, nothing of the difference between himself and them, nothing of the countless failures that he has not heard of. He feels himself drawn away. The more knowledge you give him, knowledge that tells of an outside world in which men are doing, studying, finding out all sorts of interesting things, the more you add fuel to the flame.

I conclude, therefore, that very little can be done by the common schools to check the drift toward the cities. For this we must rely chiefly upon economic forces. Whatever tends to improve the economic status of the farm-industry and to elevate the plane of the farmer's life, will tend to correct the evil. What little the schools *can* do can best be done, in my opinion, by ethical rather than by scientific instruction. For it is a question of character, rather than of knowledge, that we are here concerned with, and it is the character-building studies that I should wish to see "compose the burden of early education.".

DEAD-LETTER DOGMAS

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

When the naturalist Bonpland was arrested by order of Dictator Francia, he whiled away his leisure by exploring the neighborhood of a military hospital, where one day the post steward showed him a tame snake which at once attracted his attention by its peculiar appearance.

It was a full-grown specimen of the harmless rock-serpent, often domesticated in Paraguay on account of its rat-catching talents, and from its head to the middle of its body exhibited the steel-blue metallic lustre of its species, but the remaining portion of its skin had turned gray, and the terminal vertebræ seemed to drag along like an appendage of inert matter. Seeing that the strange creature could be handled, the naturalist examined it more closely, and was surprised to find that a full third of its body had become atrophied so completely that it felt like a shriveled piece of bone and could neither be bent nor compressed. According to the statement of the hospital steward, the snake had existed in that condition for nearly a year, and it seemed a puzzle how its internal organism could have accommodated itself to the abnormal predicament and how it could move without apparent inconvenience.

That mystery is, however, rivalled by the marvel of semi-ossified creeds. In the course of the last thirty centuries the history of ethics has at least four times recorded the phenomenon of prosperous religions surviving the credibility of their tenets and continuing their ceremonial functions—or even the progress of their propaganda, apparently unhindered by their connection with a defunct dogmatic appendage. About three thousand years ago the Moloch worship of the ancient Phoenicians was transplanted from Tyre to the north-coast of Africa and the temples of the cruel creed towered among the palaces of Carthage, but the merchants of that enterprising city contented them-

selves with paying their quota of the annual tithes and would have requested a lunacy commissioner to investigate a proposition to avert droughts by the sacrifice of a child.

During the first two centuries of our chronological era the shrines of polytheism continued to multiply throughout the thirty-five provinces of *Orbis Romanus*, and the emoluments of the priesthood may be inferred from the fact that even in third-class towns the incumbents of sacerdotal offices were generally able to minister to the financial, as well as spiritual needs of their relatives. Yet at the same time the results of rationalistic inquiries had become a decidedly open secret. Lucretius and Cicero professed tenets strikingly similar to those of our latter-day pantheists. Quintilian ventured to speak of an "all-sustaining God of Nature," and the disciples of Epicurus compromised the question by admitting the possible existence of Gods who, for all one could know to the contrary, might reign in heaven, but evidently had not the slightest disposition to interfere in terrestrial affairs. Diagoras, the Grecian Ingersoll, delivered popular lectures on the absurdities of ancient myths, and Xenophanes called attention to the suspicious circumstance that the gods of Africa were black and those of the Thracian highlands fair and blue-eyed. Natural philosophers were *ex officio* sceptics, though, like some of the more cautious modern followers of Spinoza, they used the word "god" as a summary of the cosmic powers. "The universe and the sky," says Pliny ("Hist. Nat. II. 1.) "in whose embrace all matter is contained, may be deemed a God, vast and everlasting, never begotten and never to perish. This we may admit, but to search for secrets beyond this is of no profit to man, and, indeed, transcends the limits of his faculties."

The Sicilian Euhemerus suggested that the gods might originally have been kings, whose history in the course of ages had become interwoven with myths, and even before the time of Constantine, the oracles (once by no means confined to Delphi) had been so mercilessly ridiculed that some of them were abandoned from want of patronage. Legendre in his "Traité de l'Opinion, ou Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoir de l'Esprit humain," has collected a most amusing miscellany of witticisms at the expense of the practice of divination. If a convivial Roman laid in a new supply of wine his friends acquainted him with a revelation to the effect that fate had "doomed him to pass a night in the sewer, harassed by gutter-snipes and squeaking rats"—imitating the mystic style of the Pythoness. A libertine was favored with a prognostic of his gallant adventures and a gambler with what our sportsmen would call "tips," concerning the chances of more profitable investments. Even the Roman street Arabs played at augury, pretending to read the decrees of fate in the entrails of drowned cats. Considering such changes of public opinion it seems certainly strange that Roman patricians continued to compete for the honor of hierarchic functions, or that at the end of the second century the total number of oracles should still have exceeded a hundred, in Eastern Europe alone. In every campaign augurs were consulted on the chances of success, though the Roman general Sertorius was apt to "correct fortune" by instructing his soothsayers to furnish verdicts favoring his private plan of operations.

Some of the oracles of northern Africa continued to turn out horoscopes till the followers of Mohammed suppressed them by force of arms, but Islam itself, with all the religious conservatism of the oriental nations, has not escaped the influence of scepticism. The tenets of the Sufists, who as early as A. D., 1400 counted their disciples by tens of thousands, seem to be a mixture of Buddhism and gnostic mysticism, but had certainly little, if anything in common with the doctrine of the Prophet, whose memory they nevertheless continued to honor with orthodox rites and pilgrimages. The Koran prohibits the encouragement of arts tending to imitate the exploits of the creator by the handiwork of his creatures, very his Imperial Highness, the Sultan of Morocco, seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the specifications of that interdict cannot be applied to photography which "being the effect of the sun, cannot be properly designated as the work of human hands,"—at all events his majesty appears to have taken a personal interest in a collection of photographic views of the Chicago exhibition grounds, and intimated a desire to get similar souvenirs of his commissioner's visit to other cities of the western continent. The agent of a patent medicine firm seems to have been equally successful in persuading the citizens of Constantinople that the prohibition of wine cannot be applied to medicated bitters," but Mohammed Baber Khan, the conqueror of northern Hindostan, went a step further, and argued that wine itself might be lawfully drunk at the source of the Indus, under climatic circumstances so different from those of the Arabian deserts.

That shrewd observer, Count Benso Cavour, remarked that the multiplication of sects in England and North America may have something to do with the appreciation of the propriety to modify the name of "Christians." But with or without that change of nomenclature we must admit that in many countries of Christendom the prevailing practice of the inhabitants has come to imply, not only a modification but an absolute antithesis of the prevailing creed. If a pious Hindoo should devote his holidays to lectures on the duty of sparing the lives of all fellow-creatures

and divide his week days between slaughterhouse work and parforce hunts, the incongruity could not be more glaring than that of our practical comments on the doctrine inculcating the merit of voluntary poverty. "Take no thought for the morrow," "provide neither gold nor silver," "neither have two coats apiece," are precepts endorsed by Sunday school teachers who make the accumulation of wealth, nay of excessive and superfluous wealth, the object of a restless pursuit, and who would promptly agree to take the risk of passing the needle's eye of the heavenly kingdom with a hundred camel-load of coin.

The wickedness of homicide, even in self-defense, and the duty of passive submission to injustice, are preached in countries that expend an enormous percentage of their revenues in the manufacture of life-destroying machinery, and oblige every able-bodied citizen to become a graduate in the art of systematic manslaughter. There are communities where a lecturer on the fallacies of the scriptural formula for the cure of diseases would be arrested for blasphemy and where, nevertheless, a practical attempt at faith-cure would be promptly followed by an indictment for malpractice.

"All republics should combine," said the swashbuckler Cortina at the reception of the American consul, and under the stimulus of applause then proceeded to wax eloquent: "all true republicans should be friends, whether they worship the cross, the crescent, or the stars and stripes of the United States." "Say, what *is* the religion of the Yankees?" was the *sotto voce* inquiry of the doughty General's adjutant.

The orator scratched his head, but might have answered in the words of Ibrahim Pasha: "As to the creed of these western Giaours, accounts differ, and all that can be said with certainty is that it has changed."

THE HIGHEST TRUMP IN ARGUMENT.

WILLIE SMITH went to school in town, but his parents lived in the country. When he came home during vacation he brought with him a rifle which he had bought with his pocket money. The little fellow was very proud of his gun although it was not of extra quality, as may be judged from the behaviour of the sparrows who were little alarmed when the young hunter appeared in the yard.

Will did not care so much for the opinion of the sparrows as for the admiration of his little friends in the neighborhood. So he went to Pat Runy, the son of the blacksmith, to show him his new gun.

Paddy was not the boy to be easily imposed upon. He had seen better guns in his life and he thought little of "that toy." Will had to bring forward some argument to impress upon Paddy the idea that his gun was something extraordinary; so he said: "The barrel and the trimmings are of silver."

"They are not!" said Paddy.

"That's silver," repeated Will indignantly, "look how it glitters in the sun."

Paddy was a little older than Will and had sometimes helped his father in the shop. So he said with an air of superiority: "The barrel is plain iron and the trimmings are nickel plated. They are not silver."

"How do ye know?" replied Will. "We don't know anyhow what silver is."

"Just ask Tom!" Paddy shouted, eager to corroborate his assertion by the authority of his elder brother who had attended a course in chemistry at college. "*He* must know; *he* knows all about metals."

Will remained undaunted. "Tom knows nothing about silver. He melts the metals in his retorts and weighs them; he knows what they look like and such things. But he does not and cannot know what silver really is. No one knows that."

"Don't he?" asked Paddy with scorn.

"No, he don't," emphasised the little agnostic with an assurance that results alone from the confidence of proposing an unanswerable argument. "No one knows what silver really is."

Paddy had a glib tongue. He always was ready with an answer. But this time he was silenced. Philosophers do not know what things are in themselves. How should he know? Scientists know only what things appear to be. Closely considered they know nothing.

Paddy was not a philosopher but he was a smart boy and that means more; for a smart boy can at any time most easily become a philosopher by turning agnostic.

Paddy became a philosopher; and now whenever in a controversy he is at his wits end, he will jump at his adversary with the plain declaration that, in his opinion, the wisest man is he who openly confesses his ignorance and frankly acknowledges that he knows no more than the stupidest fool. If anyone dares to know somthing, he is mercilessly pilloried for arrogance, and our modest philosopher who on some other occasions pretends to know so much, smiles in the consciousness of superior wisdom with an air of Socratic modesty.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Squanders of Castle Squander were a rollicking Irish family, made famous by Carleton in one of his humorous and delightful novels. After Carleton exposed them they came to America, took to politics, and had amazing luck. Every male descendant of them is a member of congress, and Castle Squander is now the capitol at Washington. The Billion dollar congress held high revelry at Castle Squander two or three years ago, and rehearsed Belshazzar's feast, but the Trillion dollar congress now in session there, promises by sumptuous magnanimity and bountiful generosity

to make the other appear by comparison parsimonious and mean. It is the comfort of patriotism in this country that party spirit will never again become dangerously sectional or bigoted so long as we enjoy the blessing of a public treasury where all parties may meet in the fraternal spirit of national grand larceny, and reconcile one another to a common flag by a just and fair division of national spoil, in that broad, exuberant and continental temper that knows no east, no west, no north, no south. So long as the rains fall, and the waters flow to the sea there will be River and Harbor festivals at Castle Squander, where the Democratic House and the Republican Senate may sit in political concord and divide among themselves the revenues of an empire. Even the Blue and the Gray blend their colors into a sort of dingy brown, and wear a common uniform when forming themselves into scouting parties to make raids upon the treasury.

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When the Honorable Member for the Marbletown district, demanded an appropriation in the River and Harbor bill to improve the West Fork of Catfish creek, he showed that while New York harbor and the Mississippi river always had *some* water in them, it often happened that when the people who lived in the valley of the West Fork had a picnic in the bed of the stream, they were compelled to go out on the bank to get water to make their coffee; therefore it was unjust that money should be squandered on those big rivers while streams that needed water were neglected in the bill. "And moreover than that," said the Honorable Member, "I won't vote a cent for New York harbor or the Mississippi river, unless I get twenty five thousand dollars for the West Fork of Catfish creek." This threat proved effectual, and "our hustling and wide-awake member," as the *Catfish Chronicle* called him, got his twenty five thousand dollars. In that way the River and Harbor Trust, unlimited, scatters the public money into numerous trout ponds, frog nurseries, and terrapin plantations. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are thrown into bayous and creeks having no visible place on any American map. Few grants in the River and Harbor bill could stand alone. Their only chance is to form a syndicate, and blackmail the great harbors and the navigable streams. The River and Harbor bill now pending at Castle Squander, and which the people "view with alarm," could not have the smallest chance to become a law, except by promising on the honor of a thief to make a fair division of the stolen goods. New York bay cannot obtain a grant unless the member from Cheesequake's creek gets one likewise. The Mississippi river may choke with sand, but it shall not receive any assistance from the national government except by paying tribute of blackmail to the Big Sunflower, or the Little Pedee, and allowing them place beside it in the River and Harbor bill. The people are fairly safe against individual, unconsolidated, and retail pillage, but they are powerless against a combination of three hundred members of congress to divide among their several "districts" fifty million dollars.

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A few years ago, a citizen of Chicago was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and immediately we all began to wriggle around him, and grovel, as our obsequious custom is; although the day before his appointment we were too independent and proud to give him even the honor and respect that were properly his due. It may be unworthy of us to fawn upon the judges, but it is at least prudent, for we know not the day nor the hour when we may be plaintiffs or defendants in a court of law. In our ignoble flattery of the bench we follow the lead of the daily press; for no matter how scanty and thin may be the legal wardrobe and equipment of a judge, he always appears in the newspapers as a "jurist." It therefore causes wonder when a Chicago newspaper of importance concedes, though merely in an incidental way, that our judiciary is morally and mentally of inferior quality. Judge Blodgett of the United States District Court, having resigned his office, the editor advises the President that no inferior lawyer ought to be appointed successor "to a scholar and a jurist like Blodgett." In showing the President his duty, the editor drops into contemptuous criticism of the judges whom we pay to administer the laws of which they know very little except the forms. The comedy of it is that should the man whom that editor regards as the most worthless of the "incompetents" get the appointment, he would become at once in the estimation of the paper, "a scholar and a jurist like Blodgett." This, however, is of less importance than its humiliating testimony to "the superiority of the British bench to the American"; and the concession that "While the integrity of the bench of the United States has rarely been stained, intellectual attainments of the judges must be confessed mediocre, and therefore injurious to the people." And yet in the idiom of journalistic snobdom, every one of those judges is "a scholar and a jurist like Blodgett."

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That editor critic of whom I spoke in the last paragraph attempts to explain "the superiority of the British bench to the American"; and why the British bench "is one of incorruptible integrity, and of intellectual and moral acumen unsurpassed in any past time and doubtless unequalled in that of any other country." He accounts for that excellence and superiority by the fact that, "the judges are independent of the crown, holding their places for life, adequately compensated, and subject to no passing influence of politics or mobs." These are strong reasons, and if sound, they are sufficient; but he gives others, and says that the superiority "is quite as much to be attributed to the education of the British lawyer before admission to the bar and preceding his appointment to the bench." He then explains that admission to the bar is easy in the United States and very difficult in England; that applicants in England must have a better general education, and a better special education than is required in the United States; and "therefore, men who are transferred from the bar to the bench in the United Kingdom, are those who, by demonstrated ability in general practice, have shown themselves to be expert in every branch of law." Those reasons although plausible and very popular are fallacious. They assume that the measure of a lawyer is the knowledge gained by him before admission to the bar; whereas, the true test of him is the knowledge he acquires afterward. The proof of that is that although hundreds of young men are admitted to the bar in England only a few of them survive as lawyers; no more than would survive of any other like number admitted without any preliminary knowledge of the text books at all. And the same rule applies to the United States. One reason for the superiority of the British bench is that there are few judges in England, and they live to a great age. When a judge in that country considerately dies, which is not often, the prime minister in making the new appointment has all the bar to choose from; and it is therefore easy for him to select a man of established reputation. The main question, however, is, not the superiority of the English bench, but the inferiority of our own; to which may be added this, how can our own judicial system be improved?

M. M. Trumbull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS NATIONALISM CHEAP?

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In the article "Reform on Scientific Principles" in *The Open Court* of April 28th, Mr. Holland notices some well-known facts about the growth of government non-interference with beliefs, amusements, etc., says that people differentiate with progress and from these facts, which no intelligent socialist or nationalist ever thought of disputing or wishing to change, he infers substantially that Spencer and his followers really have a monopoly of social

science. Mr. Holland calls nationalism cheap; but the elaboration of two dogmas which have been set forth in about every magazine in the country along with the truism, accepted by every one, that some kinds of cloth are higher under protection—government interference—than under free-trade, does not seem to the common mind a particularly expensive philosophy. It may be a cheap fact, and it may take a very scientific mind not to see that this is an age of machinery which is rapidly changing the old order, that when one machine, as the spinning jenny, for instance, does the work that one thousand men once did, if the people shall insist on a nominal "right of private contract" and a lot of other precious *names* which make up the individualistic theorist's idea of Liberty, then thousands and ever increasing thousands must have no work while countless others must be overworked slaves.

Nationalism as a remedy is cheap in one sense—so much the better—but if it's so unscientific why do the costly and scientific aristocracy never answer any of the real hard questions, why do they only repeat over and over three or four dogmas which no one disputes? What will the scientists do for the overworked and the unemployed, or rather what will they allow them to do for themselves? What shall be done with monopolies which in every country are crushing the life from governments and people? Why need men strive physically, mentally, and morally in a country where inventions have made leisure and culture for all as possible as any work of civilisation? What indeed shall be done with a class of men and women whom evolution is surely turning out with increasing rapidity in spite of Spencerian objections, whose sympathies are so deep that they cannot rest in ease while others suffer injustice and needless misery? Can any philosopher specify what particular right or price of Liberty he now enjoys which nationalism must necessarily wrest from him? Suppose the nation should assume control of telegraphs as Mr. Wanamaker recommends and messages be sent at cost, what would happen to our Liberty?

It can never cease to be a logical wonder that the one and only school of science has never noticed in man's evolution, from barbarism, along with progess in individualism and in perfect harmony with it, the equal or greater progress in socialism. According to these teachers, the most barbarous parts of our civilisation are the post office, roads, parks, sidewalks, bridges, common schools, i. e. nationalism, while the most highly civilised man is the hermit who lives apart and entirely independent of his fellows.

Hartford, Conn. ELLA ORMSBY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By *J. A. Farrer.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. Chicago: McClurg & Co. 1892.

The author of this book is a Protestant Christian who holds aloof from the theological controversies of sectarianism and asserts the same freedom to form his opinion about the Fathers as about the Popes. He takes up in the present volume the cause of Paganism versus Christianity, not as if he intended any hostility toward his own religion, but simply because his sense of justice is hurt on account of the disparaging judgment the Christians are wont to pass on the whole ancient world of Paganism

Mr. Farrer very properly reminds us in the motto selected for his book of the following saying of St. Augustine's, "That "thing which is now called Christian religion existed among the "ancients and was from the beginning not absent in the race of "mankind." *

Taking this standpoint which no one familiar with the evolution of our religious ideas will deny, Mr. Farrer says in the introduction:

"If any great classical writers of the ancient world, like "Seneca or Cicero, could come to life again, nothing surely would "astonish them more than the descriptions they might read in our "books of the state of the world when they left it, of its moral "depravity, and the absence of all religious ideas. One would "gladly hear what they would say to it all; but, failing that, it "only remains to enter as much as possible into their tone of "thought, and to present the case between Christianity and Pa- "ganism as they might do if they could now speak for themselves, "and had at their command eighteen centuries of Church history "and all the writings of the Fathers and theologians.

"In assuming on their behalf and in their stead this advocacy "of a literature and philosophy, representing a civilisation to "which we still owe the main and better elements of our own, I "have simply endeavored to put the case of pre-Christian Pagan- "ism in its best and truest light, and to meet and controvert a "legion of writers from the time of Eusebius to our own, who, in "the zeal of their piety, have been wont to misrepresent the state "of the older world, by the simple process of adding black to its "places of darkest shadow, and of noticing in historical Chris- "tianity none but the regions of its higher lights."

The author adds, "The task of correcting this view involves no reference whatever to Christianity as a religion."

The contents of the book is a very careful compilation of all those ideas which Christian believers so often indulge in considering as the exclusive property of Christianity. The author is a man of great erudition, and the classical education which he received has become part of his soul and forms also part of his religion. He does not forget what our civilisation owes to the influence of the ancients. And thus his essays are an excellent exposition of the truth that the Christian era has naturally developed from germs contained in the life of Pagan-Antiquity. Indeed we should consider Judea which was by no means free from Paganism as a small but important part of the world of the ancients. Judea was important because in that little nation arose the leader of religious thought whose name had been placed at the head of mediæval and modern civilisation, and from whose birth we count a new era of mankind.

Mr. Farrer discusses in chapter first, Pagan Monotheism and shows how Polytheism was early overthrown by philosophy. If he had quoted all sentences and poems, breathing a spirit of a purified belief in one deity, the author might have filled a whole book on this one subject alone. Having alluded to many instances, he quotes the following lines of the poet Valerius Soranus, who wrote in the times of Sylla:

> "Jupiter omnipotens, rerum rex, ipse Deusque,
> Progenitor genetrixque, Deûm Deus, *unus et omnes.*"

The second chapter is devoted to Pagan theology, showing the international character of ancient religion and proving the prevalence of a universal belief in Providence which acted through angels and demons, very much reminding us of the Christian mythology, which in various respects, at least in the conception of many, has still preserved the spirit of polytheism. The author proves the idea of a guardian angel not to be Christian but Pagan in its origin.

It is a very strange fact that baptism and purificatory rites were customary among the Romans and also the Greeks, and other ancient mysteries. Macrobius speaks of the ninth day after birth when children were purified (*lustrantur*) and named, as being called *dies lustricus.* And it is not impossible that the custom of baptism which was unknown among the Jews has been introduced in the pre-Christian era among the Essenes, the disciples of John and the early Christians under the influence of Pagan ceremonies. We know that baptism preceded the initiation into the mysteries of both Isis and Mithras; and it was also in use at the Apollinarian and Eleusinian games.

* Mr. Farrer quotes the original: "Res ipsa, quae nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos nec defuit ab initio generis humani."

The theory of the soul which has for centuries been considered as an essential Christian conception, is properly Pagan, which can easily be proved by passages from Cicero, Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and others. All these Pagans believed, in a similar way as do the Christians, in a return of the soul to God into heaven. Indeed, the church has, in its further evolution adopted the Pagan idea of the immortality of the soul alone and has discarded the original and distinctly Christian idea of a corporeal resurrection. The latter view finds no representation in heathenish antiquity, and is scarcely now held among devout Christians.

A comparison of the Christian belief in hell as it was evolved from the earlier Homeric belief by such philosophers as Plato, Zeno and Lucian, bears a striking resemblance to the Christian idea of what is now generally called "sheol"; and also a belief in a doomsday is by no means exclusively Christian. In brief, the contrast of the best Christian and the best heathenish philosophers will lead us to the conclusion that the ancient philosophers were more Christian than the Fathers, and modern progress in our churches is actually a return to the principles of classic philosophy. If we consider the actual state of morality as it obtained among the early Christians, it does not compare so favorably with the noblest examples of heathen life as is generally supposed. There is Tertullian's evidence of the bad state of the church which is confirmed by Cyprian, Salvian, and Aristides. Says the author in concluding the last chapter of his book:

"The Christianity of the coming time need be none the less "true and real for its frank admission of the fact that, as hitherto "used in history, the word has been misapplied and misappropri-"ated, having been the appellation of men whom historical rec-"ords prove to have failed as signally in acting up to the Chris-"tian standard as in appreciating or comprehending its meaning. "And thus, while in one sense the world may seem to grow less "Christian, in another and better sense it may become more so; "for the further we place ourselves from Christianity as revealed "in history, the nearer shall we approximate in spirit to Chris-"tianity as originally propounded. In this way Christianity and "Philosophy, which need never have been divided, may come, to "the great benefit of the world, to be reunited and reconciled."

Nothing shows more the love with which the author has treated his subject than the appendix in which the best known sentiments of the leading Pagan moral teachers have been put in verse. We shall quote from it some lines in a future number of *The Open Court.*

Mr. Farrer is a Christian, and thus he believes, in agreement with such Pagan authorities as Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, that the soul is a stranger in this world, making a pilgrimage to another world, a spiritual world, a heaven. The body of man is considered as the prison of the soul and this idea naturally affects the whole world-conception, rending the universe in twain, and producing a disharmony which, if thought out with consistency, will appear as dualism and lead to pessimism. Did the author ever attempt to think of a monistic conception of soul and body which would be more in harmony with the results of scientific investigation and of a consistent philosophy? It seems to me that a superficial monistic conception overlooks too easily the more subtle relations of man's spiritual existence. Monism, as a rule, appears first as materialism. So at least it appeared in Greece, while in India it appeared first as spiritualism; and, materialists seeing no reality in the unseen laws of mental and moral being, it was but natural that humanity should emphasise the truth of the reality of the soul and the life of the soul. It took centuries, in which the whole attention of man's intellectual and moral teachers had to be concentrated upon this one subject, and it was but natural that the psychical world of the soul appeared during the era of such a concentration as a domain quite distinct from the physical world. Considering all in all, it appears that it was necessary for humanity to pass through an era of dualism and even of pessimism, and it seems to be certain that if those ideas which have come to be regarded as properly Christian, would have originated at any rate, even if Judaism has not existed, and if there had not flown from it that great movement which may be called early Christianity. If Jesus of Galilee had not come to be regarded as the Savior of the world, who knows but we should have worshipped in the times of the middle ages, Apollonius of Tyana, or some other moral teacher considered in his time as the son of God or a Messiah of mankind.

Similarly, in the East, Gautama has come to be almost universally revered among the Buddhists of Asia as the Buddha, but it is a very strange fact that in some part of India there is a numerous sect called the Jina, who profess a Buddhism which in some minor details is different from other Buddhism, but agrees with all its main doctrines, the main difference being that the person of their Buddha is another man than Gautama although their gospels relate about the same stories of his life. Stranger still that a similar parallelism obtains not only between Buddha and Christ, the Eastern and the Western Savior, but also between Jesus of Nazareth and Apollonius of Tyana. In the competition for being regarded as the saviors of mankind, the latter was worsted and the former conquered. And only when we consider that Jesus and Apollonius were rivals, can we comprehend the animosity with which Christian monks prosecuted the adherents of the heathen Messiah and were ruthless in exterminating all those writings which narrated about him similar, or even the very same marvellous accounts which they accredited exclusively to their own spiritual leader.

It would be a very interesting problem to investigate the reason why Jesus and not Apollonius, or any other moral teacher of antiquity, happened to become the Buddha of the East. And it seems to me that the answer would be, Jesus was more endowed with that practical spirit of morality which distinguishes all his famous, epigrammatic sayings. Apollonius and all the sages of antiquity were too much philosophers; their sentiments and moral injunctions showed too much the pale cast of thought. They exhibit the indirectness of reflection; they lack the immediateness and thus also the power of such Christ-words as are found in the gospels. Who can hear a sentence like "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," or any of the other sentiments in the Sermon on the Mount, or the parables of the Prodigal Son, of the Lost Sheep, etc.,—who can hear them and not remember them for his whole life? Compare these sayings of Christ with the sentences of Apollonius, as an instance of which we quote from Mr. Farrer's book the following:

"The best and the true way of rendering to the divinity suit-"able worship, and of conciliating to us the favor and goodwill of "that God whom we name the First, of that one God separate "from the universe, and without whom the other Gods remain "unknown to us, is not to sacrifice victims to him, nor to light "fire, nor to consecrate to Him any of the things of sense, but al-"ways to address to Him the best language, that language which "has no need of words, and which is none other than silent thought, "pure and unaided intelligence."

The sentiments are the same as those in the New Testament, but Christ's words are more concise, more direct, more popular, and appealing immediately to the heart of the hearer. And herein, it seems to me, lies the secret of his success. This is the reason why the carpenter's son of Galilee from one of the obscurest provinces of the ancient world triumphed over all the sages and moral teachers of his times and became the leader of a religious reformation of mankind.

P. C.

THE THEORY OF DYNAMIC ECONOMICS. By *Simon N. Patten*, Ph.D. Professor of Political Economy, Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. 1892. 150 pp.

This is a learned and ingenious attempt to show the advantages of taxation as a creator of national prosperity. It is a very good sample of what is called the Pennsylvania school of economics. By the magic of a logic master the plainest truisms are lifted out of the actual up to the abstract, and so much disguised by metaphysical definitions as to become doubtful. The merit of the work is in the skill of its argument and the instructive manner in which the different "schools" of political economy are contrasted and compared.

With admirable boldness and originality Professor Patten tries to make the laws of social science flexible, according to the needs of local politics and the varieties of circumstance. He criticises those economists who try "to eliminate all facts and suppositions that depend upon local and other concrete considerations, and create a theory of economics that shall have universal validity." No doubt there are some theories of economics which grow out of local considerations, but there are also others inflexible as the multiplication table, and of "universal validity."

Like so many other writers on political economy, Professor Patten has fallen into the habit of conjuring words into phrases of difficult meaning, obscuring an easy principle with abtruse definitions, and resolving into bewildering puzzles the common phrases that everybody understands. "Subjective cost," "Objective values," and other similar expressions refined into subtle problems, require more time and harder study for their solution than the ordinary reader can afford to give. Take, for example, this, "The first and primary law of subjective values is, that value depends upon the final degree of utility." That sentence merely tells us in an artificial and expensive way, that the value of an article is what it is worth. In elegant contrast is the clear and elegant way in which Professor Patten shows how important it is that the values of products exceed their cost. "So long," he says, "as the costs of commodities equal their values, society has made no real progress."

Equally clear and easy to understand is the startling revelation that not only have the tangible gifts of nature such as land become private property and sources of rent, but also the very sunlight and the air. Professor Patten says, "In the early ages of social progress, fuel, pasture, and many kinds of food are free and enjoyed by all classes of society. Gradually these utilities are appropriated and must be paid for by the producing classes. At the same time another class of free goods, such as water, light, and air, lose their purity and excellence except under particular circumstances." He then shows how in cities if men live in the enjoyment of air and light, they must pay for them in rent, and hence, he says, "those free goods fall into the possession of the wealthier classes." This is full of melancholy instruction for it shows that the laborer with his wife and children must live where the air and the light are polluted and cheap.

The attempt of Professor Patten to explain the economic paradox which he calls "burdenless taxation" is necessarily a failure. That a tax is a burden on the man who pays it and on the man who is deprived of any comfort by it, is a fact on which we may safely build a theory of "universal validity." It is not within the resources of sophistry to explain away that. It is a mistake to say that "in an industrial society the object of taxation is to increase industrial prosperity." That is merely the claim of those who enjoy the tax. No matter what the pretended *object* of taxation may be the *effect* of it is always to decrease the industrial prosperity of the men who pay the taxes. There is no such thing as "burdenless taxation."

Professor Patten says that "the true test of a good tax is that it creates more wealth than it destroys." A "good tax" is a political anomaly; and he might as well say that the true test of a good rheumatism is that it creates more wealth for the doctor than it destroys for the patient. Before he can be allowed to claim that the tax is burdenless, Professor Patten must prove that it creates more wealth than it destroys for the man who pays it. Even admitting that it creates more wealth for somebody else or even for society at large, it is still a burden on the payer; and when it is taken from his industrial prosperity to increase the industrial prosperity of others, it becomes grand larceny, or petit larceny, according to the amount of the tax. M. M. T.

NOTES.

The third Congress of Criminal Anthropology will be held at Brussels from the 28th of August to the 3d of September of this year. The extensive programme includes nineteen groups of subjects to be considered. Communications are to be addressed to M. C. Dr. Semal, président, l'Asile de Mons, Belgique.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ETHAN ALLEN.

Burlington, Vermont, 25th of August, 1788.

Sir:

I have just returned from Quebec, have had an admittance into the company and conversation of Lord Dorchester and Judge Smith, the first civil magistrate of the province, etc., and to sundry gentlemen of the army, and other civil officers, merchants, etc.; but they have no very rare intelligence. The newspapers contain the whole. I have held a share in a considerable round of European and American politics but all of it amounts merely to theory, and most of it was inspired by good wine and punch. Sometimes the conversation touched lightly on philosophical subjects, but you know that most of our gentlemen, (not including the commander in chief, Judge Smith, and two or three more,) are above such dry and insipid conversation, besides most of them are wise enough to apprehend, that should they attempt to handle such subjects, they would discover their weak side; the giving and drinking of toasts, talking on subjects of gallantry, and putting on the outside of the gentlemen, better suits their capacity and inclination than to examine into the nature and reason of things. Sir, since our interview at Burlington I have almost catched an idea of a mere spirit, or embodied soul, but not quite. I apprehend you could help me to it if any man. When we are all on the very point of discovering invisible beings they vanish from our imaginations, and leave us gaping and staring after them, with eyes of flesh like fools. We are told by enthusiasts and lunaticks that they hold a correspondence with mere spirits, particularly with the Holy Ghost; weak minds make their silly imaginations pass for reality though sensible and learned persons cannot thus impose on themselves nor be imposed on by others. A competency of knowledge in the sciences, is therefore our only bulwark against superstition and idolatry. The superstitious part of mankind, which by one means or other are far the most numerous, are but the dupes of church and state; at their command they cut one another's throats, as they suppose for God's sake, and commit all manner of cruelty and outrage. So much for superstition. I have something to say of the merit and sense of Dr. Samuel Stearns of Brattleborough; on whose behalf I understand that sundry worthy gentlemen have wrote to you desiring that he may be honored with a diploma, from the seal of your respectable college, constituting him a doctor of law, I presume he would do honor to your institution as well as be honored by it; he is a great mathematician, astronomer, and physician; and has a general knowledge in natural philosophy; and in the moral sciences excels most of the learned Christian philosophers of my acquaintance; I therefore recommend him to your favor, and am, with due respect and esteem, your most Obedient and

Humble Servant,

Ethan Allen.

To the Hon. John Whelock, President of Dartmouth College.

A STUDY OF PLAY.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Having a litter of Scotch Collie puppies I was interested in observing the beginnings and progress of the idea of play. It is the most wonderful fact in nature that all things have their sports. These pups had for the first few days of their lives nothing to do but to eat and sleep. Even their senses, apart from taste, did not seem to be awake. They not only did not see, but they had no apparent consciousness of sounds. But before their eyes were opened there were impulses to sport.

The first that I observed was when they were about ten days old. A puppy quite full of his dinner would crowd another from its teat, but had no appetite to take his place. This began a series of pushings and tumblings which I knew would in due time be a frolic. Then followed pushings and nosings when not at the teats. After the eyes were opened this rapidly passed into a general tumble about. When they were four weeks old square wrestles took place; and at six weeks these were full of mischief and fun. The first nibbles seemed to be under a mistake. Their half blind impulse to suck led them to sometimes get hold of the wrong thing—another puppies ear or leg; and the toss away was afterward followed by purposeful nips

of the same sort. In fact I think the play was originated in blunders largely.

When six weeks old the mother recognised that it was time for frolics, and she would enter into the game with curious delight, and evident effort to lead them. The Collie instinct was strong to keep them herded, as she would herd sheep. If one wandered she rounded him in. Then jumping out of the middle of the nine puppies she would drop down and tempt them about her again. Soon the game, much like boys game of tag, became extremely lively—but all the time she never neglected herding. Here were two instincts coöperating, or perhaps conflicting, the one acquired from civilisation and domesticity; the others much older. At about two months of age the pups began to show some marked individualities both in play and otherwise. One or two sought human friendship much more markedly than the others, running to me to be fondled rather than to wrestle with their mates. Two from an early age manifested a quicker sense of sport than the others; and would challenge the crowd, dashing about with tails wagging and with growls, and dancing into any pup they met.

What is play? I will leave the question unanswered until we have studied in other directions. Our puppies still further furnish an excellent field for observation. We will waken them after they have had a good meal and a good sleep. There is no sensation of hunger, and none of weariness. Each muscle is elastic, and every one full of spring. They would go off of themselves if there were no head nerve centre to direct them; that is they would move in accord with an unconscious propulsion to stretch out and contract. The puppy is a bundle of springs and elastic bows. He opens his eyes at first dully; but they grow bright with a consciousness of himself and his surroundings. He is not only a bunch of springy muscles; but every other pup is a challenge to use his springs. Now comes the curious part of sport. Rab walks a few steps toward Cæsar, gives him a nip; this is returned. They roll over in a wrestle; nipping and growling; suddenly Rab springs off sideways, and then gives three or four more leaps, stopping to look about; when his tail wags, and he is ready for a more regular bit of sport. Spontaneity thus alternates with purpose; and it is not directed at all by the animal's will or conscious intention. This is not only a characteristic of puppies but of all young creatures, including the human babe. It moves largely spontaneously; and it is quite along in years before it has reduced its actions entirely to conscious direction. Indeed it is doubtful if we ever quite get over the possibility of originating; and become completely subject to association of ideas and orderly processes of thought.

The nature of these movements of our puppies are worth looking into. You cannot say that they lack in grace. If you notice the same actions in lambs, and in kittens, you are also pleased at the graceful lines on which their bodies move. You speak of them sometimes as gambols; sometimes as dances. There is indeed a very close likeness to a dance in the sudden springs sideways, and round and round, and the graceful attitudes. It seems to be the germ of the more simple but conscious dances of human beings. Where is the music? Not far off I assure you; for the puppy emits at the same time certain spontaneous barks or growls, full of fun, if not quite melodious. They are at best in harmony with his motions. Almost every animal not only leaps in this manner but utters sounds of a spontaneous sort.

As our puppies get a few weeks older you notice that they adopt these spontaneous movements and sounds, and use them purposely. A game of two puppies is now full of motion. They make a dozen pretences; they spring forward and then backward and then sideways. They leap high in the air, and dodge, and come and go with complex rhythm. Discords get in; but it is usually a very fine harmony.

Here then is what we find in this study of play:

1) Instinct; the animal instinctively finds its food as soon as born; and later its frolics are evidently instincts derived from all dog nature, and modified by later acquired instincts. These collies are descended from wolves but they are not wolfish, because of the overwhelming force of later instincts. But if you abuse one pertinaciously you will in time awaken the wolf. From the outset the peculiar education that the collie breed has had for many generations prompts them to pursue cows and sheep, endeavoring to drive or to herd them. I do not know such a bundle of acquired instincts as a Collie dog.

But (2) we have found spontaneity; something that, at least in part, lies back of instinct and is involved in all living tissue. The lowest cell-life moves first of all by physical necessity. Every living organism moves by the force of life, that is of composition and decomposition—assimilation and waste. Our puppies certainly are acting in part automatically. This part of play or of action is most important; for in its contact with instincts and its modifying power lies the origin of freedom. The puppy is not left a slave to inherited tendencies.

3) We have found comparison of sensations, comparison of instincts, and thereby a certain necessity for choice. In this manner also arises freedom of will. Spontaneity does not lose its power when our animals are fully grown; for Dido the mother, in her plays with me manifests it in large degree. Under high excitement her leaps and gambols manifest very slightly the directive force of will. Comparison of

sensations is the germ of con-sentience or consciousness. Comparison of instincts and consequent choices is the germ of self-consciousness. So far we come with the study of play.

The human child acts in the same manner. His motions which were at first spontaneous, are adopted by his will; and his emotions get to be brain recorded, compared, and directed. The sounds that he uttered pass into words; and while those words are mostly nonsensical they have some form. Children's play words do not correspond to any end but play. There is no meaning in "intra, mintra, cutra, corn, apple seed, apple thorn," only that the jingle suits the child's spontaneity. It is the first step from play to logic.

Play has its roots in unconscious nature. Reason has its roots in play.

The worst possible thing is to prevent or check spontaneity in a child. It is to sever his connection with nature; it is to cut off the roots by which he gets power of life. The measure of absolute health is play. In growing youth the joy of motion is increased in games that are formal and thoughtful, complexed but made orderly by mind. If physical activities are unhindered they will probably remain wholesome and honorable. It is in constrained life that congestion sets in; and there follow inflamed organs and passionate outbreaks. Passion is largely the result of fettered or biased spontaneity.

Unfortunately most human beings are far from nature; some of them wholly unnatural. The natural man is or would be the one as simple and true to his powers as the puppies we have examined are to theirs.

One of my puppies I have severely teased, restraining and counteracting his spontaneity; and the result is that I have created for the first time crossness, and a willingness to hurt me. This was not his nature until I made it such. It is not improbable that I could make him irritable and even dangerous by contradiction in his earliest weeks of life. I have seen this done with kittens. A purely physical process leading to a change of disposition.

In children there is apparent precisely the same intellectual and moral perversion by disturbances of natures first spontaneities. My Collie is careful while herding her pups to guide, without checking sport. She is wiser than the mother of Mabel whom I have heard from the child's cradle saying, "Oh Mabel you should not romp so," or "you should not" this, and that, and the other. This mother has also a herding instinct, but it gives the child no spontaneity. Mabel has become a fretted rebel. Most children are rebels by ten years of age. A very few become prigs, and submit to being nibbled into premature formality.

I have a sharp contest also with those social notions that without need constrain natural action. The aim and end of society should not be to make a child over into a machine. Clearly we should play with our children, and retain to the last our own spontaneity—that is elasticity of mental and physical action. Neither clothes nor diet nor habits of any sort should be allowed to conflict with free action. And it may not be quite impossible for us to get some essential views of what freedom is and ought to be, by studying our pups at play.

Most of us are so constructed that a good many common influences cross our temperaments, and we do not find it easy to fit into society as we find it. A natural born protestant is about every second person. The close association of the physical and moral, or body conditions and behaviour, we have seen in our little friends. While ill health may be overcome by force of will, it is at least unfavorable to manly and generous behavior. Vitiated blood or a disordered organ underlies a vast amount of wrong doing. The reverse also is certainly true in reference to human beings, that diseased habits create a bad physical state. The whole contour of the body and outline of features is altered by vulgarity. Is it possible to emphasise too strongly the need of natural play, and pure spontaneity in childhood to preserve the boys and girls from perverted muscles and morals.

The very worst forms of vice are those prevalent among children,—prevenient, abnormal, self-destructive, vice, that wrecks the nervous system, poisons the blood, demoralises every function and leaves the brain enfeebled for honor. Savages have not been able to devise so many and so pernicious means for self-degradation. Have we as yet any popular conception of what right and wrong are? Do the people generally hold a code of morals that is hygienic, preserving character, and body-saving? The current ethics concern another life, and despair of this.

Richter and Froebel carried us back to consider that the key of all difficulties is in childhood; and Coleridge insisted that "the child is father of the man." "Play," says Froebel, "is incipient work." The child's games are nothing less than the germs of the acts of the mature man. If you wish to educate rightly you must educate games. Instead of taking the child away from plays direct his games in the lines that your experience dictates. Do not fetter the child. Play is his natural unfolding. Only by that means can he become hereafter constructive in material affairs. So the kindergarten is a play house; and higher education, when rightly conceived, is only advanced stages of the kindergarten. The boy of fifteen should never have had his study and play differentiated. If wisely managed all study is sport. That is a false education which gets to be a tedious burden or even a task.

ZEUS: A LITTLE FABLE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Heroes and demigods, titans, muses and graces, and all that ilk, having proved, in one way or another, untrustworthy, were discharged long ago by old Mistress Mythology, and poor Zeus, man of all work, compelled to do the chores. When the new tenant Theology moved in there was a deal of house cleaning, to be sure; but Zeus (called by another name "for short") was kept on, and worked harder, and held responsible for more, both good and bad, than ever. Indeed Theology has been such a hard landlady, so exacting and capricious that some of the boarders have begun to "kick," and to say what a shame to put so much on one poor old person!

Recently several of them, whose views Theology failed to meet in the right spirit, went to an intelligence office and fetched back a stout young fellow named Evolution, who, they said, was much better fitted for the work than Zeus.

The result is a pretty quarrel in the house, the mistress claiming the right to regulate things her own way; some of the boarders insisting that Zeus shall be pensioned off; whilst others are more or less satisfied with him, if only (as they say) he would tidy up a bit, and let Evolution do most of the rough work.

If you ask me what I think of this state of affairs, I shall have to say things which may not be taken in good part by any one concerned. In the first place it seems to me as if Dame Theology, having hired the establishment, has the right to run it her own way, certainly so long as she pays her rent promptly to the owners. All will agree that Nature—that wealthy old individual, who controls so much real estate—has never even suggested interference; first or last not a complaint has come from that quarter. Then what business is it of the boarders, I should like to know, how the work is done, so it is done? If they don't like the way the establishment is managed, why, they can leave and go to some other house;—I'm sure there are a plenty to choose from. There's Mr. McQueary left not long ago; I respect him for going, and do most sincerely hope he will find a reasonable place of the kind he likes, though I do confess having doubts as to that.

What puzzles me is why some continue to board with Theology when, apparently, they are so discontented? Why do they stay on, knowing that they are not wanted, and keeping the household in hot water by their comments and complaints?

They say Zeus needs help, and has been overworked. Well, what of it? Zeus is generally credited with far more than average intelligence, and,—so far as I can gather,—is amply competent to decide for himself.

Then there is another class whose stand in this matter I don't favor,—the proprietors of other establishments. Why should they be continually gibing at Theology because of the table she sets? There is Mr. Ingersoll, for instance, who keeps a place on the Broadway, and always travels on the 'Ell road from Hurlem to Wrecktor Street, just notice how he talks; nothing actually nothing—pleases him. He finds fault with all Theology's accommodations and harps upon his own as so much better. Why, I have heard him denounce his rival for her treatment of Zeus, when it is well known that if discharged this very day, Mr. Ingersoll would probably decline to offer him even the most menial position.

I mention this to show to what extreme lengths some will go in their antipathies. If Mr. Ingersoll and the others keep, as they claim, so much better houses than Theology, depend upon it in time this will become known, and she will wake up some fine morning to find all her rooms vacant.

As for myself, I have a room at Theology's, and notwithstanding all the clamor, as yet see no sure way of bettering myself by a change. We are old and dear friends, and, while I see her faults and admit frankly the stuffiness of the parlors, and the antiquity of much of the furniture, still my own cosey little chamber is furnished in modern style, because I looked after that myself. I ventilate at my own pleasure, and when, as happens occasionally, the meals are not all that might be desired, what harm comes of dropping in elsewhere? None, I am sure, although not to deceive you, my landlady takes strong ground against my taking a meal outside.

I do not see a great deal of Zeus; indeed—so quiet is he—one would hardly suspect there was such a person around; but, finding my room (where Theology never, by any chance, comes) always in order, I do not complain. In fact I am in a way grateful, and now and then leave a quarter on the bureau. To be entirely candid with you I always find that the quarter has been accepted.

THE FUNCTION OF NEGATION.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

> "Nor doth the eye itself
> That most pure spirit of sense behold itself
> Not going from itself. . . .
> For speculation turns not to itself
> Till it hath travelled and is mirror'd there."

Shakespeare shows us in the above lines that he was aware of an important truth—a knowledge of which is of the utmost importance to all, viz., the meaning or function of the negative in thinking—because when its full bearing is once understood it frees the mind from all such myths as the "thing in itself" of Kant: the transcendental or merely subjective ego

and leads to a knowledge of the underlying unity of thought and being.

All the purposes and aims of a life which is in earnest with the facts of existence are positive determinations of volitional activity and are founded on a negative arising from a consideration of the fleeting and transient nature of the varied phenomena of the world.

The relative nature of positive and negative conceptions was first clearly brought to light by Hegel who recognised the fact that the negative is not a merely privative limitation, but is on the contrary an essential part of an organic function.

While thought is an activity and an interpretation of the meaning of facts and the bringing of same under known laws—yet this idea of *interpretation* is apt to mislead—it causes us to suppose that the interpreting mind is an independent activity separate in its very nature from these facts and laws, and this is a misconception which is easily overlooked and difficult to overcome even when seen to be wrong.

The real fact is that thought or mind does not develop until it has become conscious of objects and it is only after the reaction from these objects that an awareness of self and the dawn of consciousness takes place,—a positive is developed from a negative—the negative is thus seen to be a factor or necessary step in the growth of thought, and consciousness does not stop short at this negation as Kant seems to have supposed, but it returns upon these objects or phenomena reinforced by reflexion—recognising their laws and causing them to be purposive and full of meaning to itself and a means for the realisation of its ideals,—and this is constantly going on all through life—all criticism in the same way is a return of thought upon itself with the purpose of ultimately attaining a higher positive.

The Monist, Vol. II, No. 2, contains the following words:

"As soon as a system of forms has developed in a sentient being, thus constituting its mind, this system can again be referred to the objective forms of things. In this sense we can say with Kant, that the understanding imports form into phenomena; and this re-importation, this referring the objectively formal to the subjective system of formal thought, is an essential element in cognition."

This is true, the mind certainly goes back upon and imports the thought-forms upon the phenomena, but prior to doing so it has abstracted or developed its mind-forms from the phenomena.

There is only one way in which the unity of thought and being can be understood viz.: that there is a common ground of both—that the mind-forms are the forms of objective existence—that the real world-ground is the battle field of thought, the fight can no longer be regarded as being waged in a vacant "kingdom of ends" or abstract sphere as Kant supposed.

A knowledge of this principle of unity does not in any way militate against a spiritual or religious conception of the world—it makes everything a means to a higher end, viz. the development of consciousness which is the explaining or interpreting principle in the world; Höffding in his recent work on psychology says:

"However far it may be possible to explain man through the world, the world in its turn is always explained through man for we can go no farther back than that which is to man a necessity of thought."

There is as is known to everybody much in the world which is out of harmony with our ideals, but this should not cause a despair of reason—it is rather the earnest of the evolution of a higher life and the way to conquer the ills of the present is by clearly understanding and acting upon the highest principles known to us. We must not fall into the mistake of Carlyle who condemned in no measured terms and apparently despaired of the world—he did not see that the mind which condemned the actual state of things contained in itself the promise of something higher—all men even the most depraved have some spiritual touch of nature in them—thus again the negative or pessimistic conception is an essential element in the growth and development of the positive. The ideal grows out of the imperfect state of the real and a transforming activity is called into play.

In accordance with the same principle, social unity, ethical laws and customs are gradually observed by the developing consciousness from the earliest year of childhood and the individual consciousness is born so to speak into this ethical world and accordingly all these laws are recognised more or less objectively before they are adopted and acted upon by the growing mind.

The moral categories are thus discovered by means of the return of thought to itself from the social community just as surely as the categories or forms of mind are found in the ordinary facts of existence and these categories or forms are all really in unity—they are spirit-tones—as earnest of an ideal harmony in this work-a-day world which we can all strive in some measure to realise.

THE PEOPLE BY THE SEA.

There was a people living by the sea. The men were brave, the women were kind-hearted and the children were educated after the manner of their fathers to be fearless, faithful, and strong. The country was not fertile for it was mostly sand, heath, or mountains covered with trees; and the people were poor. But they were industrious and hardy; and although they were not rich, they had enough to live upon and to support their children. They were anxious to live in peace with all their neighbors, but powerful enemies

surrounded their country who dared to ravage their lands, to harass their towns and to deprive them of the free navigation of their rivers. Being exposed to continual dangers they were compelled to arm themselves so as to preserve their independence; and they kept a constant watch upon their frontiers lest they might be taken unawares by a sudden invasion of their enemies.

Out of their dangers rose a hero wise in council and brave in battle, a chief and a lawgiver whom his people loved. They named him Frederick, which means the peaceful; for they loved peace and there was nothing they wished for more eagerly than that the troubles of war should be spared them. Frederick was a statesman and a warrior, for although he loved peace the enemies of his country made war upon him, and he was compelled to fight many battles to preserve the independence of his people.

There was in his time a division among the nations. Parties were formed, and everyone had to join one side or the other, for he who tried to keep peace was trodden under foot by both parties and Frederick joined that side which was nearest in kin to his own people, and he did so gladly, for his allies opposed oppression and fought for right.

But when the war was done and the enemies vanquished all round, Frederick's allies made peace for their own advantage without consulting him and left him alone in arms against a multitude of enemies. We are now satisfied, they said to him; so look out for yourself, and Frederick had to make peace too, for he had grown old and what was he alone against many? Although he had been victorious in all his battles, he had to make great sacrifices. Deserted by his allies he could not make peace on his own terms, but had to accept the terms offered by his enemies. He signed the treaty of peace with a heavy heart, and feeling his death near at hand he said, "Would that someone would rise out of my ashes to right my wrongs."

When Frederick died his people buried him with his fathers and wept for him; but his enemies said, "a dead lion is no better than a dead dog. He is dust now and all is over with him. We can now prey upon his people with impunity."

And so it seemed, indeed. Years passed by and times became war-like again. Then it happened that the grandson of Frederick died and the son of his grandson was called upon to rule the people by the sea. He was a youth, and his name like that of his ancestor was Frederick. The powerful enemies of the people by the sea smiled, for they said, "The old hero is dead. There is a boy on the throne of his fathers and we shall make an easy conquest of him."

But when the young Frederick went forth to do battle, he smote his enemies with might and though they were many and he stood alone, he triumphed over them in battle and they fled before him. But his people hailed him and they shouted, "The spirit of the old hero is risen from the dead. He marches before us, he leadeth us to victory again. He is more powerful than before. He was old and now he is young, he was dead and now he is living, we were humiliated and now we are victorious."

This second Frederick won many battles and he was honored by all the world. There were many that hated him, but none that dared to withhold from him respect. He ruled wisely many years and he grew old and when the days of his life had been fulfilled, he died in peace and his people wept for him and they buried him with his fathers.

Frederick had no children, and the son of his brother ruled in his stead.

Frederick's warriors had become proud for they were feared by their enemies and all the neighbors kept peace for many years. And while pride had crept into the hearts of men, the spirit of courage had left them and Frederick slumbered in his grave as if he were dead for ever and would not rise again.

Times of tribulation came, and Frederick's warriors were beaten. The enemies swept over the country, they entered the cities and took possession of the strongholds, and the people were powerless to resist them. Even the bravest had given up all hope for they saw the glory of the past fade away, and they thought the spirit of the great Frederick had forsaken them.

But they were mistaken. The soul of a great man does not die, it is immortal. All that is good and true has the power of eternal life, and if it be crushed to earth it will rise again. The soul may sleep but it will not die. It lies quiet like the seed in the ground, but it abides its time. When its hour comes it will have a resurrection, and when it appears again it will be nobler, stronger, greater.

When the times grew from bad to worse the most courageous men gathered together and said, "We will no longer endure our shame. If we cannot drive the enemy out of our strongholds and beat him out of the land let us do him battle and die sword in hand. It is better to be dead than to live in shame."

It was the spirit of Frederick that spoke in them. And they went forth to battle, and they fought with valor, and they were victorious. They beat the enemy powerful though he was, and they beat him again and again until he was driven out of the country.

Peace was made and it lasted for two generations. Then the enemy had gathered new strength and renewed the war with fresh vigor, but he met strong men undaunted in courage and with strong arms. And

the enemy was beaten more crushingly than ever before and the people hailed him and said:

"The spirit of our fathers is not yet dead, it still lives in our hearts. The souls of our heroes cannot die, unless they perish by neglect. Therefore let us be faithful to preserve the inheritance of virtue, strength, wisdom, and goodwill, that we have overcome from our ancestors, let us preserve their spiritual being in our souls and in the souls of our children, and when we shall die to be buried with our fathers, our souls shall live; our souls are immortal." P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A PUBLIC benefactor equal to Edison will be the genius who shall discover or invent a new adjective a step or two higher in grammar than the superlative degree; a supra-superlative, if possible, or a double superlative, like Shakespeare's "most unkindest," which has not yet been admitted into the grammar; or anything else that will supply the demand for something to relieve the American language from level monotony and tameness. We have so long described ourselves and everything belonging to us, as the "tallest," "biggest," "richest," "grandest," and "mightiest" in the world, that we are in the plight of the man who wears his Sunday clothes every day. We have no "best suit" for a special occasion. We have so long applied the superlative degree to every form of mediocrity, that we have nothing left for genuine greatness. We are like the traveller who shouted "most sublime," to every waterfall and cascade he came to in America, so that he had nothing left for the cataract of Niagara, when he came to that. In Chicago especially, we need a supra-superlative, for we are actually pining away for want of a bit of grammar that shall express a degree of excellence greater than the greatest in the world. As every lawyer is a "judge," and every judge a "jurist," when a genuine jurist appears, we have no description for him because we are out of language. I once knew a lawyer, he was recently from college, who called every jurist a "Justinian"; and perhaps we shall have to come to that.

* * *

The argument of the last paragraph will apply to Mr. James K. Polk, once President of the United States, whose will, written by himself, has just been declared void by the courts of Tennessee. Commenting on this case in a well written article which would have been better were it not for our inveterate habit of using the exaggerated superlative, a Chicago journal refers to it as another curious example of the incapacity of great lawyers to make their own wills, although competent enough to draw wills for other people. The failure of Mr. Polk to make a will that would stand fire in the courts, is magnified into a legal curiosity by the astonishing fact that Mr. Polk was such an "eminent lawyer." Had the writer studied for five minutes the history of James K. Polk, he would have seen that it was quite impossible that he could have been an "eminent lawyer" or even a third rate lawyer when he drew the will in controversy. It is true that he was admitted to the bar, and so far as that makes a lawyer Mr. Polk was one, but when he was a very young man, he devoted himself to politics, and in that profession he continued all his life, beginning as a member of the Tennessee legislature, and ending as President of the United States. A man who has worked all his life at shoe making cannot be an "eminent lawyer," neither can the man who has worked all his life at politics. He may be a great statesman but he cannot be a great lawyer. Mr. Polk's will is proof that the man who drew it must have forgotten the primitive elements of real estate law which he learned in his younger days; yet in order to point a contrast and excite wonder, and because Mr. Polk was once President, we must write about him in exuberant superlatives, and describe him as an "eminent lawyer," and a "jurist."

* * *

To forge the pretended opinions of a living man and utter them as genuine, is a pusillanimous kind of libel, but it rises into chivalry when compared with the forging of a letter pretending to express the opinions of the dead. The latter offense is a little below the level even of our unscrupulous and defamatory politics, but party warfare has descended even to that. The forged letter lately published, and purporting to be from General Grant to Roscoe Conkling will stand pre-eminent for meanness to the end of the current political campaign. More criminal achievements may be attempted, but nothing so base. Not only are General Grant's real sentiments falsified in the spurious letter, but it represents him as a peddler of ungrammatical slang, an egotist in affected humility, and a flatterer. It is a clumsy misrepresentation, a deception that ought not to have deceived anybody for a moment. General Grant was not a brilliant nor an imaginative writer, but there was dignity in his literary style, manly sense, and brevity. He was incapable of writing such weak and ricketty phrases as "the best interests of the country's good," "our confidential talks," "this is a big country, full of brainy and ambitious men who can serve the country eminently well as its president," "their noble ambition," "the noble ambition to be," "your nobleness," "the status of public sentiment," "to-day you are the peer; to-morrow you may be submerged beneath the wave of public sentiment," "the people who have loved me, and whom I love," "the Maine statesman," "this estrangement between you two," and turgid rhetoric like that. Even after the fraud was fully exposed, papers interested in the "Blaine movement" and opposed to the renomination of Harrison continued to publish the letter under attractive headlines, as if its authenticity had never been denied. This was almost as ignoble as the original forgery.

* * *

"Richard Vantyle," said the judge to the criminal, "you have broken the laws: for stealing is a serious crime, but as you have never broken the Sabbath, I shall remit the punishment." That reads like a jest, but it is deeply earnest, for Sabbath worship has become an expiation for sin. Worse than that, we use it as a soothing syrup for conscience, and make it a substitute for duty. We ridicule the theory of papal indulgences, but practice a similar doctrine by granting pardon to ourselves as a reward for keeping holy the Sabbath day. The easy, and sometimes luxurious practice of Sunday religion counts as virtue; and searching the scriptures for a model of conduct, we take the Pharisee. Congress in the middle of a spendthrift carnival, calls a halt for prayers, and as an expiation for a thousand political sins, piously resolves that the World's Fair must not be open on Sunday. The sham and the flam of that was imitated, as it ought to be, by a Congress of sports and smashers which assembled at New Orleans on the night of Saturday, the 28th of May. It was convened in extra session to witness a prize fight between the Hon. George Siddons, member for Louisiana, and the Hon. Johnny Van Heest, member for Illinois. The fight began a little after ten o'clock; and the honorable gentlemen, having tried to kill each other for nearly two hours, unfortunately without success, the "referee," at the end of the 46th "round," made a soulful and improving exhortation, in which he said that as it was getting late, and Sunday morning only a few minutes distant, he was afraid that if they continued fighting any longer they might carelessly "desecrate the Sabbath"; he should therefore declare the fight a "draw,"

* * *

Speaking of a self-righteous Sabbath, and its uses for atonement, it is valuable also at election times, and if ostentatiously observed may help a candidate. It may be coined into political

capital, but then it becomes the sin of "Sabbath desecration," if such a sin can be. "More in the breach than the observance" was the Sabbath kept by the President of the United States at Rochester, if the papers tell the truth. A theatrical display of Sunday worship breaks the Sabbath into more pieces than visiting the World's Fair on Sunday, either for education or for pleasure. It was the very comedy of religion when the "local committee" called at the hotel, "to escort the President and his party to morning service." The President of the United States going to prayers with an escort, has an oriental grandeur about it that reminds us of royalty as it appears in the Arabian Nights; especially when "the march to the church was a triumphal procession, and the service a patriotic display." The church was given up for the day to the worship of the President, and it was made a fairy spectacle by patriotic bunting for his glory. To complete the caricature of worship, when the President entered the church, "the organiststruck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,'" instead of a hymn. So intoxicated was the President by this apotheosis, that he actually went to church again in the evening to have the act of deification repeated; which it was, with entirely new scenery and appointments; and "when the President appeared in the aisle of the church, the congregation which crowded the pews, rose and greeted him with clapping of hands." As for the decorations, the Court chronicle informs us that "they were very simple; three large flags were draped along the stairs leading to the galleries, and two smaller flags were draped across the pulpit, and on the floor in front of the pulpit were stacked three rifles," a pagan tribute and offering to Mars, who received a fair share of the adoration in the evening, but not quite so much as was given to the President.

* * *

Not only was the Sabbath morning and evening profitably observed by the President at Rochester, but the afternoon also; for then he held a reception, the hint for which was borrowed from the electioneering tactics of Mr. Perker, agent and chief of committee for the Hon. Samuel Slumkey, in his famous contest for a seat in parliament for the Borough of Eatanswill, excepting that in the Slumkey case the plan was not worked on the Sabbath. There was fine statesmanship shown in the afternoon, just after lunch, when "Mr. George Moss of the committee took a newsboy in a conspicuously clean sailor suit to call on the President." The resemblance between that and the Eatanswill case is so very close that the parallel is worth showing, and I therefore quote the following from the Pickwick Papers: "Nothing has been omitted, I hope?" said the Hon. Samuel Slumkey. To which Mr. Perker answers, "Nothing has been left undone, my dear Sir—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you are to pat on the head, and inquire the age of." The difference between the two cases is one of degree only, not of principle, for in the Rochester case instead of presenting twenty washed men, the member of the committee contented himself with presenting one washed boy, "in a conspicuously clean sailor suit." Mr. Moss was more economical than Mr. Perker, that was all; because, for the purpose, one washed boy is just as effectual as twenty washed men; especially such a curious phenomenon as a washed newsboy, in a clean sailor suit. It was also very good statecraft at this particular time, to treat that washed boy with what the diplomatists call distinguished consideration, for the Court chronicle reports that "he was the only caller the President received."

M. M. Trumbull.

NOTES.

We call attention to Dr. E. G. Hirsch's pamphlet "The Crucifixion, Viewed From a Jewish Standpoint, a Lecture Delivered by Invitation Before the Chicago Institute for Morals, Religion, and Letters." It is a very concise and impartial statement of our knowledge of the life and death of Jesus. The author has availed himself of all the learned materials of critical investigation and speculation, which, in this field, are more extensive than in any other one. Dr. Hirsch accepts upon the whole, the critical results of Christian scholars, adding to them the results that are obtained by a consideration of the often neglected sources of the Mishna and other Jewish traditions. There is apparantly no great disagreement between him and Professor Holtzmann of Strassburg, whose lately published "Handbuch" of the New Testament, is among orthodox and unorthodox theologians regarded as the best summary of the best impartial and scientific criticism of the gospels. The question whether the Jews or the Romans crucified Jesus, is, in our opinion, indifferent now, although it was of great importance in those days when prosecutions of the Jews were inaugurated on the sole plea that they had killed Christ. We recommend the pamphlet as an excellent résumé to all those who like to be informed about the present state of critical inquiry, yet are unable to study the voluminous works on the subject. In forty-nine pages Dr. Hirsch presents the case and all its most important arguments in the entertaining shape of a popular lecture.

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GISELA HEGELER.

DIED JUNE 10, 1892.

The greatest teacher of mankind is death. When his cold breath touches one of our beloved, he brings peace to the sufferer but causes at the same time affliction, anguish and sorrow in the hearts of the surviving. And our affliction is greater, our anguish deeper, our sorrow more intense, when the demise is untimely; when death leaves the old to mourn for the young, and when parents bury their child!

Gisela Hegeler died in the bloom of her youth. Scarcely developed to the fulness of life, she passed away from the happy circle of her family and left behind her, grief-stricken and weeping, parents, brothers, sisters, and friends.

Gisela Hegeler was born November 15, 1869. She was in her childhood as strong and vigorous as her brothers and sisters; but during her attendance at the high school of Ottawa, Illinois, and later on, at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, her health gradually became delicate. While home for the Christmas vacation, in 1890, she was seized with an attack of the Grippe which became chronic, and soon showed symptoms of consumption. All that medical art and change of climate could do for her was done, but all in vain. In spite of all the care taken by her parents, she faded slowly away to sink into an early grave.

* * *

In death we confront the deepest problem of life. Is it possible that man can die? that he will return to the dust out of which he was taken? We see the bodies of those that slumber the sleep of eternity, dissolve into the elements and we ask anxiously, Is that the end of all? Is man's life ephemeral—to enjoy himself a short while, and then to pass out of existence as though he had never been? Are his days, as says the Psalmist, like grass? As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth? The wind passes over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more?

We bewail the dear hope that is broken forever, we mourn for the faithful, loving daughter, the sweet sister, the affectionate friend; we weep for her, we remember her. Nevertheless, we sorrow not even as others which have no hope. She has gone from us: the beautiful virgin temple of her tender form has been broken and the earth claims the ashes of her body out of which it was built. But her soul stays with us and will remain a holy presence in our midst. Her life is not spent like a tale that is told as if she had never been, for the remembrance of her is and will remain a reality. Though she died, she is still living, and she will live as long as we ourselves live; as long as others after us will live, who like us struggle for and aspire to the same aims, the same goals, the same ideals.

We bewail our loss, but do not lament her lot; for we know that she is beyond all pain. At the same time we know that in spirit she is still with us. Therefore, let us cease to speak of her in sorrow. Rather let us speak of her as one that has been transfigured. For indeed she has been transfigured by the suffering that she patiently bore, and by having passed through the ordeal which brings the soul of man to that beyond where all struggle, all conceit, all vanity, all the temptations of life, where also all anxiety, all pain, all tribulation, are no more.

There is a strange, pathetic interest connected with those patients whose strength is consumed by the insidious enemy who took away our dear beloved dead. The famous scientist who studied the physiognomies of such patients, and made composite photographs of their faces, could not help expressing his deep sympathy with their character as a type, and he says that he returned day after day to his tedious work of classification with a liking for the objects of his study.

What is the cause of the sympathy that is naturally awakened by the pale, delicate, thoughtful face of the sufferer who thus fades away? His body is doomed to die, but his untarnished soul is not touched by disease: it is on the contrary regenerated by his sad fate, which repeats to us the great lesson of the tragedy of Golgotha that teaches us to suffer without complaining; for not in happiness lies the value of life, but in achievements, in worthy thoughts, in energetic deeds, and in the good example we set to others. No victory without struggle, no work without toil; and suffering, far from injuring a noble soul, will elevate, purify and sanctify it.

And the lesson that Death teaches us is that we—all of us—shall have to travel on the same road: we shall have to pass through the same ordeal to that same solemn beyond which, although it portends an annihilation of our present being, is no empty non-existence, but a higher kind of life—a life woven of the timeless threads of eternity—a transfigured life.

Let us, then, number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: let us so live that in the hour of passing out of this existence we shall have nothing to regret or repent. If we are thus worthily prepared for it, our thought of that grand beyond will be serene and calm. When no blot will stain our life, our memory will be dear to those whom we leave behind, and our after life will be a blessing to future generations which will come to live in our place.

* * *

Our views of life have changed much, through the influence of a more scientific, of a deeper and better insight into the mysteries of existence. We have replaced many mythological ideas by more correct and by truer statements, but we have not lost the properly religious spirit that, as we do not deny, lives in the mythologies of the past. We endeavor to preserve, and we do preserve, this religious spirit fully and wholely.

Some see only the negative side of the results of scientific research, but there is a positive side too. The poetic ornament naturally grows so dear to the yearning and enthusiastic heart, that he who rejects the allegoric garb of the parables appears to discard religion as a whole and to destroy all its comfort. For this reason it is difficult to our generation to apperceive that the simple truth is grander than the allegory in which it is contained and by which it is half concealed.

The allegory may be true as an allegory, although the allegorical element be a mere fiction or a poetical fancy. The value of the allegory however lies in the truth and not in the fiction be it ever so poetical.

We accept truth, scientifically demonstrable truth, and we trust in truth. We trust that truth alone can yield the balm for the wounds which truth so ruthlessly has inflicted. And in this trust in truth consists the true religious spirit. What our ancestors have seen as through a glass, darkly, we now see more directly and more clearly; what they believed through the help of mythological allegories, we now know to be truths of science.

The trust in truth enables us to bear the afflictions of life as strongly as did our brave forefathers; it strengthens us to look death, unflinching, in his stern face; and more so, it gives us the power to live and to die in peace. We have faith in the majestic, wondrous, and immutable laws of that All-Being in which we live and move and have our being. In that great reality of which and to which we are, we may confidently and trustingly rest our fate, for it alone is the Rock of Ages, and faith in it is superior to all creeds. All creeds of the past are an attempt at finding it; they have found it and describe it in parables, and the parables find their interpretation and fulfilment in the truth revealed by science.

* * *

My dear brothers, sisters, friends, when you find that parables are similes, and that mythologies are allegorical expressions that fail to be consistent and literally believable, do not forget that parables have a meaning, and when, by the progress of your mind, you begin to long for something better than the mythologies of former ages, do not forget that mythologies were the vehicles of grand ideas. Do not become impatient with the fiction of the simile of which you ought to have known beforehand that it is insufficient. Discard it if needs be, but preserve the truth it contains.

Above all, bear in mind that the purified knowledge of scientific research knows of no death. What seems so is a phase of life, and the state after life is no mere non-existence; it is the immortal blessing of a transfigured soul.

* * *

And now I bid thee, in the name of thy parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, a last farewell. May thy body peacefully slumber in consecrated ground: but thou thyself remain with us and live in our hearts as a powerful presence to enhance, elevate, and sanctify our lives.

Farewell!

TEETH SET ON EDGE IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* one of "The Contributors' Club" gives a little essay of three columns under the title "Teeth Set on Edge." It is not, as might be thought, a dental admonition except in the transcendental way. The aim is, apparently, to present a curious *collectanea* of instances showing the tendency of parental beliefs, if strongly pronounced, to cause reactions in families. The text about fathers eating sour grapes and their children's teeth being set on edge, seems hardly felicitous for the Contributor's purpose, as it suggests heredity of a direct k nd. But possibly I have mistaken his purpose. If one might take his title literally it must be admitted that this Contributor's article, as a dental operation, is a success. What it is as a literary performance may be judged by the subjoined extracts and comments.

1. "The Brights have been Quakers for centuries, but John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist." Through many

years I enjoyed the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas; I was a writer on the London *Morning Star*, edited by Mr. Lucas, and remember the sorrow of all radicals at his death. I had never heard of any Catholic proclivities in the Lucases, nor in any of the Bright family or connection, and was astounded by this *Atlantic* revelation. Yet so simple was my faith in the infallibility of the Hub in general, and its venerable magazine in particular, that my common sense was readily surrendered, and not recovered until I came upon—

2. "The Rev. Charles Voysey, expelled from the Church of England for heresy, now a freethought minister in London, has two daughters who have both become nuns." I lately heard that a daughter of Mr. Voysey had become a bride, though not of the church; I cannot positively assert that he has not two others who have become nuns, though, having known the family many years, I think I should have heard of it had it been true. But it seems strange that a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* should not know that the Church of England does not expel people for heresy. Mr. Voysey was never expelled from the Church of England, but is a clergyman thereof to this day. Though deprived of his incumbency he might be presented with another, should any gentleman owning control of a living become a convert to his views. Mr. Voysey's teeth will probably be set on edge when he finds himself described as "a freethought minister," as he is a rather *doctrinaire* Theist, uses a prayer book, and is somewhat antagonistic to the "freethinkers," so-called.

3. The Contributor says: "Bradlaugh, who refused to take the Christian oath on entering the House of Commons, had religious parents, and has a brother who is a Scripture reader." (Bradlaugh also read the Scriptures a good deal.) There is no Christian oath in the House of Commons,—none that a Jew or a Brahman cannot take. Bradlaugh did not refuse the usual oath but the House refused to administer it to him; his chief offence was that he rushed up to the table in the House and administered it to himself.

4. Here is one more example of this Contributor's omniscience: "Of [Cardinal] Newman's two brothers, Francis first turned to agnosticism, and then swung half back to Unitarianism." No one acquainted with Professor Newman's writings could imagine that he ever had any leaning towards agnosticism. When he became dissatisfied with the Church of England, in which he was born, he "first turned" to the extreme scriptural literalism of the Plymouth Brethren. He married a Plymouth Sister, who remained such to the end of her life. Very gradually he became a pronounced Theist, and has never undergone any reaction. Under the leadership of James Martineau many of the English Unitarians advanced to Professor Newman's views, and all of them, or nearly all, to a friendly relation with Theism; and he regarded it as but just to recognise that advance by uniting with them, especially as they were adopting and pressing forward certain social reforms in which he was deeply interested. But this recognition of the Unitarians was accompanied by a reaffirmation of his Theism and of his disbelief in supernaturalism, which indeed are in perfect accord with the later position of Dr. Martineau. I have known Professor Newman intimately since 1863, and at no time could he be rightly described as an agnostic or a reactionaire. Two years ago I visited the venerable author in his home, and was moved to admiration by his great conversation, showing as it did that he was still advancing to wider horizons of ethical and religious thought.

Quis custodiet custodes. Here is a magazine supposed to represent the culture of the most scholarly city in America misleading the public on some of the most important points connected with the movements of religious thought. For if my reader will examine the blunders recited above, he will perceive that the errors concerning persons betray profound ignorance of religious tendencies in the English Church, in English Unitarianism, and of all the matters concerning which the writer undertakes to generalise. It will also be seen that this is an educated ignorance. The writer has his "hobby," and turns leading men, women, churches, into saddles and bridles for it. The fact that he is permitted to ride his hobby in the *Atlantic Monthly* is an unpleasant indication that a culture of ignorance, as to religious matters, is going on in some influential circles. It is possible to deal with simple ignorance, but not with educated ignorance; for this carries prepossession to the extreme of "possession."

I was lately told of a poor fellow in a lunatic asylum who passes his whole time riding a hobby-horse. Some visitor said to him, "You have a fine horse." "This is not a horse," replied the lunatic, "it's a hobby. Don't you know a horse from a hobby?" "There's a difference?" "Yes, a great difference," said the lunatic; "you can get down from a horse, but not from a hobby."

The *Atlantic* Contributor had a fair horse to start with,—that one extreme begets another. Unfortunately he gets down from that and mounts a hobby,—a notion that the normal and rational developments of religious thought are "extremes," begetting reactions. But they are nothing of the kind; they are really the conservative religious forces. The children of liberal thinkers are generally liberals. Darwin, Emerson, Frothingham, the Channings, the Martineaus, the Carpenters, represent lines of ancestral liberalism. The actions and reactions noted by the *Atlantic* contributor are the forward and backward movements given by his own muscles to his own lifeless hobby.

MY FRIEND THE SOCIALIST.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY WILLIAM SCHUYLER.

One winter I attended a series of "Economical Conferences" as they were called. As motley an assemblage as I ever saw took part in them. There were solid men of business, "leading citizens," prominent lawyers, "single tax cranks," trades union men, and full fledged socialists. No one avowed himself an anarchist, but two or three of the company were suspected of having strong leanings in that direction. Some able papers were read, and there was much discussion, some valuable, some profitless. I doubt whether there were any converts made by any party, the outcome of the arguments seeming to be that each person was still further strengthened in his previous opinion. The real benefit of the meetings was that all who were in earnest came to know more about the standpoints and opinions of the opposing sections.

As far as I was concerned, I gained most from the study of the curious characters I met there, and none was more curious and striking than that of the man I afterwards learned to call "my friend the Socialist"; for we became very much attached to each other in the course of our acquaintance, and the friendship then formed still exists.

He first attracted my attention by the deep and in fact deadly earnestness with which he expressed his ideas and combatted those of his opponents. Many of us took the meetings lightly as a sort of intellectual amusement, but to him they seemed a matter of life and death. He apparently considered himself as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," preaching a new religion, the only thing which could save humanity,—that poor humanity, which was, as he expressed it, "slowly dying, throttled in the relentless grasp of bourgeois capitalism."

Being a foreigner, he had some difficulty with the English idiom, but the very effort which the expression of his ideas cost him made them only the more impressive when they finally obtained utterance.

He was a native of Poland, tall, slender, dark, and was clad in a well kept suit of fine cloth, although his linen was not always immaculate. His forehead, full and high, denoted intellect; his heavy jaw, force; his piercing eye, determination; and the deep lines of his face, sorrow and suffering. It was not a pleasant face to look upon, but one that left a lasting impression. There was a striking contrast between him and the volatile Americans, to whom abstract ideas are as luxuries, to be dropped at any moment for practical business considerations—the necessaries of our modern life. *His* ideas were to him sacred revelations, dearer than life itself. I believe he would have really enjoyed being hung, or electrocuted if he had thought that his death could in any way help along the Sacred Cause of Socialism.

Although earning his living by a handicraft, he was not an uneducated man. His small but well selected library bristled with the works of Marx, Lasalle, Bebel, and the like, while Mill, Spencer, and George were not lacking. The training of my friend had been peculiar. His father, a Jewish Rabbi, had intended him to follow the same profession, and, after grounding him thoroughly in Hebrew and in the Talmud, had sent him to Berlin to complete his studies. There the young student, having fallen into the company of Liebknecht and Bebel and other distinguished socialists, had been converted from Judaism, and had adopted socialism as a religion. For socialism is to many of its followers a religion—Karl Marx is its prophet, and "Das Kapital" its Koran.

My friend was of a deeply religious nature, one of those men who must have some firm creed to cling to, some great idea to promulgate, some hope to live for, and some cause for which to die. And socialism was all that to him. For socialism he had given up country, home, family, and a comfortable living, since he had been promptly disowned by his rabbinical father on the news of his apostacy, and had been obliged to exchange a life of intellectual work for one of hard manual labor. But he never regretted it. "If I had it to do all over again," he once said to me, "and knew in the beforetime that the sufferings and the trials would be thousand-fold what they have already been, I should not one minute hesitate." And his face lighted up with a smile such as must have illumined the early Christian martyrs when the lions were let loose. For he had all the characteristics of the typical fanatics and martyrs, all their indomitable determination, their unreasoning intolerance, and their perfect trust in their formula.

In the early days of our acquaintance I used to argue with him, and try to shake his faith. But he was always immovable. As I unfolded so carefully, so logically as I thought, my ideas of true democracy—the more complete freedom of the individual, the repeal of all sumptuary laws, the minimizing of governmental interference—a pitying smile would spread over his face at what he thought was my blindness. Then he would once more reiterate his socialistic formulas, which he always carried about with him, cut and dried and ready for use. He would tell me that it was only by extending governmental control to the means of production and distribution of wealth, by the people taking possession of all capital, that the individual would obtain the opportunity for his true development.

The word "Government" had a sort of cabalisti effect with him. It was the most sacred thing in the universe. His bitterest tirades were for those who would overthrow Government. He would have Government raised to the "nth degree." To be sure, he was only too willing to attack and overthrow some governments—for instance, the empire in Germany, the monarchy in England, the "bourgeois republic" in France, and even our own boasted constitution; but they were all as false gods, who were doomed to fall before the millennial coming of the True and Only God, the Ideal and Perfect Government, the "Social Democracy." And he uttered this name with bated breath as though he were in the presence of divinity.

Anyone who has ever argued with religious fanatics of any denomination on their special points of doctrine, will understand why, after a few trials, I ceased attempting to shake his belief. I must say, however, that he never faltered in his efforts for my conversion; for his ideas were firm convictions—matters of faith. I could easily see how he could differ from me—I differ from myself every six months or so—my working hypotheses of life being altered continually by new observations and experience; but he could never understand why, if I really thought and reasoned about the matter, I did not accept *his* formulas. Like the old opinion which the inquisitors held of the heretics, it was purely a "question of will." I could believe in the truth *if I wanted to*, and why I did not want to was beyond his comprehension; for he admitted to me that he thought I was honest.

A party of "society people" having picked up something about the "social question" in newspapers and elsewhere, and being in search of some Lenten novelty, resolved to have a series of meetings to be addressed by various cranks and doctrinaires. My friend the Socialist accepted an invitation to read them a paper on "Trades Unions." I was quite curious to see how he would behave himself in such company, and attended the meeting. As I entered the richly furnished hall where the dilletante sociologists were gathered, I saw him talking to some of the ladies who clustered about him as they would about some strange fish in an aquarium. He seemed, however, not in the least embarrassed, and was answering with great ease the multitudinous questions that only young American women can put. He would occasionally halt, or stammer for an instant, but that was only because he was butting against some rugged English idiom, and when he found the word or phrase he was searching for, he would cast it at them as freely as if it were a tennis ball. I knew that some of the young women, expecting this "common workman," this "labor agitator," to be overawed by the fashionable assemblage, had in the tenderness of their hearts made up their minds to give him as much assistance as possible, and to quite put themselves out in order to put him at ease. Their surprise was almost overwhelming when they saw him drop into their exclusive circle with as little embarrassment as if he had always moved there.

I asked him afterwards, if he had not felt a little awkward at first in meeting so much youth, beauty, and wealth. But he replied with a smile:

"Well, my friend, I must confess that just before I started to arrive there, I felt—well, shall I say it?—just a little afeared. But, to myself I said: 'Are you not in reality fully as good as them? What have they more than you but riches which they have not earned by themselves, and does that better them any? Also, possess you not much more than them, in that you have namely the knowledge of the truth; the which they with all their wealth and school days have not? Therefore, take courage, speak the truth! Why fear?'"

Nor did he fear. Though the "voice crying in the wilderness" was very soft and gentle—he was no loud mouthed demagogue—it said clearly what it had to say. To him, Trades Unionism was only a makeshift, a school to educate workmen in the principles of socialism.

Said he: "If you mention the word 'Socialism in a lodge of the Knights of Labor, it will be hissed; if you proclaim yourself that you are a Socialist it will be that you are to a certainty brickbatted or rotten-egged; but, contrariwise, if you talk about the government control of the railroads or other lines of business—that is to say, to wit, any part of the Socialistic programme, only, dare not to speak the word 'Socialism,' and you will be verily cheered to the skies. Yes, we Socialists work in secret, namely, in small groups. We know not always who be our comrades, but we know the cause for the which we are ready to die!"

And then that soft voice in the foreign phrase and accent went on coolly prophesying revolution, blood, and destruction, if the "bourgeois world" did not repent, and turn from its "lying and its robbery and its murder of the toiling masses." For, as he continued:—"Ours is the world, and its riches, namely, the things which we make. And we will have them, peaceably if can, forcibly if must." And a shudder passed over that light assembly as the speaker's eyes flashed flame. He looked as though *he* personally would prefer the "forcibly if must."

Then he went on to say that as far as strikes were concerned, he did not care much whether the workmen gained or lost—either case was of advantage to the Revolution. If the men won, it showed them the advantages of organisation. If they lost,—especially if the law, or the police, or the Pinkertons were employed against them—it widened the gulf between "the workers and the idlers," deepened their mutual

hatred, taught the wage earners that they must depend upon themselves, upon their organisation, and so hastened the time when the proletariat would rise in the might of its overwhelming numbers and recover its own. "Unser die Welt trotz alledem!"

Then he attacked Christianity and the Church, proclaiming the gospel of Socialism. "That new gospel," he continued, "who is fated to supplant the old one, which has verily failed in all its aims. For I say to you that Socialism has done more for the masses in one generation than Christianity in eighteen centuries! Now, truly, is come the time of the masses,—let the classes beware!"

During the discussion which followed the reading of his paper, in answer to the question, "Whether people could not manage to live quite well on certain wages?" he rose to his feet, and stretching out his bony finger towards the feminine portion of the audience, said in a still lower tone, but one which penetrated like a chill:

"Do you know, ladies, that there are women, young and beautiful like you, who can only by their utmost labor make but one dollar and a half a week? Do you know what that means? Do you know what kind of a life they must verily lead? Do you know what they are driven to—these women, young and beautiful like yourselves? If you ask me I shall tell you."

Nobody asked him, he did not tell it; and everybody was glad when the discussion closed a few minutes afterwards. My friend the Socialist was bent on telling the truth, and verily the whole truth; and if there is anything that polite society dreads it is the whole truth.

Upon his invitation I once addressed a meeting of his socialistic comrades, and set forth my individualistic notions on legislation. I shall never forget the occasion. When I had finished my paper, one after another, men with determined faces and indeterminate English, rose and denounced me. To them I was a blasphemer. I had attacked their God, the Great Social Democracy! I had attempted to discredit their prophet, Karl Marx! I had spoken lightly of their Bible, "Das Kapital!" Truly the world would go to the "demnition bow-wows" were such ideas as mine to prevail! It was too much under the dominion of them already; but soon the Almighty Social Democracy would rise in His Power, and dash His Enemies to Pieces!

Nearly every word in their speeches was capitalised. Every sentence ended with a point of interrogation or exclamation, and fairly bristled with italics. They spoke not as men who know that they see through a glass darkly, but as men who believe that they view the Eternal Truth face to face. I saw that I was in the presence of the votaries of a new religion, who were ready, nay, anxious to become martyrs.

I felt that these men must be reckoned with in the future, and that the reckoning would be a dread reckoning; for it would not be dealing with opinions or matters of business or profit and loss, but with a faith, firm and unshakable in the ultimate triumph of a divine cause. And as I thought of the rapid spread of the idea of governmental interference, of national ownership of the railways and telegraphs and so on, when I recalled the platforms of the Farmers' Alliance, of the Knights of Labor, and of the People's Party, I knew that the reckoning would be not with a few fanatics, but with ill-balanced, enthusiastic masses—and I trembled.

I made no attempt to reply to their objections. I saw that it would be useless. It does no good to butt your head against a stone wall.

As I left the hall, my friend the Socialist joined me. He wished to say good by.

"Why are you leaving the city?" I asked.

"Well, my friend, here have I been for over two years, and that is the longest I have abided in one place since I left my home. I am a species of Wandering Jew," he said with a laugh. "I have performed much agitation, I have organised the wage earners in this place greatly. I need the fresh pastures."

"But why not remain here where you have been so successful?"

"Well, the truth I must tell you, I have lost my situation."

"Are you blacklisted?"

"No, no. Our union is too strong to allow that. But business is of a surety dull at present. The bosses are discharging many hands—they must—there is no work for them. I have been very prominent in labor circles. I am not afeared. I sometimes tell to the bosses my mind. So naturally I am the first to go. But I complain not."

"What are you going to do? Have you any savings?"

"Oh, no! All my spare money has gone for the Cause. But I am not afeared. I have no wife, no children. I have never dared to take a wife unto myself lest I might be hampered in the work. I am lonesome, but therefore am I strong."

"Have you no plan?"

"As yet, nothing. But I cannot be downed. I am of pure Jewish blood, and I shall always fall upon my feet. If I cannot do anything else I can sell something. The whole of your Christianity has tried to down our race for centuries, and here we are stronger than ever. As my race so am I. And then my cause is just—that gives me strength."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may augh to yourself! but you shall of a surety come over to us yet. If you continue in honesty you shall see that only we have the truth. *Auf Wiedersehen!* You shall hear from me yet."

I have heard from him frequently. He is already at the front of the labor agitation in a neighboring city.

A CONCILIATION OF RELIGION WITH SCIENCE.

THERE are two truths to be minded by those who aspire after a conciliation of religion with science: first, we should learn that science and philosophy have a religio-ethical importance, and second, that the religious problem is not different from other problems; it has to be solved by the same methods—the methods of scientific inquiry—as are applicable in all other fields. There are workers in both domains, that of religion and that of science, who are attempting to tunnel through the almost unsurmountable mountain ridge which has been raised between science and religion by a tradition of several hundred years; and it is to be expected that those whose calculations are correct will meet one another half way.

Mr. Lyman Abbott, the well known editor of the *Christian Union*, has published, about a week or two ago, a little book entitled "The Evolution of Christianity," and we recognise in him a man who is endeavoring to tunnel boldly through the mountain we have spoken of, and if he has not as yet arrived at the other side, we are glad to find him working his way in the right direction. Coming from the opposite side we can meet him and shake hands in the hope that there will soon be a time when all obstacles and discrepancies between science and religion will be removed.

Mr. Lyman Abbott's book is full of the spirit of Christianity, but all the anti-scientific tendencies which an antiquated dogmatism imposes upon most of our churches, have been overcome. Mr. Lyman Abbott says:

> "God has not given us an infallible standard, but something far better, namely, a divine revelation. There is one relatively infallible book in the world, 'Euclid's Geometry.' It was written years before Christ, and so far as I know, no material errors have been found in it from that day to this; but it has exerted no such influence upon mankind as the Bible. It is inerrant, but it is not divine. The value of the Bible consists not in the supposed fact that there are no errors in it, but in this, that its books have been written by men who, with various degrees of clearness of vision, saw God in his world of nature and in his world of men, and were able to make others see him. It is God—God's truth, God's life—revealed in and imparted by the Bible, which makes it a sacred book."

We agree with Mr. Abbott, but not entirely. We feel the purport of his distinction between Euclid as the representative of scientific inquiry, and the Bible, and we grant it is true enough so far as it goes; but it is true only in a limited way. The ethical spirit of the sacred literature of religion had a much greater *direct* influence upon the large masses of mankind, but the *indirect* influence of scientific works will, *in the end*, be found at least as large, and I do not hesitate to say, even larger. Euclid's Geometry (and I mean by it, not Euclid's book, but the science of mathematics and the spirit of scientific research collectively) has changed the savage into the civilised man, and has transformed his crude superstitions into religion. From this standpoint I maintain that Euclid has exerted a greater influence upon mankind than the Bible; and more still, a great part of the Bible, a great part of the spirit of the Bible, is due to the principles contained in Euclid's Geometry.

Our theologians should learn—there are only few among them who know—that there is a holiness about mathematics which is not and cannot be excelled by the Bible. Mathematics is a revelation of God, our scientists and naturalists are true prophets of God, and the spirit of scientific inquiry is as much religious as any sermon in the pulpit or the homilies of preachers and priests.

Mr. Lyman Abbott says in the first lecture "Evolution and Religion":

> "There has been much ignorance and more prejudice: on the part of theological experts, ignorance respecting the true nature of evolution; on the part of scientific experts, ignorance respecting the true nature of religion."

Mr. Abbott's statement cannot be denied, but we should say that the theologians' ignorance respecting the true nature of religion, and the scientists' ignorance respecting the true nature of evolution, have gone much farther to prevent a conciliation between science and religion. There have been, and there are still, naturalists of a world-wide reputation who regard the laws of nature, and especially the law of evolution, as immoral in the highest degree. There are also philosophers who join in the denunciation of nature as being immoral. It is sufficient to mention in this connection Huxley and John Stuart Mill as typical instances. On the other hand, nearly all prominent divines have almost *uni sono* defined and explained the nature of religion as something hostile to reason and to the principles of scientific inquiry. Our theologians are still under the spell of paganism, and will remain so until they have learned to appreciate the divinity that resides in science and the principles of scientific investigation.

Mr. Abbott says in the preface:

> "We are living in a time of religious ferment. What shall we do? Attempt to keep the new wine in the old bottles? That can only end in destroying the bottles and spilling the wine Attempt to stop the fermentation? Impossible! And if possible, the only result would be to spoil the wine. No! Put the new wine into

new bottles, that both may be preserved. Spiritual experience is always new. It must therefore find a new expression in each age. This book is an attempt to restate the eternal yet ever new truths of the religious life in the terms of modern philosophic thought.

"The teachers in the modern church may be divided into three parties: one is edeavoring to defend the faith of the fathers and the forms in which that faith was expressed; one repudiates both the faith and the forms; one holds fast to the faith, but endeavors to restate it in forms more rational and more consistent with modern habits of thought. To confound the second and third of these parties, because they agree in discarding ancient formularies, is a natural but a very radical blunder. The New Theology does not tend toward unfaith; it is, on the contrary, an endeavor to maintain faith by expressing it in terms which are more intelligible and credible."

It is probable that the Christian reader of Mr. Abbott's book will discover that the author has abandoned the historic faith of Christendom to become an evolutionist. But he has not only preserved, but also cleansed it of Pagan thought and feeling, and presents it in a purer and more powerful form. This was Mr. Lyman Abbott's endeavor, as he tells us in the preface, and in this he has succeeded. P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BASIS OF ETHICS.

Gross-Lichterfelde, Berlin, April 30, '92.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

My best thanks for kindly sending me the articles on Ethical Societies in *The Open Court*, which I have read with great interest. What is said against the lack of principle in the Ethical Societies, I regard as very true. There is no ethics which does not rest upon some theoretical conviction concerning the nature and position of man in the world, be this conviction derived from a religious tradition, or constituted by philosophy. In the latter case its authority and motive power with the people, would, to be sure, always remain problematic. Therefore, the historically given religion can never be dispensed with in the education of the people. It is however, possible to purify it scientifically.

Yours truly,

D. PFLEIDERER.

NOTES.

Prof. George John Romanes's book "Darwin and After Darwin," the first volume of which has just been published by The Open Court Pub. Co., is the most recent presentation we have of the evolution theory, written by a man who is recognised as being its most competent expounder. The first volume comprising 460 pp. treats of the following subjects: "Classification"; "Morphology"; "Embryology"; "Palæontology"; "Geographical Distribution"; "The Theory of Natural Selection"; "Evidences of the Theory of Natural Selection"; "Criticisms of the Theory of Natural Selection"; "The Theory of Sexual Selection." The work is profusely illustrated, the frontispiece being an excellent engraving of Darwin's head in profile.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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A SHORT STUDY IN FOLK-MUSIC.

BY L. J. VANCE.

I AM not concerned here about the origin of music. The question whether music arises from those sounds which the male makes during the excitement of courtship to captivate the female—the theory of Mr. Darwin—or whether music had its genesis in the sounds which the voice originates under the excitement of strong feeling—may be left unanswered at this time. We take folk-music as we hear it—as it is made by a bunch of hoofs tied together, by peas in a bladder, by a gourd filled with pebbles, by a *tomtom*, or by a Japanese fiddle.

We shall assume that music has been an art of gradual growth, and subject to the law of evolution. Thus, we are able to detect how savage music, as of the New Zealanders, develops into barbarous music, as that of the American Indians; to follow music from Egypt to Judæa, from Judæa to Greece. We shall show that music was crude and barbarous even in ancient Jerusalem; that, out of folk-songs of the European peasantry, out of the Greek system of notation and the few notes of Gregory, known as the Gregorian tones, has grown the vast structure of modern musical art, with all its intricacies, and with all its superb orchestration.

Such, in brief, has been the progress of "the youngest of the arts." Beginning with words without melody or harmony, the art of Wagner ends with music without words.

Here, for the purposes of this inquiry, I will mention three styles of music in vogue among the lower races of man, and also in vogue among European folk.

First, we have the music of social life and activities, expressive of human nature in various moods and under different circumstances. This kind of music survived in popular melodies, which the early contrapuntists used as themes for their masses and motets. So too, the great composers have gone directly to the folk for inspiration; as, for example, Handel went to the Italian peasantry for the theme of his immortal *Messiah*, and Beethoven availed himself of Russian melodies in the quartets he dedicated to the prince of that country.

Secondly, we have martial music—strains which spring out of the "war whoops" of the Indian, and out of the ringing clash of spear and shield, to the sound of which the Spartans drilled in Pyrrhic dance. Such music tells of that fierce and fighting courage which made the warrior Teuton feared by the Roman. Many of the charming melodies in Weber's *Preciosa* were taken from the vocal performance of Spanish soldiers.

In the third class, we arrange all religious music. It tells of the religious life of the folk—of the doings of the *Shaman*, or "medicine-man." Next to song, noise is the great remedy used by the priest-doctor in curing the sick. The rattle is his favorite instrument. Above the rattle in the scale of musical instruments, says Dr. Tylor, is the drum, and it too has been to a great extent adopted by the sorcerer; it is an important implement to him in Lapland, in Siberia, among some North American and some South American tribes.*

The characteristic of ancient folk-music, both secular and religious, was noise. "Play skilfully and with a loud noise," commands the Psalmist. The same desire for *fortissimo* is revealed in the scriptural allusion to the clapping of hands, and in the account of the regular stamping of the director of the Greek chorus. The works of Greek poets and philosophers are full of allusions to the "power" of music. In one popular Greek author, we read of a young flute-player bursting a blood-vessel and dying through the effort to obtain a very loud note.

What the music of the ancient was, one can only imagine. The musical works of Boethius and Vitruvius do not help us much. That Greek music was crude and barbarous may be proved by their system of notation, which could not represent music of any intricacy.

It is an open question whether American Indians had characters to designate tones.† The Micmacs, for instance, seem to have had an elaborate system of hieroglyphics to designate sounds, but they had no characters to designate tones.‡

* *Early History of Mankind*, p. 183.

† *Ueber die Musik der Nord-Amerikanischen Wilden*, by Theodor Baker

‡ *Journal of Am. F. Lore*, Vol. 3, p. 277. *Journal of Am. Ethnology* etc. Vol. 1, p. 133.

An important contribution to the study of folk-music has been made recently by Mr. J. Walter Fewkes. He used the phonograph to capture and record the music of the Zuni Indians. The results, he obtained, are at once striking and significant. His collaborator in the musical department, Mr. Gilman, states that, Zuni melodies are not based on that law of music, which we call scale. His greatest discovery was the use by the Zunis of intervals smaller than our semi-tones, and Zuni music is thus distinctly related to the music of the Maories of New Zealand and even to the music of the civilised Greeks.

Again, in many Zuni songs, we find the "Scotch snap"—a short followed by a long note with the accent on the first—which is so pronounced a feature in the music of our Southern negroes, and in Hungarian music. "What we have in these (Zuni) melodies," says Mr. Gilman, "is the musical growth out of which scales are elaborated, and not compositions undertaken in conformity to norms of interval order already fixed in the consciousness of singers."

We can only refer briefly to Dr. Franz Boas's study of Eskimo music.* There are two distinct classes of Eskimo melodies—one coincides with our major key and is identical with Chinese and some Indian keys; the second corresponds to our minor key. The relation of Eskimo melodies to their key note, as Professor Succo points out, resembles that of the Gregorian chants, especially the psalmodic ones among them.

To priest and ecclesiastic modern music owes a debt that can be hardly repaid. As an art factor, the contrapuntal studies of the monks and church-men cannot be over-estimated. Gregory the Great (590) collected the best music current in his day, added four new scales, and issued an antiphony or authorised book of ecclesiastical music. Thanks to Guido d'Arezzo's invention, the perpetuation of music became possible (1020). As a matter of fact, the early music-masters worked over popular tunes and folk-songs. So that, folk-music is really at the foundation of the European schools of music.

The rise of instrumental music as an independent branch of the art dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century. At that time vocal operatic music had made great progress, and the demands upon the orchestra was met by the great violin makers near Cremona and the organ makers in Italy in the seventeenth century. Thus, operas, sonatas, and quartets paved the way for the development of the modern symphony.

When Western Europe was without music-art of any kind, folk-melodies were in the air. The Mediæval songs all had music which is lost for ever. Here and there a fragment of an old folk-song has come down to us. We have the words of the famous "Chanson de Roland" of Charlemagne's time, but where is the music that went with it?

There was a grand outburst of song and of music in the Middle Ages. The Troubadours in France, the Minne-singers in Germany, and the minstrels in England were now singing and playing in castle and Court. These strolling story-tellers and players took their song out of the people's mouths; their tales of love, chivalry and romance were carried along by popular folk-melodies. Thus, the minstrel's art is a musical bar, so to speak, between the old folk-song and that which modern musical art created for all time.

* *Sixth An. Rep. Ethnology*, s. 635.

NICOLAUS LENAU.

BY EMMA POESCHE.

I.

Goethe and Schiller, the two great German contemporaries, have found their way to the heart and mind of the whole civilised world. Of two other contemporary poets, Heine and Lenau, only the former has been universally recognised; Lenau's fame hardly reached beyond the limits of Austria and Germany, though his countrymen consider him one of their greatest lyric bards.

What may have been the reason of this apparent neglect of other nations, and particularly of the United States?

The average American has only heard of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, and Heine, the name of Nicolaus Lenau has never reached his ear nor met his eye.

Heine, with his satirical, excessive spirits and witty sallies, with his poems that seemed like brilliant shooting stars, falling suddenly into a foul swamp and changing to will-o-the-wisps before the eyes of the astonished spectator—Heine created a sensation in the world, startling the pious with his frivolities, animating the dull with his sarcasm, alluring the young with his fascinating songs. The blossom of his muse might be compared to a luxuriant growth of tulips, burning in Oriental colors and sending forth a lurid light.

How different the qualities of Lenau are! The poet of melancholy, with his tender sensibility, his truthfulness, his belief in friendship and ideal love. He had the sympathy of the sentimental only and the unhappy. His followers sent no trumpet blast over the earth, proclaiming a Prophet who had arisen to conduct poetry into new channels. The symbol of *his* muse is the violet, clad in the color of half-mourning, a blossom of sweetest fragrance only sought and plucked by those who are pure and sensitive. The following poems express his sad spirit:

MELANCHOLY.

" Gentle, thoughtful melancholy,
Through this life thou art my guide;
May my star arise or slowly
Sink, I find thee at my side.

To ravines where eagles only
Dwell we two are wont to roam;
Where the pine stands dark and lonely,
Where the roaring waters foam.

Of my dead ones I am thinking.
Wildest tears of sorrow rise;
On thy heart my face is sinking
With its grief-benighted eyes."

MIST.

" Thou dreary mist, concealed are now
The valley with its stream,
The mountain with its wooded brow
And every sunny gleam.

O hide beneath thy night of grey
The earth so far and free;
Take all that saddens me away,—
Conceal the Past from me."

To understand Lenau's sadness one must study this poet's life, for his fate grew out of his character and education; it was so inextricably interwoven therewith, that he himself wrote in one of his letters: "My writings contain my life."

Nicolaus Franz Niembsch, Chevalier de Strehlenau (his *nom de plume* "Lenau" is taken from the two last syllables of his family name) was born Aug. 13th, 1802, at Csatad, a village near Temesvar in Hungary, where his father, having left his Cavalry Regiment, was employed as a government official. The maiden name of the poet's mother was Therese Maigraber, she being the descendant of a highly respected family in Ofen.

Lenau's parents had married for love, overcoming many obstacles to their union; still their matrimonial life can by no means be called a happy one. The retired army officer brought into his new civilian life an uncontrollable desire for freedom, long suppressed under the restraint of military discipline. A craving after pleasure and dissipation, a wish to play the "Grand Seigneur" and last but not least a passion for gambling which lead him step by step to his ruin.

One day, when he had gone to Temesvar for medical assistance, his little daughter being dangerously ill, he forgot his errand and the time that was fatally ebbing away, lingered at a gambling-house until he had lost every florin in his pocket; then he was detained in town by his creditors.

Meanwhile the little sufferer had breathed her last, and as the bereaved mother was watching beside the coffin, two of her husband's gambling companions came and demanded her signature to a check of 17,000 florins, the sum which he had lost. In order to save her husband from disgrace and prison the poor woman was compelled to sign this paper.

To complete the list of his iniquities he broke his marriage vow, so that the last tie of the old affection between him and his wife was severed.

But these excesses undermined his health, and death overtook Lenau's father when he was but twenty-nine years of age, an age most critical to those suffering with consumption.

The wealthy parents of the deceased offered a permanent home to their orphaned grandchildren, but the young widow did not accept the well-meant offer of her mother-in-law, who, a descendant of the Barons of Kellersberg, may have made it in too imperious a manner. So Therese kept her children, her pride, and her destitution, for henceforward the old Baroness declined to give her the slightest assistance. Therese was obliged to limit her needs to the utmost, until by her own mother's death she obtained an inheritance that rendered the widow and her three children more comfortable.

The tender-hearted woman, whose passionate love for her husband had been so cruelly crushed, now concentrated all the fervor of her soul upon her children, and particularly on her favorite boy "Nic" whom she idolised, and therefore spoiled. The latter received his first instruction in Ofen, showed great talent for music and excelled in playing the guitar. It is recorded that once when he was travelling in Tokay, a mere schoolboy, crowds of girls followed the young artist, allured by the magic strains of his instrument. But that instrument soon proved unsatisfactory to the aspiring youth, and he exchanged it for the violin.

Reared by a mother whose trials and misfortunes led her to seek the consolations of the Catholic church, the boy naturally inclined to devoutness; he said his morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardor, and often celebrated Mass at home, a chair representing the altar. It is not astonishing that such a boy should develop into a poet, who, keeping ever in view the supramundane, the divine, chooses with preference dogmatic subjects for his compositions, and tries to find liberation for humanity on religious ground.

Returning from Tokay, Therese, in order to economise, rented a house in the suburbs of Ofen, which was built in a cemetery and had originally served as a chapel, but was now deserted by the grave diggers. The impressions received from the strange and melancholy surroundings of Lenau's boyhood are echoed in his poetry.

Practical Ornithology formed a new tie between the poet-boy and nature. Listening to the winged inhabitants of the woods, he learned to imitate their rich modulations and wonderful sounds in whistling, perfecting himself to such a degree as to astonish experienced artists.

Growing up in a family circle of women, he soon began to feel himself a man, physically and mentally superior. On the other hand he was spoiled for practical life by his mother's indulgence, which rendered him irresolute and lacking in energy. His over-scrupulous conscientiousness may excuse these faults somewhat, at any rate it heightens our sympathy with his subsequent gloomy fate.

Like all great men he inherited his best qualities from his mother; her purity, her striving after the beautiful and sublime, her depth of feeling, her meditative melancholy, her fertile imagination, all were his. Fortunately his father bequeathed to him nothing worse than the taste for a roving life.

In 1816 the amiable young widow, not discouraged by the failure of her first matrimonial venture, accepted the hand of a physician, Dr. Vogel, and went with him and the children to live in Tokay. Nicolaus called the two years he spent there the happiest of his life. He pursued his studies under a tutor, but Therese was not satisfied with this mode of instruction for her favorite son, having ambitious plans for his future. Leaving the doctor in Tokay, she returned with her children, whose number had meanwhile increased to five, to Ofen, in order to facilitate "Nic's" education.

The grandparents renewed their invitation, this time with more success than on a former occasion, for Therese left her son and his younger sister in their care. The doctor, a man of practical common sense, was much pleased with this arrangement, as it was of pecuniary advantage to his family. Not so the loving mother! Returning home, she induced her husband to take up his residence in Pressburg, in order to be nearer to the children.

"Nic" came to Vienna in the autumn of 1819 to devote himself to philosophical studies. He stayed at a boarding house, but spent his vacation at Stockerau, with his grandparents. It was there that he met his future brother-in-law, Anton Schurz, who became his most intimate and faithful friend.

The pale, dark-haired, gloomy looking "Nic" was not like his merry fellow-students who pursued practical studies with a view to making a living; he behaved rather like an amateur scholar, absorbing all that seemed interesting to him, rejecting what did not happen to please his fancy. And so it was with him all his life.

His grandparents wished him to study law in Vienna as soon as he should have finished his philosophical studies, that he might fit himself for a government career, but young Nicolaus did not approve of this plan, and thought he preferred the shorter course of the Hungarian law, which he could study at Pressburg near his beloved mother. No sooner had he gained his point, than he changed his mind and began to study agriculture at a college which the Archduke Charles had founded on one of his estates. At the end of a year he tired of agriculture and returned to Vienna to study German law, accompanied by his mother, who had also followed him to his college. Three years he devoted to law, when suddenly he found that his talent was for medicine, and four additional years were given to assiduous study, the result of which was nervous prostration that compelled him to seek the mountains to recuperate his health.

When his medical studies were almost finished and his degree taken he returned to his first choice, and forgot all else in reading and studying philosophical problems, Spinoza's writings gained his particular attention. Thus the capricious youth devoted himself alternately to agriculture, jurisprudence and medicine, but speculative philosophy seemed most potent to chain his fickle fancy.

At the time when "Nic" opposed his grandmother's arrangements regarding his choice of a profession, he must have been in a very excited frame of mind. One day, returning from one of his ornithological rambles, he rushed into her drawing-room and was reprimanded by the old lady for his noisy enthusiasm and untidy appearance, to which "Nic" replied hotly: "I would rather starve than remain a slave in golden fetters." He left his grandparent's house that same day and surprised his family at Pressburg by his sudden arrival. The incident was soon forgotten and the domineering grandmother reconciled, but it is too characteristic of the hero of this sketch to be omitted.

II.

His first song "Jugendtraeume," was published in 1828 with his real name attached to it, while his first poem under his *nom de plume* was printed in 1830. His early productions were imitations of Hoelty, Klopstock, and others, and it was not until later that our hero succeeded in being entirely original in his compositions. One characteristic ever adhered to his poems and his personality, that melancholy with which he was born and which he took with him to his grave. He was an enemy of all tyranny and oppression, and had the deepest sympathy with the Polish nation eloquently expressed in his "Polish Songs," which breathe the spirit of Poland in every line. They were inspired by one of his intimate friends, Nicolaus de Antoniewicz.

A circle of congenial friends gathered around Lenau. They met daily at their headquarters in the centre of Vienna, the so-called "Silver Café," and this small coterie soon proved a magnet for all bright intellects of the imperial city. The plain café is intimately connected with the memory of Lenau and

Austrian literature in general. Though our poet was capable of momentarily forgetting his gloomy inclinations in such brilliant company, the dark veil of melancholy seemed to wind itself closer around his head from day to day.

His first disappointment in love weighed heavily on his sensitive heart which was almost broken, when he found that he had squandered his first holy affection on a beautiful but unworthy girl. He could never forget this shock of his young life, his grief being echoed in many of his poems, such as "Dead Joy," "Sadness," "Mist," "Longing for Forgetfulness."

The loss of his noble mother was another shock to him; she died in 1829 after a lingering illness, breathing her last in Lenau's arms. She was not destined to witness her son's fame, but she highly appreciated his poetry when he read it to her. Many beautiful stanzas were written in her memory, which show how deeply her image was impressed on the son's faithful heart, even beyond the grave.

His grandmother died about the same time, having reached the goodly age of 86 years. He inherited a small fortune which made him independent, at least for a time. He resolved to travel, thought of going to America, being desirous of seeing the land of free institutions which had always been of special interest to the dreamy philanthropist, but finally decided on going to Germany. Leaving his Austrian home, his friends and relatives, he was eager to forget the grief of parting and wished to form new ties during his visit to the Suabian poets in Stuttgart.

His collection of poems had grown sufficiently to fill a small volume and he succeeded in interesting in his own behalf the publishing firm of T. G. Cotta, famous for its editions of the German classics. Having enjoyed the hospitality of G. Schwab, he dedicated to him his first volume of poems as a token of heartfelt gratitude.

The original manner in which he recited his own weird sobbing stanzas, won for him the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact. He soon found a second home among his congenial fellow poets, among whom Ludwig Uhland, with his classical simsimplicity and grandeur, seemed to be regarded as the star. The Austrian guest charmed not only the men, but also bewitched the women. In the days of his boyhood girls had followed the strains of his guitar, now women listened with rapture to the sweet verses of the man, establishing what might be called a Lenau worship. Of course this adulation spoiled and unfitted him for the storms of life, seeming like a continuation of his mother's unwise indulgence.

It would have been strange, had his heart remained untouched in the midst of his feminine admirers. Who could resist a blooming, graceful girl singing Beethoven's wonderful song "Adelaide," interpreting it with exquisite feeling? Not Lenau, for he fell in love with Charlotte, a young lady of much musical talent. Her high culture, sweetness of disposition and admiration for the poet seemed almost to force him into happiness. Both had a deep affection for each other—and still the word was not spoken. Lenau renounced her, lacking energy to struggle with the dark spirits within him, believing himself doomed to a sad fate and unwilling to involve the beloved girl in his own imagined ruin. His "Reed Songs" are dedicated to her, one of which reads as follows:

"On the silent lake reposes
Moonlight, gentle and serene,
Weaving all its pallid roses
In a wreath of rushes green.

Stags beyond the hill-side wander,
Glance through dimness o'er the lea;
Now and then the reedbirds yonder
Stir the rushes dreamily.

From mine eye a tear is flowing;
Through mine inmost being glide
Thoughts of thee so sweet and glowing,
Like a prayer at eventide!"

From Stuttgart Lenau went to Heidelberg to complete his medical studies; here he was once more seized with a longing to go to America, and this time his visions of grand scenery and boundless tracts of land, proved irresistible. He joined an association of two hundred emigrants, formed for settling on the Missouri, and invested five thousand florins in the enterprise. He wrote to his brother-in-law Schurz as follows: "I wish to hear the Niagara and sing Niagara songs, it is indispensably necessary for my poetical education, my poetry lives and works in nature, and nature is in America more beautiful than in Europe. An immense number of new impressions is in store for me, and endless abundance of magnificent scenery, untouched as the virgin soil of the primeval forest."

Lenau set out for America in the middle of June 1832. After a long stormy voyage on board a sailing vessel, he landed in Baltimore about the middle of October, bringing with him "a great admiration for the ocean, which, when calm, awakened a longing for friends and native mountains, when enraged, showed to man his own insignificance as compared with the rolling billows."

America disappointed him from beginning to end. "Instead of wine they have cider," he wrote home (it was before the time of the California vineyards), "they have no nightingales, and it takes the voice of a Niagara to preach to the American people that there are higher aims in life than worshipping their great idol—money," etc. Nevertheless he was deeply impressed by her great natural beauty as revealed to him in the primeval forests of the West, the valley of the Hudson and the Niagara Falls.

He bought a horse in Baltimore and started for the West, having refused the singular invitation of a German student to accompany the latter on a musical tour and play the violin.

The Emigrant's Association at Würtemberg proving a failure, he bought 1400 acres of forest land of the government of the United States, rented it to a fellow passenger from the sailing vessel, but was afterwards sadly disappointed in this man.

His long horseback rides through the damp fogs of the western forests made our hero rheumatic, besides he was tormented with the remaining effects of scurvy, contracted on board the vessel, and an old wound that he had once received in falling out of a sleigh, all these ailments made him very uncomfortable and confined him to his bed during the long winter months. No wonder that his muse became more gloomy and melancholy than of yore, which did not seem to detract from his power, as he wrote some of his most famous poems at this time.

Spring returned and with it his strength; mustering all the energy he was capable of, he went to see the Niagara Falls, hastened to New York, embarked, recrossed the Atlantic and landed in Bremen in June 1833.

Germany greeted him with enthusiasm, and he came home to find himself famous.

The nation had discovered that his poetry was unique in its rhythm and melody, rich in its depth of thought and variety of original and faithful pictures of nature. The plastic perfection of the latter gained for him the name of "Sculptor of thought." His manliness blended with child-like simplicity, his sorrow, his sweet lyric poetry, won the heart of all. His later epic productions may be grander, but his first lyric verses cannot be surpassed in poetic beauty and artistic finish.

Returning to his native land, Austria, he did not meet with the same enthusiasm that had greeted him in Germany. The merry, pleasure-loving Austrians could not enter so readily into the gloomy spirit of their compatriot, and it was only when the admiration of the sister-country made it a matter of honor for them that they began to applaud him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CLOCK OR THE WATCHES.

In a remote corner of Atlantea there is a township where dwell some old-fashioned folks. On almost every subject their opinions disagree, and being of strong convictions they have many sharp disputes.

Among the hottest of their controversies, yet unsettled, is the great rebellion of the watches against the clock, a civil strife of which we give the following account.

There is a big church in the village, and a clock is fixed in the steeple. In the days of old when timepieces were scarce the clock was looked upon by the congregation and all the villagers as the standard of time, and it is a tradition among the people that the clock was not made by man; but that it was created by Time himself. The legend is that Time is incarnate in the clock.

The good old folks of Atlantea reverence Time as a personal being, and as it was their custom for many centuries to burn those who thought otherwise, it has become ungrammatical in their tongue to speak of Time in the neuter gender.

They speak of Time as He or Him, and they begin these words with capitals, whenever they have reference to Time.

The clock in the steeple did not always keep correct time, but the pastor of the church regulated it as occasion required, and it was claimed and admitted that Time himself had commissioned him to do so. At any rate, the people who lived about the church were satisfied. They all believed in the clock alike, and made their appointments with the understanding that the hour fixed meant "church steeple" time. Whether the clock was fast, or slow, mattered little, for all the parties concerned in appointments were equally satisfied with any change in the time, whenever the change was made by the pastor, and indicated by the church-steeple clock. And in all matters of dispute the church-steeple clock was the ultimate authority from which there was no appeal.

The result of the pastor's meddling was a quarrel between the church-steeple clock and the almanack, resulting in a separation of the villagers into sects, for some of them believed in the almanack and others in the clock. As they learned more and more about astronomy, mathematics, and other sciences, they thought they would make time-pieces of their own, in harmony with the almanack, so they learned the trade of watchmaking; and there are now many people in the township who own their own watches.

The first man who owned a watch found out very soon that the church-steeple clock was out of order, and he was imprudent enough to contradict it, saying that he had no faith in it, nor in the pastor who pretended to regulate it by authority from Time. He was at once arraigned by the authorities, imprisoned in the public jail, tried for blasphemy, condemned according to the laws of the town, and ceremoniously burned in the market-place for the glory and honor of the great, everlasting Time.

That was many and many a year ago, and since then the owners of watches have become too numerous to be burned, and the magistrates have abolished the punishment they formerly imposed upon the men who

owned watches. Although still heretical, it is no longer criminal to say that the clock is wrong.

The owners of watches became unruly. A seditious spirit was noticeable among them, and it seemed for a time as if order was giving place to chaos, and that anarchy would prevail.

The authorities became doubtful about what they ought to do. It was impossible to put the watch owners to death, as formerly, and it was not advisable to confiscate the watches. There were even some faithful church members who owned watches and thought it no wrong to own them, so long as the watches agreed with the church-steeple clock. So it was decreed that watches should be tolerated on the condition that in proclaiming the hour they agreed with the church-steeple clock, the key of which had been given to the pastor by Time himself, and as the hours and the days were regulated by the representative of Time himself no time of day could be correct unless it was that given by the church-steeple clock.

There were, however, some folks living at a great distance from the church, very conscientious and intelligent people, who had great confidence in their watches; and their watches were, to some extent, kept in agreement among themselves, while they differed considerably from church-steeple time. These good folks protested against the tyranny of the clock and established, in a great mass-meeting a principle that is known even to this day, as the liberty of watches.

There are some old documents of great authority still extant, which tell wondrous tales about the laws of time; and they give rules for constructing timepieces and for keeping them in order. These documents are believed by many of the town folks to have been dictated by Time himself, and those who protested against the tyranny of the clock relied in their arguments mainly upon a claim that the clock was not built according to the instructions given in Time's own words, and that the pastor had no right to regulate the clock, nor to interfere with time regulations otherwise than in strict harmony with these old revelations.

The civil strife between the watches and the clock was carried on with varying fortune, and although the watches maintained their freedom, the party of the clock is very strong. It still declares, often in opposition to the sun itself, that the church-steeple clock must be regarded as the absolute and infallible standard of time; and where the watches are few it compels obedience to the clock.

The party of the watches is also powerful, but not united like the party of the clock. Some have made clocks of their own according to the hints contained in the old records, and they declare that these clocks, being in agreement with the revelations made by Time will give us the exact hour of the day as well as of the night. There are others who believe that the clock system itself is wrong, that Time reveals himself in the watch system alone; and that therefore the church-steeple clock is the Anti-Time, whose mission it is to bring ruin by making all the watches false.

There are others again who believe that the watch itself creates the time, and is the measure of time; that there is no real time outside the watch, and therefore every watch is equally right and equally wrong. It is the right and duty of every man to keep his appointments according to his own watch, whether its hands revolve in harmony with the revolutions of the earth or not. Some others go a step further. They draw, as they claim, the last radical consequence of the principle of liberty which allows the watches to declare any time they please. They say that it is an imposition to demand of anyone that he observe any time regulations. Certain classes of the town folks, so they say, have an interest in establishing time rules. Time existed only for their benefit; the rich were to blame for the introduction of the belief in time. There is no time at all, and there ought to be no time regulation whatever, either by watches or by clocks. "Down with the clocks" is their party cry, and they advise everyone who owns a watch, to keep it private, and not make the unfair demand of others to have their time regulated in any way.

There is also an idea prevalent that time regulations should be directly based upon natural phenomena such as sunrise and sunset; others again declare that that is inadvisable because time is a deep and inscrutable mystery. Whether or not time exists, no one can know. Time regulation, however, should not be made by a clock, but should be decided by a majority vote, for the lapse of time must after all be made subservient to the welfare of the people, and the welfare of the people might to-day demand a quicker and to-morrow a slower lapse of time.

The most curious proposition is that which goes by the name of pure Time. It has been made of late by a very sincere enthusiast for time regulation, who says: "We need not have any standard for time regulation at all. Let us have pure Time without any standard of time measurement. The right time is that which the watches that are right, indicate." This man would not regulate his watch according to the clock, nor would he allow its regulation according to the sun, for, as he correctly observes, there is no regularity in sunrise or sunset. There is no time in nature nor anything that could guide us in regulating the time. All time measurement is due to the watch, and the principle of the watch is a deep mystery.

There are a few people scattered among the folks of the township who do not believe that time exists as

a person, but they believe that events which occur in succession may be measured; that in this way past and future moments can be determined with great accuracy, and that in this sense, time exists, not only in watches and clocks but also generally. Our timepieces, so they think, are correct when they enable us to measure the changes and to make and keep our appointments.

This class of people who are greatly in the minority, trust that time measurement is possible according to the usual scientific methods at our disposal. Just as we measure the size of things either in feet or metres, or other standards, so we can measure the changes that take place. They believe that clocks and watches serve a good purpose, and can be well regulated according to some change that constantly takes place in nature with strict regularity. As such, they have proposed what is called the "astronomical day."

This view is very objectionable to the party of the clock as well as to the party of the watches, for its representatives do not believe in the legends of the supernatural origin either of the church-steeple clock, or of other clocks, or of the watches; and not even of the revelations. It is the generally prevailing opinion that this view will go far in weakening the respect that is due to Time, and will induce people to neglect their appointments. It has been charged against it that there can be no changes in the world without Time, and if Time is not a personal being, it would be as well if Time had no existence. Thus, according to the opinions of both parties, that of the clock and that of the watches, this view is utterly untenable; yet even granted it were right in theory, it would be impractical in real life, for only a few could understand it, and its usefulness would be limited to astronomy.

Such is the state of affairs at present. What will come of it, we cannot tell.

YONDER SITS A LITTLE CHILD.

(Selected and translated from the German.)

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

Yonder sits a little child
By Time's ever-flowing sea,
Takes into his little hand
Drops from out eternity.

Gathers yonder little child
Whispers of humanity,
Writes them in a little book,
Calls them the "World's History."

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THE RELATION OF SOCIAL REFORMS.

BY DAVIS R. DEWEY.

Innumerable reforms press in upon us from every side. Few have the time or patience to examine their merits, or, analyse their final aims. Even those who do give the time and patience to an attempted solution of the many difficult problems of life are beset with great perplexity, and often turn away distracted by the apparently conflicting claims of church, state, political economy, and morals.

The perplexed student hears that the economist rebukes reforms which lessen the amount of wealth production; that the upholder of the family deplores any movement which tends to lessen the importance of this institution; and that the moralist denounces the citizen for daring to put certain political ideals superior to the reform of conduct. Charity reform, divorce reform, civil service reform, temperance reform, tax reform for the removal of poverty, and a score of others are wrangling with each other for supremacy, so that the support of any one of them appears to be a disapproval of the rest.

We can never make a great and permanent advance in social reforms until we understand that the ethical standards of one age are not the standards of its successor, and that these variations in ethical standards make absolute economic generalisations impossible. The conditions which lead us to affirm that there are certain laws now controlling human action in industrial life may change. Of course the law itself does not change, but the interpretation of the law, or the action of the principle as it affects related conditions may change. It is conceivable, for example that the interpretation of the laws of physiology might so change. The processes of physiological functions may have changed with the advance of the race in comfort. It has been affirmed that with the increase of luxury, making an extended and varied dietary possible for man, the human appetite is decreasing. The man who lives on but three or four food staples consumes more than he who has the choice of many. If this be so it might be possible that certain digestive functions would change or become powerless from lack of exercise. In this case we would have to restate some of the principles of physiology. Whether the foregoing hypothesis be reasonable or not, it serves as an illustration of what undoubtedly does take place in the industrial sphere. The motives which governed the savage in the production, exchange, and distribution of wealth are not the same which governed the members of the church in the apostolic era. The motives which influence the religious pietist in the distribution of wealth are not the same which affect the modern representative of an old and honored aristocratic family. There is a political economy for the lazy inhabitants of the Easter Island who, thanks to nature's providence, need to work but three days in the year to satisfy wants for a year; and there is another for the peasants who live in the bleak climate of northern America. Just so there is a physiology for the mollusc, another for the radiates, and another for the vertebrates. There have been stages of industrial life as there are different gradations of animal life. Man has passed from the hunting, through the pastoral and the agricultural to the manufacturing stage. He has passed from a stage where the family was the unit into a stage where the individual supplants the family.

In short there is no universal economic man, good for all time. It is only recently that the English economists have modified their views as to the universality of the so-called economic man. Dogmatism and *a priori* assumption have crept into economic thought because a few economists have lost sight of what may be termed the relativity of ethics and the fact that industrial life and industrial forces have not permanently and invariably flourished in a uniform ethical atmosphere. We must learn to make our reform fit the times. In our loyalty to the one reform which seems to us the solution of social evils. We must not be intolerant of all others. Identification with a particular reform should never be so complete that one cannot defer the temporary triumph of his own principle for the permanent acquisition of some other social force which may in itself be of less absolute value than the first, but which is of such a quality that it will grow into the civilisation of the times.

Another point which should be observed by students of social reforms is the supremacy of ethics as a

guide of life. It is the privilege and duty of the teacher of ethics to tell the student of economics that as character and conduct are the supreme end of life, the economic tests of efficiency must be constantly revised in the light of the highest known standard of morals. The reformer who is trained especially in the school of political economy is undoubtedly in danger of regarding the quantity of wealth products as the end of social effort. It must however be remembered that ethics always pronounces the final judgment. Teachers of morals not only have the right, but are bound to arraign current industrial conditions. If the present industrial régime is not conducive to the highest ethical conduct, as understood in this age, it is the duty of the moralist to strive to modify economic institutions as far as possible in order to realise those ideals.

A mere modification of the externals of industrial life will not necessarily produce radical changes in ethical conduct. There must be a careful adjustment of cause and effect. Many of the Nationalists and Christian Socialists are in danger of exaggerating the effects of economic change upon morals, and, by losing their sense of proportion are led into illogical sentimentalism. There are two classes of Nationalists in this country,—those who are thorough-going socialists and those who advocate simply the nationalisation and municipalisation of certain particular industries. It is to some of the latter class that criticism should be directed. As long as these incomplete socialists advocate their reforms on practical business grounds they have a logical position, but there is no reason for affirming that we are not a Christian state because we do not hand over to the government the management of railroads and mines or to the city the management of gas-works. These are for the most part financial questions. Suppose that a considerable number of monopolistic businesses should be undertaken by the government, what would happen?

I can imagine that my gas bill may be lessened; that a telegram may be sent at a fair price; that the price of coal will not suffer the sharp fluctuations in price which now obtain. Life may be made more agreeable and attractive. But in all this is there any cure for poverty? It is indeed difficult to appreciate the passionate and almost pathetic earnestness which is thought to be based upon ethical considerations, that demands State socialism of a limited form as a remedy for economic evils. These changes may all be desirable; their merits I am not discussing; the moral I wish to draw is that we must not lose the sense of proportion in judging social movements.

Another field for a more correct analysis of the interplay of economic and ethical principles is found in the work of charity. It is here that the philanthropist and the economist have had in the past a prolonged contest. The general course of poor-law legislation in England and the change of sentiment in this country has been to make the State not nearly so indulgent to paupers as in former times. Not only almsgiving, but other forms of charity have been condemned on the ground that they discourage prudence and thrift. Because political economy asserted that the giving of alms indiscriminately had a very marked effect as far as the production of further wealth was concerned, it was called a cold and selfish science, and then more lately by a curious revolt in public sentiment it was appealed to as a comforting authority by those who would not give time to an intelligent study of the various kinds of charity effort which modern society demands.

An excellent practice is the habit of analysing the various elements which enter into our daily actions with respect to our fellow men and particularly those actions which lie a little outside of what we are pleased to call imperative duties. Let us analyse the ethics and economics of giving money to a poor man. First, the ethics of the act. When I give the money I may exercise in myself the feeling of consideration for others, benevolence, and it may be actual self-denial. In the recipient there may be aroused a feeling of gratitude, a renewed hope of fulfilling the conditions of living through work, and what is perhaps of still greater significance, the sense of social interdependence, in the feeling that he is a member of society, living in society, and not an outcast or social pirate.

On the other hand the gift may occasion a neglect of the right conditions of living and lead the recipient to continued idleness when he might otherwise labor.

Secondly, what are the economics of the case? By the gift of the money, I reduce my purchasing power so much. I can purchase so much less. The recipient's purchasing power is increased by an equal amount, so that as far as affecting the selling power of labor and its products there is no difference. To the community it makes no difference which of us has the money. The gift may also enable the recipient to find labor once more and thus be enrolled in the army of producers.

On the other hand the recipient if encouraged to idleness by the ease in getting alms, may also become less of a wealth producer, and thus the wealth production of the community will be less. We thus see that we have a great variety of possible effects of a single act; ethical considerations to be balanced against ethical considerations; economic considerations to be balanced against economic considerations, and finally ethical considerations to be balanced against economic considerations. Shall we develop thrift rather than benevolence? Which character is the more important to develop, that of the giver, or that of the

recipient? Shall we seek to socialise or individualise society?

In the last few years the problem has become still more complicated in those countries where the right of suffrage is being extended to poorer and poorer classes. A generation ago ethics and political economy were thought sufficient to settle the principles of charity; now a new claimant appears and demands a hearing,—Politics or the State. Democracy is generous in her gifts, even to the extent of conferring citizenship upon paupers. You cannot stem the tide of democracy; you must in the interests of the State and political ideals remove the pauper, even if certain ethical and economic ideals be sacrificed.

We now come to sociology as it relates to the family institution. The Roman Catholic world is under the domination of the family idea. Catholic reformers make much of the institution of the family. This is superior to the State or to the individual. Testimony is abundant on this point and I need but cite from Pope Leo's recent Encyclical Letter on the Condition of Labor.

The family it is stated, is a true society, anterior to every kind of state or nation, with rights and duties of its own, totally independent of the commonwealth. A father therefore must be permitted by the State to acquire individual property which he can transmit to his children by inheritance in order that the children may, as it were, continue his own personality. The State may befriend the family in time of extreme necessity; it may enforce justice between the different members; but it can never abolish or absorb paternal authority. The child belongs to the father, and is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality; and to speak with strictness, the child takes its place in civil society, not in its own right, but in its quality as a member of the family in which it is begotten.

The importance of the family institution also governs the papal philosophy with regard to wages. A workman's wages must be sufficient to enable him to maintain not only himself, but his wife and his children in reasonable comfort. As Cardinal Manning observes in commenting upon this declaration: "The Home, not the Individual, is to be the measure of remuneration; therefore what the unmarried man may find sufficient to keep himself upon will not suffice." This Catholic ideal therefore must be reckoned with in the study of social reforms. It will profoundly effect any reform which proposes to break up family life by laying its hands on the children and youth. It is useless to waste strength in temporary victories. If the reformer is convinced that there is a political ideal which is superior to this family ideal, he must seek to modify the acceptance of the latter and not be foolishly content with repressing for the time being its realisation.

Again it is necessary to take into account the element of certainty or uniformity in cause and effect, which is generally overlooked in treating social phenomena. Reasoning from specific experience in the sphere of social life is as possible as in any natural science, and the generalisation of laws may be undertaken with confidence. With all our knowledge of heat, atmospheric vibrations, and distribution of moisture we cannot predict with certainty the weather two days in advance. Indeed it would sometimes seem as if it were possible to predict with more certainty in the realm of social science than with the data which physics provides. We can predict within a very narrow margin of error the number of people who will marry next year in Massachusetts; the proportion of both grooms and brides at different ages; the percentage of re-marriages and the number of divorces. We can tell in what month these marriages will occur and what proportion will be contracted by native born and foreign born. The accuracy of our predictions for example on these points is more certain than a prophecy as to the average temperature during any month of the year. We know too that a certain number in the next twelve months will be killed by the reckless use of fire-arms; that so many will be drowned, and in short that our population is pretty sure to do a great many things for which there appears to be no apparent reason for regularity. These illustrations of apparent regularity in social occurrences do not presuppose the impossibility of modification in the future; if other forces are introduced to counteract the forces which produce these results we shall have a different issue. We must insist most emphatically upon the observance of a simple rule, the collection of all the data before generalisation is entered upon. It is in the non-observance of this rule that most of the errors in reasoning in regard to social problems, have sprung.

For example it is not enough to collect statistics of crime but you must determine whether the statistics refer to the same thing at different periods. In the interpretation of criminal statistics it is necessary to observe whether there has been any change in the law which makes criminals; and whether there has been any change in the spirit and earnestness with which the law is executed by the police officers; or whether there is any change in the attitude of the court toward the prisoners brought to the bar. Without the observance of such qualifying influences it is as absurd to reason in regard to the increase or decrease of crime as it would be for a Physicist to reason in regard to the severe cold of a winter day from the observation of water frozen in his laboratory, without noting whether there was the usual fire in the furnace or the windows left open or not. If students therefore will only be careful and patient in the collection of their

data they can reasonably hope to disentangle the uniform tendencies where now there appears to be utter confusion.

Another practical rule for the student of social reforms is: To throw away prejudice; social problems are a part of our lives. Social conditions hem us in at every side. It is therefore difficult for us to detach ourselves from these social institutions and forces and study them dispassionately and disinterestedly. We must step outside our environments, travel around them, and critically survey them from all points of the compass. We shall thus find that our individual social bulwarks that are so snug and well fortified within, have on the outside a rough and irregular aspect; that there are yawning gaps in masonry, and that here and there the fortifications are crumbling away.

Suppose the Physicist approached the study of electricity with a prejudice against electricity and a predilection in favor of steam, what progress would he make? And yet a considerabe number of our essayists and students of social reforms work with similar prejudices. It would be better if these persons never appeared in print, or with public utterance. They befool the people and make confusion worse confounded; optimism, save as a measure of healthy enthusiasm, misguides as well as pessimism. A student of social reforms then must cultivate fairmindedness, and a judicial spirit even at a sacrifice for a time of positive convictions. Positive convictions will come in time, but inquiry must precede with patient steps. It is dogmatic prejudgment which has blocked the advance of the social sciences. With the development of the spirit of inquiry, and the careful co-ordination of the various aims of life, reform can be entered upon with confidence, and a belief that the labor will be enduring.

NICOLAUS LENAU.

BY EMMA POESCHE.

[CONCLUDED.]

I.

Lenau had now attained what an ambitious author desires, fame! But he was in need of something more, a practical profession, calm and steady work that would subdue the flight of an imagination ever ready to soar to a dizzy height. His studies prove that he intended to become a useful worker, the only trouble was that he could never make a firm resolve and begin. Independent, master of his time, he spent it as he pleased, now sociably, in his self-chosen circle of friends, now in solitude, occupied with literary and philosophical studies and writing.

He began an extensive epic-dramatic work which had for its subject the Faust legend, a subject that has occupied so many authors since the middle ages. Goethe's brilliant success did not discourage our poet; it was not his intention to compete with the great master, he could not expect to surpass the unsurpassable, but he considered the Faust-theme the property of the nation, of each individual poet; a frame, into which he might work his own struggles with the world, religion and science, a subject which Goethe could not have intended to monopolise. Goethe's Faust represents all humanity, Lenau's Faust only the individual, Lenau himself. The last monologue strikes us as being characteristic of its author, *his* Faust dies by suicide. There is no Gretchen, only a short love-scene with a princess that reminds us forcibly of his own unlucky love affair.

On returning to Vienna he made the acquaintance of a young married lady, Frau Sophie von Loewenthal, who inspired him with a passion that endured the remainder of his life. If she had happened to be free when he first met her, his sad fate might have been changed into a happy one. This constantly growing passion, struggling with his inborn sense of honor and morality, undermined his whole existence, as it were. He found it almost impossible to tear himself from the sweet presence of a woman who refreshed and elevated him, who knew his thoughts even before they were uttered, and in fact was more than his second self. His devotion is expressed in the following poem, entitled:

A WISH (WUNSCH).

"Forest so grand and lonely
With thy mysterious tone,
If she and I could only
Dwell here alone—alone!

Ah, with thy trees so slender!
A hut I would provide,
It would have Heaven's splendor:
O come, thou lovely bride!

I'd spread in adoration
Rich moss beneath her feet,
In love's deep inspiration
Her smiles I'd fondly greet.

For her my bullet flying
Through beasts in their abyss!
For her the savage dying
Who would disturb our bliss!

With moonlight shining mildly,
And silent stars above,
Around her I would wildly
Twine songs of glorious love;

And in the evening's glowing
Upon this rock I'd stand;
We both would watch the flowing
Of roaring waters grand.

My arm should hold, caress her
While gazing from above;
And to my heart I'd press her,
My heart so warm with love!"

He struggled with his passion, fled and—had to return. He felt that Vienna was his home, its pleasant associations, congenial musical circles, opportunities for occasional excursions into the mountains etc., made life there more endurable than elsewhere. Driven

hither and thither by his restless fancy, spending his time partly in Vienna and partly in Stuttgart, where he read the proof-sheets of the new editions of his works, he became more popular every day.

In Mr. and Mrs. Reinbeck's house a spare room was always ready for his reception, where he even found shelter when he fell sick with the scarlet fever.

His Faust proved a great success, four editions being necessary to supply the popular demand. Not so his next work "Savonarola," for it seemed that Germany had outgrown dogmatic preaching, and it availed nothing that the poet moulded his religious philosophical abstractions into a perfect metric form. A host of antagonists, harsh critics, the sensitive poet retiring into the depths of his inmost nature and finally uttering an outcry of despair to her whom he could never claim as his own, were the results of this work.

A number of poems characterise his state of mind at that period, among which "The Three Gypsies" is most widely known:

"On the heath three Gypsies I found
Near a willow reclining,
As my team most wearily wound
Through the sand, hot and shining.

One was seated apart, alone,
To his violin clinging;
Flaming sunset around him shone,
Fiery his tune was ringing.

Held the second a pipe of clay,
Watched the smoke that was rising,
Glad as if earth for him this day
All good luck were comprising.

And the third one peacefully slept,
And his cymbal hung near him;
Over the chords the breezes swept,
Wondrous dreams rose before him.

Motley their clothes, and ragged and torn,
Patch'd in various places;
Yet with careless, defiant scorn
Each his destiny faces.

Three times over they seemed to say:
'When life is dark, distressing,
Smoke and fiddle and sleep it away,
Three times disdain expressing!'

Watching them long, while gazing back
Slowly my way I wended,
Swarthy faces and ringlets black
In the distance were blended

This ebbing in Lenau's spirits was followed by a reaction, and one day he surprised Sophie by communicating to her his intention of marrying a famous singer, Caroline Unger, and asking her advice on the subject. Sophie's reply hurt him deeply, as may be seen from his next communication: "You should judge my larcerated heart charitably. Caroline loves me intensely—if I cast her off I make her miserable as well as myself. If you withdraw your heart from me you kill me; if you are unhappy nothing remains for me but to die. Your Nicolaus."

Still neither of them died, only the betrothed couple's love died out after a while. The spoiled queen of the stage and the spoiled poet did not seem to find it easy to agree, and when Caroline sent him her portrait with "Caroline von Strehlenau" inscribed in one corner, he thought it rather premature, got out of humor with the singer and broke off the engagement.

A trilogy that was to have Huss, Ziska, and Hutten for its heroes began to occupy his mind, but dwindled down to a series of ballads "John Ziska" and "Pictures of the Hussitic War." The history of the Crusades was his next special study, it was to form the foundation of a new poem "The Albingensians." The critics unite in opinion that in this work his genius reached its climax.

Although Lenau was very reluctant to mingle in aristocratic and court circles, where he deemed himself out of place and was granted "a fool's and poet's liberty," he at times enjoyed the hospitality of the chivalrous poet Alexander Count of Wurtemberg, until death robbed Lenau of this kind friend.

His acquaintances found Lenau much changed since the days when he had been a student; his success had led him on a new path and estranged him from his old associations, he appeared moody and eccentric. The soothing presence of his sympathetic friend Sophie was alone able to give him a feeling of momentary happiness, which vanished as soon as they parted, for then "he wished for death for both of them."

In March, 1844, we find him again in Stuttgart, consulting his publisher, and later in the season at Lichtenstein, accompanied by his hospitable friends, the Reinbecks. Still later he is established at Baden for the summer, perhaps to study social life for his new poem "Don Juan."

He seemed to have made profound studies in this direction, for he surprised his friends and shocked Sophie by announcing himself as engaged to be married, this time to a Miss Marie Behrend from Frankfort on the Main. He, the old bachelor, now forty two years of age, who had always declared "matrimony to be unnatural and therefore immoral," he with his abnormal habits and wants, would it be possible for him to be contented in a commonplace household after his roving existence?

This time the woman of his choice was a German maiden with the humility and sweetness of a Madonna. She also possessed mental beauty, and Lenau was so overwhelmed by her charms that he could not find words to express his delight. "What a girl, what a girl!" he repeated over and over to his friend Berthold Auerbach. As if regretting lost hours and years, he seemed to be hurrying head over heels into matrimony, settled accounts with his publishers, made new contracts, and fell into an exalted frame of mind.

He returned to Vienna, where his friends noticed his over-excited condition, he appeared alternately

quiet, violent, merry, and then again cast down. His heightened color spoke of feverish blood, and he complained of anguish caused by frantic dreams.

Confronted by Sophie, his friend of long standing, he realised his blind forgetfulness. Explanations followed—explanations of such a nature as to wring from the lips of the tortured woman these ominous words: "One of us will become insane!"

She was the wife of an intimate friend, the mother of blooming children, Lenau's strong moral principles might have warned him long ago, but he had never learned to control his passions. When it had come to this crisis, he having given himself up to the influence of Marie, trying once more to cherish a "Platonic friendship" side by side with hymeneal bliss, our poet was miserably shipwrecked. At present he saw no way out of his dilemma. He was engaged and had to make preparations for his wedding, for he would and could not give up Marie.

Arrived in Stuttgart, he endeavored to make arrangements with his publishers for a fixed annual income, as a foundation for his new household. This matter worried his mind immensely and he covered sheets of paper with figures, trying to solve the problem.

One morning, while he was discussing the subject with his hosts, the Reinbecks, he was so overwhelmed by a sense of the difficulties of his position that he sprang up frantically, and the next moment he felt as if his face were torn and lacerated, causing him to rush to a mirror.

The face was paralysed, the left corner of his mouth distorted, his cheek insensible, and although his eye could move, it looked glazed and staring.

He was quite overcome by this discovery, being a medical student he knew full well what it portended, and though his face became natural again after a fortnight, he considered himself stamped by death.

He was troubled about Sophie, whom he had left in Vienna, despairing; he pitied his fiancée; sometimes he had fits of weeping. His hysteric condition increased from day to day, and in the night of Oct. 12, 1844, ended in an attack of raving insanity.

In the morning he took up his violin, playing some Styrian waltzes with great fervor, dancing to his own music and becoming so excited that he stamped on the floor until the whole house shook.

"My Guarnerius violin has worked wonders!" he exclaimed, imagining himself cured. But this was only the beginning of a long time of suffering and struggling for a mind that still resisted the strong clutches of the dark demon insanity without avail.

The sympathy of his numerous friends followed Lenau to the insane asylum, and flowers, letters, and occasional visits gave witness of their devotion. Sophie corresponded with him and in one of her letters she writes: "The other day I witnessed a scene on the Danube that reminded me painfully of you. A pilgrim, a poor countryman of yours, stood in a boat, clad in a plain linen coat, rowing leisurely hither and thither without aim, his dark melancholy eyes fixed on the waves, unconscious of the people on the banks who were watching his odd movements. He had evidently thrown off his hat, exposing his head to the hot sun, the boat seemed to contain no provisions, only a large green wreath which he had fastened like a pennon at his prow. Was not that the image of a genuine poet? Your image, dear Nicolaus?—Have you not been floating about in a light skiff on the turbulent river of life, never seeking its banks, with head unprotected, only treasuring the laurel wreath instead of earthly possessions! And when other sensible people drew their nightcaps, hats, or other kinds of head-gear carefully over their skulls—have you not exposed your noble head to the sun, the storm and the lightning, entwined by the beautiful evergreen crown, but not protected? Oh! those smooth, graceful laurel leaves may adorn the brow, but they do not shelter it from the injury of these rough times, and therefore, therefore you are ill. I watched the poor pilgrim for a long while and remembered his compatriot with a painful longing."

The guitar had cheered the boy Nicolaus, the violin was his faithful companion in the dark days of his insanity. When his friend Auersperg visited him at the asylum, Lenau, weeping bitterly, began to play some lovely airs on his favorite instrument, but soon his bow broke into wild, fantastic antics, gradually calming down again. He said: "Such is my illness, a constant rising and falling of my spirits!"

Count Anton von Auersperg (whose *nom de plume* is Anastasius Gruen) the scion of one of the oldest and noblest families of Austria, appeared on the field of politics as the champion of Liberty during the worst times of Metternich's despotism. His political poems had a powerful influence throughout Germany. After 1848 he became a member of the Austrian House of Lords, and the Lord fulfilled what the poet had promised. A lifelong friendship united him with Lenau; although entirely different in their dispositions, they had the same lofty aims, the same nobility of mind. Their friendship endured beyond the tomb, for Lord Auersperg may be said to have erected a monument to his friend, in his "Biographical Sketches of Lenau" which, by the bye, have supplied the principal material for this paper.

It would be too sad to follow the patient through all the phases of his sufferings, of his waning reason, suffice it to say that he was relieved of his burdensome existence in August 22, 1850. "The poor Nicolaus is

very wretched!" he once said to his warden, who found him weeping bitterly one night.

He was softly bedded into his native earth in a peaceful village church-yard, his coat-of-arms overthrown on his coffin, as an indication that Nicolaus was the last member of the Niembsch von Strehlenau family.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Among the topics current at this time, is the exuberant rain, which reminds me of my experience in Scotland a few years ago. It rained so continually there that the pleasure of my visit was very much impaired; and one day I said in a rather peevish way to a Scotchman of my acquaintance, "Does it rain every day in Scotland?" "Yes," he said, in a tone of apology, "but it does not rain all day"; and this excuse I borrow for Chicago whenever a stranger tells me that its weather is open to criticism. It may seem strange to "advanced thinkers," but it is nevertheless true, that some people still cherish the ancient biblical opinion that the rain comes down upon us from a great reservoir of water "above the firmament." The other day I met an old friend whose home is a hundred miles away; and being short of other topics we talked about the rain. I asked him what the prospect was out there in the country where he lived; and he answered, "Bad! very bad! The land is full of water; the creeks are full, the rivers are full, and the sea is full. If the rain does not stop soon I fear that the ocean will overflow us, and leave nothing of the dry land except the mountains, and I am a little dubious about them. If it wasn't for the promise and the rainbow covenant I should expect another flood."

* * *

The quality of humor necessarily varies according to national traits; and, as I sometimes believe, according to national drinks; the wit of wine, for instance, being quicker and more sparkling than the wit of beer. Much as I admire American humor for the breadth of its laugh and its good natured irreverence, I still think that Irish humor has a more piquant flavor, because of its impudent gaity in converting trouble into play, and its cheerful way of throwing gleams of light across the face of somber things. I have just been reading an Irish account of a faction fight which took place last Sunday in Tipperary, or Tralee, or somewhere over there, between the Parnellites, and the Anti-Parnellites, in which a great many heads were broken on either side. According to the account aforementioned, "clubs and stones and pieces of broken platform were the weapons. The chairman was knocked senseless, and while four of his friends were trying to carry him away from the thick of the fight they were set upon by a party of Parnellites, and were knocked down and beaten." The battle continued for an hour or two; sometimes one side being driven, and sometimes the other, according to the arrival of reinforcements. After the ground was well covered with wounded men, a regiment of soldiers came upon the field and dispersed the combatants. "And had it not been for that," says the account, "there might have been a riot." And I wondered how many killed and wounded it requires in the estimation of Irish humor, before a battle of that kind reaches to the dignity of a riot.

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is a glorious country at election time, when the conventions meet and the howling dervishes of the party make unprecedented rain in their loud enthusiasm for favorite sons, or "sages" of this and that. My fears all vanish and I know that my country is safe when I behold the bubbling citizen with patriotism gleaming from his bosom in the shape of a badge with somebody's effigy on it. When I see my fellow countrymen by thousands badged with effigies marching through the streets, terrible as an army with banners, and full of *élan*, whatever that is, I know that the grand heroic spirit still survives, and that they can be depended on to keep the bridge, as did the mythical Horatius in the brave days of old. As I behold them defiant of the angry rain or the fiery sunshine, "marching through Georgia," and shouting as they go, it comforts me to know that although republics may be ungrateful, republicans and democrats are not, and that the winning effigy will see to it that the wearer of the badge is "taken care of," if he will howl and yowl so loud that the effigy can hear him, and remember him. But he must get up and howl.

* * *

It has always been to me a curious anomaly that a people whose political existence is based on a Declaration of Independence, and who devote one day in the year to the celebration of Independence, should so eagerly and proudly give their personal independence up to party, and seal the contract of surrender with a badge; and what puzzles me most about it is that I have done it myself over and over again. I sympathise with Moses in his trouble with his people who perversely relapsed into idolatry whenever his back was turned, for I believe that most of us are idolaters by nature; and for that reason, we hail the presidential election because it gives us idols that we may worship with a noise, and effigies to wear upon our hearts. At the Palmer house the other day I heard a democratic delegate proclaiming his allegiance to his party idol in a very boastful but rather inconsistent way. He was anxious to show that his personal independence had been absorbed into party loyalty, and he fiercely denounced Governor Boies as a "mugwump." "I'm a democrat," he said, "and I won't vote for a mugwump under any circumstances." "But," said another, "Suppose he gets the nomination, what then?" "Well, was the reply, "in that case I'll vote for Harrison; I never will vote for a mugwump." His answer showed that there was yet manhood enough left in him to make a protest against his own attempt at self-subjugation. He did not see that the man who will not vote for a mugwump, *is* a mugwump, for he asserts his freedom to bolt the ticket. Even yet, that fanatical partisan does not know that there is so much good spirit of personal independence remaining in him.

* * *

Amid all the turmoil and excitement made by the convention, it was inspiring to see the signs of conscious responsibility upon the faces and the actions of the delegates, and the army of badge wearers from the mountains and the plains, and from Beersheba to Dan. Every man of them seemed to bear upon his own shoulders the politics of a great nation, and the anxiety resulting from the possession of so much power gave to their activities a quality which is excellently well described in the good old Saxon word, "fussy." I met an antediluvian democratic relic here that I used to know in Marbletown before the war; he was rear rank man, last file on the left, of the "First, last, and all the time" club of Marbletown, a fellow so insignificant, that had he been lost in the labyrinths of the great city, nobody would have missed him; and yet he actually patronised me when he extended me a finger in recognition of old times, as if it were an act of condescension from a great man oppressed by the awful duty of selecting the chief magistrate of a mighty people. He put on a Cardinal Wolsey far-away look that said plainer than words, "Excuse me if I appear inattentive and abstracted, but the cares of state are heavy; too heavy Cromwell for a man that hopes for heaven" Then he left me because he had an appointment at three o'clock with Whitney, and Gorman, and Watterson; and he really must run round to his hotel and see if an expected message for him had arrived from Grover Cleveland. This was the manner and style of thousands of them; but meanwhile, a half a dozen men at the Richelieu, and a half a dozen at the Palmer, and a half a dozen at the Grand

Pacific are weaving the threads of combinations into a "ticket" as patiently and as mechanically as your grandmother knits a stocking,—and with as little noise.

* * *

Of course, the fervid spirit of the election time spoke from the pulpits, as was right; for men who command the attention of congregations ought to speak to them on every subject that has an ethical side; being responsible, as the lawyers have it, for what they say. The fault of election sermons is that they are generally sentimental, gushing with worship of heroes, and exalting impossible politics. One of them, preached in Chicago the Sunday previous to the Democratic convention, will serve as a fair specimen of the whole. The subject of it was, "Some Presidents, and President making," illustrated, as the custom is, by an historical Washington, and an imaginary Lincoln; self-sacrificing patriots who never sought the presidency, but had it thrust upon them because they were the most worthy to receive it. Said the preacher, "What we need to-day is the same high sense of the duty and dignity of American citizenship as that displayed by Washington and Lincoln. It ought to be enough to defeat any man that he has actively sought to be President." The preacher did not see, that measured by such a standard, Lincoln was too short for the presidency, and ought to have been defeated. As to Washington, *he* could stoop to take the presidency, but he is the only man who ever could. Every other man has had to reach up for it. Excepting Washington, and him alone, the presidency was, and is, bigger than any president. And besides, the presidency in Washington's time was not the great office that it afterwards became. Before the expiration of his second term the presidency had become a prize to be struggled for by parties; so that Washington himself could not have been unanimously elected again, nor even elected at all without a struggle. It is a mistake to suppose that the presidency was not "actively sought" by Lincoln; and it is a greater mistake to suppose that he did not use the science of practical politics as a help to his ambition. As a skilful politician Lincoln has had no equal yet in the state of Illinois.

* * *

If the papers have their own way, we shall soon become a degenerate race of sycophants and snobs, grovelling before our "betters," and retreating backward from their presence as royalty requires all subject inferiors to do. When a gathering like a national convention makes a little additional excitement by bringing together some celebrated and some notorious men, the newspapers immediately begin to revel in obsequious personal description, for the pleasure of a constituency of snobs; in which matter, perhaps, the papers are not altogether to blame, as they print what is to the taste of readers, and for which their patrons are willing to pay. If this is true, and it is the public instead of the newspapers who are responsible for those fulsome details, then we shall soon fall, even if we have not already fallen, very low in the scale of personal self respect. I do assert with confidence, that you will not find in any newspaper published in any of the ancient monarchies between London and Teheran such servile adulation of kings as our newspapers offer like incense to our most worthy and most unworthy celebrated men. They gush like a love sick dime novel over a Senator or a Chief Justice; and when their hero opens his mouth they make him talk with an egotism truly Byronic, and "splendid." Here is a short specimen which I take from this morning's paper, "Senator Gorman leaned his shapely head upon his hand and after a long and thoughtful silence replied." I need not give his reply; I merely wish to direct attention to that "shapely head," and that "long and thoughtful silence." Then the paper drops into the hysterical sublime after this fashion, "At this moment a messenger entered the room bearing in his hand a sealed letter, which he handed to Senator Gorman. The Senator took the letter, broke the seal, and after reading it with knitted brow, he crushed it between his fingers, donned his hat and coat, and seizing his cane with an air that shows high breeding, he left the room, and walked hurriedly down the stairs, and out into the street. Arriving there, he flung himself into a coupé, and giving his orders to the coachman in a low tone, he was driven, some said to the Auditorium, and others to the Richelieu." All that theatrical introduction to nothing; and of this, column after column, to the extent of hundreds of acres with which the Chicago papers alone have carpeted the political floor of the American republic;—if it is a republic.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

LIFE OR DEATH.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A Soul, half through the Gate, said unto Life:
"What dost thou offer me?" And Life replied:
"Sorrow, unceasing struggle, disappointment; after these
Darkness and silence." The soul said to Death:
"What dost *thou* offer me?" And Death replied:
"In the beginning what Life gives at last."
Turning to Life: "And if I live and struggle?"
"Others shall live and struggle after thee
Counting it easier where thou hast passed."
"And by their struggles?" "Easier place shall be
For others, still to rise to keener pain
Of conquering Agony!"—"And what have I
To do with all these others? Who are they?"
"Yourself!"—"And all who went before?"—"Yourself.'
"The darkness and the silence, too, have end?"
"They end in light and sound; peace ends in pain,
Death ends in Me, and thou must glide from Self
To Self, as light to shade and shade to light again.
Choose!" The Soul, sighing, answered: "I will live."

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PTAH-HOTEP.

THE RADICAL OF ANCIENT EGYPT.*

BY HIRAM H. BICE.

The "oldest manuscript in the world," or at least the one to which the undisputed treasure of such a title thus far belongs, is preserved among the possessions of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. It is written on papyrus, its surface exhibiting the friction of thousands of years against the world around it, its hieratic text of the usual cramped and more or less square-elbowed variety, and its general appearance of such a crusty and crabbed nature, as would give one no idea of the mine of golden thoughts and precious information which is wrapped up in it. Little did Ptah-hotep, the author of these curious old precepts imagine, when he put them on papyrus so long, long ago, that they would be as earnestly studied and as highly valued by men of an unborn nation far away towards the setting sun, as they ever were by any pious and well-educated Egyptian.

The manuscript as we have it, dates only from the XIIth Dynasty, but is a copy of an older original which was written in the Vth Dynasty. If we adopt Brugsch's chronology the approximate date which may be assigned to the composition of the work will be 3366 B. C. The author expressly states that the book was written during the reign of King Assa, who was one of the later monarchs of this Dynasty.

Ptah-hotep, if we may believe his own statements, was a most fortunate individual. At the very outset, put in the preface, so that if we do not finish the perusal of his work, we shall at least see this, he calls himself the "noble lord, the divine father, beloved of God, the son of the king, the first-born of his race." Lest this should not sufficiently impress his readers he ends with these words: "It (obedience) has caused me on earth to obtain 110 years of life, with the gift of the favor of the king among the first." These words, however, must not be taken literally. The old Egyptian sometimes, quite often, allowed his adulation to run away with him. As some bestow so generously, and, alas, so promiscuously, the titles of Professor and Colonel at the present time, so grandiloquent terms were then the common legal-tender of politeness. All these high-sounding names probably mean nothing more than "prince of the king's family," the rather disappointing remnant of this punctured pomposity.

That Ptah-hotep was high in the king's confidence is, however, certain. He calls himself a "prefect" and the duties of that office are sufficiently clearly defined from other and later sources. He administered justice, heard petitions, upheld the civil rights over a large territory, and was responsible for the storing up and safe keeping of great quantities of corn, wine, and other provisions. To this end he had a strongly built and carefully guarded storehouse, to which his seal alone gave entrance and over which his vigilance was never relaxed. Throughout the book which he wrote allusions to his position and the proper performance of its duties are constantly appearing. Thus he impresses upon those who guard the *larit* or storehouse, the necessity of unwearied activity to maintain it inviolate. They must stand or sit at their post, must keep an eye upon every one who approaches and learn his business at once. From this the importance of his position is manifest and also the conditions under which his work was carried out.

Ptah-hotep's book is of a curiously conglomerated character. It is a source of a constant crescendo of surprises to the reader. Its contents are of a moral nature: it is simply a collection of precepts or apothegms made up as a guide-book, a sort of *vade mecum*, for every Egyptian who desired to live a life successful among men and acceptable to the gods. As we pass from chapter to chapter, following this old-time worthy as he discusses, now the education of children, now the duties of the rich, again moralising on the effect of activity in one's life, then laying down the law on table manners, we are struck with amazement at the wealth of information which the side-lights from Ptah-hotep's maxims reveal as to the nature of many phases of ancient Egyptian life.

Before giving individual mention to some of the more important statements made, it may be said that Ptah-hotep's work, old as it is, and upon the basis of the most radical chronology it must be four thousand

* From *Biblia*.

years old, is, if we may believe the author, to a large extent a compilation of truths which had been current long before his time, of customs which had been followed by those who were *ancients* to him. These sayings of his prove this:

"Who will cause me to have authority to speak that I may declare to him the words of those who have heard the counsels of former days? Instruct him in the sayings of former days. Let none innovate upon the precepts of his father; let the same form his lessons to his children. Take not away a word, nor add one. Put not one thing in place of another, but teach according to the words of the wise."

In order to maintain this precious wisdom unweakened for succeeding generations Ptah-hotep arranged the precepts in rhythmical form and says in conclusion,

"All their words will now be carried unaltered over the earth eternally."

In considering then the information derived from this papyrus, it must be remembered that it is all true, not only of the time when it was written, but of we know not how long an antecedent period.

Among the subjects treated of, one of the most interesting is the position of the wife in the home. Ptah-hotep's words show that in the earliest eras of Egyptian history woman had an exalted station and was regarded with such respect as was shown in almost no other ancient nation. Here is what he says:

"If thou art wise, look after thy house: love thy wife without alloy. Fill her stomach, clothe her back, these are the cares to be bestowed on her person. Caress her, be attentive to her wishes during her life; such kindness does honor to its possessor. If thou takest a wife, let her be more contented than any of her fellow citizens. Do not repel her; grant that which pleases her; when contented she appreciates thy words."

Must we not conclude with Ebers from such a liberality and high standard that ancient peoples, or at least some of them, did feel the pure sentiment of romantic love? Khonshotpu, a sage of a later period, speaks in the same strain to his son. He says:

"It is God himself who gave thy mother to thee. From the beginning she has borne a heavy burden with thee, in which I have been unable to help her. During three years she nursed thee and as thy size increased her heart never once allowed her to say: 'Why should I do this?' She went with thee to school every day. Now that thou hast grown up and hast a wife and house in thy turn, remember always thine helpless infancy and the care which thy mother bestowed upon thee."

We are too apt to think of all ancient nations except the Greeks and Romans as more or less barbarians, to consider them rude, unpolished, unacquainted with the amenities of refinement. Ptah-hotep holds up to us the Egyptian as he was, a man as we are men, attentive to the cares of others, endowed with a good share of the gentleness which refinement brings, and possessing a charity and liberality which we have not very greatly improved upon in essence in all the intervening centuries. Some of his sayings startle us, they are so modern. Here they are:

"Be not of an irritable temper to thy neighbors; better is a compliment to that which displeases than rudeness.

"Repeat no extravagance of language; do not listen to it; it is a thing which has escaped from a hasty mouth. If it is repeated, look without hearing it towards the earth; say nothing in regard to it.

"If thou art a leader of peace, listen to the discourse of the petitioner. Say not to him: 'Thou hast already told this.' Indulgence will help him to accomplish his object. As for being abrupt with him because he describes what passed when the injury was done, instead of complaining of the injury itself, let it not be.

"If thou art among the persons seated at meat in the house of a greater man than thyself, take that which he gives, bowing to the ground. Regard that which is placed before thee, but *point not at it;* regard it not *frequently:* he is a blameworthy person who departs from this rule.

"If thou aimest at *polished* manners, *call not* him whom thou accostest. Converse with him in such a way as not to *annoy him.* Enter on a discussion with him only after he has had time to familiarise himself with the subject of the conversation. If he lets his ignorance display itself and gives thee an opportunity to disgrace him, treat him with courtesy rather. Do not drive him into a corner nor worry him.

"Disturb not a great man. Weaken not the attention of him who is occupied."

Is there not a surprising breadth of politeness and thoughtfulness in these five-thousand-year-old rules of etiquette?

Ptah-hotep speaks of a great many subjects. He urges parents to bring up their children to be obedient, to reverence their father, and to conform their conduct to God's rules. He speaks of the duties which a great man owes to those below him. He declares the need of self-control in all one's doings, and impresses the necessity of openness and frankness in one's words. He says:

"Deal with the ignorant as with the learned, for the gates of knowledge should never be closed, no man having perfection in any one line.

"He who departs from truth to be agreeable is detestable.

"Treat thy dependents well; it is the duty of those whom God has favored.

"The gentle man overcomes all obstacles.

"Know those who are faithful to thee when thou art in low estate."

In these precepts we see that same fundamental wisdom which is found in the apothegms of all nations, but Ptah-hotep is distinguished from other sages to some extent by the practical character of his philosophy. There is nothing profound about it. It is the simple reasoning of one who puts all duties upon the basis of obedience to God. It is the every-day philosophy of ordinary people, dealing with domestic occupations and the commonplace intercourse of men, and as a compilation shows clearly the artless nature of the ancient Egyptian.

Ptah-hotep was a radical in that he lends emphasis throughout his entire work to the idea of a monotheistic belief. You are to do this because God desires it, you must not do the other because it is contrary to the divine will. Everywhere this notion is apparent of one divinity whose sanction man must have in all his acts. We must conclude then that though the religious belief of the masses of the common people was saturated with polytheistic ideas, instilled and maintained and plastered over with formalism by the priests, there were some bold, outspoken spirits who refused to be thus trammeled, but in their search for truth reached the fountain head of monotheism.

With many Biblical sayings there is a close parallel in Ptah-hotep's maxims, but only such a parallel as is found in the precepts and proverbs of many nations.

THUS WE READ IN PROVERBS:	PTAH-HOTEP SAYS:
"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it —xxii.: 6.	"An obedient son is like a follower of Horus; he is happy after being obedient. He gives the same lesson to his children.
"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth.—xxiv.: 17.	"Be not angry with a disputant when he is wrong; he fights against himself. Amuse thyself not with the spectacle; it is despicable so to do.
"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.—x.: 4.	"Activity bringeth riches but riches endure not when it slackens.
"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."—xv.: 1.	"Thou hast the advantage over an adversary if thou keepest silence while he is uttering evil words."

The thought which strikes one in reading Ptah-hotep and comparing him with the Jewish proverbs is that he is groping after the light which is clear and bright in the Biblical statements. The idea is there but it is not crystallised; the thought is apparent but the imagery, the power of the imagination in the setting, is lacking. It is the material striving for a spiritual power which it cannot find. It seems clear that Moses owed practically nothing to Egyptian literature in the composition of the Pentateuch, as far as their system of morals is concerned, for in the true sense they had none, so far as we know, no organic body of truth to which we might apply the term moral philosophy.*

These are a few of the interesting features of these precepts, which are well worthy of study to-day, for they are ripples on the stream of the true wisdom of the ages and are as true now as they were when Ptah-hotep collected them.

* *The Open Court* disagrees on this point with the author of the article.

COMMON SCHOOLS ONCE MORE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

THE article of Professor Thomas on common schools makes it necessary for me to return to the topic which I presented in *The Open Court* some time since. Replying to my positions then taken that the ordinary curriculum is outgrown and no longer adapted to the large majority of children; that furthermore the age demands a knowledge of elementary sciences especially on the part of agriculturists, the Professor replies that the case should be considered from a scientific standpoint—a stand which he conceives I either overlooked or considered out of my desired path. This scientific view I suppose he intends to embrace in the question "Would the teaching of botany, zoölogy, geology, and chemistry in our common schools have a tendency to check the influx of young people from the farm to the city? I think not."

This of course does not constitute science; but it propounds a question. I readily divide the reply offered us into two points. (1) The Agricultural Colleges have been a failure in the way of making farmers. (2) Only a smattering of sciences could be secured by the proposed change, if adopted; and it is absurd to suppose any such extremely small modicum of geology, etc., could influence young people to be more willing to dig the soil. I shall stop long enough before considering these objections, to protest against the assumption that farm work is inherently more obnoxious and disagreeable than any other work. This is quite a mistake; on the contrary, both in the nature of the subjects concerned, and in the associations involved, no labor is more delightful than educated soil-tillage. I should be glad to make for him a long list of men, from Lawes and my namesake George Powell to Washington and Jefferson, whose enthusiasm for personal tillage is well known—or point to our admirable and extended list of workers in horticulture, such as Grant and Campbell, and Hooker and Downing, and Wilder and Ricketts and Rogers, men more honorable by their gifts to us than politicians of the highest order. But I should be met with the answer, Ah! These men were educated experimenters. They were scientists, and got their pleasure from the fact that they could comprehend nature. Exactly, my dear Professor, that is the key to the situation. Now all we ask for is such a bias of common school education that all who are fit to be farmers, may be such on a high and enjoyable plane. The assumption that there is something essentially about farm life so peculiarly disagreeable is pure assumption. But if you can picture anything more meagre than life and labor all your days in the dirt, and not know the constituents of the dirt, the history, the economy, the cunning of the soil; or have any comprehension of things overhead, or underfoot, em-

braced in geology and chemistry; or to wait on cows all your days without a smattering even of biology; and have three-fourths of your crops snipped away yearly by bugs, and not have a smattering of entomology;—indeed to have flowers only posies, because you have not a door opened to mental joy by botany;—if you can conceive anything more prison like than this let us hear. The fable of Tantalus, touching water with his lips, but never able to drink a drop, is a partial illustration. But Mr. Thomas is willing to continue "reading, writing, and arithmetic"—(I only wish these, so far as possible, taught at home; as they easily may be in most cases)—then he would grant a "little history" and "a modicum of geography." "A little drawing is also desirable." This I must suppose to be the curriculum insisted on by my opponent. Whether this is more than a smattering I must leave others to judge. With my own boys,—and they are farm boys,—I began with drawing at the outset at seven years of age and they will never get too much of it; both for the inherent power it gives them, and the deeper insight into things, and their relations; and for the hand education it gives. As for history it also is a science; and should be taught from the laboratory method. I will stop one moment also to consider the everlasting dictum that our schools are compelled to use up all a boy's years on learning to read, write, and cipher. I truly believe that if every common school in America were abolished it would make but little difference in the ratio of children able to read and spell. This age that pours out 4000 new books a year in our land, and as many more in England; with newspapers in every hovel, and sold at a cent apiece, does not leave it optional with a child whether he shall be illiterate or not. It is not any longer the essential burden of our schools to teach reading. Nearly every child of seven is ready for something beyond. As for writing, the typewriter is steadily displacing the pens. The principle of wise educators is I believe to push ahead somewhat, and expect the pupil to involuntarily become a reader while studying that which interests him. But, as I have urged, most of our mothers and fathers can and do get their children over the simplest elements of "the three R's" at home. What we want of common schools is something more.

It hardly seems necessary to recall my former statement concerning the drift of what little enlightenment is permitted the pupil under the existing schedule of education. Geography, for instance, does not deal to any extent with things at hand; but its burden is the glorious results on the face of the earth wrought by man. It excites the starved pupil to a desire to go from his meagre home;—and go he will, if that is all you give him. Enough on this point. Give the children geography, that is the earth abroad; not a "modicum," but a full measure of it,—when you have first taught them the earth under foot, and at hand.

Let me turn now to the two points fairly to be eliminated from the article of Dr. Thomas. (1) The Agricultural Colleges have failed to accomplish the end for which they were created. This I believe is not verifiable by statistics. A very much larger number of graduates of these institutions are engaged in direct agricultural work than has been sometimes reported. But if this were not so let us understand that a reform cannot be begun at the top. You cannot take a class of young men already chafing with the limitations education has created for farm life, and by a course in experimental land tillage away from home prepare them to be content to be home keepers. What we can expect of our Agricultural Colleges is to create a spirit of comparative or higher agriculture and horticulture. We feel the influence of such institutions through the press. The more intelligent farmers are thus aided in getting rid of antiquated methods. We do not want these boys to go back to the plow; but we need them to teach; to reach out through the press, and thus elevate the general methods of land tillage. If any one needs to be cured of pessimism as to the value of Agricultural Colleges, let him hear from these young men at our Farmers' Institutes and Fairs.

(2) The second point made by Professor Thomas may be stated as feasibility. There is a suppressed hint that teachers qualified to teach the sciences I have specified cannot be obtained. I need hardly reiterate what I have already allowed that it will be no more difficult for any one to prepare to teach geology than geography, the contents than the surface of the earth. But the chief harm that can come from the article to which I reply is the assumption reiterated, but in no wise demonstrated, that the pupil could not in his school years get "anything more than a useless smattering—any character-building, scientific knowledge, such as would sustain him in following the plow or tend to repress his cityward yearnings." The writer thinks as he says that the great mass of intelligent teachers would reply that "in three cases out of five" the instruction would produce no appreciable effect on mind and character—that "one of the other two would be blighted by tasks too heavy for him." This leaves one out of five, two out of ten, whom we are supposed to really get out of the ruts, and actually create into a man of scientific mind and character. I am touched with the pathos involved in the crushed youth; and am inclined to believe the Professor has never seen an experiment tried. These chaps are quite elastic. I began my own boys with several years of investigation,—only taught them to observe. The oldest at seven I handed that ideal book, Shaler's "Elements of Geology." We read it together, and talked it over;

going into the fields and glens, and getting a clear fundamental conception of that very simple science,—far simpler than valuable geography. It did not crush him. He may be the one out of the five. But the plan worked as well with Phil (No. 2). Yet the older one is a born mechanic, and the second a born book-worm. Then came number three, Master Herbert, and he, while detesting books, is an enthusiast in geology, botany, and other departments of biology. I hardly know however what to make of the argument I am answering, for in the very next sentence Professor Thomas shifts ground, and allowing that a love for science may be secured by farm children, yet insists that that does not imply "that the child will also have a love for digging his living out of the ground." I would shift ground too with him, only I have already reverted to the error, by implication even, that farm work is inherently more uninteresting and tedious than any other work. I may, however, press down a moment on this, as the main point, that such work is disliked chiefly because education by the common method robs it of all enlightenment. The factory boy knows that his work is more wearing than farm work; but he endures it because after work hours he is near some forms of relaxation—unfortunately as a rule of a very cheap, if not vicious sort. The farm boy and farm girl, with such knowledge as I suggest, is also near,—all day is dealing with,—matters of intense interest. I will not go on to discuss the Professor's interpretation of the German "World-Thirst," which in his opinion is an instinct drawing boys and girls away from the farm. If such an instinct be in humanity it has heen created like all instincts, and should be counterbalanced and corrected by education. We have many other drifts of like nature, such as the migratory instinct, which antagonises home-building. We know what to do with these things. Wise educators do not say "it is an instinct; let it be." But Professor Thomas allows "Doubtless it would be *better* for him in most cases to remain on the farm; but he does not know that, until *experience* has taught him." I answer: It is criminal neglect to allow our children to tide on in this mistaken course; and finally, after life's chances are wasted, find by bitter "experience" that they have been allowed to blunder—fatally. What is education for? Is it not to save our boys and girls from instincts, and teach them wisdom? But I confess that I am astounded that my friend, the Professor, should rush forward to a final conclusion so exactly what my previous article undertook to demonstrate, and this article to defend—namely that "the more knowledge you give him that tells of an outside world, in which men are doing, studying, finding out all sorts of interesting things, the more you add fuel to the flame" that drives him city ward. We surely shall get somewhere to agree after awhile—which will be useful. We shall both insist on showing the boy a world at *home* full of interest, of beauty, of thought, of study, of doing.

I cannot, certainly not now, enter into the final opinion of the learned Professor that the only hope for the farmer is to improve his economic status, and "elevate his plane of life." What really have I been aiming at but proposing a definite fundamental common school method for elevating the plane of life for every farmer? Possibly at some future time I will, in *The Open Court*, present, what I believe to be the best-established fact of modern science and scientific method, that it is ethical and character building; that in fact the grandest consequence of widened knowledge of nature and life is to bring the mind into nearness with the All-Life, and construct in the pupil convictions of responsibility, and admiration for honor. And when I do so, it will be in response to the statement that "What little the schools can do must be by ethical rather than by scientific instruction";—a divorce of ethics and science worthy of Dean Burgen.

You will bear in mind that I have also carefully avoided being led into any discussion of the superiority of the elementary sciences as intellectual trainers and stimulants which however I strongly believe; but have adhered closely to the simple proposition that the normal training of a farmer's child is to give him knowledge of what a farmer ought to know. Already young Herbert Spencer, nine years of age, has three times interrupted me since I began this article; once he dashed in to show me flowers of two exquisite hybrid thorns, colors unknown to culture, but found by him on the banks of a neighboring glen; once to report the result of the boys' midday fight with the plum-curculios; and once to ask my opinion concerning an invention his older brother has devised in their workshop, for making work on the typewriter more convenient. He will be crushed if I do not spare him time to go with him after the new-found bushes. I do not fear that he will be drawn away from land and home by either some "instinct" or by any possible attractions of city life. He will never talk of or think of farm life as Professor Thomas describes it as "a narrow, monotonous life of hard work, small pay, and meagre opportunity for action, enjoyment, or improvement." Why not? Simply because he has become, with his brothers and his sister, a practical demonstration of a better education. He has escaped the common school as it is for the school as it ought to be.

CHARITY.

The school house stands on the public square in the midst of a grove, and at recess the children enjoy themselves under the shadowy branches while the birds are singing in the trees.

After a stormy night one of the nests had been blown down and its inmates, some five or six half-fledged robins, were hopping around in the grass. There was great excitement among the children, and to their honor be it said, there was no cruel boy among them, no mischievous young savage, who wanted to hurt the little creatures. Every one of the young folks was anxious to extend his charity to the helpless little birds. At last one of the urchins succeeded in gaining the confidence of the little robins, and he fed them.

At the next recess the same scene was repeated, and this time the birds were no longer timid. By and by they grew so tame toward the children of the school that on every morning they greeted them with twittering voices, anxiously waiting for their breakfast. At every recess one of the scholars fed the little birds.

One of the teachers observed the children's dealings with the birds, and he praised their spirit of love and charity toward these helpless beings. But he forgot that not every well intended action has good results. The sympathetic sentiment is very laudable, but how very irrational are often the methods of charity.

Vacation time came, and the school was deserted. Some of the children played at home in their gardens; some went away with their parents on excursions; some had left the town to stay with relatives in the country: and the little birds waited in vain for their breakfast. These poor robins had never learned to earn their own living. They were so accustomed to the crumbs and other tidbits of their little benefactors, that, left to themselves, they were now unable to rely upon their own strength; and in the midst of a harvest plenteous for other birds, they perished miserably, from lack of ability to gain a living.

There is a lesson in this little story. Charity is a good thing, and the spirit of charity shows a generous and noble disposition. Charity toward those who cannot help themselves, toward orphans or the infirm and aged, is not charity, but duty. In other cases the continued administration of charity is an evil in itself and productive of other evils. It pampers a pauper class accustomed to rely on charity.

There is but one charity which is commendable. It is that which gives men in need, the opportunity either to help themselves or to learn how to help themselves. All the help that man offers to man should tend to enhance his manhood, to make him stronger, freer, and more independent.

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The people of Queensland, over there in the South Seas, are carefully imitating the American colonists, by sowing thistle seeds, for a prickly crop that their posterity must reap in pain. Queensland is a large plantation; three times as large as France, in fact, and as the soil is rich, and the climate hot, the planters propose to import black laborers from the South Sea Islands to work "mong de cotton an' de cane." They are carefully laying the foundations of a "negro problem," and a "slavery problem," and a "secession problem," and some other kindred problems that will strain the patriotism and the statesmanship of their children; Gordian knots which may have to be untied as ours were, by the sword of civil war. They call this new slave trade by the playful and innocent name "blackbirding," but the blackbirds will grow as ours did into civil dangers threatening the political existence of the future Queensland. Before the men of Queensland begin "blackbirding," they ought to haul down the British flag, and hoist a banner of their own. Or, will the flag of England still wave over Queensland as it did over America, and allow "blackbirding" to be done?

* * *

It is a rare coincidence, and suggestive of comparisons, that Presidential compaigns are being carried on in England and America at the same time. I say "Presidential" in both cases, for the Prime Minister is actually President of Great Britain and Ireland. In the old country the campaign will be literally "short, sharp, and decisive"; in America it will be long, sharp, and indecisive. In the United States there is no policy at stake, nothing but the offices; in England, the reverse of that inspires the rival combatants; there, only public policies are at stake; the offices are not. In England the office holders are free and their offices are not in peril. There, the result of the election instantly places the whole government and all its policies in the hands and under the responsibility of the winning party, but in the United States, as the whole senate is not involved in the election, the established policy is not endangered by the result; because, even if Mr. Cleveland should be elected, and a House of Representatives in political harmony with him, the Senate could veto any measures of public policy that they might recommend. Remotely, of course, public policies are involved, but immediately, there is nothing at stake but the offices. The result of this election will show, that whatever may be its faults of form, the British government is in practice the most democratic in the world. In England the whole administration changes instantly in obedience to the will of the voters expressed at the polls. In the United States, the Senate, or the President, may baffle that will for years. And it is extra anomalous that in the United States, because of our eccentric voting machinery the election may go both ways, Democratic for Congress and Republican for President. The people of the United States may at the same election, and by the same ballot, elect a Legislature to make certain laws and a President to veto them, a contradiction very likely to be enacted next November.

* * *

In a late number of the *Nineteenth Century* is an article by the Chaplain of Wandsworth Jail in which he tries to show that crime and civilisation increase together; and in proof of it he says, "Police statistics are a striking confirmation of prison statistics, and the statistics of trials; and all of them point with singular unanimity to the conclusion that crime during the last thirty years, has not decreased in gravity, and has steadily been developing in magnitude." The statement is a moral contradiction; and the conclusion drawn from the premises contained in it is false. No matter how splendid in a material sense it may appear to be, the progress which is branded by an increase of crime is not civilisation but a departure from it. Intellectual achievements with a moral blight upon them are not civilisation. The World's Fair cannot exhibit wealth enough in art and science to atone for spiritual decay. If there is an increase of crime, which I doubt, it may be due to an increase of riches, luxury, and self-indulgence on the one hand, and a corresponding increase of poverty and privation on the other; and neither extreme is a sign of civilisation. Besides, there is a distinction between crime and crimes. Crime is absolute, and always contains within it the quality of moral turpitude, but crimes are sometimes merely relative to surrounding

conditions. Some deeds are crimes in one country that are lawful and even praiseworthy in another. Some crimes are purely local, and actions unlawful in a city may be perfectly innocent in the country. Crimes are increasing, because new crimes are made by statute every winter. "Police statistics" are open to suspicion, for they often show that while crimes are fastened upon certain unlucky citizens, the crime itself is in the law, and in the administration of the law. Legislative restraints upon liberty are multiplying crimes; and no man can tell what innocent pursuits may be crimes next year. The legislature will meet next winter, and will certainly manufacture some new and awful crimes to pad the statistics of the police courts and the prisons. Crime does not increase with civilisation, and whatever there is of it is made by the morally uncivilised of all classes; rich, and poor.

* * *

I have often wondered how much of real crime is due to the presence of statutes, judges, police, and prisons. How much does the dread paraphernalia of punishment inflame the spirit of resistance? Is a prison a magnet drawing some souls to it as a snake fascinates its prey? I concede that those agencies prevent crime, although some persons deny that, but I also think that in some natures they inspire it. If the warning given in the garden of Eden had not been accompanied by a penal threat, would Adam have disobeyed it? I do not know; but I believe that the caution itself was based on the psychologic reason that the knowledge of evil is a temptation to sin; and I think that if Adam and Eve had remained perfect, and all their posterity for a thousand years, or until there were ten million souls in Eden, and somebody had then built a jail there, candidates for cells would have appeared at once. I was the first lawyer that settled in Marbletown, and I was at the head of the bar there for about a year, or until another lawyer came. Before I went there the settlement was quiet, friendly, and harmonious; and utterly free from crime, crimes, or quarrels; but as soon as I arrived and opened my office, the inhabitants began to think that as there was a lawyer in town it was their duty to go to law with one another; and they did. Many a time, when the village was in the throes of a lawsuit over a stray pig, or a dead horse, or a borrowed plough, or something; and the inhabitants were all divided into hateful factions on the question, have I heard old Mike Marquand say, "We was all peaceable, wasn't we until we got a lawyer here. We never had no furse with one another did we until *he* come to town"; pointing his finger at me, overwhelming me with conscious guilt, and proving the metaphysical knowledge of Shakespeare when he said "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." And I think that the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil was well forbidden, for the knowledge of evil is evil.

* * *

A prize fight opened with prayer is to be the coming novelty; and such a burlesque will be scarcely any more extravagant than the prayers preliminary to that "Wild West" gladiatorial show known as a national convention. The prayers made at the June conventions were crafty little stump speeches addressed to "the throne of grace" in behalf of the Republican ticket at Minneapolis, and of the Democratic ticket at Chicago; and the ingenious manner in which the party doctrines were impressed upon the deity was worthy of high praise. At Minneapolis the "supplications" were argumentative in support of the Republican "idee"; and at Chicago, they insinuated that the Democratic enterprise was more worthy of divine patronage than was the rival combination. The most daring invocation of all was that of the Rev. Mr. Henry, at the Chicago gathering. After explaining to the Almighty that the Democratic convention represented "every section and every interest of this national commonwealth," he said, "Be thou its presiding officer!" Considering the architectural beauties of the wigwam, and the discordant howlings of the crowd inside of it, this was asking a great deal, and certainly more than was granted. The smoke of Mr. Henry's offering in behalf of the platform builders appeared also to fall upon the ground instead of ascending. "Guide thou the framers of the party platform," prayed Mr. Henry, but that guidance was withheld, for the party platform reported by the "framers," was broken into splinters by the convention, and the "framers" were discharged as faithless, bungling workmen. If Mr. Henry's prayers that victory may fall upon "the nominees of this convention" find no more favor than the others, it will be bad for those "nominees."

* * *

On the following day another minister prayed in the wigwam. This was the Rev. Mr. Green, who prayed in such a perplexing way that his hearers wondered whether he was praying *for* the convention, or like poor old Mrs. Cruncher, "agin it." He reminded me of my fine old friend, the Rev. Richard Swarington,—still hale and hearty, I am happy to say,—who was Methodist minister at Marbletown. He was of more value than twenty policemen, for he had a habit of praying for delinquents in such a way as made him literally, and without any slang in it, "a holy terror." Whenever any of us was guilty of any rascality or meanness such as gambling, drinking, loafing, cheating, squirrel hunting when we ought to be at work, or anything, he would meet us on the street and say in a lovely menacing way, "Now if I hear any more of this, I will pray for you right out in meeting"; and he had such a definite and specific way of doing it that the very fear of it kept us out of mischief. Well, some parts of Mr. Green's prayers for the convention reminded me of Mr. Swarington's, especially when he brought in that minority platform which the convention had never heard of, "the broad platform of the carpenter of Nazareth"; and this he had the audacity to advocate right there in the classic wigwam, and in the very presence of the Tammany braves. He even went so far as to pray, right out in meeting, that the broad platform of the Nazareth carpenter "might be triumphant and prevail." Not only that, but he even went farther, and prayed that "righteousness might be everywhere established." Mr. Green escaped from a dubious position, and got back into the favor of the convention by referring the throne of grace to "Our motto, Public office is a public trust," which lofty sentiment being a party battle cry, was rewarded with "loud cheers," amid which the prayer was finished.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE DANGER OF NATIONALISM.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

IN criticising my views, a lady asks, in *The Open Court* for June 2, the following questions: "Can any philosopher specify what particular right or price of Liberty he now enjoys which nationalism must necessarily wrest from him? Suppose the nation should assume control of telegraphs, as Mr. Wanamaker recommends, and messages be sent at cost, what would happen to our Liberty?"

We have just seen a President, who was very far from being the most popular man in his party, renominated by delegates whose votes he had secured by giving places to them and their friends. Whether he is elected will depend largely on how hard his office-holders work for him. If nationalism should give the next President command over all the telegraph-operators and railroad-men, his power to get himself renominated and re-elected would be three or four times as great as at present. He could have another term, with little opposition, or sell the succession on his own terms. This is no time to increase the number of office-holders.

Allow me to add that I deeply honor all "whose sympathies are so deep that they cannot rest in ease while others suffer injus-

tice and needless misery." I am doing what I can to help these noble men and women work in the direction where they have the best chance of success; but I do not object as much as my critic does to having "men strive mentally, physically, and morally."

F. M. HOLLAND.

A FRAGMENT.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

THE sun has set; the twilight like a veil
Drops from the night and star by star come forth
The signals of celestial argosies.

O silent sea, O silent shoreless sea,
How many times upon the fretful wave,
When all the world was young, did I look up
And feel your influence! How many times!
But not as now; the world and I are grown
Older, the birds sing other songs, the flowers
Fade sooner, and the light upon the hills,
Glory of things beyond, has passed away;
Gone with the vision of eternal Love,
Dark in the shadow of mortality.

Unfathomable depth, our search is vain;
But where we lose we find. No Spirit now,
"Dove-like, sits brooding on the vast abyss,"
But we have learned the language of the stars
Proclaiming universal fellowship,
And breathed a savor in the healing wind
That sweeps the billows of Immensity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TENNYSON'S LIFE AND POETRY: AND MISTAKES CONCERNING TENNYSON. By *Eugene Parsons*. Chicago: 1892.

The first essay in this little work is intended to supply students and lovers of the English poet laureate with full and exact information on the chief events of his life. In the course of its preparation the author consulted many works, among them various periodicals and works of reference. These he found to be very faulty, and even the sketches in recent compilations and journals are full of misleading and conflicting statements. The second essay is devoted to the exposure and correction of these errors, and that it is the result of much labor is evident from the great number of books to which the author refers, which indeed seems to comprise everything belonging to Tennyson literature, including even translations of the poet's works into foreign languages.

Although the biographical sketch extends over only ten pages, it contains a large mass of interesting information which it is gratifying to know can be relied on; which, as we have seen, is more than can be said of many other notices of Tennyson. The author remarks that "the brief accounts of his life given in Appleton's, the Americanised Britannica, and other cyclopedias fairly bristle with blunders and objectionable features. As they stand, most of these articles are utterly untrustworthy. Their assertions are often misleading, or so vague as to be practically valueless." Even such works as Welsh's "English Literature" and Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" are shown to be incorrect. As examples of the repetition of inaccuracies, the author quotes a sentence containing several misstatements from Lippincott's "Biographical Dictionary," which becomes three sentences with the same errors in the "Americanised Britannica." He adds that there are similar passages in Appleton's and Johnson's cyclopedias, remarking "it is perfectly plain that there was not much independent investigation in these unscholarly performances." One of the most surprising blunders that various cyclopedias and dictionaries make is the statement that Tennyson when raised to the peerage was created Baron d'Eyncourt. As the author states, he is Baron of Aldworth and of Farringford. In referring to the poet's asserted residence at Petersfield in Hampshire, the author, who thinks it is a myth, says he is puzzled to account for it. We would suggest that it arose out of the purchase by Tennyson of an estate on the top of Blackdown. This appears to be situated near Petersfield, and the fact of the purchase may have led to the inference that he resided for a time at Petersfield itself.

Mr. Parsons may be congratulated on his labor of love, which will be highly valued by all admirers of the poet. It leaves little to find fault with, but we may suggest that the newspaper correspondent quoted at page 17 must have fallen into some error, when he speaks of Tennyson as donning "his frowzy *cap* and his frowzier slouch *hat*." He would hardly wear both at once, and either the word "or" should take the place of "and," or for "cap" we must read "cape." In note 1 on page 16 Charles Turner should be Charles Tennyson Turner, the two surnames being used together, as indeed appears elsewhere in the pamphlet. Ω.

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INDIVIDUALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."
Ebenezer Elliott.

Two or three years ago Mr. Labouchere advised the readers of *The Forum* that the "masses are so strong in number that they might carry all before them, *if only they would act together.*" Likely enough the same *ad captandum* appeal to the disorderly spirits in the gallery had been heard before and has found a hundred echoes since. William Morris who once assured a London magistrate that he was a "poet and artist pretty well known all over Europe," has probably read from manuscript similar stock-sentences to the people who gather around red and black flags in Hyde Park. Mr. Labouchere if much too adventurous to be stable is a distinct type of the popular democrat, and his words acquire a piquant flavor when we remember that they were penned from one of his excellent town houses—that luxurious mansion of ducal magnificence, humorously situated exactly between the House of Lords and Westminster Abbey. Thus it has been said, Mr. Labouchere can hurl his mimic thunderbolts at hereditary privilege and the Established Church without getting up from his dinner. Now is it unreasonable to conjecture that this very certainty that the masses do not and cannot and will not act together is the sole bond of confidence between the brotherhood of wealthy poets, capitalists, and stock-brokers,—the upper crust Communists—their secret armour of defence and hope against the vagaries of unreasoned insurgence? Is it possible that they have a "tear in their voices" for the woes of the masses and a wink in the "other eye" for the reassuring of their comfortable colleagues? Some of us look beyond the puerile platform pyrotechnics, the "loud and prolonged cheering," the grotesque banners and the paltry treason, and we seem to discern an unsatisfied spectre in the distance beckoning the ferocious insurgents who have not fattened on the ruins of aristocracies toward the elegant appointments and insolent refinements of opulent agitators, and but little imagination is needed to behold these shuddering at the gaunt echoes of their own rhetorical insincerities. Sir John Gorst once said that the workman must be taught to use his tools. This insistence was unnecessary—the workman will learn to use his tools political and otherwise. He will appraise the net value of "progress" intelligently perhaps, but not to the satisfaction of log-rolling Liberals and stagy Socialists with aspirations for European repute. Just now Demos is befooled by the ballot. Ere long he will awaken to the drollery of the farce. His belauded victories have not greatly blessed him. What has it profited him—the gaining of municipal bondage and the loss of his soul-freedom? Certain Gehenna-retreats abound wherein, after life-long toiling for scanty pittance the tombless victims of organised greed may hide away, until their bruised frames shall be sufficiently stricken to lie without motion in a pauper-coffin and descend without murmur into a pauper grave. The weak and miserable are glad of a suffrage wherewith they may enable co-operative feudalism to resolve itself into a mere exacting administrative system, replacing as Herbert Spencer says, "an industrial *régime* of willinghood, acting spontaneously, by a *régime* of industrial obedience, enforced by public officials."* But the workman will learn to use his tools, for said not Teufelsdröckh wisely enough that "man is a tool-using animal"? "He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour;* and they do it; he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us; and they do it" (Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus"). At present the Fabian programme inevitably reminds one of the resolutions of the proverbial tailors of Tooley street. "We the people of England" are promiscuous, mostly well-meaning, and perfectly harmless, etceteras. But what if the sorcery grow potent and the democratic Frankenstein emerge from the chaos of discontent? Hitherto William Morris has written his poems, designed his conceits—some of them graceful and noble—lectured from thumb-and-time worn foolscaps and (tell

* Introduction to *A Plea for Liberty.*

it not in Gath) accumulated wealth. So far so good. He has managed his own affairs. He has been the keeper of his own conscience. Tragic tailors, inspired barbers, dustmen with dadoe possibilities, have all the while been mutely and ingloriously fettered by circumstance. But these latter may in the good time coming, voice the tribunal of the commonwealth. They may decide that the poems and prose and pictures of European Morris are unsatisfactory and without any market-value whatsoever, that in the utilitarian dust-cart he might be useful; not wholly purposeless, needle or razor in hand. Perhaps the eminent rebel would meekly accept the situation and the "labor-tickets," and strive to adorn that position to which the divine and enlightened democracy had called him. Perhaps also he would appreciate the logic of the Individualist. He might then realise that even the more or less considered items of a bread-and-cheese organisation are filled with a divine instinct; that dimes and dollars, and cakes and ale, do not fill the measure of human aspiration, do not provide with manna the soul of man in its rights of watching and in its days of craving and sorrowing. And from the depths of his passionate spirit there would arise a great yearning for the freedom of his birthright, the liberty to dree his weird somewhere —anywhere—outside the vast unconsecrated mechanism grinding out his individuality without any generous motive or spiritual product. As George Eliot says, there is "something besides bread by which man saves his soul alive. The bread-winner of the family may demand more and more coppery shillings, or assignats, or greenbacks, for his day's work, and so get the needful quantum of food; but let that moral currency be emptied of its value, let a greedy buffoonery debase all historic beauty, majesty, and pathos, and the more you heap up the desecrated symbols the greater will be the lack of the ennobling emotions which subdue the tyranny of suffering, and make ambition one with social virtue." *

I admit that to me the idealist aspect of the issue between freedom and feudalism is more profound and significant than the babblement anent material and fleshly grossness; that I would rather dream an adorable dream in elective poverty than coarsely thrive because an unimaginative, brute majority willed it so. That individualism is naturally righteous is for me opulently sufficient, whether it is comfortable or profitable I care but little. I want to think without fetters, to worship without ritual, to wander over desirable meadows of speculation unwarned by intellectual trespass-boards, and safeguarded from the man-traps of temporary convention.

In all infractions of abstract ethics public opinion is infinitely better as a working rule of the road than the scare-sinner policeman. The police are necessary whether attired in blue or red, and the need will increase with the growth of democratic propaganda. In the interests of private property, which is the inception of public weal, the noble order of Charles Peace communists must be secluded. In the case of the less active and more philosophical of these, care and kindness and pathological treatment will often restore the victim to sanity and honesty once more. But in God's name let it be insisted that the supreme appeal shall not be decided by the masses. As Mazzini said "the peoples lack faith," heroic, prayerful, enlightening faith, individual, majestic faith. The masses have been surfeited with ignoble victories, the destiny of their acclamations is unhallowed by toil and sacrifice and martyrdom of the sublimer kind. Their gods, political and otherwise, are false gods and of these the most popular chiefly announce *Thou shalt inherit the earth and the fulness thereof.* The true, wise, strenuous prophets of duty are derided or neglected.

Ask of John Ruskin or Louis Kossuth whether this is not so? Here are two types of humanitarian enthusiasts whose knowledge of the people has increased their sorrowing for the weakness, the vice, and the treachery of the people. The Utopia fashioned by Mr. Ruskin and the St. George's Guild, has failed; bad seasons allied perhaps to indifference, incapacity, and other human accidents, have destroyed the fair promise of salvation for the democracy through the cultivation of land. I was reading the other day with melancholy interest the abstract of the objects and constitution of St. George's Guild, which I received from the curator of Mr. Ruskin's museum in 1878. "Buying land for the nation and entrusting the cultivation of it to a body of well taught and well cared for peasantry," with schools, and museums, and libraries in fitting places for the instruction of these; how simple the plan, how radiant the prospect, how heart-breaking the recent collapse! Prate as you will, preach as you will, dream and appeal and sacrifice as you will, in the merciless tragedy of evolution the survival of the fittest is reasserted as the principal thread in the eternal plot.

Mr. Ruskin is essentially a Socialist but of the more honest order. He was not content with insisting on "restitution" from others, he began with his own conscience and his own possessions of which latter he yielded up one tenth. One is inclined to say to the noisy and not exactly impecunious Morrisites, Good gentlemen, go ye and do likewise and we will then respect you for sincerity and consistence if for nothing else. And we know the story of Kossuth, his selfless and suffering devotion. The Hungarian sculptor M. Josef Rona found the aged ex Dictator in poverty at Turin the other year. How has the democracy, the almighty democracy, the fervently grateful democracy

* *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*

remembered or rewarded his confessorship? Said he—and there is real pathos in the reading—to M. Rona:

> "For many years I have sought forgetfulness in work. This is now no longer possible. I am a broken-down old man. Work fatigues me, and the painful wretchedness of solitude weighs daily more and more upon me. I am alone with my memories, alone with my bitter experiences. I was formerly unable to compass my aims without helpful fellow-workers, and then I learned to understand mankind. Plato is right; life is no blessing, no gift, but a duty; no gain, but rather a loss. When, on the brink of the grave, a man makes up his account, the balance is always on the wrong side. I have asked myself whether life was worth living. One only comfort remains to me. I have persistently followed duty."

Alone with his memories, alone with his bitter experiences! The ingratitude of democracies is something more than proverbial. Is not a living dog better than a dead lion, ask the enlightened, enfranchised masses? My friends believe me the dead lion is best and most helpful for you. Time and calm ripen the harvest, and the grain thereof is for others who shall live into that future which you are, however insensibly, weaving for weal or woe. Think a little of the past: of your mute but not unhelpful ancestry, and strive to realise the promise of seed time, spring time, and all beginnings. Remember also your mistakes. The bias of recent politics is imprudently and viciously selfish, and this selfishness is irresponsibly sportive at times. Every politician is the football of fortune and swift retribution succeeds independence as surely as the day the night. Therefore our legislative masters learn to pander and dissemble. If they happen to possess an honest soul in patience they are flouted as traitors or cranks by Demos, and dismissed by the caucus. A gentleman of much substance who in his time has played many parts once encouraged his followers with the assurance that "we are all Socialists now." And the "reason 'we are all Socialists now,'" according to one of the least time serving newspapers on a recent occasion (*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, Dec. 8, 1891) "is plain enough. The way to place and power is most easily cleared by borrowing planks from the Socialist platform. The promising politician is simply following the line of the least resistance and it is impossible to stop him. By and by there will be a change, perhaps; but the crest of the wave of action, or reaction, whichever it may be called has not yet been reached." It may be that the wave of reaction has not yet been reached but the crisis is almost daily growing more acute. The symptoms of protest against the Tory Free Education Bill seem to indicate that only one more straw is needed to break the back of the Saxon camel. The same dolorous adumbration is not absent elsewhere. In almost the last issue of the deceased *Anti-Jacobin* appeared a warning note anent Australasia:

> "The Labor Party in New South Wales has just shown that it will go to any length rather than sacrifice its leisure. One member thereof has recently brought in a bill to place workmen coming in from the other colonies—Australians be it observed, not even such offensive beings as English immigrants—on the same footing as the Chinese. He proposes that after the 1st of January, 1892, no person is to enter New South Wales under contract of service. The penalty for so doing is to be £50 fine with imprisonment in default; while the captain of the vessel that imports these criminal persons is to be subjected to a fine of £50 for each immigrant conveyed, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. Incredible as it may seem, this is the latest proposal of the New Unionism in New South Wales, the Mother Colony, the parent of the Australian Federation movement. Well may Mr. Kipling, or, indeed, any reasonable being, ask the Australian 'workingman' if he thinks this kind of thing is to last forever, and feel inclined to say 'The Chinese will swamp you; it is only a matter of time.'"

This kind of thing will not last forever, and the sooner the fooling and the befooled look where they are leaping the better for all concerned.

"The greatest good of the greatest number with the least injury to any" is best secured by ordered liberty. Whatever was good in the past was principally resultant from hierarchies of forces which in the sequence of natural law had rightful empire. Instability has ever been the precursor of dissolution, and the forces that hindered the tyranny of the ephemeral creatures of privilege on the one hand, and subdued the effervescent distempers of undisciplined social upheavals on the other hand, were the high intellectual forces that moved along the lifted planes of a perspective redeemed from disorder and consecrated to liberty. These were the teachers, the prophets, the martyrs of democracy in its truest sense. If such exist in our own day they deny obedience to the discordant counsels of unthinking rebels or assentors, and sovereigns themselves are yet strengthened by wise homage to an unworshipped and well-nigh forgotten ideal—to liberty, their dethroned but unconquered queen.

PHILOSOPHY BASED ON FACTS.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

A PHILOSOPHY of existence must embrace all the known facts of the world and must be capable of explaining them or at least of supplying the lines on which an explanation may reasonably be discovered; otherwise opinions founded on an insecure basis will be constantly disturbed whenever new facts or principles come to light which are at variance with the original belief. There is a satisfaction and pleasure acquired by those persons, who, as Goethe says, "convince themselves of the existence of the eternal, of the necessary, of the universal, and who seek to form conceptions which cannot fail them, yea which are not disturbed, but rather confirmed by the contemplation of that which passes away."

In Dickens's novel "Hard Times" the reader makes the acquaintance of Thomas Gadgrind who is described as "a man who proceeds upon the principle "that two and two are four and nothing over and who "is not to be talked into allowing for anything over, "with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplica-"tion table always in his pocket ready to weigh and "measure any parcel of human nature and tell you "exactly what it comes to," and his theory of education is "To teach nothing but facts, facts alone are "wanted in life, plant nothing else and root out every "thing else. You can only form the mind of reasoning "animals upon facts, nothing else will ever be of any "service to them."

Such is Mr. Gadgrind's philosophy of life,—but his facts are of a one-sided nature—he is without sympathy and his whole soul is engrossed in dry and abstract calculations: he does not recognise all the facts of existence. It is certainly necessary to have the occurrence of events in nature carefully formulated and classified, and there could be no experience unless this were done, but there are other facts equally necessary and important and which cannot be overlooked by a satisfactory philosophy of existence.

When the ordinary consciousness hears of a philosophy based upon facts it fails to grasp its meaning and even those who make some pretence to a knowledge of the development and history of thought are apt to suppose that such a philosophy means a conformity to nature simply in its lower aspects and having everything based on a merely formal and one-sided reason—a system of thought similar to the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century, originated by Diderot, and ending in the materialism of La Mettrie who overlooked the higher activities of life, and as Goethe observes, "reduced that which appears higher "than nature, or rather as the higher nature in nature "itself, to aimless and formless matter and motion."

A philosophy founded on facts must embrace all the higher activities of life and the motive forces which work in history and science and art,—these activities are just as truly facts as the operation of mechanical laws in the so-called external nature.

While insisting on the importance of human activity and superindividual principles there is a danger of over-estimating them as Comte did when he deified humanity in such a way as to separate the race from the world, forgetting that the "enthusiasm of humanity" is a mere abstraction unless grounded in a living and reasonable faith in the order and regularity of nature and the universe taken as a whole.

For a similar reason the broad and comprehensive idealism which arose with Hegel requires to be supplemented by a scientific knowledge and careful philosophic study of the facts of psychology for the purpose of ascertaining the preconditions of the conscious activity of thought with which that philosophy necessarily begins and so as to explain the unity of the soul not only with itself, but with its manifold surroundings, otherwise the real facts of consciousness, its intermittant nature, the curious phenomena of sleep, hypnotism and all the other strange facts of soul-life must continually exercise a disturbing effect on such thinkers; nor is it a satisfactory answer to say that psychology must be left exclusively to the investigations of scientists, for the facts of psychology are related in the closest manner to the activity of thought and the very existence and development of the latter are determined by the former.

A true comprehensive philosophy of facts must include external nature and the organic unity of thought and existence, and besides the theoretical reason, it must also embrace the higher forms of mind, "that higher nature in nature itself," those thoughts and purposes which have broken with the first immediacy of nature and are striving towards a higher unity.

DOES UTILITY EXPLAIN EVOLUTION?

Prof. George Mivart is now publishing in *The Cosmopolitan* a series of articles on Evolution and Christianity. We do not agree with his conclusions, but consider his objections to the arguments of the evolutionist as noteworthy. Darwin he says, "assigns the present or past utility of every organ as the sufficient cause for its existence." But is not this explanation insufficient? We think with Professor Mivart it is insufficient. Considering the function of instinct, he continues (*Cosmopolitan* for July, 1892):

"However far we may put back the beginnings of instinct, the question of its origin only recurs with increased force. How did the first animals with mouths obtain and swallow their food? How did they ever begin to deposit eggs at all or to do so in a suitable manner? They must have done so suitably at once or they would never have survived."

One of the two originators of the doctrine of "Natural Selection" said these weighty words, quoted by Professor Mivart:

"No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusk, a frog and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvellous process may also determine the initiation of those more important changes of structure and those developments of new parts and organs which characterise the successive changes of the evolutions of animal forms."

Professor Mivart adds:

"It seems clear to us that study of the wonderful processes which take place during individual developments, while they serve

to support the doctrine of evolution, also serve to refute the notion that it takes place fortuitously by the blind action of native forces in small hap-hazard changes in all directions.

"The lifeless, inorganic world harmonises with the living world in the possession of innate powers and essential characteristics which can never have been due to preferential survival under competition. No one supposes that the geometrical forms of different kinds of crystals or the lustre of the diamond and the sapphire have been due to "natural selection"; but if we have to admit another cause for the properties of so large a portion of the natural world why may we not admit it also for the rest?"

The cause of evolution cannot be sought in utility and Professor Mivart promises in his next paper "to ascertain some other and better cause for evolution in animal life."

The solution of this undoubtedly liberal-minded and profoundly Christian philosopher will be no other than that of the Church—viz., that evolution is the result of a plan designed by a personal Deity and creator of the universe. But while Professor Mivart considers that "the geometrical forms of different kinds of crystals cannot be due to natural selection," has he ever thought of the inconceivability of the order that prevails among geometrical laws as being due to the plan of a personal designer?

The decision of the problem lies here: Is there an intrinsic necessity in the laws of mathematics and its kindred sciences, logic, arithmetic, etc.; or has the order that pervades them been created at the bidding of a world monarch? Are these laws of form, uncreated and uncreatable, eternal and intrinsically necessary; or have they been so made that a few eons ago they did not yet exist?

We accept the former solution and reject the latter. We conceive the order of nature as a part and quality of God, not as a product of God's creative activity; and thus we replace the old anthropotheistic view of a supernatural God by the entheistic view of a God that is inseparable from nature; we conceive God and the universe as one. P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

On the 2nd of April 1891, I offered through the columns of *The Open Court*, this wager, "A hundred dollars to one that there is not a passenger ship sailing between New York and Liverpool that in a time of actual danger can lower a boat in three minutes; and the same wager that any ship in the navy can do it in ten seconds." I was referring then to the loss of the steamship Utopia in the Bay of Gibraltar; and I repeat the wager now in referring to the recent wreck on the coast of Ireland, where the City of Chicago got the worst of it in a blundering attempt to butt the old Head of Kinsale out of its way. Here is an extract from an account of the accident, given by one of the passengers: "Word was passed that some one in command had said that the boats would be lowered, and the passengers taken off. I walked back with my family to see to this operation, and to my amazement the davits were ungreased, and stuck, and one boat had at last to be freed with an ax before it could be got over the side, and then it went down head foremost." This was the same old story; and had it been otherwise there would have been genuine reason for "amazement." The experience of the passenger just quoted is very familiar to me, for three times in the course of my life have I had the bad luck to be on board a ship when it was necessary to lower the boats in a hurry; and in every case, after many vain attempts to untie the rusted knots, the boats had to be liberated by an ax, and the ax had to be hunted for. It is not often that the boats are needed and therefore they are not available when the critical moment comes. At every trip the steamship companies bet the lives of all their passengers that it will not be necessary to lower the boats, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they win; but at last there comes the hundredth time, and then they lose the bet, and perhaps their passengers too.

* * *

The Fourth of July festivities prove that the Americans are the most reckless people in the world. In Chicago, the holiday beamed all over with rejoicing; and so it was for hundreds of miles in every direction from Chicago, the citizens all feasting, and celebrating the freedom of a land which they thought was flowing with milk and honey. From dawn till midnight they honored the anniversary of national independence by firing crackers and torpedoes, guns and sky-rockets, little dreaming that they were standing on a powder magazine which might explode at any moment and annihilate the republic. In the midst of this merry carnival a voice was heard at Omaha proclaiming that the end of Nineveh was near, and that its exultant people were "on the verge of moral, political, and material ruin." I quote from the platform of the Omaha Convention, where the 4th of July was draped in mourning amid prophecies of "social convulsions, absolute despotism, and the destruction of civilisation." Heedless of an impending social conflagration the most terrible that was ever known, the American people actually celebrated their national birthday with feasting and with fire crackers, with oratory and with song. The antiquated fable that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning may now be retired on half pay,—I say fable, because a really wicked man cannot learn to play the violin and take pleasure in its harmonies;—but even admitting the truth of it, the fiddling of Nero on that occasion was not half so frivolous as that of the American people on the 4th of July, if the Omaha platform is to be believed. According to that gloomy state paper, the American people, instead of piercing the sky with sky-rockets and oratory ought to be lamenting in sackcloth and ashes the degeneracy of the American republic. According to that, we ought to clip the wings of the eagle, and make the raven our national bird.

* * *

Reading the platform adopted by the Omaha convention, I cannot help thinking that our melancholy old acquaintance Dick Deadeye, must have been chairman of the committee on resolutions. Otherwise, how am I to account for the ominous warning that "the controlling influences" dominating the two old parties, propose "to sacrifice our homes, lives, and children on the altar of mammon"; and that their further impossible purpose is "to destroy the multitude in order to obtain corruption funds from the millionaires"? Dickens describes a convivial party at a tavern, smoking their pipes, drinking their beer, and having an exceedingly good time, when a red faced man got up and made everybody miserable by explaining to the company that they were all slaves, although they did not know it, "bending beneath the yoke of an insolent and factious oligarchy; bowed down by the domination of cruel laws; groaning beneath tyranny and oppression on every hand, at every side, and in every corner," Well, the red faced man was at Omaha, assisting Dick Deadeye to prepare the platform, and warning a convivial people celebrating their Fourth of July, that they were all slaves, victims of a thousand oppressions proceeding from the "prolific womb" of governmental injustice. From that same "prolific womb," said the red faced man, "we breed the two great classes, tramps and millionaires.',

Then Dick Deadeye put it in the platform that "corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench." Not only that, says Dick, but also this, "The people are demoralised, the newspapers subsidised or muzzled, public opinion silenced, business prostrated, our homes covered with mortgages, and labor impoverished." And the people, ignorant of all that, were actually chanting praises, as Miriam did of old. According to Dick, they ought to have muffled their drums, draped their flags with crape, and sung a dirge. And the remedy proposed was the surrender of individual freedom into the hands of "Government," out of whose "prolific womb" the convention itself declared those mischiefs and miseries had come.

* * *

One of the most interesting characters created by Sir Walter Scott is Captain Dugald Dalgetty, who is graphically portrayed in the "Legend of Montrose." Captain Dalgetty is a soldier with a sword for hire; and it makes no difference to him what king, what country, or what cause he fights for, so that the rations and the pay are good. This amusing person has been looked upon as a moral eccentricity, something like Don Quixote, and the possibility of him has been doubted. In the United States, however, such a phenomenon as Dugald Dalgetty is not rare; in fact we have armies of Dalgettys here, but they go by the name of "Pinkertons," and their military quality is the same as that of the bravo and the buccaneer. They are soldiers without a flag, and without a cause beyond the hire of the day. They are armed with rifles and revolvers, and they shoot with promiscuous impartiality; at the Pinkerton rates for killing, which, I understand, are two dollars a day. It is now more than a hundred years since the Grand Duke of Hesse Something sold some regiments of his soldiers to King George the Third, to assist that wrong-headed monarch in subjugating the American colonists. This mercenary transaction has been impartially condemned by all nations, and it is remembered with high-spirited indignation by Americans; and yet, right here in the United States, the Grand Duke of Hesse Pinkerton sells regiments of his American soldiers to anybody who desires to use them to suppress rebellious working men. The smoke of the battle at Homestead hides the dispute between Carnegie and his workmen so that we cannot say which of them was right or which of them was wrong; the merits of the controversy are smothered in the overwhelming folly of invading Pennsylvania with Pinkerton troops from Chicago, to fight in a quarrel which could have been settled by Pennsylvania alone.

* * *

Speaking of the Pinkertons makes me fearful that the most revolutionary patriot among us may have concealed near the surface of him a tyrannical spirit ready to spring into action at any favorable time. In the days of my "hot youth" I was a revolutionary Chartist, eager to fight for the overthrow of the British monarchy and the erection on its ruins of a British republic; and there were enough of those who aspired as I did to cause the government alarm. Among the prominent Chartists of the north was a young man whose name was Alan Pinkerton; and when the government was busy fining, imprisoning, and transporting Chartists, Pinkerton made his escape to the United States, where in bitter irony, grim Fate made him establish the most dangerous order of spies that ever preyed upon social freedom in America; and it became his unlucky destiny to give his name to an army of illegal soldiers not under the command of the nation or the state, an impudent menace to liberty; an irresponsible brigade of hired banditti, equipped with rifles and threatening every American workingman. This curious anomaly recalls to memory the fate of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. When he died and the attendants were preparing his body for burial, the courtiers were startled for a moment, because there, in letters of lurid blue, gleaming on the bosom of the dead king, was the motto of the revolution out of which he sprung, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." No doubt he believed in it when he had the immortal sentiment pricked into his flesh; but in spite of it, he had become a king, like the rest of them; no worse than other kings, better than most of them, but nevertheless a king.

* * *

A decided flutter has been caused in political circles by the three-cornered letter of Mr. Charles B. Farwell to the editor of a newspaper, inquiring "whether the Campbell appointed chairman of the national republican committee (at the urgent request of the president) is the same Campbell whom he refused to appoint to a federal position because he was a "professional lobbyist and unfit for it." Mr. Farwell says in his letter, that three years ago, when he was in the United States senate, he recommended Mr. Campbell for the office of collector of customs at Chicago, and that the president refused to appoint him for the reasons above given. The sarcasm in Mr. Farwell's letter is pungent even to bitterness, and the three corners of the letter are very sharp. One of them scratches the President, another wounds Mr. Campbell, and the third makes a jagged rent in the reputation of Mr. Farwell himself. The president's hurt is the lightest of the three, because there is no official resemblance between the collector of customs and the chairman of the republican committee. The collector is a public officer, and the chairman is not. The President as the responsible chief magistrate might very properly refuse to appoint a "professional lobbyist" collector of customs, and at the same time, as a large stockholder in a private corporation called the republican party, he might without any inconsistency think a "professional lobbyist" the most efficient man for chairman of the board of directors. Of course it must be very annoying to Mr. Campbell to be advertised by his friend and patron as a "professional lobbyist," but that is a matter between him and Mr. Farwell, in which the public have no interest. A more important question is this, what excuse has Mr. Farwell to offer for advising the president to appoint a "professional lobbyist" collector of customs at Chicago? Nothing has been shown as yet against the character of Mr. Campbell, except what is vaguely included in the word "lobbyist," and there is no reason to believe that he would not have made a faithful and efficient collector, but his appointment ought to have been refused by the President for the reason that Senator Farwell was, at the time he recommended him, a large importer of foreign goods, and no importer, whether of senatorial rank or not, should be allowed to select a collector of customs. Every competing merchant and importer would have a right to protest against it. The President should have put his refusal upon that ground.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

HAVING been a reader of *The Open Court* for several years, I have read with much interest the views held by the editor, and other able writers on "The Idea of God," "The Immortality of the Soul," etc. I hoped that modern philosophy would be able to give to the world a better and more rational idea of these than the church teaches. But I must confess that these hopes have not been realised. Now to reject the doctrines of the church as unrational in regard to God or the immortality of the soul, without having something more reasonable or better adapted to the wants of humanity to offer in its stead, is not a very enviable position for one to occupy. Now I do not feel able or competent to express in the papers my feelings and thoughts in regard to this matter, but I feel impressed to advance a few inquiries and suggestions. To my mind the greatest and most interesting problem that

has ever engaged the attention of man is that of the immortality of the soul. Ever since the time of Job, perhaps longer, the burning question of the day was "If a man die shall he live again?" but it has not yet been solved. It is true the church answers the question in the affirmative but as the statement is simply a belief which may or may not be true we cannot accept the statement as a solution of the problem. Spiritualists also claim that they have positive evidence that their friends who died still live, but have not yet been able to demonstrate the fact to the world. *The Open Court* likewise has an answer to the question and says, There is no immortality to the individual but to the race (as though this were a truth established by scientific investigation.) In a recent article in *The Open Court*, in the Parable of the Type, we are told that the preparation for the beyond is or ought to be the purpose of every action of the now. Here we pause and wonder what kind of a beyond we are to prepare for. But listen. We are further told that if a man of science passes out of this life the truth he has brought out is not lost and when a hero of thought dies his ideals remain with us, etc. Now it seems to me this is not a solution but simply an evasion of the question. The question is not whether truths, ideal, and aspirations will continue to exist, but whether a *man* scientific or not shall continue to live in some form or other. His knowledge has no connection whatever with the question. Truths and ideals are not beings or things of life, but conceptions of living beings. It is certainly immaterial to us whether truths, ideals, etc., are still with mankind if we cease to live as conscious beings. Now if this is the kind of immortality that science teaches (not proves) then the great heart of humanity will say give us no more science. Besides, this is nothing new; certainly no one questions the fact that truth, etc., will always exist wherever there are rational beings. To my mind this theory of immortality is no more satisfactory than the Death-ends-all doctrine. There are also those who sneer at Agnostics and claim that there is nothing unknowable. But the fact is that we absolutely know nothing about the immortality of the soul or of the nature of God unless indeed we call the laws of nature God and ideals and aspirations the soul of man. But such a world-conception does not satisfy the longing or aspirations of man. If this is all the immortality man is to struggle and to dare and endure for, then the wisest thing for him would be to make the best of this world and not trouble himself about the future (which indeed many do) but we would hardly call them wise.

I think the following from S. W. Davis in his book "Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion," comes nearer the truth in the matter. He says: "The evidence of immortality or any after death existence of the human mind (soul or spirit) is inadequate at present to establish that hypothesis as a scientific principle and conversely there is not adequate evidence to establish as a scientific principle the theory of mental annihilation upon physical death. Hence the question of immortality is an open one, and should be held *sub judice* without prejudice, and subjected to investigation by scientific methods until a sufficient amount of evidence has been collected, collated, and classified to warrant scientific generalisation. Whether immortality be true or not the laws of morality are in force and observance thereof is good policy as well as correct principle for this life or any subsequent analogous life, should there be such.

Yours Truly,

J. Frey.

[Mr. Frey's presentation of *The Open Court's* position might be better stated as follows:

There is no immortality of an ego-soul, because such a thing as an ego-soul does not exist. Consequently, it cannot be immortal. But there is an immortality of the individual in the sense that the individual features of the character of a man are transmitted by heredity and education. The human in man is not constituted by the material of which he consists. In the constant flux of matter taking place in an individual there is a preservation of form. I am the same to-day as I was yesterday, because the same soul-structures are preserved. So my soul lives in every person that thinks and feels like me.

The soul and the value of the soul consists in the soul-contents of our being, and it is the preservation of these contents of the soul that ethics is concerned with. Suppose that ego-souls existed, of what use would it be to preserve them unless they be filled with ideas that are elevating and good and true? It is by no means, as Mr. Frey declares, "immaterial to us whether truths, ideals, etc., are still with mankind, if we cease to live as conscious beings." For it is these very truths and ideals that form the quintessence and dignity of our souls. Without them, our souls would sink below the level of brute psychology.

Consciousness is an indispensable attribute of truths and ideals to be thought and aspired for, but so long as humanity exists, the attribute of consciousness will not be lacking.

It may be objected that the consciousness of future generations is not the same consciousness as ours. This is true in a certain sense; in another sense it is not true. It is true in the same sense as that my consciousness of the present moment is not the same as my consciousness in the next moment; it is not true in so far as the consciousness of one and the same idea is of the same kind. Thus my consciousness of a certain sensation or idea felt to-day is of the same kind as my consciousness of the same sensation or idea of yesterday, although it has been interrupted during the night by sleep so that the continuity of consciousness was broken.

This is exactly what we have to learn: That we, our self, our soul, that our realest being consists in the truths, ideals, and aspirations which live in us. Whether or not they exist is not "immaterial"; they are the very quintessence of our existence. Ethics, indeed, is the living of these truths, even in disregard of that fleeting, sham existence, the interests of which attach to what is called the individual, or the ego.

This view, that the worth of the soul consists in the truth it contains; that we are God in us; that the soul shall live in and with and through God; that it will be as immortal as is truth, is the inmost spirit of Christ's doctrines. It is the esoteric meaning of Christian mythology. Any one to whom this attitude of identifying our souls with the truths that we have been able to take hold of and regarding the life of these truths as our own life, is "no more satisfactory than the Death-ends-all doctrine," is not imbued with the truly religious spirit which permeates all the word of Christ. He to whom self is higher than truth, has not as yet had a glimpse of the true Christianity, which, it is a pity, is rarely found among those who call themselves believers.—P. C.]

THE CHAMPION.

BY VIROE.

Amid the timid crowd
I heard Truth call aloud;
  Wrong sought to harm her.
She all defenceless was,
Clad in her sacred cause,—
  Her only armor.

Right hath no right to ruth
Defending sacred Truth,—
  For Wrong no feeling.
My battle blade I drew,
And fast and furious flew,
  Death to Wrong dealing.

Happy and proud was I
When Wrong lay prone to die,—
When life departed;
But the crowd cried, Forsooth,
You turned your back on Truth,—
O! you false hearted?

Pray how could I defend
From Wrong my lovely friend,
Or guard her honor,
Unless to the attack
I faced, and turned my back
Awhile upon her?

Ah, vain and timid crowd;
Disdaining plaudits loud
That you denied me,
A grander voice I heard;
Truth's grateful, whispered word
Quite satisfied me.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Mr. James Gibson Hume a copy of the inaugural lecture delivered on his assuming the professorship of ethics and the history of philosophy in the university of Toronto. The lecture is popularly written and Prof. Hume views his subject under the aspects from which he believes ethics should be treated. "Ethics," he says, "is concerned with the *ideals* that direct conduct." On this Prof. Hume lays especial stress. Its ideals, its normative standards, ethics derives from the sciences. Still, this is the mere foundation. Ethics deals with the selection of ends; science only finds the means to gain these ends; science has no judgment of the better and the worse: this devolves upon a conscious subject, upon a personality by which the ideals are measured. The chief ideal of ethics is thus the perfect personality, perfect as regards itself and perfect as regards its duties to others. ("The Value of the Study of Ethics." Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co.)

"Philosophy and Physical Science" is the title of a pamphlet of fifty-three pages by Mattoon Monroe Curtis, M. A., Ph. D., being his inaugural address on his assuming the professorship of philosophy at Adelbert College, Ohio. The address is a review of the progress of philosophy and physical science from ancient times down to the present day. With regard to the position of philosophy among the sciences, Mr. Curtis agrees with the opinion generally accepted by modern thinkers. In latter times scientists are becoming philosophers, and philosophers scientists. The chief results of Mr. Curtis's speculations are "that upon the great problems of physical science there is at present little ground for rigid dogmatism; that principles of faith are the foundations of all our beliefs concerning external reality; and that the speculative elements in physical science are its most prominent and necessary features." In his own, positive views of the world, Prof. Curtis, it seems to us, is uncertain and sceptical.

NOTES.

Dr. Carus will sail for Europe on July 16th, to return in October. During his absence the editorial management of *The Open Court* and *The Monist* will be conducted by Mr. Thomas J. McCormack.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avishe," Milford, Pa.

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RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

When hard pressed, theological writers often take refuge in the statement that there is some kind of evidence that is superior to scientific evidence in matters that pertain to objects of sense and experience. Thus Dr. Temple in his Brampton lectures on the relations between Religion and Science, says in behalf of miracles, that if the student of science is to admit a breach in the uniformity of nature, "it can only be by stepping outside of his science for the time and conceiving the possibility that there is some other truth beside scientific truth, and some other kind of evidence beside scientific evidence." Unless he does this he is in a groove, and is like "the student who when he first saw a locomotive engine looked persevering for the horses that impelled it, because he had never known, and consequently could not imagine any other mode of producing such motion." But if the student did persevere he surely found the horses at last, that is, a real tangible force that propelled the engine, and one that worked according to uniform law. For my part I confess I cannot conceive of any evidence that can be brought in support of miracles that shall not be in its nature scientific, that is, addressed to our rational faculties. What is this other evidence to which Dr. Temple alludes? He would probably say it is the evidence that a higher will interferes and sets aside or reverses the ordinary processes of nature; but do we not want evidence that a higher will does so interfere, and must not this evidence be scientific? that is adequate to convince the mind? We can admit a breach in the uniformity of nature only upon the same *kind* of evidence as that which leads us to deny the breach, that is evidence that appeals to reason and experience. It must be tangible, objective evidence, and not a theory or a groundless postulate. What proves the interference of this higher will? The miracle. But what proves the miracle? The theory of the higher will.

If there are other truths than scientific truths, and other grounds of certitude than those apprehended by the reason, they are not such as are available when natural law is on trial.

But are there such other truths? are not all truths strictly speaking scientific truths? If the matter is not capable of verification, are we justified in calling it true, no matter what our private opinion or conviction on the subject may be? If we ask of a thing, or a measure, or a course of conduct, is it good or bad, right or wrong, we appeal to the moral sense; if we ask of a thing is it beautiful? we appeal to the æsthetic sense. If we ask of a statement or alleged occurrence, is it true? we appeal to the intellectual sense, to the reason and judgment. And there is no other court but this that can settle the truth or falsity of a proposition. There is no other court but this that has to do with the *truth* of things.

Our religious instincts and impulses do not have to do with the truth or falsity of a thing; they are just as keen and active in the presence of false gods as in the presence of true; our æsthetic perceptions or attractions do not have to do with the truth or falsity of things, but only with their beauty. A fable pleases more than a history. The conscience is no guide in detecting truth from falsehood, but in detecting right from wrong—in separating what is good from what is bad, and it may be trained or warped so as to mistake one for the other. What the conscience of one man approves that of another may disapprove. It is our reason and knowing faculties alone that have to do with the truth of things, and the verdict of these faculties can never change or be reversed like those of the taste or the conscience. There can be no fashion in science.

A theory, or a proposition, or an alleged fact may be morally sound and good, while yet it is not logically sound and good. A sentiment is true as sentiment but not true as science. There is no moral objection to Æsop's fables, but if put forth as sound natural history, there would be objections to them. The New Testament records, which more and more people in our day find difficulty in accepting as history, are for the most part, morally and spiritually, beautiful and elevating, and to certain natures this is enough. But the man of science asks are they true, not as poetry or fable, but as history? That feeling or mental disposition that responds to fables and allegories is as genuine

as that which enables us to detect truth from false hood, only it cannot take its place: it belongs to a different sphere. There is something in us that delights in fables and in heroic deeds; that rises superior to times and circumstances, and makes the devotion of martyrs and the triumphs of the Davids over the Goliahs, tonic and refreshing. There are books and poems, that ventilate and tone up a man's whole nature. We are by no means summed up by our knowing faculties. Truth of fact and truth of sentiment make up life, and about in the proportion of the bone and the fleshly tissue in our systems. We may say there is relative truth and absolute truth. All scientific truth if it be truth is absolute; it is verifiable and must hold good at all times and places. A man's opinion of a matter, that is, his inference from observed facts, is true from his conditions and point of view; it is the outcome of his relations, capacity, and antecedents; it is modified by his temperament, his culture, his health, his sympathies, his race, his environment and many other things. If strictly speaking there are religious truths, truths that in no wise depend upon your view, or my view of the case, they are verifiable. What are these truths? That man has a soul of which his body is the tenement, that the soul survives the dissolution of the body, that there is a heaven and a hell, that there is a personal God, that Jesus did not belong to the human race, etc.,—these are not truths because they are not verifiable. They are hopes, faiths, beliefs, aspirations; they are true to some men and not to others; the grounds upon which they are held true count much with one man, and count little with another. We speak of the sublime truths of the sermon on the mount; noble and sublime sentiments they are, but not truths; they afford consolation to the religious spirit, but not satisfaction to our truth discerning faculties, and were not meant to. Religious truths, therefore, I should say are relative truths, and any attempt to make them fixed and absolute as the creed-mongers have tried to do, must end in failure. Truth in all subjective matters, is not a fixed quantity; it is something that must be ever newly grown like organic nature herself. A recent theological writer says that when men accustomed to the demonstrative evidence of science "enter a province where moral evidence rather than demonstration prevails, they are not unnaturally inclined to suppose that nothing in it is settled, nothing ascertained," and very reasonably I think. Nothing can be *settled* except upon demonstrative evidence; you may think it settled and wake up next day to find that the floods of new inquiry have come and set it all afloat again. Moral evidence can settle nothing permanently; it may produce conviction in men's minds to-day, which some new thought or new spirit will chafe under to-morrow. The moral evidences of Christianity—its wonderful growth from such obscure beginnings, the noble lives it has inspired, its power for good in the world, etc., have great weight, but they do not settle the questions that vex us. Other religions have grown in the same way, and been the inspiration of heroic lives and the bond of national prosperity. It will not do to say, as is so often said, that the European nations owe all to Christianity; what Christianity owes to the quality and spirit of the European races remains to be determined. Why did it not transform the Eastern peoples as well? Science has done more for the development of Western civilisation in one hundred years, than Christianity did in eighteen hundred. Again, why has science not done as much for the oriental nations? There we are; to dogmatise in these matters is dangerous business. The factor of race, the factor of environment, climate, geology, rivers, mountain chains, variety of coast line, etc., all enter into the problem.

The writer I have already quoted says, "Too high demands cannot be made on theology as to the legitimacy and scientific accuracy of its methods." The scientific method is the same whether in the hands of the man of science or the theologian. It is simply proving all things and holding fast that which is true.

When Dr. Abbott treats Christianity as an evolution, does he not thereby abandon the claim that it is a revelation? It cannot be both. If it is an evolution, if it came logically and naturally out of what went before, if it was a growth, a development of the religious conscience of man, then it takes its place in the course of historical events, and the man of science may accept it. In that case what becomes of the claim that it was a revelation, something that had no relation to what went before, something interjected into the course of mundane history from without, an interpolation, a miraculous ray of light from out the heavens? Science knows evolution, but it can make nothing of revelation. Pilot's old question, What is truth? is never out of date.

Ask what is the truth in mathematics, and the answer is easy: two and two make four; a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, etc. Ask what is the truth in science, and the answer comes as promptly, though here the field is as yet only fairly entered upon; ask what is the truth in politics, and here we are bound to say all men are liars; the truth is whatever you can convince yourself is true. Ask what is the truth in political economy, in ethics, in metaphysics, and lastly in religion, and the answers are as various as the minds of men. It is certain that it is not a fixed quantity, that it is relative and changes as the wants and conditions of men change. We can-

not close our minds upon the truth in these spheres and say "I have it" any more than we can close our hands upon the light and say "I have it." The good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly are relative terms; no fast and hard lines can here be drawn, all is plastic, fluctuating, growing. But science draws fast and hard lines and can alone formulate definite truths. A friend and correspondent of Coleridge writing for the benefit of his children said that through the influence of that philosopher he had been able to arrive at settled and definite conclusions upon all matters to which he attached value or interest. And then he adds with great wisdom "When I say that I have arrived at settled conclusions, you will not for a moment believe that my opinions can or *ought* to be received by others of a totally different experience, as *truths* for their minds; still less that matters which depend upon individual experience and temperament can be permanent truths for all time." What a lesson for us all. Every man builds or tries to build himself a house of truth of some sort, to shelter him from the great void, but how foolish to expect us all to build alike or go to the same quarry for our material; or that our house could serve for our children for all coming time. How long it will serve depends upon how large, how well, how conveniently it is built.

Into the formation of our minds and into the conduct of our lives there enter truths, opinions, and sentiments. Four fifths of our lives are probably made up of sentiment, that is feeling, aspiration, attraction, repulsion, etc.; a sentiment may be relatively true or false, it may arise from a narrow view or a broad view, but it is equally potent whether true or false. Demonstrable truth enters into our lives, scarcely more than the mineral elements enter into our bodies, but our lives could not go on for a moment without them.

Religion is a sentiment, one of the most powerful and absorbing that the human spirit knows, but that it is or can be in any way related to science, or can partake of the certitudes of science, is one of the mistakes that have cost the world untold suffering.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEETLE.

Mr. Peeper lives in Gotham. Being a learned man and master of the microscope, he is employed as an expert in the law courts, where his services are very valuable, especially in criminal cases. For, besides other things, he is able to tell, with certainty, the nature of stains: he easily distinguishes the blood of man from the blood of pigeons or other creatures. In spite of his great learning, or because of it, he has one fault; he considers nothing settled until it has been examined under the microscope; and whatever does not admit of a microscopic inspection he regards as lying beyond the ken of science.

Mr. Peeper's neighbor is Professor Sage, a teacher in the High School. The Professor's hobby is logic, and he is so astute that he can split hairs of thought and make the finest distinctions in the philosophical meanings of words. But, like his friend, he considers nothing true unless it be demonstrated with rigid formalism according to some syllogistic figure. He is able to stretch nearly everything upon some of the Procrustean beds of logical deduction or induction, and that which he cannot reduce to this treatment is regarded by him as unknowable.

They admire each other and agree very much in their scientific and philosophical views, although they differ in their methods of investigation. The difference of their methods seemed to increase their friendship, for each, as a rule, submitted willingly, although sometimes not without a slight mental reservation, to the authority of the other, whenever the subject lay in the province of his special field.

"There is a new fangled philosophy," said the Professor one day to his friend. "Its maxims are formulated in two Isms. It calls itself Positivism, because it takes the facts of experience to start with; and Monism, because a systematic arrangement of facts is looked upon as the aim of cognition: Thus knowledge is regarded as a description of facts, and philosophy becomes a unitary world-conception. What do you think of this view?"

"All philosophies," said Mr. Peeper, "are in my opinion idle, and their study a waste of time."

"All philosophies?" asked the Professor sharply.

"Yes, all," he repeated,—adding slowly and in a considerate mood, "except agnosticism."

"Ah! I should say so!" rejoined the logician with unconcealed satisfaction.

"Well," continued the microscopist, "did you not tell me yourself: the gist of agnosticism is the idea that the world-problem is an inscrutable, an absolutely incomprehensible mystery? Ergo, all philosophies, all world-schemes, except that one which denies the possibility of any world-scheme, must be failures from the beginning."

Mr. Peeper always evaded controversies with his friend, for he knew that he could not hold his own in argument against him. Agreeing upon the whole with him on the question of agnosticism, he kept, nevertheless, detailed explanations of his own view for himself; for he felt that his explanations might show divergencies which he did not care to discuss; they might reveal such a radical difference of opinion that the harmony of their souls might be destroyed. Mr. Peeper did not believe in philosophising at all. He thought by himself, "Theories and world-schemes

cannot be placed under the microscope; they are mere fancies. Thus they must be regarded as outside the realm of science. Accordingly, they are not fit objects for scientific investigation."

Mr. Peeper was much more of an agnostic than his friend the logician, for he doubted even the absolute reliability of the syllogism, and believed that man knows nothing beyond what is revealed to him through the microscope. He was not even sure of the agnostic doctrine that the world-mystery is utterly incomprehensible. Thus he resembled the old philosopher Pyrrho who was so consistent in his scepticism that he doubted his own doubt.

"Positivism," said the logician, "is not only crude, but also illogical. To start with facts, what a proposition! What can we do with facts unless we have theories concerning them or at least methods of how to deal with them? We cannot do anything with facts without having principles. We must first have principles. Positivism derives principles and everything from facts, without considering that in doing so it presupposes certain principles. The problem is whence do the principles come? And, then, positivism assumes facts without proving them! Facts are exactly the mystery of the world. For instance, now I look at you, I see you, I have a sensation of sight. This sensation is a fact. So far, all right, but the positivists forget that facts cannot be proved. Facts must be proved. How can anybody prove that I have a sensation? Here lies the problem. That is a mystery, and the mystery will remain unsolved forever."

"You are right," said Mr. Peeper. "The whole world consists of facts, and, supposing we know everything that science can discover, we should have to confess that all facts are equally mysterious." He paused for a few moments. Then, he continued, "Even this general statement is mysterious. For 'mysterious' is a relative term. The mysterious presupposes the comprehensible. Light and shade, obscurity and clearness go together. There are no shades in impenetrable darkness, and if the existence of all facts is absolutely mysterious, there would after all be no mystery in the existence of facts."

* * *

One day the microscopist called at the close of the school for the Professor to take a stroll with him through the park before going home. He found his friend surrounded by a number of boys, all of them absorbed in a deep problem. The Professor of natural science had fallen ill, and Professor Sage had taken his place pro tem. Professor Sage tried to conceal the fact, but the boys knew that he was not very familiar with natural science, and so they enjoyed puzzling him with questions. One of them had produced a queer bug, it was no dragon fly, no spider, no bumblebee, yet it resembled each of these insects.

The Professor appeared to be greatly puzzled when his friend entered. Mr. Peeper noticed at once the perplexing situation and when the Professor showed him the strange creature, Mr. Peeper took out of his pocket a capsule which he generally carried about him, put the bug in the capsule, and cut off all further discussion by the promise that he would investigate it under the microscope.

In the park they met the gardener of the conservatories. They showed him the rare specimen, and asked him whether he knew what it was.

"Yes," said the gardener with assurance, and the Professor was delighted at the prospect of receiving information. "Yes," said the gardener "that is a bug."

The Professor was disappointed. "My dear friend," said he, "you do not see the depth of the problem. We know very well that the creature is a bug; but of what kind, what family, what species?" He turned away sadly, thinking, "This man pretends to know something, and he knows nothing. How much more arrogant is the conceit that we can know something where the wisest minds must confess that we know nothing. It takes all the wisdom of the ages to understand that at bottom all knowledge is impossible."

When the two friends arrived at Mr. Peeper's home, he placed the unknown bug under the microscope. "Strange," he said. "The wings are those of a dragon fly. His head looks like a grasshopper's head. His hind body reminds one of the bumble-bee. I fear this creature is a very mysterious being. I wonder how it can exist at all? Its existence is illogical and self-contradictory."

"But it is a fact," said the Professor. "There it is."

"Yes, it is a fact. There it is," replied Mr. Peeper musingly. "There it lies before us in its undeniable presence. But, after all, what does that amount to?" he added, with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye. "A fact is only a fact. Facts cannot be proved. They are all equally mysterious. It seems to me that the whole world, being an incomprehensible mystery, is like this bug. The whole world is mysterious. It is, for aught I know, as illogical and unintelligible as this little bug."

Mr. Peeper enjoyed, for the first time in his life, a superiority in discussing a subject with his friend. The Professor, who was so confident when engaged in a dispute on logical topics, was at sea in natural science. Mr. Peeper was much better informed in entomology than Professor Sage.

"Well," said the Professor, hesitatingly, "what shall I tell the boys to-morrow when they ask for the name of this mysterious beetle?"

"That bug is a rare specimen," said Mr. Peeper, "and indeed, excellently made by the creator who shaped him. But this wondrous world in which we live is faulty, why should not a bug have his faults too. Just look through the microscope and you will see the mucilage with which these heterogeneous parts are pasted together. If the boys ask you to-morrow what kind of a creature it is, tell them it is 'a humbug,'—and that is the reason why it is so mysterious."

P. C.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOD-IDEA.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

M. LE COMTE GOBLET D'ALVIELLA has published in Paris at Felix Alcan's (Bruxelles, at Th. Falk's; Chicago, at Ackermann and Eyller's) a work entitled "L'Idée de Dieu d'après l'Anthropologie et 'l Histoire."

The brilliant author of this exhaustive treatise of the God-idea was studying the question of the development of the later forms of religion from ideas current among peoples in lower stages of culture, to form a supplement to his work on contemporary religious evolution among the English, the Americans, and the Hindus, when he was asked by the trustees of the *Hibbert Foundation* to give one of their annual series of lectures. This invitation was accepted, and M. d'Alviella determined to take for his subject the historical evolution of the God-idea. To give effect to such a scheme, however, it was necessary to give a much wider meaning to the term history than it usually has, and to bring within its scope much that is regarded as strictly prehistoric. This was absolutely necessary if the lecturer's idea was to be carried out, and as there can be no evolution without continuity, it is requisite to go back to the very beginnings of human culture to show the origin of the God-idea, which runs as a thread throughout the whole course of religious development.

By religion M. d'Alviella understands the mode in which man realises his relations with superhuman and mysterious powers on which he thinks himself dependent. This definition leaves open the question whether the end of religion is real or a mere shadow. The author thinks it is real, and that the word God contains the imperishable conception of "a Superhuman Power who, realising himself according to law, is revealed to man in the voice of conscience and in the spectacle of the universe." This is the truth which persists when, "after having stripped the Deity of his original superfetations and of his parasitic accretions, after having removed from him, as so many borrowed garments, his anthropomorphic attributes and his moral limitations, after, finally, having restored his nature to unity and his action to harmony, we find ourselves in presence of the impenetrable veil which will always conceal it from us in its essence and in its grandeur, but which arrests the passage neither of the manifestations of its power nor of the revelations of its law, nor perhaps the mysterious radiation of an attractive force answering to our terms of sympathy and love."

There are three delusions, says M. d'Alviella, under which the conception of a superhuman power has been gradually arrived at: (1) The abusive extension of personality, (2) the confusion of coincidence with causality, and (3) the assimilation of dreaming with reality.

The abusive extension of personality is supposed to have been due to the fact that the savage, like the animal, regards all movement as the sign of life. Hence man came to personify everything that appears to move, and, by extension, everything that seemed to exercise on his destiny an influence implying the exercise of an active will. It is doubtful, however, whether this goes far enough, and it is probable that, as the author at one time thought, man at first regarded as animated "everything which affects his senses with an individuality sufficiently pronounced to awaken in his mind a distinct image." The primitive notion of the transmigration of souls, as preserved in popular Buddhism is consistent with that view, as is also the fact that the Australian aborigines divide all things in nature into two categories which appear to answer to male and female. To the savage, man is the standard for nature, and everything therefore is animated like himself.

As to the confusion between coincidence and causality, there can be no doubt that this delusion has had great influence over the uncultured mind. As the author shows, objects are accidentally associated with events, of which they are inconsistently supposed to be the cause, and thus they attain a personification, if this had not been previously ascribed to them. The influence of dreams during sleep is as great as that of the waking imagination. His experiences during these two conditions are to the savage equally real, a fact which must effect greatly his ideas in relation to duplication of personality and its continuance after death. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose, as the author does, that the *latter* had its origin in dreams. These might supply the conditions of a future state of existence, but not the idea of it. If the savage ascribes life to inanimate objects, why should he not conceive of his own life continuing, notwithstanding the apparent cessation of motion? Originally man could have no idea of death, but would, as M. d'Alviella himself says, at first confound it with sleep, fainting, and catalepsy. The connection between the belief in a future existence and the worship of ancestors is evident, but in its developed form the ancestral cult is undoubtedly of comparatively late origin. The author thinks that it was developed on parallel lines with the worship of natural objects, and it is quite possible that the fear of the spirits with which man's imagination filled nature, and the dread of the spirits of the dead may have originated together. It is, indeed, far from improbable that originally they were one and the same, and that the spirits with which the human mind peopled nature were those of departed generations of men, although this would probably never be actually recognised, and they would finally come to be clearly distinguished.

The earliest prayers and the earliest rites were offered to the principal objects of nature regarded as "quasi human personalities." The former were for the obtaining of blessings, but the latter would be rather for the working of evils. Sacrifice appears to have combined both these notions, and the author seems to think the primitive idea on which it was based was that of reciprocity. Generosity in offerings requires generosity in return, and a similar notion gives rise to peace offerings and expiatory sacrifices. Sorcery is based on the opinion that supernatural powers can be influenced by incantations, and that spirits sometimes injuriously affect human beings, as in sickness. Magical processes and divination have a similar origin. M. d'Alviella asks whether conjuration preceded propitiation, and he replies that probably they have coexisted since the time that man first felt the necessity of putting himself in communication with the personified forces of nature. It is more probable, however, that propitiation in its simplest form, as intended to avert evil, preceded conjuration, as the fear of spirits must have preceded the thought of making use of them.

The subject of *polydemonism*, under which term is comprised spiritism, fetishism and idolatry, is well treated. The author states that in the veneration of natural objects, worship is addressed to the personality with which they are invested. Moreover, this personality is conceived under the form of a double separable from its envelope, by analogy with the human personality. Thus the distinction of body and soul is coextensive with the whole range of personified nature, a fact which has perhaps even a more

important bearing on the subsequent developments of religious belief than the author ascribes to it. He points out the intimate connection of spiritism with fetishism, which supposes that a spirit can dwell outside of a body, and he shows that an idol is merely a perfected form of the fetish, and not a symbol as it is often asserted. Idolatry thus constitutes a progress, a development from a simpler cult, and it elf exhibits various stages of progress.

We are told that polytheism, although based on polydemonism, is the result of a process of differentiation among superhuman powers. Those that were supposed to concern themselves the least with the affairs of men fell into the background, and preponderance was thus given to four categories of demons, those which were thought to control the principal natural phenomena, tribal spirits, the souls of the illustrious dead, and the powers which represented social collectivities. This differentiation was attended with the establishment of a hierarchy which implied the subordination of the spirits to the gods, and which naturally imitated the hierarchy established among earthly powers. M. d'Alviella after tracing the existence of such divine societies among various peoples, remarks that "it is interesting to show that everywhere there was a consciousness of the spontaneous parallelism established between the celestial kingdom and the terrestrial state. But by an optical illusion, it was the human society which seemed the imitation of the divine state." We have here, however, only another illustration of the truth, that man has ever been prone to see in the reflections from his own mind external realities and, we may add, often to invest them with supernatural attributes.

In the passage from polytheism to monism there has generally been the development of a form of dualism. There has always existed in the mind of the savage a distinction between good and evil spirits, and the author sees in mythology, by which he understands "the transformation of natural phenomena or of abstract events into personal adventures which are ascribed to superhuman beings," a means by which could be formed the idea that the gods were actively concerned in the well-being of humanity. He speaks of this as the regulative mission of divinity, the object of which was to establish order in nature, and thus organise one of the conditions essential to the preservation of mankind. The gods thus came to represent the beneficent power of nature who are opposed in their mission by the hostile superhuman powers. This dualism becomes the more marked as religious development proceeds, but the final triumph of order is always recognised. This belief led to the formation in the human mind of the idea of law, of a cosmical order based on the regularity of natural phenomena. It resulted, moreover, in the restriction of the domain left to divine arbitrariness. The personifications of natural order were placed above the ancient gods, who finally gave place to a supreme author and sustainer of cosmical order.

M. d'Alviella points out that the conflict for order in nature was accompanied by a contest for moral order. This may seem to be opposed to the immorality of the actions ascribed to the gods in the ancient myths, but this is explained, and we think properly, by the fact that at the beginning of religious evolution morality has no place in the conception of the gods; "ethics and religion are absolutely independent of each other." But a conception of moral order is gradually formed on the plan of the cosmical order; that which agrees with this order is good and what is in opposition to it is evil. Thus, says the author, "is everywhere established a sort of assimilation between the forces which represent, on the one side, light, life, order, truth and justice; on the other side, darkness, death, disorder, untruth and unrighteousness. The drama which, until then, confines itself to nature extends to the conscience, and man is more than ever sensible of the duty to co-operate with the gods who fight for the good of the world." The connection of these ideas with that of a future life of retribution or recompense, for evil done or suffered in the present through violation of the divine order, is evident; as is the relation between the "moralisation of the divine type" and the improvement in the moral conduct of man, who comes to be governed by the ideas of duty and love ascribed to the deity.

The author appears to have lost sight of one important feature. In polydemonism the distinction between the soul and the body is always preserved. In the later dualism this distinction is not lost sight of, but it takes on another aspect. In its cosmology the soul becomes spirit and the body, matter, and in the antagonism between light and darkness, we have the conflict between spirit and matter as the latest phase of dualism, which profoundly affected the monotheistic religions, including Christianity itself.

Monolotry was founded, as M. d'Alviella states, on the belief in the superiority of the national God, and the more a nation was able to extend its authority the more its supreme deity approached the position of universal sovereignty. To this was added the idea of the Deity being a father, as well as the ruler, of his people.

We cannot follow the author further in his description of the transformations undergone by the God-idea, under the influence of metaphysical speculation, until it becomes the "eternal energy from which all things proceed," and "the power that makes for righteousness"; two well-known formulæ which he thinks furnish "the point of contact between the philosophy of evolution and the religious school of positivism, by allowing these two systems to complete each other without abandoning their respective principles."

Let us see, in conclusion, what are M. d'Alviella's ideas as to the future of religion. He says that three motives which have from the first constituted the principal factors of religion are fear, admiration, and sympathy. Of these motives the first two tended to be absorbed in the third, which gave rise to a sentiment of fraternity, engendered by communion in God, and a disinterested desire to participate in the divine work of human regeneration. This evolution of the religious sentiment, which was accompanied by changes in the inferior elements of worship, such as prayer, sacrifice, symbolism, the priesthood, led to the belief that the service of humanity is the best mode of serving the Deity.

But if so, he asks, may not religious worship disappear?

In considering this question, the author refers to the ethical movement, whose founders have "sought to establish the bond of their communion on the sole identity of humanitarian and progressive aspirations," but which he thinks will fail to satisfy the aspirations of man towards the infinite and the absolute, through not appealing to the resources of the combinations of art which enter into worship to symbolise the æsthetic side of the ideal.

CURRENT TOPICS.

On the 11th of July the President of the United States made a few remarks before the National Educational Association, assembled at Saratoga. Of course, any public address made by a President who happens to be a candidate, will be open to suspicion as an electioneering plea; but whatever may be the campaign motive of it, the speech delivered at Saratoga was admirable in taste, quality, and diction. Also, it abounded in good sense. The President said, "It is quite as appropriate, I think, that the President of the United States should review the teachers of the land as that he should review its army or its militia." This was a novel view of it, and a good one, but the chief merit of it lay in its dignity. The President was careful to describe his office by its lawful name, and himself by his constitutional title. He called himself the President of the United States, like a man proud of his civic rank. He was no cheap, diluted, 'umble "chief executive," but the President of the United States. Let us hope that the vulgar, disrespectful, weak, and illegitimate equivocation, "chief executive" will now be banished from American speech. I have been trying

for years to abolish it, but with poor success, because the fear of honest words has made us cowardly in speech, and we prefer to use ambiguous phrase instead of single words that have no double meaning. If we must say "chief executive" let us add the word "magistrate" and thus rescue the phrase from the bondage of literary slang. Even then, we shall not fully describe the President, for while he is the chief executive magistrate, he is also more than that; he has a veto on legislation, and he has other prerogatives not belonging to the executive department of the government. Now that the President has himself set the example will our people, and especially our newspapers, follow it and outlaw the "chief executive"?

* * *

The President, in his address to the teachers, had something sensible to say about practical education, and especially the education of young children. He said: "There is a just mean between a system of intellectual competition which destroys the body, and a system of physical training that eliminates the mind. Perhaps the stress is applied too early upon our little ones." There is, as they say in the President's own State, a "heap" of sense in that; but where is the "just mean," and how shall we discover it? The President spoke of two little girls whom he heard in conversation outside the school house near his own home. One of them said, "I had an awful dream last night." The other said, "What was it?" and the dreamer answered, "Oh, I dreamt that I did not pass." There is a touch of nature there that appeals to every father and to every mother; and the lesson of it applies to most of us. It is not a month gone since I heard something similar to that. In the street where I live, in the very same house in fact, if you want to be critically exact, a little girl just eight years old, came home from school on the last day of the term in a state of great excitement, and shouted to an old man, thus, "Oh, Grandpa! Grandpa! News! News! Great news I have for you!" "What is it?" said the old man. "I passed!" replied the child. It may be said that the exultation was too great a strain on the nervous system of the child, especially as it was a reaction from the anxiety of many days. Perhaps so; but what are we to do? Our children must go to school; and while the nervous forces ought not to be weakened or wasted, they ought to be kept healthy by exercise, and by the stimulus of ambition. Perhaps it would be well to abolish all general and periodic examinations for promotion in the schools, so that the advancement of one child might not be the public humiliation of another.

* * *

That the mental discipline acquired at the schools tends to refine mere physical bravery into moral heroism is very likely true, and the President appeared to be of that opinion, for he referred in proof of it to a battle scene which came under his own observation. He said, "I recall a battle scene. The line was advancing against an intrenched enemy; from behind strong parapets eight double-shotted guns belched forth their missiles of death into the advancing line; there was a pause that threatened instant retreat, when a stripling soldier, a mother's boy, stepped to the front and with cap in hand cheered the line on to victory." This was a splendid achievement which ought to have put the name of that "stripling soldier" high up on the "scroll of fame"; but in a tantalising way, as is the habit of some story tellers, the President, although he was there at the time, and saw the chivalrous charge, provokingly neglects to tell us the name of the "stripling soldier," or the name of that battle which he won. Will the President kindly finish the story, and tell us what the generals, and the colonels, and the captains were about while the "stripling soldier" was leading their troops against the strong parapets defended by double-shotted guns? Were they preparing to retreat, or had they already gone? The President himself, I am happy to say, had not yet left, because he was present somewhere handy, and saw the "stripling soldier" lead the charge. And, merely for the rectification of history, nothing more, will the President give us the name of the general who got credit for the victory won by that "mother's boy"?

* * *

Lord Chief Justice Norbury who flourished in Ireland nearly a hundred years ago, was called "the hanging judge" because of his great efficiency in sending men to the scaffold. One day, having sentenced a man to death, he ended with the usual benediction, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul"; to which the prisoner answered, "Small thanks to your lordship for that same; I never knew any man to thrive after *your* prayers." Sinister blessings are unlucky; as, for instance, those bestowed upon the President of the United States by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of Cluny Castle, Scotland. "The American people know a good thing when they get it. Heartiest congratulations; you deserve this triumph." Better for the President, if instead of this crooked compliment he had heard the grim and ghastly raven croaking, Nevermore. The flatteries given by Carnegie, and accepted by the President, are stained by the blood of workmen slain on the battle field of labor. The spirit shown by the workingmen of Homestead, in resisting the Pinkerton invaders, will make their fight heroic in history like the fight on Bunker Hill. In mimicry of George the Third, Mr. Carnegie, at a safe distance, hires from the Grand Duke of Hesse, Pinkerton mercenary legions to subjugate the aspiring laborers at Homestead. As we think of this grim parody the lines of Ferdinand Freiligrath ring in our ears like bells:

> "The bullet in the marble breast, the gash upon the brow,
> You raised us on the bloody planks with wild and wrathful vow!
> High in the air you lifted us, that every writhe of pain
> Might be an endless curse to him at whose word we were slain!
> That he might see us in the gloom, or in the daylight's shine,
> Whether he turns his Bible's leaf, or quaffs his foaming wine!"

* * *

It has come to this at last that any man made of money, and out of jail, no matter how coarse his moral fibre, nor how impudent his flunkey spirit, may patronise the President of the United States with complimentary slang. He may even annoint the American people with flatteries fawning and insincere, receiving thanks and gifts for his cajoleries. With a cunning leer in his eye, showing that he is making fun of the American people, a canny Scot, gold-plated by the taxation of Americans, prints a book full of rant and fustian in praise of a "triumphant democracy" which gives millions of dollars to him, and a few baubees to his men. The offering of this cheap incense is offensive enough, but it is humiliating to see the proud American spirit stoop to receive the counterfeit adulation of a mere speculator in American bounties, a guest of this free land whose life and daily actions prove that he is morally and mentally incompetent even to understand the genius, intent, and promise of American democracy. What will the world think of us for allowing ourselves to be wheedled by a pretender whose only claim to notice is that he chinks when he walks upon the ground! It is arrogance, vulgar and intolerable, that such a man by grace of money alone, should presume to countenance and befriend the President of the United States. The familiarity drags the President down to the lower plane occupied by his patron; and it is natural to imagine a reciprocity of compliments between them. Does the President think that the American people knew a good thing when they got Mr. Carnegie? And will he send him heartiest congratulations for his triumph at Homestead? And will the President further tell him that he deserved this triumph? It is worth a good deal of money over there in Europe to a returned emigrant that he is on terms of intimate friendship with the President of the United States; and when a crafty fellow can ostentatiously present a keg of Scotch whiskey

to the President, and have it accepted, his importance rises thirty degrees in the social thermometer; because the people in the old country think that any man who would dare to take such a liberty must be on terms of the most intimate friendship and association with the President. It is due to the dignity of his own countrymen that the President of the United States be careful how he gives dignity to merely opulent men. M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

GOD'S IMAGE IN MAN. By *Henry Wood*. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1892.

The author of this work, whose recent articles in the *Arena* Magazine attracted considerable attention and have been incorporated in the book, claims for his studies that they are glimpses through the vision of the intuitive faculty, that is, "interpretations of the inner consciousness, rather than an intellectual or argumentative effort." The objection to books of this kind is that the teachings of intuition, so-called, can have no authority unless they are confirmed by reason. While therefore we can sympathise with the author when he says that he has no purpose other than the plain unfoldment of truth and the delineation of living realities, we cannot accept his statement that "the cultivated human intuition has something of that exactness and perfection of which instinct on the lower planes of life is a prophecy." In fact instinct as we know it is the expression of past experience, and although the value of experience depends on its being a representation of the laws of nature, these can become known only through the exercise of reason. Reason, therefore, and not intuition is the real source of our recognition of truth. This view excludes all modes of revelation but the operations of nature itself; and except so far as what the author refers to as "Direct Revelation," "Biblical Revelation," and "Revelation through the Son," can receive a natural interpretation, that is, can be indorsed by reason, it must be rejected. The following sentence sets forth concisely Mr. Wood's views: "If we would listen intently we might hear the divine voice within assuring us that God is our life; that spirit is the only substantial entity, and that love is the only law." All turns here on the meaning to be given to the term "spirit," and we can well believe that most of those who agree with the author, that "nature is God translated into vitalised color, form, and beauty," that is, nature as known to us, would be able to accept the views set forth in the above sentence if they were allowed to define "spirit" in their own way. The book contains much that is good, but its supernatural element vitiates most of its contents. Evolution may be a revelation, but a great deal of allegory will be required to bring the teachings of bible history into consonance with it.

Ω.

ANTHROPOLOGY AS A SCIENCE AND AS A BRANCH OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION. By *Daniel G. Brinton*. Philadelphia: 1892.

By this pamphlet the well-known American Anthropologist, Dr. Brinton, makes an appeal to institutions for higher education in this country, for the establishment of chairs of anthropology in their faculties of philosophy. A simple professorship, with courses of lectures, would not be sufficient, however, to carry out what the author proposes, and he states, in fact, that the rightful claims of the science he advocates will be recognised only "when it is organised as a department by itself, with a competent corps of professors and docents, with well-appointed laboratories and museums, and with fellowships for deserving students." This is an extensive scheme, but in this way only can so important a science as that of anthropology, with its four sub-divisions of somatology, ethnology, ethnography, and archæology, be properly cultivated. The arrangement of subjects thus made by Dr. Brinton is a good one, and it will, we think, recommend itself to anthropologists both in this country and in Europe; where ethnologists have ceased to claim a position of superiority owing to their having been the first in the field.

Ω.

NOTES.

When Mr. John Burroughs in his article on "Religious Truth" in this number of *The Open Court* says: "Religion is a sentiment, one of the most powerful and absorbing that the human spirit knows, but that it is or can be in any way related to science, or can partake of the certitudes of science, is one of the mistakes that have cost the world untold suffering," he uses the word "religion" partly in the sense of creed, and means, as we judge from the tendencies of his article, that the formulations and doctrines of religious creed are not, in virtue of being religious, for that reason scientific and absolute truths. In so far as they spring from sentiment they may not be truths and may not partake of the certitudes of science, but in so far as the religions of the earth have all builded alike and have all gone to the same quarry for their material, to the quarry of facts, their creations are truths and will stand the test of scientific examination. Both religion and ethics have an objective aspect as well as the subjective aspect to which Mr. Burroughs refers, and this objective aspect is certainly a domain of scientific investigation. Whether *individuals* agree with the results of scientific criticism in this domain, is of as little consequence as whether they agree with the doctrine of the rotation of the earth on its axis.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

In *The Open Court* for February 25th I met with the following sentence, which may be considered as a typical expression of sentiments that meet one on every hand. "*Uplift the masses by giving them a good washing, then some food, and then some clothes.*"

Those of us who belong to the educated class would be extremely astonished to find that if we married without any prospect of maintaining a family; if we recklessly spent our spare money in drinking and sensual indulgence; if we entered professions in which only the best brains can succeed, and we failed therein; we and our children would nevertheless have a claim upon society in general for "soap, flour, and cloth." Nor need the astonishment be confined to the educated; millions of honest, hardworking human beings all over the world who could not tell one letter from another, would be immeasurably surprised to hear they had any such claim. The privilege of receiving from society in general, food, clothes, healthy dwellings, education for their children, medical aid, and amusements is demanded for that portion of the population of every civilised country, known variously as the "residuum," "social wreckage," the "submerged tenth" or the "masses."

It appears to me that the question before us is not "Is it desirable that every individual in a civilised nation should have food, clothes, work, education, baths, medical aid, and amusements?" but "is it possible to provide all these things for every one? Moreover is it possible to secure even the barest necessaries of life for every unit of a civilised society under present conditions?" Are we contending with one of the great inexorable laws of nature, or are we not, in our nineteenth century struggle to do away with the sufferings of the "submerged classes?"

Throughout nature, as unmodified by the action of man, we not only witness the destruction of the animals and plants which fail in the ceaseless struggle for existence, in other words the destruction of the unfit; but we have to acknowledge that by these stern means only are animals and plants kept at a high standard. The mother beast and bird fosters her young, but she has no pity on those of her offsprings which are weaker than the others. Gregarious animals have no mercy upon the weak and diseased of the flock. Strong seedlings choke the weak; so the law runs throughout nature. But it is answered, "man is a reasoning being; he can indefinitely multiply the fruits of the earth; he can rise superior to the cruel laws of nature." It is pointed out that the earth could be made to bring forth a thousand-fold more than she does at present, and that the progress of chemistry may unimaginably multiply our food resources.

But if we put theory on one side for an instant and look at facts, do we see that man appears exempt from the inexorable law which decrees the survival of the fittest? After revolutions and wars of independence; or after the quiet expansion of her old constitution which has made of Great Britain a "veiled republic"; now that political power is in the hands of the great body of the people; under every form of government; in each hemisphere; under all conditions of soil and climate, do we not still see the struggle for existence fiercely at work? I take some instances at random which have lately fallen under my notice. Mr. Edward Harrison Barker in an account of a tour through the country of the Albigenses, speaks of crossing a highly cultivated plain where from the appearance of the land he thought every one must be prosperous and happy. But a peasant he questioned was of a different opinion; he said "By working from three o'clock in the morning until dark, one can just manage to earn one's bread." Every one who has read accounts of the lives of peasant proprietors in France, knows that unremitting toil from earliest dawn till dark is the only way in which they can gain a livelihood. The American farmer perhaps works for as many hours, but he has better food. His bitter cry is against the mortgages which eat up his profits. Where the hated landlord does not exist the cry of the peasant proprietor is always against the man who in point of fact furnishes the capital the peasant farmer does not possess. In Ireland it is the "gombeen-man"; in Eastern Europe it is the Jew; in India the village money lender. Everywhere the *struggle at the bottom of the ladder* is a struggle for life which strains

every thew and sinew of the workers. ["*There is always room at the top of the ladder*," said a certain cynical sage.] Brains will always come to the top in the long run in any possible state of society. In Mr. Bellamy's Millennium the people with brains will rule the "industrial army." The skilled surgeon, who is perhaps the only man who has mastered a certain difficult operation, will earn more than the hospital dresser; the man who plays the organ will earn more than the man who blows the bellows. *It is not physical strength which has made man what he is;* it is not the capacity to labour—with a large L. If Labour is in itself honorable—apart from the motive for labour, then an Indian Government elephant is worthy of high honor. Labour for some noble purpose is honourable, but labour for subsistence is part of the inevitable struggle for existence. An ant can beat any man alive in honour, if mere labour for existence is honorable. I write down so terrible a heresy with bated breath, expecting to be jumped upon by infuriated Labour candidates; a fate as dreadful to contemplate as being "preached to death by wild curates." But I stick to my text that man is not what he is through physical strength and capacity for bodily labour, in both of which he is excelled by the lower animals and still more by the machines devised by power of intellect. He has become man by superiority of brain, and the man whose powers of work consist in the possession of a powerful brain will rise above the manual worker in all conditions of society. If he has begun life as a manual worker, he will by sheer brain faculty rise above that position. The poor pioneer's son, carried by his sister to school because his mother is too poor to buy boots, becomes President of the United States; the ill-used half-starved apprentice who runs away to sea and works on a collier brig, becomes a post-captain in the English navy of world wide renown; the factory hand in the hardest, cruelest days of factory work rises to be the greatest of African travellers; the penniless emigrant becomes a general. But the rank and file remain, where the rank and file always must remain, at the bottom of the ladder, with the corporals and sergeants two or three rungs higher up.

In Vienna I read of bread riots; in Berlin great bodies of unemployed working men nearly precipitate a revolution. In Naples I read of peasant women cheerfully working from earliest dawn till dark, at the hardest possible labour, and breaking their fast for the first time at midday with "a crust of sour bread and a water-melon." This is for the prosperous only; for most of the peasants eat but once a day. In the fertile plains of Lombardy under a popular Government headed by a deeply loved and trusted King, the peasants suffer from the terrible pellagra, a disease brought on by an exclusive diet of (often damaged) maize. In prosperous, wonderful Chicago the Sunset Club anxiously discuss what shall be done for the "masses." Everywhere population has a way of pressing upon the means of subsistence, and in so doing its weakest members become "submerged." Where the white man does not rule, war and famine and disease keep numbers down to what the country will support. Horribly, unendurably cruel we think. But will our hand to hand fight with nature prove less cruel in the long run? In India the experiment is being tried by the British government on a gigantic scale. An enormous agricultural population weakened by diet barely above starvation point; a population in which early marriages are universal and sternly inculcated as a religious duty; such a population is allowed to multiply indefinitely and to be fed if famines threaten. All natural checks are as much as possible done away with; internal war is impossible; infanticide is forbidden; wild beasts are destroyed; sanitation is enforced. Already the condition of the people in large agricultural districts is one of chronic starvation, or as one writer expresses the state of things, the ordinary Hindu villager has never known what it is to have enough to eat; his dwelling is a mud hut, his clothing a loin rag.*

What must be the appalling result of this state of things! Man can employ one law of nature to counteract another, but he can only do this on a limited scale and with an exact knowledge of what his limits are. Water tends everywhere to find its own level. Man can construct a reservoir which shall apply the resisting power of a wall of solid masonry to counteract the tendency of a mountain stream to seek the plain below. But the resisting power of the dam must be nicely adjusted to the weight of water the reservoir is to contain and some outlet must be afforded for an overflow, or the consequences will be disastrous. I believe the British government could as easily succeed in damming up the Ganges, as in feeding for many years longer the ever-increasing population of India.

It is true that large spaces of available land are still to be had in the New World, but the energy and the willingness to endure hard and sustained work required by the first beginnings in a new colony are precisely the qualities not possessed by the Unfit.

Man has developed a moral sense; nature has none. Her Draconian mode of keeping things straight is abhorrent to us. In every civilised country man strains every nerve to elude or defy her stern decrees. Yet in the long run will not nature prove her stern code inexorable? The "origin of evil," that riddle which has proved so insolvable, possibly rests on a

* See *Nineteenth Century* for January 1892. Article "Man, East and West," by Samuel A. Barnett.

very simple fact demonstrated by modern physical science; namely that there is not enough available matter on this planet to go round for everybody and everything; and consequently that plants and animals alike are engaged in a life and death struggle for their share of strictly limited materials. In this struggle nature, with her usual serene impartiality, allows the very lowest micro-organisms to destroy the highest creatures she has produced. It would be impossible to enumerate the evils; the horrors of treachery, cruelty and pain, which arise from this fierce, unceasing inevitable struggle for a share of the limited materials from which organic life draws its support. If we add to the evils arising from the struggle for food, those arising from the interior agitation of a planet not yet cooled; and the imperious instinct in every organised being urging to the reproduction of its species, we shall find we have almost exhausted the sources of evil. Man alone has gratuitously added one other cause of fear and of bloodshed in his awe of what he conceives as the Supernatural.

The fittest to survive in *the main body of a civilised community* exercise self-control in avoiding early and improvident marriages; do their best to bring up their children well; pay for things they need or go without; emigrate with their own money or resolutely work their way; and keep the "*bête humaine*," [the sensual passions and indulgences of life] as a slave and not as a master. Whether rich or poor, whatever their station in society they in the main exhibit the characteristics summed up in the word respectability. I have chosen a very unpopular word, but I know of no better to express what I mean. A healthy society is kept sweet and wholesome by a minority who do right for right's sake; who would continue to do right were there neither God nor devil. Respectability follows the virtues of this minority, from fear of the penalties of wrong-doing as well as from love of right-doing. It has been fashionable since Carlyle and Thackeray led the way to sneer at respectability. Yet is it possible even to imagine the horrors of a state of society in which the "respectable" element should be lacking for one day?

In the minority, amongst the fittest to survive are the men of genius and of commanding talent. It is a modern fashion to deride respectability, and at the same time endeavour to bind men of genius down to its conditions. But when the necessity arises for a Henry the Fourth of France, a Nelson, a Julius Cæsar, or a Charlemagne the nation which possesses such men will infallibly turn to them in its hour of need.

It is contended that genius should form no exception to the rules decreed for the conduct of ordinary men. It would perhaps be well if it could be so, but stern necessity knows no law. If a supreme singer, artist, statesman, soldier, religious leader, arise, men will take *what he alone can give*, as every page of history proves.

In the minority too, and invaluable in their day and place, are the men of dauntless courage and self-reliance who form the vanguard of civilisation in new lands; who in Elizabethan days joyously "singed the king of Spain's beard" from Cadiz and the Lizard to the Indies East and West; and in our own day have carried the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack from ocean to ocean. Here the "bête humaine" is a fine and vigorous animal ill suited to the village pound, and likely to break out therefrom at a great sacrifice of fencing!

But if genius, from the stern necessity for what it alone can give, can more or less refuse to conform to the standard of morals most conducive to the welfare of the state in the main body of its citizens; the general mass of the unfit sink far below this standard. Amongst those trodden under foot in the struggle are many of whom the world is not worthy; whose pure morality breathes a diviner ether than the air of worldly success. But nature knows nothing of ethics, and it is of the stern laws of nature that I think.

Nature tries to eliminate the weak—from whatever cause their weakness arises; in her eyes they are the unfit. She does eliminate them in a primitive state of society. We declare the unfit shall not be eliminated; that they shall increase and multiply exceedingly if the efforts of the respectable classes can conduce to that end. We multiply our refuges, our "homes," our hospitals, our orphanages. The unfit, and the children they recklessly produce must have free education, free meals, free medical attendance; must be properly clothed and housed; they must be "raised" by—[here the remedies are various and bewildering] "people's palaces," amusements, lectures, emotional religious services, and—emigration—carried out with such fond care that every emigrant shall find a "leg of mutton" awaiting him when he arrives in his new home over sea.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES.

BY SUSAN CHANNING.

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed."—*Dr. Johnson.*

In the words of an unknown author, "the common school education which most Americans receive is like the vaccination mark, also most of them receive. It is somewhat troublesome to get, somewhat satisfactory to have, but not very visible in the ordinary affairs of life."

"We are the most common schooled and the least cultivated people in the world," was the criticism of James Russell Lowell.

Francis Galton is of the opinion that no man of genius was ever lost to the world from lack of free public education. Of course he admits that a gifted man, handicapped by poverty, will take a longer time to reach eminence, and refers to America as an example in proof of his theory. We had the common school and the church from the first, yet we do not compare favorably with England in producing men of first rate ability. While Galton is probably right, "that to be born in a duck's nest is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg," still, it is not men of genius but men of talent that carry on the affairs of life, and, as talent is but doing well that which has been well done before, it must have masters and good models from which to work.

The reason the men of the Renaissance in Italy developed so rapidly in culture and in art, was because they there found an abundance of the remains of the masterpieces of past ages. Inspired by them they soon had new conceptions to embody, for the principles from which they worked had been evolved from nature by men trained in the highest walks of culture; and these principles were intended to be used and re-used for all time. As a proof that even the highest intellect needs instruction so as to work, as Goethe says, under limitations, if they hope to achieve permanent results, we have but to cite the example of Lord Bacon, who was overwhelmed by his intellectual opulence and unable to concentrate himself upon any definite object, and hence we have in his "Novum Organum," a work in which a man might introduce almost anything he had to say with the slenderest thread of method. As Bain says in his "Study of Character," "The intellectual machine of Bacon was one of unparalleled productiveness, but the matter was given out, as it came, without the least possible pains to raise it to any ideal standard, and its use to men cf the present ages, is dependent on their ability to separate the chaff from the wheat."

Newton had an almost superhuman intellect, but he worked under severe conditions. His standard of evidence was far beyond his age. His reserving the suggestion that gravity was the force that kept the moon in its orbit, because the calculation did not at first correspond with it, was deemed, by Bain, more honorable to him than the discovery. We need a few more Newtonian intellects, for, in the vernacular of Josh Billings, "It is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so."

We do not object to this drag on progress, for if summer or winter were at the same season in every part of the earth we should all be roasting or freezing to death. Different orders of mind give us different seasons of progress. Men of genius are like Ætna and Vesuvius. Their mental eruptions at first cause misery and ruin, but, as the sloping sides of Vesuvius and the surrounding hills and plains owe all their fertility of soil to matter ejected by prior eruptions, so the world's progress is greatly due to the enriching power of gifted minds.

Man is the most imitative of animals, therefore the most educatable. He first borrows and imitates his more enlightened neighbors. As he developes into intellectual manhood he casts his masters and his models from him as a child his toys, and develops methods of his own. The literature and jurisprudence of England at the present day are far richer than her Greek and Roman models. Italy is the cradle of modern music and Germany is the master, but its first lessons were taken from Italy. Great ideas are never the property of one individual; they are the product of an abstraction obtained by the co-operation of many minds, and the years are many between grasping a new idea and applying it to public utility. The monistic idea was a perception of Anaxagoras. He was the first philosopher who maintained and who gave synthetical proof that matter and spirit were one. He was born 500 B. C. and only to day is his idea apprehended.

Thus we see the need of a higher and truer education for all classes. The greatest minds, as J. S. Mill said, are those who know what has been known, and we believe that the greatest happiness is to know and see the past as it really was, for knowledge is the humanisation of man in society. Every fault, Renan says, is due to error, and all persecution to ignorance on the part of the persecutor, and in his "Studies of Religion," he has shown that there is no selfishness so intense as the selfishness of uninstructed piety. James Mill said "The way to cure too much liberty is to give more liberty," and we say the way to cure selfishness is to teach enlightened selfishness and thus make selfishness the duct for sympathy.

When men come to realise that the more numerous the prosperous and educated in the community the greater the guaranty of individual happiness and prosperity then they will cheerfully endure any amount of taxation. Indeed as Hallam says in his "Middle Ages," it is surprising the burdens of taxation that men will cheerfully bear if it can only be shown to them that the money is honestly used and to the advantage of the public. The state must in self-defence educate the masses. J. S. Mill has pointed out in his "Representative Government," that government is always either in the hands or passing into the hands of whatever is the strongest power in society, and what this power is does not depend on institutions, but institutions on it. The power in this country is in the hands of the people; they are the legislators and may say to their executives what the historian Motley said about

the luxuries and necessities of life, "Give me the luxuries and I can do without the necessities."

But how is an uninstructed people to make wise laws, when the wisest lawyers often fail? The French jurists down to the time of the French Revolution had shown a passionate devotion to their conception of justice, but the system of laws they had to administer stood in striking contrast with the habits of mind they had cultivated. They believed the vices which actually invested French law were ineradicable, and in practice they often resisted the reformation of abuses with an obstinacy which was not shown by many among their less enlightened countrymen.

The explanation of this is that the human mind never grapples with any social problem or subject of thought until there is a necessity for it, nor until it has been provided with proper ideas. Hutton wanted to give fixed principles to geology as Newton had given to astronomy, but his data were insufficient. No child or man, however great his natural capacity, can be left uninstructed in a republic. As Lowell said in his speech "The Independent in Politics," delivered during the first Cleveland campaign, "Books are the armories of human experience, where we may equip ourselves for the battles of opinion while we yet have vigor and hopefulness enough left to make our weapons of some avail." Therefore, as M. M. Trumbull said in his article in *The Open Court*, "What shall the Public Schools teach?" we answer with him, "There can be no abridgment in our common school education." All the children of a republic must "start fair" in the matter of opportunity for education. The young, to cite from Mill's "Liberty," must be held to rigid rules of conduct for the good of others, since it develops in us those faculties and capacities which makes the good of others for its object. "Education is sobriety to the young, a consolation to the old, and an ornament to the rich."

The maxim of all governments should be that of St. Simon, "All should labor for the development, material, moral, and intellectual, of the class most numerous and the poorest." For we are but physiological units. As Dr. Carus says in "The Soul of Man": "Every single cell continues to exist as an individual in itself. All together form a community and the work of every cell is divided between caring for its own growth and health and contributing to the common weal of the whole organism. In return for its work, it is benefited by advantages that it would not possess if it lived a solitary life."

The doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest" becomes mechanical when applied to humanity. If the struggle for existence is carried on by plants and animals unconsciously, it certainly is not by man. Darwin tells us that the common rat has conquered and beaten all the other species in Europe and that this victory is due to his superior cunning. It was the cunning of Jacob and his mother, that obtained for him the inheritance and his father's blessing. It is the astute cunning man to-day who originates "trusts" and "combines," ostensibly for the public good while craftily retaining for himself the larger number of shares so that he can dictate and control better men.

The "let alone" policy in the matter of education is fatal to a nation's greatness. Talent and genius from all conditions rise. It may first see the light in a manger, or be born in a hut where the hearth has not been differentiated from the pig-sty. Man must be pressed in order to advance, but not too hard. The Esquimaux, pressed by hard necessity, have succeeded in many ingenious inventions, but their climate has been too severe for continued progress. You cannot effectually educate an indigent population, nor can a gifted man or child achieve much who is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed. Besides, as Schiller said, genius is always a secret to itself. Its discovery is often as much a matter of accident to its possessor and others as the discovery of a force or property of matter. It was not until Leo X. sent his Dominican monks into Germany to sell indulgences to its people, that Luther knew himself to be a man of power.

In all the Gospels religion is made to turn not on speculative belief but on whether you have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the prisoners, and aided and relieved the poor and suffering. You may, as Dr. Parkhurst of New York city recently stated in his sermon on "Municipal Corruption," "say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, yet every step in the history of an ameliorated civilisation has cost just so much personal push." Minds of a noble order disdain to save themselves apart from their fellows. They feel with Mr. Trumbull, that there is no such thing as another man's child. Wealth and capacity constitute obligation as much as nobility. Dives may think that Lazarus will always be content with the crumbs that fall from his table, so he says to himself and his boon companions, in the language of Omar Khayyam, "Let us make up in the tavern for the time we have wasted in the Mosque, for to-morrow we die."

If, as many distinguished thinkers maintain, the idea of a personal God is to be effaced from the mind, the soul sacrificed, and the hope of a personal immortality die, many good men and women will naturally ask as did Cato "What is to become of Rome when she should no longer have any state to fear?" What is to become of mankind when it no longer has any personal God to fear?"

We can answer that we have ourselves, and mankind and immutable laws to fear, forces as strong and

retributive when disobeyed as any now attributed to a personal God; and as Eugene Aram feared his dead victim all the more for lying there so still, so we, as education increases, shall fear more and more to disobey the moral laws that lie so still and yet so appealingly to the soul of every intelligent being. As our mind grows we shall more and more act with the wisdom of Aristotle's wise man: "Do from an understanding of the law what an ignorant man does from fear of the law."

Let us therefore educate "Jink's baby," and erase from our vocabulary the expression "common people." There is nothing in this world common or unclean, for "Naught so vile that on the earth doth live, but to the earth some special good doth give."

The Duc de Viollet uttered a real truth, with more strength than elegance when he said, "Civilisation needs the barbarian element as the soil needs manure." The pampered creatures of the garden soon become infertile and must from time to time be refertilised by the wild stock. Rotation of races like rotation of crops is good for civilisation.

Let America be like David's cave of Adullam, a place to which may come every one that is in distress or discontented, and here find food, and shelter, and the highest education that the age can offer. Better the cup should overflow than not be full. We want neither an aristocracy of wealth nor an aristocracy of intellect. Our wealth and our studies should "neither be a couch on which to rest; nor a cloister on which to promenade; nor as a tower from which to look down on others; nor as a fortress from whence we may resist them; nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise; but as a rich armory and treasury for the development of character and ennoblement of life."

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Although I did not know the fact till long afterwards, I was "X" in an equation. The equation was known to me as the mystery of life, and the world was a blackboard. It was sometime after I began to exist before I realised the reality of existence. My kin and acquaintances—"A," "B," "C,"—and the digits were all in their several ways pleasant enough folk, but as soon as I began in earnest to think they took on a different aspect in my eyes.

I recollect one day speaking to my cousin "A" about the wonderful mystery of living. To my surprise he responded by claiming that there was no mystery, and—for proof—instanced the fact (which I could not dispute) that he himself was universally credited with being a "known quantity." Then, continuing my investigations, I discovered that each numeral had—each for himself—a theory of things to which he held with surprising tenacity. Some were very arrogant, and it was only little "0" who was at all humble and indisposed to exalt himself at the expense of the rest.

Curious as it may seem that same little "0" had a value ten times greater than the most valuable of the other digits, and that not at all dependent upon any merit of his own (for in a blackboard way he was the least of these) but solely dependent upon his place in the equation.

Another time, chancing to fall in with "B" and "C," I made bold to ask them certain questions, particularly as to the meaning of things; as to how things happened, and why things were. Like my cousin "A," both bragged excessively of being "known quantities," but in their bragging only were these two agreed, for I soon found myself the innocent cause of considerable wrangling between them. "B" declared that to be known meant to have been revealed, and that if one only had what he called faith he could live forever. At these remarks "C" burst out laughing, and made so much fun and appeared so sure of his ground that I waited anxiously to hear what more he would have to say.

"I am," said he, "a scientist, and in the pursuit of my studies I have discovered that there is absolutely nothing to any of us on this blackboard, not only worthy but capable of eternal life. We are all chalk, and nothing but chalk. We live our existence, brief and bitter, and are then swept out of it by the lambswool pad of death. "B" retorted by declaring that there was to be a resurrection of the chalk, and was profoundly and ignorantly pious, as "C" was profoundly, ludicrously learned.

Then I saw, with much perplexity, through a glass darkly; but now I know that the equation of life was not solved in life. I call it living, because it was the beginning of living. A power of which I was ignorant, in ways beyond the limits of my understanding, even while I thought, and hoped, and dreamed, was busy at the mighty problem, in whose solution a part was played by me so great that it lies even yet beyond my skill to tell.

I know that in the end I stood alone, my ignorance became knowledge; my foolishness, wisdom; my weakness, power. I had done my work, and across the sign of necessity I was the equal of all that was.

CURRENT TOPICS.

When I buy a mixture composed of milk, two parts, water, four parts, under the promise that the dilution is "pure Elgin dairy milk," the law gives me a remedy against the dairymen for watering the stock. This is right; but why does the law give me no remedy against the newsvendor for watering his news? I subscribe for a paper which pretends to condense the news, and proclaims itself to be "the busy man's newspaper." This morning

it informed me that Mr. Stevenson called on Mr. Cleveland yesterday at Buzzard's Bay ; and this is the way it condensed the news : "When the 3:15 train out of Boston arrived here several minutes late this afternoon, a tall, angular man, square shouldered, and attired in a suit of black worsted, alighted and looked about the platform with an evident air of wonderment if he had reached the right spot. He was accompanied by two other men. He was Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, the democratic candidate for vice-president." How important is the information that the train was late, that Mr. Stevenson had "an air of wonderment" with him, and that he was "attired in a suit of black worsted." Was this flattery or sarcasm ? If meant for flattery, why was no description given of Mr. Stevenson's boots ? And even the color of his necktie was forgotten If the allusion to the worsted suit was meant as a sneer, it was uncourteous and undeserved, for it is probably the best that Mr. Stevenson has been able to afford since the passage of the McKinley bill Mr. Stevenson, like the rest of us, must wear such clothes as the tariff will allow him, according to his wealth in the world.

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Perhaps a curt reference to the "suit of worsted" was thought flattery enough for a secondary personage like Mr. Stevenson ; and it may be that the etiquette of the occasion allowed a full description of clothes to the head of the ticket only. The distinction was well made ; in admirable harmony with a republic where one man is just as good as another, and better. With reverential awe I learn that Mr. Cleveland was attired "in a new suit of tweed, a fine stripe of brown and white, and a gay blue and white polka-dot tie, the color of his blue and white striped flannel yachting shirt." Grateful for the knowledge that a blue and white necktie is the same color as a blue and white shirt, I read with a glow of pride, "Mr. Cleveland with General Stevenson occupied the back seat of the carriage, flattening the springs on the rather light equipage and tipping the body well down in the back." O, my fellow countrymen ! Why does the news merchant, man-milliner that he is, spread upon his counter for our worship the clothes of every important public man ? Because he knows his business ; and he knows us. He knows that we are a nation of snobs ; and he gives us what we require, idolatrous incense for the rich and great ; and, what snobs always demand, contemptuous tobacco smoke for the lowly and the poor. While Mr. Cleveland and General Stevenson were "flattening the springs" of the carriage by lolling on the back seat, Mr. Ewing, whoever he is, climbed up and took a seat "beside Ben the coachman" ; so different from the light and agile Mr. Cleveland, who "sprang" into the carriage ; and who "sprang" to greet Mr. Stevenson when he alighted from the train. Ben the coachman ! Poor old Ben ; there is no description of *his* necktie ; he is not even allowed a surname, and only a third of his other name ; but this is the law in Snobdom.

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Persons who have read Hans Andersen's delightful fairy tales will remember the adventures of the little tin soldier mentioned therein. I always think of this imaginary warrior whenever I read about the little tin soldiers who are playing mimic war at Springfield, Illinois. They are little tin soldiers in a figurative sense only, for they are actually alive. They form a part of the militia forces encamped for a certain period at the capital. They pass their precious time in marching and countermarching, up the hill and down again ; saluting one another in the most ridiculous fashion ; guard-mounting, drilling, and dress-parading ; for no useful purpose under the sun. Soldiering without a spice of danger in it is rather insipid heroism at the best, and I congratulate the little tin soldiers encamped at Springfield that the campaigning down there is not so contemptuously safe as many persons think. Dangerous enemies have been discovered on the picket line ; the commanding officer, Colonel Judd, has ordered the long roll to be beaten, and he has thrown up intrenchments, so to speak, against the foe. The hostile forces threatening to storm the camp are pies. They did manage to scale the outworks, and many of the militia fell by indigestion, but the enemy was repulsed by means of a charge gallantly led by Colonel Judd in person. He issued an order against the vendors of pies and drove them from the citadel. While I approve the order, I think the penalty attached to its violation is a little too severe, if it is not even unconstitutional. Whenever a pie-vendor is caught in the camp, Colonel Judd makes him eat a pie, and that drops him in his tracks. In the days of my soldiering our digestion was proof against pie ; and could we have got such a luxury it would have been not only a wholesome tonic, but literally "a soft thing." Hard crackers were all the pastry we got. And, on that subject, an old comrade asked me the other day why I did not get a pension. I told him I could not conscientiously swear that I was afflicted with any disease contracted in the army. "How is your teeth ?" he said. "Bad !" I answered, "Very bad !" "Well," he replied, "Swear you broke 'em biting hard tack ; and get your fifty dollars a month." I believe I'll do it.

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A gentleman in Texas writes to *The Open Court*, and says, "A Frenchman who is animated towards this country by the sentiments of La Fayette ; who is devoted to the honor of the American flag, and to the principles it represents, is deeply shocked by the following dispatch he begs to submit to *The Open Court*, 'In satisfaction of the outrage recently perpetrated on two Americans, Messrs. Chambers and Bonsell, who were severely maltreated in the Moorish capital, the British minister to Morocco has obtained a letter of apology from the Pasha of Fez, and a letter of regret from the Sultan, together with a gift of a sword to Mr. Bonsell.'" He then does me the honor to ask that I will explain in *Current Topics* "why this country when small and poor was able to protect by herself her own citizens abroad ; while now, that she has so wonderfully grown in population and wealth, she has to beg for her citizens the protection of the English instead of the American flag ?" Getting angry as he proceeds, and perhaps as a Frenchman a little jealous, that England should patronise us at all, he says, "Is this humiliation of the Star Spangled Banner the commencement of the end of American independence ? the establishment of an English protectorate over the United States ? the undoing of the work of Washington, La Fayette, and the other American and French fathers of American national life and honor ?"

* * *

These portentous questions are easily answered in the negative ; there was no humiliation of the Star Spangled Banner ; no undoing of the work of Washington ; and there will never be an English protectorate over the United States, until the lesser shall include the greater. It is very likely that the English nation in America will some day exercise a protectorate over the British Islands, when in the course of nature the mother land shall become infirm and very old ; but that time is probably as far in the future as the Roman republic is in the past. There is nothing unusual in the action which excites the forebodings of this enthusiastic and patriotic Frenchman. It is a common practice for English ministers and consuls to give to Americans the protection of the British flag, where the American minister or consul happens to be away ; and the American consuls reciprocate the duty. Consuls abroad "change works" like New England farmers, and they look after one another's interests in cases of sickness, absence, or other disability. It was no humiliation to anybody that at the time of the Franco-German war the Germans resident in Paris were placed under the protection of the American flag ; and this government would have extended the same protection to the Frenchmen resident in Berlin under the same circumstances. Besides, Englishmen and Americans are so much alike in speech,

manners, and dress, that it is not easy for the consuls of either nation to refuse protection to the citizens of the other. A few years ago, some Americans were arrested in Cuba as fillibusters, which they very likely were, but instead of giving them a trial, the commanding officer ordered them to be shot in two hours. The American consul was not in the neighborhood, but the British consul was; and an appeal was made to him. When the execution was about to take place he stepped between the prisoners and the firing party, and claimed the men as Englishmen condemned without a trial. All efforts to convince him that they were Americans and not Englishmen availed nothing. He said, "they look like Englishmen, they talk like Englishmen and they are English enough for me." He pointed to a war ship which he had ordered to the scene, and his demand was complied with. It is quite certain that the American consul would have done the same thing for Englishmen in the same extremity.

* * *

That the maltreatment of Messrs Chambers and Bonsell in the Moorish capital was an "outrage" upon them and an insult to the Star Spangled Banner, I am bound to believe, for the apology, and the letter of regret, and the present of a sword, are good evidence of that; but after all, I should like to hear what the Pasha of Fez has to say about it. I have seen so much of my fellow countrymen abroad, Englishmen and Americans I mean, for I belong to both nations, that I am curious to know what provocation was given by Messrs. Chambers and Bonsell to the Moors. We know that the Moors are a well-mannered people, while the opinion is very prevalent in Asia, Africa, and on the continent of Europe that the English and Americans are not. This opinion, in the general sweep of it, is unjust, but there is too much ground for it after all. Too many of us go "touring" with swaggering superiority, scoffing and sneering at the dress, customs, and especially the religions of the people we are patronising for the time. When I see a goodlooking fellow, rather loose about the collar, laughing contemptuously because he has to take off his shoes when entering a Turkish mosque, do I not know without any farther introduction that he is a fellow citizen? One day I saw a man, a stout and hearty man, standing under the glorious Arc de Triomphe in the Champs Elyseé. He was shaking his fist at it, and contradicting the battle record chiselled on its majestic face; swearing to a crowd of people gathered about him that, "the French never won all them battles; nor the half of 'em." Did I not know without the evidence of the dear old mother tongue in which he spoke that he was a fellow countryman, insolent and superior? Had some Frenchman properly knocked him down, he would have bawled that he was "maltreated," and up would have sprung a claim that the Union Jack, or the Star Spangled Banner was insulted in his person. Those who claim the protection of a flag should be civil to every other flag.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CLOSING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

When Congress tries to tell people how they ought to spend Sunday at Chicago, it assumes a great deal more power than is granted by the Constitution of the United States. That instrument limits the powers of our Federal government so closely to national concerns and secular interests, that whatever legislation on this subject is needed ought to be passed at Springfield, Ill. But is any really necessary? The American citizen is perfectly competent to decide for himself on what days he will visit the World's Fair; and no one else has any right to interfere. Those who do not choose to go on Sunday have no more right to prevent other people from doing so than people who do not smoke have a right to stop the use of cigarettes, as was recently attempted in Massachusetts. The question is not whether smoking cigarettes is a good habit; but whether it is so bad a one as to justify passing a law against it. The real question about the World's Fair is not whether it is the best place to visit on Sunday, but whether it is so very wicked a place as to justify laws and regulations against it. The people who have the best right to be heard are those who want to go, and especially those mechanics, servants, and laborers who cannot go on other days. If there are as many people ready and anxious to go on Sunday, there is really just as much reason for opening it then as on Monday. If it is to be closed on Sunday, out of respect for religion, it ought to be closed on Saturday also; for the respect with which a religion is treated ought not to depend merely on the number of its adherents. If the Bible has any voice in the matter, it is in favor of Saturday rather than Sunday. Those who wish to have Christianity remain loved and honored, cannot afford to have her cause identified with that of merely arbitrary prohibitions, which many of our most religious people would gladly violate without the slightest scruple. No day can be sanctified by the sacrifice of innocent liberty.

F. M. H.

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Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

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MISS NADEN'S "WORLD-SCHEME."

A RETROSPECT.

BY GEORGE M. MC CRIE.

I.

In an article such as the present, the question may be fitly put—what is the proper focal distance for biographical portraiture? For the sake of accuracy in mere details, perhaps the sooner the memoir proper is written the better. In some cases, when a great reputation is concerned, it may be many years before a correct estimate of life and work can be arrived at. But for the dispassionate survey, which is neither a record pure and simple, nor a final verdict, the middle distance seems the best viewpoint. It is now more than two years since Miss Naden's death. Public attention, scantily bestowed upon her when living, became keenly quickened after her untimely decease. Since then much has been written about—rather than upon—her, and her life-work; some of it to the point, much more of it wholly beside the mark. Are we nearing, then, the proper time for faithful retrospect, now that the sharpness of first regret is dulled, and when misunderstanding and misconception have had an opportunity of saying their say, and have said it? If only one intellectual lineament of Miss Naden, which otherwise would have been missed, should be preserved, or recalled, by his instrumentality, the present writer will be, indeed, rewarded. Her many-sided personality, in some measure, lent itself to misconception. The bulk of the critical public could not "asself" it all at a glance; hence the merest by-play was often taken for the life-task, and those who either paled before, or neglected, her philosophical essays, predicted for her a limited immortality* on the score of her inimitably witty "Solomon Redivivus." It is so much easier, nowadays, to become famous for one's second-best, than for one's really best, work. Only it is unfortunate when these lie on wholly different planes. To be classed, with half a dozen others, in the list of nineteenth century British Poetesses,* while all the time your philosophic "burden" is unappreciated, save by the few, is somewhat hard, though there are precedents in point. Gall lives in popular renown on account of his mistaken system of cranioscopy alone, while his really valuable work, in the field of cerebral physics, is almost unknown to anyone but the specialist. But suppose him to be popularly immortalised, say, on account of the musical compositions of his leisure, would not his best, and highest, achievements be buried deeper still? Miss Naden's average critic always contrives to forget that she practically abandoned poetry after leaving Mason College. Her claim to remembrance rests on something graver than the composition of society verses,—brilliant as hers undoubtedly are. Only it suits a latter-day audience, not wholly blind to genius, but lacking discrimination, to remember an epigrammatic refrain, rather than to explore the recesses of abstract thought. So it happens, in her case, that the Sibylline leaf which most possess alone, is widely different from those which are lost—or as good as lost—to them.

As an original thinker, Miss Naden has undoubtedly left her mark, though the time is not yet for anything more than the barest acknowledgment of the fact; but, as a critic and controversialist, her abilities are quite as unquestionable. If we turn to her memoir,† we find these two aspects—except in the section contributed by Dr. Lewins, of which more anon—somewhat confusedly presented. She is thinker and critic by turns, and often the criticism is credited with the theory and *vice versa*. Dr. Dale's, mainly sympathetic, article in the *Contemporary Review* (April 1891) does not clear up the perplexity. What *was* this notable nineteenth century personality—"this rare, youthful Englishwoman," as Dr. Brewer calls her? ‡ We have everything but the answer to this question—abundance of detail, accurate and inaccurate. Her self-originated plans of study—all with an admitted

* Dr. Dale writes of her in the *Contemporary Review* for April 1891—"Even among the few verses which she wrote, there are some, I think, which, for several generations at least, will retain their freshness and their charm."

* By Mr. Gladstone, in an early number of the *Speaker*, Miss Naden's name is seventh in a list of eight.

† *Constance Naden:* a *Memoir*. By W. R. Hughes, F. L. S. (London: Bickers.)

‡ *Constance Naden and Hylo-Idealism*, a *Critical Study*. By E. Cobham Brewer, L. L. D. (London: Bickers.)

purpose—are canvassed, it is true, but the purpose in question is nowhere distinctly defined, *except by herself.* But her own explicit testimony seems to be the very last thing her critics are disposed to notice.* Apart from this, no one who knew her transparent sincerity would ever charge her with concealment of her convictions, or with assuming a rôle designed, in any way, to mislead. So that there is a two-fold reason for believing that her life-motive has been but imperfectly grasped by most of those who have attempted to gather up the threads of her career, and to weave them into a consistent whole. Her friend and teacher, Dr. Lewins, says, in his contribution to the "Memoir" (p. 71): "A memoir of Miss Constance Naden . . . "which should ignore the scientific hylo-ideal, or "automorphic principle, or synthesis, underlying and "suffusing her whole intellectual and ethical archi-"tectonic, would be like the tragedy of Hamlet minus "its protagonist." And as the rationale, which he proceeds to give of her world scheme, substantially agrees with her own exposition, the conclusion is irresistible that her other biographers and critics are mistaken. The absorbing question with her was not "Man, whence and whither?" as Prof. Tilden thinks.† Nor did the "absolute and unconditioned" give her cause for anxiety as Dr. Dale believes.‡ Her *Weltanschauung* is distinctly indicated by her own explicit declaration, in the original prefatory note to the first two essays of the volume published after her death.§ It is plain enough. "The inner bond of union between "these two essays [*Induction and Deduction* and "*Evolutionary Ethics*] consists in the principle, im-"plied where not explicit, that man evolves from his "inner nature the world of experience, as well as the "world of thought—that, in fact, these seemingly rival "spheres constitute but one Cosmos.—Whether I "insist upon the truth that induction and deduction "are involved in the simplest percept, or on the "kindred truth that the germ of morality lies in the "power, which every man possesses, to image and "asself the feelings of his neighbours, I am equally "enforcing this primary idea."

Now an affirmation so definite as this, can only be the outcome of a completely elaborated scheme, philosophical, scientific, and, it may be added, religious, if only in the sense of negation. It is not the result of a sectional, a specialist, enquiry. Apart from the question of its validity, it is, professedly, a cosmical theory—with all side-issues contained in it, or disposed of by it. To affirm it is, manifestly, to discuss all problems in the light of it, as universal and necessary. Thus Miss Naden's treatment of social problems, scientific questions, religious opinions, ethical disputes, and what not, must, to a certain, ultimately verifiable extent, hinge upon one pivot. Hers being a monism, dualism falls to be excluded as "felonious." Rightly to understand her life, this monism of hers must be comprehended.

First, and mainly, her method was positive. If it were not that the term "monistic positivism" is already apropriated,* it would fairly describe Miss Naden's position. And yet monistic positivism is not a wholly satisfactory term—auto-monism is better, or that other title hylo-idealism, by which the hylo-zoistic system of thought, originally excogitated by Dr. Lewins in the Deccan, is so widely known—and, it may be added, as widely misinterpreted and misunderstood. Positivist she was unquestionably—with a difference. "There are those who start with a gen-"eralisation of the highest conceivable order and "reason downwards to phenomena, and there are "those who take the facts of conciousness, and the "phenomena of nature, as the material on which they "work."† To this latter class Miss Naden emphatically belongs, with this distinction—rather than difference—that, in her view, the facts of consciousness and the phenomena of nature were not only *one*—in a moreth an Kantian sense—but were "taken" in their entirety. For this step, everyone is not prepared. Dr. Dale is one of those who do not see their way to take it. "By some process of thought," he says in the *Contemporary Review*, "which I cannot trace, Dr. "Lewins believes, and Miss Naden believed, that it "is possible to pass from a 'vision or organic function' "of the *sensifacient organism* of the individual, to a "real objective universe. 'Matter, so far from being "a nonentity, is the *fons et origo* of all entities.'"—‡ Professor Tyndall puts it rather more bluntly when he says that Dr. Lewins's theory is "sane enough up to "a certain point, when he goes to pieces without "knowing it." But this verdict again has to be qualified by the fact that Prof. Tyndall is reputed to be unable to distinguish between auto-monism and absolute idealism.§

The explanation of all this probably is that there are positivists *and* positivists. Comte's system, as is well known, did not even profess to explore the subjective province. We have realisms, also, both "rea-

* Cf. *Sadducee versus Pharisee*, a Vindication of Neo-Materialism. In two essays, (1. Constance Naden). By G. M. McCrie. (London: Bickers.) P. 7-8.

† *Memoir*. P. 68.

‡ Cf. *Further Reliques of Constance Naden*. Edited by G. M. McCrie. (London: Bickers.) Appendix, p. 243.

§ *Induction and Deduction and other Essays*. Edited by Robert Lewins, M. D. (London: Bickers.) Cf. Introduction to *Further Reliques*, p. 9.

* By Dr. Paul Carus, Chicago, in connection with the monistic system so ably expounded by him in his various works, and also in the pages of *The Open Court* and *The Monist*.—Cf. *The Soul of Man*. By Dr. Carus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co., 1891.) Preface p. 8.

† *Agnostic Problems*. By Richard Bithell, B. Sc., Ph. D. (Williams & Norgate.) P. 50.

‡ Cf. *Reliques*, pp. 235-241.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 234.

soned" and "transfigured,"—all of them positive, or professing to be so. But there is a special positivism which, disregarding the trite warning that "the passage "from the physics of the brain to the corresponding "facts of consciousness is unthinkable,"* takes the whole subject-matter, alike of philosophy and science —the empirical with the metempirical—and therefrom constructs a cosmical unity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT.

BY ALICE BODINGTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the last number of *The Open Court* we discussed the difficulties which beset the "uplifting of the masses." To remove these difficulties socialism in some shape or other will be tried; for it is believed by the great mass of voters, in whose hands lie the balance of political power, to be the sovereign panacea for the ills which afflict mankind.

But in the day that socialism is triumphant will come the Nemesis of the unfit. They are now fostered by members of the community above the class of manual workers,—by the middle classes mainly, that is in other words by the brain workers,—themselves often hardly pressed in the struggle for existence.

When the working men are masters, that is when the machinery of government is in the hands of those whom they conceive will carry out their wishes, there will be scant mercy for the men who have been worsted in the battle of life. No body of men has ever shown itself more unpitying or more selfish with regard to their less fortunate brother, than the working men of our day. A few thousands in number in the great island-continent of Australia, they exercise all their influence, which in politics is paramount, to prevent those less fortunate than themselves from sharing in their benefits. No sooner was "General" Booth's scheme known for raising the submerged classes and preparing them for a new life over the sea, than the working men of Australia hastened to let the world know they would have neither part nor lot in the movement. How could politicians and great manufacturers and rings keep up the gigantic system of unnecessary taxation known as protection, unless they could work on the selfishness of the average working man? The effectual cry which has made it possible to keep this heavy burden on a free people, has been "Keep out the pauper labour of Europe." This cry never fails with the average working man, who himself perhaps in early youth left overcrowded European lands and yet has no pity for those who are left behind. Every word written by General Trumbull shows how hateful this selfishness is to him.

* Prof. Tyndall.

If then the regulations by which society is governed are made in future according to the views of the working man, we shall see a régime very different to that which now prevails. The working man's own interests, or what he conceives to be his interests, will be his supreme consideration. The submerged members of the community may be allowed to exist, but their condition will virtually be one of slavery.

Nor do I think there is any alternative in the long run for those who sink below the general level of the community, except slavery on the one hand, and freedom, with unceasing struggle, privation, and misery on the other. Our present state of society is transitional. If no man, woman, or child is to starve; if each individual is to be fed, clothed, and provided with work, (and what less is demanded by social reformers?) *the numbers of those to be fed, clothed, and provided with work must be limited.* The marriages of the dependent poor and the number of children to each marriage must be regulated by the State; they and their children will be assigned occupations according to the will of those who will be *de facto* their masters, and the occupations will be of the low, unpleasant kind which the artisan or farmer will not care to engage in himself.

Society, responsible for the support of all its members *must* safeguard itself from being overwhelmed by the limitless breeding of the unfit. The condition of things into which we are drifting now is one in which the people who have failed in the struggle for existence (no matter what the vices which may have led to their condition) and all their children are held to have the right to be fed, clothed, nursed, educated, and provided with work by society at large. And because the benevolent find the ranks of the destitute for ever renewed, their self-castigation, and their reproaches of conscience over their failure in an impossible task become piteous. It must be our fault, they cry, that this hydra of destitution works havoc in all our cities; tell us, only tell us what more we can do to combat it? And every day fresh remedies are suggested, and still the evil grows.

But when the strain of supporting the improvident falls consciously and directly upon the manual workers this state of things will no longer be endured. Nor could it long be endured without involving the whole of society in one common ruin.

Carlyle no doubt felt that he had said something most forcible and unanswerable, something too to the indelible disgrace of the "gig-o-cracy," the respectable middle classes which he so deeply hated, when he declared that in England every horse has its price and its value;* but a full-grown man able and willing

* I have not Carlyle's works by me, so can only give the gist of his words, and shall be thankful if any correspondent can give me the original words.

to work has no such value in the market. But what could be more shallow than such reasoning? A horse, a cow, a sheep, a pig, have distinct values. But how and why? Because no more horses, cows, sheep or pigs are bred then are wanted; and because selection is employed to secure the survival of the fittest. Suppose that all horses were allowed to breed indiscriminately; that vicious, and diseased, and old, and incapable horses were allowed to breed at the normal rate of increase for such animals; how long would it be that every horse would have a market value; and how long would it be before horses were destroyed pitilessly till their numbers were reduced to a useful point? We are not dealing here with a question of ethics; but with the stern, unswerving, pitiless laws of nature. As a question of ethics the efforts made to protect and help the weak and fallen have a priceless value in the development of the moral nature of man. What I have endeavored to point out is that civilised society is engaged in a task which the fundamental laws of nature foredoom to failure. If our efforts are directed to helping those who have failed through sickness, or through causes utterly beyond their control—such as the sudden closing of mines and factories—I think we shall be attempting all that is practicable, without introducing what would be slavery in fact though not in name. That an organised effort to cut off destitution by the roots must result in a modified slavery is foreshadowed in the words of General Booth in his "Social Problems."* From his lips no suspicion of a leaning to the "classes" as against the "masses" can be imagined.

General Booth says, "I would lay it down absolutely that charity must come to an end. There "must be no more giving out of doles. Those who "are unable to work must be supported, but *the idle "and able-bodied must be compelled by government to "work.* Having instructed the people in the necessity "of a return to agriculture the government must "transfer them from the crowded countries to the "agricultural districts *by compulsion,* if all other means "fail." He considers it to be the duty of a government to remove starving men from one part of its domains, and place them in another where there is plenty of good land. His opponents accuse him, he says, of treating the people like children. His answer is that if the people behave like children they must be treated like children; and he adduces the example of sheep which are driven from exhausted to good pasture, and who, if they have sense, should be grateful. This surrender of liberty (which I look upon as necessity *if* every member of the community is to be supported in case of need) is to be compensated by advantages to which the independent and self-respecting emigrant cannot aspire. "I do not wish my emi"grants to go," said General Booth in a speech after his return from Australia, "till there are legs of "mutton ready for them and three helpings for the "children." But is it wholesome, is it common justice that the idle, the depraved, the dissolute, the drunkard, should be placed by private charity or State aid in a position to be gained by the honest steady man only after long and toilsome effort? Could a better premium upon improvidence be offered?

General Booth says if England had a government (which he declares she has not) it would provide £25,000 for his emigration scheme, and £25,000 after that, and apparently whatever other sums he may require. The government in such a case means the taxpayer; and General Booth's demand in plain language amounts to this, that the enterprising, the thrifty, the industrious, the self-respecting, and independent members of society shall be taxed *ad libitum*, to help the dissolute and the improvident out of their difficulties! How many persons still struggling to live in honest independence and quit themselves like men, would be tempted to qualify themselves for General Booth's over-sea colonies; and would fall into the abyss of dependent pauperism so conveniently cushioned for them—à la Tartarin. Indeed not only would the abysses of destitution be cushioned; but exit therefrom to a land where legs of mutton ready roasted await the emigrant,—a veritable land of Cocagne—would be provided on the wings of the ministering angels of the Salvation Army. Be sure the path of civilisation would soon be chocked with social wreckage, till fit and unfit were overwhelmed in one common ruin.

I have specially dwelt upon the schemes of General Booth because they constitute the first attempt on a large scale to deal with a great mass of the unfit.

In India a colossal struggle with the pitiless powers of nature is going on, not with the aim of rescuing the unfit, but with the object of securing a whole population from famine, where all natural checks to increase have been as carefully as possible removed. Nature has all kinds of checks to population besides that of Malthus; she has famine, pestilence, war, wild beasts, venomous serpents. Wars have ceased; all the resources of civilisation are employed to cope with the other "preventive checks." In the meantime we have an enormous agricultural population, weakened by diet normally barely above starvation point, and by disastrously early marriages; a population in which early marriage is sternly inculcated as a religious duty, and infanticide can no longer be practised. This weak and helpless people multiplying indefinitely is to be fed, now and in the future! I believe the British Government might as well try to dam the

* *Nineteenth Century.* March, 1892.

Ganges, and that the result will inevitably be disaster, which even nature in all her seeming ruthlessness has never been able to inflict.

I am not an advocate for the policy of "laissez faire" which has perished in ignominy; but I would have social reformers follow the methods which have led to success in all the physical sciences. Let them look at facts, before they construct theories. When for instance they say that man can evade the stern necessities of the struggle for existence, by his inventiveness in causing the earth to furnish more and more nourishment; let them look at this fact, that Europe which in the stone age can have supported at the most a population of two to three millions, now supports a population of more than three hundred millions; and yet the struggle for life goes on and still the weakest are trodden under foot.

The laws of nature appear to me like the cherubim with flaming swords which for ever bar the approach to an earthly paradise. *If struggle ceases, degeneration sets in*, and I see no escape from one of the horns of this dilemma. The squalid population which squats in the swamps of sago-palms; who only need to cut down a tree to obtain abundant food, are degenerate. The Romans, masters of the world, supplied from the granaries of subject nations, were degenerate, the rich rotting in vicious luxury, the poor demanding only "bread and the games." Is not that very cry echoing in our ears now, in our ears who are the Aryan rulers of nearly all the earth? A great European nation is Malthusian in practice. Thoughtful men in France are becoming alarmed at the steady decrease in population; the people are steadily determined their one or two precious children shall not be taken from them for foreign wars; colonies are little better than military garrisons. Yet so great is the struggle for existence in this self-governed, Malthusian nation that the government is perpetually importuned for new protective tariffs; the farmer demands "protection" for his agricultural produce, and the artisan for manufactures, and the peasant complains he can barely live by working from dawn till dark, and the government in Paris is at its wit's end in dealing with the destitute classes. There are famine riots in imperial Austria, and at the same time one reads of bread riots in young democratic Australia. Truly the great goddess Ishtar is a terrible deity, and divine will be the intellect of man if he can set her stern decrees at defiance!

CURRENT TOPICS.

In the presence of many thousands of people, Mr. Cleveland was notified of his nomination for President. In reply to the address of notification, he made a speech, rousing his audience to enthusiasm by declaring that certain promised legislation by congress ought to be resisted "to the death." I do not quote the phrase to censure it, for the history of every nation shows that there are certain acts of government which must be resisted "to the death" or public liberty perish; nor do I quote it for approval in this particular instance, because I do not believe that the enactment of the Force Bill would justify the Southern states in resistance "to the death"; for that means the rebellion over again. I quote it merely to show that it was not a rebel threat, nor the mad cry of an anarchist, but simply rhetorical emphasis, a vigorous form of words. This view of it will be readily accepted because the orator was a past President of the United States, and a prospective President; a man who would not willingly unmuzzle rebellion, nor stimulate a mob to resist the law. The lesson I draw from it is this, that liberty of speech is not always impartial in this land. When a laborer talks to a crowd of congenial men about resisting "to the death" he is held responsible, and is condemned for the words in their most rebellious meaning, although he meant them only as vigorous expressions, just as Mr. Cleveland did. "To the death" is an oratorical formula; and it is not to be literally interpreted when made in a public speech, whether that speech be made by a past President or by a laboring man. We should all have equal rights of grammar. To be sure, Shakespeare said three hundred years ago, "What in the captain's but a choleric word; is in the soldier downright blasphemy;" but it ought not to have been so then, and it ought not to be so now.

* * *

The most thrifty patriotism of the season was displayed on the Fourth of July at a town in central Illinois. The citizens there had an old fashioned celebration, and the reader of the Declaration of Independence was a young lawyer; "endowed," as the local paper had it, with "rare elocutionary powers." He thought that he might combine business with pleasure, and to that end he entered at once into negotiations with the tradesmen and the merchants. He agreed that for a certain sum of money in hand paid, he would weave into the text of the immortal Declaration an advertisement for them. He gave to the document a more practical character than it ever had before; and the citizens present were deeply impressed with the novelty of the revised version; so profoundly in fact, that they manifested a general disposition to lynch the elocutionist. He prudently took to the woods; and there, when the last returns came in, he was hiding from them yet. They preferred the ancient text, and were offended when he said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident that the best groceries in town are to be found at Simpson's; and although as a general rule all men are created equal, yet an exception must be made in favor of Anderson who never had an equal in his line of dry goods for cheapness and for quality"; and so on to the end of the document. They were disposed to be liberal to the advertising fiend and allow him great indulgence. He might disfigure the most beautiful natural scenery, and the historic shrines of the nation; he might scrawl all over the national flag; but they must really draw the line at the Declaration of Independence; they could not permit him to advertise on that.

* * *

Patriotism, in the form of symbols, is more practical in Chicago than elsewhere, because the people are more enterprising there. Such a loyal and profuse display of Star Spangled Banner is not to be seen in any other town. Many of our merchants are so devoted to the flag, and so resolved to honor it, that they use it as a window blind. On a summer day when the blinds are drawn down to shade the goods in the windows, the sunny side of the streets has a very beautiful appearance, as if the town had actually been painted red, white, and blue. Some of our business men decorate those flags with heroic legends, such as "Fine imported cigars"; "Pilsener beer"; "Free lunch"; "The Buckingham Palace restaurant; try our twenty-five cent dinner"; "Watches and jewelry"; "Bargains in hats"; "An egg with every drink"; and many other useful mottoes of similar kind. We are the only people

in the world who have mercantile spirit enough to advertise our wares on the national flag. There are some peoples, over the sea, who have a sentimental devotion to a national flag as an emblem of national glory, suffering, and hope. They are not practical, and they are so weak and tender of conscience that they will not allow their flag to be used as a window blind, nor as an advertising placard; and I know several Americans who are sensitive in the same way. They religiously refuse to enter any shop or store where the American flag is used as an advertising medium or for revenue only.

* * *

With easy grace and high-toned indifference, the American people are gliding into anarchy; not anarchy of the horny-handed kind, but of the official and magisterial kind, such as is daily practiced by our nihilists in authority; men like Mr. Streator, for instance, a gorgeous nihilist radiant in the brass buttons and gilt epaulettes of a Colonel in the battle-scarred legions known as the Pennsylvania militia. It appears that Private Iams, of Company "K," Tenth legion, invoked "three cheers for the man that shot Frick," which, to say the best of it, was in bad taste, especially from a soldier of the legion, even though the regiment was nothing but militia. His punishment was very summary, and consistently illegal. With the cool, judicial dignity of an angry red Indian, Colonel Streator ordered Private Iams to be hanged by the thumbs, a method of excruciating torture borrowed from the Apaches and the Modocs. It redeems the cruelty a little that Colonel Streator had the presence of mind to order a couple of surgeons to be present at the torture, one of them to feel the heart of Iams, and the other his pulse, lest he might die under the punishment, Perhaps this was not so much out of concern for his prisoner as for his own highly sensitive neck. He had prudence enough to fear that he himself might be liable for murder should Iams die while hanging by the thumbs, and in that event it might be very convenient to throw the responsibility on the surgeons. When death became imminent, the surgeons ordered the torture to be stopped, and Iams was taken down, "limp." They spent an hour in restoring him to consciousness, and then he was taken to his quarters. All this barbarity was in violation of the Constitution of the United States, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and of the common law; but a nihilist cares nothing for the Constitution or the law. It is said that there are moments when the most gallant men are dastards; and it must have been in one of these that Colonel Streator acted. His achievement was not that of a brave man; and the scorn that Macaulay throws upon King Charles may sometime fall upon Colonel Streator:

> "And he—he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes,
> That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war."

* * *

The treatment given to Private Iams, of company "K" Tenth regiment Pennsylvania militia, is incorrectly called punishment; it should be called revenge. It was totally lacking in the dignity of punishment. The next day after he had been hanged by the thumbs, they shaved one half of his head, and one half of his moustache, and then drummed him out of the regiment to the distance of a mile, "the guards being given strict orders in his presence to shoot him if he turned to the right or to the left." This was as near to scalping the young man as was thought prudent or safe to do, but the inspiration of it was the same as that which brutalises the red savage of the plains, although the savagery was improved a little by a diabolical touch of humor. The Indian has no sense of humor, and therefore he loses the amusement that he might have in half scalping his prisoner. Whole scalping, in the Indian fashion is all tragedy, whereas half-scalping gives to the affair a flavor of caricature and comedy. I understand that the half-scalping and the drumming out were done by sentence of a court martial, and therefore, in spite of their grotesque barbarity, they had to a certain extent the sanction of the law, but the hanging by the thumbs was purely arbitrary, and done by a mere despotic order of the colonel. The act itself, though shocking enough, is trivial in importance when compared with its impunity. The most deplorable part of the affair is the following comment which appears in the dispatches from Pennsylvania; "the punishment, though severe, is generally commended"; commended by a people who pretend to revere the Constitution of the United States which declares that "cruel and unusual punishments" shall never be inflicted; and which also commands that a fair trial shall be given to every American before punishment. In proportion to the decay of public spirit will official anarchy prevail; and it is due to the violated laws of the land that Colonel Streator be immediately brought to trial.

* * *

Once upon a time, about a hundred years ago, there was a colonel in the English army whose name was Wall; and it was his unlucky destiny to be Governor and military commandant of one of the British West India Islands. During his administration a mutiny broke out, which he vigorously suppressed. Having conquered the rebellion, he arrested one of the mutineers on the parade ground in front of the barracks, and ordered him to be tried immediately by a drum-head court martial. The court met, the prisoner being within sight of it, but not near enough to hear the testimony. He was found guilty and sentenced to be flogged. Governor Wall approved the sentence, and the man died under the flogging. When the news reached England, Governor Wall was indicted for murder. He evaded arrest, and made his way to France, where he lived for about twenty years, and then thinking that the affair was forgotten he returned to England. He was at once arrested and brought to trial, where his fate rested on the following critical issue; was, or was not the mutineer present before the court martial? On this point the judges instructed the jury that if the prisoner was not near enough to hear the testimony of the witnesses against him so that he might cross-examine them, he was not present within the meaning of the law; and in that case his trial and punishment were illegal. Thereupon the jury found Governor Wall guilty of murder; and in spite of his rank and his influential friends, he was hanged. I think his crime was only manslaughter at the worst, but I am telling the story according to the facts, to show the jealousy of the English judges towards the arbitrary exercise of power. They punish official anarchy as well as the other kind, and they require men in authority, and men out of authority to support the Constitution and obey the law. Colonel Streator, trampling under his feet the Constitution and the law, hangs a man by the thumbs without even the sanction of a drum-head court martial; and his action, "though severe, is commended."

M. M. Trumbull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW QUESTIONS ON THE HOMESTEAD AFFAIR AND OTHER MATTERS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Dear Sir:—Under a democratic form of government the individual is full master of all his acts, excepting as his liberties are circumscribed by the rights of the community. In other words, an individual may do as he or she (O, for a collective pronoun!) pleases, so long as the equal rights of the neighbors are not interfered with.

Owning a factory it is my privilege to operate the same with the assistance of one man or ten thousand men, or without assistance; I may operate the same for 1 day or for 365 days in the year, or not at all; I may offer to pay wages for assistance higher than any one else or lower than any one else, irrespective of what it may cost any one to live.

It is the privilege of every free citizen to offer his services manual or mental, or both, or to labor on his own account; it is his privilege to sell his services at whatever price he can get or is willing to accept; he has a right to combine with his fellows in refusing to work for any given wages offered, and he may persuade as many as possible from taking the place vacated.

Now, may I place before *The Open Court* this question: Is there any ground on which the position of organised labor can be justified when it denies the right of employers to engage whomsoever they choose and at whatsoever wages they can hire help; is there any justification for killing non-union workers willing to earn a living for themselves and their families; is there any justification for killing men employed to protect these laborers against organised fellow laborers, when the authorities are unwilling for political reasons; is there any reason why employers should be compelled to arbitrate against their will; is there good reason for the general public sympathy with striking laborers who by force prevent others from taking their places, or is it mawkish sentiment and the result of a satisfaction felt in seeing arrogant capitalists (whom I do not admire) annoyed and punished?

Is not the position of organised labor that of advanced socialism as opposed to individualism, and is it perhaps that the development of society has actually reached a point where the individual is actually crushed and unable to live except by the grace of a small privileged class, so that a social revolution—peaceable or forcible—becomes a necessity?

Although not an employer, I continually find myself opposed in my condemnation of the violent and riotous proceedings of organised labor against employers, and now we find a Senator Palmer even claiming that the Homestead men have a right to *demand* work and acceptable wages from Carnegie, and I should like to know wherein my reasoning is faulty, if it be so—for I want to be right and just—and as one who has made a special study of questions of this nature, I make free to appeal to the editor of *The Open Court*.

I want to say this much, that if our social conditions really are enslaving the masses, then, in my opinion, we ought to work for free trade, free soil and against the concentration of wealth to progressive income tax and the distribution of unduly accumulated wealth on the death of extremely wealthy individuals. Let the government appropriate all in excess of say $1,000,000 for each individual child and a moderate sum for other near relatives, and prevent entailment.

Very truly yours,

ADOLF G. VOGELER.

[The questions of Mr. Vogeler will be referred to or discussed in their proper places in subsequent numbers of *The Open Court*.—ED.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FREE TRADE STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND. By *M. M. Trumbull*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 2nd edition. Revised and enlarged. Price, cloth 75 cents; paper 25 cents.

The appearance of the second edition of General Trumbull's work on the history of the contest for free trade in England is an occasion for hearty congratulation on the part of all who are candidly interested in the welfare of the community in general.

The experience of England as regards protection and free trade is an example directly in point in all discussions of those topics, an example the force of whose argument the advocates of protection find themselves quite unable to parry. They are continually decrying the value of theoretical considerations as applied to the matters in question and make great ado over their pretended justification by the facts of experience. When, however, they are met on their own chosen ground of the results of experience, the example of England stares them in the face. It is in fact the only example in all the history of modern civilisation where protection as well as free trade has been fully and fairly tried. When they descant on the wonderful prosperity of the United States "under protection," pretending that such prosperity as we have enjoyed is wholly or largely due to the imposition of a certain sort of tariff taxation, they cannot evade the application of their theory as to the effects of protection, to the cases of the other European nations. In these cases what they have to admit as non-prosperity "under protection" has been and is the rule, so that even the *post hoc propter hoc* style of argument when fairly applied is wholly ambiguous. Hence the urgent propriety of resorting to the case of England for a case, the only case, that can truly aid us and supply us with the results of experience both as to protection and as to free trade.

England is not only an *alma mater* of science, literature, and art, but also the very progenitor and nurse of free institutions. It makes haste slowly, it is true, but it takes no step backwards. It has a genius for evolution. It conjures into old forms the substance of progressive excellence. It took up the right of personal liberty, gave to it effectual safe-guards and established it as a possession forever to Englishmen and to whatever people might follow its example. It found out the way to democracy through representative government and patiently but always in pursuance of the real aim of its free genius, it has advanced until it realises substantial democracy in a greater degree than does any other nation whatever. In obedience again to the counsels of its same good and free genius it has renounced deception and other cognate pusilanimities, studied earnestly to find out the real merits and demerits of the questions involved, and after due deliberation has chosen free trade. It finds itself as usual the exemplar and preceptor to the nations. It is this struggle for free trade that forms the topic of General Trumbull's history. The theme is inspiring and the artist a master of his craft. Here within the compass of less than three hundred pages we have told in masterly English the story of a battle that to any rightly oriented sentiment is more glorious than any ever waged with fire or sword or spear, for it is a battle waged on behalf of humanity with the weapons of cold fact, trenchant argument, and the fire of an enthusiastic benevolence. We turn from the delights of a text that runs as lucid and easy as the poetry of Burns, to the enjoyment of a tale made as interesting as any romance, and then back again to the style of the text always finding ourselves in the presence of excellences of diction or relation, altogether charming and engaging. But the form in no wise sacrifices the matter. We find used here every consideration that has ever been advanced in the contest of free trade versus protection, the same claims made that are now made, the same prophecies indulged in that are now given their liberty. But the events justified the considerations, claims, and prophecies, made on behalf of free trade while they utterly refuted those made on behalf of protection. He who reads and digests this little work will not only find how entertaining can be made a subject usually considered dry and difficult, but also will provide himself with all the lore that belongs to the topics involved. It is well befitting that so excellent a work should have been issued under the impress of The Open Court Publishing Co. Like all their publications it is a work of standard excellence, aimed for the betterment of human conditions, and issued in a first class style of print and binding.

F. C. R.

UNE TRANSFORMATION DE L'ORCHESTRE. By M. *Charles Henry*. Paris: Librairie Scientifique. A. Hermann. 1892.

The object had in view by M. Henry in this lecture delivered at the Theatre d'Application at Paris, is to show the possibility of getting rid of the great complexity of orchestration while retaining its infinite variety of shade. His ideas are based on the fact that too much sound instead of pleasing, deadens the sense, and he

proposes the adoption in harp playing of the *glissando*, which consists in the simultaneous vibration of all its cords in addition to the utilisation of its homophonic property. M. Henry thinks that a similar change may take place in the piano, and that ultimately the traditional orchestra will be replaced by what he terms the little orchestra. For a complete explanation of his views, which are also those of M. Crœgaert, we must refer the reader to the pamphlet itself. Ω.

SADDUCEE VERSUS PHARISEE: A Vindication of Neo-Materialism. By *George M. McCrie*. London: Bickers & Son.

This pamphlet consists of two essays, of which one is entitled "Constance Naden: a Study in Auto-Monism," and the other "Pseudo-Scientific Terrorism." These essays represent slightly different aspects of the same subject. In the former the auto-monism or hylo-idealism of Miss Naden is stated and the views of her critics controverted, and in the latter "the same master-key which in her hands was so effectively employed to unlock the supposed secrets of philosophy and religion is applied to one of the pseudo-scientific figments which abound in latter-day literature." The "Further Reliques of Constance Naden," edited by Dr. McCrie, was so recently noticed in *The Open Court*, it is not necessary to say more here than that we still entertain the views there expressed in relation to hylo-idealism. The present little work, which gives in a cheap form a summary of Miss Naden's views, contains as an appendix a review of her works reprinted from the *Journal of Mental Science*, with annotations by Dr. Lewins. Ω.

NOTES.

The idea of a rational emancipation of woman which in this country during the last years has made such rapid advances, has in Europe, and especially in Germany, made very slow progress. Yet some progress it has made, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions of these old countries. One of the most active advocates of Woman's Rights among the German peoples is the authoress Helene Lange. Her addresses in this cause are many in number. We have received in the present year five. All are published by L. Oehmigke's Verlag in Berlin, 55 Kommandanten Strasse, and persons interested in the work of the woman's rights movement in Germany can obtain no better idea of the state of the question there than from these pamphlets.

A School of Applied Design for Women has just been started in New York, under the auspices of some very well known and prominent people. Its purpose is to afford to women instruction which may enable them to earn a livelihood by the employment of their taste and manual dexterity, in the application of ornamental design to manufacture and the arts; for example, in architectural draughtsmanship, in the making of designs for wall paper, carpets, oil-cloths, cretonnes, chintzes, etc. This is an extensive field of employment, and work in it is very remunerative. The names of the directors and officers are a certain assurance that the idea of the school will be successfully put into operation and that the surplus income of the school will be devoted to its general betterment. All who desire particular information concerning instruction, terms, etc., should write to the secretary and treasurer, Miss Ellen J. Pond, at 200 West 23rd Street, New York City.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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BY

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The Open Court.

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A CURRENT TOPIC.

BY G. K.

Some fifty years ago it was a very common thing in almost every part of our country, particularly in the more sparsely settled states of the South and West, for people of a certain neighborhood, township, or county, to get together and organise societies under various names for the purpose of protecting their horses from theft. These associations had their presidents, secretaries, treasurers, their rules and by-laws, and every member, when called upon, had to get on his horse and make hot pursuit after the thief or thieves.

If successful in their hunt, they arrested the criminals with or without warrant, and sometimes, presumably out of pity, saved the prisoner the anxiety of "waiting for the verdict."

Visitors from foreign countries and new comers from across the water were somewhat surprised at first at the existence of such organisations, acting without any authority from the Government, but they soon discovered a justification for such proceedings, which at this age in a thickly settled civilised country would appear as very anomalous, and indeed be considered as a high misdemeanor.

Horses were generally kept in pastures of easy access, or turned in day-time on what was called the range without herdsmen, thus affording to evil-disposed persons a great temptation for stealing horses and cattle. Outside of the larger cities there was no regular police force. A constable or two in a township could not be trusted to pursue and arrest horse-thieves, a very desperate class of fellows and usually well-armed. To have the sheriff or other magistrate to summon a *posse*, an institution which might have been efficient in the times of the first Henrys of England, would have taken more time than was necessary for the thief to allude all pursuit.

These Anti-Horsethief Societies still flourish to some extent in the western and southern states and territories, and are considered to be highly useful, as their very existence deters thieves from plying their vocation.

If the people across the Atlantic had wondered somewhat at those private horse protecting societies, they were really startled when learning about the Pinkerton Protective Bureau.

Here was a private association of a few shrewd and energetic men, that kept an arsenal well stored with the most improved firearms, kept a regular army of several hundred of adventurous men, to be increased if need be by an additional levy to almost any size, ready at a moment's warning to be sent to any part of the country in order to assist railroad and other corporations or even single persons in protecting their property and the lives of those workmen who were willing to work for them, against the assaults of turbulent strikers. That army has to obey the directions of their chiefs, who themselves have no sort of authority from the state, and receives its pay for keeping the peace from the victimised owners of the threatened industrial establishments.

The bitter comments I have lately seen in the foreign press regarding the last deplorable outbreak at the Homestead Mills, are anything but complimentary to our Republican institutions. Nowhere, say these newspapers' articles, not even in Turkey or Persia, was seen such a thing as the Pinkerton Bureau. It must be admitted that the strictures are in sad contrast with the declamations of our Fourth of July speakers who from one end of the Union to the other are boasting of the happy condition of our people, who are not living under the despotism of effete monarchies but under the benign and equal laws, made by the people and for the people, a precious inheritance from our forefathers of glorious memory, granting ample protection to the lives, liberty, and property of all people alike.

General Trumbull in his "Current Topics" which I always delight to read, on account of their being replete with excellent good sense, manly candor, inimitable humor and sympathy with all that is good and noble, has in a late number of *The Open Court* poured out the vials of his wrath upon the Pinkertons; and I would say, justly so. But it appears to me the General should have gone further and should have struck at the very root of the evil, I mean at the cause which has made it possible for such an institu-

tion to be started and to grow to such vast dimensions.

If our governors, mayors of cities, sheriffs, and other executive magistrates, all elective officers, instead of keeping their eyes upon catching votes, had done their sworn duty there would never have been any Pinkertons to denounce and to swear at.

At the great riot at Pittsburgh in 1877 consequent upon the strike against the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, where several hundred people were killed, millions of property destroyed, the call for a *posse comitatus* was of course a total failure. The idea that well to-do merchants, professional men, and mechanics, mostly fathers of families, should turn out to fight an infuriated mob, supported by the sympathy of a majority of the masses of the people, who in great part live from the wages of the working men, is ridiculous, particularly when we consider that disobeying the sheriff's summons involves the payment of only a small fine. Besides, if even a *posse* could be raised, it would be an undisciplined crowd, far more likely to act with haste and without discretion against rioters, than a well drilled militia under the command of experienced officers. In Pittsburgh even the local militia refused to act and battalions from distant parts of the state, and I believe even federal troops, were called in to quench this terrible outbreak.

On a smaller scale the strike at East St. Louis in 1886 resembled the Pittsburgh riots. After great wrongs had been committed by the strikers, the sheriff had repeatedly called on the governor for help, but had been advised by the then governor to exhaust his powers by calling a *posse.* Now here were several hundred of desperate men, who had already committed great outrages upon persons and property, were supported by the strongest sympathies of a large majority of the inhabitants and vile demagogues, of all of which facts the governor was well informed, and yet it was assumed that a few quiet citizens from a remote part of the county could quell such a disturbance. The trade and commerce between the East and West had been stopped for weeks at one of the greatest highways, as no freight trains were permitted to pass bridge or ferries, inflicting a pecuniary loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

One of the roads receiving no assistance from the local police force nor from the county or state got about a dozen of Pinkertons, and placed them on the locomotive and tender to escort a freight train going east. When they arrived at the Illinois shore they were received with a hail of rocks, and set upon by a mob, armed with clubs. Guns were fired, but as usual there was a dispute as to who fired first. Be that as it may, some of the Pinkertons to save their lives did fire and one or two persons were killed and several wounded. Not until all this mischief, burning of trains, beating "scabs" almost to death, and at last this bloody fight had happened, were some companies of militia sent down and order at once restored.

Having such precedents before their eyes, knowing that no reliance could be placed even upon local militia and on prompt assistance on the part of the Governor, when threatened with the destruction of their property worth many millions, can railroads or other industrial corporations be utterly condemned for appealing to the Pinkerton Bureau? Can they not at least plead mitigating circumstances? I think General Trumbull will be the last man to deny them this poor privilege.

MISS NADEN'S "WORLD-SCHEME."

A RETROSPECT.

BY GEORGE M. MC CRIE.

II.

For the main object which our author had at heart—"the supersession of a hideous and irrational Divine *Culte* by true Somatic culture"[1] the nöetic or hyloic basis is indifferent. But the latter was her chosen province, both by taste and training. Many of the sources of her thought-suggestion—as revealed in her essays, both published and unpublished—are to be found in the field of the specialist, notably in the debatable points, or so-called "difficulties," which abound in every elementary scientific text-book, and even in some "advanced" ones.[2] All specialism, she well knew, is bound to betray itself in the end, not only by its confessed limitations, but by the inevitable contradictions arising within its own realm. Here is an example of this, with Miss Naden's indirect correction following. In Dr. Cleland's "Animal Physiology," (Collins's Advanced Science Series)[3] the following passage occurs in an account of the sense of smell. "Between the ordinary columnar cells are "scattered slender nucleated bodies, each of which is "in continuity with a filament of olfactory nerve, and, "in birds and amphibia, is furnished with a single "hair, or a bundle of fine cilia. These are called *ol-"factory cells;* and we are led to believe that the won-"derfully and imponderably minute odorous particles, "drawn into the nasal fossæ in inspiration, affect

[1] *Auto-Centricism ; or the Brain Theory of Life and Mind.* By Robert Lewins, M. D. (London: W. Stewart & Co.), p. 39.

[2] A praiseworthy attempt to grapple with these difficulties has of late years been made in what may be called the "inner-circle" of psycho-physics. The following may be read with profit in this connection. (1) *Handbook of Water and its Teachings in Chemistry, Physics, and Physiography,* by Mr. Lloyd Morgan; (2) *Theories and Concepts of Modern Physics,* by B. F. Stallo; (3) *Absolute Relativism,* by Capt. W. B. McTaggart. Also (4) Dr. Carus's work already quoted from *The Soul of Man.* The drift of all these volumes is more or less towards auto-centric conclusions, though their statements often seem to falter strangely.

[3] *Animal Physiology,* by John Cleland, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Glasgow University.

"their extremities, and, through them, the olfactory "nerves." (P. 224.)

To be "led to believe" is good, but to reason is better. Of course Dr. Cleland's meaning is sufficiently plain. He would probably maintain that his rationale does not pretend to be exhaustive, and that, when he has pointed out the "mode" in which the olfactory organs are "affected," his task is done.[1] If, however, "advanced" students are content with such a rationale as this, which really is no rationale at all, so much the worse for the "advance." In the light of the teaching of Sherakleitos, we should be inclined to call it a retrogression. In the same form the self-same "difficulty" confronts us in, is in fact the veriest commonplace of, the psycho-physiology of the other senses. Yet with all the progress of so-called science, here are persons still to be found expressing their belief in "odorous particles." Now, an *odorous* particle lies on exactly the same plane as that mythical "*red*billiard ball," regarding which Prof. Huxley affirms that even, if it existed and impinged upon the surface of the retina, it would fail to convey to him the least idea of *redness*. Redness, he admits, does not and cannot arise from the redness of the exciting cause or stimulant of sensation, since the "exciting agent" can never be the object perceived, or anything like it, but from a succession of etherial tremors, to the tune of 400,000,000,000,000 per second, impinging upon the rods and cones of the bacillary layer of the retina. How, then, is the "wonderfully and imponderably minute particle," *odorous*, any more than the "billiard ball" *red?* If the existence of the particle be justifiable, is it not only a particle *on its way to become* "odorous," seeing that it has not, as yet, reached the olfactory cells or nerves.[2] But, again, in that case, how is the separate existence of the "particle," seeing that, at one stage, it is wholly unqualified, justifiable at all? Only, it is evident, on the hypothesis of the separate and complete objective existence of everything external "in itself," in other words the poetical theory of the flower blushing unseen, and wasting its sweetness [or "odorous particles"] on the desert air. Modern scientific handbooks, even "advanced" ones, thus appear to deprecate "cold material laws" in favor of illusory, but convenient figments. Really up-to-date science teaches, in self-defence, something quite different, as we shall see later on. Note, meanwhile, what Dr. Cleland has to say regarding vision, and especially as to the inversion of the retinal image.

[1] This limitation, however, as we shall see later on, is an illegitimate one. The sense-function does not end where this handbook states that it does.

[2] "The same message, entrusted to the different sensory nerves, will be translated into the special language of each; an electric shock being perceived as a bright scintillation, a loud noise, a smell of phosphorus, or an acid or alkaline taste."—Miss Naden's *Reliques*, p. 213.

"A little reflection will show that the inversion of "the retinal image is no reason why the landscape "should appear inverted. What we perceive is *not the* "*retinal image*, but a *number of sensations excited by it;* "and it must be considered as an ultimate fact, that "the sensation produced by irritation of a rod, or "cone, of the retina is not perceived as being in that "structure, but as situated vertically opposite it, out-"side the body. If we are to explain why the land-"scape is not seen inverted, we must explain why it "is not seen inside our heads."—("Animal Physiology," p. 245.) The italics are not in the original.

Also, as to the larger *phosphène*.

"A *phosphène* is a luminous image produced by "shutting the eyes and touching one of them lightly, "but firmly, on the outer, inner, upper or lower bor-"der, in short, on any part where the retina extends. "A luminous crescent, or complete circle, flashes into "sight at the point diametrically opposite the pres-"sure. This is called the larger *phosphène* and is "caused by irritation of the retina at the point touched, "referred by the mind, *like all retinal impressions*, to "the position vertically opposite." (Ibid. p. 250.) Now, as to the first quotation a little more "reflection" will reveal that what we perceive is *neither* "the retinal image," *nor* a number of sensations excited "*by it;*" all that is at issue is the content of the sensation itself, scientifically defined as a relation between a vibratory ether and the optic nerve. This is wholly different from Dr. Cleland's idea that "the retinal image" excites sensation. In fact his "retinal image" is on-all-fours with his "odorous particle" and the "red billiard ball." His remarks on the larger *phosphène* are conclusive against his own theory as given above. This *phosphène* is produced by *immediate*, mechanical irritation of the retina—not by the excitement of any retinal image. Yet it is crescent-shaped or circular; is visible at a point distant from the *locus* of the irritation, and is "referred by the mind, like all retinal impressions, to a position vertically opposite," and "outside the body." Now, that which is here perceived is it not, as above pointed out, just the content of the sensation—the relation, namely, between the mechanical pressure (corresponding to the impact of the vibration) and the optic nerve? But in this case, what becomes of the "retinal image"?[1]

The usual way of evading these, and similar "difficulties," is to say—as the popular handbook generally does,—that they are "not, as yet, fully understood." Regular formulæ exist for this expression of hesitancy. The author just quoted is quite an adept in the use of such phrases. "The use of this organ "[that of Jacobson] is hard to conceive" (page 227). "These laws [regulating the colors of the ocular spec-

[1] Cf. *Sadducee versus Pharisee*, (Essay II, Pseudo-Scientific Terrorism.)

"tra[1]] are curious, and not so easily explained as we "are often asked to believe [being '*asked*' and being "'*led* to believe' being, apparently, somewhat different (p. 249)]." "The question is of the utmost "interest psychologically, but is still unsettled" [and will remain so, while crude objectivism is a foregone conclusion] p. 210. "It is difficult to say," and so on.

Scientific treatises really "advanced" are apt to "hedge" in respect of these and kindred points, and indeed these esoterical affirmations, in the absence of any cosmical theory in which to inhere, are often valueless. Here, however, are two extracts of this nature from authorities quoted by Miss Naden in her essays, together with her comments.

"When the excitement has entered the nerve it is "always the same. That it afterwards elicits different "sensations in us depends, again, on the character of "the nerve-cells in which the nerve-fibres end. . . . "The sensations which we receive from outward im-"pressions are, therefore, not dependent on the nature "of those impressions, but on the nature of our nerve-"cells. We feel not that which acts on our body, but "only that which goes on in our brain" ("Muscles and Nerves," by Dr. J. Rosenthal, p. 283). "Thus," says Miss Naden, "if light could be transmitted by "the auditory and sound by the optic nerve, color "would affect us as music, and *vice versa*, so that a "sonata by Beethoven might seem a picture by Ra-"phael. We might then, literally, have a Symphony "in Blue and Silver, or a Nocturne in Black and Gold,"[2] to which we might add, *pace* Dr. Cleland, "or a retinal image in B-flat."

"If a centripetal nerve (gustatory) be divided, and "its central portion be made to unite with the distal "portion of a divided motor-nerve (hypoglossal), the "effect of irritating the former, after the parts have "healed, is to excite contraction in the muscles sup-"plied by the latter" (Kirke's "Handbook of Physiology," p. 480). "In other words,[3] the impulse which "could formerly make itself apparent only by travel-"ling from periphery to centre, can now make itself "apparent, in quite a different way, by travelling from "centre to periphery. The structure of the nerve is "unchanged, and the difference in its function is "caused by the difference in the central apparatus "with which it communicates. From such *data* we "may draw very curious conclusions, which, like the "mathematical definition of a line, or a point, will "possess, at least, an abstract validity, though the con-"ditions postulated may be such as can never exist in "actual experience. Suppose every part of the optic "thalami and the sensorium to be atrophied, with the "sole exception of the olfactory ganglia, and the corre-"sponding cerebral area. Now, imagine that all the "nerves proceeding from the various peripheral or-"gans were made to converge, and organically united "with the surviving ganglia. What would be the re-"sult? The world would seem one great odor. We "should smell with eyes, ears, fingers, and tongue. "A beautiful picture, or song, would be perceived as "a succession of harmonious perfumes. . . . Yet the "waves of sound received by the ear, and the waves "of molecular disturbance transmitted by the auditory "nerve, would be the same as though these were to "be made, at their journeys end, into notes of music. "The difference would be internal, not external."

Miss Naden was too skilful a dialectician not to anticipate the objection, certain to be urged at this stage, that when the constitutive (really creative) faculty is thus narrowed to the limits of the individual organism, even to "the utmost recesses of the nervous system," the question may be asked "Since everything is ideal, how can the nervous system be exempt from this ideality?" Her answer is, that she does not deny, but affirms, the existence of matter.[1] Here we come back to the *dictum* which, coupled with the assertion that "all things are spectral," so puzzles Dr. Dale.[2] "Matter, so far from being a nonentity, is "the *fons et origo* of all entities."[3]

It has always been one of the main fallacies of empirical specialism—a fallacy repeatedly pointed out by Miss Naden—to retreat, in the matter of dualistic proof, from the evidence of one sense to that of another, as if such a method really afforded cumulative verification—and, even, when driven from the sense-province altogether, to cling to hypothetical and insensible figments. The case already noticed is a fair example of this. The hypothesis of an "odorous particle," in the field of olfactory perception, would not be necessary, it would be superfluous, were it not that an equally hypothetical gap has already been posited in the field of visionary perception. The "odorous particle" must be, because the gap between subject and object has to be bridged, and the gap in question must certainly exist, otherwise there can be no province for the "odorous particle!" But this is a see-saw basing of hypothesis upon hypothesis. Instead of this method, the one thing necessary to be established—if it can be established—in the interests of dualism, is a distinct line of demarcation between subject and object. And, once it is conceded—as it virtually is, by theorists of the school of Dr. Cleland—that the stimulus of sensation cannot possibly be any-

[1] Cf. Miss Naden's Essay *The Evolution of the Sense of Beauty* (*Reliques*, p. 85 et seqq.) on this point.

[2] *Reliques*, p. 120.

[3] *Reliques*, p. 215.

[1] *Reliques*, p. 216.

[2] *Reliques*, p. 235.

[3] *Induction and Deduction*, p. 161.

thing like the sensed object, the ground falls beneath them. Unless the sensation contains, by virtue of the imparted stimulus, at least a copy of the external object, how can the subjective organism have had conveyed to it, across the visionary gap, an inkling even of what the "external object" is? Outside reference of the irritation by projection will not serve as a rationale, on Dr. Cleland's own showing, inasmuch as an *immediate* irritation of the retina produces a reference of the irritation, in the shape of a *phosphène*, to a more or less distant position. Now what is the difference between *this* referred retinal impression, and *other* retinal impressions? Are they not *all* similarly referred? Supposing, then, the *phosphène* to affect, by means of the nerve-transference experiment already detailed, the olfactory, instead of the optic, nerve, would a succession of "odorous particles" pass from it to the subjective organism? And if not, why not?

Logically pursued, objectivism lands in absolute separation of the perceived object from the perceiving subject, and, to bridge this gap, hypotheses have to be invented in connection with every sense which does not involve apparent contact. Hence, we have undulations, vibrations, odorous particles, etc., all professing to convey the objective to—or rather into—the subjective. And all this really in contradiction of that other view of physical science, which shows a subtile and continuous interchange of substance taking place throughout the self-same cosmos in which this secondary, and superfluous, sub-interaction is thus posited. Hence there is a two-fold error, first in positing a gap where none exists, and, second, in providing a series of supposititious entities wherewith to bridge it. In this respect, the latest development of psychology is in advance of any corresponding progress in the sphere of physics.

This latest development, however, is a reaction, and, as is usual in such circumstances, overshoots the mark. Modern psychology finding the supposed external universe to disappear with Berkeley, commits subjective suicide with Hume. Hence, latter-day assertions to the effect that the ego of consciousness, even consciousness itself, being practically only an aggregate of sensations, is but fortuitous. Professor Mach assures us, "The primary fact is not the *I*, the "ego,[1] but the elements (sensations). The elements "*constitute* the *I*. *I* perceive the sensation green, "means, that the element green occurs in a given "complex of other elements (sensations, memories). "When *I* cease to perceive the sensation green, when "*I* die, then the elements no longer occur in their "customary, common way of association.[1] That is "all. Only an ideal, mental-economical unity, not a "real unity, has ceased to exist."[2] (*The Monist*, Vol. "I, No. 1.)

In a subsequent number (III) of *The Monist* the same writer again enlarges upon the "green," which, with him, seems all in all.

"Physicists have accustomed us to regard the "motions of atoms as 'more real' than the green of "the trees. In the latter, I see a (sensory) fact, in "the former a *Gedankending*, a thing of thought.[3] "The billions of ether-vibrations which the physicist, "for his special purposes, mentally annexes to the "green, are not to be co-ordinated with the green, "which is given immediately."[4]

It is an evidence of the acumen of Miss Naden, that she was not misled by this philosophic recoil. She holds firmly by the ego—not the limitary ego, either of physics or of philosophic dualism, but the cosmical ego, which is at once the unit, and the synthesis of all possible units. Hence the following, a hard saying to many, but the profoundest, and yet the simplest, truth.

"For if subject and object be indissolubly one, "the simplest unit from which we can start must be "the ego in its entirety; that is, the universe as felt "and known .... For the philosopher who deals with "the universe as a synthesis, the self, or ego, is that "same synthesis, including all the various relation-"ships of self and not-self which can be set up in "thought .... The complete synthesis, which from "one point of view may be called the universe, from "another point of view the ego, is the only real unit; "since every object which it includes is found to imply "and condition every other object." ("Reliques"; pp. 153-4-5.)

How this thought-solvent was with her of universal application may be seen from the following, an extract from her essay "What is Religion?"

"What we know as the external world is composed "of colors, sounds, tastes, touches, and odors, and, "since these can have no existence prior to their birth "in the sensory ganglia, we see clearly that every man "is the maker of his own cosmos. It comes into "embryonic existence with his very first gleam of "conscious life, and developes with his development, "as he gradually learns to combine its lights and

[1] But an ego which is not primary is not an ego at all. A secondary ego on or below the level of sensations, or elements, can only be accidental, as is seen from what follows. This is not "an old friend in a new dress"; friend and dress are both familiar. "Groupings" constitute everything. That is all. But the "grouping" is only a *Gedankending* itself.

[1] This elision of the ego—"when I die,"—may suit the theory, but it is not to the point.

[2] This attempted distinction of "real," "more real," "ideal," will not serve for monism, in which everything is *real*, and the real, everything.

[3] A thing of thought is a "think." How is it less real than a "fact"?

[4] The "ether-vibrations," though necessitated in thought by what we must hold to be an erroneous theory of a gap, or gulf, between subject and object, are not less *real* on that account. An unreality is a nonentity. An erroneous judgment, or hypothesis, exists as really as a correct one. Else how could it be challenged?

"shades into symbols of form, size, and distance, and "to indue its varying tones with relation and signifi- "cance; it becomes less vivid with his decline, and, "at last, dies for ever with his death."[1] ("Reliques"; p. 120.)

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THOMAS COOPER.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

To an old man the world appears to move with dangerous velocity; and so rapidly is it whirling now that I can hardly keep my feet upon the earth. Thomas Cooper lies dead upon the field, after having made a splendid fight of it for eighty-eight years; and scarcely have I had a moment's time to lay a wreath upon his coffin, when I am called upon to read that Kier Hardie, a working man, recently elected to Parliament, "dashed up to the door of the House of Commons at the opening of the session in a four-in-hand coach, filled with men and women cheering like mad, their voices drowning the strains of a band which meanwhile played the Marseillaise." To make it more theatrical and spectacular it appears that "Hardie, himself, in the garb of a workman, held the reins." This dazzling panorama is all weird and fairy-like to me, and the contrast between the old man going out, and the new man coming in bewilders me. Cooper suffered martyrdom that Hardie might make a triumphal entry into the House of Commons. Woven into a romance, the story would outshine the splendors of Ivanhoe. Imprisonment is one thing and martyrdom is another, but two years in Stafford jail, at any time between 1840 and 1845 was martyrdom; and that was the sentence imposed and executed upon Cooper, for blazing a pathway to the House of Commons for Burt, and Burns, and Kier Hardie. A melodramatic part of the romance, is the appearance of Mr. Gladstone in the first act, and the fifth. He was a member of the government that imprisoned Cooper in 1842, and he was on hand in 1892 with a welcome to the House of Commons for Kier Hardie tramping into Parliament in the garb of a laborer to the music of the Marseillaise. Is there not something like that somewhere in the story of the French revolution? Cooper saw his own crown of thorns blossom into a crown of laurel for Kier Hardie, but he had to live eighty-eight years to see it. I congratulate Kier Hardie, and I envy him too. His political field of effort reminds me of a western prairie as I have seen it in the month of June, a soft green carpet bespangled with a million flowers. It was a heart-breaking and dangerous jungle in my time.

[1] This is "all," in a different sense, however, from Prof. Mach's already-quoted view. A real unity—the only reality—not merely "an ideal mental-economical unity," has "ceased to exist."

In those days the vision of a working man in Parliament appeared to be as fantastic as a scheme to seat him on the throne.

Thomas Cooper has been called in some obituary notices the last of the Chartists, but this a mistake. He was neither the last nor the first of them. George Julian Harney is the last of the Chartists, if by that expression is meant the last of those who were eminent as leaders in the Chartist agitation, a movement which has been strangely undervalued in history; a passionate appeal for political justice which by its energy and enthusiasm, in spite of its mistakes, was the inspiration and argument for nearly all the reforms which have been achieved in England since 1848, when Chartism itself was tamed and broken to the Liberal harness. Harney came into the agitation earlier than Cooper did, and he staid in it longer. As a Chartist evangelist Cooper did much to arouse the multitude, but he had not the genius to organise it. He was personally brave enough, but he lacked the audacious judgment, and the tenacity of purpose and opinion which a revolutionary leader ought to have. In these qualities Harney was far above him. Cooper was a philosophical student, always learning, and often changing, but in all his changes he was approved by his own conscience; and therein lies the supreme test of an honest man. Christian, Infidel, and again Christian, in every contradiction he obeyed the injunction of Shakespeare "to thine own self be true." Although he lived to be eighty-eight years old, he was an unfinished man, like the most of us, but unlike the most of us, Cooper had qualities which would have rounded him into completeness, had he permitted them to do so; but whenever the work was almost done he put himself under other discipline; and so, in each of his characters he looks like an imposing edifice without a roof on it. He made shoes until he was almost a good shoemaker, and then he went at something else: he taught school until he was almost qualified for a professor, and then he quit. Just on the eve of success as an editor he went to lecturing, and to prison. He taught himself languages and mathematics, but was never considered a great scholar. He wrote well in prose and verse, but never attained the eminent place he might have had in the literature of England. He knew much law, and proved it on his trial for sedition, but he never became a lawyer. He taught theology and preached hundreds of sermons but never was a Doctor of Divinity. He held spiritual sway over thousands of men, and taught them politics, but he never became their captain. The perseverance with which he climbed up, up, up, to the last round but one of the ladder was wonderful. He was a remarkable man, a famous man, and very nearly a great man.

Thomas Cooper was one of my political school-

masters, and my religious confessor. Although in after-years we were wide apart in doctrine I have always regarded him with affection and respect. His lectures filled me with inspiration, they were so full of liberty. His talk was an eloquent appeal to the spirit of resistance against mastership and arbitrary government; and his heroes were the great apostles of revolutions, Washington, Luther, Mirabeau, and Cromwell. Whenever I read Macaulay's description of the struggle between King Charles and the Parliament, I always think of Cooper, for I seem to be reading the very words that Cooper spoke to us before Macaulay's history was written. In those days Cooper believed in the gospel of unbelief, and he preached it without fear. He told us that through doubt, and not through faith lay the way unto salvation. In after-years he believed otherwise, and much was made of that, as if his change of opinion had made something true or something false that was not so before. The belief of millions in a lie will not make a truth of it, and although millions doubt a truth, and never a man believe it, it remains a truth for ever. I have just received in a letter from an unknown friend a clipping from the New York *Christian Advocate*, which in a kindly tribute to the memory of Cooper says: "He continued his attack upon Christianity, being an abler man in argument than Robert J. Ingersoll, and no mean speaker. In 1856 he experienced a change of heart, became a true Christian, and began to lecture on religious questions in opposition to Bradlaugh, and other noted unbelievers." A true Christian he certainly was, not because he was a Christian but because he was true. He was a true Christian in his youth and in his old age, and he was a true Infidel in the middle period of his life. He would have been a true Mohammedan had he believed the Koran. Why is it necessary to emphasise a Christian as "true" as if there was a lurking doubt or suspicion somewhere about the title? George Julian Harney, in a calm, candid, and dignified sketch which appears in *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of July 23, says: "His mental changes from Wesleyanism to—well, I had best say—Straussism, and from ultra scepticism to evangelist Christianity, were startling. But he was always sincere—I may say, with no injustice, intolerantly sincere. Could he have lived to the age of Methuselah, and in the course of years have become Moslem, and at the end of another term Buddhist, and finally have veered round again to Christianity, or to d'Holbach's *Système de la nature*, and could I have witnessed such changes, I must have held Thomas Cooper to be in every instance equally sincere." I borrow from Harney the closing words of this farewell, "Honored be the name and memory of Thomas Cooper. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

GISELA HEGELER.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I was greatly moved by the address at Miss Hegeler's funeral, as given in *The Open Court*, and was especially touched by the expression, "She died in the bloom of her youth,"—and as you will see, those words, transposed, form the first line of the rhythmical testimony to her worth and the love of her friends for her —which I venture to send to your care.

I send this poem simply as a sympathetic expression to a bereaved family from one who has herself for twenty-eight years mourned the loss of a sister who died while her life was yet young and full of promise.

Yours Truly,

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

GISELA HEGELER.

"Life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."
WHITTIER.

In the bloom of her youth she died,—
Nay, rather, to life she arose,
Where the sweetness of youth should eternally bloom
And her soul all its beauty disclose.

She hath risen, and, far beyond pain,
Henceforth she will dwell in that joy
Where the gold of a blissful life knoweth no more
Earth's shadows and sorrow's alloy.

She dwells in your hearts, though you see her no more,
For the bonds of your love are not riven,
And the hour when you meet in the world of the Real,
Will be to you, surely, as Heaven.

And meet we all must, for, as Love claims its own,
While the lover has freedom and breath,
So love will endure, and its chosen ones greet
In the land where Life lords over Death.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[For the above poem and letter I hereby express my and my family's sincere thanks to Mrs. Hanaford. To the reader who may not be acquainted with the positive psychology upon which as a foundation the work of *The Open Court* stands, I will say what again and again I tell myself, that we ARE the ideas and memories of which in the language of the day we erroneously say—that we have them.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.]

NOTES.

The great "Reunion Conferences" which were to be held during the present summer at Grindelwald, Switzerland, under the management of Dr. Lunn of London, editor of *The Review of the Churches*, are now in progress. Great numbers of people have gathered there, ostensibly not in the character of tourists to climb mountains, but as reformers and peace-makers, to remove some of "the obstacles which stand in the way of a real unification of some of the churches of Christendom." The London *Times* of July 25th, in a somewhat lengthy editorial comment, forcibly remarks upon the different methods practiced now and formerly for the solution of philosophical and religious problems. Anciently, "Men spoke directly to men; there was much belief in the efficacy of silent, soli-

tary reflection; it had not dawned upon any one that crowds, committees, clever organisations, and machinery, and what engineers call 'the forced draft' created thereby, might dispose of questions which have baffled isolated theologians and scholars." It is admitted that all that good-fellowship can accomplish in such conferences, is accomplished. But good-fellowship is an inadequate basis of reunion and reconciliation, and brings with it all the varied temptations which are incident to such assemblies. People wish to be genial, and in the spirit of fraternity, suppress their true convictions. "The foundation of a durable peace," says *The Times*, "cannot be laid in the cloud land of sentiment." These remarks apply equally well to scientific and philosophical conventions generally. It is a mistake to believe that in these departments very much good is accomplished by conventions and conferences, except such as results from the contact of scientific individualities and the making of personal acquaintances At the best, these conferences are simply to be regarded as scientific or religious outings, and those who go to them and especially those who read about them, should not deceive themselves as to their real purport.

The leading article of the present number of *The Open Court* is by a gentleman who has held the highest executive office of the State of Illinois. The subject of the article is one of interest to all our readers, and a discussion of it, a propos of the recent remarks of General Trumbull in "Current Topics," may be soon expected from the pen of Mr. E. C. Hegeler.

We have received from Mr. E. W. Scripture, Ph. D., a small pamphlet of four pages on "Education as a Science." It will be of great interest to teachers, pedagogues, etc., who expect in their department great results from the science of experimental psychology.

Prof. William James, of Harvard, has written for the August *Forum* an estimate of the scientific value of the work done by the Society for Psychical Research The Professor thinks that many kinds of "spiritual manifestations," from ghosts to "séances" can be scientifically classified.

We have received the first number (July) of the *Folk-Lorist*, the periodical publication of the Chicago-Folk Lore Society. This magazine is edited by F. S. Bassett, Lieut. U. S. N., and will be devoted to the gathering and the publication of the traditional lore of the Western States. It will have, however, correspondents in all countries, and will interest itself in the collection everywhere of material important to the study of the history of mankind and to the solution of the problems of life. (Chicago: The Chicago Folk-Lore Society.)

THE PLAINT.

BY "IGNOTUS."

[Translated from the Italian by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea).]

I shed no tears: neither for love I gave
Which was betrayed, nor yet that it hath died;
Nor for those bitter fruits which in the pride
Of youth were gathered, did I solace crave.

To weep were cowardly! Within my heart
Fierce strength arose to meet the storm—a crowd
Of clamouring wrongs that called to me aloud:
No rancour to my soul could they impart.

Yet, sad am I. No foreground do I see.
To-day is thickly veiled, and light-winged Hope
(Which can exalt this life) shines not for me.
O happier he, perchance, on earth's rough slope,
Who can assuage his grief with groan or sigh:
The heart still shuddering knows nor speech nor cry!

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THE HOMESTEAD AFFAIR.

A CRITICISM OF THE REMARKS OF GENERAL TRUMBULL, AND A GENERAL CONSIDERATION OF THE LABOR-PROBLEM.

BY E. C. HEGELER.

In *The Open Court* of July 21st, General Trumbull, in the department "Current Topics," discusses the recent events at Homestead. In this article he endeavors to throw the entire responsibility of the tragedy there enacted upon the shoulders of Carnegie. He also makes remarks, or, rather, allusions, regarding the problems which these events involve, that in my opinion are not correct. Lest, therefore, my silence, as publisher of *The Open Court*, should be regarded as an endorsement of that article, being myself an employer of labor, I deem it proper to show wherein I dissent from the views and opinions expressed by General Trumbull. I shall take up: first, the personal remarks directed against Carnegie, which in my opinion amount to charges; second, the Pinkerton system in its connection with the rights of employers and the duties of the state; and third, I shall advance some general considerations and suggestions regarding the solution of the labor problem.

As to my remarks under the first head mentioned, I do not wish to appear in the light of an apologist of Carnegie, but simply desire to examine whether the remarks of General Trumbull are founded on fact and are *prima facie* plausible.

I.

Referring to the congratulations which Carnegie sent to the President on his renomination, General Trumbull says:

> "Sinister blessings are unlucky, as for instance, those bestowed upon the President of the United States by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of Cluny Castle, Scotland, 'The American people know a good thing when they get it. Heartiest congratulations. You deserve this triumph.' Better for the President if instead of these crooked compliments he had heard the grim and ghastly raven croaking, 'Nevermore!' The flatteries given by Carnegie and accepted by the President, are stained by the blood of working men slain on the battle-field of labor."

I cannot find anything improper in Carnegie's congratulations, nor anything to justify the charge that they are "crooked," or, secondly, that they are "flatteries," or, thirdly, that they are stained by the blood of working men. As to the last charge, the Homestead riots had not occurred when the congratulations were sent by Carnegie, and accepted by the President. Further, there is no evidence to show that they were not sincere. I understand that Carnegie is an ardent republican, who has, perhaps, largely contributed to the republican campaign fund; and it is possible also that Carnegie is a personal friend of the President, and entitled by that reason to send him congratulations.

Further, the President, as a candidate for re-election, is on a plane of social equality with every other citizen, and it is not presumption in any man to congratulate him; nor does the President lower the dignity of his office by accepting congratulations. Carnegie is not to be blamed for trying to occupy a conspicuous place, and also to appear as the associate and friend of any man. He has, by special ability and energy, founded large manufacturing works, and created a large fortune, and perhaps justly considers himself the equal of any man who, by skill and services in another sphere of action, has become President of the United States.

General Trumbull says:

> "The spirit shown by the working men at Homestead in resisting the Pinkerton invaders, will make their fight heroic like the fight on Bunker Hill. In mimicry of George III, Mr. Carnegie, at a safe distance, hires from the Grand Duke of Hesse-Pinkerton mercenary legions to subjugate the aspiring laborers at Homestead."

I am not certain that the first comparison is correct, because the numbers of the working men were large in proportion to the Pinkertons and also as their conduct after the surrender of the Pinkertons was (the leaders perhaps excepted) very reprehensible.

Nor can I conceive that the remark is justified that Carnegie kept at a safe distance. I do not know Carnegie's age, but I cannot blame him if, after an active life, he has gone back to his native land and is living there at some pleasant country-seat, which probably cost him a small sum compared to the fortune and estate produced and administered by him. Further, also, in having bought an old castle, he represents the industrial classes as the equal of any other prominent classes who may have occupied castles in the past. I have not

heard that he is guilty of any extreme waste of money; if he were, I should blame him for that. And, moreover, it is probable that he did not suppose that the Homestead affair would take so serious a turn; if he did, he should have gone there.

If the poem quoted by General Trumbull is meant especially to refer to Carnegie when it says, "At whose word we were slain," I think the fact is that Carnegie employed the Pinkerton men to defend the non-union men whom he was expecting to bring to Homestead; and that those union men who were killed in the fight were not slain at Carnegie's word, but were slain in their attack on the Pinkerton men who would not have hurt any one if they had been let alone. They came entirely for defensive purposes. At the end of the poem it is said of Carnegie, "Whether he turns his Bible's leaf or quaffs his foaming wine." I have to ask if he is not an economical and frugal man; and therefore wronged by the application of these lines to him?

General Trumbull says:

"It has come to this at last that any man made of money, and out of jail, no matter how coarse his moral fibre, nor how impudent his flunkey spirit, may patronise the President of the United States with complimentary slang."

I have not learned enough of Carnegie to know whether or not these words are justified. So far as I have learned, Carnegie has worked himself up from a simpler sphere of life. It may be that his actions in the political world are wanting in a certain higher finish. If that be the case there are many of us like him in America, and we ought not to censure him on that account. Is it just to speak of him as a man made of money, when the money is the result of his own talent and energy?

Speaking of Carnegie, General Trumbull further says:

"He may even annoint the American people with flatteries, fawning and insincere, receiving thanks and gifts for his cajoleries. With a cunning leer in his eye, showing that he is making fun of the American people, a canny Scot, gold-plated by the taxation of Americans, prints a book full of rant and fustian in praise of our 'triumphant democracy,' which gives millions of dollars to him, and a few bawbees to his men."

I have to ask, did Carnegie intentionally and knowingly flatter the American people? Did he write insincerely? Did he receive thanks and gifts for his cajoleries?

The charge of insincerity should not be made without giving definite proof. It may be that Carnegie has made a very large amount of money through the tariff bounty, but others had the same chance. Further, on the whole, the tariff, so far as it is not wasted, goes as much into the pockets of the workmen specially skilled in the protected industries as into those of the manufacturers. General Trumbull says, "The offering of this cheap incense is offensive enough," and he calls it "counterfeit adulation." I say again, may not Carnegie have written honestly and perhaps enthusiastically? Did he offer "counterfeit adulation"?

General Trumbull describes Carnegie as "A guest of this free land." Why call him a guest? I, who was also born in a foreign land, am no guest here. I would not have come here as a guest. I came here under the contract written in the constitution of the United States and the declaration of independence. I would not have come on any other terms. I did not come to get favors. My education I received in the old country, also the means to start with; consequently, my obligations in this respect I owe to my native land. America has received with me the benefit of my education and the money I brought with me. I apply the same principle to Carnegie until something to the contrary is proved. Further I have not seen any evidence as yet that Carnegie is "morally and mentally incompetent to understand the genius, intent, and promise of American democracy." These are hard charges on Carnegie and should be proved or retracted.

General Trumbull asks, "What will the world think of us for allowing ourselves to be wheedled by a pretender whose only claim to notice is that he chinks when he walks upon the ground." I think this is unjust to Carnegie and to the whole class of men who have founded large industries and created large amounts of valuable property and who deem it to be their duty to administer that property without loss or waste. William Mathews has made some very appropriate remarks on this point (in "Getting on in the World") which I shall here quote:

"The owner of capital really reaps the smallest portion of the advantages which flow from its possession, he being, in fact, but a kind of head bookkeeper, or chief clerk, to the business community. Though rich as Rothschild, he can neither eat, drink, nor wear more than one man's portion of the good things of life. The Astors and Stewarts, whose wealth is counted by tens of millions, are, after all, only the stewards of the nation, and, however selfish, grasping, or miserly they may be, are compelled, even when they least desire to do so, to use their accumulations for the public good. Their money-making talents enable them to employ their capital, which would soon melt away in the hands of a spendthrift or bad financier, to promote the common welfare and to increase the general prosperity. The rich man in this country, who is ambitious to increase his riches, does not waste his money in luxuries or foolish schemes, but, as one has well said, he invests it in all sorts of enterprises, to the selection of which he brings enormous natural shrewdness, strengthened by the experience of a lifetime, and in every one of which it is devoted wholly to the employment of labor. 'If he puts it in unproductive real estate even, as he doubtless does sometimes, he releases some one else's money, which goes into production. If he builds houses to let, he employs labor and helps to lower rents; if he makes railroads, he employs miners, iron-founders, machinists, and helps to transport commodities; if he goes into spinning and weaving, or gardening, the result is still the same—labor is employed, and employed with such sagacity that it is sure to return the capital and something more. If he

loaded himself with diamonds, filled himself every day to the chin with French dishes and wines, and wore cloth of gold, and lived in a palace, it would be found that his salary was low. If we dismissed him, that is, took his property from him, and employed a philanthropist or editor or lyceum-lecturer to manage it in the interest of "humanity," the probabilities are that there would not be a cent of it left at the end of five years. It would have been put into the production of goods that nobody wanted, of roads on which nobody would travel, or stolen by knaves and wasted by visionaries.'"

II.

We now come to the connection of the Pinkertons with this affair. How and why were they called in?

Whether for reasons or without reason (and if the latter, then unjustly), Mr. Frick, the manager of the Carnegie works refused to discuss the wages question with representatives of his old employés and with the Amalgamated Association. The situation is summed up in the following extract from *Harper's Weekly* of July 16th:

"Angered by this refusal, the whole population of Homestead became a mob. On Tuesday, July 5th, the sheriff of Alleghany County went to Homestead, and ordered the mob to disperse. He was assured by the leaders of the mob that he had better return to Pittsburg and attend to less serious business. He then swore in a number of deputies at Pittsburg, and sent them to Homestead. Upon their arrival they were met by the mob, and told that if they remained they would do so at serious peril. The deputies of the sheriff returned to Pittsburg. Meantime the Pinkerton detective agency at Chicago had employed several hundred men to act as watchers at the mills. These men, engaged in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, were taken quietly to Pittsburg, and not informed of the exact nature of the work expected of them, nor of the location of the property they were to watch. Having arrived at Pittsburg these men were taken to boats that had been prepared for them. There were some 270 of them."

Whether the demands of the working men in this case were just or unjust, is foreign to the present discussion. The point here in question is this. They had threatened that they would use force; they had placed themselves in opposition to the written law, the law of the state, under which law Carnegie had built his works. The quotation cited shows that the authorities of the county in which Carnegie's works are situated were absolutely incompetent to protect the property-rights guaranteed to him by the law. Nor did the executive authorities of the state interfere. Now it is my firm conviction that if the state is, by laxness and inefficiency, unable to protect a man's property, it is his sovereign right to stand up for it and fight for it with all the means of civilised warfare. This, it seems, is the view which the manager of Carnegie's works took: he decided to defend the rights which the state gave him, by the means by which the state should have defended them. As a fact, the Pinkerton men were not called in until the people had shown themselves utterly incompetent to do their duty under the law.

I admit that some of the preparations for defence, such as putting a barbed wire fence around the works and connecting it with an electrical machine, were unwise measures and calculated only to irritate the opposite side. If Carnegie wanted to fight, he should under the circumstances have tried to engage sufficient numbers and thoroughly drilled them; and he should have engaged men knowing exactly for what they were engaged. It appears, from the quotation, that the men did not know what they were to do; they were not volunteers: and this is reprehensible in those who employed them. I think that it is very likely that if they had thus openly proceeded, the state government would have been brought to its senses and would have stepped in to uphold the law.

I think the Pinkertons must be brave men, as a rule. As to their being hired, the United States regulars are also hired men, and so are the police in our larger cities. A professional soldier frequently goes into the service of foreign governments; as an instance I may mention Von Moltke, who for a time was in the service of the Sultan of Turkey. During our civil war many foreign soldiers entered the service of our government, and their principal motive was, I believe, employment in their profession as soldiers. Americans also served the Khedive of Egypt. Moreover, great numbers of men in our civil war enlisted merely for the sake of the bounty. The moral criterion of all such conduct is in my opinion this, that a man should not hire out his fighting abilities, whether it be to a government, large or small, or to an individual, even in the capacity of a fighting watchman, unless he is in moral sympathy, in a general way at least, with the cause in which he enlists.

I do not approve of the Pinkerton system, but I do not feel justified in blaming Carnegie and his company for having had recourse to it; of course as a means of self-defence, and not of subjugation. I remember that for quite a while we travelled from La Salle to Chicago under the protection of Pinkerton policemen, that our train might not be thrown from the track by strikers. Possibly General Trumbull has travelled so himself, also Senator Palmer, and also trades-union workmen. The Rock Island Railway would probably not have gone to the expense of hiring the Pinkerton police if the people and the sheriff of Cook County had done their duty under the law.

In the senate, Senator Palmer speaks of the Pinkerton men as "enemies to mankind that ought to be hunted down." What he means is probably this, that among their other services they also hire themselves out to protect legal property-rights where they are no longer held to be just towards striking workmen. I agree with him in his demand in this sense, that the Pinkerton system should be forbidden. But Mr.

Palmer should not put the blame belonging to inefficient law-makers upon the men who help to execute the laws as they are, by calling them "enemies of mankind." General Trumbull shows a similar unjust hostility towards the Pinkertons.

III.

We now come to the question of the rights of working men and employers respectively.

The writer in *Harper's Weekly* before referred to says that all the men who lived at Homestead were employed in the Carnegie mills. Now, by building his house in the neighborhood of a manufacturing works, a working man's house becomes more or less worthless if he is not employed in the factory; and doing this with the consent and even the assistance of the owner of the factory, a certain claim to employment, though without foundation in the law books, becomes established. The manufacturer sees an interest of his own in this, for the reason that it gives him steady workmen who have a real interest in the permanent success of the factory through having invested their individual earnings in residences near it.

I say with Senator Palmer, that workmen having obtained special skill in a certain manufactory, and been at the pains and trouble to come by this, have acquired a claim to employment in that particular factory. But on the other hand, a manufacturer, in having furnished the means for such men to acquire that skill, has actually become dependent on them, and it may be also said has thereby acquired a claim on them to stay.

Now, as such a claim of the manufacturer cannot be directly secured, a substitute is found in inducing the men to build houses and make themselves a home in the neighborhood of the factory. By this means the manufacturer secures to himself skilled labor; but on the other hand he is also the cause of making a man a permanent resident in his neighborhood, and this man thus has a claim to employment. And such a claim, workmen will maintain by fighting competitors.

"The working men," says *Harper's Weekly*, "had announced that not only would they not themselves work at the offered wages, but that they would prevent, by force if necessary, any other men from taking the places they had left vacant."

The workmen here openly defied the law, and *were not interfered with by the state*; and this custom, being a long established one, has created for them something of a "property-right"; a right which the founder of a factory takes into account. Anything in the law books to the contrary is in reality a dead letter; it is an established fact, and it certainly does not pay to oppose it. It is a fact of our industrial system, that the workmen possess a certain claim to employment in the factory, which is not to be violated for purely arbitrary reasons.

The Amalgamated Association is a powerful and well organised body and it constantly endeavors to acquire for its members greater rights. This is perfectly proper. But on the other hand the manufacturer also must assert his peculiar rights, the rights that belong to higher intelligence, the rights of those who produce more than they consume, and who do not cease to work when their own transient needs are satisfied, and who are in fact the guardians and increasers of the wealth of the nation.

Thus, in reference to what General Trumbull calls "the aspiring laborers" at Homestead, I hold it to be possible that they were more than "aspiring," and that the Carnegie Company thought the men unreasonable and unbearable, and that, if submitted to, they might even ruin the business. I learn that the iron industry has been greatly depressed by over-production.

So I believe those laborers honestly thought that they were fighting for a right that their class had already acquired by repeated struggles; namely, that the manufacturer should use no other means of warfare against them than the stoppage of his works, and that the executive part of the local or state government ought not to assist him in engaging new men.

On the other hand, I think that Carnegie also will have honestly thought that he was fighting for the manufacturer's rights; namely, that the same should not be compelled to pay higher prices for his labor than his competitors had to pay. Carnegie may have thought also, that he had given his men greatly improved machinery by which they could do more work and make greater product through his genius and capital without any special merit on their part.

Also it should not be forgotten that manufacturers in the situation of Carnegie indirectly step in for the workmen who do not belong to the unions; not for their sake, it is true, but with the result, nevertheless, that they aid them. These people are not organised and consequently are helpless against the secret and powerful organisations of the union working men. Neither does the state help them; for, not being organised, their votes are held of little account and not sought after.

Ordinarily the non-union men do not know what their real interests are, and are easily persuaded by the high-sounding generalities of union men.

Most important of all are efforts to find practical advice concerning the solution of the labor question, and these we should make instead of criticising and tearing to pieces those who have to suffer from the difficulties of the problem.

My belief is that a manufacturer should rather assist than prevent his employés in openly* organising and advocating the interests of their particular class and endeavoring to enhance its human value. Also organisations of the various trades should unite for the purpose of promoting the interests which they have in common. The working man should feel sure of his position as long as he fills it properly and is careful of the interests of the whole. He should not be dependent on the arbitrary caprice of his employer.

Just as the working man should uphold the interests of his class, so should the manufacturer. This is a moral duty; both should be willing and able to fight for their rights through the instrumentality of the "strike,"† always standing up for their rights and honor.

We have international law for the strifes of nations, and a wise and just diplomacy or statesmanship is exercised to avoid in this sphere unnecessary struggles; so we should have rules, practices, and written principles for the struggle between laborer and employer.

The main practical question at present is, When and how should the state interfere in strikes and lockouts? The existing laws are yet wholly on the side of the employer. This fact is mitigated by the other fact that the executive officers of the state, supported by the public opinion of the masses, are lax in the enforcement of the law; so lax in fact, that the manufacturer no longer reckons upon their aid even where the moral law is wholly on his side, and where a whole community suffers.

These questions might be decided by the institution of courts of arbitration. Such courts should embrace men from all the different professions and trades, farming included; they might be nominated by existing public associations representing the several professions and confirmed by the governor. They should ascertain and be guided in their decisions by considerations like these:

1) What wages are paid for the same or similar work in other parts of the country where the cost of living is the same and the conditions for manufacturing as favorable.

2) Whether the wages in the profession or calling in which the strike is in progress are out of proportion to the wages paid in the other trades and callings in the land, the skill and abilities required in the several fields being taken into consideration in such estimates.

3) Whether there are men out of employment in the same trade with the strikers who are desirous for work therein and are skilled in their work.

* Not secretly. Secrecy is only justifiable against tyrannical oppression.

† I know very well that the suspension of a factory is ordinarily called a lockout, but a manufacturer should look upon it and feel concerning it as a strike for his rights, telling his men "I will not work for you any longer."

The courts of arbitration to decide the dispute and fix the rate of wages thereupon:

1) If the manufacturer does not accept the decision, he to pay a daily fine for further suspension of his works, to go to the support of the families of the employés.

2) If the employés do not accept the decision, the state energetically to support the manufacturer in the engagement of new men.

3) If both sides do not accept the decision, the strike or lockout to go on—destruction of property to be prevented, but no special assistance to be given the manufacturer in engaging new men, and no self-help herein to be permitted to the manufacturer as that of engaging the Pinkertons.

THE BASIS OF MORALITY.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

When we ask the logician what gives certainty to the process of reasoning, we are referred to the Mental Constitution as being governed by certain axiomatic laws, which are "the primary conditions of the possibility of valid thought," and therefore give validity to thought in its various forms. If we inquire, however, what gives certainty to moral judgment, we meet with no such response. We may be told that we possess an infallible guide to right conduct in the conscience or moral sense. But when we consider this faculty, we find that its operation, instead of being constant, varies in different individuals and even, from time to time, with the same individual. This fact shows that whatever obligation the individual conscience may have over personal conduct, it cannot be recognised as supplying a touchstone for moral conduct in general. It is different with the "general conscience," which is embodied in the written or unwritten laws of a society. This social conscience, like the "general mind," is the product of the experience of past generations, and it provides a standard by reference to which the conduct of the members of the society must be governed.

But if we trace the genesis of the general conscience, although we may learn the history of the development of moral ideas, we do not find the real source of moral obligation, even though it is ostensibly based on some supposed divine command. Revelation to man from a supernatural source is not possible, so far as its possibility may be judged of by past experience, except through a human medium. The divine word, whenever this is supposed to have been revealed, has always been communicated to men through men, and its divine origin is, therefore, necessarily very difficult to establish. Indeed, in the absence of proper credentials, a divine messenger could not hope to be received as such. Hence the value of miracles and other wonders, the performance of which was at one time universally regarded as evidence of a divine commission. The progress of scientific discovery, by throwing light on the operations of nature, has, however, destroyed the value of so-called miracles as divine credentials. It is true that science cannot perform all the wonders accredited to Moses or Jesus, or even to the ancient thaumaturgists. But it explains the non-scientific residue by reference to popular credulity, which was ever ready to ascribe to those who were supposed to have had a divine mission powers and performances which they had never claimed. Hence it has come to be affirmed, not only that there is no satisfactory evidence of any divine revelation ever having been made to mankind, but that it is not possible to furnish such evidence unless the revelation is made directly and by a visible "super-

natural" agent. However this may be, we may safely assert that there is no such sufficient evidence in favor of a divine origin for the moral ideas we now possess, as to justify the assertion that the moral law is based on divine command or that it has a supernatural sanction. We can go further, and affirm that the teaching which has been referred to a supernatural source originated in the human mind itself.

This conclusion may at first sight appear to render any firm basis of morality impossible. Whatever the teachings of a moral reformer, if they are accepted and acted upon they become in time part of the general mind which expresses itself as Custom, "the guide," says Mr. P. G. Hamerton, in *The Contemporary Review* for April 1891, "of the unthinking, and the refuge of those who are weary because they have thought too much." It is necessary to distinguish between this customary or habitual state of mind, which may influence a whole people or race; and particular customs which may be localised in either space or time, and may vary according to local conditions and circumstances. Nevertheless there is sufficient instability and variety of custom, in both its general and its particular sense, to justify the doubt as to its forming a sufficient basis of positive morality. It may act as a register to mark the progress made in moral development or as a standard of moral conduct, but it does not supply the sanction which stamps such conduct with the seal of obligation apart from the authority of human enactment.

But if custom does not supply a basis of positive morality, still less can nature do so. This point is well brought out by Mr. Hamerton, who shows that certain practices which are condemned by modern thought are not only in accordance with nature, but are "in precise obedience to the dictates of primitive reason." He shows, moreover, that the idea that immorality is always punished by nature is not well founded, and that "what seem to be nature's punishments for wrong-doing, and also for doing right are not really punitive, but are simply consequences." Mr. Hamerton rightly concludes that "modern philosophy inclines more and more to the belief that nature is not hostile but indifferent, and that she provides a ground which, by its very roughness and imperfection, and by the absence of succour, is favorable to the exercise of virtue."

But surely the inference is not justified that there is no basis of positive morality! Such an assertion entirely overlooks the real position of man in relation to nature. The laws of nature work without regard to consequences, and if man suffers through their operation he has only himself or his environment to blame. The fact is that, although man is part of nature as the universal whole, yet as the final term of organic development he is above nature, as this is understood by those who speak of nature's laws. By virtue of his physical organism man is subject to these laws, but as man by his mental constitution transcends nature, the laws which govern his conduct must transcend those which operate in nature. We are reminded here of Lewes's distinction between nature and human nature, and it is in the laws of human nature we must seek the basis of positive morality. Lewes points out that human psychology includes, in addition to the organic factor which enters into animal psychology, another important factor that permeates the whole composition of the mind, and complicates all its problems. Man is an animal in relation to nature, but in relation to culture he is a social being "As the ideal world rises above and transforms the sensible world, so culture transforms nature physically and morally, fashioning the forest and the swamp into garden and meadow-lands, the selfish savage into the sympathetic citizen." Man is a social animal, and the differences which distinguish him from other animals depend on the operation of the social factor, "which transforms perceptions into conceptions, and sensations into sentiments." Mr. Lewes expresses so profound a view of the dependence of the development of human culture on social influences that his remarks deserve to be quoted at length. He writes: "Let us suppose our knowledge of the organism to be enormously extended, it would still be incompetent to furnish an explanation of moral sentiments and intellectual conceptions, simply because these are impersonal and social, arising out of social needs and social conditions, involving, indeed, the organism and its functions, but involving these in relation to experiences only possible to the collective life. The higher animals have structures closely resembling our own; they have sensations, emotions, perceptions, judgments, volitions, generically like, though specifically different from our own; but their experiences are restricted to their personal needs, their emotions are never developed into impersonal sentiments, their logic knows nothing of abstractions and the construction of abstractions in science...... Driven thus to seek beyond the organism and its inherited aptitudes for the origin of a large portion of our mental life, we can find it only in the constitution of the social organism of which we are the units We there find the impersonal experiences of tradition accumulating for each individual a fund of knowledge, an instrument of power, which magnifies his existence The experiences of many become the guide of each; they do not all perish with the individual; much survives, takes form in opinion, precept, and laws, in prejudice and superstition. The feelings of each are blended into a general consciousness, which in turn reacts upon the individual consciousness. And this mighty impersonality is at once the product and the factor of social evolution." ‡

Morality is thus a social product, and it forms part of the general mind which has been evolved from the experiences of individuals and belongs to the race, and in connection with which it was said by Comte, "the past more and more dominates the present, precisely as in the individual case it is the registered experiences which more and more determine feelings and opinions." † Let it be noticed, however, that the existence of the social factor is not alone sufficient to account for the general consciousness which underlies human culture, and therefore it does not form the ultimate basis of positive morality, any more than it does of logical thought. Mr. Lewes has not lost sight of this fact, and he affirms that the general consciousness rests on the evolution of language, as a means of symbolical expression: "Without language, no society having intellectual and moral life; without society, no need of language. Without language, no tradition: without language no elaboration of the common arts and skill which cherish and extend the simplest products of the community, and without tradition, no religion, no science, no art."* But why has language this marvellous result, lifting man out of the animal sphere and constituting him the creator of a spiritual world far superior to the world of material and organic existences from which he has sprung? It is because language is the instrument of thought, or rather is thought itself symbolised in words or signs, which are the ideal agents of his mental activity, and to thought activity therefore must we trace the development of moral and intellectual culture.

Before proceeding further in the search for the ultimate basis of positive morality, it is necessary to ascertain in what consists the difference between conduct which possesses a moral element and conduct from which this element is absent, or at least in which it is so subsidiary as not to require being taken notice of, that is, action in ordinary social relations. In both cases conduct is the expression of the will acting by virtue of the disposition, which is itself due to the influence of the impressions for the time being on the sentient organism. Subjectively, therefore, all conduct is alike, as being based on feeling and as being that which under the existing conditions and predominant influences, are the

* The Study of Psychology. Chap. IV.

† Ibid. P. 165.

‡ Psychology, p. 80.

most likely to be attended with pleasurable impressions in the agent, or with impressions which are least painful and therefore which are pleasurable by comparison; whether it be the performance of an ordinary social duty, or the execution of a high moral purpose, or even simply the exercise of the self-restraint in which passive or negative morality consists.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

IT may not be brave, but it is at least pleasant and stimulating to sit in a safe place, and view the battle from afar; especially when you desire to see all the combatants "well peppered"; an admirable phrase which I borrow with many thanks from Capt. Sir John Falstaff. I am no longer in good standing with the republican party; and the democratic party is not in good standing with me, so I turn for sustenance and shelter to the third party, and the fourth; but although these are young in years, they have adopted into their political economy some venerable sins. I have therefore nothing to do but sit on the tall pinnacle of my own egotism, and urge all the fighters down below to pepper one another. I pray that all four of the parties may be defeated; and as three of them certainly will be, I shall have seventy five per cent. of comfort when the returns come in. The people's party has most of my sympathies just now; partly because the "people" perversely refuse to belong to it, but principally because it "points with pride" to the iniquities of all the other parties. Its impartial censure animates the campaign like a bonfire, and throws more glare upon our politics than a torch light procession ever threw. In democratic states it assails the democratic party for not redeeming promises known to be worthless when put in pledge; and in republican states it "views with alarm" the encroachments of the republican party upon the right of every man to draw fifty dollars out of the bank whenever he wants a little money. My newspaper for to-day was republican, and I have enjoyed a sort of political picnic in studying the charges and specifications preferred yesterday against the democratic party, by Governor Fifer in Illinois, and by Mr. Watson down in Georgia. My newspaper for to-morrow will be democratic, and I shall then have equal enjoyment in reading a longer and more inflamed indictment preferred against the republican party, by democratic and third party politicians in their orations to-day. The evidence offered will be abundantly sufficient to convict both delinquents and send them to the penitentiary for life.

* * *

Mr. Watson is a member of Congress from the Tenth District of Georgia, and a leader in the People's party. It braces one up like a drink of bitters in the ague season to watch him hurling philippics at the Democratic party, and advertising boldly, like a magician in the market place, his own impossible panaceas. Mr. Watson will be found useful as a disturber of the political peace, galvanising into action the conservative Dundrearys of both parties. There is great use for him in this land. His return to his home was made a festal day in his own town, and my paper tells me that he was "royally received by his neighbors and friends." I am also told that "the ladies turned out before his arrival and decorated the town"; which I think is much better than having it painted red by enthusiastic men. Pleasant it was when "flowers were strewn on his pathway as he went to the grand-stand." I do not approve so much hero worship as a general rule, but I am willing to sanction it in Mr. Watson's case, because he was not ashamed to dower his wife there publicly with a full share of his glory. He spoke up like a man and said, "I thank you for this ovation, not only for myself, but for my wife, who shares every honor with me, and without whose company and help I should have been weak indeed." Then the crowd called out "Three cheers for Mrs. Watson," which was a manly and proper thing to do. There was much intellectual refreshment in Mr. Watson's ridicule and censure of the Democratic party in Congress for promising so much and doing so little. "With 148 majority," said Mr. Watson, "they pretended that they had no chance to do what they wanted to do. It takes more chance for the Democratic crowd to do anything than any crowd that I have ever struck yet." Figuratively speaking, Mr. Watson skinned the Democratic party, and nailed its hide up to dry on the old barn door. I shall not have so much amusement again until to-morrow, when through the columns of my Democratic paper, I shall see the pelt of the Republican party nailed up alongside of the other on that same old barn.

* * *

Spread all over the United States, the politics of Mr. Watson may be rather thin, but when concentrated in the Tenth District of Georgia it makes a layer of statesmanship about four feet thick. I have not read anything more significant or more suggestive than "the account of his stewardship" which Mr. Watson rendered yesterday to his constituents at Thomaston, Georgia. After speaking of his efforts to promote national reforms, he said, "Not only did I do this, but, so far as possible, I attended to every detail in the work of the Tenth Congressional District. There is not a county in this district where I have not had established new post offices, or rendered more efficient the old ones." This was the appeal direct, smiting the chord of local patriotism, and getting a response in cheers. This post-office devotion to the country, this inferior civic spirit, stimulates that Republican and Democratic misrule which Mr. Watson criticised and deplored. In the excited faces of his people there, he could read this question, What have you done for us? How much of the public loot did you get for the Tenth District of Georgia? And Mr. Watson answered the silent question thus, "I made 2,000 packages of garden seeds go all over the district." (Cheers, and a voice, "and the best seed ever was in this country.") Here the high-spirited oration of Mr. Watson reached its anti climax and the moral greatness of the People's party appeared wrapped up in a ridiculous package of governmental garden seeds. Speaking of the arithmetical puzzle which he had to solve when distributing the seeds, Mr. Watson said, "There are 165,000 people in the district. I had only 2,000 packages of garden seed, so you see how difficult it was to make them go round." Certainly; anybody can see that. Five loaves and two small fishes; and what were they among so many! Mr. Watson, however, was equal to the problem, and while he could not multiply the seeds by miracle, he divided them with daring originality. He gave some of them to the negroes; a feat of statesmanship, which, in the language of the circus bills, had never before been attempted by any other performer. Instead of apologising for his action, Mr. Watson boasted of it. Addressing the negroes in the crowd, he said, "They denounce me because I sent some of you colored people garden seeds. Bear that in mind." (Applause from the sons of Ham.) "How many Democratic Congressmen ever sent you garden seeds before?" (Demonstrations from the negroes.) "Did I, or did I not?" (Cries, "Yes, Yes.") "It is nothing but right, and I expect to keep on doing so as long as I am in Congress." Bravely said; but Mr. Watson did not see that from those innocent garden seeds comes up a crop of Canada thistles choking public spirit and personal independence. "I gave you garden seeds from the national warehouse, now give me votes," is a claim which involves indefinite servitude, and infinite money. It corrupts legislation and makes the ballot box "a medium of exchange."

* * *

A few years ago, a certain political party in England courted the plebeians by giving all sorts of popular entertainments in the gardens and pleasure grounds of the nobility. To those festivities the common people were made welcome, and even the condescending countess herself sometimes invited 'Arry and 'Arriet to partake

of lemonade. The experiment worked finely for a time, and it really looked as if the working man vote was going over to the aristocracy. The rival party, jealous of the movement, called it in derision "Government by picnic," and the sneer killed it like a dose of poison Improving on the scheme, the Americans have developed it into a higher type of ballot culture which may truthfully be called "Government by garden seeds," a more triumphant example of our capacity for self-rule than the English picnic system ever was. Glorifying government by garden seeds, Mr. Watson inconsistently condemns Congress for giving $2,500,000 to the Chicago Fair. His own criticism turns him into a comical contradiction, because that gift is nothing but our allowance of garden seeds commuted into money. Mr. Watson is morally confused when he praises himself for distributing two thousand packages of garden seeds among his own constituents, while he condemns our congressmen for getting two million five hundred thousand packages for us. The farmers in Mr. Watson's district take their congressional benevolence in the form of garden seeds; but we take ours in the shape of dollars, because we have no longer any use for garden seeds in the city of Chicago. The form and the size of the donation may vary, but the principle of it is the same. Whether they be literally in the shape of garden seeds, or in that of pensions, river and harbor grants, railroad lands, bounties for beets, subsidies for ships, or any of the hundred other generous methods of taking money from one man and giving it to another, the various elements combine at last into a consolidated scheme of Government by garden seeds. The balance of power in the United States to-day lies in the garden seed vote, and the party that can show the largest distribution of garden seeds will very likely win. Members of Congress rely on garden seeds for re-election, and the main question they must answer to their constituents is this, How many garden seeds *or their equivalent* did you get for us? The World's Fair was made a political question in Chicago, and we vehemently swore that we would not vote the Democratic ticket at all unless the five million grant was made. We know the value of those little arguments that fall like snowflakes on the sod, and execute the freeman's will as lightning does the will of God. We are willing to vote the ticket, like loyal citizens, but before we drop our snowflakes into the box we want our garden seeds.

* * *

A morning contemporary,—this I believe is the professional form of reference when you wish to be especially severe,—a morning contemporary, with chivalrous eagerness to blame Queen Victoria for something or other, drops into a gush of gratuitous sympathy for Mr. Gladstone, "in his eighty-third year, with known infirmities." The "discreditable" conduct of the queen consisted in "compelling Mr. Gladstone to take the tedious and, for him, dangerous trip to the Isle of Wight, for the ceremony of kissing her hand as head of a new government." This pungent mixture of blame for the queen and pity for Mr. Gladstone, supposes the Isle of Wight to be somewhere in the South Seas, or at least in the neighborhood of Japan; whereas, geographically, and not hyperbolically speaking, it is only two hours ride from London. Also, it is just as far from the Isle of Wight to London, as it is from London to the Isle of Wight; the trip is just as "tedious" one way as the other, and not any more "dangerous" for Mr. Gladstone going down than for the queen going up. Besides, the comparative infirmities of men and women expressed in terms of age makes the queen older at seventy-four than Mr. Gladstone at eighty-three, and, being a woman she is entitled to greater comfort and indulgence. In commanding Mr. Gladstone to go down to the Isle of Wight to meet her, instead of going up herself to London to meet him, the queen acted with magnanimous grace and courtesy, treating him with delicate compliment as the younger and more vigorous of the two. Had she acted otherwise, had she spared Mr. Gladstone a journey to the Isle of Wight because of his "known infirmities," the whole Gladstone family would have regarded her solicitude as an affront, a condescension which Mrs. Gladstone certainly never would forgive. A man who chops down big trees before breakfast; who travels hundreds of miles "stumping" through England and Scotland; the leader of a great party in a great parliamentary conflict; who chinks in the spare moments of his life with articles for the magazines; who talks all night if necessary in the House of Commons; and who is about to enter upon the onerous duty of governing the British empire, does not claim the privileges of old age at the expense of a woman, a venerable great-grandmother laden with a burden of sorrows and "infirmities" greater than Mr. Gladstone ever bore. And that very same contemporary tells me in another column that "Mr. Herbert Gladstone is very much annoyed by stories about his father's failing health; and he declares that the sensational rumors about his father's infirmities are put into circulation by political enemies."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S FEAST.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"Send a philosopher to London, but no poet!' So advised Heinrich Heine. Send a philosopher there "and he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly," but send no poet for the "exaggeration of London smothers the imagination and rends the heart." But there came one who spoke among the philosophers with authority and preached philosophy in the dialect of poets, and it is a fleeting glimpse of his sojourn I am privileged to betray in these columns. *Personalia* is the salt of journalism—that is the new journalism, essentially of American origin; and there is consequently a touch of poetic justice in returning the trick in prose, that you of the new world have for good or ill, forced upon the slower mechanisms of the old countries.

On the evening of Saturday July 30, Dr. Paul Carus, editor of this journal, informally received at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, a few of the more ardent and sympathetic of his colleagues in propaganda who claimed indeed to be of his soul-kindred. The gathering was animated by every graceful impulse, and it seemed apposite to certain grave and potent sages to depute the writer to record in these columns a few of the amenities exchanged. And the first propriety is to snatch a little advantage from the editorial absence, and convey the sense of delight we all realised in the impressive presence of our distinguished friend. We knew the profound thinker, the responsible moralist, the brilliant writer with the love of the past and the light of the future in his heart; but we did not know or but vaguely conjectured the alert and virile frame, and the handsome and singularly expressive face of the strenuous pioneer of monism. Dr. Carus is a missionary, and looks a missionary, ideally and intellectually. There was a thorn in the rose, a disappointment shared by all that he was not accompanied by another who bears his honored name.

Emerson said that there was "no end to the graces and amenities, wit, and sensibility," of the class in England represented however obscurely by the guests of the visitor-host. If there was indeed no end to these excellences, there was an admirable beginning in the fraternal greeting voiced by Saladin in the principal post-prandial deliverance, the toast expressed with emotion and received with enthusiasm to the health and in welcome of Dr. Paul Carus. There sat at the table Dr. Lewins, the father of Hylo-Idealism, whose striking head the winters had whitened, and Dr. Bithell, the Nestor of Agnosticism, equally venerable. The disciples of Dr. Lewins were represented by Mr. George M. McCrie and Mr. Ellis Thurtell, M. A. Mr. Chas. A. Watts, editor of *The Agnostic Annual* and *Watts's Literary Guide*, the Napoleon of English liberalism was there, and also Mr. J. Harrison Ellis and Mr. Frederick Millar, editor of *The Liberty Annual*. Mr. Hermann Hegeler sat to the right of Dr. Carus. But for an unfortunate mistake in the hurry of arrangement, the group had been larger and more diversified. However, the interesting editor of *The Agnostic Journal* discoursed brilliantly of philosophy and poetry in the three lands familiar in the affections of Dr. Carus—Germany, England, and America,—sometimes witty, sometimes pathetic, and always eloquent. Then we tried our national institution, "For he's a jolly good fellow." It may be remarked that some philosophers can eat who cannot sing. Dr. Carus in reply spoke with excessive modesty, but with thought and generous feeling, and intensified the favorable impression generally conceived. He spoke of his spiritual pilgrimage and a little of his earthly trials. Once he paused, and evidently possessed by sincere and dignified affection unburdened his mind and heart of a noble tribute to Mr. Edward C. Hegeler. It was a touching and reverent estimate.

Other toasts were proposed and expanded including "The Liberal Press," with which the names of Mr. Ellis Thurtell and Mr. Hermann Hegeler for England and America were respectively associated. And when the toasts were ended the conversation was vivacious and intellectual. Perhaps *the* conversational incident was a subtle-issued tournament between the editors of *The Open Court* and *The Agnostic Journal*, and for long all were content to listen as the merits of monism and agnosticism were severally revealed. Most interesting, too, were the communings between Dr. Carus and Dr. Lewins. As the night grew the tone

of gravity deepened while yet the light graces of festivity were not forgotten. The philosophers were taking a holiday, and the joyous recreation of Hafiz with its serious echo might have been the motto cherished in the thoughts of all. "Let us be crowned with roses, let us drink wine, and break up the tiresome old roof of heaven into new forms." Hovering over the circle was an Empyréan of calm beatitude, mystic and fragrant incense soaring from the altar of Diva Nicotina who found just votaries in the grateful majority.

One final word may be permitted in expression of a thought which has long constrained me, and which was strengthened during that memorable evening. Between the monism of Dr. Carus and *The Open Court*, and the agnosticism of many—especially of the reverent school—in England, the difference is mainly technical. Agnosticism is essentially idiosyncratic and may not crystallise into any dogma, "unknowable," or other untenable refuge of halting mentalities. The strict Spencerians are an isolated and decreasing faction, whose arid pedantries are alien to the brighter spirits of the agnostic movement. With all respect I venture to say that the feud accentuated by Dr. Carus is based on a fallacious and penurious, if pardonable assumption. In truth it has on occasion been gravely questioned, as to whether "agnostic" adequately conveys the intent of the group of propositions it covers. Dr. Carus has acceptably concerned himself with the conciliation of religion with science, and he has vitally rescued beautiful truths from old and decaying creed-abstractions. In his interpretations of God and Soul, he envisages issues with enduring wisdom and prophetic ardor. It will, therefore, be acutely discouraging, if his sojourn on these shores does not intimately convince him that it is possible and desirable to effect a reconciliation between the monism of his choice and the agnosticism of his objection.

MISS NADEN'S "WORLD-SCHEME."

A RETROSPECT.

BY GEORGE M. MC CRIE.

[CONCLUDED.]

A position such as that defined in the last paragraphs of Part II of this paper, of course meets with the fiercest criticism. Neither the idealist nor the realist of our day will submit to the wear of a cosmical ego. Hence a reviewer in the *Journal of Mental Science* (April 1892), Miss Naden's latest critic, puts it as follows.[1]

"Miss Naden . . . is possessed by two currents of "thoughts, which she conceives her theory to reconcile. She is very clear that, to us, there is no outside world—that every 'thing' is a 'think,' as Dr. "Lewins strangely states it—and that, in fact, each "man makes his own universe . . . . But she is at the "same time, equally assured of the effective materiality of the universe[1] . . . . How did Miss Naden "reconcile her two cardinal lines of thought? How, "if the world is a vision—possibly a mirage or drunken "dream[2]—how can I posit any difference between the "real and the unreal, the true and the false? How, in "a word, can I know anything about it?[3] Are we not "referred back to that 'Scepticism of Hume[4] which "etc.'? . . . . Truth and error, reality and unreality, "right and wrong, beauty and hideousness, are nothing but the fancies of the hour![5] The truth is, surely, "that the test and basis of the whole matter is what "test[6] of *reality* one's scheme of philosophy can provide.[7] That our universe is made up of phenomena, "all thinking persons will agree.[8] That in some "sense it is nevertheless real is obvious to all who are "not in a lunatic asylum, and to many who are.[9] "But the explanation of the meaning of reality[10] is the "*crux* of the philosopher, as the discernment of it is "often the test of the lunatic."[11]

The gist of the foregoing criticism is that in Miss Naden's auto-cosmic synthesis a "standard" of truth and reality is lacking. But if this standard is to be external, the bounds of "the universe as felt and known" must be transcended in order to discover it. And if internal, then one part of the universe must be employed to check the remainder. But all ideas of a

1 *Vide* appendix to Tract "Sadducee *versus* Pharisee" in which the criticism in question is reprinted entire.

1 Yes; and why should she not be so assured? "Materiality," even effective materiality is not necessarily a quality of "outsidedness." Everything characterising it is a mental endowment. And when the ego is coterminous with the cosmical sphere of thought, materiality is seen to be necessarily inside, not outside the limit. If anything were outside us we could have neither part nor lot in it. The critic is misled by the use of the terms "think" and "spectral." These are not unrealities. All things are spectral. But the is everything.

2 But "a mirage or drunken dream" is as much within consciousness as anything else. The critic seems to think that because these chance to be wrongly related—unreal in certain relations—they are not within the sphere of the ego. But unreality in certain relations is reality in others, absolute unreality is nonentity.

3 By being it; to know is to be.

4 No, the *Scepticism of Hume* does not touch the point. Hume did not admit a "conscious *subject*" at all, though his theory—really a string of impressions illegitimately bound together in a series—sorely needed one. The subject-object relation of auto-monism, on the other hand, is conscious all through.

5 Well, what of this *ad captandum* appeal? Everyone of these is in consciousness, and what has "the fancy of the hour" to do with it? The critics review, is it not the fancy of the hour? and yet he wishes it taken *au serieux*.

6 The test *is* the test, unquestionably—whatever anything is really, it is unalterably.

7 As "the real is everything" there can be no such test.

8 "*All* thinking persons" do *not* so agree, so it resolves into a "count of heads."

9 A lunatic is only tested by the comparision of his speech and actions with those of others presumably sane. Viz., by means of relation.

10 "Explanation of the meaning of a reality," itself requires explanation.

11 A universe, as it includes everything, cannot be tested by anything else. *Internal* cosmical relations are tested by their unalterableness.

standard are, in this connection, out of place. Such a standard must either be absolute, (when its own reality in turn would have to be guaranteed by something else and so on, in endless regress,) or it must be relative, when it would only take its place among the other relations of its own sphere. When the critic leaves the sober and waking conclusion of everyday life, which with him seem alone to count for "realities," and seeks to find *un*realities in such things as "drunken dreams," "mirages," etc., which are every whit as real, in their own relations, as anything else, we need not follow him further. Let us endeavor, rather, to define Miss Naden's position more particularly. In what follows, the standpoint of the *Journal of Mental Science* reviewer will be found to be more and more untenable.

Observe the extremes between which auto-monism is the golden mean. Absolute idealism and absolute realism may both be reckoned out of court. But between these theories there are median systems each with its measure of plausibility. There is *first*, and leaning to the persuasion of idealism, what may, on that account, be termed indeterminate idealism, that half-way system of thought which, positing an ego—mental or material or both—bridges the gap between it and the "objective universe," by means of hypothetical figments, such as vibrations, undulations, etc. Throughout the cosmos a dividing-line is drawn; on the one side the subjective, on the other the objective. Thinkers of this persuasion are not deterred apparently by the discovery that, if this dividing-line exists, if between the ego of the cosmos, and the non-ego of the cosmos, there be a distinction at all, the dividing-line in question must, at one extremity, invade the atomic province, rendering any "indivisible particle" an impossibility. And this objection is but faintly met when it is urged that the "indivisible particle" is hypothetical merely, inasmuch as it becomes evident sooner or later, that it will not serve to construct a cosmical edifice upon a purely hypothetical basis. Then *second*, there is indeterminate realism, the recoil from the foregoing theory. The upholders of this system, having discovered the importance of "sensations" in the construction of a cosmos, describe them as "elements," and practically abandon the ego altogether by saying that it, the ego, is not here, or there, or *no*where, but virtually *any*where. Where the sensations or elements are, *there* is an ego in the midst of them; where a complex of elements, ex. gr. that called "green" is, the *I* is *there*. And should the ego drop out, should the *I* die, there is an end of the "green." What remains is not clear, but "green," or, at all events, that particular greenness exists no longer. "That is all," we are told. Apparently no great loss! The contingency of any element, other than the ego, "dropping out" is not faced, so far as we can interpret Professor Mach and his school.

Though not, perhaps, on the surface, these two thought-systems resolve into absolute idealism, and absolute realism, respectively. In the first, we have an ego *plus* hypotheses of stimulation. This is really nothing more than the subject *plus* various possibilities of its being affected, touched to the issues of sensation. Under cover of these possibilities of affection, the objective, pure and simple, actually disappears. For, if you imagine an object, distinct from subject, a non-ego fronting an ego, all the available terminology of philosophy will not suffice to express a relation between these two at once close enough to correspond with the ordinary, recognised facts of perception, and sufficiently marked to preserve the supposed distinction. Accordingly in indeterminate idealism a bridge of hypothesis is added, undulations, vibrations, atomic and odorous particles. But these devices, in the end, prove useless. Link them to the subjective you may, but not to the objective, except at the cost of annihilating objectivity itself. Once you bring in vibrations, etc., you practically provide a *second* object, which is really a part of the subject, and, in order to do this, you have taken from the original objective all that composed it.[1] And a corresponding *impasse* awaits indeterminate realism. The hypothetical medium between non-ego and ego being in this case abandoned, the readiest method seems to be to submerge ego in non-ego, and allow it there to take its chance. At first sight this plan seems feasible enough. It appears to suit the case to regard the ego as nothing more than a factor in, or element of, a complex; consciousness, sensation, perception, all rising spontaneously in the instant of grouping. Self-consciousness, indeed, is persistent, but why not treat that as an illusion? though *of* what, or *to* what, does not appear. Unfortunately, the theory has this weak point in it, that, if you admit "the complex," you enter the region of hypothesis once more. Just as, in indeterminate idealism, the non-ego could not be brought sufficiently near to the ego without the help of a hypothetical figment, so, in indeterminate realism, the two cannot be sufficiently separated to serve the required purpose. In the one case, the ego is too far distant from its counterpart; in the other too near. For, in "the complex," the ego, being practically on a level with the other elements, itself part, and part only, of

[1] In Dr. Brewer's pamphlet *Constance Naden and Hylo-Idealism*, from which we have already quoted, there is an instance of this virtual supersession of the object. Unfortunately the writer fails to supply the necessary Hylo-Ideal Correction. "Some stars may be extinct before the telegram of their once existence reaches our earth, so that we are seeing what does not even exist. . . . The spectator could not cognise them till their messages arrived, and even then he only received a telegram, and not the *res ipsissimæ*. The objects, however, must have existed, or no messenger could have been sent from their courts," pp. 10–11.

the composition of say, "green—" without which green, or that particular greenness "would not be—" can never sufficiently divorce itself from the combination of which it is a factor, in order to be able to sense it. Even as knowledge, in the sense of perception, of the component terms of a series, one by one, cannot bring us, by itself, to knowledge of the series *as a series*, so neither can one element of a complex present the complex to itself. The complex is stable so long as all its elements are present, and no longer; but, while it is thus constant, there is nothing left to which the complex can *be*, and a hypothetical supreme consciousness, such as Professor Green, in his system, ultimately introduces, becomes a logical necessity, "something out of time, for which all the terms of the relations are equally present, as the principle of the synthesis which unites them in a single universe."[1] As long as the separation of subject from object is, even nominally, insisted upon, so long must either of these "blind-alleys" be selected. You cannot bring the *not I* into the *I*, without the former slipping into the gulf, or bog rather, of hypothesis, where it perishes. You cannot logically have anything else than a purely supposititious, "consciousness other than the events and not passing with them," if you draw the ego into the sphere of the non-ego.

In the thought-system to which Miss Naden dedicated her maturer years, the very noon-tide of her life, we have the true Eirenicon between idealism and realism. Not only the "distance" but the apparent objectivity of the "external" world resolves into the outcome of an acquired sense-process, and its separateness, or "outsidedness" into an illusion.[2] The whole of the immemorial tangle of subjectivity and objectivity rights itself at once. But perhaps the "conclusion of the whole matter" may best be indicated by adducing the view which is the exact opposite of the true one. We find it in Professor Mach's words, part of the article in *The Monist* already quoted from.

"That Protean, illusory philosophical problem of "a *single* independent thing with *many* properties, "arises from the misunderstanding of the fact that "extensive comprehension, and accurate separation, "although both are temporarily justifiable, and profit-"able for a number of purposes, cannot, and must "not, be employed *simultaneously*."

But they can, and must, be so employed. It is precisely this deprecated "extensive comprehension and accurate separation," simultaneously employed, which reveals the ego-universe system as a single thing with many properties, the true unity of the manifold. The revelation of the barrenness of Professor Mach's intellectual Canaan is the index of the fulness of the true Land of Promise. Simultaneous analytico-synthetic vision is a necessity. "The kingdom is *within us*," yet, in order to realise this fact, that which seems to be, but is not "*outside*" must be included. This is why "near and far," with Miss Naden, were "quite indifferent." (Cf. *Reliques*, Appx. p. 243.) Once grasp the thesis, that subject and object are indissolubly one, not in the hackneyed sense of inter-relation, but in that of identity, and you have the complete reconcilement of all seeming contradictions.

The hollowness of any such rationale as, for example, that given by Dr. Cleland regarding the sense of smell, is evident from this standpoint. The introduction of a supposititious "odorous particle," as a vehicle of communication between the physical object and subject, is as superfluous as would be any such figment in pure philosophy. The so-called "stimulant of sensation" is as unverifiable as an "animating spirit," or as that "appulse" which Fichte dreamed of. The ego includes the whole of the cosmical situation.

That this rationale is not patent on the surface of ordinary perception arises from the fact that the apparent *externality* of the object[1] which is simply a question of perspective or adjustment, seems to negative its unity with the subject. Yet the burden of proving separation rests with the separatists. For deeper examination reveals the truth that unless the object is found to coalesce with the subject, there could be no percepton at all; perception, in the vulgar sense, implying something acting where it is not. In a sense profounder far than the familiar Neo-Kantian dictum, partial knowledge is impossible. To know, not fully, but to know *at all*, is to Be.[2]

The various corollaries of this synthesis, as expounded in Miss Naden's essays, cannot be dwelt upon in this paper, but two points of the utmost importance, in the light of modern controversy, are made clear by it. They can only be mentioned.

1) Such terms as subject, object, relation, matter,

[1] *Prolegomena to Ethics*, Introduction, p. 71.

[2] A recognised, and rationalised, "illusion," however, like the "rising" and "setting" of the sun. Similarly, an intricacy of nerve-process is responsible, *inter alia*, for that familiar feeling of having been, at some indefinitely remote period of our lives, identically circumstanced as at present, a feeling out of which mysticism has attempted to make much capital."

[1] Even if "externality" resided where it is popularly supposed to reside, viz. in front of us, we could not see it, in the popular sense; the essential factors in vision, the rods and cones of the retina, pointing, *not* "outwards" but *inwards*, and *backwards*.

[2] So accustomed are we to the subject-object rationale that its contradictions and absurdities are not reckoned with. The commonplace of vulgar realism, "I perceive a tree" is, on the plane of subject-object separation, quite unintelligible. Here is an object, which, in some mysterious way, affects the subject so as to incorporate its qualities with the latter, and yet, at the same time remains itself unmoved and unchanged, which may, at the same time affect any number of subjects, yet which remains one and the same undiminished object still. The truth is that unless I *am* that which I perceive, perception is an impossibility.

etc., are now seen, not to be meaningless, but to possess an added meaning. They do not correspond, however, to any fixed or definite distinction. Take the much-vexed question of "matter" for example. Matter is no independent entity. In the strict sense of the term, the material of the cosmos—so long as unity is preserved—becomes "indifferent." The query "if thing is but 'think,' what, then, is matter?" is seen to answer itself. Matter is just what—and as—it is thought to be.

2) In the auto-cosm all is rigidly egoistic. All "foreign centres of representations" in which some have supposed "the true external world" to reside, must assume their proper subordinate place. The existence of "other selves," being secondarily inferred, in no way touches the prime fact of solipsismal monism.

THE BASIS OF MORALITY.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

[CONCLUDED.]

If, however, all conduct be subjectively alike, the difference between its several phases must be objective. The distinction may best be made plain by an explanation of what is meant by *immoral*. This is any conduct which is contrary to good "manners," using this term in its widest sense, as expressed in the laws, written or unwritten, of society, the observance of which is therefore morality. The laws must have been established, otherwise they could not be observed, but they cannot be said to have preceded the conduct to which they have reference. Command and conduct were developed together as effects of each other. "Thou shalt not steal," implies the existence of thieving, as well as the recognition of the immorality of the conduct forbidden. It has often been remarked that all primitive legislation takes the negative form. This is consistent with the fact that passive morality is the most essential to the existence of society, and it must therefore have been the soonest developed. Negative virtue is of no less importance, however, in all stages of social progress, not only on account of its restraining quality, but because it enters into the *duty* which every man owes to his "neighbor," that is, to the other social unit or units with whom he is brought into contact in the course of daily life. Every one is entitled to his "due," and if one is kept from it by any person, this person is guilty of a breach of the command "thou shalt not steal"; a law which is not limited to simple theft, but extends to all active or passive conduct by which any one is deprived of any object or benefit to which he is entitled. It is thus difficult to find any action affecting another person besides the agent, that does not possess an ethical element. This enters into the most ordinary conduct, but in actions which, although performed for the benefit of others, are prompted by egoistic motives—as services rendered for reward—the ethical element is of an incidental character, and therefore need not be regarded in the classification of such actions, which may be properly described as intellectual, rather than moral. The objective distinction between ethical and other conduct is, therefore, to be found in their chief intention, that is the motive by which an action is guided, or the end it has in view. If an action has for its chief aim the good or injury of another, it is moral or immoral, as the case may be, but if the benefit to the agent is the guiding principle of an act, it is morally indifferent, except where such benefit can be obtained only by injury to another person.

But let it be noticed that all actions, whether or not they possess the ethical character, have an important objective feature in common. Conduct that is morally indifferent, that is, which has a purely intellectual object, such as is required for the performance of any kind of labor, is said to be "right" if it is fitted to attain the end in view. We have here fundamentally the same idea as when we speak of an action being morally right; as is evident if we apply to it, as we may, the term *proper*. What belongs to a man is his "property," that is, he has a right to it, and any action which interferes with this right is *improper*. In like manner, any action that is fitted for the acquirement of a property-right, or to attain a particular end, is said to be proper for that purpose, but if the action is not so fitted it is spoken of as improper or not proper. Now, in each of these cases the "propriety" or "impropriety" is simply rightness or wrongness, that is, fitness or unfitness for a particular purpose, the nature of which, and not the mental activity, stamps conduct as ethical or otherwise. The same conclusion may be arrived at by considering, not the special aim sought to be attained by any particular action, but the general object of such action. No act is performed voluntarily unless it is thought to be, in some way or other, beneficial to somebody—either to the person affected by it or to the person acting. Even wrong or immoral actions have this quality, as the agent intends to benefit himself directly or indirectly, affectively or effectively, whatever injury he may do to another. Actions morally indifferent may benefit the agent alone, but in many cases they are beneficial to both the agent and the recipient. This is the case also with actions having an ethical character, since not only do they directly affect others, but indirectly, or by reflex influence, they affect the agent as well, beneficially or otherwise.

The subjective agreement of ethical and intellectual conduct is thus confirmed by reference to the ultimate consequences of actions, and it may be further proved by a consideration of the nature of conscience. This is sometimes spoken of as the "moral sense," as though the organism possesses a special sense for the distinction of the moral quality of actions. Bearing in mind, however, what has been said above as to the subjective agreement of ethical and intellectual conduct, we shall be prepared to find that conscience is merely a special phase of consciousness, using this term in its widest sense as answering in the intellectual region to the general sensibility in the region of feeling. As a fact, in some languages the same word is used to denote both consciousness and conscience, as though their fundamental connection was recognised; as it is in the phrase "moral consciousness." Nevertheless, although conscience is subjectively the same as consciousness, yet it has special *objective* relations owing to which the term moral sense has come to be applied to it. The true relation of consciousness to conscience is made apparent by reference to Lewes's distinction between *faculty* and *function*. The function is the activity of an organ, answering to the use of an instrument. The term faculty has also been employed in that general sense, but Lewes proposed to limit it to "the action or class of actions into which a function may be diversified by the education of experience." Function would thus stand for the *native* endowment of the organ, and faculty for its *acquired* variations of activity. Thus if consciousness is the function of the intellect, the acquired activities of consciousness must be its faculties, and such is the case with conscience, which, as the faculty of the intellect concerned with ethical questions, may be properly termed the moral faculty; just as taste is the æsthetic faculty, and speech the linguistic faculty. All these faculties have the same subjective basis in consciousness, and therefore they are all expressions of the intellectual function, although they differ objectively as having to do each with a special group of phenomena, those which owing to their relationship are bound together by the law of association. The operation of any faculty may be so continuous in a particular direction, as by affection of the sensibility to form a special disposition, constituting a law of action, any infraction of which

may be felt as a shock to the feeling of propriety in relation to that particular line of conduct; just as action in another relation may give a shock to the moral conscience. When any doubt arises as to the fitness or propriety of any such action it is referred to the intellect for regulation, and as this applies to the moral as well as the æsthetic and intellectual faculties, we have here further evidence that all conduct, whatever its aim, is subjectively allied, and has a common basis in the general sensibility or in consciousness, according to whether it is habitual or otherwise. In either case the sensibility is affected, for, as Lewes shows, all knowledge begins and ends in feeling, which includes intelligence no less than sensation, and in accordance only with which thought itself has validity.

We are now in a position to point out the direction in which must be sought the basis of positive morality, the source of the moral obligation which expresses itself in conscience. The variability in the teaching of the moral faculty, as shown in the codes of morals current in different ages of the world and among different peoples in the same age, shows us that conscience cannot be depended on to determine the absolute moral value or quality of any particular action; although this may perhaps be affirmed where, as in the case of theft or homicide within the tribe, there is a universal consensus of opinion as to the immoral nature of such action. What has to be explained is the existence of the principle which finds expression in the moral conscience, or in other words the existence in the mind of the conception of "right and wrong" as an active test of conduct. Stated in this manner the problem under consideration is reduced to its simplest form, and practically it is resolved into a question of the origin of general ideas, which is that of the mental constitution itself. The mode of formation of general ideas is pointed out by Mr. Lewes when considering the source of man's superiority over animals. He states that objects, except as motives, do not exist for the animal. "He has no power of abstraction capable of constructing ideas of objects, he has only sensation and imagination representing sensibles. But ideas, expressed in words, are not sensible objects; they are mental constructions, in which relations abstracted from things are woven afresh into a web of sensibles and extra-sensibles, and concrete particulars become concrete generals. The experience of red is detached from the sensible experiences which originally accompanied it by being separately named. Red is then any red. Never being isolated in experience, red could only be isolated in thought by means of some sign which should give it separate embodiment; the sign thus particularising it, separating it, can by virtue of this detachment be applied to all similar occasions. The particular thus becomes generalised, and may become a sign of other qualities held in common by red objects."[1]

The power of abstraction on which depends the formation of the concrete generals, implies not only the possession of the power of inhibitive thought or reflection, but also the faculty of language by which the abstraction is named and thus identified as a general idea or concept. The construction of the concept right or wrong must have followed exactly the same course as the formation of the general idea of red. It is true that, while the latter is a quality of sensible objects, the former is a quality of actions. But right and wrong had relation originally to objects. The connection between *right* and *proper* has already been pointed out, and there can be no doubt that the idea of right was at first associated with property. A man was recognised as being entitled to, that is, as having a right to, what he had produced or acquired by his independent labor. At first the quality of "rightness" would not be separated from the objects which were thus regarded as belonging to a particular individual, but in the course of time the activity of the intellect led to the recognition of that quality in thought so as by abstraction to become a general idea. The idea of right would thus be fixed in language as a concept, just as with the general idea "red."

Proceeding a step further, we find by the law of relativity every feeling is presented under a twofold aspect. As pointed out by Lewes, change in relations is the psychological condition of feeling, and unless such a change takes place there can be no consciousness. The twofold aspect is the alternation of abstractions, and all feeling and all thought being necessarily relative, the relation has two terms, one of which cannot be dominant in consciousness without throwing the other into obscurity, but neither of them can be thought without calling up the other."[1] It must be remembered, however, that there are two kinds of correlatives, those which are logical and those which are real. The difference is that between contrairies and contradictories, and applying the distinction to the idea of right, we see that it has for correlatives non-right and not-right or wrong. The former of these terms has reference to the mere right of property, and is an affirmation that the right does not exist; whereas the latter affirms the right but declares that it is interfered with, and that such interference is wrong. In this declaration of not-right, which was due to the activity of intellect, we have the genesis of a moral idea, that is the clothing of the idea of right with the moral attribute. By the law of relativity the idea possesses the twofold aspect, and the idea of right would be called up by that of wrong, just as the idea of wrong would be suggested by that of right. The completed or perfect concept would, however, include more than this. The negative conduct must be endowed with the moral quality, which can be affected only by affirming that it is a duty to abstain from doing what is not-right or wrong.

Thus we see that so far from there being no basis for positive morality, it possesses the firmest of all bases, that of human nature itself. Moral conduct, like all other action, is governed by the laws of the mental constitution, that is, the laws of human nature, which are nevertheless merely the expression in the human organism of the laws of physical and cosmical existence. It is in accordance with human nature that actions are right or wrong, and as conduct is the expression of the will, its character or identity will depend on the disposition, of which organic condition conduct is the functional activity. The moral nature of an act can be determined only by its intended effect. If this is good, as being in accordance with the Golden Rule which requires the exercise of self-control in action, arising from a consideration for the rights of others, it is morally right. If, however, it takes no heed of the rights of others, and does harm instead of good, it is morally wrong. Conduct is thus the expression, in accordance with the laws of the mental constitution, of the positive and negative or aggregative and separative aspects of the disposition.

This is the objective view of moral conduct, but we must look for its, actual basis to the subjective side of human nature. Possibly the evil consequences of a particular action may not have been desired by the agent, that is, may not have been in accordance with his disposition at the time of its performance. The disposition is the condition for the time being of the sentient organism or sensibility as the result of experience, and it is to be judged of by reference to the motives which govern its expression in action, that is whether pleasure or pain is derived from the consideration of actions having the qualities of goodness or badness. According to Mr. Bain, pleasure and pain operate as the motives in will. Those affections of the sensibility must ultimately, however, be referred to the sentient organism, and hence, although where action is automatic or habitual the muscular sensation of pleasure or pain may determine conduct, yet in other cases the conduct is referred to the intellect, by the operation of which light is thrown

[1] Problems of Life and Mind, III. P. 486.

[1] Problems, II. P. 20.

on motives to action when presented in consciousness. When the intellect is called into play it regulates the will in its activity and ensures that conduct shall be guided by reason, which can be only through observance of the primary laws of thought. If the mental disposition is such that the illuminating influence of consciousness can have its proper effect, reflection on what is good will give pleasure, while pain will be experienced at the thought of evil. If, on the other hand, the condition of the sentient organism is such that the intellect cannot exercise its proper action the opposite result must ensue. For the expression of the will in conduct depends in the ultimate resort on the disposition, which is the sum of the influences arising from the condition of the general sensibility.

We thus see that the ultimate basis of morality is to be found in the sentient organism itself. Lewes points out that "from the varieties of feeling we extricate certain constant appearances which we call laws of sensibility, forms of thought, logical rules. These we describe and classify, as we describe and classify the planes of cleavage of crystals. But to suppose that these laws have an *a priori* independence, and render our feelings and knowledge possible, is equivalent to the supposition of planes of cleavage floating about in the cosmos, and when descending upon certain solutions fashioning them into crystals." Mental forms have no more existence apart from the sentient organism, than have the experiences which result from the reaction of the organism to the stimulation of the external medium. Thus as the organism itself forms the ultimate basis of all experience, in it must be found the basis of positive morality, which is the expression of certain phases of experience in relation to the exigencies of social life. Nevertheless, the social medium itself must not be lost sight of as an important factor in the development of morality. Lewes shows that we must seek outside of the organism and its inherited aptitudes for the origin of a large portion of our mental life, and he states that "we can find it only in the constitution of the social organism of which we are the units. We find there the impersonal experiences of tradition accumulating for each individual a fund of knowledge, an instrument of power which magnifies his existence. The experiences of many become the guide of each; they do not all perish with the individual; much survives, takes form in opinion, precept, and law, in prejudice and superstition. The feelings of each are blended into a general consciousness, which in turn reacts upon the individual consciousness. And this mighty impersonality is at once the product and the factor of social evolution. It rests on the evolution of language, as a means of symbolical expression by the stimulus of collective needs," and therefore, as we have seen, without language there can be no intellectual or moral life; no tradition, and therefore no religion, science, or art. (Psychology, p 80.)

The general mind is resolvable, however, into the experiences of individual minds, and the further back we trace its beginnings the fewer the units which constituted the social organism, and the more simple the teachings of that experience. Moreover, although without the social organism the development of intellectual and moral life would have been wanting, yet its foundations are laid in the mental constitution of each individual, and the true basis of morality, as of intelligence, must be sought in human nature itself. This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that man alone is a moral creature. The lower animals have the elements of morality as of intelligence, due to their possession of a sentient organism, but in the absence of self-consciousness there can be no moral or logical development, no idea of "right" or "wrong" in relation to conduct, and no language in which to give form to such conceptions. This is dependent on the exercise of the "thought," and as this function is the special heritage of mankind, we must conclude that positive morality is the expression of the laws of *human* nature in response to social influences.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In a moment of poetic enthusiasm Pope exclaimed, "For forms of government let fools contest, that which is best administered is best"; a melodious bit of sophistry which has led many minds to undervalue the importance of set principles in the political organism of a state. The doctrine may be erroneous, but the opinion of the poet is not without wisdom after all, for essential principles moulded into a "form" of government may be so excessively protected by the checks and balances of written constitutions, as to become fetters on liberty, and vetoes on the people's will. A monarchy in form may be harnessed in such a way as to be in its practical operations a democracy in fact; and of this Great Britain is a picturesque example. On the other hand, a democracy in form can be so "regulated" as to work like a monarchy; and of this the United States of America is a collossal illustration.

* * *

In England constitutions grow; in America they are made; and thus it is that the British constitution fits the time, and with a moral force beyond the strength of armies it compels the government to yield at once to a democratic mandate given at a general election. In the United States the administration, or even the senate, may treat the popular verdict with royal and imperial contempt. On the 28th of June, the British Parliament was dissolved, and a new election ordered. At the end of a "campaign" some three weeks long the election was over, and the will of the voters known. A week or two after that the new Parliament met and the Commons, not the Lords and Commons, but the Commons, promptly changed the administration by hinting to Lord Salisbury that they had no "confidence" in his policy. His Lordship took the hint and at once resigned his office. Although the Senate, or the House of Lords, as they call it over there, was in favor of Lord Salisbury by more than two to one it counted nothing; the Senate, even if unanimous, could not save him. The will of the democracy must be obeyed. Lord Salisbury himself is a member of the senate, and it became his duty to inform his brother Senators that he had been dismissed from office by the Commons; not in those words exactly, but in these, "My Lords, owing to the vote of 'no confidence' adopted by the House of Commons, the ministers have resigned their offices, and our resignations have been accepted by the queen." Lord Salisbury quietly hands the reins to the queen, and she turns them over to Mr. Gladstone; that is all. In less than two months from the death of the old parliament, not only the offices, but also all political power and responsibility have been transferred from one party to the other. Nothing so republican as this can be found anywhere else in the world. It is democracy in action; under the form of monarchy.

* * *

On the result of the general election in Great Britain depended all the government, and every question of public policy. The democracy demanded everything, and the monarchy made no resistance to the claim. No such radical consequences depend on the national election here, however emphatic the popular verdict may be on either side. Our campaign began earlier than the other, and it will continue longer. From early June, when the conventions meet, until November, the party chieftains drill their battalions in the manual of party dicipline, and organize them for the battle of the ballot boxes; on the assumption that the American people are fools by a large majority, and that it is necessary to keep them so until after the election. All through the summer and the autumn, we hear the hewgag of the stump orator while the band plays "listen to the mocking bird," and the torch-light processions illuminate the land from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. All this is very democratic in appearance and in sound, but the verdict at the end has no substance in it, for it may be

scornfully set aside by the House of Lords, or as we call it here, the Senate. Though Mr. Cleveland should be elected, with a democratic House of Representatives, it would not give the democratic party political control, because according to party ethics it would he the duty of the senate to thwart the popular will. And, supposing Mr. Cleveland and a republican House of Representatives elected, it would be his duty according to the party code to rule the country in defiance of both houses of Congress, or in obedience to the will of the minority. This is monarchy in action, under a democratic form. Or, suppose the people should vote "no confidence" in the present House of Representatives by electing a republican majority to succeed it, the repudiated House would pay no attention whatever to the message, but would go on as if nothing had happened, with all sorts of post mortem legislation until the 4th of March. And, most monarchal of all, the new Congress is not allowed to have anything to say about political affairs until thirteen months after its election, unless convened in extra session by the King, or as we call him here, the President. I do not mean to say that the English system is better than the American; I merely claim that it is more democratic in its mode of work, not better. Did I say better? If so I withdraw the word, for I have lately heard it said that the American plan because less democratic is better than the English way. It is claimed by many Americans as a merit of the constitution that so long as it remains as it is now, democracy never can be triumphant in this land. This is the "conservative" opinion, and it may be correct, althougb I prefer the more democratic wav.

* * *

The Speaker of the British House of Commons is a very lofty personage, one of the grandest in the kingdom, a dignitary so exalted that ordinary mortals blink in the sunshine of his presence. As he walks in state with the awful mace before him, his trailing robes alone, to say nothing of his wig, transfigure him into another Olympian Jove, and he speaks with the authority of thunder. He has a kingly salary, and lives in a palace like a king, a palace provided for him, and furnished for him by the nation. He has a chaplain, and a sword bearer, and a purse bearer, and a mace bearer, and a train bearer, and secretaries, clerks, cooks, and bottle washers without number. He holds also a peerage and a pension in reversion. Radiant with aristocratic adornments he presides over the House, and his baritone call to order will make even the Prime Minister of England tremble and beg pardon like a schoolboy. It seems very strange, and yet it is very true that this gorgeous potentate has not one twentieth as much political power as is exercised by the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington. The democracy long since deprived him of all that. The form and ceremonials, the gewgaws aud the flummery, even the dignity of the office he may enjoy, but he is not allowed the control of legislation even to the extent of his own vote. He must hold that in abeyance during his term of office lest the giving of it should identify him with one party or the other. He must be absolutely and democratically impartial, upholding the equal rights of every member on the floor, and showing neither by voice nor vote what his own preference is. Here again we see democratic practice clad in robes of despotic theory, the exact reverse of what we see at Washington, where the Speaker of the House in a democratic uniform exercises arbitrary power, not only over the members, but over every subject of legislation. He is every inch a king. Let him put on a royal robe, and we will dethrone him instantly, but he may rule as rudely as the imperial Czar if he be careful to wear American clothes. He may smite us with an iron hand if he will only wear upon it the glove of "republican simplicity." It is the form of things we care for, not the substance.

* * *

In the development of the House of Commons it has come to be the rule that the Speakership shall be free from the vicissitudes of politics, and whatever the party luck may be, the old speaker shall be reelected by the new parliament, unless he declines to serve. The speaker of the late House of Commons was Mr. Peel, an opponent of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and it was therefore conceded in America that by the organic law of politics Mr. Gladstone would give that very fine office to one of his own followers, but to our great astonishment, as soon as the new parliament met, a tory member proposed that Mr. Peel be Speaker, and in what appears to us to have been a moment of temporary insanity, Mr. Gladstone seconded the nomination, whereupon Mr. Peel was elected by a unanimous vote. To an American partisan that sort of thing is entirely out of order, because by such eccentric action some "good man" of the majority is cheated out of an office. It was an inspiring sight when the American editors brought their journalistic telescopes to bear on Mr. Gladstone's head, exploring it for a reason, like a party of astronomers investigating Mars. A Gladstonian editor of one of "the great dailies" of Chicago, having a telescope more powerful than the others, discovered the reason almost hidden away in the deep valley of Mr. Gladstone's cunning. "He makes two votes by it," said this journalistic astronomer, "Behold the political sagacity of the grand old man! As the Speaker does not vote, the enemy loses one by having the speakership, while Mr. Gladstone saves one for his own side; and this makes two on a division." Mr. Gladstone may not regard that praise as a very high compliment, but the editor meant it as a flattering tribute to the genius of a skilful politician. It is only fair to say that Mr. Gladstone was actuated by a higher motive; and the election of the Speaker was in logical harmony with the law of impartiality fixed upon the office. If the Speaker must not know either party, it follows that both parties ought to strengthen his position by their votes. If he must preserve the equal rights of every member on the floor, it is only reciprocal fairness that every man should vote for him. The unanimous vote for Speaker gives a very high tone to parliament, and it shows the intellectual progress that fifty years has made in the evolution of politics.

M. M. Trumbull.

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1776 AND 1892.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Our forefathers were right in declaring themselves independent of a king who was "cutting off our trade with all parts of the world," and "imposing taxes on us without our consent." Duties on tea had already called out a vigorous protest in Boston harbor; and there was just indignation against laws meant to suppress our iron-works and woolen mills in order to protect British manufacturers. Glorious resistance to unconstitutional taxation had already been made by Hampden and Cromwell, as well as by the barons who won Magna Charta. These were not merely questions of money; for he is not a man but a slave, who has no wish to defend his rights. It is not so much to save money as manhood, that we ought to resist all attempts to cut off our trade, and impose taxes on us without our consent. How far our people were from consenting to the tariff of 1890 may be judged from the fact that the next election sent three times as many of its enemies as its friends to Congress. States which had hitherto been staunchly Republican, like Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Wisconsin, were swept away by that outburst of righteous indignation.

The tribute most sternly to be opposed is that which we are forced by the government to pay to its favorites in the form of high prices. In making the duty on various manufactures of steel and iron high enough to prevent importation, all the money paid by purchasers, above what these articles would cost if there were free trade therein, is put into the coffers of Mr. Carnegie and other wealthy owners of mines and factories. We import about one-fourth part of the wools and woolens consumed here; and the result is that in order to put about $35,000,000 a year into our national treasury, the tariff brings in about $110,000,000 to owners of factories and flocks. The constitutionality of these exactions is by no means evident; and their injustice is plain enough. No one who remembers what has reduced the price of sugar can deny that duties raise prices. They would not protect any one if they did not.

It often happens, however, that the products of one man's industry are thus made too expensive for other men, who must have them in order to labor profitably. The business of smelting silver at Chicago has been seriously interfered with by a tax on Mexican ores, which is defended by the Republican national platform against the Democratic Congress. While our present tariff was under consideration, nearly six-hundred owners and managers of iron works in New England petitioned for free coal, coke, and iron ore, with pig iron and similar supplies at reduced rates. The request was denied; and the result is that the Cambridge Rolling Mills have been obliged to close; most of the nail factories in Massachusetts have been driven out of the business, and the manufacture in that commonwealth of steel rails, highly successful before 1890, has been made impossible. Another memorial, which was presented in vain to Congress two years ago, was from manufacturers of cloth, who still find their industry checked by duties which make wool dear here and cheap in Europe, so as to "help the foreigner to send to this country vast quantities of woolen goods that, with free wool and moderate duties on the goods, might be manufactured at home." Almost all the carpet wool, for instance, which is used here has to be imported; and the price is kept so high by the duty as to make it impossible for our factories to send carpets abroad. Every nation, except ours, which has any manufacturers, lets them get wool and other raw materials free of duty, and thus enables them to undersell Americans. These American citizens are excluded by our own tariff from every foreign market, while sales at home are much diminished. Every one of our manufacturers finds himself restricted by the high price of articles made by other manufacturers; and the duties on paint, glass, lumber, tools, cotton-ties, and twine bear heavily upon farmers, planters, mechanics, and other laborers who get little or no protection from the tariff. The worst case of interference with honest industry of American citizens is in one of those branches most essential to the nation's safety and honor. Nearly three-fourths of the trade across the ocean, to and from our ports, was under our own flag in 1858. Ever since the low tariff, then in force, has been given up, there has been a

steady decline. Only one-fourth of our imports and exports were carried under the stars and stripes in 1878; and the proportion has now shrunk to one-seventh. Our merchants suffer under the double burden of navigation laws, forbidding the purchase of ships built abroad, and of tariff duties which make it too expensive to build ships and steamers here, except for use along the coast. Thus Americans are prevented from building or owning ships.

Many more cases might be mentioned of interference with individual liberty; but the most important fact is that these are not accidents. They are the necessary results of protection tariffs in the United States. The only way to protect an American in the manufacture of any article is to forbid all other Americans to buy that article at lower rates than he chooses to charge. The foreign manufacturers cannot be reached except by interfering with every American who wishes to buy their goods; and these Americans are injured unavoidably. The foreigner of whom they wish to buy may find a customer elsewhere; but they must choose between paying the increased price and going without the article. Every industry in which that article is used is depressed by its rising in price. Thus to protect one American industry, other American industries must be proportionately depressed. One industry is raised by treading others of our industries down. One American is assisted to make money by hindering other Americans from doing so. The more numerous the protected industries, the more numerous must be the crippled ones.

It is easy for a monarchy to protect a few necessary branches of industry, like ship-building, by keeping up all the duties which help them, and none which hinder them, and thus to throw only slight burdens on the great mass of the people. This kind of protection is impossible in a republic, for very few men will vote for a tariff which does not at least profess to protect their own special industry. A leading protectionist, General Draper, has stated as follows the reason that wool and pig iron are protected, in spite of the injury thus inflicted on manufacturers: "The wool raiser and the pig iron producer, deprived of their occupations, would join the army of free traders; and protection to manufacturers and mechanics would be unlikely to continue." It is hard to see where the protection to the mechanic comes in; but the reason the farmer gets protection on wool and grain, as well as on milk, eggs, green peas, and other articles too perishable to be imported in large quantities, is to buy his vote for a tariff whose main advantage goes to the miners and manufacturers. Four years ago, the Republican League of the United States issued a confidential circular, complaining that too little money was given, for the expenses of this party in presidential campaigns, by "the manufacturers of the United States who are most benefited by our tariff laws." It is further stated that these men "reap the fruits of the tariff policy" and that this is especially true of "the manufacturers of Pennsylvania who are more highly protected than anybody else, and who make large fortunes every year when times are prosperous." The manufacturers acknowledged the truth of the circular by contributing with a liberality which gave victory to the Republican party; whose gratitude took the form of a rise of duties in the interest of the class already "most benefited." In accepting his nomination, this year, Mr. Cleveland has denounced our tariff laws as "inequitable and unfair." If they were not, they would protect nobody. A perfectly equitable tariff would raise all prices, including wages, in exactly the same proportion; but this would give no industry any advantage over the rest. Our tariff is avowedly for the advantage of manufacturers; and they get most of its real benefits; but the rest of our people get at best only enough benefit to buy their votes by closing their eyes to the fact that they lose more than they gain. Thus the burden of high prices is made much heavier than it would be if the tariff were limited to the protection of the industries now most benefited, with no money wasted on a false show of encouraging industries which are really depressed.

It must also be remembered that the tariff sometimes defeats itself by stimulating the most highly favored interests to such excessive production as to glut the market. This was the case some twenty years ago, when half the furnaces which had been making pig iron were closed, and the men thrown out of work. The steel business seems now to be suffering in much the same way. The manufacturers have been making so much money, that suspension of business means nothing worse to them than a trip to Europe; but the workman may have to travel in much less pleasant fashion. His great need is steady employment; and his chances of it are much diminished by his employer's confinement to the home market. This confinement is due to the dearness of raw materials rather than to that of labor. I hope to prove in another article that wages depend upon the efficiency of the laborer, as may be seen from the fact that he earns more in free-trade England than in any protectionist country in Europe. We, too, need to sell goods in foreign markets; but we are not helped to do it by a tariff which was intended by its author to check importation. This cannot be done without checking exportation also. Our neighbors prefer to buy where they can sell something in return. Canada and Mexico, for instance, could afford to take more of our goods, if we were allowed to get their ores and lumber free of duty. These are the countries with which we

most need reciprocity; but that word merely means a protectionist scheme for letting the blessings of commerce flow in drop by drop, according to the interest of a few pampered favorites, without regard to the right of all our people to trade freely with all mankind.

Thus we are fighting like the men of 1776, against "cutting off our trade with all parts of the world," and imposing unjust taxes upon us; for every tax which is unequal is unjust. This time the war for freedom cannot be bloody, and need not be long; but it will go on until liberty is won.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

BY THOS. C. LAWS.

THERE is still very prevalent amongst us a belief that morality is the prerogative of mankind, and that "true morality" is to be found only among those human beings whom the accident of birth has made denizens of the same geographical district or political territory, or whose religious, philosophical, and political views, and their social position, are more or less coincident with our own. It is almost universally believed that morality is a something either directly implanted in the human breast by divine agency, or in some other way possessed of objectivity. Sometimes, indeed, we hear spoken of, not morality itself, but the "moral sentiment," as having an independent existence. But this does not in any way mend matters. A sentiment is but a combination of emotions, in themselves simple or compound as the case may be. Now, emotions as well as ideas have a purely subjective existence, although indirectly through the chain of events which has called them into being, their ultimate origin must have been objective. If one show fear at the sight of a lion, that emotion is only partially called forth by the objective being. Had we never previously seen or heard of a lion it is probable that we should not have exhibited fear. It has been frequently remarked that birds upon oceanic islands, when first visited by man, have shown no fear, but have allowed themselves to be taken or killed with impunity. On the other hand, the sense of fear is discriminatingly shown by the birds of our fields, who instantly distinguish between a sheep or a cow and a dog or a man, and who fly from one, but not from the other. Hence, an emotion is in its origin partially subjective, relying for its existence upon our previous acquaintance with a given object, or with something which, either correctly or incorrectly, we classify therewith, and with its accompanying experiences of pleasure and pain. In all psychical states, indeed, from mere sensation to the complex sentiments on the one hand, and to abstract ideation on the other, there are always two factors clearly distinguished from one another—the objective and the subjective conditions prevalent at the time. An emotion has, indeed, been defined by Maudsley as the "sensibility of the supreme centres to ideas." The moral sentiment, therefore, is not an entity, but a relation between states of consciousness corresponding to a relation in external facts. The maintenance, among at least the higher animals, of such a relation we call morality, and those actions which tend to keep up that relation in its integrity are known as *good;* whilst those which tend to destroy it we call *bad.* Sometimes, by particularising a general term, equally applicable to good and bad actions, we speak of the former as exclusively moral; and, conversely, of the latter as immoral.

Morality came into being when, in the struggle for existence, there arose the need for mutual aid among members of the same species.

If we cut off one of the rays of a star-fish that ray will continue to move in certain directions; it will even turn over upon its ventral surface when one lays it upon its dorsal. The leg of a spider detached from its body will likewise continue to move as though it were still part of the living animal. The eel will still wriggle when cut into pieces. There is a tendency in living matter for an act once performed to repeat itself: due, doubtless, to physico-chemical changes in the nature of the nerves along the line of such action rendering molecular motion along such line more easy than along others. Such action involuntarily performed is, when simple, termed *reflex*, and when complex is known as *habit.* That which we call conscience, enabling us to distinguish between right and wrong, is simply the recognition of similarity between acts we are now engaged in, and those which we are performing habitually. That this is so is proved by the fact that breaches of etiquette, however slight, are subject to the same "pricks of conscience" as lapses of morality; and also that, when any immoral action is persevered in and allowed to become habitual, conscience to that extent becomes inoperative or seared. Nor is it otherwise with the insane—that bugbear of the *a priori* philosopher. "A young man, having been arrested as a thief was sent to the reformatory at Saint-Urbain. One day he happened to lay his hands upon a snake which was hidden in a faggot of twigs. He became frightened, and, after his return to the reformatory, unconscious. Later, having become apparently permanently paralysed in his lower limbs, he was sent to the reformatory at Bonneval. Here, although his intellect remained unimpaired, a complete change of character took place, and he became scrupulously honest. Some months afterwards, however, he was seized with hysterical epilepsy: his former character reappeared, he became once more a thief and boasted loudly of his thefts. Having escaped with sixty francs, of which he had robbed an attendant, upon being recaptured he became so furious that it was necessary to confine him to a solitary cell."* Dr. Maudsley mentions three women of good social position but of hereditarily insane tendencies, who were addicted to the most terrible vices, performed with the utmost callousness.† Again, we have the fact that divergence from habitual thought or action is invariably accompanied by painful sensations. When we have once formed an opinion upon a subject we experience a severe "wrench" in giving it up and substituting another. It is this painful feeling—caused probably by lack of stimulus to nervous lines and centres, which thus, so to speak, come to suffer from starvation—when it accompanies acts called moral which we know as the reproof of conscience.

Frequently, indeed, there may be seen in conflict in the same individual two instincts—one an older and partially suppressed one, the other more recently induced. A somewhat amusing instance of this is given in the story of the two dogs who fought upon the jetty at Donaghadee, an Irish seaport village. During their battle both fell into the sea. One, a Newfoundland and an excellent swimmer, picked up its companion in distress and carried him safe to land. Shore reached, however, they once more commenced to fight in real earnest. Here we have two sentiments in operation, producing opposite effects, whose close juxtaposition makes them appear ludicrous. It is in the nature of the dog, as a carnivore of the wolf type, to fight, particularly with animals of a different species or even variety. All dogs are by nature land animals, but the Newfoundland variety has been artificially selected for the purpose of swimming, and of saving life from drowning. Whilst on land the natural habits of the animals prevailed: contact with the water, however, prompted the one to pursue his domesticated habit of saving life; an instinct which became inoperative upon his once more reaching land.‡ Such alternations of morality are not un-

* Ribot, *Diseases of Personality*, (English translation, Chicago: The Open Court Pub. Co., 1891) pp. 77–80.

† *Physiology and Pathology of Mind*, (London, 1868) pp. 358–360.

‡ An example of incipient alternation of character in a dog is quoted by Mr. Herbert Spencer in Appendix D of *Justice* (London, 1891, p. 280).

common among human beings. The Arab of the desert, in obedience to the laws of his religion, will entertain a stranger, but will not hesitate to pursue him after he has left his dwelling, rob and perhaps kill him. Here we have the hereditary predatory nature of the race conflicting with a superimposed religious law, which the Arab not only believes in, but acts up to! The Tasmanian women, whose maternal instinct was so strong that they adopted young dogs, tended and caressed them as though they were children, frequently killed their own infants at birth. If spared, the children were liable to be killed by the mother in time of war, or by the father in a fit of passion. Here again we have two moral sentiments: the one, the ever-present maternal instinct; the other, an hereditary tendency to acts rendered necessary by war or starvation. In our civilised societies the same fact is observable, more particularly in criminals and the insane. A wealthy man under certain conditions may steal. We say he suffers from kleptomania. Or a man, otherwise reputable, may inclose a piece of commons-land, adding little to the value of his own estate, but taking very much from the poor villagers. Here we have a temporary reversion to a type normal in many savage tribes, and developed to an alarming extent in that Indian robber-race, the Bhîls. In King's Mill Isle, near Samoa, if a man, when out fishing, caught more than the others, his companions entered his canoe and helped themselves to what they would, and woe be to him if he resisted. In the Marquessas Islands, as we learn from M. Radiguet, a native does not hesitate to rob another of superfluous property, and, indeed, claims it as a right. Among lunatics, it has often been noticed that a period of gaity, and, sometimes, of comparative sanity, and one of the most dangerous violence follow closely upon one another. Indeed Dr. Maudsley instances one case where, if apparent responsibility be the criterion of sanity, as lawyers claim, the patient could not have escaped punishment. Yet the man was hopelessly and dangerously insane, his disease passing at last into dementia. A young lady was "sincerely cheerful in her new relations when engaged in conversation, or in some occupation, but when she sat down to write home the old feeling returned and the old automatic morbid activity broke out." * In each case there existed an hereditary tendency to insanity, the family of the latter being "saturated" with it. In the ethics of trade this alternation of morality is a distinguishing feature. On the one hand we have exhibited that mercantilism which aims at amassing wealth by any means whatever, honorable or otherwise; whilst on the other hand there is a higher code, more worthy in its sentiments. The merchant or tradesman does not treat his family or his friends with that hollow sycophancy which he bestows upon his customers; nor would he deal differently between his children, as he often does with those who trade with him. In the morals of societies we may note the co-existence of a commercial with a warlike spirit in nations. At times the love of war, which comes down to us from savage ancestors, bursts forth with such force as totally to prostrate commerce. At other times so called "commercial expeditions" are sent out by civilised nations to Africa, Burmah, or Tonkin, in reality for marauding purposes, but nominally to spread civilisation among the savages—by the aid of the sword. These expeditions, we are informed, are intended to open up new channels of trade!

Through the foregoing psychological analysis we have arrived at certain fundamental general laws of morality. All morality is relative. Actions are influenced, not only by the physical and mental nature of the individual, and the accidents thereto, but also by the conditions under which he exists. To speak of Absolute Morality is but a contradiction in terms, and Mr. Spencer's phrase "absolute ethics" is little better. For, although by that term he does not mean to imply a non-relative morality, still, the inference that an ethic of *summum bonum* can exist without reference to the conditions under which the acts were performed which it seeks to generalise, is a fallacious one. Mr. Spencer's term has as much intrinsic value as the mathematical x. Actions are called good or bad according as they are, or are not, habitual. Why certain acts should be habitual we shall see presently. And in this fact we may harmonise the hedonistic and opponent theories of philosophy. Whilst it must be admitted that good actions are accompanied by pleasurable feelings, and bad by feelings that are painful; it is equally true that there exist actions pre-eminently pleasurable which are nevertheless reckoned as serious offences. But, as we have observed, divergence from habit of thought or action is painful, whilst continuance therein is either positively or negatively pleasurable. Hence, although we must still look upon the accompanying pleasure or pain as a criterion of morality, it must be regarded as a secondary, not as the primary one.

Why have certain actions which we call good become habitual? For social life in all its forms there is necessary a certain amount of mutuality. Discord means the disruption of the society, and that may bring about death to all the individuals composing it. Where a tribe has to contend against numerous enemies division will be fatal. We see this well marked among the ants and bees. "One may cut an ant in two," says Huber, "by the middle of its body, without quelling its eagerness to defend its hearth and home. The head and thorax still march on, carrying the young one to a safe retreat." When an ant-colony is conquered by a foreign host one may observe several ants throw themselves into the midst of the invaders to save their young, even at the peril of their lives, while the rest of the tribe beat a hasty retreat. Nevertheless, a worker which, surrounded by its companions, will fight as bravely as any, will, Forel tells us, show itself extremely timid when alone, say at twenty yards from its nest. Among bees the strictest honesty prevails, as a rule, in dealing out the rations from the hive-cells. Still, there are some bees, as there are some men, greedy and thievish, who enter the cells by stealth to satisfy their gluttony. Turning to birds, Audubon relates the story of an attack by a serpent upon a nest of brown thrushes. The reptile was resisted by the male bird to the best of his ability; and the bird, having raised a cry of distress, was soon joined by another of the same species. A third afterwards came to the help of the others. Birds have sometimes been known to feed others blind or aged, even though of a different species. The thing is of frequent occurrence among birds of the same species. In their domestic morals birds are far superior to most of the lower animals, and, indeed, to many human beings and societies. Dr. Letourneau remarks that in the siege of Paris, in January, 1871, a German shell, bursting in the loft of the house of his friends, could not disturb a female pigeon sitting upon her nest.* So strongly attached are the couple to one another of the *Psittacus pertinax*, or Illinois parrot, that, when one dies, its mate scarcely survives a week. This bird exhibits—as likewise do the golden and bald-headed eagle—an almost perfect example of monogamous union, indissoluble and lasting throughout life. It is, however, only the marriage-tie which thus remains unbroken: the young, when old enough, are sent adrift—sometimes, indeed, forced out of the nest by their parents—and are no longer distinguished from mere strangers. Among birds, as among men, difference of surroundings may produce considerable moral differences. M. Montegazza has pointed out that, upon the shore of the lake of Guadalupe, replete with fish, the caïmans have become mere inoffensive monsters, making no effort to attack human beings. But, elsewhere in South America the caïman is the most ferocious and most dangerous of beasts of prey.

A brief glance at the morals of animals higher in the scale must suffice. Our discussion is intended to be directed mainly towards the origin and evolution of human morals. It is noteworthy

* Maudsley *opus cit.* p. 381.

* *The Evolution of Marriage*, (Eng. trans., London, 1891) p. 29.

that even ferrets, as Dr. Romanes has observed, brought up under a hen, will not only not attack their adopted mother, but will hesitate whether or not to attack another hen, of which they have not the slightest knowledge. The association of ideas evidently, for a time at least, overrules their ancestral instinct. Dogs which have done wrong well know it, and hang down their tails or hide themselves in shame. A young elephant, whose mother had been shot, has been known, after spending the night with the corpse, to go on the morrow to the hunter, around whom he has entwined his trunk, seeking aid. On the other hand, the females of the rabbit kill and even devour their young; and among some of the anthropoid apes, the young, when old enough, rebel and assassinate their father and tyrant. Wild rabbits, unlike the domestic variety, will expose themselves and run the risk of being caught or killed, in order to save their young. A similar instinct has been observed by Brehm in baboons in Abyssinia. The family among the higher apes bears a close resemblance to that among the lowest men. In each the father is chief and despot, and the females of but secondary importance; in each the children have a place in the family only so long as they are young, and may, if not previously driven out of the horde, put one or both their parents to death, as do the chimpanzees and the Australians, as did the Fijians and Tasmanians. Indeed, Rousseau's pretty but wild theory to the contrary notwithstanding, all the facts go to show that the original form of human government was a despotic monarchy, bounded by the limits of the family or clan.

Morality is of two kinds: empirical and formal. By empirical morality we mean those moral actions which every individual performs in the ordinary course of life, first unconsciously, and afterwards more or less consciously. Formal morality is the morality of the schools, the ethical systems, codes and speculations which have from time to time been advanced.

The phenomena with which the science of ethics deals may be grouped under three heads. First, we have those reciprocal actions between individuals, which have little or no direct bearing upon the life of the society at large. In contradistinction to these, which we may call *private ethics*, there are a considerable number of actions which do concern public life, such as those in which individuals are concerned, not independently, but in their corporate capacity, as subjects, as citizens, and as public companies. This division may be known as *public ethics*. Between these two, and partaking of the nature of both, comes *domestic ethics*, dealing with the morals of the family relations. The first class includes, among others, beneficence, negative and positive, etiquette (so far as it may be subject of moral discourse), friendship and duty in general; the second, justice, State-duties and those of property in its various forms, political and trade morals; the third, chastity and filial and parental duties.

In constructing, however, a science of ethics based upon that of comparative ethnology, we must be exceedingly careful lest we brandish forth our own pre-judgments as actual facts. Many of the fallacies which have underlain ethical theories, are due to this cause. The theory that there are in the mind certain innate fundamental moral principles alike in every man is one of these fallacies, and one held even by so acute a thinker as the late Dean Mansel. The so-called "principles" of morality are after thoughts, are generalisations made by formal ethicists. Just as action precedes knowledge, so particular facts have an existence prior to systematised ethics, whose principles are but inductions from those facts. The savage does not consider whether it be right or wrong to steal or kill: he acts according to the conditions under which he is placed. Modesty is frequently spoken of as a fundamental virtue, more particularly in the female sex. Modesty is unknown among the animals, and is, we are told, a clear line of demarcation between them and men. But modesty is likewise unknown among primitive men. The Tasmanians had scarcely any idea of chastity, and among them, as well as among the Australians, wives were frequently lent or hired out.* Among these peoples, those of New Caledonia and of the Andaman Isles, libertinism is an innocent amusement, even among children.† Among the Fijians, the Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, a Wesleyan missionary who had resided for some years in the Islands, tell us, "the precision with which words are employed to mark the various stages of immorality and sin is fearfully admonitory." ‡ At Nouka Hiva, in the Pacific, the young girls make temporary marriages to procure them, for a time, riches. When they grow older, however, they make more lasting connections, and are said to be as firmly attached to their husbands as the majority of civilised women. In the Sandwich Isles, M. de Varigny informs us, the chief difficulty of the missionaries "consisted in teaching the women chastity; they were ignorant of the name and of the thing.§ An Aleout Eskimo told the missionary Langdorff that the sexual relations among his people were akin to those of the otters. Even among the Japanese, whose moral *status* can scarcely be regarded as inferior to that of the nations of the West, both sexes walk nude to and from the baths, and meet there indiscriminately without the sense of shame or any idea of indecency. Compare this with that exaggerated notion of modesty which made an ancient Greek declare of his hero that even in death in the midst of battle he fell with due decorum; which renders it necessary for an Arab woman to hide from the stranger more than half her face; and which in London, some years ago, forbade the mention in public of the name of a well-known politician and statesman which had been lately connected with a certain scandal. The origin of modesty is not difficult to arrive at. Among savages, as a rule, women are treated as goods and chattels, or at best as slaves. It was from their fear of their lord and master that the sense has been derived. The husband might kill, sell, give, or lend his wife, because she was his property; but woe be to the woman who did not consider herself as such and act accordingly

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, while in the public service as Minister to France, learned the art of polite speech, and he finds it useful to him in his oratorical campaign. He scatters compliments around him with the graceful courtesy of a Frenchman, and he makes flattery look like genuine praise. At the Soldiers' Orphans' Home in Ohio, he raised all the inmates to the peerage as royally as if he held a sceptre in his hand. Throwing proper American contempt upon the titles conferred by foreign kings, he said: "We have no nobility in this country like that which exists in monarchies. There is no king or queen here to tap a man on the shoulder and make of him a knight, earl, marquis, or duke." This long felt want Mr. Reid himself supplied by ennobling all the children at the Home, and making them a brevet caste. Solemn as the Tycoon in the comic opera he proclaimed their elevation in these words: "Sons and daughters of the men who fought for the country in its hour of peril! You are our only nobility!" The modesty with which Mr. Reid, not having been a soldier, descends voluntarily to plebeian rank, is in the highest style of diplomatic art; for the flattery bestowed upon the children, glances from them to every member of the Grand Army, and titillates the vanity bump of every veteran who holds a ballot in his hand. I claim a ration of

* During the last century there are frequent records of sales by auction of wives in England. Indeed in 1837 a man in the West Riding of Yorkshire was sentenced to one month's hard labor for "attempting to sell his wife." In Yorkshire, too, a sale of a wife, in due legal form and attested by witnesses, took place even so late as in 1884.

† Letourneau. *Evolution de la morale* (Paris, 1887), p. 137; *Evolution of Marriage* (Eng. trans., London, 1891), pp. 57-58.

‡ *The King and People of Fiji*, p. 347.

§ *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich*, p. 159.

glory with the rest, and give thanks to Mr. Reid for lifting me into the ranks of the aristocracy; but before putting my vote in pledge, I wish to hear from Mr. Stevenson. It may be that he can compliment more eloquently than Mr. Reid, although as he has never been Minister to France the odds are all the other way. Still, Brutus having spoken, it is only fair to hear Antony. "Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony."

* * *

When Mr. Whitelaw Reid told the children at the Soldiers' Home that they were "our only nobility," he showed himself wonderfully ignorant of the social progress made by his own countrymen while he was away in France. For instance, in the British peerage there are only about six hundred nobles altogether, while here we have them by the thousands. On the 15th of August, I quote from the newspapers, "Three thousand nobles with gleaming lances and brilliant apparel, on foot, in carriages, and bestride gaily caparisoned camels, wended their way through the oasis of Omaha." This was the grand parade of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, assembled in "conclave" at "the oasis of Omaha." These are all higher in rank than the English nobility; for, whereas, among the British peers, none but princes of the blood royal are called "illustrious," and none "imperial," every noble at Omaha was of "illustrious" degree; and there was a "Potentate" at the head of them, a dignitary not known in the House of Lords. All this appears from a record of the proceedings which informs us that "Illustrious Potentate Sam Briggs called the council to order, and Imperial Recorder Frank Luce called the roll." There is a harsh discord there, a familiarity out of harmony with the magniloquent style and splendor of nobility. I do not like to hear an illustrious potentate addressed by such a free and easy democratic title as Sam Briggs, as if he were no better than the rest of us. He ought to be Lord Samuel, or Sir Samuel, at the least, and I hope that he may be thus dignified at the next "conclave." He himself cared nothing about it, and he was far too proud and haughty to retaliate by calling the assembled peers Tom, Dick, and Harry, for he said; "Illustrious Associates, again I have the pleasure of greeting the Imperial body with the salutation ordained by the prophet, honored be his name." He then announced that the order contained within it 22,789 nobles, which is many more than can be found in Europe altogether. Here, then, is evidence that the soldiers and the sailors, and their children, are not what Mr. Reid affirms they are, "our only nobility."

* * *

As for knights, they are as common with us, as corn. We have them by the millions. In fact, nearly every other man in the United States is a knight of high or low degree. At the beginning of August the Knights Templar held their triennial "conclave" at Denver, and no less than twenty-five thousand of them were in the parade. I would give much to see an army of twenty-five thousand men marching in column, and every man a captain at the least, a knight, with the title "Sir" prefixed to his christian name. The effete monarchies cannot show anything like that. Although every man there was at least a knight, all the knights were not of equal rank; some were "Eminent," some "Very eminent," some "Right eminent," and others "Most eminent." There was a "Grand Prelate," and a "Grand High Priest," and a "Generalissimo," and a "Captain General," dwarfing the Right Hon. Earls and Barons of the old world to nothingness. What matters it that "we have no king or queen here to tap a man on the shoulder and make him a knight!" We can tap him on the shoulder and make him a knight ourselves. The Templars alone have enrolled amongst them half a million knights, and perhaps more, for the Pythians, a younger and less numerous fraternity, at their "conclave" just held at Kansas City, reported three hundred thousand Knights of Pythias in good standing. The favorite adjective by which they describe their dignitaries is "Supreme," and this is a little higher than "Eminent." In addition to "Generals" by the cord, they have "Supreme" Chancellors, "Supreme" Keepers of the Exchequer, and many other "Supreme" officers, including one who is described in the papers as the "Supreme Ruler," not of the Universe, of course, but of the Order. There are other orders of knighthood and nobility scattered about the country, all of them helping to give to our society an aristocratic tone. Judging from the titles assumed by the Templars and the Knights of Pythias, I should think they ought to be "select" enough for anybody. But, no, even while I write the Order of Select Knights is holding a "conclave" at Dixon, Illinois. I do not think them very "select" for their dignitaries are only "Grand"; such as "Grand Commander," "Grand Standard Bearer," "Graud Senior Knight," "Grand Junior Knight," and so on. They are not even Illustrious, Eminent, or Supreme. All those orders have important magic revelations, phylacteries, and charms hidden in some tabernacle, or sanctum sanctorum, or secret cupboard of a mystic shrine. These mysteries are shown only to the initiated inside, because they cannot stand exposure to the air. If given to the light they would like ancient skeletons crumble into dust.

* * *

There is a good deal of human nature in mankind, and monkeys are not more alike than men. Even "organised labor," just like "organised capital," tries to hire its own workmen at the lowest rate of wages; but it surrenders more easily to a strike. The strike of the Buffalo switchmen failed, but the strike of the Chicago Musical Society against the Chicago Trades and Labor Assembly was a triumph. There is so much tragedy in the labor movement that we hail with gladness a shining ray of comedy here and there, for even Hamlet would be oppressive and dull without the flashes of humor that relieve the sombre play. There is no finer comic satire on the stage than the strike of the musicians against the attempt of the Trades and Labor Assembly to lower wages; and the moral of it, having the flavor of their own medicine, was too bitter for the Trades Assembly. The Chicago Musical Society is composed of "union" bands, mostly brass, and they refused to march and play in the great Labor Day procession for less than seven dollars a man, and this the Trades and Labor Assembly would not pay; whereupon a strike was ordered by the walking delegate, or some other competent authority of the Chicago Musical Union. The Trades and Labor men being employers this time, went out like other capitalists into the labor market, and made a contract with the Slavonian Musical Society for bands with just as much brass in them as the others, at the rate of only five dollars a day per man; and then came the inevitable boycott. The Slavonians were excommunicated as a "non-union" band, and a delegate from the Typographical Union threatened that if the Slavonian bands were employed the printers, and the painters, and the cigar-makers, and several other organisations would refuse to take part in the parade; but, in spite of the threat, the Assembly voted to ratify the contract made with the Slavonian Musical Society. They stood up like men for the right to hire whom they pleased, and they yielded the right like —— men. In fact, they were in a false position, and there was nothing for them but surrender.

* * *

The strike of the musicians against the Trades and Labor Assembly was approved by Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, who wrote a letter to the Assembly, lecturing that body as a schoolmaster would lecture a lot of unruly boys. Mr. Gompers is a very logical person, and he was astonished that a trades union confederation like the Chicago Assembly should be so illogical in employing labor as "to depart from union principles by refusing to pay union prices." He warned the assembly that its action "would put organised labor in a very pecu-

liar light, demanding high wages from employers and refusing the same to their fellow workers when in need of their services." The sarcasm is just, when tested by the principles of "organised labor," but it also shows that the ethics of organised labor in this particular is lopsided and unfair. It permits one set of workmen to practice extortion upon another, provided the extortion be called wages; but it does not allow the victims to say, "Our wages is diminished by the overcharge. Five dollars a day per man is the price of musicians for parade purposes, and if we are compelled to pay seven dollars a day, our wages is lowered in proportion to the size of the extortion, for we have no money but what we earn as wages." Mr. Gompers might reply to this, and still be logical, by saying, "You are organised to force up wages, and you should never complain that wages is too high. Were this extortion practised on marching clubs of Masons, or Odd Fellows, or party processions, you would all sustain the extortion, and contend that it was right. If it would be right for them it is right for you, and you may as well submit." I do not know that Mr. Gompers did actually talk that way but I think he must have done so, for the report of the last meeting says, "The assembly yielded every point, even to paying seven dollars a man on labor day." It also says that President Gompers was present "and his influence went a long way in the direction of harmony"; which reminds me of the gentleman who said, "Whenever my wife and I have any disagreement, I just let her have her own way at last; and she calls that a compromise."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME FURTHER ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF NATIONALISM.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Mr. Holland, in *The Open Court* of July 7th, objects to further nationalisation because an increase of officers at the president's disposal would increase his power to buy re-election and pay for it with offices.

This trouble is easily avoided by adopting the one-term limit, and by the long-talked-of strict civil service laws, which further nationalisation will make imperative and which stagnation never will. Then if railroads and telegraphs were added to public service, only about one in seventeen voters would be employed by government. What could one voter do against the seventeen others more interested than before in good government?

The present partnership between all governments and corporations is acknowledged to be the chief source of corruption, corporations thus coming to own the most men and money; yet corporations are now an economic necessity until government shall perform their work.

But further on Mr. Holland says he does not object as much as I do to having men "strive physically, mentally, and morally." (I meant to say starve, but strive will do.) The struggle for existence of presidents is but a small part of the struggle, and the fact that men who do not object to the strife of "fair competition" do object to some features of political strife, shows that they have not perceived what the struggle for existence means. The fearful battle of the strong against the weak is everywhere, and stirs the souls of just people. Read the history of the Union and Central Pacific steals; Henry D. Lloyd's awful story of "The Strike of Millionaires Against Miners"; read that insult to the common people, "The Gospel of Wealth," by the arrogant Carnegie, self-appointed trustee for the ignorant community, and disciple of Spencer; read how Gould testified to paying $1,000,000 in one year for Erie road legislation; and Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty," all examples of the inevitable results of competition.

Natural History must come before science. Agassiz felt unacquainted with jelly fish until he had studied the fish themselves two years. Those who talk of noble things coming naturally out of strife and starvation are like the Sunday school library books whose poor women, sick a year with a half-dozen babies around, were "neat and clean." Who washed their clothes? and where were they hung to dry? Physical starvation includes mental starvation. Philosophers talk of unfitness as Calvinists used to talk of infants' original sin, and the babies and the prisoners of poverty are too weak to protest that they are made largely by environments. Ignorance is dumb, and the learned who fall are soon too weak to be heard. The successful ones feel most like talking, and they scream everywhere, "The struggle is great fun! Honest merit wins! Hurrah for me!"

The competition recommended by theorists, practically the life and death struggle for the most or for a pittance, is most distasteful to refined people when seen as it really is, and it may sometime be as disgraceful as cock fighting.

ELLA ORMSBY.

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Permit me to point out the contradiction in the phrase "The Survival of the Unfit."

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, as it is called, is simply the statement that, under given conditions, that which exists does so because it is suited to those conditions. It precludes by the mere statement the very possibility of that which is "unfit" surviving.

Assuming the truth of the general statements that most people are wretchedly poor,—barely able to live,—that idiocy, insanity, intemperance, crimes of violence, and so on, are increasing faster than the whole population increases, what does this mean? Manifestly it means that present conditions are better suited to the survival of the ignorant, the coarse, the sensual, the dishonest, than to the survival of the intelligent, refined, honest, and sensitive. These brute masses whom you deplore need none of your sympathy; they are better fitted than your sensitive self to cope with the savagery around. The poor do not feel their degradation,—the tenement house people prefer dirt! Certainly they do; that is the reason they survive. The development of a preference for dirt is part of the adaptation which is going on.

I do not think that any legislation can reverse a tendency which counts our immense mass of legislation as part of the environment which has produced it: I am of the opinion that it is in the revocation of existing enactments that hope lies. To put it otherwise, I am of the opinion that the particular part of the environment which tends to throw men back into savagery, and to destroy association among them, lies, not in any necessary unsuitability of association to gratify men's desires, but in mistaken attempts to regulate association.

If Mrs. Bodington had seen, as I have seen, shiploads of fruit and vegetables thrown into the sea, because they were, forsooth, too plentiful, she would not take up with Malthusianism just yet awhile.

The trouble is mainly in two things. The first of these is the fact that the as yet unexhausted earth is inaccessible. The unoccupied land is held out of use, instead of being used to produce. It is held by people who do not want to use it, but only want to make others pay for the privilege.

It will not be changed until the intelligence of men, both poor and rich, grasps the fact that the land must be used, that possession must depend upon occupancy, under pain of a premature artificial land-scarcity such as prevails and from which we suffer.

The second cause is that after having produced men are not free to exchange. As all people who know anything know nowa-

days, to be able to trade off your stuff is perhaps less important as far as bare life goes, but even more important than production, if we are to enjoy life with comfort.

We cannot trade because the mechanism of exchange is antiquated and inefficient, and because mistaken laws prevent experiment and discovery of better methods. Gold and silver long ago were insufficient in quantity for use as a currency: private invention developed a wonderful system of banks. Now, gold and silver are too scarce even as security, yet arbitrary statute prevents the acceptance of other security even though entirely adequate.

Give us freedom of the land, freedom of the currency, and a few other freedoms that will easily come, and further progress in association will be possible. Otherwise, nothing but retrogression need be expected. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF PERU. By *Clements R. Markham.* Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co., 1892.

This is the first of a series of volumes in course of publication by Messrs. Sergel & Co., treating of the Latin-American republics. Perhaps, on the whole, no one could be found better fitted, so far as information is concerned, at least, than Mr. Markham for the performance of the task assigned to him. He has had intimate relations with Peru, and has studied its language and literature. Possibly for this very reason, however, the author's views are likely to be somewhat prejudiced in favor of the Peruvians, whose misfortunes appeal strongly to the feeling of those who sympathise with the unsuccessful defenders of their native soil against foreign aggression. Peru has been especially unfortunate in this respect. The conquest by the Spaniards, which resulted in the overthrow of the Incal empire, was followed by such a drain on the native population, consequent on forced labor, that in two hundred years it decreased nine-tenths in numbers. The rebellion in 1780 of Tupac Amaru, whose object was to get rid of the ordinances, the operation of which had caused so grievous a loss of life, led to the extirpation of the royal Inca family, under circumstances of the most heartless cruelty on the part of the Spaniards. And yet, strange to say, the very measures which the Peruvian patriot had proposed were soon after his death introduced by the new viceroy, Teodoro de Croix. From this period dates the beginning of what may be termed the modern history of Peru, for the incidents of which we must refer our readers to the work itself. Its author remarks, "The history of Peru is perhaps a sadder record than is met with in most nations, but it is full of stirring incidents, and affords much subject for thought." This is very true, and we do not think that Mr. Markham has done full justice to his theme. The book shows evidence of haste both in its preparation and in its passage through the press. As was probably to be expected, the chapters dealing with the people of Peru, its literature, and its wealth, are among the best. Those treating of the Inca civilisation contain but little new to the general reader, and we cannot accept as conclusive Dr. Brinton's statement, quoted with approval by the author, in connection with the question of the origin of the "red race," that "the culture of the American race is an indigenous growth, wholly self-developed, and owing none of its germs to any other race." Mr. Markham is more of a geographer than an anthropologist, although the map which forms the frontispiece of the work is valuable from both these points of view. The book is supplied with some good illustrations, and with an index in addition to a full table of contents, and it will probably at this period attract considerable attention. Ω.

NOTES.

In our following number the publication will begin of a series of articles by Mr. Charles S. Peirce on the methods of reasoning. (The first article of the series was announced for the present number.) It rarely occurs that the elements of a science are presented by those who have greatly contributed to its advancement. All students, therefore, should hasten to avail themselves of the opportunity to read what Mr. Peirce has to say concerning the fundamental principles of right reasoning.

The leading article of this week's *Open Court* deals with the question of Free Trade. Political questions are wholly subsidiary to the main work of *The Open Court;* and criticisms and letters touching this subject should be as brief as possible.

About a year ago Mr. M. D. Conway published an article in *The Open Court* regarding the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. A different view, that of its non-genuineness, is taken by Mr. W. H. Burr, of Washington. Readers interested in the subject should read the editorial on the question in the *New York Sun* of August 9th.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, $30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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PYTHAGORICS.

BY C. S. PEIRCE.

The catholic kindness of the philosopher who conducts *The Open Court* gives me a hearing before its bar, to present the claims of certain ideas. I accordingly purpose to submit some reflections upon various methods of reasoning,—as well methods in vogue which I undertake to show faulty, as methods neglected or decried the use of which I shall advocate. These pleadings will make up a series of briefs, or articles, to be entitled "The Critic of Arguments," the word *critic* here meaning an art, like *logic*, etc. But I shall beg leave to intersperse among these essays others relating to points in the history of human reason, treated mostly with special reference to the practical lessons they suggest.

> "Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
> Amid the dust of books to find her,
> Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
> With the cast mantle she hath left behind her."

So sang James Lowell. But he knew, as well as anybody, that no dryasdust could ever have expected anything more from his plodding than the "cast mantle" of truth. The individual scholar looks upon himself as only one of a vast army of ants who are collectively building up something which no one of them can comprehend in advance or is destined ever to see, but which is to be the solace, stimulus, and strength of future generations. The student's life would lack something of its proper dignity if he did not well know, at the outset, that, in embracing it, and thus surrendering the ordinary joys of life, he has to look forward to no personal compensation, whether material or sentimental. I mean this of the American student, only, for of course all is very different in continental Europe, where learned men are sought after by universities, and have an honorable status, instead of being counted as cranks. What is a bit discouraging in his prospect, to a young man who contemplates devoting himself to intellectual affairs, is the assurance that all his life long he will be prevented from doing his work thoroughly well, and from competing with European rivals, owing to the impossibility of procuring the necessary books. True, there are a few great libraries in the expensive cities, open at stated hours. But to study one must burn the midnight oil, and must have many books always at hand. No poor grub will, in any of the dreams that inanition brings, ever fancy that, among all the rich Grolier clubs, a single bibliophile could be found who would deprive himself of half a dozen rare volumes, in order, with the proceeds of their sale, to purchase a thousand works of value to be loaned to one who would actually use them for the world's good!

In these days, we have seen all sorts of artisans and manual laborers associating themselves to enforce the respect of those with whom they deal; but it was only a little while ago that I heard of the actual existence of a secret society of scientific students, called the Pythagorean Brotherhood.

It is a beautiful name. I would it were given to me to write the life of Pythagoras; for it is not only the sublimest of all human biographies, but the task would also afford a unique opportunity of showing how a true logic would deal with a great mass of weak testimony, and of putting in a clear light the futility of the canons which historical critics are now in the habit of applying to such cases. Open any modern history of philosophy and you will find that the story of Pythagoras,—except in a few colorless outlines,—is erased altogether, on the ground that it rests upon very late authorities, to follow whom would not be "safe." Can anybody explain what that word means? The Latin *salvus sum* means: I have come out without loss; and so when an insurance company judges a risk "safe," they mean that they will take a thousand like it and that what they lose on some of them will be made good on others. If this is the sense in which historical beliefs are said to be "safe" or otherwise, one essential factor in determining whether they should be so regarded must be their value to us in case they are true. One would risk more for the sake of knowing that the ideal Pythagoras lived, than he would for the sake of knowing that the Platonic Socrates lived. The best of the story should be true, to judge by the elevated character of all the Pythagoreans we hear of; and when we remember how intensely secretive they were, and how they refrained from so much as naming their master, the late divulgement of

the facts is noway surprising. But be the story true or false, it remains one of the most precious of biographies; because it inspires and inflames the heart of the reader with a great and lofty ideal of humanity. In this light, the suppression of it in modern books shows the queer earth-worship of our day. Are ideals unembodied of no account? I wot they must be reckoned with, even in computing the active forces of this world.

At any rate, it is certain that Pythagoras really lived, and that in the sixth century before Christ, the Tarquins then reigning in Rome, he established in the great city of Crotona, at the southernmost point of the Gulf of Tarentum, a scientific secret society, one main purpose of which was to control the policy and conduct of the government, and to sway the minds of the citizens.* There is no reason to doubt that full members of this brotherhood surrendered their property; and they must have supported themselves by means of their superior knowledge, probably in mathematics. This was not publicly understood; for only the initiated, by means of secret signals, could tell who were and who were not Pythagoreans. That they made great advances in mathematics is an established fact. If there are those who disbelieve their master's having discovered the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of. Euclid (which commonly bears his name), and the thirty-first proposition of the third book, their disbelief comes from the use of canons that embody a sceptical temper, but not a sane logic. Indeed, there are men who seem to conceive that the less they believe the more highly scientific they are. The Pythagoreans attached significance to numbers. They had a number of justice, 4 or, perhaps 3, or 5; a number of health, 6 or 7; a number of marriage, 5, 3, or 6; and a number of light, 7 or 6. *One* was the origin; *two*, stalwart resistance; *three*, mediation and beauty; *four*, the key of nature; *five*, color; *six*, life; *seven*, the lucky time; *eight*, the Cadmean number; etc. But pre-eminent above all was *ten*, the sacred number, the principle and guide of human life, the number of Power. There was some great secret attached to *ten*, and the Pythagorean oath made special reference to it. The testimony of antiquity is unequivocal that the Pythagoreans kept their mathematical discoveries secret. But the sapient modern critic sees fit to reject this statement. Do you ask why? Simply, because it is not "probable." But since I do not myself carry about in my breast any such unerring and heaven-born sense of the "probable," there is nothing for me to do but to believe that the Pythagoreans did keep their mathematical discoveries to themselves; and all the testimony there is in favor of this fact fails to rouse in me an impulse to deny it. That is where, I suppose, I am wanting in the true critical spirit. But since they must have earned their living by the practice of the mathematical arts,—computation, book-keeping, mensuration, surveying, etc,—it would plainly be to the interest of the guild that this *mistery* should remain a *mystery* to outsiders. When Boethius, about A. D. 500, gives an account of a sort of abacus, consisting of a table ruled in columns for the decimal places, in which columns characters substantially the same as our Arabic figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, were written, he says that this table and these digit-characters were used by the Pythagorics. True, the genuineness of this passage has been much disputed, notwithstanding one of the manuscripts dating from the tenth century, long before the introduction of the Arabic notation into Europe. But these doubts are now given up, at any rate by the best authorities. Still, I hardly need say that every self-respecting critic rejects the statement of Boethius that these figures were used by the Pythagoreans. For how could Boethius, A. D. 500, know anything about the secrets of a club, of which *we*, WE ourselves, even WE, hear little, subsequent to A. D. 200? Yet certain singular facts call for explanation. The figures which we have seen were known to a few persons in Rome A. D. 500, but had never before been publicly spoken of throughout the widest limit of the Roman Empire, (unless perhaps in Egypt, where some hieratic characters are fancied to resemble them,) are modifications of the letters of an old Bactrian alphabet, at that time for centuries disused. Nor, after that time, were these figures heard of again until Muhammud ben Musa brought them once more from Khiva in the ninth century, at the summons of the Arabian Khalif. When, in the twelfth century, they first appear again in Europe, they are strangely attributed, not to Arabians, Turks, Parthians, Bactrians, Egyptians, nor Pythagorics, but to the Chaldees; and they bear these outlandish names:

1. Igin.	6. Caltis.
2. Andras.	7. Zebis.
3. Ormis.	8. Temenias.
4. Arbas.	9. Celentis.
5. Quimas.	0. Sipos.

M. Lenormant, the Assyriologist, recognised five of these words as corruptions from the Shemitic speech of Babylonia, viz.—igin = ishtin; arbas = arba; quimas = khamsa; zebis = shibit; temenias = shumannu. The other 5 do not at all resemble any numerals of the old Turanian language of Babylonia, so far as now known; but two of them are like the allied Magyar, in which tongue 3 is *harum*, a little like *ormis*, and 9 is *kalentz*, like *celentis*. At any rate, if we were to

*Critics pronounce the statement that he publicly exhibited his golden thigh as an absurd fiction. But Aristotle is the witness to it; and his testimony cannot be lightly put aside. Crotona was a commercial city; and probably the Crotonates were so eager for gold that at the sight of it they lost their reason, and Pythagoras deemed it wise to turn that madness to the service of philosophy.

suppose that the use of these figures was known to Chaldean priests, and communicated by them to Pythagoras, who in ancient times was always held to have been a great traveller, and to have spent many years in Babylon, and if we suppose that it was by means of the use of these figures that the Pythagoreans gained their livelihood, then we can understand how the knowledge of them, though not general, crops out here and there, at distant times and places, with wonderfully little change.

I have been led into this chiefly to illustrate the fact that, sincerely devoted to pure science as Pythagoras and his school assuredly were, yet their secret association by no means neglected practical objects, nor failed to pursue them in a thoroughly practical way.

This brings me back to the modern Pythagorean brotherhood, the rumor of which has reached my ears. I understand that it is composed of three hundred men and women whose lives are solemnly consecrated to science. They obey implicitly a general. Celibacy is strictly enjoined for the present; although, in the fulness of time, the intention is to recruit their numbers mainly by careful selections from among their own offspring, in the light of biological laws which they hope to make out. But the first forty years of the new life of the Pythagoric rule is regarded by all of them as a probationary period, during which they must practice a degree of self-abnegation and submit to a rigor of discipline which at a later time can be relaxed. Meantime, the corporation will be husbanding its resources and gathering strength for the great work that lies before it. This work, as these people conceive it, is no mere picking up of the "cast mantle" of truth, though that is indispensable, too; it is no less than the reception by man of all that he has to learn. To this end, the first step is to make their own body not only the most exquisitely virtuous society ever on earth, but also, what is far higher in their eyes, the wisest of all the race of men. The next step will be to subject the rest of mankind to the governance of these chosen best. This is to be accomplished by pitting their superior virtue, science, and wisdom, against the wickedness, the vanity, the credenciveness, and the cowardice of the common herd. In this conduct, they will not be handicapped, like the Church, by being committed to a mass of lies.

This is all that I have heard; but I can picture to myself a good many more details. I shall not ask anybody how these devotees will succeed; for me the facts of human nature and of history answer that question, plainly. The movement has been on its way to sure accomplishment, since the day on which three hundred gifted men and women gave up their lives and all their individual hopes to that great end.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

BY THOS. C. LAWS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Upon a scientific treatment of the subject we may note five phases of moral evolution. We have first *animal* morality; in the second stage the morals may be called *primitively savage;* a collateral phase, developed under certain conditions, is *primitively industrial;* the remaining two are *militant* and *mercantile*. It may be objected to this classification that we have entirely ignored the time-honored division of humanity into savage and civilised. We do so intentionally: we are not able to give sufficiently definite meanings to these words to allow us to make use of them in scientific classification. They resemble greatly the legal term "felony"—a word without a definition. Originally felony was a crime punishable with forfeiture of goods. But other offences have now come to be classed as felonious, and the penalty of forfeiture has, generally speaking, been abolished. One can give merely a negative or a categorical definition. One may say (an assertion of little value, since it applies equally to crimes other than felonious) that a felony is an illegal act, the performance of which is punishable by law; or one may recount the names or natures of all the various deeds reckoned by lawyers as felonious. A civilised nation was originally one possessing civil institutions similar to those of ancient Greece and Rome. All others were heathens or barbarians. But Greece and Rome have long since fallen from their high estate in matters philosophical and political, and the word "civilised" has been left without a definite meaning. We may point to a European, a Hindu, and a Chinaman, and call each and all of them civilised; we may point to a Ffon, a Toda, or a Fuegian, and speak of him as savage. These are wide contrasts, and it is to such contrasts that we usually apply the terms. It is, indeed, difficult, if not impossible, to use the words in any way which will not give the reader or hearer the idea of contrast. Contrast, however, and classification are very different. Orders of classification merge more or less into one another; objects contrasted must be widely diverse. A way out of the difficulty has been suggested, and that is to use the word "civilised" to denote such peoples as possess a literature. Would those who so strenuously advocate this use of the word regard as civilised the Battas of Sumatra, who, notwithstanding that they have a written language and a literature of their own, yet possess political institutions inferior to those of Dahomey, and still practice cannibalism to some extent? In our use of the word "savage" as above, we shall signify such societies as exhibit normally actions which, judging from the standard of higher races, usually called civilised, would be looked upon as violent, ferocious, and vicious.

Objection may also be raised to the word "animal" and "primitive" as applied to savage humanity. It may be denied that there exist at present any truly primitive or original races. It may be maintained that the peoples so called are degenerations from a higher order, or that they have been modified by subsequent experience. We do not deny it. Evidence upon either side is extremely scant. But such men in the former case are undoubtedly what Darwin would call "reversions to type." They do not necessarily exhibit the traits of any particular race of early man, but they possess his general characteristics.

Animal morality is exhibited by a few races, for the most part forest-dwellers, such as the Obongos (the dwarf tribes of Equitorial Africa), the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Andamanese, and the Fuegians. The Obongos are in stature about four and a half feet, their legs are short in proportion to their bodies, and their breasts are covered with tufts of hair. They live in caves or on the boughs of trees, and wear no clothing. Their food consists principally of roots and herbs. Little is known about them save that they live in triblets or hordes of ten or twelve. They are endogamous, marry-

ing only within their own horde. Hence the Ashongos, a neighboring and more highly developed race, informed Du Chaillu that among them marriages between brothers and sisters are permitted. The Obongos are very timid, and fly like wild animals to the thickets or their caves at the sight of strangers. The Wood Veddahs live in small isolated communities in the depths of the forests, sleeping at night in caverns or on the boughs of trees. They live from hand to mouth on roots, herbs, and snails. They are reputed to be ignorant of crime. Yet much of the little we know of them was derived from a Veddah imprisoned for murder. They do not possess property, and there is therefore little occasion for disputes among them. In its wild state the monkey does not steal, neither does he commit murder. But, like the Veddah, he has no idea of the meaning of property, or of the value of life. He is attracted by something bright and shining, which, ignorant of its being valuable jewelry, he appropriates. It is not the worth of the thing which attracts the monkey, but its brilliance, its glitter. He is irritated; incapable of calculating the consequences, he flings a stone at his persecutor, who is killed thereby. What judge and jury nowadays would try an ape for manslaughter? The Veddah is but little removed from the simian, but being classed as human, he has the misfortune to come under an absolescent system of jurisprudence, which regards a man as criminal, unless he comes under certain formal *incapaces*, drawn up centuries ago by legists but little acquainted with human nature. As Dr. Letourneau has remarked of the Veddahs, "their wandering life, in little monogamic groups, after the manner of certain animals, does not easily lend itself to the development of criminality, which almost necessarily supposes a somewhat numerous society, and consequently conflicting desires and needs among the various individuals." * The Obongos and the Veddahs inhabit warm regions; the Fuegians dwell in one of the coldest inhabited countries in the world. Yet they wear no clothes, although almost within the Antarctic Circle. They are, however, acquainted with the use of fire. They have no distinct social organisation. Each man acts arbitrarily, and *lex talionis* prevails. A Fuegian has been seen to dash a child to pieces upon the rocks for overturning a basket of molluscs. Theft is punished by restitution, if the victim have sufficient power or influence upon his side; murder, by killing the murderer or one of his relations. Of personal property there is little, and should a man have the misfortune to possess more than his neighbors, they take good care speedily to deprive him of the surplus. Generally speaking, the virtues among these races are purely negative; the vices are either such as are normal among the lower animals, or are of a savage character.

The primitively savage races are warlike, and chiefly remarkable for their contempt of human life. Murder, wars of extermination, and cannibalism largely prevail amongst them. In the preceding group cannibalism is not unknown. The natives of the Andaman Isles are anthropophagists, whilst the Fuegians hold their women—particularly if they be old—in reserve in case of famine. It is, however, in Polynesia that we find this trait most developed. In Fiji, the god Cagawalu was the patron of murder and cannibalism. There both sexes regaled themselves with human flesh, and there, as also in New Zealand, not only were captives of war eaten, but likewise slaves and children reared for that purpose. In the Marquessas Isles, Radiguet, thirty years ago, found cannibalism practised. It is now rapidly dying out. In Tahiti, even before the time of Cook, anthropophagy was completely extinct. The women, Radiguet tells us, were excluded from the cannibal feasts, of which they had acquired the greatest horror, and for some days they fled with repugnance from the men suspected of having partaken in them. It is thus, from the selfishness of their masters, that there has arisen a feminine sense of delicacy, handed down by heredity mainly to their own sex, but indirectly to the other also. Among such tribes as these, harassed as they are by continual wars and famines, infanticide largely prevails. The child is regarded as the absolute property of its parents, and may be killed at their pleasure. The Tasmanians practised infanticide, as do the natives of New Guinea, the Bosjemans, the Kamstchadales, and the Sandwich Islanders. Formerly, it was practised also by the Todas, a peaceful and comparatively settled race. In China, it is restricted to a portion of the female children. Passing now to domestic morals, we may note that in these races generally, women are regarded as mere property; and adultery, when not authorised, as a form of theft. As regards public morals, despotism and frequently anarchy reign supreme. In New Zealand it used to be said by the Maoris that a chief could not steal. In other words, he could take what he pleased. In Tahiti, if a chief asked the owner, "Whose tree is this?" the reply was "Ours; yours and mine." In Uganda, in Central Africa, King M'tesa used frequently to shoot a man, or order one to be shot, to test a new gun given him by an Arab trader or a European. Actions among these races are spasmodic, violent, and generally unbalanced.

The primitively industrial races may be regarded as savage races which have become isolated. They are, for the most part, almost inaccessible, living in small communities among the mountains. Their virtues, like those of the Veddahs, are negative, and are owing to their isolation, not only from the rest of mankind, but also from other of their own communities. They are peaceful, frequently agricultural, and show some approach to order by stable political institutions. The Todas of the Neilgherry Hills settle disputes by arbitration, or by a jury of five elders. This jury system exists also among the Puharris of the Rajmahal Hills of Bengal. Although the Puharris will unhesitatingly rob the tribes of the plain, yet among themselves their honor is of the strictest character. They have a horror of lying, and are said by Bishop Heber never to break their word with any man. So averse are they to shedding blood that they will not even slay a tiger save when required by *lex talionis*. Polygamy prevails among the Puharris, and polyandry among the Todas. The Naga of Assam is, when left alone, peaceful, kindly and sociable; but when irritated he is vindictive and cruel. Even the Bhîls of Guzerat, the terrible Indian robber-tribes, are neither vindictive nor inhospitable to the stranger who puts himself in a friendly way into their hands. They are more frank and lively than the Hindu; their word is more to be relied upon; their women are comparatively well treated, and are not without influence in the family and tribal councils.

The fourth phase is illustrated by the Dahomeyans (who, by their close racial and social kinship with the Fantis and Ashantis, mark the connection between this and the savage stage), the ancient Mexicans, Peruvians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, and the peoples of feudal Europe. The morals of these peoples are the morals of war—not battles between petty tribes or hordes, but those of settled communities or huge states. It is among these races that the nation really comes into being, and patriotism becomes a cardinal virtue. In Dahomey every man is a slave to the king, and no woman is allowed to leave the country. The king alone has the power of life or death. In all these nations slavery of some kind existed, and in Dahomey, as in ancient Mexico, slaves are sacrificed as messengers to the gods and departed relatives. In Mexico slavery was not hereditary, but in the early days of feudal Europe it was. In the former country even the murder of a slave was punished by death. Theft and prodigality were punished by slavery or death. It was a capital offence also to remove the boundaries of land. Among the Peruvians the death penalty was inflicted for murder, manslaughter, and adultery, for burning a bridge or house, or for turning upon one's own field the water intended for a neighbor's. In Peru freedom was unknown: every man was practically a slave to the Inca. Among the ancient Ro

* *L'Evolution Juridique* (Paris, 1891), p. 25.

mans slaves were regarded as a kind of human cattle, whose masters had absolute right of life and death. In Greece, as in China and in India, the woman in all things submitted herself to her parents as daughter, to her husband as wife, and to her sons as widow. In Rome, even at the time of Justinian, a woman was but just becoming thought fit to take care of her own children. At the time of Augustus repudiation of a wife was no uncommon occurrence. In early times, both in Rome and in Greece, children were regarded as the property of their father. Even in the declining days of the Roman Empire the law treated adult sons as it treated slaves, cattle, or furniture.

The development of morality from militantism, through feudalism and mediæval commercialism, into mercantilism cannot here be dealt with. To do so would be to write a history of the intellectual development of Europe. The morality of mercantilism is the morality of industry—that moralty which springs from a growing equalisation of rights, of duties, and of interests. Social and political castes, theological prejudices, and social disadvantages due to differences of sex are being levelled to the ground, and in their place is growing up a greater freedom of human intercourse and a wider sphere of just human action. But mercantilism has its disadvantages. Primitive societies struggle for life, for bare existence; militant societies struggle for power; in mercantile societies the struggle becomes a war for wealth. Is the amassing of wealth, after all, to be the sole end of human existence?

We may roughly classify the phases of formal morality as three: the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or rational phase. In the first, men look upon well-being as obedience to the dictates of the deities; in the second, as a deduction from certain metaphysical principles; and in the third, as bounded by laws akin to those already known to govern in the domain of life, of mind, and of society in general. All early formal ethics is theological. The Hebrew code of morals is bound up with the canon and ceremonial law, religious dogmas, and sacred history. That of ancient Egypt may be gathered from rituals and similar ecclesiastical papyri. In Greece, Sophocles makes Antigone declare that the decrees of men cannot prevail against "the unwritten laws, the unchangeable work of the gods," as he looked upon the fundamentals of morality.* In Eastern thought Manu stands forth as partly priest and partly philosopher. In the West, Thales is said to have been the first to throw off the priestly character and to take one purely philosophic. From Aristotle and Confucius to Kant, Bentham, and Mill, there stretches a long line of metaphysical thinkers, gradually merging, in the latter writer, in Comte, in Spencer, and in Bain, into the scientific school.

Adverting once again to our former question, let us see whether a scientific account of the origin and function of morality be possible. We have said that actions are regarded as good which are habitual. But habit is not a matter of caprice: how then comes it? Darwin, in discussing the institutions of ants and bees, suggested that such as existed were probably of service to the species in general, and had hence been transmitted from generation to generation. We must regard this as but part of the truth. It is indeed true that in every race there is a tendency to perform such actions as are necessary for its own preservation—but simply because it is composed of many individuals. The actions which tend to the preservation of the race are the resultants of the actions of the widely diverse and oftentimes contradictory actions of its various members, who have been led to perform them, not, as Mr. Spencer naïvely supposes, because they argue that "if life be justifiable, there will be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation," but because the conditions of life as the balancing between internal and external relations, make self-preservation not only necessary but inevitable. Ultimately, however, all morality must be judged by its effects upon individuals, proximately by its effects upon all aggregates into which the individual enters as the unit of composition—the family, the society, and the race. Such actions as tend to preserve the integrity of *all* these, and to bring about the welfare of the individual at the same time, are relatively the best; and they are more or less good in so far as they approximate nearer to, or recede farther from such result. Thus, by the habitual association of well-doing with physical well-being—less complete in individuals, but more perfect in the society and race—there has grown up little by little a code of morals in every human association. In each individual this recognition is brought about partly by heredity, partly by training, and partly by social environment. The two latter factors will, perhaps, be denied by nobody. The former, however, (owing to an inevitable reaction against the exaggerated importance given to heredity by the earlier evolutionists) is not so universally admitted among the more recent men of science. They would find in environment the adequate cause of all traits alleged to be inherited. They seem to forget that what is claimed as inherited is, not the actual traits themselves, but slight organic divergences, which, under certain conditions, bring those traits into being. Handwriting is not inherited as such, but is defined by the shape of the hand, the length of the fingers and slight nervous peculiarities. As these are hereditable it may easily be seen how a son's caligraphy may come to resemble—it may be only generally, it may be even in particulars—that of his father. Lucas tells us that at Mettray—a sort of French agricultural reformatory—in 1843 there were thirty-four youths whose parents had been in prison. Ribot instances a female criminal, of eighty of whose descendants in a direct line, twenty-five per cent. had been convicted of crime, whilst the remainder were either idiots, insane, drunkards or beggars.* We have already instanced a lady of good social position, but whose family was, as Maudsley forcibly puts it, "saturated with insanity," as being incapable of moral control. Drunkenness is undoubtedly individually contracted; but inebriety—that insatiable, uncontrollable, and almost incurable craving for drink—is as undoubtedly inherited. And inebriety may, in different generations, alternate with paralysis, epilepsy, insanity, or crime. Sometimes, indeed, as our legal records only too terribly show, when the craving for drink is upon him, the dipsomaniac may exhibit an irresistible longing to commit crime, however high may be his moral status at other times.

It remains but to ask what will be the progress of morality in the future? To answer this question fully and systematically it will be necessary to take many matters into consideration. We should require to discuss the general characteristics of the race, the physical conditions, and intellectual, political, and social development of the society under consideration, as well as of particular individuals composing that society. Allowance would have to be made in individuals for abnormalities of organisation, whether progressive or retrogressive, such as genius, criminality, or idiocy. Climate, too, has some effect upon the morals both of individuals and of peoples. That irritability is experienced by many persons during change of weather or at the approach of a thunder-storm is well known. The characteristic laziness of African tribes is explicable, perhaps, when we remember that they live under a climate which, as a lately deceased English diplomat, who had seen many years of active service in the Dark Continent, once remarked, is too hot to do anything, too hot to keep awake, and too hot even for sleep; where, as Dr. Griffon de Bellay has put it, "the wearied body grows depressed, without being able to find repose in a state

* Locke, who, in his celebrated Essay (bk. i, c. iii.) denied the existence in the mind of any innate moral principles, refused to write a work on Ethics because he considered that "the Gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself."

* Cited by Letourneau, *Evolution de la Morale*, p. 66.

of inactivity, or renewal of the strength in sleep," where "every one alike becomes sensible of the feeling of languidness for which he can hardly account, with its accompaniments of pain without obvious cause, and a sense of weariness which he cannot shake off." Spring, the season of which the poets have sung so much, is likewise the period of the year at which revolutions, murder, suicide, burglary and seduction are most prevalent. The illegitimacy-rate in Great Britain is lowest on the shores of the English Channel, rising gradually over England and the Scottish Lowlands, and reaching its maximum in the Highlands. So Mayo, washed by the genial waters of the Gulf stream, stands at the bottom of the same scale, which rises over the rest of Ireland and over Scotland, reaching its highest point amid the snows of Sweden.

Generally speaking, we may say that the progress of morality in the future will be towards a more adequate compromise between egoism and altruism; a more perfect dispensation of justice, both public and private. Men will recognise better than they now do the correlation between rights and duties, and between actions and their inevitable consequences. Doubtless it will be long before one man ceases to advantage himself at the expense of another, but even for this may we yet hope. Politically, we may hope for an increase of individual liberty, and a clearer definition between the duties of the individual and those of the State. We must remember that there is being at the present time carried out a new re-distribution of power, not in one country alone, but throughout the whole civilised world. That power which princes, barons, and pontiffs once wielded has now largely descended to trades-unions. These are the uncrowned kings of the nineteenth century, at whose behest even Parliaments themselves are expected to bow down in homage due. Such a power may be used for good, but unfortunately it may as easily be put to evil uses. When we see how a frivolous quarrel between two trade societies may throw out of work 20,000 men for three long months, as recently in the North of England; how a strike among colliers may bring to the brink of starvation some thousands of workers in a neighboring district; how, as recently in New Zealand, a quarrel between a union and a single firm may cause the boycotting of several ports, and threaten to paralyse the entire foreign trade of a nation, we may well exhibit some alarm. The locomotive, with its boiler full of pent-up energy and its eighty miles an hour, is a dangerous toy, would be a terrible master, but is a most useful servant, so long as its boiler remains intact and its brake under control. So the power of organisation, if abused, may convulse a continent; but, rightly used, may bring benefits unnumbered to untold generations.

Turning now to domestic morality, individual liberty will rule even home life. The wife and the child will cease to be mere chattels or beasts of burden, and become human beings—integral units in the social system. It has been argued that women cannot exercise legislative functions because they cannot fight. The argument is fallacious: in the politics of to-day militarianism takes quite a second place. Being mercantile nations, as we are, the objection should read that a woman cannot legislate because she is incapable of engaging in business. But women have long been engaged in business matters on a small scale; and the principal reason that they have not entered into greater enterprises is their want of opportunity, and the strength of popular prejudice. Even had the objection a sound *a priori* basis, it would still be false as a matter of history. There was one Queen of England whose diplomacy was more than a match for that of the statesmen of all Europe. But Elizabeth did not become the Admiral of the Fleet in the attack upon the Armada. Jeanne d'Arc fought bravely the battles of her country, but had she been crowned at Reims and the Dauphin burnt in the market place of Rouen, there can be little doubt that her mad career would have brought about the ruin of France. No man, perhaps, in our century has equalled in skill or in popularity the Duke of Wellington as a military commander. Yet the Duke's attempt to guide as Prime Minister the affairs of his country was, although short, an ignominious failure. His victory at Waterloo brought him the thanks of Europe, to which he had given a season of peace; his ministerial reign brought the brickbats of a London mob through the windows of his house. We do not intend to imply that there is an antithesis between military and governmental genius, but we wish simply to show that in nations that have developed beyond a certain stage of social organisation there is no necessary connection between them. Even Russia has had a Tsarina upon its throne; and, if we are to believe ancient travellers, in the palmy days of the Congo Empire a woman ruled over that warlike State. Nevertheless, though there be effeminate men and masculine women, they are but an insignificant minority, and that broad social distinction which rests upon physical differences cannot but be maintained throughout all time. But this in no wise affects the matter of co-citizenship and of the right of women to compete with the sterner sex so far as their capabilities will allow. The question is one of equalisation, not of function—for that is manifestly impossible—but of opportunities.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE death of George William Curtis falls heavily upon literature and politics. We can hardly afford to lose him now. Ripe in wisdom, eloquent in speech, he wrote with a magnetic pen up to a reformer's ideal of what his country ought to be. In the roar of trade, the whirl of politics, and the delirious excitement of the social war, it seems that not any one man is big enough to be missed, and yet we shall all miss Curtis. He was one of the great journalists who make ideas for statesmen to set in laws and senatorial speech. He was never the servant of public opinion, but he was one of its masters and makers. He was something of a puritan in politics, but never the worse for that, and to him the arena of debate was always Naseby field, and his fight, like that of Cromwell, the battle of the Lord. Wherever he moved in party conflict he gave it a classic tone, and with him politics was a scheme of national ethics, building a mighty commonwealth on justice, purity, and honesty. He was a gentleman in private life, and we admired him for that; but when he proved himself a gentleman in public life, we said he was a man milliner and a dude. There, we like to wear our morals loose. In the British Museum, and in the gallery of the Louvre, I have seen ancient Gods in marble, with their limbs and features damaged; Hercules with his ear gone, and Jupiter without a nose; and this is the condition in which Mr. Curtis has left that venerable idol which we call the "Nominee." He voted for the nominee, provided the nominee was worth voting for, but not otherwise. So many of his countrymen followed his example in that matter that the nominee is not so mischievous and arrogant a deity as he was. We shall miss George William Curtis from his editorial pages, and we shall miss him from his "Easy chair." There was a moral finish on his work that will surely prove contagious; an inspiration to other pens, now that his own is dead.

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The depravity of the Chinese was exposed at Ocean Grove a few days ago, by a Doctor of Divinity who ought to know what he was talking about, for he had served as a missionary in China for more than twenty years. I believe his testimony was correct, for it was what I have often heard before; and very much like that of the man who complained that he could not make his wife love him, though he beat her every day. The reverend gentleman complained of the Chinese prejudice against foreigners, and said that it was very hard to make any religious impressions on the natives. Considering the tolerant, magnanimous, and humane treatment the Chinese have received from the Christians, especially Americans and English, their prejudice against foreigners appears to be irrational. They ought, in common gratitude, to believe and

be baptised. I am now reading that under a recent law every Chinaman in the United States must register at the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue his name, age, occupation, and three proof-sheet photographs of his face. On failing to comply with this law he is to be sent back to China. Also I find a letter in the paper from a Chinaman complaining that some of his countrymen visiting the World's Fair to gaze upon the wonders of Christian civilisation were hooted at by the workmen there, pelted with mortar, and driven from the grounds. We try to make religious impressions upon the Chinese with chunks of mortar, and then wonder that they are not converted. The Christian Doctor of Divinity had been a missionary in China for twenty years; he had been allowed to proselyte the people and preach against the national religion, yet he complains of the Chinese prejudice against foreigners. A Chinese missionary to America preaching Buddha, would not have a dozen of us converted before his forehead would be radiant with a martyr's crown. He would not be tolerated here for twenty days.

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There is trouble between Post No. 323 of the Grand Army and the methodist minister at Tuscola, Illinois; and the newspaper gravely says that the affair has caused such a stir in the village that the minister may be forced to leave. His offense was not a very serious one; he merely proclaimed at a camp meeting that during the late war "the officers issued whiskey mixed with gunpowder to soldiers to make them more courageous, and inspire them to fight." It seems to me that Post No. 323, G. A. R., is unnecessarily sensitive, and that instead of denouncing the minister for saying that, the members ought to thank him for his valuable contribution to physiological science. If a mixture of whiskey and gunpowder will make soldiers more courageous it ought to be issued as rations every morning; and any officer neglecting to give this liquid inspiration to his men ought to be tried by court martial. For my own part, I doubt the moral potency of gunpowder punch, for such whiskey courage as I saw in the army appeared to be nearly akin to cowardice. An army inspired by sulphurous grog would be easily defeated by an equal number of sober men. Let the reverend preacher try a few drinks of it and see if it will enable him to fight the angry veterans of Post 323. He has been imposed upon by military legends like that of the miraculous ram's horn, and the donkey's jaw bone. The Grand Army, instead of denouncing him, and driving him out of town, should kindly have shown him that he was wrong.

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Falstaff complained that his liquor was adulterated, and that "nothing but roguery was to be found in villainous man." As it was with him, so it is with us; nearly everything we eat and drink is adulterated, and we must protect ourselves from poison as we can. Considering the moral standard of the time I can excuse the adulteration of every thing but milk, but I must draw the line of pardonable rascality there. That is the food of children and infants who cannot protect themselves, and I think the adulteration of their food must be that unpardonable sin concerning which there has been so much theological doubt and speculation. That the children of a great city should be poisoned every day by dairymen is another proof that legal statutes are powerless to make an artificial conscience. In spite of the laws forbidding the adulteration of milk, we have official evidence that nearly all the milk sold in Chicago is impure; "adulterated," says Dr. Christopher, with "chemical preparations, so-called expanders, preservative acids, and other foreign and deleterious substances." And Dr. Hamilton says, "I do not care to discuss what has been discovered by our committee, for it has not completed its report. But the intelligence will be startling. Adulteration of milk in this city has been carried on to an extent almost beyond belief." And the babies are dying day by day, while the papers are filled with indignation against the adulterated politics of the opposite party, and the wickedness of Harrison or Cleveland. The crime is not confined to Chicago; it is general throughout the country; and I find by the report of the dairy commissioners of New Jersey, that many of the popular "infant foods" are adulterated with unwholesome substances. I know that my coats and hats and shoes and stockings, and other things are adulterated; but I can stand that, for it is only a fraud upon the pocket, and not upon the health; but what ought to be done to the man who adulterates "infant foods," and to his accomplice in manslaughter, the dairyman who poisons milk?

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The London *Times*, like an affectionate Brutus feeling with his dagger for the ribs of Cæsar, smiles upon Chicago. Beguiling the susceptible young city with cooing praises of its brick-and-mortar greatness, it wounds us in a form of words like these: "Chicago has hitherto been too feverishly busy piling up money and population to give to the world even one conspicuous man of letters." If this is true, Chicago has given comparatively nothing to the world. If the genius of art, poetry, and eloquence has never sprinkled his torch over this great city, then, right here, morally speaking, is the Great American Desert we have read of in the books. If Chicago is only a triumph of money making and muscle, the John L. Sullivan of cities, we are entitled to a spiritual rank no higher than that given to the Prairie-dog city in Lincoln Park. That we are steeped in literary poverty is a taunt that falls not upon our authors only, but upon all the citizens; for a city with intellect enough to create a thought worth hearing, will not lack a man with eloquence enough to speak it. A city capable of divine ideals can produce a poet by spontaneous generation. A city with an inspired message in its brain will easily find a prophet. Out of their own souls must come the literature of a people, for Nature does not waste her Miltons and her Schillers on the Hottentots. With becoming humility, we will accept the patronage and the pity of the *Times*, and strengthen ourselves with a little of that spoon-fed comfort which promises that "perhaps the time may come when the diversion to mental pursuits of a percentage of Chicago's exuberant energy may give to the world an intellectual type.' This amounts to saying that Chicago, by mental application and hard study, may blossom like the century plant, and "give to the world a conspicuous man of letters," through the weary travail of a hundred years.

* * *

Some forty years ago, when trying to civilise Northwestern Iowa, while yet the buffalo lingered on the prairies between the Des Moines river and the Boone, I had the honor to number among my personal friends an Indian savage of the Winnebago tribe. One day he sent me an invitation to come and play a game of euchre with him in his tent, and a very good player he was, although he did not always follow suit according to law. When I arrived he was ready to receive company, and I found him gorgeously arrayed in the barbaric regalia of his order, breech-cloth and mocassins, and, by way of a grotesque solecism, a plug hat upon his head. The owner had no longer any use for it, as my friend had scalped him a few days before, and wore the hat as a trophy with becoming pride. To make the incongruity more emphatic, he had stuck a lot of feathers in the hat, and these made him resemble a Knight of Pythias of the 33rd degree. Like a plug hat on a Winnebago Indian would be a "man of letters" in Chicago, a solecism. What could we do with him if we had him? He would be out of harmony with our manners, and it would not be easy to adapt him to our style. To make him "conspicuous," we might imitate the methods of my Indian friend; not the scalping, but the feathers; and it really seems to me that some London "men of letters" have made themselves "conspicuous" in that artificial way. And they do some literary scalping there. Authors, like certain birds, absorb the color that surrounds them, and fix it

upon their own plumage. It may be that of living grass, dead leaves, or dazzling snow. Literature, like music, may be a Beethoven symphony, or a hurdy-gurdy drone, according to the education and refinement of the people for whom it is made. Perhaps, after all, the literary taste and genius of Chicago are underrated because the city has not a literary reputation. Perhaps a fair comparison between Chicago "men of letters" and those of present London might not be altogether to the glory of the older city. It is not safe to sneer at Nazareth, and say that no good thing can come out of it. M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Le Pessimisme Hindoo. By *Paul Oltramare*. Geneva: Stapelmohr. 1892.

In this pamphlet of twenty-nine pages the author seeks to establish, that Schopenhauer was indebted to the philosophers of India for his pessimistic views. He points out the analogy between the system of the German writer and that of the Vedantists, whose central idea is that of "salvation." This is the case also with the teaching of Gautama Buddha, which has influenced alike the philosophy of Schopenhauer and the thought of Tolstoi. M. Oltramare remarks that pessimism has had the most depressing effect on Hindoo character, which is, however, good and patient. The Brahmans have a dignity of life, which renders them truly venerable. This statement must, however, have a restricted application, seeing that the semi-ascetic life popularly ascribed to the Brahmans as a caste is adopted by comparatively few of them. Ω.

The Evolution of Mind in Man. By *Henry Benedict Medlicott* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 1892.

The author of this essay, remarks that, although it is only an adjustment of the observations and thoughts of others, it is intended to be "a serious contribution to natural science where it merges into metaphysics and philosophy." It is really a criticism of the opposing views of Professors Max Müller, Romanes, and Mivart, as stated in *The Monist* and elsewhere, as to the evolution of mind in man. The author's explanation, which involves a modification of the notion of evolution as presented by those writers, ought, he thinks, to satisfy each of them. It is based on the nature of *self-consciousness*, for which term Mr. Medlicott would, following in the footsteps of Professor T. H. Green, substitute "knowledge." This knowledge consists of relations, which are taken hold of by language, and in this way mind is introduced into the organism, and the brute changed into man. This supplies a natural account of "the advent of self-consciousness," since primary distinctions or relations, rather than concepts, form the simplest elements of thought. The change from animal feeling to human consciousness and moral perception is thus merely a branch of knowledge. The author after considering the religious bearings of the question, suggests that the process he has sketched out will reconcile the opposing "empirical" and "transcendental" schools. This may be hoped for when it is really admitted, as he asserts to be the case, "that the immutable relations that underlie phenomena transcend in some manner the variable elements known as matter and force." As a serious, although necessarily owing to its conciseness an indequate, attempt to effect such a reconciliation we cordially recommend Mr. Medlicott's pamphlet to the perusal of our readers. Its spirit may be shown by his remark "the metaphysician is an agnostic without knowing it." Ω.

The Higher Criticism in Theology and Religion Contrasted with Ancient Myths and Miracles as Factors in Human Evolution and other Essays on Reform. By *Thomas Ellwood Longshore*. New York: Truth Seeker Company.

We are apt to associate with works from the *Truth Seeker* press the ideas of impetuosity of language and great fervor of thought. Probably this arises from the fact that works of that character have attracted particular attention, and undoubtedly those of Mr. Longshore do not come within that category. His present work is written in a spirit of critical fairness, and, although it cannot be acceptable to the upholders of the views he assails, it undoubtedly contains much that is true. We agree with him that no question of delicacy or sacredness should deter from canvassing religious belief with the most rigid criticism, although we think that the cherished beliefs of others should be treated with delicacy and a spirit of reverence. It is seldom such beliefs do not contain at least a germ of truth, and this is Mr. Longshore's opinion. It is not so much religion as theology he objects to, as appears not only from his essays in general, but from his revised "Christian's Creed" in particular. The sources of his inspiration are to be found in *The Journal of George Fox* and the other standard literature of the friends, where, as he states in his preface, "the authority of the light and the truth is emphasised as guides for conduct," and which "developed the impulse for further investigation, to rediscover the light and truth" as revealed in the present work. The essays on reform contain remarks worthy of serious consideration. In connection with the subject of nationalism the author says truly "the contest and struggle of the immediate future will be as to whether nineteenth century civilisation or socialism can coalesce with twentieth century light, evolved from a fuller discussion and a revision of the doctrine of human rights as expounded and formulated by the new school of politics and the new interpretations of religion." What the immediate issue of the contest will be no one can tell, but in the long run it must be advantageous to the human race. Ω.

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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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THE CRITIC OF ARGUMENTS.

I. EXACT THINKING.

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

"Critic" is a word used by Locke in English, by Kant in German, and by Plato in Greek, to signify the art of judging, being formed like "logic." I should shrink from heading my papers *Logic*, because logic, as it is set forth in the treatises, is an art far worse than useless, making a man captious about trifles and neglectful of weightier matters, condemning every inference really valuable and admitting only such as are really childish.

> It is naughty to do what mamma forbids;
> Now, mamma forbids me to cut off my hair:
> Therefore, it would be naughty for me to cut off my hair.

This is the type of reasoning to which the treatises profess to reduce all the reasonings which they approve. Reasoning from authority does, indeed, come to that, and in a broad sense of the word authority, such reasoning only. This reminds us that the logic of the treatises is, in the main, a heritage from the ages of faith and obedience, when the highest philosophy was conceived to lie in making everything depend upon authority. Though few men and none of the less sophisticated minds of the other sex ever, nowadays, plunge into the darkling flood of the medieval commentaries, and fewer still dive deep enough to touch bottom, everybody has received the impression they are full of syllogistic reasoning; and this impression is correct. The syllogistic logic truly reflects the sort of reasoning in which the men of the middle ages sincerely put their trust; and yet it is not true that even scholastic theology was sufficiently prostrate before its authorities to have possibly been, in the main, a product of ordinary syllogistic thinking. Nothing can be imagined more strongly marked in its distinctive character than the method of discussion of the old doctors. Their one recipe for any case of difficulty was a distinction. That drawn, they would proceed to show that the difficulties were in force against every member of it but one. Therein all their labor of thinking lies, and thence comes all that makes their philosophy what it is. Without pretending, then, to pronounce the last word on the character of their thought, we may, at least, say it was not, in their sense, syllogistic; since in place of syllogisms it is rather characterised by the use of such forms as the following:

> Everything is either P or M;
> S is not M:
> $\therefore S$ is P.

This is commonly called disjunctive reasoning; but, for reasons which it would be too long to explain in full, I prefer to term it dilemmatic reasoning. Such modes of inference are, essentially, of the same character as the dilemma. Indeed, the regular stock example of the dilemma (for the logicians, in their gregariousness, follow their leader even down to the examples), though we find it set down in the second-century commonplace-book of Aulus Gellius, has quite the ring of a scholastic disquisition. The question, in this example, is, ought one to take a wife? In answering it, we first distinguish in regard to wives (and I seem to hear the Doctor subtillissimus saying: *primo distinguendum est de hoc nomine uxor*). A wife may mean a plain or a pretty wife. Now, a plain wife does not satisfy her husband; so one ought not to take a plain wife. But a pretty wife is a perpetual source of jealousy; so one ought still less to take a pretty wife. In sum, one ought to take no wife, at all. It may seem strange that the dilemma is not mentioned in a single medieval logic. It first appears in the "De Dialectica" of Rudolph Agricola.* But it should surprise nobody that the most characteristic form of demonstrative reasoning of those ages is left unnoticed in their logical treatises. The best of such works, at all epochs, though they reflect in some measure contemporary modes of thought, have always been considerably behind their times. For the methods of thinking that are living activities in men are not objects of reflective consciousness. They baffle the student, because they are a part of himself.

> "Of thine eye I am eye-beam,"

says Emerson's sphynx. The methods of thinking men consciously admire are different from, and often, in some respects, inferior to those they actually employ. Besides, it is apparent enough, even to one

* Or possibly in some other Renaissance writing. My memory may deceive me; and my library is precious small.

who only knows the works of the modern logicians, that their predecessors can have been little given to seeing out of their own eyes, since, had they been so, their sequacious successors would have been religiously bound to follow suit.

One has to confess that writers of logic-books have been, themselves, with rare exceptions, but shambling reasoners. How wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? I fear it has to be said of philosophers at large, both small and great, that their reasoning is so loose and fallacious, that the like in mathematics, in political economy, or in physical science, would be received in derision or simple scorn. When, in my teens, I was first reading the masterpieces of Kant, Hobbes, and other great thinkers, my father, who was a mathematician, and who, if not an analyst of thought, at least never failed to draw the correct conclusion from given premisses, unless by a mere slip, would induce me to repeat to him the demonstrations of the philosophers, and in a very few words would usually rip them up and show them empty. In that way, the bad habits of thinking that would otherwise have been indelibly impressed upon me by those mighty powers, were, I hope, in some measure, overcome. Certainly, I believe the best thing for a fledgling philosopher is a close companionship with a stalwart practical reasoner.

How often do we hear it said that the study of philosophy requires *hard thinking!* But I am rather inclined to think a man will never begin to reason well about such subjects, till he has conquered the natural impulse to making spasmodic efforts of mind. In mathematics, the complexity of the problems renders it often a little difficult to hold all the different elements of our mental diagrams in their right places. In a certain sense, therefore, hard thinking *is* occasionally requisite in that discipline. But metaphysical philosophy does not present any such complications, and has no work that *hard thinking* can do. What is needed above all, for metaphysics, is thorough and mature thinking; and the particular requisite to success in the critic of arguments is exact and diagrammatic thinking.

To illustrate my meaning, and at the same time to justify myself, in some degree, for conceding all I have to the prejudice of logicians, I will devote the residue of the space which I can venture to occupy to day, to the examination of a statement which has often been made by logicians, and often dissented from, but which I have never seen treated otherwise than as a position quite possible for a reputable logician. I mean the statement that the principle of identity is the necessary and sufficient condition of the validity of all affirmative syllogisms, and that the principles of contradiction and excluded middle, constitute the additional necessary and sufficient conditions for the validity of negative syllogisms. The principle of identity, expressed by the formula "A is A," states that the relation of subject to predicate is a relation which every term bears to itself. The principle of contradiction, expressed by the formula "A is not not A," might be understood in three different senses; first, that any term is in the relation of negation to whatever term is in that relation to it, which is as much as to say that the relation of negation is its own converse; second, that no term is in the relation of negation to itself; third, that every term is in the relation of negation to everything but itself. But the first meaning is the best, since from it the other two readily follow as corollaries. The principle of excluded middle, expressed by the formula "Not not A is A," may also be understood in three senses; first, that every term, A, is predicable of anything that is in the relation of negation to a term which is in the same relation to it, A; second, that the objects of which any term, A, is predicable together with those of which the negative of A is predicable together make up all the objects possible; third, that every term, A, is predicable of whatever is in the relation of negation to everything but A. But, as before, the first meaning is to be preferred, since from it the others are immediately deducible.

There is but one mood of universal affirmative syllogism. It is called *Barbara*, and runs thus:

Any M is P;
Any S is M:
∴ Any S is P.

Now the question is, what one of the properties of the relation of subject to predicate is it, with the destruction of which alone this form of inference ceases invariably to yield a true conclusion from true premisses? To find that out the obvious way is to destroy all the properties of the relation in question, so as to make it an entirely different relation, and then note what condition this relation must satisfy in order to make the inference valid. Putting *loves* in place of *is*, we get:

M loves P;
S loves M:
∴ S loves P.

That this should be universally true, it is necessary that every lover should love whatever his beloved loves. A relation of which the like is true is called a *transitive* relation. Accordingly, the condition of the validity of *Barbara* is that the relation expressed by the copula should be a transitive relation. This statement was first accurately made by De Morgan; but it is in substantial agreement with the doctrine of

Aristotle. The analogue of the principle of identity, when *loves* is the copula of the proposition, is that everybody loves himself. This would plainly not suffice of itself to make the inferential form valid; nor would its being false prevent that form from being valid, provided loving were a transitive relation. Thus, by a little exact thinking, the principle of identity is clearly seen to be neither a sufficient nor a necessary condition for the truth of *Barbara*.

Let us now examine the negative syllogisms. The simplest of these is *Celarent*, which runs as follows:

Any M is not P;
Any S is M:
∴ Any S is not P.

Let us substitute *injures* for *is not*. Then the form becomes

Every M injures P;
Every S is M:
∴ Every S injures P.

This is a good inference, still, no matter what sort of relation injuring is. Consequently, this syllogism is dependent upon no property of negation, except that it expresses a relation. Let us, in the last form, substitute loves for is. Then, we get

M injures P;
S loves M:
∴ S injures P.

In order that this should hold good irrespective of the nature of the relation of injuring, it is necessary that nobody should love anybody but himself. A relation of that sort is called a *sibi-relation* or *concurrency*. The necessary and sufficient condition of the validity of *Celarent* is, then, that the copula should express a *sibi-relation*. This is *not* what the principle of identity expresses. Of course, every *sibi-relation* is transitive.

The next simplest of the universal negative syllogisms is *Camestres*, which runs thus:

Any M is P;
Any S is not P:
∴ Any S is not M.

Substitute *injures* for *is not*, and we get,

Every M is a P;
Every S injures every P:
∴ Every S injures every M.

This obviously holds because the injuring is to *every* one of the class injured. It would not do to reason,

Every M is a P;
Every S injures a P:
∴ Every S injures an M.

We see, then, that the principal reason of the validity of *Camestres* is that by *not*, we mean *not any*, and not *not some*. In logical lingo, this is expressed by saying that negative predicates are distributed. But the condition that the copula expresses a *sibi-relation* is also involved.

The remaining universal negative syllogisms of the old enumeration, *Celantes* and *Cesare*, depend upon one principle. They are:

Celantes	*Cesare*
Any M is not P;	Any M is not P;
Any S is M:	Any S is P:
∴ Any P is not S.	∴ Any S is not M.

Substituting *fights* for *is not*, we get

Every M fights every P;
Every S is M:
∴ Every P fights every M.

Every M fights every P;
Every S is P:
∴ Every S fights every M.

What is requisite to the validity of these inferences is plainly that the relation expressed by *fights* should be its own converse, or that everything should fight whatever fights it. This is the analogue of the principle of contradiction.

We see, then, that the principles of universal syllogism of the ordinary sort are that the copula expresses a *sibi-relation*, not that it expresses an agreement, which is what the principle of identity states, and that the negative is its own converse, which is the law of contradiction.

The authors who say that the principle of identity governs affirmative syllogism give no proof of what they allege. We are expected to see it by "hard thinking." I fancy I can explain what this process of "hard thinking" is. By a spasm induced by self-hypnotisation you throw yourself into a state of mental vacancy. In this state the formula "A is A" loses its definite signification and seems quite empty. Being empty, it is regarded as wonderfully lofty and precious. Fired into enthusiasm by the contemplation of it, the subject, with one wild mental leap, throws himself into the belief that it must rule all human reason. Consequently, it is the principle of syllogism. If this is, as I suspect, what hard thinking means, it is of no use in philosophy.

As for the principle of excluded middle, the only syllogistic forms it governs are the dilemmatic ones.

Any not P is M;
Any S is not M:
∴ Any S is P.

Putting *admiring* for *not*, we have:

Everything admiring every P is an M;
Every S admires every M:
∴ Every S is a P.

To make this good, it must be that the only person who admires everybody that admires a given person is that person. This is the analogue of "everything not not *A* is *A*," which is the principle of excluded middle.

A STUDY OF FOLK-SONGS.

BY L. J. VANCE.

In the last number of the *Journal of American Folk-lore* the editor, Mr. Newell, says that "the time has not yet come for a comparative study of folk-song." It is argued that the materials for such a study are wanting. That may be so—in part. But many students of folk-lore will find the materials already gathered sufficient for their purposes; for example, to show the evolution of song. The evidence is about all in. If any branch of folk-lore has been thoroughly explored and the results published, it is popular song. It is not likely that many new discoveries will be made to change commonly-accepted opinions on the subject.

The significance and value of folk-song are now pretty well understood. Whenever the folk-song has sprung up and flourished it has come from the life of the people, and has grown out of the soil they trod and ploughed. Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans all had these songs, and while the house-wives lightened their domestic labors with their country melodies, the men ploughed many a furrow to their tune, and forged the war-weapon to their rhythm. Centuries later the Mastersingers came and chanted rude poetic strains.

> "As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme;
> And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime."

With the migration of the German, the warrior Teuton sang as he lived. The greater part of his life was devoted to hunting and fighting, broken into by rude enjoyment and wild revelry. Now and then his land-song was attuned in peaceful key, but more often urging the singer to battle-axe and oar with a dash and a vigor that made Roman enemies fear him as a fierce and cunning foe. It is strains such as these—strains which have sprung out of conflict and plundering expeditions, and out of the every-day joys and sorrows—that reflect human nature in its natural moods and and aspects.

Mr. Darwin refers to that deep-seated instinct of man, which impels him in all moments of strong or intense feeling to break out into a kind of chant. Such emanations well up from the heart: the lover describing the charms of the maid, the sower casting seed, the reaper swinging his sickle, the shepherd minding his flock, the fisherman mending his nets, the soldier on the march, the mourner at the grave—these chanted a something, when music as an art still was not, and what such was is more or less faithfully reflected in *Volkslieder*, and in every country's national melodies.

Above all, folk-song tells of the existence and every-day life of the workers, in-door and out-door, and that has, for us, a special value and significance. It is the habit of uncultured peoples to break out into song at the slightest provocation. Many individuals can compose *extempore*. Thus the New Zealand singers "describe passing events in *extempore* songs." The Bambarrans, says Park, lightened their labors with songs, "one of which was composed *extempore*, for I was the subject of it." The Kirghese in Asia, says the Rev. Dr. Lansdell, "have a keen appreciation of singing and improvisation. No young girl commands such admiration of men as one who is clever at singing repartee; and no men are so liked by the Kirghese girls as good and able singers."

In the lower stages of culture the *improvisatore* often claims to be inspired. He obtains his songs from spirits. In Australia the "song-makers" are Bira-arks, or Shamans. According to Mr. A. W. Howitt, the Bira-arks of the Kurnai tribe "profess to receive their inspiration from the ghosts (mrart) as well as the dances, which they were supposed to have seen first performed in ghostland." The Eskimos have singing-masters, who instruct both young and old in the ancient songs. The natives build large houses for singing. The master of the singing house is a *tornaq*, or spirit, with whom the Angakut, or Shaman, is supposed to be in communication.

Dr. Franz Boas, who has made a careful study of Eskimo songs, says that "the form of both old and new songs is very strict." There must be no deviation from the words and rhythms fixed for all time. According to the same authority, the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia are very particular in this respect, and any mistake made by a singer is considered opprobrious. "On certain occasions the singer who makes a mistake is killed." The savage, in the practice of his religion, regards song as a very serious matter. His medicine-men obtained the verses from the spirits, and they would be offended by any change.

Perhaps the most irregular kind of singing are the dirges, or "laments," which are chanted over the graves of the dead. And yet a comparative study of these mournful tunes, will show that the wailings of widely-separated people have elements in common. The rudest funeral chants consist simply of howlings and cryings and irregular callings. The words of a death dirge sung by the Senél Indians of California, as given by Mr. Powers, are as follows:

> "Hel-lel-le-ly,
> Hel-lel-la,
> Hel-lel-lu."

The Basques of Spain ululate thus:

> "Lelo-il-Lelo, Lelo dead Lelo
> Lelo il Lelo
> Lelo zarat, Lelo zara
> Il Lelou killed Lelo."

There seems to be some connection between this and the Linus or Ailinus of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, which Wilkinson connects with the Coptic "ya lay-lee-ya-lail." Attention is called to the opinion that the Greek verb ὀλολύζω, the Latin *ululare*, and the English *howl* and *wail* are probably derived from this ancient form of lamentation.

Out of the songs that accompanied the dance grew the ballad. Our idea is that many ballads are simply versified folk-tales. As Dr. Boas has pointed out, a great number of Eskimo folk-stories must be regarded as recitatives; some are recited entirely in rhythmic phrases, and some only begin with a musical phrase. The bulk of the ballads are simply versified narratives of some hero, of some exploit, of some romance, or of some tradition. Thus we have three classes: (1) romantic ballads, which deal principally with love themes; (2) hero ballads, which recount the exploits and adventures of a popular character; and (3) historical ballads, which preserve popular legends and traditions.

It is not necessary here to enter into a comparative study of popular ballads. Those who are interested in the diffusion of folk-tales, legends, and superstitions will find the ballads a perfect mine for investigation. Some idea of the lore imbedded in this form of song may be gained from Professor Child's comparative study of "English and Scottish Ballads."

It is interesting, however, to observe how racial traits shine forth in folk-songs. What strong, sturdy manliness is revealed in the land-songs of the Teuton! His faithfulness to a friend, his constancy as a lover, his sincerity in speech, are all marked. Contrast the sturdy bluntness of the Englishman with the delicacy of expression of the Italian. The genial nature of the Tuscan is visible in all he sings—in the confiding appeal, in the graceful salute, in the kindly moralising couplet. What fire and fancy light up the folk-songs of Spain! See how the character of the French, so vivacious and sparkling, is met in the *chansons*. Strongly marked is the Slavic character—even more so is the Celtic character, with its sensitive, impetuous and deep swellings of pathos and weird melancholy.

Between the ballad, which is the song of the people, and the epic, which is the song of the chiefs or heroes of the people, we place the Norse Sagas, and the Kalevala of the Finns. The Kalevala is composed of a large number of *runots*, or cantos, which were sung by inspired bards, called Runoias, to beguile the monotony of the long, dark winters. The Finnish epic strings together, as it were, connected ballads, or, to quote Mr. Andrew Lang, it presents "the ballads as they are produced by the events of a continuous narrative."

Finally, in the Italian epic, "Orlando Innamorato," we have a remarkable example of the course of evolution in folk-song. The point is important, and seems to have escaped the attention of folk-lorists. The *cantastorie* on the street-corners used to begin and end their songs by a greeting and adieu. In this *saluto* and *commiato* the audience were usually recommended to the care of Heaven or the Saints. These rude greetings of the street-singer become a series of informal preludes in the first book of the "Innamorato."

A few instances will serve to show how Ariosto followed the custom of the singers. The second canto of Book I. opens thus:

> "Fair Sirs, in the last canto I left off,
> Where at the Saracen Astolfo jeers, etc."

Boiardo closes the 19th canto of Book I. as follows:

> "But since this canto over long hath been
> Another day the rest I will recount;
> If you return to hear the pleasant story,
> So keep ye all the mighty king of glory."

In a former number of *The Open Court* I showed the great value of folk-song as an art factor. Out of it and the few notes of Gregory—known as the Gregorian tones—the vast structure of modern musical art has grown.

CHOLERA CONSIDERATIONS.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

In my boyhood I heard a sermon directed toward proving that scourges, such as yellow fever and cholera epidemics, were punishments for irreligion, Sabbath breaking, and blasphemy of various kinds, particularly that arrogant blasphemy of science which undertook to substitute investigation of natural causes for blind subservience to the inscrutable will of the Deity. The cause and effect association were not at all clear, but it would have been blasphemous to have called attention to such a thing.

The discourse was divided into heads, with a final injunction to escape the wrath to come by general good behavior, mainly such as regular church attendance, involving prompt pew-rent payment.

In these maturer years I conclude that Ignorance (with a big I), and too much *so-called* religion are responsible for these same scourges, and we may profitably consider Asiatic cholera in a discourse divisible also into parts, or heads, as to:

1. The causes of cholera;
2. Its nature;
3. Its prevention.

And remembering congregational needs we must avoid technical medical terms as far as possible, though such avoidance invariably entails discursiveness, which in turn is to be curtailed.

At first thought, the absurd religious antics of a Turk or Hindu, on the Bosphorus, Red Sea, and Ganges, need concern us about as much as the sea-serpent, Chatauqua philosophy, and Schiaperelli's canals in Mars; but devastating plagues that sweep the world in all history have originated in the centres of densest ignorance to be conveyed with lessened effect to the relatively more enlightened parts.

And this relativity has been invariably with reference to increased cleanliness as to food, drink, habits, intercourse, ideas, knowledge of the environment generally, and decreased religious fervor, disposition to be priest-ridden, dirty, credulous, supersti-

tious, and brutal generally. The thoughtful, cleanly races are the breakers against which the pestilence rages in vain, and the bigoted, uncleanly, superstitious, afford the materials for its devastation.

The reasonings of Pettenkofer and recently made investigations of Dr. Shakespeare demonstrate that oriental pilgrimages to Mecca and the upper Ganges are the means by which cholera is propagated. In these "holy" spots the multitudes of devout swarm and reek; the filthy "holy" wells from which they drink, and in the waters of which they bathe (not wash, for that would be irreligious), have accumulated ages of defilement. Dr. Shakespeare says it would require two soldiers to each pilgrim to preserve order and cleanliness and induce observance of the most ordinary decency or precautions against the spread of all sorts of diseases that are fostered by filth.

Those who live to return to their homes carry cholera thither, and climatic conditions such as extreme heat and moisture, worse in some years than others, favor the germ growth and dissemination; just as certain seasons are better for some kinds of plants than others.

When Mecca is the starting point the disease takes the Southern or Mediterranean route through Italy and Spain. Here again, ignorance, superstition, and filth give it fresh impetus. Physicians are regarded as responsible for the plague and are slain, the shrines that Garibaldi closed are opened again, and the dirty wretches crowd about their wooden and stone images, imploring relief from them.

When India is the nidus, the famine stricken, abjectly ignorant, and religious peasantry of Russia afford fertilisation enough to enable it, according to official reports, to kill three thousand daily. Making allowance for peculiarities of Russian statistics, this may mean ten or twenty thousand daily. Physicians are also murdered in that country.

Wherever ports of entry afford the conditions upon which cholera thrives, crowding and filthiness, new distributing depots for the disease are created from which in radiating lines it spreads, to be fought more or less successfully in distant, more intelligent lands.

While America may properly claim to be less ignorant in general than many other nations, this is not saying much, and at this crisis it would be as well to take stock of our intelligence with regard to epidemic prevention, and what elements of ignorance and malevolence we may have to combat.

The efforts of Dr. Holt of New Orleans in fighting yellow fever admission were rendered unnecessarily troublesome by many selfish interests opposed to his work which was wholly for the public good. He found powerful political, clerical, and mercantile enemies, intent upon some comparatively trifling gain, arrayed against him, and occasionally a press subsidised in the interests of ignorant (and in this particular, murderous) greed. A few days delay in a cargo or mail delivery, or arrival of persons, the unavoidable damage to some kinds of merchandise through its perishability or subjection to sulphurous acid gas, were considerations outweighing the certain introduction of pestilence. He was harassed in every conceivable way.

Behind our city smoke inspector are city ordinances and equipments of police and other means to suppress the smoke nuisance, but greed and ignorance (which are about the same thing, often) continue to make the atmosphere inky and sulphurous. Our national custom-house methods are about as effective. A ten dollar bill in the upper tray of a trunk, or a direct present of a silk umbrella, and other such means, enable goods to escape close inspection, and it would not be remarkable if political sanitary appointees for similar considerations might allow infection to slip into our cities.

All sanitary officialism is not corrupt; neither is it, in the very nature of things, invincible. When public places of all kinds are rewards for political jobbery, it is not possible that jobbery will cease with the appointment. About the first thing the "heeler" who gets an office thinks of is what he can make out of it, and such a matter as public health would be the least consideration under the sun with him.

If Canadian sanitary methods, as alleged, are worse than ours, and a mere sham and pretense to enable a few officials to draw salaries, our system should be all the more rigid, and we cannot make it serviceable until we recognise the sources which oppose it.

Intelligent travellers, in the main, gracefully put up with the inconveniences of quarantine, recognising its public necessity; but many importers of rags, and persons, political or mercantile, interested in smuggling immigrants among us, would not hesitate an instant for private gain to risk the lives of all their countrymen.

When the street cleaning necessity was brought up in aldermanic circles, petty private interests threatened, for awhile, to suppress its consideration.

It will be a reasonable average of stealages to estimate that when county commissioners control public charity funds, the county hospital patients will receive the benefit of seventy-five per cent. of the moneys appropriated, the poor-house paupers about fifty per cent., and the insane asylum inmates between that figure and twenty-five per cent. In proportion to the helplessness of those "cared for," and their inability to protest, or the likelihood of their not being believed if they did make exposures, the politician's chances for "boodle" increases.

If the quarantine methods are not intelligently watched, by others than those who have political interests, as the greater the system grows and as the excitement increases, the better will become the opportunities to make fussy parades and rob the public treasuries.

We dare not neglect such reflections in view of next year's Exposition, and all it involves. Nor is this the only direction in which to look for irrational opposition. People who may in general lay claim to being educated and intelligent are often bigotedly ignorant or misinstructed in certain particulars. Anti-vivisectionists doubtless are, in the main, a well-meaning set of people, but being uninstructed in medical matters, they often rise to hysterical opportunities that would astound the butcher, fisherman, or rat-killer, if a diversion occurred in their directions and away from the doctors'. These misguided enthusiasts would not, like the Russian, Italian, and Spaniard, go so far as to kill the physician, but with a comparable ignorance they would stay his studies from about the same motives that led to attacks upon Harvey for announcing his discovery of the circulation of the blood.

It was through what is usually understood as vivisectional methods that Koch found the cause of cholera. By isolation of suspected germs and their cultivation, there remained but the final test as to animal susceptibility. Animals were used to demonstrate the veritability of the find, and they responded to the tests by dying promptly with the classical symptoms, and their dissections revealed the pathological anatomy usual in Asiatic cholera.

So much for the ignorance of anti-vivisectionists. Next we may consider the equally ignorant cry of *Cui Bono.*

When any step forward in science is taken, the value of which is not grossly apparent to stupidity, forthwith some daily newspapers childishly deride it as useless. So when the cause of cholera in the comma bacillus was announced there was a protest against so much attention being paid to the discovery. "What we want," they said, "is a cure for our complaints, not tiresome discussions as to causes." A savage could have expressed no more

ignorance of the fact that first and foremost, the *causes* being ascertained, prevention and cures can be more successfully sought.

Instead of trusting to amulets, rabbits' feet, hoodoo bags, incantations, or other such devices which empiricism considers worthy of trial, the cause of a disorder being discovered, instantly the folly of trusting to superstitious remedies is apparent, and means become more rational in proportion to our better knowledge of causes. Koch was engrossed in studying the life history and behavior of his germs, and left inferences for prevention to others. He found that alkaline media were absolutely necessary for the cholera germ sustenance, and that acids destroyed it. Long before this pathologists knew that the lower part of the small intestine was the seat of the greatest ravages of cholera, but the fact that this portion was most alkaline, and that organs that were normally acid were not changed, suggested nothing to therapeutists.

Putting together the knowledge gained in pathology and bacteriology, it would be safe to infer that avoidance of alkalies and indulgence in acids would insure some protection, and we find already at hand enthusiastic accounts of how sulphuric acid had been extensively tried in former epidemics with gratifying success.

Though this sulphuric acid treatment antedated any of Koch's researches, it was not generally resorted to, because there were myriad other preventives in vogue; and while we now know that there is a scientific basis for the use of acids, their former use seemed no better justified than asafœtida bags hung from the neck, or annointing with the consecrated oil of Brigham Young.

Thousands could attest their belief in the acid prevention, but so could other thousands in other things they had used. The eternal *post hoc* misleading them in the latter instance and causing logical and illogical deductions to be rated together.

Whatever other things may or may not do, the discovery of the cause enables a scientific endorsement of thorough further trial of sulphuric acid as a means of prevention (about ten drops to the quart of water, to be used occasionally instead of drinking water).

Inducements are being held out to the uninformed to purchase this, that, and the other drug or mineral water as preventives, and venders do not seem to know or care that such things are more than likely to increase the epidemic. Astringents and opiates, or mineral waters are the bases of such stuff, and in previous visitations have been demonstrated as harmful, to say nothing of the recent scientifically ascertained reasons against using alkalines which are largely components of mineral and some "soda" waters.

It would be well for us to hold our opinions in reserve in regard to the recent clashing between the national and New York quarantine authorities. Political intriguery often makes "the worse appear the better cause," and the State physicians may be unduly interfered with from motives other than those seeking the public good.

Many pestilences such as the "black death" are now unknown in Europe, where they were as formidable as small pox, which before Jenner's discovery decimated the large cities. To-day Constantinople, formerly the nucleus of that pest, enjoys unearned the same immunity that London has. And there are anti-vaccinators occasionally found, in spite of widespread knowledge.

Malarial diseases, before the use of cinchona bark was begun, were as formidable as any sicknesses mentioned. Quinine is swallowed to-day with but little thought of what we would have to endure without it.

Enlightenment will be America's barrier against the invasion, and if it were possible to confer it upon the Asiatics, cholera would be forever eradicated; but that is altogether too much to hope for. The "Light of Asia," or any other religious emanation elsewhere, has not done for the sufferers of the world what the "Light of Science" has accomplished.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The tragedy at Homestead and the theories growing out of it still agitate society. The September magazines are full of speculations about it; and solutions of the Capital and Labor problem are numerous and various as recipes in a cookery book; combination, co-operation, legislation, arbitration, education, nationalisation, confiscation, with fifty other solutions ending in t,i,o,n, shun, and finally, the most visionary of them all, the sharing in the profits, but not in the losses of the business. The schemes are all well-meaning enough, but they avail nothing; the reasons in which they appear are wasted words; all the plans and specifications of reform vanish in the presence of a story so pathetic as this which I find in the Chicago papers of this morning: "Labor troubles entered into the halls of learning yesterday. Two hundred and thirty-seven men representing various trades and organisations quit work on the Chicago University buildings. The trouble was all because six non-union tinners were hired." This awful revelation of six non-union men earning an honest living, made a panic in the ranks of "organised labor," as if the breath of cholera had blighted it, and the two hundred and thirty-seven chivalrous knights quit work until the six non-union men were turned away. The tyranny of labor towards labor is more cruel and merciless than the tyranny of capital. It is no light thing to deprive a man of work and his children of bread. The guild or corporation that will do it arbitrarily for its own advantage is outside the sympathies of justice; it has no right to plead for its own liberty. All the moral, and many of the material elements of society array themselves in self-defense against the guild; and it wins hatred instead of honor.

* * *

The involuntary slavery of labor is melancholy enough, but its own willing degradation makes the social problem ten times more difficult than it would otherwise be. The two hundred and thirty-seven men who deprived the six non-union tinners of a livelihood, did so, not of their own free will, but by the orders of a masterhood which they themselves had created for their own subjugation. They had surrendered all the spiritual elements of their manhood, the genius that made them free, and they retained for themselves only their merchantable brawn and a diminutive ration of brain. This appears from the story, which continues thus: "When this information about the non-union tinners came to the ears of the walking delegates of the Building Trades council they called out every man employed on the buildings. The men obeyed. They then held a conference with the contractors with the result that the six non-union men were discharged. The men then returned to work." Like mere images of men they were moved and stopped by the master intelligence that owned them. An Italian organ grinder of my acquaintance, occasionally gives me a serenade for the paltry bribe of a nickel, and the instrument of torture on which he plays is an ingenious piece of mechanism. On the top of it is a mimic ball room, with about twenty little wooden people in it, so that when he turns the crank they dance to his music and go through the steps of a quadrille without making a single blunder. The walking delegate is like my Italian friend; he turns the crank, and the images all obey. The motive that made the two hundred and thirty-seven drive the six from work, call it self-preservation, or whatever fancy name you please, is inspired by an evil principle, the microbe of ruin to the Labor cause. It was a famous victory, that of the two hundred and thirty-seven, but it easily explains the defeats at Homestead and at Buffalo. Labor "organised" on slavery and injustice lacks all the moral ingredients of success; and its lost battles mark its punishment. Selfishness, under the sophistical name of self-preservation, is the same sordid quality whether it be displayed by incorporated laborers or by capitalists. Before the trades unions

can have any moral standing in the scheme of social regeneration they must learn that the right of a man to work, outside the unions, or wherever he can get work to do, is absolute.

* * *

I have said my say about the Carnegie and Pinkerton combination, and have been answered in a hundred papers. If I should revise my words I might perhaps in some places temper my rage to milder phrase, but as larger evidence convinces me that my opinions were substantially correct, I must let the censure stand; but the rule by which to test Carnegie must apply to every other man. It is not mentally easy for me to separate men into classes, giving privileges to some and penalties to the rest. I assert the essential unity of all men, with one moral code for all. There is but one law of justice, and to that law Mr. Carnegie and his humblest laborer are equally responsible. According to character and moral worth, I pay the same deference to the poor as to the rich, and to the rich as to the poor. To slight a rich man because he is rich appears to me to be as ignoble as it is to scorn a poor man because he is poor. A few months ago an English lady of title and fortune travelled about the United States, lecturing on temperance and social reformation. She received a good deal of attention, for she was a practical philanthropist and a very eloquent woman. Lately, in one of the magazines, appears an article by a still more eloquent woman, insinuating that the Americans who paid so much respect to Lady Henry Somerset were snobs, because the object of their attention was "an earl's daughter, the sister of a duchess, and the daughter-in-law of a duke." The sneer was invidious, for our visitor got no more honor than she deserved. Those who tried to expand their own dignity by slighting her because she was "an earl's daughter, the sister of a duchess, and the daughter-in-law of a duke," were undoubtedly snobs, with envy as the basis of their slight. Referring to the rumor that the emperor of Germany might visit the United States next year, a Berlin paper intimates that the Americans would treat him with discourtesy to show themselves superior to emperors and kings. This also is a mistake. Americans who would slight the emperor because he is an emperor, would prove themselves to be inferior and little-minded snobs. Conversely, the man who treats the humblest laborer with scorn because he is a laborer is as much a snob as the man who fawns upon the great. The moral of all this is that there are no privileged persons in the field of human duty, and trades unions have no right to require of Carnegie a generosity towards laborers which the guilds themselves are not willing to bestow.

* * *

Many and many a year ago, when I worked on the railroad with my wheelbarrow and my shovel, I had a fellow craftsman by the name of Dan Riordan, who worked in the same gang and on the very next plank to me. Dan was one of the most fluent and expressive men I ever knew, and he did much to make the time pass pleasantly by pouring rhetorical maledictions on all the myrmidons of capital, and especially upon the boss, whose duty it was to see that we kept the shovel going, and to fire a curse or two at us whenever we attempted to sneak a light load up the plank. Sometimes, by his exciting oratory, Dan would move us to the very edge of mutiny, and I think he caused the transfer of our tyranical boss to a new gang on another part of the job. With gratitude and joy, we saw Dan himself promoted to the vacant office, and we promised ourselves an easier time; but the contractor knew human nature better than we did, and he thought he saw in Dan the elements of a taskmaster. He was right, for Dan drove us as the Egyptian boss drove the children of Israel. For forty-five years and more I have watched the spirit of Dan Riordan animating working men, as it did last Monday, when the two hundred and forty-seven drove the six away from work. And here is a conundrum that puzzles me. What would these men do if the earth was given unto them?

Taking the two hundred and thirty-seven and their action as fair examples of labor and the labor movement, I repeat the question, what would they do if the earth was theirs, and the fulness thereof? If they had control of all the natural opportunities would they use them or abuse them? That's the question. And supposing all the artificial and acquired opportunities, the great railroads, factories, telegraphs, machinery, tools, and ships, the savings of hands and the product of brains, were all confiscated and given over to them; would they execute the trust fairly, and give other laborers besides themselves equal access to those opportunities? Or would they say that the law of self-preservation required that they should retain them as a monopoly for themselves? Suppose they had possession and control of all the coal and iron mines in Pennsylvania, would they allow me with my pick and shovel to dig out a bit of a living for myself, except as their hired workman or on payment of rent and royalty? I think not. With souls cramped within the narrow doctrine of self-preservation they would give me hospitable welcome like that given by the Fire Island people to the passengers of the Normannia. If they owned all the factories in Pittsburg, would they develop them or waste them? Would they make a living out of them, or would they bankrupt them and themselves in quarrels over a division of the product? Vote-mongers flatter and fool the working men into a belief that laborers are above the law of moral consequences, and that the discipline of duty imposed upon every body else lays no restraints on them. From the supreme pontiffs of their orders they obtain indulgences to practise proscription and intolerance, but they must learn that equal rights is the law of labor as of other things; that as it is the duty of every man to work, therefore his right to work must not be taken away

M. M. Trumbull.

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DMESIS.

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

The mathematician Sylvester, (whose false accusation against me, hastily made and wickedly persisted in, is powerless to affect my estimate of his genius,) created, when he was in this country, a mathematical journal, which, by virtue of his fecundation, still makes a not quite insignificant figure in the thought-building business of this world; and upon the title-page of it he wrote for a motto that phrase of the Epistle to his people, *πραγμάτων ἔλεγχος οὐ βλεπομένων*, "the evidence of things not seen." One wonders what he meant. Sure, mathematics only makes plain things that *are* seen, and less than any science is disposed to take anything on *faith*. But I guess the motto was covertly addressed to the thinkers of Europe, and meant to say, "you may jeer at the idea of fruits of pure intellect ripening in America; it is, indeed, a thing hardly yet seen; but the establishment of this journal is my testimony that a germinal capacity for higher things is here." No doubt, it amused the Jew that Christians should not resent his thus using one of their holiest symbols to serve the purpose of a calembourg.

How wonderfully Christian faith has been dissolving away since the appearance of the "Origin of Species"—especially among the clergy! Whether this is true or not of Christian faith considered as the acceptance of a formula, I am sure that it is if the phrase be taken in its more spiritual sense, for that attunement of the mind to nature which renders the truth of the beatitudes axiomatic. It is a trite remark enough that the general idea of those hyperbolical statements is the first principle of Christianity, from which the rest naturally flows. I am one of those who think this idea is also the heart of true philosophy;—an idea that ought to be carried out, right away, at all hazards, and to all lengths. But I find each year fewer people to agree with me in this.

In order to illustrate how I would conceive that the policy of the State ought to be governed by Christian Faith, let me ask upon what justifiable pretense do we punish criminals? They are secluded from everything beautiful and elevating, and are treated in the harshest manner and the most tetrical spirit, and just as they are settling down to this mode of life, are turned out, to be caught again in a few months; and this is repeated over and over again, all their lives long. If they are capable of being made worse than they were when first taken, the imprisonment accomplishes it. The common run do not suffer, because they are utterly insensible. Even those who were respectable are relatively unfeeling persons,—and if they suffer at first, their imprisonment soon deadens all capacity for pain. The anguish and the misery is for their good wives and children and parents. This is the way we are treating criminals, to-day; and I do not ask what our real motive is; for I have no leisure to dispute with persons who choose to shut their eyes to the fact that we really punish criminals because we detest them. But I ask, what is our excuse for such behaviour? Some will allege the authority of the bible. But the bible is an accursed book if it can properly be used to justify iniquity. An unchristian maxim would be unchristian though the angel Gabriel were to descend to utter it. The very idea of Christian grace is that we can draw from within our own breasts the truth of God. We cannot shirk responsibility for wickedness by any bible-texts. Others will say, we must punish criminals because the State is under an obligation to preserve itself. It is true that such an obligation exists. Only, as Whewell well says, "we may speak of the duty of self-preservation as the *lower* duty of a state in comparison with other duties, such as the duty of rendering its subjects moral and intelligent, which are its *higher* duties."* But self-preservation, while not high on the scale of duty, is a forcible excuse for wrong-doing. Others, and they are very many, will hold that punishment is involved in the higher duty of the State to "maintain true religion and virtue." Still others, while repudiating any such duty, will maintain the opinion that punishment is justified by the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Here, I believe, are all the reasons that are to be alleged for the justification of punishment; and there is many and many a mind who will conceive that the

* *Morality*, § 848.

next problem is to fit these together, like a Chinese puzzle, to cover the case. But that is the practice of a rhetorician, not of a logician, nor of a philosopher. The proper method is to examine each of these reasons and see whether it be valid or not. The one which, I doubt not, has strongest hold upon the minds of men is the notion that it is the duty of government "to maintain virtue"; for Protestants hardly think any longer that it is its duty to support the church. So long as government is imposed upon the people from above, and the people have no say in it, its duties, whatever they may be, are no concern of the people. But just so far as we have any power to determine what the government shall do, its acts become our acts; and we can delegate to it no right to do anything which we have not ourselves a right to do. The theory that the government has rights not derived from the people, but from God, but yet that the people have a right to determine what God's institution shall do and what it shall not do, may be the Puritan doctrine, but it is a miserable device to absolve men from responsibility for atrocities. In a government by the people, the whole question is, What right has one man to punish another? I will grant that it is every man's duty to maintain true religion and virtue. It is his duty to do this, first, by exemplifying them, and secondly, by loving persuasions. But any unamiable conduct toward those who seem to violate the precepts of religion and virtue is prohibited by the prime principle of Christianity. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

Putting aside this reason, then, there remain the two principles of self-preservation and of general utility. These connect themselves with the right to punish only upon the supposition that punishment goes to prevent crime. Upon these principles, then, punishment is inflicted solely in view of its effects in the future, and not at all in retribution for the past. Punishment, as so justified, ceases to be punishment; it is only prophylaxy. In that view, a man cannot be punished for anything past and done, as such, but only in so far as what he has done indicates what he or others may do in the future. But the *guilt* of a man, upon those principles, can neither justify nor aid in justifying the infliction of any pain. With his guilt his fellow-citizens can have nothing to do; and in the question of inflicting pains upon him, he is to be looked upon, so far as their action is concerned, as a citizen worthy of the same consideration that any other citizen receives.

The way in which the principle of self-preservation works is best seen in an example. Suppose the authorities get the idea the country is in danger of invasion. They may send an army which may erect an earthwork on the land of one of their own citizens, and ruin his estate. It is an outrage upon him; but the excuse for it is the terror of the people. So far as punishment can be justified by the principle of self-preservation, it is simply an outrage upon the individual which danger of imminent destruction of the state has rendered necessary. Now it is not truthful to say that the government is put into fear of its existence by the doings of a sneak-thief.

But if the attempt to justify punishment by the principle of self-preservation is ridiculous, the attempt to justify it on utilitarian grounds is far worse. It is barbarous, revolting, and unchristian. The idea of putting a man to death, or, more dreadful still, of imprisoning him for years, deadening his soul and disgracing him for life, not for any guilt of his, but just for the sake of distributing to each unit of the population a fraction of a cent's worth of additional security! Why, such a principle would reduce cannibalism to a question of how much meat a man would yield! The Christian conscience condemns such villany with its strongest emphasis! Utilitarianism is the spirit of hell.

The amount of it is, you have no right whatever to punish criminals. The most that can be said is that if you can see no other way of defending yourself against them, and are afraid to do the Christian thing, then the weakness of your faith, your inability to keep steadily before your apprehension the fact that the Christian course of conduct is always the strongest course, must serve as your excuse.

Even this excuse shrinks to small dimensions when we inquire into the assumption on which it rests, that punishment prevents crime. Punishment does not prevent all the crime that actually gets committed. As a matter of well-determined observation, it has no deterrent influence upon the criminal classes. Some new and horrid penalty might affect their imaginations; but the punishments they know so well do not. A regular criminal, after years of incarceration, will repeat the act so punished, in the first fifteen minutes after his release, if he only finds an opportunity. All that punishment affects is, first, to modify misdeeds, and cause, for example, a person to live by swindling instead of by direct theft, and second, to deter some respectable people from yielding to mighty temptations. In the former class of cases the cure is worse than the disease: swindling is more dangerous and more harmful than theft. In the latter class the temptations are mostly owing to the neglect by the state of its higher duties; and it must not plead the effect of its own neglect as its excuse for committing an outrage.

A friend looking over my shoulder, asks: "How would you treat criminals, then?" Me? Oh, well, you know I am no penologist; and perhaps I could

not give a very wise answer to that question. But I should love them; and should try to treat them with loving kindness in the light of truth, and should hope for the blessing of heaven on my effort. I know that they are deformed or diseased souls. I feel that their being so is, in some unknown measure, the fault of our own grinding selfishness, our thoughtless dishonesty. Some degree of care and tenderness we owe them as a debt, and the residue not so owing I would give them if I could. They are weak and miserable, and need better care than other people.

My friend thinks I cannot logically escape proposing some definite plan. If so, I can only offer what my first principle seems directly to suggest. It will serve as a preliminary sketch of a way.

1. A judicial process substantially the same as the present form of trial shall* determine the criminality of the accused. I use the word criminality to denote the commission of an act which the state will regard as affording a conclusive presumption of an unsound mind.

2. Upon conviction the criminal will be handed over to the care of an executive commission of psychopathologists, to be appointed by the civil power, but to be dismissed at the bidding of a parliament of criminologists.

3. The criminal, now become a patient, is to be under the charge of this commission until discharged by it as cured.

4. During this time he will be confined in an asylum as closely as may be necessary, but in the most agreeable possible manner, and with the most refining and elevating surroundings.

5. The patient will be prevented from propagating the species while under treatment.

6. The most essential elements of human happiness being exercise and self-respect, the patient will be trained to earn his share of the expenses of the asylum in which he is confined; and his treatment will be somewhat proportioned to the amount of his earnings.

7. The products of the patient's labor will be disposed of at the highest market prices, and preferably in foreign markets. The whole thing will be run in a business-like and profitable manner.

8. Everything about the asylum will be made beautiful, and everything will be done to awaken the higher man. Under a proper economy in the distribution of labor, the better man will be the better workman.

9. The patient will be interested in the system, and in works of personal benevolence.

10. Upon his discharge, which, if it ever takes place, will only be after many years, the former patient will be provided with a situation in which he may earn a sufficient living and may aspire to satisfy his desires.

11. At first only the grossest misdeeds will be dealt with, such as violence and theft. All attempt to deal with others will be abandoned for a time, until these worst crimes have been nearly eradicated. When there is room in the asylums, such ill-doing as drunkenness, impurity, gambling, and cruelty to animals will be taken in hand. Finally, perhaps even dishonesty and idleness may be attacked.

I hold that it is the duty of the state to do all this, or something better, no matter what the results may be, no matter what the cost may be. At the same time, it is proper to forecast the results and the expense, so far as we are able to do so.

The results are divisible into the effects on the criminals and the effects on society. The first of the former will be that the entire world of habitual criminals will shortly be shut up for good. For convictions will be more readily pronounced then than now, defenses will be less strenuous, and confinement will continue during life, or a long series of years, instead of for a few weeks or months, as now. Thus, habitual crime will soon be brought to an end. The small class of non-habitual crimes to which existing punishments are deterrent will, no doubt, be somewhat increased; but only slightly so, because the chief preventive part of punishment, which is the social disgrace, will remain only too severe under the new system, as it is now. It will be all the better for the health of the body politic that these malignant humours should find some vent, and society be purged of those whom nothing but the fear of judicial punishment restrains.

The greater part of the habitual criminals will, I admit, prove to be absolutely incurable; for their disease is congenital and organic. They will, however, be made as happy as it is possible for them to be; and all will become industrious. A considerable minority will be redeemed into a state of self-respecting citizenship. This will be the case with all non-habitual and non-hereditary criminals. There is not one of any class who will not be a happier and a worthier man under the new system than he is at present.

By far the most important effect upon society at large will be the direct impression received from the public disavowal of and repentance for the present hatred of criminals. Two gospels are current in our day. One is the gospel of Christ. It proclaims that God is Love; that Love it is that is the creative, the vivifying, the evolutionary principle of the universe; and that if we can only enter into the spirit of Love, so as to see how it acts and to put our trust in it, then we shall be able to bring about a new stage of man's development. The other gospel is the gospel of politi-

*I am bound to use the simple future; for politeness would forbid my seeming to doubt that people will embrace with alacrity the first means that presents itself of pouring out their Christian love upon a large class of their neighbors.

cal economy and of natural selection. It teaches that the great engine of all advance, the redeemer of the world, is the combination of bestial passion, ruthless selfishness, and famine to exterminate the weak. Now, there are plenty of people in this world silly enough to try to accept both of these gospels together. They take the gospel of hate as the framework of their belief, and seek to embellish it with fringes torn from the gospel of love. But as Jesus profoundly said, you cannot serve God and Mammon. The moment the state has accepted any plan like the one here modestly suggested for the treatment of criminals, it will have committed itself to the gospel of love and have renounced the gospel of hate. The direct spiritual influence of such a choice upon each and every citizen would be incomparably the most important of all its effects upon society in general.

But the material consequences must be noticed, too. The elevating tone and civilising influence of such a spirit will in half a generation make itself felt in the diminution of all crime and increased security of property. Ordinary crimes will soon practically cease, because the entire criminal class will be under lock and key, and the criminal breed on its way to extirpation. The increase in a small class of crimes will serve to direct attention to defects in our social arrangements, the correction of which will be followed by the happiest results.

In estimating the cost of the new plan, it is to be considered that by far the greatest expense of the existing system is for the judicial proceedings. It is common now for men to be convicted twenty or thirty times over, and it would be cheaper to provide for them, for life, at the Hotel Richelieu. These expenses, on the new system, will not come to a tithe of their present amount; because no criminal will be convicted more than once. For the first few years the criminal asylums will be terribly expensive; but at length they will become fully self-supporting. Finally, private losses from crime will be diminished to a vanishing point.

Thus, from every side, blessings will be poured upon us, when we can once bring our hard hearts to give over our cruel hatred for these miserable brothers. For, observe, hatred alone it is that maintains the existing system.

I am perfectly confident that some sapient head will now be ready with the objection that people will commit crimes in order to be put in these asylums. If the people meant are criminals, that is, are about to commit crimes anyway, the quicker they get into the asylums the better. But if the idea is that truly virtuous citizens are going to cut the throats of their grandmothers under a false pretense of being wicked, simply that they may enjoy the reward of crime, namely, hard labor and continence for life, then I think they ought not to be confined in criminal asylums, but in the mad-house, and the author of this wonderful objection with them.

PRISON PROBLEMS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

It has often been remarked that the changes in the moral standards of a nation are reflected in the tendency of its educational methods, and a similar test might be derived from the varying principles of remedial education, applied to the management of our penal institutes.

At a time when the chief problem of life was supposed to consist in the enforcement of ecclesiastical dogmas, it would have been considered much less inhuman to stint a convict in food than to deprive him of clerical ministrations. After the conquest of Granada the Moorish prisoners, captured in the rebellious cities of southern Spain, were fed like dogs and stabled in subterranean dungeons; but the Spanish government went to a considerable expense in hiring able interpreters for the purpose of instructing the poor unbelievers in the tenets of the Catholic church. Extreme unction was granted to criminals who had asked in vain for a drink of water to mitigate the tortures of the rack; and Colonel George Ruxton, in his "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," describes an episode in a border-town where the representatives of Spanish-American civilisation massacred a whole tribe of Apache Indians, including a new-born child, that was dipped into a vessel with holy water "to save its soul," before its brains were dashed out against a wall.

In modern Russia Czar-worship outranks every other duty, and the Siberian mine-convicts, who work seven days a week and never hear the voice of a priest, are permitted to rest on the birthday of the Autocrat.

Our Christian-commercial civilisation still inculcates the efficacy of prayer in averting the evils of life —with one important exception. The appeal to the aid of preternatural agencies is supposed to obviate hailstorms and locust-swarms, wars and diseases, but we fully recognise its failure to prevent famine, and in the education of our children our tithe-gathering moralists waive the orthodox anathemas against the sinfulness of providing for the needs of the morrow.

Our convicts, too, are carefully trained in habits of industry, but the preservation of their physical and moral health is apparently still entrusted to the care of a miracle-working providence. Nothing but a miracle can prevent the development of pulmonary diseases in crowded buildings constructed on the plan of nine out of ten of our American state prisons, not to mention village jails and the man-pens of our southern

convict-camps. In the penitentiaries modelled on the Clerkenwell plan there are from three to five tiers, each containing about twenty cells and facing a wall with less than a dozen barred windows. The cells are eight by ten feet (sometimes only six by ten) and eight feet high, and have no windows, but receive their supply of fresh air through a grated door. Through-draught ventilation is in that way made not only difficult but impossible, and a direct current of fresh air can enter a cell only in case the wind is from the direction of the window-wall, though in many cases that chance is lessened by the obstruction of a higher outside wall or a factory building of two or three stories.

The health commissioners of Brussels, and afterwards of Paris, adopted a rule requiring the owners of buildings intended for tenements to provide six square feet of window front for each thousand cubic feet of room space—a proportion which is many times exceeded in the airy villas of our American summer resorts. But a tier-cell prison provides only about forty square inches of window front to each thousand cubic feet of cell space; in other words, the minimum of the tenement regulation exceeds the average of our prison buildings as twenty-two to one.

The school law of Michigan authorises teachers to exclude children afflicted with a troublesome cough, but in our state prisons scores of such patients saturate the atmosphere with the germs of their complaint, and consumptives continue to occupy their cells till the progress of their disease unfits them for even such light work as wool-picking or chair-making.

The contagiousness of pulmonary diseases has been practically recognised in the management of military barracks, where consumptive soldiers are promptly discharged, though their comrades pass a considerable part of their time in out-door exercise. What must be the effect of the disease-germs on convicts who have to breathe the same infected atmosphere day and night, since many of them have to pass their working hours under circumstances constantly associating them with lung-sick fellow-laborers. Many county jails of the rural districts have only a single dormitory, and in the southern convict-camps as many as fifty prisoners are often obliged to sleep in an ill-ventilated caboose, a box car with two small windows, and fitted with a double row of bunks. In the report on the cause of the Tennessee labor troubles one of the commissioners mentions the case of a young mulatto who offered to renounce the compensation of his over-time work if they would excuse him from sleeping—or rather stifling—in the wooden Bastille, and finally appealed to the humanity of the guards to connive at a few minutes' outing during the midnight watch. "I'm sorry for you, my lad, but I can't afford risking my situation; I couldn't do that to save you all from ——" well, from a still hotter place. "Maybe that caboose isn't good enough for you because you ain't coal-black," said another, "but if you are so d—— delicate you shouldn't have let them catch you stealing." A few days after the plaintiff was in a fever-delirium, indicating an attack of malignant influenza. Exceptional circumstances may now and then involve such contingencies, but where they can be avoided we have no more right to infect our prisoners with the germs of lung diseases than to inoculate them with hydrophobia virus.

The author of "Medical Reform" mentions the case of a habitual drunkard who excused his relapses with the importunities of convivial friends and the temptations of a family reunion, etc., but who at last burst out into tears and confessed the true state of affairs: "The fact is, Doctor, I cannot stop drinking. Three or four times I have gone a week without liquor and thought I had got the better of my appetite, but it always returned, and such was the indescribable hankering that I could not have resisted if I had known that the penalty had been immediate death. I have tried my best to reform and have failed, and now, if I knew of a country where a man could live and not get liquor, I would start this minute." And experience proves that the proposed remedy might have answered its purpose without perpetuating the doom of banishment. After a period of total abstinence, varying from eight months to a year and a half, the appetite for strong drink becomes deadened and may be kept in check without a special effort—provided that the embers of the smothered fire have not been kept alive by the use of other stimulants. Yet the management of our prisons fails to improve that chance for making the loss of liberty a blessing in disguise. Prisoners employed in out-door work are often permitted to avail themselves of the mistaken kindness of a contractor who tries to revive their good humor in a way which also revives the flames of a half subdued passion. The patients of prison hospitals are treated to alcoholic stimulants in cases where other tonics would answer the same purpose as well, if not better, since the insidious drug can under no circumstances be considered an indispensable means, either of maintaining or restoring the normal condition of the human organism. "Alcohol is not a food; nor is it a generator of force in the human body," says Dr. N. S. Davis, ex-President of the American Medical Association, "and I have found no case of disease, and no emergency arising from accident that I could not treat more successfully without any form of fermented and distilled liquors than with." And even without the pretexts of the tonic bitters fallacy, convicts of means have a notorious facility in procuring liquor, and in four out of

five state prisons chewing-tobacco is served out in weekly rations to all addicted to its use, and to many who hoard it as a make-shift currency (the surreptitious traffic in other forbidden luxuries being carried on in plugs and half plugs of tobacco) but who, in the meantime, are themselves apt to become habitués.

Ennui of the most deadly sort, may often contribute to that result. In 1874 I made the acquaintance of a Mexican officer who had served a term in the Huntsville (Texas) state prison for participation in a questionable border-raid, and who ascribed the preservation of his reason to his talent for whittling ingenious toys out of beef-bones. "They kept me at work in a spool-room where the air was thick with cotton-dust," he said, "but the atmosphere of that place was not half as suffocating as the tedium of the long, idle Sundays. One of the guards knew that I could read English and loaned me an old almanac, but that was all he could do; they had no prison library and it was against the rules to give newspapers to prisoners. They had solitary cells and at first I was glad of that for I would as soon have been caged with a baboon as with a mestizo; but when the days got longer and warmer I would have given a week of my life for an hour's conversation with almost any human being, and by bad luck I had returned the almanac to its proprietor. After long intrigues I contrived to send a message to the owner and got the pamphlet back; but that was only a few week's respite. There were rhymed medical advertisements on some of the pages and I got that wretched rot by heart, till the mere sight of the screed made me turn sick. But all that was a trifle to the horrors of the time when the factory was closed on account of a quarrel with the contractor, and we were kept in our cells day after day and week after week for more than a quarter of a year. At first I thought I would go crazy; but despair has resources of its own and I managed to procure a few pieces of broken glass and a lot of beef-bones. Some of the ornamental toothpicks I manufactured with those implements cost more work than a dozen chronometers, but they kept me from suicide or something worse. During the first half month there were days when I would have pawned my soul for a bottle of laudanum to sleep my misery away."

A combination of untoward circumstances makes the above perhaps an exceptional case, but the wretchedness of the predicament must have been paralleled in several western and even New England prisons, where more than six months of absolute idleness were repeatedly enforced on hundreds of convicts, many of them illiterate, or deprived of the privilege of using the prison library. There is a story of an old French playwright whose love of life was so extreme that he would have purchased his survival by consenting to be locked up, with his books and writing material, in the garret of a high tower. But without such means of pastime, would he not have felt inclined to utilize the height of his Eiffel tower for a different purpose? In the case of solitary prisoners the temptation of suicide may often be lessened only by the weakening of moral stamina under the influence of such ordeals.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* gives an account of a convict colony in the Portuguese settlement of Mozambique,—a Gehenna where "a gang of malefactors are permitted to lessen the misery of their exile by working their fellow-prisoners to death. These privileged convicts have a chance to graduate from the position of a foreman to that of a custom-house sentry, and the fate of the chain-gang laborers may be imagined from the fact that the overseers in prison-garb are encouraged to earn their promotion by extra severity and a zeal for denunciation."

With certain modifications, a similar plan has, however, been adopted in the "trustee" system of many American prisons, that permit subservient convicts to perform the duties of deputy-overseers, and in lieu of a direct compensation, gratify their personal spites by chicanes and favoritism. Convict-riots are largely due to the petty tyranny of thees functionaries, and if their victims, with their minds gangrened by the unsatisfied thirst of revenge, should, besides, have been deprived of their books and the privilege of outdoor exercise, it might well happen that this imprisonment would result in a physical, mental, and moral deterioration. Only the latter risk could, after all, be urged against penal settlements on the Botany Bay plan; and the objection that a sentence of transportation has no deterring effect on hardened criminals might, *à fortiori*, be applied to a short sentence of imprisonment. In such cities as Chicago and New York there are pick-pockets, drunkards, and burglars whom a dozen successive doses of the single-cell specific have failed to cure of their propensities. Even on the principle making protection of society the chief purpose of penal legislation, the habitual criminal act would, in such cases, seem the most effective expedient, and a well-managed convict colony would be less liable to the risk of a long term being equivalent to a sentence of death.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Peck, who appears to be a Commissioner of something or other in the State of New York, instead of chasing game in the mountains, or fishing in the lakes, has devoted his vacation to the more exciting sport of hunting and tormenting the Democratic party. Seldom does a hunter wound so many birds with one shot as Mr. Peck did by firing off a "Report" asserting that wages has been raised in the State of New York since the passage of the McKinley bill. Mr. Peck's refreshing figures came like manna in the wilderness to the Republicans, and even the President in his letter of acceptance gratefully acknowledges

their invigorating influence. Meanwhile the Democrats in fiery anger contradict Mr. Peck, and call upon him for proof, very much after the style of the disputatious person described by Dickens: "'Mr. Snobee,' said Mr. Wilson, 'is a fit and proper person to represent the borough in Parliament.' 'Prove it,' says I. 'He is a friend to reform,' says Mr. Wilson. 'Prove it,' says I. 'His acts prove it,' says he. 'Prove *them*,' says I. 'And he could not prove them.'" Very much in the same fashion the Democratic party calls upon Mr. Peck to prove his report. "The returns prove it," says Mr. Peck. "Prove *them*," says the Democratic party. And instead of doing so, Mr. Peck takes the returns out of the dispute by burning them; which heroic action reminds me of an enterprising citizen at Marbletown, who burned his house down to cheat the insurance company, and found out immediately afterward that his insurance policy was void. The Democrats are now enjoying their vacation in hunting Mr. Peck.

* * *

It is a law maxim applicable to the Peck report, that the concealment, the suppression, or the destruction of evidence raises a presumption in favor of the opposite side, and it is reasonable for the Democrats to claim the benefit of the legal rule; but it seems to me that their laughter is premature, for the Republicans may turn it into tears by producing the working men themselves whose wages have been raised. These are better evidence than any written returns can be; and I am surprised that those working men have not been exhibited before this, unless indeed, Mr. Peck burned them also in the fiery furnace along with the mysterious returns. Long, long ago, in the antediluvian days, I had a well beloved friend, Tom Drum, who sometimes took a hand in the fascinating game of "draw," and whenever his adversary proclaimed a victorious hand, aces, kings, two pairs, three tens, or whatever it was, Tom promptly challenged the evidence, and spitefully said, "Show 'em!" This reasonable demand was always complied with before the chips were taken down. Now let the Republicans rake in the stakes by showing the fortunate working men whose wages have been raised. If the Democrats claim that there are some working men in the country who have no more wages than before, and others who have less, the Republicans have an equal right to exclaim "Show 'em!" I have never been able to see the value of Mr. Peck's report in the vote market. It is not in the power of numbers, though arranged in the most ingenious magic squares, to convince a man whose wages has been lowered that it has been raised; and the man whose wages has been raised needs no other proof of it than the additional dollars which he gets on Saturday night. When the ballot-monger tells him that he gets more dollars a week than formerly, let the working man say, "Show 'em!"

* * *

The cholera panic, fermented by well meaning official imbecility, has pathetically shown that humanity in its tempestuous voyage to heaven is divided into cabin and steerage passengers. There are a few intermediates, too poor for the cabin and too proud for the steerage, people who compromise with gentility, like the man who wears a dicky instead of a shirt, but these hardly have a place in the immortal census; take us in the mass, we are either cabin or steerage, according to the luck of our lives. There is a false tradition that in the presence of the plague we are all equal, but the President's action shows that even in the shadow of cholera the distinction between cabin and steerage must be preserved. Sometimes the microbe gets into a cabin passenger, but this is generally by mistake, an oversight, like the taking away of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," who could not see any excuse for such carelessness when the last of Thornaby waste was to be cleared and some ploughing to be done, and who impatiently asked, "Do Godamoighty know what he's doing a takin o' me?" The farmer thought, with some reason, that "He might have taken Jones, who hadn't a haporth o' sense, or he might have taken Robins, who never mended a fence"; or some other steerage passenger. There was a surplus of quarantine fuss and foolishness at New York, and first-class cabin people suffered hardships that in a well regulated social system belong only to the steerage, but these mistakes must be excused in a time of danger. It is not the intention to subject cabin passengers to steerage treatment. Rather than do anything so unfashionable as that, we would risk the cholera, for cabin microbes are, at least, respectable; and when wrapped in silk and velvet they are entitled to more consideration than we can give to their brethren in cotton and in wool.

* * *

It is the opinion of the New York sanitary authorities that the cholera bacillus, when a cabin passenger, ought to receive more tender treatment than when he comes over in the steerage. This appears by the following gratifying piece of intelligence, which I find in a morning paper: "The new order for fumigation will protect the costly clothing which will be brought in by cabin passengers. The order heretofore issued was for the general fumigation of all baggage with sulphur. This would ruin silks and other costly goods. At the suggestion of Dr. Hamilton, the fumigation of these fabrics will be by dry heat at a temperature of 60 degrees Centigrade or 140 degrees Fahrenheit." The genteel microbe in the cabin is to be treated with eau de Cologne and a warm bath, while his more sturdy relative in the steerage must be suffocated with fumes of sulphur. Their unequal toughness must be the reason of the distinction, for if there is no difference in their physical constitution, the hot bath for one will be sufficient for the other; and there can be no more occasion to perfume with sulphur the coarse flannel frock of the peasant girl than there is to "ruin" in the same way the silken dresses of Miss McFlimsey. In the midst of a panic that unbalanced the brains of nearly all the officers whose duty it was to keep their heads level, the fear of a continental pestilence was comically intermingled with alarm for the fate of a velvet cloak, the more precious because it was being smuggled into the country in contempt of Major McKinley and his famous bill. No matter what may be the appearance of the bacillus in a temperature of 140 degrees, he is not dead, but sleeping. Let us quarantine and fumigate against the cholera, but let us not injure "silks and other costly goods."

* * *

The chief political event of the week was the speech of Senator Hill patronising Mr. Cleveland; and showing, honestly and truly now, what actually is the genuine position of the Democratic party on the Tariff question. The value of Mr. Hill's patronage may be estimated by the pool-room barometer, the Cleveland mercury having risen several degrees, inspired by the warmth of Mr. Hill's affection for the Democratic nominee. One gentleman who had left a thousand dollars to be invested on Harrison, reversed his faith, and sent orders to his financial agent to bet the money on Cleveland; which reminds me how the odds upon or against the republic went up and down in the war time as we won or lost a battle. The speech was the most ingenious bit of campaign statesmanship that has yet appeared, a most creditable specimen of political harliquinade. Flexible as a snake adapting its body to every inequality of surface as it glides gracefully along, Mr. Hill adapts himself and the tariff policy of the Democratic party to every undulation of political opinion. The man of any party, or of no party, who is not satisfied with Mr. Hill's position on the Tariff is hard to please. The Protean variations of the Democratic party, all of which Mr. Hill defended, make me think of the Iowa candidate, who said: "Gentlemen, them's my sentiments; and if you dont like 'em,—they kin be changed." Mr. Hill's doctrine appears to be this, "a tariff for revenue and protection only." Expounding the platform, he showed its accommodating sinuosities. It promised a tariff for revenue only, "with incidental protection"; a tariff for revenue only, so adjusted as "to prevent foreign competition";

a radical demand, "safe, logical, and *conservative*"; a tariff for revenue only, limited by the Mills bill, and so levied as "to equal the rate of difference between the rate of wages paid in this and foreign countries." Like an advertising salesman, Mr. Hill appeals to the electors for their custom and says, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

* * *

Admiring the ambidexterity of Senator Hill, and the dazzling transformation scene, where, being touched by the fairy's wand, he springs from the cave of Adullam and in a pyrotechnic shower declares himself the champion of Cleveland, I cannot help thinking that the contrast presented by Mr. Hill is not a bit more striking than that exhibited by his critics. They changed quicker than he did; quicker than the Roman rabble changed from Brutus to Mark Antony. A Democratic authority, potent in the state of New York, denouncing Mr. Hill for his egotistical ambition, called him "Young Chicory." "The Hungry Joe of politics," a "Burlesque political skirt dancer," and similar pet names. All of a sudden that potent authority has discovered that Mr. Hill, "subordinating his personal desires, his disappointments forgotten, rises to the occasion and sets an example of party fealty." It is also proud to say that Mr. Hill's "masterly speech, his thoughtful, able, trenchant, and persuasive address has the ring of genuine democracy; and that it will surely have the effect of a bugle blast, sounding the key-note of democratic success." Others there are who see in this loud loyalty sinister omens of disaster to Cleveland and his party. Mr. Cleveland's own indolent superiority has made Hill the leader of the party and the exponent of its platform. Mr. Cleveland holds the second place. He must now follow, and not lead. His letter of acceptance must now echo Mr. Hill, or make a discord. As soon as he learned that Mr. Hill was to make a speech, he should at once have issued his letter of acceptance, and thus have compelled the senator to shape his loyalty to the manifesto of his chief. Before his own letter of acceptance is published, Mr. Cleveland finds that Mr. Hill's pronunciamento is generally accepted by the Democratic press as the correct interpretation of the Democratic platform. This will make for him plenty of embarrassment. It may have been a sense of dignity that made Mr. Cleveland hold his aspiring rival cheap, but it was not wise for Danton to make light of Robespierre.

M. M. Trumbull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RIGHT TO LABOR.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Upon the receipt of your paper I invariably turn first to the notes written by my esteemed friend General Trumbull. These I always enjoy for their literary style, and sometimes for the evidence of the broad humanity that I know animates their author. I have, however, so often been shocked at their injustice to working men that I never know in advance whether their perusal will give me pleasure or pain. The author learned his political economy from the teachers of the Manchester school, and the thoroughness of his lesson combined with his natural humanity makes a strange mixture of all that he writes and says. To attempt to unite the sentiments of humanity with the political economy of the last generation must result in the sad discomfiture of both; and no author of my acquaintance has more persistently mixed these two and accomplished their mutual destruction than the author of the notes. His latest illustration was contained in your issue of September 22d, and was called out by the strike of organised labor at the University buildings against six non-union men.

Either labor organisations are right or wrong, necessary or unnecessary. It seems as if it is too late in the day for people who have sympathies with the workers of the world to take a position against the organisation of labor into unions or trusts, if we may so call them. If the organisation of labor is right, then it is difficult to limit the discipline that should be required to enforce this organisation. Many things may seem harsh and cruel which are vital to the life of organised labor.

The only thing that stands between the working man and industrial slavery is organised labor. The non-union man takes the benefit of the sacrifices and efforts of the labor union, and at the same time he in effect conspires to reduce all labor to a starvation limit. If the non-union man can thrive the labor union must die; and if union men will work on equal terms with those who not only strike at the union but at all labor, even themselves, it is useless to make an attempt to maintain labor organisations.

It is hard for the union man at the request of a boss to strike: it often means want and hunger for himself and his; but he sacrifices his comforts that he may unite his welfare with his fellows. This same necessity requires him to treat the "scab" as a common enemy who would destroy the fruits of his labor and make combination impossible. In an army, discipline and obedience is required; and the army of laborers fighting for living wages must cause individual hardships for the common good. No man can logically believe in a labor organisation unless he believes in the right of organised labor to boycott those who, more than any others, seek to make organisation impossible.

C. S. Darrow.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUDDHISM.

BY PROF. H. H. WILLIAMS.

Although the world in which Gotama lived and labored differs in the deepest degree from the world of European life, and although the story of Gotama's life reads like a tale, yet when one actually touches the stream of this life he sees that it is uncommonly human. The fact is, Gotama was a man among men—even a full man among the few most earnest men of the world. The story of his life runs thus.

Beneath the shadows of the Himalaya mountains, within the basin of the river Rapti, in the land of the Sakya people, and about the year 550 B. C., Prince Siddartha was born. His father, Suddhodana, was ruler of the Sakya people. His mother, Mâyâ, died seven days after the birth of Siddartha. The Sakya people saw daily the mountains in the North rising into the heavens, they enjoyed their rich and highly cultivated rice fields, they were proud of the power and nobility of the ruling family, and they rejoiced in the fact that an heir was born to their ruler. They were an aristocratic and proud people, at this time, and practically independent. There was culture and much luxury in the royal residence. The early years of Siddartha were spent in ease. He lived a life, we are told, becoming a Prince of the Sakya people. No pains were spared that the course of his life might be smooth. It was the desire of his father that Siddartha should see the bright side of life only. Dark pictures were forbidden his presence. And we are assured that for twenty-five years Siddartha saw the beautiful and pleasing only. We are not told how these things impressed the Prince. Here and there comes a suggestion of a deep and powerful under-current in his life, but this current never rises to the surface. About this time he takes a drive in his chariot. An old man in deep suffering, a corpse, and a resigned monk are met. These seize the attention of the Prince. His driver, Channa, tells him that these men are not unusual—that old age, suffering, and death are the fate of every man. The drive is stopped abruptly; the charioteer is ordered to return to the palace. Siddartha has been brought face to face with a mighty fact. Long and earnestly he gazed upon life. He looked until he saw into the heart of it. Old age, suffering, death, these make life! Like a child, he goes to his royal father and asks deliverance from this fate. The request goes beyond the power of the father—and he says so. The Prince is now heavily depressed. There is for him one other possible source of deliverance—viz. asceticism. This was the way the learned and wise of his day traveled in search of salvation. It was the road the good men of India, pious monks, took. And this way was open to Siddartha. He abandons the life of a prince and lays down his inheritance. At night when the royal household are asleep he steals from the palace and escapes the city,—he assumes the yellow garb of a monk and enters the life of an ascetic. The Prince, Siddartha, is now the monk, Gotama. For six years Gotama leads the life of an ascetic. We are told that his asceticism was even beyond that of any other monk. A long and thorough test he gave the doctrine. He denied himself, he crucified his body until it was dead. He is said to have been in the act of dying, when he came again to himself and asked for food. The food revived him. He began at once to take proper and sufficient nourishment and came again into his full physical life.

But by doing this he had abandoned asceticism. He had followed this way to the end. It brought him not deliverance, but death. But death was the fact he dreaded most. In this manner he was lead out of asceticism. And he abandoned it as abruptly and thoroughly as he had abandoned the life of a prince. Still he had not attained deliverance. Again he stood alone. And this time his loneliness was intense. But his courage did not fail him. Night and day he sought an answer to his question. The problem of suffering kept its grip upon him. In the seventh year of his struggle the moment of supreme enlightenment came. He had meditated, says Oldenburg, "till the consciousness of omniscient insight possessed him: the light to discern, with unfailing intuition, the mistaken ways of the faith that then obtained; and the knowledge of the sources whence earthly suffering flowed, and of the ways that led to its annihilation."

He saw the cause of suffering; he saw the way of escape from suffering; and this knowledge made him

Buddha. In this knowledge his soul entered into salvation and broke the weary chain of transmigrating. He ended forever his days of birth, suffering, and death. Following this conversion comes the third crisis in his life. He had won the holy truth and gained salvation: should he preach this truth to man? Why should he? Why did he? He decided to preach,—but not until the Gods had interposed in the behalf of men.

The three crises in the unfolding of this life are problems for the psychologist.

First, the change from the life of a prince to the life of an ascetic.

Second, the transition from asceticism to Buddhaship.

Third, the resolution to be a missionary—to preach the holy truth and gather disciples.

The first of these, the change from the life at court to the life of an ascetic, was a normal product of the forces at work in the Hindoo consciousness. The power of tradition, the habit of mind made rigid by the rule of five hundred years, and a thousand illustrious examples, led him this way. There was nothing strange in this resolution to enter the ascetic life. This change was an every-day fruit of Brahmanism. The woods of India were full of monks at this time. The only fact of consequence in this course of Gotama was the severity of his asceticism. We may then omit this transition in his life as belonging to Brahmanism, rather than to Buddhism.

Gotama abandoned the ascetic life abruptly and forever. Why? Because asceticism did not give him the knowledge he was seeking, and because he saw that in a few days he would be a dead man. Brahmanism said that asceticism was the way to salvation. Gotama entered this way and trod it to the end. He did not find salvation. But he stood face to face with the one thing dreaded, death. This experience forced him to abandon Brahmanism. He gave up asceticism once for all.

How could Gotama justify this course? By taking Brahmanism at its word. "Knowledge is power," said Brahmanism. A man is that which he knows. And conversely, a man is not actually that which he is in essence until he knows his essence. "That art thou," writes the Vedantist at the head of his system. Man is Brahma, but he must know this before it is a fact for him. Knowledge is the supreme essence to the Hindoo. Gotama desired deliverance from old age, suffering, and death. He attempts thus to apply the doctrine to life. But asceticism could not deliver him from death. On the contrary, it hastened a certain death. And death meant another birth and more suffering. Asceticism could not give him knowledge of the cause of old age, nor knowledge of the way of escape from death. Gotama had asked for salvation at a new point; asceticism had no answer to give. But the very soul of Brahmanism is, that knowledge of the way of salvation is salvation. It asserted the all-power of knowledge. It declared Brahma to be pure intelligence. It declared knowledge the ultimate category. It had no place for faith. Gotama was thus true to the principle of Brahmanism in deserting it. Brahmanism had raised a question that it could not answer. It stood thus teaching its own inadequacy and compelled its own downfall. Knowledge being the ultimate category, Gotama was obliged to abandon his problem or seek its solution elsewhere than in asceticism. It is not that Brahmanism is overthrown in Buddhism, rather is it that Brahmanism is completed in Buddhism. Brahmanism is the work of man when he sees for the first time knowledge, sees the power of it, feels the charm of it, and sees that it is that by which man may multiply his power in infinite fold. The Hindoo went wild with this idea. It brought an uplift to his life and strange enlargement. The discovery was greater than that of Newton, greater even than that of Columbus. Its thrill was keener,—its inspiration was deeper. Entering into this idea, the Hindoo consciousness did its great and everlasting work, took is place early in life beside the world-forces. Gotama was its loving child. His life, his salvation, his God, was knowledge. His confidence in the power of knowledge is sublime. See the beauty of his trust:* "At that moment, Phralaong (Gotama), lifting his eyes, looked on his right, left, and front, for the crowd of Nats, Brahmas, and Thagias that were paying him their respects. But they had all disappeared. He saw the army of Mauh Nat coming thick upon him from the north, like a mighty storm. "What!" said he, "is it against me alone that such a countless crowd of warriors has been assembled? I have no one to help me, no father, no brothers, no sisters, no friends, and no relations. But I have with me the ten great virtues which I have practiced; the merits I have acquired in the practice of these virtues will be my safeguard and protection; these are my offensive and defensive weapons, and with them I will crush down the great army of Mauh." Whereupon he quietly remained meditating upon the merits of the ten great virtues. Then follows a series of frightful dangers, but none of them disturb the calm meditation of Gotama. For Gotama, knowledge was power and life. It was definite knowledge of a definite thing that made him Buddha. And to be Buddha was to be head of the universe. Buddhism is then the supreme expression of the Hindoo's glorification of knowledge. Brahmanism teaches the power of knowledge; Buddhism teaches the definite knowledge that uproots the

* *The Legend of Gaudama.* Bigaudet, Vol. I., p. 87.

cause of all suffering. Buddhism is then applied Brahmanism. This doctrine of Buddhism was wrought out by Gotama. It was his own work,—not the gift of any God.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JUSTICE IN CONTRAST WITH EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

The essential thought or measure of justice is equality. It is not merely doing as we have agreed to do or as the law requires, but consists in giving to all men a fundamentally equal consideration. We may see its meaning more clearly, if we contrast it with other impulses of our nature.

The first antithesis to it which I shall consider is selfishness. By selfishness L do not mean simply caring for ourselves; that we must all do. Selfishness means *ignoring* others, or being interested in them only to make something out of them; it means failing to treat them as equal to ourselves. Selfishness and justice are thus in diametrical contrast. Selfish men may obey all the laws and keep all their contracts, but they can never be just men. Yes, selfishness may reach out its hand and control the making of laws, and regulate, in the measure of its power, the habits and customs of the industrial world. I have in a previous article spoken of laws that were themselves unjust; in probably every case their origin can be traced to the selfish interests of some individual or class. Landlords may be such a class, as was once the case in England—and in France before the Revolution; manufacturers may make such a class, as seems to have been the case in this country; freemen may make such a class against slaves, as happened very generally in the ancient world, and men against women, as has been the case almost down to to-day. A law in these circumstances becomes a means of enforcing selfishness; and what should be a symbol of justice in the eyes of the people becomes itself injustice.

So private bargains may be unjust. We think of ourselves only in buying a man's labor, and do not ask what it is worth, but what is the least we can get it for. Or if we are workingmen, and it happens that there are few of us and we are hence enabled to fix our own terms, we put them as high as we dare, without thinking what the real value of our labor is. "Charging all the traffic will bear" does not seem to be the motto of one or two monopolists merely, but of trade and industry in general—and it seems as if in secret we all wished we might be, for a longer or shorter time, in the position of the monopolists. Hence the wages of many men barely cover their subsistence; hence not a few (and apparently an increasing number) can get little or no work to do; hence industrial contentions, wars, strikes, lockouts, violence, and no end of bitterness—all because selfishness is the maxim of business, because the commonly recognised rule is that a man is only to look after himself and may take advantage of others so far as he can (in a more or less open market). For by selfishness I do not mean that hideous thing which only exists in people's imaginations and in inveighing against which preachers and teachers always have the sympathy of their hearers; I mean the selfishness of every day, respectable selfishness, selfishness that is a part of the normal order of society that now is, selfishness that political economists have sometimes treated as the premiss of all their reasoning and the only solid basis of industrial society. And my point is that this real selfishness is not the simple, natural, harmless thing we often take it to be, and only to be called wrong when compared with some very lofty and transcendental standard, but that it is neither more nor less than injustice, a violation of the simplest standards of equity.

The condemnation of selfishness does not mean that we are to give ourselves up to living for others, that we are to be continually straining to rise to altruistic heights, but simply that we are to consider others with ourselves and to be unwilling to make them mere instruments of our own advantage. Selfishness is favoritism, it is acting as if we were alone in the world, or, if others are about us, as if they existed only to serve us,—as a lady once said to me that she thought some persons were in the world to serve and others to be served, she herself belonging in the latter category; and all that justice asks is that these artificial lines of division be broken down and if service is still spoken of, that service be given as well as received, and every one be an end to us as well as a means to our own ends.

The rule which has well been called "golden," which comes to us from Christianity, and yet belongs to other religions as well, does not go beyond the bounds of justice; it is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as* thyself." We sometimes ask whether love is not more than justice, and I once heard it said by an eloquent divine, that while appetite, inclination, and will were under law, love was under no law; but justice is really a rule for love as for all other impulses and emotions; for love may be partial, it may be self-centred, or centred on some one person or set of persons to the exclusion of others, while justice asks that it go to all; indeed universal love, love that ignores no one, that leaves not one human soul out of its account—this is but another name for justice. Justice cannot be separated from love; for, in this relation, it is but an ideal of what love should be—it is a call for large, equal, impartial love. Nor can love be separated without danger from justice; for, of itself, and apart from

the mind, it is an impulse that like any other impulse may be lawless and arbitrary.

And this leads me to speak of the second contrast to real justice. Justice, I have said, asks that we consider others as well as ourselves; but beyond this it asks that we consider others alike. Many are those, who cannot be called selfish persons, who yet are most grievously partial in their regard for others. They are capable of great devotion to their friends, but they have little sense of the rights and claims of those outside this restricted circle. They may love their friends so strongly that they will stop at nothing to serve them. A man may love his family in this way, and be so anxious to do for them that he will take advantage of or even injure others, to get what will make his family comfortable and happy. A partisan may be unselfishly devoted to his party, or an ecclesiastic to his church, and in pursuance of his aim break faith or betray his friends. A landlord in Parliament, a manufacturer in Congress, may think of others beside himself, and sincerely wish to benefit the class to which he belongs, and yet be regardless of others outside that class. Justice is more than altruism, unselfish devotion, and the like; it means unwillingness to injure *any one*, aversion to gaining for others, as truly as for one's self, by inflicting loss. It means that one will have nothing, and seek for nothing, that is inconsistent with the equal good of all.

I have said, in a previous article,* that the ultimate rule of right action was, to work for the welfare of man (interpreting welfare in the fullest sense). I must now add, what I only implied before, that by this I mean the welfare of all men. It is possible that the welfare of a few might be gained by sacrificing the welfare of the many. Nay, this has perhaps actually happened. There are scholars who tell us that but for slavery in the old world, civilisation would not have reached the proportions that it did; some being set aside to do the necessary labor of the community, others were given the leisure that was required for science, art, and the higher interests of man. So there are those who tell us in face of the social problems of to-day, that the great mass of men must work with their hands and live in some discomfort, in order that the rest of the world may be comfortable. This is a convenient philosophy, but it seems to me totally unethical. Men may *use* their chances for self development or not, as they choose; but in justice every one ought to have the chances. The welfare of man means the welfare of *men;* and at bottom, every one has the same claim to be considered as every other. The slaves in ancient Athens had essentially the same rights to self-development, that a Plato or a Pericles had; they might not have used their chances, but that was no excuse for depriving them of them; a man's use of his chances is his own affair. So every one of our factory population to-day ought at least to have the chance of living a truly human life; it is as much his right as that of any more favored or fortunate person; and society ought to be so organised as to give every one that chance; however practically difficult it may be, that should be the aim. There ought not to be a single human being who has not the leisure to think, to enjoy what is beautiful, to acquire knowledge and culture, to fulfil in some measure the spiritual ends for which he exists; and if to this end some who have much leisure now must have less, let them be willing to have less, let there be some proportion in the opportunities that are given to men, let there be something like equality—for that is what justice means. Civilisation, culture, science, art—these are great ends, but they are somehow tainted when they are accessible to a few only, not to all, when the many (not by choice, but by a necessity of their situation) are shut out from participation in them; they seem to have the seeds of corruption in them, as indeed the pages of history show us one great civilised people after another arising and flourishing and then disintegrating and passing away. Civilisation must be general, pervasive—it must be different from the civilisation of a London, a Philadelphia, a Chicago, as truly as from that of an Athens or a Rome; it must be founded on justice and then we may believe it will not pass away, as every partial, one-sided civilisation must and should.

And as justice means equal regard for all the members of a single community or people, so it means equal regard for all the different races of mankind. A people may secure its welfare by injuring, crippling, or even wiping out another people; and this is often justified. Many are those who justify our treatment of the Indians, because it was necessary, they hold, that this great and powerful nation, which we call the United States, should be built up here; but if we give unqualified assent to such an argument with all that it implies, we might as well dismiss the thought of justice, once and for all, from our minds. If simply to make way for a higher race, an inferior one may be rooted out, then there is nothing wrong in any man's doing violence to another man, who is inferior in any way to himself; then the idea of human rights, as such, is an illusion, and the notion, that a man's person and property are, if anything, only the more sacred, because he cannot defend them himself, is a piece of folly. Better acknowledge, that as a nation we have committed a great sin, and are still committing it, than take a position which logically undermines some of the fairest and sanest of man's moral convictions. Granting that our race had the right to come here, and to live and multiply here, the problem of justice was,

* On *First Principles in Ethics* in *The Open Court*, No. 240.

to live *with* the red man not by destroying him; the justice-loving Frenchman did do this to some extent, as ordinarily the heedless Englishman did not even try to; and the problem for us to-day, it may be added, is to begin such a policy, while yet there is a chance. And so with all taking possession of new lands by civilised peoples; so with general racial intercourse; no interests, no gain, nor advantage of any kind, can dispense with the fundamental requirements of justice.

Justice is contrasted with altruism in still another way. To many, justice brings up little else than what is due to others; and perhaps with our ordinary notions it is impossible that we feel there is any special nobility in considering ourselves as well as others; and yet the antithesis to justice I now have in mind is nothing else than excessive altruism. Perhaps in no way is it better shown that our mind is the true guide rather than our feelings, than by the fact that it is difficult to bring feeling into harmony with reason on this point. For example, I recently read the following from Tolstoï—a writer whom no one can mention without respect and a certain reverence: "The least complicated and shortest rule of morals that I know of, is this: Get others to work for you as little as possible and work yourself as much as possible for them; make the fewest calls upon the services of your neighbors and render them the maximum of services yourself." Now I appreciate the generous feeling that pervades such an utterance; we instinctively admire self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice; and yet when I *think* of it, when I bring my reason to bear upon it, it seems somehow extravagant. Others are to do as little as possible for me and yet I am to do as much as possible for them! Of course, if others are sick or weak or helpless, the matter changes; then such conduct is only reasonable; but stated as a general proposition, what equity is there in it? Why should others be so much more to me than I am to them? Are they another order of beings? How should I feel myself, if I were in their place and had others working for me as much as possible, while I did as little as possible in return? Should I not feel ashamed? Do I not know that to accept as much as possible from others, while giving as little is only copying after those who have deemed themselves lords on the earth, like husbands who have expected self-sacrifice from their wives yet never dreamed of practicing it themselves, like rulers who have demanded that their subjects should serve them, but have felt no obligation to serve in turn, like those factory-lords of to-day who are willing to take all their working men can produce for them and yet give in exchange little more than suffices to keep them alive? The truth is that to be unselfish in this strained and one-sided way is not only contrary to equity, it is, as history and experience show, to play into others' selfishness. Such unselfishness will indeed only practically work as somebody else is selfish—so that if this kind of altruism is really the highest thing, we may come to the strange conclusion that it is even the duty of some people in this world to be egoistic, (so that such altruism may have a chance to practice itself,) very much as I have known some good Christian people to think that poverty was not after all so bad, since otherwise there would be no occasion for the beautiful virtue of charity. What a welcome task it would be to many people to play the rôle of egoists in the moral order, how beautifully would duty and inclination thus for once coincide!

No, the fact is, altruism of this sort is sentimentalism, it is without rational basis; and justice, in any real sense of the word, calls for self-regard as truly as for regard for others. We are ourselves human beings as truly as others, and in whatever sense we should love and honor others, we should love and honor ourselves. We are not mere means to other's ends, any more than they are only means to our ends; we are ends in ourselves—and if we do not (in this sense) have a certain self-respect I do not see how we can truly respect others. I sometimes think that it gives an added dignity to our love for others, that we first love ourselves—while those who think nothing of themselves, who neglect themselves, who think there is nothing about themselves worth caring for, do not really have so much to give when they are ready to give. I think every man should stand on his own ground, should feel that in a deep sense he is the equal of every other; every working man should rise to the consciousness that he is not a mere tool, a "hand" (as the phrase often is) for another's uses; every woman should feel that she is not a mere companion or helpmeet for man—not to say, instrument for the satisfaction of his desires. Self-reverence is the first duty for every man, woman—and for every child as it grows to know what a self is. I join with Shakespeare when he says,

> "Self-love .... is not as vile a thing as self-neglecting,"

and again,

> "Love, loving not itself, none other can."

And I join in the more prosaic language of Socrates so many hundreds of years ago, that it is disgraceful for a man to grow prematurely old through self-neglect, before proving to himself what he might become, if he were in the best and strongest condition of body. An exaggerated altruism is also the fault sometimes of mothers, i. e., when they make themselves almost slaves to and drudges for their children; not only are the children encouraged in dependent and selfish habits, but they do not themselves secure the respect and reverence which should be theirs.

Thus in various ways does justice serve as a corrective principle to our natural impulses. Neither egoism nor altruism is a true principle in morals; neither is capable of philosophical defense—both are sentimentalism. Justice is alone capable of rational derivation and it includes the truth in egoism and altruism. For it is regard, affection, love, but equal love: love without partiality, love that would give to all men their birthright; love, too, that would make us honor ourselves and would do away with all one-sided sacrifice.

CURRENT TOPICS.

There is a dyspeptic opinion coming into fashion to the effect that the President's term of office ought to be made six years long; for the reason that this quadrennial turmoil interferes too much with industry and business. I think that instead of increasing the length of the presidential reign we ought to diminish it, because the humors of a presidential election are a wholesome national tonic, diverting the nervous energies of an overstrained people to something else than business; and compelling them, whether they will or no, to learn something of social economy, history, and politics. The man must be a cynic who does not enjoy the story of the democratic barbecue given yesterday "regardless of expense" at Shelbyville, Indiana. There is nothing in Mark Twain more irresistibly comic than this description of a candidate for the second office in the republic competing for a hearing with a showman standing at the door of a tent proclaiming in a voice like a "loud bassoon" that he had a sea monster on exhibition within at the low price of ten cents admission for each person or three for a quarter. Even the most bitter and partisan opponent must feel a touch of sympathy for a Vice President Expectant appealing to Judge Hord the chairman of the barbecue and asking him "if the yawp of the showman could not be stopped." What follows is full of pathos. "Judge Hord shook his head sadly," because the fakirs and showmen had paid for their privileges; whereupon the Vice President Expectant said, "Then I will make my remarks brief"; which he did. The showman was more magnanimous; he did not make *his* remarks brief; and he never once asked the chairman to stop the "yawp" of Mr. Stevenson, although it was interfering with the performance of the sea monster in the tent.

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Several years ago I had the honor to serve as a delegate at a Republican convention held at West Union in the state of Iowa; and let it be borne in mind that the Democratic convention had been held the week before in the same town. There was only one saloon in the place, and that was in the cellar of the United States Hotel. In the middle of our proceedings we had a call from labor to refreshment, and in obedience thereto some of us went down into the cellar aforesaid. While the mixer was mixing the poisons I casually remarked, "Pretty busy to-day!" To which he mournfully replied, "Busy! This convention don't drink worth a dime. You ought to have been here last week when the Democrats had their convention. Why! They had to stand in line as they do at the post office. They reached from this yere bar, clear along, right up them there steps, and out on to the sidewalk." It was the same way at the barbecue, as appears by the following incident, which is only one of a hundred specimens. "One enterprising saloon, knowing the rural preference for a 'jug,' had laid in 500 little stone jugs each holding a quart. They were all gone before the procession started. All the other saloons prepared for a big business and they got it. Just one bar at Shelbyville was compared with the big bar at the West Hotel, Minneapolis, during the Republican national convention; and the difference between them made the Republican affair diminutive and contemptible. Tom White, in addition to his saloon, "had four shell games running, and one 'hironymous' which is the old chuck-a-luck dignified and honored by expansion." In addition to those libations, burnt-offerings were devoted to the god of ballot-boxes; no less than twenty-four fat steers being slain, and roasted on gridirons made of rails borrowed from the railroad company.

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Judging from the speeches, and the political wiles and stratagems made and done, I am inclined to think that Tom White was not the only man who run shell games at the barbecue. For instance, is there not a little joker somewhere concealed under this description of the Hon. William S. Holman, member of congress from the district? It is meant for flattery, which probably it is: "Mr. Holman wore his famous campaign suit, a long black and quite rusty top-coat, with the collar half up and half down, a big slouch hat, a small satchel, very much worse for wear, and unblacked boots. His black necktie was also brought around studiedly until its knot was nearly under his left ear." This affectation of rusticity and honest-farmerism has the appearance of a political shell game; harmless enough, but after all, a deception and a play. The old man who for a purpose wears rusty coats and unblacked boots, when he can afford better, is as much a fop as the young man who wears fine clothes, expensive beyond his means; but Mr. Holman is far more a philosopher than a fool. He knows that a shabby and unkempt appearance makes votes for a candidate among a rural population, and so he wears a "campaign suit" which gives him a homespun Davy Crockett appearance at a barbecue. "It was quite evident," says the historian, "that Judge Holman had come down to see his constituents." The reporter further says, and so I know it must be true, that he jested with Judge Holman about his "campaign appearance," and the judge responded thus, "Yes these are my constituents now. I don't know how long they will be. But he added, with a sly look at the crowd, "one must always be prepared, you know." I have a suspicion that some very eminent men of the four great parties, who have been speaking, writing, and expounding so much of late, are, like Tom White at the barbecue, running a shell game.

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The useful pulpit practice of exchanging sermons might be imitated with advantage by newspapers in the exchange of editorials. For instance, the comments on Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance would answer admirably for editorials on Mr. Cleveland's letter, by simply reversing the names of the rival candidates, the praise and censure of Harrison's letter being inversely given to the manifesto of Cleveland. Mr. Harrison's letter is two or three weeks old, but I remember the criticisms on it, and this morning I find them reproduced with photographic accuracy for the benefit of Mr. Cleveland. It is very interesting to note the contradictory qualities of those political state papers, depending altogether on the party-spectacles through which they are seen and read. I will quote by way of example the opinions of two papers of opposite politics in New York, and two in Boston. The New York *Tribune* says of Mr. Cleveland's letter, that it is "evasive and feeble," while the New York *Times* declares that "there is not a trace of sophistication or evasion or circumlocution in it from beginning to end." The *Tribune* says the letter shows that "Mr. Cleveland no longer dares to challenge a direct verdict of the people on his *real* convictions"; while the *Times* avers that it is "a brief, simple, and direct statement of what he *really* believes." The Boston *Journal* scornfully says, "The American people like sincerity and courage, and they find neither in this letter"; while the Boston *Post* proudly proclaims that the letter is "a model of frank, honest, and straightforward sense." Those tunes with some unimportant variations

will be played on the letter by all the party papers in the country. The Republicans tooting on the one key-note, and the Democrats on the other. It is curious that those comments are not in answer to one another, but all of them appeared at the same time.

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And so, General Pope is dead. I knew him well, Horatio! He was one of the misfits of the great war; the right man in the wrong place; a little magniloquent captain whose very words conspired against him. His contempt of his own generals came back to him, if not in treason, at least in disobedience. In resentment they gave him sinister support, his campaign that had so much martial promise in it, failed, and his imperial proclamations fell to the grade of bombast. General Pope was neither a great man nor a great commander, but he was a greater man and a more skilful general than present history thinks he was. He was not a man to be loved, but hated rather by those whom he commanded; he was overbearing and insulting; vaunting and theatrical in his writing and in speech; harshly critical of all other men. He was generally disliked, but he was a brave man and a fighting general. He had a notion that when in a time of war the government gave him the command of so many hundred or so many thousand soldiers, it was his duty to take them somewhere and fight somebody. I remember taking a night march with him in the summer of '61, when he had only 600 men. He had learned that a rebel force was in camp some twenty-five miles away, and although it was bedtime when he heard of it, he made us march all night to find the enemy. He drove their pickets in before the sun was risen, dispersed them, and captured their camp before breakfast time; in fact it was the enemy's breakfast we devoured. When he had 60,000 men he had the same opinion still, that he ought to fight somebody, and had his officers all been inspired with a like belief, his Virginia campaign would not have ended in disaster. He never hunted reasons for not fighting. The roads were always good enough for him to march on, and he thought that bad weather was just as bad for the enemy as for him.

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In yesterday's paper appears a comical description of the Chicago naturalisation mill; a judicial instrumentality by which aliens are converted into citizens. The judge, who for the time being run the mill, mixed business and pleasure very much after the manner of that eminent juridical humorist, Chief Justice Jeffreys, who, according to Macaulay, had a playful habit of irritating and tantalising suitors, witnesses, and other persons who had business in his court. In examining the applicants for citizenship, the Chicago judge, with elephantine banter, put this question, "Were you ever in the penitentiary?" an oblique insinuation which not only made merriment for the spectators but also caused some of the applicants "to blush and hold down their heads, while others in awe of the court's majesty struggled to suppress their indignation." Indignation in such a case is natural, but awe is impossible, for a court condescending to such a question has neither majesty nor dignity. If one citizen should humiliate another by publicly asking him if he had ever been in the penitentiary, the judge himself, if he knows any law, would hold the words to be actionable slander, as a sinister intimation that the person addressed had been convicted of crime. He would not allow a lawyer to put such a question to a witness on cross-examination, unless the counsel had good reason to believe that the implication concealed in the question was true. It is the rule and theory of our government that the humblest person rightfully in a court room is under the protection of the judge. To insult him where he cannot resent the wrong because of the "court's majesty," is neither generous nor brave.

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From this morning's paper I learn that the sarcastic judge referred to in the preceding paragraph "is to be requested to revise the questions which he propounds to applicants for naturalisation papers." This remonstrance is to be made, not because of anything undignified, offensive, or improper in the questions, but because the ballot workers of the judge's party have discovered that the judicial conundrums are having a mischievous effect upon the "ticket." This is a serious matter, for we would not offend even Satan if we thought that by doing so we might cause injury to our consecrated, precious, and infallible "ticket." Had the ballot workers been endowed with any political sense, they would have tempered the judge's irony long ago, instead of waiting until several hundred voters had been ground out of the mill, most of them very angry, and hardly able to "suppress their indignation." In their own language, the ballot workers have just found out that "it is not advisable to ask an applicant if he has been in the penitentiary." They would not ruffle the self-esteem of the judge by pretending that there is anything narrow or intolerant in the question, but it is merely not "advisable," just on the eve of an election. They are simply "apprehensive that those to whom the question is addressed will not only vote against the candidate who asks it, but against his whole ticket." Their apprehension is well founded, and it is altogether likely that hundreds of other citizens, naturalised years and years ago, may resent the judicial slight and vote against the judge.

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I once knew a dancing-master, whose care it was to explain to his pupils what was "etiquettical" in a ball room. He gave me many valuable hints in deportment, and I try to observe them as closely as I can. Lately I have been reading a little book which tells me what is and what is not "the correct thing" to do in a great variety of social situations, but I have not been able to find anything in it on the subject of theological politeness; and this is the more curious because a code of etiquette is needed in the sectarian world. Men who are too well bred to intrude upon my private affairs, and who literally do not care whether I go to bodily ruin or not, will stop me on the street in amiable anxiety about my soul, and tell me how to save it. Is that politeness or presumption? In the language of the dancing-master, is it "etiquettical"? The reason why I ask is that the point has lately been raised in reference to the action of Professor Huxley, who, careless of his own spiritual welfare, indignantly tore up a tract which a distributor handed to him in Barmouth, in Wales. It was not the gratuitous impudence of the evangelist that irritated the professor so much as the accompanying question, "Have you got your soul saved?" The religious papers are unanimously of opinion that Professor Huxley was guilty of agnostic rudeness in tearing up the tract, and that the colporteur was theologically polite in accosting him on the street, thrusting a tract into his hand, and asking about his soul. They do not allow that a man is entitled to privacy in spiritual as well as in temporal affairs; and they forget that an impertinence offered recklessly, whether it be taken as an insult or not, *is* an insult, and that the man who offers it must expect rebuke. Professor Huxley himself, describing the affair, and referring to the question, "Have you got your soul saved?" says, "I have sufficient respect for genuine religion to be revolted by blasphemous impertinences, so I answered somewhat sternly, 'That is my business.' And concluding the paper to be a tract, a form of literature I do not affect, I tore it up and threw it away. On reflection, I do not see what other course I could properly have taken." Many a time I have had a like experience; and once a holy person, who was very well aware of my peculiar views, accosted me and inquired about my soul. He gave the question a pungent flavor by a little pious vitriol administered in this agreeable form: "Your hair is a-getting white, and a-blossoming for the grave; and it's time for you to be a-thinking of your soul." I think there ought to be a book on religious etiquette.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Pushed by Unseen Hands. By *Helen H. Gardener*. New York: Commonwealth Company.

This volume of stories comes with the recommendation of Dr. E. C. Spitzka, a prominent alienist of America, who says: "We see strange things in the field of heredity, and I can pay the book no higher compliment than to say that I had heretofore believed only specialists capable of at once intelligently and popularly dealing with these subjects." The praise here intended is undoubtedly well deserved, although we do not find in the book any such remarkable scientific knowledge as Dr. Spitzka's statement would seem to indicate. It certainly bears witness to Miss Gardener's acute and accurate observation, but a knowledge of the phenomena which her stories are written to illustrate could easily have been obtained from the columns of the daily press. This does not detract, however, from the merit of the stories, which are valuable not only as literary productions, but also as studies of social phenomena. Some of them deal with subjects which are of great importance as serious social abuses. Thus in the pathetic story of "His Mother's Boy" is depicted the selfishness of the man who requires or approves of a woman's absolute self-denial that her husband or son may gratify his every wish. The moral of the story, however, is that "undue repression, as surely as undue indulgence, will make its heavy mark on the plastic nature forming," that is, the unborn child. Nature struggles to restore the balance, and the authoress accepts the view that "a run-down system depriving itself of stimulants it craves," may account for "the yearning born in many a man for such stimulants." "Old Safety-Valve's Last Run" deals with the crying evil of the overwork of railway employés, which has so often led to disastrous accidents. In "Onyx and Gold" we have an illustration of the working of a law which disgraces some of the statute books of this country. According to this law, if a man swears that his income "is not more than enough to support him in the manner in which he was brought up," he cannot be compelled to pay a debt; so that a rascal may be rolling in luxury while the unfortunate victims of his dishonesty are dying of starvation or broken hearts.

We have a story of a different type in "Mr. Walk-a-leg Adams 'Meets up With' a Tartar," which illustrates the curious fact that a brain may sometimes be aroused into activity by a vigorous blow on the head. This amusing story is probably one of those referred to by Dr. Spitzka with special commendation, another being "A Hall of Heredity." Here we see how a tendency to insanity may be transmitted from a parent to his child and how it exhibits itself in a certain physical defect, and also in a precocity of mental activity, which, if not judiciously checked, will result in the equilibrium of the mind being permanently destroyed.

All the tales in this small volume are not of equal merit, and it would be difficult to find in them any justification for its title; but we think that on the whole it will sustain the authoress's well-earned reputation. Ω.

Tariff Reform the Paramount Issue. By *William M. Springer*. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, $1.00.

This is a valuable text-book for campaign purposes; and the main purpose of it seems to be the success of the Democratic party. It has this merit that there is very little of the abstract about it, and scarcely anything of what is derisively called "theory." It is not the treatise of a "doctrinaire," but a thick volume of evidence, and argument made from facts. The stump orator on the Democratic side can hardly do without it. No matter how well he may have his lesson learned, this book will make his task much easier than it would otherwise be. The defect of it is its negative, apologetic, and conservative character. Mr. Springer handles a truth as if he were afraid that it might be too true, and hurt the party.

Mr. Springer brings a formidable array of testimony against Protection and he strengthens his proof by logical argument; but he hesitates to let his witnesses testify in favor of Free Trade. If the expression Free Trade appears anywhere in the book it has escaped our notice, and "Tariff Reform" is an evasive subtlety that may mean a tariff higher than McKinley's or lower than Morrison's, accommodating either party; like the elastic nightcap, which in the language of Cheap John was "large enough for any man, and small enough for any boy." Mr. Springer will not be obeyed when he says to a fact, "thus far shalt thou go in evidence but no farther." It cannot be made to show that Protection is morally wrong and Free Trade politically inexpedient. For this reason, in spite of him, his book will be found as valuable to the radical Free Trader as to the conservative Tariff Reformer; and more so. M. M. T.

NOTES.

Dr. Paul Carus arrived from Europe on Thursday last.

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Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

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THE CRITIC OF ARGUMENTS.

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

II. THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO RELATIVES.

There is a melancholy book entitled "Astronomy Without Mathematics." The author, an F. R. A. S., presumably knew something of astronomy; therefore, I pity him. I think I hear his groans and maledictions, as he wrote the book, over the initial lie to which he had committed himself, that it is possible to convey any idea of the science of astronomy without making use of mathematics. He could tell roughly how the planets go round the sun, and make his readers think they knew what the error of the ancient system was (namely, that all went round the earth,—really, no error), and could set down surprising figures about the stars (beaten, however, by Buddhistic numbers both in magnitude and in intellectual value). A book so made might well have been called "The Story of the Heavens" (in anticipation of Dr. Ball's splendid volume, which, promising little, performs much), but it was not the "astronomy" stipulated for in the title page. When, in a neighbor's house yesterday, my eye lit upon that book, I shuddered. For I too have engaged myself by the title of these papers to produce something of solid value to my readers; but, thank God, I have not agreed to do it without the use of mathematics. I came home and pondered; and have decided that, in order to fulfil legitimate expectations, I must begin with a few chapters upon certain dry and somewhat technical matters that underlie the more interesting questions concerning reasoning. Do not fear a repetition of matter to be found in common text-books. I shall suppose the reader to be acquainted with what is contained in Dr. Watts's "Logick," a book very cheap and easily procured, and far superior to the treatises now used in colleges, being the production of a man distinguished for good sense. I mean to bring out a reprint of it, with extensive annotations, whenever I can find an eligible publisher. Though a life-long student of reasonings, I know no way of giving the reader the benefit of what I ought to have learned, without asking him to go through with some irksome preliminary thinking about relations.

For this subject, although always recognised as an integral part of logic, has been left untouched on account of its intricacy. It is as though a geographer, finding the whole United States, its topography, its population, its industries, etc., too vast for convenient treatment, were to content himself with a description of Nantucket. This comparison hardly, if at all, exaggerates the inadequacy of a theory of reasoning that takes no account of relative terms.

A *relation* is a fact about a number of things. Thus the fact that a locomotive blows off steam constitutes a relation, or more accurately a relationship (the *Century Dictionary*, under *relation*, 3, gives the terminology. See also *relativity*, etc.) between the locomotive and the steam. In reality, every fact is a relation. Thus, that an object is blue consists of the peculiar regular action of that object on human eyes. This is what should be understood by the "relativity of knowledge." Not only is every fact really a relation, but your thought of the fact *implicitly* represents it as such. Thus, when you think "this is blue," the demonstrative "this" shows you are thinking of something just brought up to your notice; while the adjective shows that you recognise a familiar idea as applicable to it. Thus, your thought, when explicated, develops into the thought of a fact concerning this thing and concerning the character of blueness. Still, it must be admitted that, antecedently to the unwrapping of your thought, you were not actually thinking of blueness as a distinct object, and therefore were not thinking of the relation as a relation.* There is an aspect of every relation under which it does not appear as a relation. Thus, the blowing off of steam by a locomotive may be regarded as merely an action of the locomotive, the steam not being conceived to be a thing distinct from the engine. This aspect we enphrase in saying, "the engine blows."

Thus, the question whether a fact is to be regarded as referring to a single thing or to more is a question of the form of proposition under which it suits our purpose to state the fact. Consider any argument con-

* In this connection, see James's, *Principles of Pyschology*, Vol. 1, pp. 237-271; *Briefer Course*, pp. 160 et seqq. James is no logician, but it is not difficult to trace a connection between the points he makes and the theory of inference.

cerning the validity of which a person might conceivably entertain for a moment some doubt. For instance, let the premise be that from either of two provinces of a certain kingdom it is possible to proceed to any province by floating down the only river the kingdom contains, combined with a land-journey within the boundaries of one province; and let the conclusion be that the river, after touching every province in the kingdom, must again meet the one which it first left. Now, in order to show that this inference is (or that it is not) absolutely necessary, it is requisite to have something analogous to a diagram with different series of parts, the parts of each series being evidently related as those provinces are said to be, while in the different series something corresponding to the course of the river has all the essential variations possible; and this diagram must be so contrived that it is easy to examine it and find out whether the course of the river is in truth in every case such as is here proposed to be inferred. Such a diagram has got to be either auditory or visual, the parts being separated in the one case in time, in the other in space. But in order completely to exhibit the analogue of the conditions of the argument under examination, it will be necessary to use signs or symbols repeated in different places and in different juxtapositions, these signs being subject to certain "rules," that is, certain general relations associated with them by the mind. Such a method of forming a diagram is called *algebra*. All speech is but such an algebra, the repeated signs being the words, which have relations by virtue of the meanings associated with them. What is commonly called *logical algebra* differs from other formal logic only in using the same formal method with greater freedom. I may mention that unpublished studies have shown me that a far more powerful method of diagrammatisation than algebra is possible, being an extension at once of algebra and of Clifford's method of graphs; but I am not in a situation to draw up a statement of my researches.

Diagrams and diagrammatoidal figures are intended to be applied to the better understanding of states of things, whether experienced or read of or imagined. Such a figure cannot, however, show what it is to which it is intended to be applied; nor can any other diagram avail for that purpose. The where and the when of the particular experience, or the occasion or other identifying circumstance of the particular fiction to which the diagram is to be applied, are things not capable of being diagrammatically exhibited. Describe and describe and describe, and you never can describe a date, a position, or any homaloidal quantity. You may object that a map is a diagram showing localities; undoubtedly, but not until the law of the projection is understood, nor even then unless at least two points on the map are somehow previously identified with points in nature. Now, how is any diagram ever to perform that identification? If a diagram cannot do it, algebra cannot: for algebra is but a sort of diagram; and if algebra cannot do it, language cannot: for language is but a kind of algebra. It would, certainly, in one sense be extravagant to say that we can never tell what we are talking about; yet, in another sense, it is quite true. The meanings of words ordinarily depend upon our tendencies to weld together qualities and our aptitudes to see resemblances, or, to use the received phrase, upon associations by *similarity;* while experience is bound together, and only recognisable, by forces acting upon us, or, to use an even worse chosen technical term, by means of associations by *contiguity*. Two men meet on a country road. One says to the other, "that house is on fire." "What house?" "Why, the house about a mile to my right." Let this speech be taken down and shown to anybody in the neighboring village, and it will appear that the language by itself does not fix the house. But the person addressed sees where the speaker is standing, recognises his *right* hand side, (a word having a most singular mode of signification,) estimates a *mile*, (a length having no geometrical properties different from other lengths,) and looking there, sees a house. It is not the language alone, with its mere associations of similarity, but the language taken in connection with the auditor's own experiential associations of contiguity, which determines for him what house is meant. It is requisite then, in order to show what we are talking or writing about, to put the hearer's or reader's mind into real, active connection with the concatenation of experience or of fiction with which we are dealing, and, further, to draw his attention to, and identify, a certain number of particular points in such concatenation. If there be a reader who cannot understand my writings, let me tell him that no straining of his mind will help him: his whole difficulty is that he has no personal experience of the world of problems of which I am talking, and he might as well close the book until such experience comes. That the diagrammatisation is one thing and the application of the diagram quite another, is recognised obscurely in the structure of such languages as I am acquainted with, which distinguish the *subjects* and *predicates* of propositions. The subjects are the indications of the things spoken of, the predicates words that assert, question, or command whatever is intended. Only, the shallowness of syntax is manifest in its failing to recognise the impotence of mere words, and especially of common nouns, to fulfil the function of a grammatical subject. Words like *this, that, lo, hallo, hi there,* have a direct, forceful action upon the nervous system, and compel the hearer to look about him; and so they, more than ordinary words, contribute towards indicating what the speech

is about. But this is a point that grammar and the grammarians (who, if they are faithfully to mirror the minds of the language-makers, can hardly be scientific analysts) are so far from seeing as to call demonstratives, such as *that* and *this*, pronouns,—a literally preposterous designation, for nouns may more truly be called pro-demonstratives.

If upon a diagram we mark two or more points to be identified at some future time with objects in nature,* so as to give the diagram at that future time its meaning; or if in any written statement we put dashes in place of two or more demonstratives or pro-demonstratives, the professedly incomplete representation resulting may be termed a *relative rhema*. It differs from a relative *term* only in retaining the "copula," or signal of assertion. If only one demonstrative or pro-demonstrative is erased, the result is a *non-relative rhema*. For example, "— buys — from — for the price —," is a relative rhema; it differs in a merely secondary way from

"— is bought by — from — for —,"
from "— sells — to — for —,"
and from "— is paid by — to — for —."

On the other hand, "— is mortal" is a non-relative rhema.

A rhema is somewhat closely analogous to a chemical atom or radicle with unsaturated bonds. A non-relative rhema is like a univalent radicle; it has but one unsaturated bond. A relative rhema is like a multivalent radicle. The blanks of a rhema can only be filled by terms, or, what is the same thing, by "something which" (or the like) followed by a rhema; or, two can be filled together by means of "itself" or the like. So, in chemistry, unsaturated bonds can only be saturated by joining two of them, which will usually, though not necessarily, belong to different radicles. If two univalent radicles are united, the result is a saturated compound. So, two non-relative rhemas being joined give a complete proposition. Thus, to join "— is mortal" and "— is a man," we have "X is mortal and X is a man," or some man is mortal. So likewise, a saturated compound may result from joining two bonds of a bivalent radicle;† and, in the same way, the two blanks of a dual rhema may be joined to make a complete proposition. Thus, "— loves —," "X loves X," or something loves itself. A univalent radicle united to a bivalent radicle gives a univalent radicle (as H-O-); and, in like manner, a non-relative rhema, joined to a dual rhema, gives a non-relative rhema. Thus, "— is mortal" joined to "— loves—" gives "— loves something that is mortal," which is a non-relative rhema, since it has only one blank. Two, or any number of bivalent radicles united, give a bivalent radicle (as-O-O-S-O-O-), and so two or more dual rhemata give a dual rhema; as "— loves somebody that loves somebody that serves somebody that loves —." Non-relative and dual rhemata only produce rhemata of the same kind, so long as the junctions are by twos; but junctions of triple rhemata (or junctions of dual rhemata by threes), will produce all higher orders. Thus, "— gives — to —" and "— takes — from —," give "— gives — to somebody who takes — from —," a quadruple rhema. This joined to another quadruple rhema, as "— sells — to — for —," gives the sextuple rhema "— gives — to somebody who takes — from somebody who sells — to — for —." Accordingly, all rhemata higher than the dual may be considered as belonging to one and the same order; and we may say that all rhemata are either singular, dual, or plural.

Such, at least, is the doctrine I have been teaching for 25 years, and which, if deeply pondered, will be found to enwrap an entire philosophy. Kant taught that our fundamental conceptions are merely the ineluctable ideas of a system of logical forms; nor is any occult transcendentalism requisite to show that this is so, and must be so. Nature only appears intelligible so far as it appears rational, that is, so far as its processes are seen to be like processes of thought. I must take this for granted, for I have no space here to argue it. It follows that if we find three distinct and irreducible forms of rhemata, the ideas of these should be the three elementary conceptions of metaphysics. That there are three elementary forms of categories is the conclusion of Kant, to which Hegel subscribes; and Kant seeks to establish this from the analysis of formal logic. Unfortunately, his study of that subject was so excessively superficial that his argument is destitute of the slightest value. Nevertheless, his conclusion is correct; for the three elements permeate not only the truths of logic, but even to a great extent the very errors of the profounder logicians. I shall return to them next week. I will only mention here that the ideas which belong to the three forms of rhemata are firstness, secondness, thirdness; firstness, or spontaneity; secondness, or dependence; thirdness, or mediation.

But Mr. A. B. Kempe, in his important memoir on the "Theory of Mathematical Forms,"* presents an analysis which amounts to a formidable objection to my views. He makes diagrams of spots connected by lines; and it is easy to prove that every possible system of relationship can be so represented, although he does not perceive the evidence of this. But he

* *Nature*, in connection with a picture, copy, or diagram, does not necessarily denote an object not fashioned by man, but merely the object represented, as something existing apart from the representation.

† Thus, CO, which appears as such a radicle in formic acid, makes of itself a saturated compound.

* *Philosophical Transactions* for 1886. No logician should fail to study this memoir.

shows (§ 68) that every such form can be represented by spots indefinitely varied, some of them being connected by lines, all of the same kind. He thus represents every possible relationship by a diagram consisting of only *two* different kinds of elements, namely, spots and lines between pairs of spots. Having examined this analysis attentively, I am of opinion that it is of extraordinary value. It causes me somewhat to modify my position, but not to surrender it. For, in the first place, it is to be remarked that Mr. Kempe's conception depends upon considering the diagram purely in its self-contained relations, the idea of its representing anything being altogether left out of view; while my doctrine depends upon considering how the diagram is to be connected with nature. It is not surprising that the idea of thirdness, or mediation, should be scarcely discernible when the representative character of the diagram is left out of account. In the second place, while it is not in the least necessary that the spots should be of different kinds, so long as each is distinguishable* from the others, yet it is necessary that the connections between the spots should be of two different kinds, which, in Mr. Kempe's diagrams, appear as lines and as the absence of lines. Thus, Mr. Kempe has, and must have, three kinds of elements in his diagrams, namely, one kind of spots, and two kinds of connections of spots. In the third place, the spots, or units, as he calls them, involve the idea of firstness; the two-ended lines, that of secondness; the attachment of lines to spots, that of mediation.

My position has been modified by the study of Mr. Kempe's analysis. For, having a perfect algebra for dual relations, by which, for instance, I could express that "*A* is at once lover of *B* and servant of *C*," I declared that this was inadequate for the expression of plural relations; since to say that *A* gives *B* to *C* is to say more than that *A* gives something to *C*, and gives to somebody *B*, which is given to *C* by somebody. But Mr. Kempe (§ 330) virtually shows that my algebra is perfectly adequate to expressing that *A* gives *B* to *C*; since I can express each of the following relations:

In a certain act, *D*, something is given by *A*;
In the act, *D*, something is given to *C*;
In the act, *D*, to somebody is given *B*.

This is accomplished by adding to the universe of concrete things the abstraction "this action." But I remark that the diagram fails to afford any formal representation of the manner in which this abstract idea is derived from the concrete ideas. Yet it is precisely in such processes that the difficulty of all difficult reasoning lies. We have an illustration of this in the circumstance that I was led into an error about the capability of my own algebra for want of just the idea that process would have supplied. The process consists, psychologically, in catching one of the transient elements of thought upon the wing and converting it into one of the resting places of the mind. The difference between setting down spots in a diagram to represent recognised objects, and making new spots for the creations of logical thought, is huge. To include this last as one of the regular operations of logical algebra is to make an intrinsic transmutation of that algebra. What that mutation was I had already shown before Mr. Kempe's memoir appeared.

* I use this word in its proper sense, and not to mean unlike, as Mr. Kempe does.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUDDHISM.

BY PROF. H. H. WILLIAMS.

[CONCLUDED.]

What was this knowledge? It is this: Physical life and suffering are one thing. To be born is to suffer. The cause of suffering is the cause of physical existence. And the cause of physical existence is desire. Why does the soul desire? It is through ignorance. Ignorance, not knowing, is a positive thing, a power. This can be displaced by knowledge, a positive thing, a power. Knowledge is the only thing that will overcome ignorance. It will uproot the cause of desire. Knowledge thus destroys the cause of physical existence. It breaks the ceaseless chain of transmigration. Knowledge is salvation.

From the viewpoint of Gotama, this solution was the only one possible. For to him, the cause of the child is not the parents. These are only incidents in a process. The cause of the child lies in the child itself, in the ego, as we say. The physical form is but one of a thousand others, and the essential child has persisted through all these physical forms. What then is there within the child itself that could be the cause of its physical existence? This was Gotama's problem. And the deepest answer he could give was the one he gave, viz., desire. (Desire is used in an inclusive sense.) He reached this doctrine through an analysis of conduct and easily identified the ground of conduct with the ground of physical existence, being a Hindoo.

The third crisis involves the resolution to preach. Gotama had won his own salvation. The knowledge that brought him salvation made him Buddha. His doctrine was won at high cost. It was not easy to be understood. Should he preach it to men? He debated as follows: "This profound truth, I have, after "many struggles, perceived; a truth difficult to dis-"cern; a truth difficult to understand; a truth fraught "with blessings; supreme, transcending all thought; "a truth, teeming with meaning; one that the sage "alone can grasp. The race of man is of the earth: "there it moves and has its being, there is its abode,

"and there it finds its pleasures. And by this race, "which is of the earth, whose abode is on the earth, "and which finds on the earth his pleasures, this truth "will hardly be comprehended—this law of causality, "this law of the concatenation of causes and effects. "And so, too, will it be difficult for it to comprehend "the final state of peace and rest of all forms, the sur-"render of all things earthly, the quenching of desire, "the ceasing of wants, the termination—Nirvana. If, "then, I announce my doctrine to the world and am "not understood, I shall only bring upon myself ex-"haustion and pain. . . . As the Enlightened One thus "reasoned, his heart was disposed to rest forever in "peace and not to preach his doctrines."

Gotama was in the act of having life, of abandoning men to their weary fate, of realising Nirvana at once, when the God, Sahampati, interposed. He assured Gotama, on bended knee, that the fate of the world was involved in this resolution. Sahampati induced Gotama to preach his doctrine. Buddha began promptly to preach the holy truth and to gather disciples about him.

The Hindoo could see no ground in the facts themselves for this resolution of Buddha, therefore he ascribed it to the gods. But there must be a ground, a missionary basis, in the facts. Where is it? Why did Buddha preach his doctrine? What is the source of his missionary impulse? There seems to be nothing in the fact that desire is the root of physical existence to develop a missionary. Nor was there anything in the habits or traditions of Indian life to call out such activity. In fact the ascetic is the very opposite of the missionary. The entire power of the Indian habit of mind moved in the direction of the retiring, passive life. The missionary idea is foreign to the Indian type. The Brahmin lived and loved a lonely life. He had no interest in any other people than his own. Nor was his state or his family the object of deep interest to him. He, like his people, preferred to work out his own salvation. Notwithstanding these facts, we find the missionary idea deep rooted in the spirit of Buddhism. Buddhism has lived up to this idea. It has spread, and rapidly too, over a large part of the world. If then this idea does not lie in the Indian type, nor in the Indian tradition, whence came it? How did it secure and hold so deep a place in the Buddhistic religion? This question is not theological, it is purely psychological. An idea makes its appearance at a given time, and makes itself felt in the motives of men: the birth of this idea is a question for the psychologist. It is then the birth of this missionary idea in the consciousness of Buddha that we are concerned with.

No animal is a missionary. The savage is not a missionary. The Brahmin is not a missionary. The Buddhist is a missionary. What makes the difference? The life of the animal is one of physical relations only. The physical relation is definite and narrow. There is nothing general in it. The fact that John is born of Mrs. Smith cannot be the ground of a kind impulse towards Mrs. Jones. And if John leads a physical life he will be conscious of the physical relation. The physical relation is binding in a definite direction and stops at a given point. Hence it is that the physical life offers no missionary activity. Our problem is then to find the basis for a general relation. Where is there anything that approaches a universal relativity? It is in the mental life. The relativity of knowledge, of any knowledge, is a fact. Exhaustive knowledge at any point is a universal relation. The relation in mental life is the exact opposite of the relation in physical life. Relativity is the fundamental law in the world of knowledge. The mental process in its beginning and at its ending is a relation; while the physical process is a unit, a centre that struggles for its life and survives through its fitness. Says Professor Höffding, "There is no series of absolutely independent sensations, but every sensation is determined by its relation to the one experienced immediately before it or at the same time," and again, (p. 114), "A sensation, which stands in no relation to any other, is not known to us. This law may be called THE LAW OF RELATIVITY. From the moment of its first coming into being, the existence and properties of a sensation are determined by its relation to other sensations."* Here then in the first appearance of the mental life, viz., in sensation we find the law of relativity. Nor does the law vanish as we ascend the stages of the mental process. Thinking is obviously relating. To think an object is to put it in the widest relations. Here then is the home of the missionary idea. What is the doctrine of brotherhood other than an application of the law of relativity? When a man begins to know he begins to establish relations. When he begins to think, he begins to establish universal relations. In the thought-world we find universal relations, and there only. It is living and moving in this world of thought that develops the missionary impulse. Knowledge applied to the external leads us up to the idea of the universe; applied to man it leads up to the idea of brotherhood. And it is the universal idea that produces the universal feeling which we term the missionary motive. Let us see how this analysis applies to the question under consideration. Brahmanism shows us the Hindoo in the early stage of his work. He is intoxicated with his discovery. He seeks knowledge everywhere. His one desire is to possess the treasure. He is as the man seeking a fortune; while Buddhism is as the son

* *Outlines of Psychology*, p. 112.

who makes use of the fortune accumulated by his father. Brahmanism seeks knowledge; Buddhism applies it. Hence it is that the Buddhist is a missionary while the Brahmin is an ascetic. In Buddhism the fundamental law of knowledge is bearing fruit. And Gotama is a missionary as naturally as the Brahmin is an ascetic. It is this fact of universal relativity asserting itself in the mind of Buddha, that leads him to lose himself in his relations and to spend his life in serving mankind. This is the solution of our problem. Knowledge had been discovered and developed by Brahmanism. Gotama entered into this inheritance. He was a son of India. In his mind knowledge had its full and free play. And the result is a new type of man. He is a missionary, the early friend of humanity. India has given the world two types—the ascetic and the missionary—the man who discovers knowledge and the man who applies it.

We have followed thus the dialectic of Buddhism and have found it to move in a line logically straight. If now we look at Buddhism as a whole, as a movement in thought and life, what is it? Brahmanism gave us the idea of the world soul, Brahma, the one that is all; Buddhism moves to the other extreme and makes the individual a centre of eternal power. Buddhism is the doctrine that the highest and largest power in the universe is Gotama become Buddha. Knowledge made Gotama Buddha—and this knowledge is possible to every man. Buddhism places supreme faith in the individual. It appeals to the individual to realise his eternal power. The individual is subject to passion, but his glory is to conquer this. Buddhism is our earliest setting forth of the doctrine of individualism. Here is the secret of its large place in the minds of men. And this is the idea it has contributed to human thought. From the beginning Buddhism has insisted upon the worth, dignity, and infinite possibilities of the individual. It is this fact that gives Buddhism its place in line with the greatest movements of history.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, dated Oct. 2, reads thus: "The revival of knownothingism was the subject of Dr. Washington Gladden's sermon at the First Congregational church to-night. Referring to the anti-catholic movement which is very strong here, he denounced all such secret organisations as un-American." During the past few weeks I have heard fifty varieties of social and political customs denounced as "un-American," and every one of them was, and is, more prevalent in this country than in any other; and some of them are practices peculiar to the Americans, and actually not known to any other people under the sun. In like manner I find the hackneyed and conceited nickname "typical American" given to every American of importance who happens to be mentally and morally unlike nine-tenths of all his countrymen. Those titles and phrases are typical shams, bits of hypocrisy with which we try to hide the blemishes in our customs and our character. Will Dr. Gladden kindly tell us what is "un-American" in secret organisations? One of the most conspicuous traits in the American character is the disposition to join a secret society, social, religious, or political. We are very much like the schoolboy, caught in a misdemeanor, who lays the blame of it on to Jack, or Bill, or Tom. So it is with us. When we are detected in some delinquency peculiarly our own, we charge it on the French, or the English, or the Germans, or somebody else, and with self-righteous impudence declare that we could not possibly be guilty of it, because it is "un-American."

* * *

"Did Peary's project pay?". This is the alliterative head-line which I find at the top of a column of extracts from various newspapers, measuring Lieut. Peary's expedition by a purely monetary standard, and calling for the dividends in cash. One of them fretfully inquires, "What useful end will be subserved by finding out whether or not there is an ice-bound, uninhabitable island between Greenland and the next known shore on the other side of the pole?" Another says, "What boots it to ascertain how cold it may be there?" And another exclaims, "Artic explorations are hardly more valuable in their results than an attempt to go over Niagara in a barrel would be." These will do for samples of opinions that might be multiplied by hundreds to the effect that Lieut. Peary's expedition did not "pay." The moral results of heroism count for nothing, because they will not sell for anything at auction; and yet the records of unprofitable courage are among the most valuable treasures of a nation. It is not wise to make the fear of personal danger an element of our national character. Wherever a scientific secret lies hidden within this earth, there are American sailors brave enough to go and pluck it out of Nature's heart if possible; and, win or lose, their self-devotion improves the quality of their countrymen. How much of unprofitable courage lies at the foundation of England's greatness; and of our own! The search for Sir John Franklin was a failure, melancholy and expensive, but the United States got more glory out of it than out of twenty battles. The sublime effort of Dr. Kane to find Franklin is an epic that dwarfs old Homer's mighty theme. The exploit of Lieut. Peary did pay; and that of his wife paid still better. Mrs. Peary has taught our frivolous women that they have capacity and courage of which they never dreamed.

* * *

Did Sir John Franklin's project pay? If an Englishman should ask that question he would be thought weak in the spirit of the old sea-kings. Not in ease and safety, but in hardship and in danger, did England cultivate the soul that animated Nelson, Blake, and Franklin. So it will be with us, for the children of the old Vikings are thick along the American shore. If any man doubts the worth of Sir John Franklin's fatal voyage, let him gaze upon Franklin's monument in the old abbey at Westminster, and estimate if he can, the value of such a trophy in toughening the moral fibre of a people. There we behold writ in marble the story of masculine bravery and feminine domestic love, the supreme constituents in the glory of the English race. On the top is a bust of the great explorer, with "FRANKLIN" on the base of it. Below the bust is the Erebus wrestling with the gigantic ice; and the devoted wife, although her husband had been dead for thirty years in the cold regions near the pole, lifting a woman's faith above her sorrow, carved upon the monument these words: "O ye frost and cold; O ye ice and snow; Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever." And this fine tribute from Tennyson:

> "Not here! the White North has thy bones; and thou,
> Heroic sailor soul,
> Art passing on thine happier voyage now,
> Towards no earthly pole."

It was fitting that when Lady Franklin died, these additional words were carved upon the marble:

> "This monument was erected by Jane his widow, who after long waiting, and sending many in search of him, herself departed, to seek and to find him in the realms of light."

Take the record of those two lives together as it is written on that monument for the emulation of all English men and women, and is it any wonder that England is a coloniser and a conqueror?

* * *

A number of years ago there was a man in London who made his living by exhibiting in a large cage on wheels a "Happy Family," as he called it, composed of naturally quarrelsome and uncongenial members, such as cats and mice, terriers and rats, hawks and canaries, rabbits and snakes, with fifty other heterogeneous animals who had never before lived in harmony together since the fall of Adam and Eve. All was peace in the colony, for the showman had brought the inhabitants under the discipline of social and religious toleration; although, before they were educated, they had looked upon one another with caste prejudices and sectarian scorn. The genius who taught the citizens of that community the value of peace and mutual good will, was rewarded with a penny here and there from a passer-by who admired the feat as a triumph of patient ingenuity; but I think it was more than that. I always regarded it as the moral achievement of a great man, who ought to have been Archbishop of Canterbury, at the very least, reconciling the sects and making of them a "Happy Family," like the cats and mice, the hawks and canaries in the cage. What the Archbishop had not been able to do with rich materials, the showman accomplished with inferior means; he had shown how sweet and how pleasant it is, not only for brethren, but also for those who are not brethren, to dwell together in unity. I am happy to see that his example is not lost, and that an attempt will be made next year to exhibit at the World's Fair, a theological "Happy Family" consisting of representatives of all the different and differing sects upon the earth; and that this congregation is to be called "The Parliament of all Religions."

* * *

In the *Review of Reviews* for October, much encouragement is given to the Parliament of all Religions; and very eloquent and enthusiastic praise of it appears in Count D'Alviella's article printed recently in the *Revue de Belgique*, Brussels, and copied into the *Review of Reviews*. Already, letters in approval and promises of co-operation have come from eminent men of all religions in every part of the globe; for the Parliament is to include all denominations of Christians, and also Jews, Buddhists, Brahmins, Confucians, Parsees, and Mohammedans; "not to plead the superiority of their respective theology," says Count D'Alviella, "but to seek and set forth the principles of all religions;" and "to find a common ground where religion shall have a field outside of denominational divergence." I hail this promise as the Arctic wanderer greets the rising sun; a parliament of sects is to overthrow sectarianism, and sacrifice the delightful hatreds of a thousand years. By a strange oversight the men who long ago "set forth the principle common to all religions," and "found a common ground for religion outside of denominational divergence" have not been invited to the Parliament. The sect that regards all other sects with equal charity and demands equal freedom for all their faiths will not be represented in the conference. According to Count D'Alviella, this Parliament is to proclaim "a religion which is the religion *par excellence*, and which is superior to any particular religion whatsoever." This will be the most exalted and the most effective spiritual work done since freedom went into theological eclipse long ago; because if there is one universal religion "superior to any particular religion whatsoever," there can be no further use for the particular religions. The religion superior to all others is enough, and the sects may beneficially be dissolved.

* * *

The Parliament of all Religions will abolish the crime called heresy, because when the universal religion "superior to any particular religion" is established, heresy will cease to be. It will vanish into the limbo of dead creeds, and carry away with it all its foolish punishments. Then the churches, united in a common faith, will see and say that he who is not a free thinker is not a free man, and the "open and avowed" sectarian will be a curiosity. Ambitious men quibble and squabble about free trade, but the supreme triumph of this age is a free brain. The president of the Parliament of all Religions is a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, conspicuous for his learning, character, and ability; but before his parliament can abolish heresy the Presbyterian Church is determined to enjoy once more the luxury of trying a heretic. Charges and specifications have been preferred against the Rev. Dr. Briggs, for knowing more than the church; for thinking forward, instead of backward; and his trial is to begin on the 9th of November. The anticipated pleasure of the prosecution is not so great as it would be if Dr. Briggs were not quite so eager to be prosecuted. You seldom see a delinquent so anxious to be tried as he is; and his pursuers already begin to feel as I did once in the backwoods of Canada, when the bear that I was after got after me. The friends of Dr. Briggs appear to be in a majority in the Presbyterian church, for the paper says: "Early in the day's session nominations for delegates to the synod which meets in Albany, Oct. 18, were made. The vote showed a sweeping victory for the friends of Dr. Briggs." Should the rationalistic presbyterianism of Dr. Briggs prove triumphant, as now seems likely, his judges then will be the heretics, and he can have some religious consolation in trying them; for the difference between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, is merely a question of numbers; Orthodoxy of course being always in the majority.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Speech of Monkeys. By *R. L. Garner*. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company. 1892.

The author of the present work is certainly to be congratulated on originality in his design, although we question whether he is correct in saying that "not a line on this snbject is to be found in all the literature of the world." The idea that many animals have a language of their own is an old one, and a knowledge of the language of birds was regarded by the ancient Greeks as a sort of divine gift. Mr. Garner's originality consists in attributing to monkeys especially the use of speech the same in its elements as that of man. He may be wrong in this conclusion, but in any case he is quite justified in drawing practical attention to the question, after having made a series of careful investigations and experiments. This he could not have done without the use of the phonograph or graphophone, and some of the results thus reached are very curious, whatever may be the ultimate conclusion as to the connection between human and monkey speech. It would be a mistake to suppose that the author believes animals to be able to carry on with each other a connected conversation. He imagines that "the masses" are of a contrary opinion, which he corrects by saying that the speech of monkeys is usually limited to a single sound or remark, which is replied to in the same manner. But the real point is as to the relation of this speech to that of man; and nothing that the author says supplies evidence that monkeys have what is understood by articulate "language." That they utter sounds which have a particular meaning and that this meaning is understood by other monkeys, and even that they may learn to understand the meaning of words used by human beings is certain; but this is not language in the proper sense, although it is speech, just as the mewing of a cat is speech. All that can be justly inferred from Mr. Garner's observations is, in his own words, "their speech is capable of communicating the ideas that they are capable of conceiving, and, measured by their mental, moral, and social status, is as well developed as the speech of man measured by the same unit." But the author could have reached this conclusion without ever hearing a monkey speak; and not only

is it what every naturalist must admit, but it applies equally well to all animals, if the doctrine of evolution is valid.

The most important feature in Mr. Garner's work is his proposal to attempt to reach the primitive elements of speech by the use of the phonograph. His experiments with this instrument lead him to believe that the fundamental sounds of monkey speech are pure vowels, although faint traces of consonant sounds are found in many words, especially those of low pitch. He has been able also to develop certain consonant sounds from a vowel base, and he thinks therefore that this has been the origin of the former in human language. This view is not confirmed, however, by what we know of the most primitive human languages, in which the dropping of consonantal sounds is rather a mark of decay. As to the extent of the monkey vocabulary, it appears to be somewhat limited, as the author is able to credit his Capuchin friends with only nine words, although some of these are supposed to be capable of several meanings by difference of inflection. This would hardly seem, however, to be sufficient to enable little Dodo, whose portrait is given on the cover of the book, to express the ideas ascribed to her in her *lover's complaint*, which must have been of the most remarkable character.

The book is, on the whole, a very readable one, especially where it describes monkey manners. It is not surprising that the author has become sincerely attached to his simian friends, whose ways appear to be very entertaining. He has the faculty of gaining their confidence through the use of their peculiar sounds, and we trust he will be equally successful with the gorillas of West Africa he has gone to interview. If he could teach them his own language as well as learn their speech, his journey would have a practical value, which we fear, so far as the monkey race generally is concerned, his inquiries will be deficient in. Nevertheless, he may be able to collect facts which will throw light on the bases of human language, as it must ultimately be founded in the emotions; but others must draw the conclusions, unless he learns better than to say, "if it be true that man cannot think without words, the same must be true of monkeys"; which confounds the popular with the philosophic meaning of thought. Ω.

L'Autorité en matière de foi et la nouvelle école. By *E. Doumergue*. Lausanne: F. Payot. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher. 1892.

This critical study has been called into existence by the reception accorded by numerous journals, and by such writers as M. M. Coquerel, Astié, Roberty, and Raoul Allier, to a pamphlet written by M. Léopold Monod, the well-known pastor of the free church of Lyon, on *The Problem of Authority*. M. Monod's pamphlet is accepted by the New School among the French Protestants as its manifesto, and judging from the observations of M. Doumergue, who is the professor of Protestant theology at Montauban, it must be a very able production. The Protestant church in France has long been agitated with the same questions as those which have disturbed the religious peace in this country and in Great Britain, and the New School appears to have reached the position characterised by its opponents as the "divorce between thought and life." This position is certainly a somewhat incongruous one, and it may well be questioned whether those who affirm that "the sphere of action of Plato has been that of ideas . . .; the sphere of action of Jesus Christ has been the life," can justly claim to retain the title of Christian, using this term in the ordinary sense. That they lead a "Christian" life is admitted by Professor Doumergue, who well remarks, "we are convinced that this Christianity, this piety, are with them the fruit, not of the new doctrines that they preach, but of the ancient doctrines that they reject." Nevertheless, many of the moral precepts ascribed to Jesus are rejected by the new school of Protestants in all countries, those only being retained which are regarded as consistent with the present advanced stage of moral culture; and it would be better if they recognised more clearly the fact that they have ceased to belong to the distinctively Christian church. Professor Doumergue addresses himself, for special reasons, particularly to the younger members of the French Protestant church, whom he regards as its chief protectors. There is no doubt that his manual, which is closely reasoned, will be widely read by those interested in the question of authority in matters of faith. Ω.

The Making of a Man. By *Rev. J. W. Lee*, D. D. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

This book is based on the idea that mind is prior to matter, and that there is design, intention, and purpose in nature. The earth was made for man, and "the scheme of nature so completely corresponds to the understanding of man as to make it possible for him to command and claim all her possessions for his own." The author, however, regards the earth as a place of discipline, and he points out what he considers to be the provision made for the physical, moral, spiritual, and other phases of man's nature, including immortality, which belongs to him as a self-determining spirit! The book is well written and is well intentioned, but it is theological rather than scientific. Ω.

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OUR SAINT GEORGE OF THE THEATRE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

America owes one debt to George Washington which it has not recognised. He rescued a beautiful art from the dragon of Puritanism. When our revolutionary fathers began the defence of American liberty they straightway began to put it under lock and bolt. On October 16, 1778, Congress passed the following: "Whereas, frequenting play houses and theatrical entertainments has a fatal tendency to divert the minds of the people from a due attention to the means necessary to the defence of their country and preservation of their liberties; Resolved, That any person holding an office under the United States who shall act, promote, encourage, or attend such play, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office, and shall be accordingly dismissed." Thus was liberty trampled in the name of liberty. Long after independence of foreign oppression was secured the people of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, had to mourn their loss of personal independence. The theatre was rigidly prohibited by law in Boston, and was practically proscribed in Philadelphia. In New York patriotic and puritanical prejudices had been consolidated by the fact that its only theatre had been the "Theatre Royal" during the British occupation, and traditionally the scene of "British orgies." In 1785 an English company came to New York, and gave each play under the advertisement of "A Moral Lecture." But its disguise could not save the drama. There was but one place in America where theatre going was respectable, namely at Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia.

In his twentieth year George Washington first saw a play. It was in the Barbadoes. He entered in his journal: "Thursday 15 [November, 1752] was treated with a play ticket by Mr. Carter to see the Tragedy of George Barnwell acted: the character of Barnwell and several others was said to be well perform'd there was Musick a Dapted and regularly conducted by Mr." That, literally copied, is the only witness now remaining of the theatre at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, which has long disappeared. It may have been the means of engendering in Washington his love of the drama. In 1785 he wrote to General Knox, in Boston, ridiculing the imposition by that city of "restraints which at no time even were agreeable and in these days of more liberty and indulgence will never be submitted to." Nevertheless, they were submitted to, and when Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, in 1789, there was hardly a respectable family north of the Potomac that would have ventured into a "playhouse."

At the time of the inauguration, the John Street theatre, the only one in New York, had been opened by a company from Williamsburg, Virginia. There they had played to the fashionable; in New York they were playing to the "dregs." But on the evening of the illuminations this theatre displayed a memorable picture of Fame crowning Washington with emblems of immortality. Soon after the President crowned Thespis, by giving the poor little theatre his powerful patronage. It so happened that on the evening of his first attendance the play was a rather questionable one. Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania enters in his diary, May 11, 1789: "I received a ticket from the President to use his box this evening at the theatre, being the first of his appearance at the playhouse since his entering on his office. Went. The President, Governor of the State [Clinton], Foreign Ministers, Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, M[aryland or Massachusetts], and South Carolina, and some ladies, in the same box. I am old and notices or attentions are lost on me. I could have wished some of my dear children in my place; they are young and would have enjoyed it. Long might they live to boast of having been seated in the same box with the first Character in the world. The play was the School for Scandal. I never liked it; indeed, I think it an indecent representation before ladies of character and virtue. The house greatly crowded, and I thought the players acted well; but I wish we had seen the Conscious Lovers, or some one that inculcated more prudential manners."

On June 5, the President and his wife attended the performance of "The Clandestine Marriage," among their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, General and Mrs. Knox, and Baron Steuben. On June 10, was performed "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler,

the first purely American Play (according to Mr. Thomas McKee) ever performed by a company of professional actors. This work was published in 1790 by subscription, the list (556) being headed by "The President of the United States," and including many eminent names in all parts of the country,—the only New England name, however, being Isaiah Thomas of Massachusetts, whose subscription is the largest, 12 copies. The scene is laid in New York, and the Prologue was "written by a young gentleman of New York, and spoken by Mr. Wignell." The opening lines are:

"Exult each patriot heart!—this night is shewn
A piece, which we may fairly call our own;
Where the proud titles of 'My Lord!' 'Your grace!'
To humble 'Mr.' and plain 'Sir' give place.
Our Author pictures not from foreign climes
The fashions or the follies of the times;
But has confin'd the subject of his work
To the gay scenes—the circles of New York."

It is doubtful whether Washington was present on June 10, but the play was eminently appropriate to the foundation of the new government. The hero, besides paying a tribute to Washington, expresses to the polished villain with foreign airs, his satisfaction in never having gone out of his own country. "When," says Dimple, "you shall have seen the brilliant exhibitions of Europe, you will learn to despise the amusements of this country as much as I do." "Therefore," replies Manly, "I do not wish to see them; for I can never esteem that knowledge valuable which tends to give me a distaste for my own country." The most important character is Jonathan, acted by Wignell. It is probable that the conventionalisation of "Brother Jonathan," as a stage figure, was partly derived from this creation of Royall Tyler. The New England horror of the theatre is satirised by Jonathan's experience in New York. He is shocked at the thought of a playhouse, but mentions going to a hocus-pocus show, where "they lifted up a great green cloth and let us look right into the next neighbor's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made so in that 'ere way?" Not regarding "listening to people's private business" as a sight, Jonathan tries to get his money back, and is told that it is "the school for scandalisation."

The most famous occasion on which the President visited the theatre in New York was November 24, 1789. This is entered in his diary: "Went to the play in the evening, sent tickets to the following ladies and gentlemen, and invited them to seats in my box, viz: Mrs. Adams (lady of the vice-president), General Schuyler and lady, Mr. King and lady, Major Butler and lady, Colonel Hamilton and lady, Mrs. Green, all of whom accepted and came, except Mrs. Butler, who was indisposed." This was the benefit of Thomas Wignell, and the play was the first performance of "Darby's Return," by the celebrated manager and playwright, William Dunlap. Darby is an Irish lad, who relates his adventures in New York to his friends in Ireland, and in his story occurred some lines concerning Washington.

"A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm a-soldiering to go,
Then having gained his point, he had, *like me*,
Returned his own potato ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With one accord
He is called to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor."

When asked to describe his look, Darby says he did not see him, because he had mistaken a man, "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until the show was out of sight. Here, as Dunlap remembered, Washington, who had been embarrassed by previous allusions, "indulged in that which was with him extremely rare, a hearty laugh."

Few men by their gravity have produced more effect than Washington by this timely laugh. It was heard in all the states, and wreathed the political visage that had become so grim. It reported that Washington was enjoying the theatre, and broke down innumerable prejudices. "When the first citizen of the United States," says McKee, "the immortal Washington, attended in state as president to witness a first-night performance of an American play, the revolution was complete. At Boston a number of the most prominent, intelligent, and influential citizens assembled in town meetings, and passed resolutions instructing their representatives to demand of the legislature an immediate repeal of the laws against theatrical amusements, and upon such repeal being refused they subscribed the necessary funds to erect a theatre, and invited the American company to visit Boston to give a series of performances there, which invitation was accepted. There was some interference on the part of the authorities, but the new theatre was erected and performances publicly given there, while the prohibitory law became a dead letter."

This occasion of the first night of Dunlap's play,—his second, for he wrote forty-nine,—was also memorable as that of the first performance of the air now known as "Hail Columbia." The chief actor, Wignell, had requested a German (Fayles) to compose a piece of music suitable for the President's expected entrance, at his benefit. The result was this "Washington's March" (as it was first termed), which was played while the President and his wife were entering their box. The air was repeatedly encored, and the well-known words afterwards adapted to it. The orchestras ought surely to use that, instead of the "Star-Spangled Banner," at the close of performances, and the portrait of Washington should be in our every theatre. Before he left New York he had committed the chief statesmen of America to an approval of the

stage. Little as we can now realise the fact, it required rather more courage to confront and conquer Puritan prejudice against the theatre than to oppose George the Third.

OUR RIGHT TO TRADE FREELY.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Nobody wants to be like that ridiculous character in "David Copperfield," Mr. Dick, who "was only allowed to rattle his money, and not to spend it." He could not buy any gingerbread, except at one shop where it was arranged that he should never have more than a shilling's worth a day. It would have been still worse for him, if he could not buy any more gingerbread there for his shilling, than he could have got for a sixpence anywhere else. He would have been as badly off as we, American citizens, who pay twice as much for clothing, and many other articles, as we should do if any shopkeeper were allowed to sell them as cheaply as they could be imported under free trade.

The worst of it is that this violation of our right to spend our money in the best way for ourselves, involves a violation of our right to use our time and property in the best way for our fellow-men. Our government does no more than is wise and just in letting those of our physicians who study German or French books, in order to keep up with the progress of medicine, get them free of duty; and therefore it is foolish and unjust to oblige a doctor, or any one else, to pay duties of 25 per cent. on every English book or pamphlet, published within twenty years, and also upon every chart, map, or photograph, printed at any time or in any language. Knowledge has a right to advance, and no government has any right to hinder it. The farmer's right, to raise food as cheaply as he can, is fully acknowledged, not only in Great Britain, but also in Ireland and the Netherlands, where the tariff does nothing to increase the cost of his tools, machinery, wire, lumber, tin-ware, horses, or cattle. In these and many other respects, his right to carry on his own business is seriously interfered with by our own government, while it does little or nothing to raise the price of what he has to sell. Our maker of boots and shoes gets no more than his just right in being allowed to import his hides freely from every foreign country, with the exception of those whose hides we have lost by vain attempts at reciprocity. Our maker of carpets, flannels, or broadcloth would have no more than his rights, if he could import his wool just as freely. Start a woolen mill in Canada, or Great Britain, or Ireland, or Austria, or Germany; and you can have wool duty free. You get no more than your just right abroad; but you cannot get even that at home. Here you are compensated, in fact much more than compensated, by the high duties on cloth; but two wrongs do not make a right. You are obliged to put your prices too high to sell your goods anywhere but in the home-market, while your unfortunate fellow-citizens are obliged to pay twice as much as such goods would cost, if it were not for the tariff.

Our forefathers fought against Great Britain in hope of gaining a greater freedom in commerce, as well as in politics, than could be enjoyed by her subjects. Shall we be satisfied with less liberty to use and increase our property than has been long established in her colonies, and even in Ireland? Are the merchants of Chicago and New York, the farmers of Illinois, or the manufacturers of New England so inferior in knowledge of their own business to Canadians, Irishmen, and Dutchmen, that they cannot be trusted to drive their own bargains? Is it necessary for Congress to tell the presidents of our railroads where to buy rails, or say to the builders of our great blocks of stores and offices, you must use such and such kinds of stone, lumber, and iron-work, or be fined for following your own judgement? Are we Americans too stupid to carry on any kind of business without this inevitable partner, who brings no capital, always has his own way, makes incessant blunders, and takes what he pleases out of the profits, without caring if any money is left for the rest of the firm?

No government has any right to make one citizen's business unprofitable in order to make another citizen's more prosperous. Such injustice is peculiarly censurable in a government established for the benefit of all its citizens. I showed, in No. 262 of *The Open Court*, that precisely this injustice is now being done to many industries in Massachusetts, and also that it is an indispensable condition of a protective tariff. Protecting one industry means crippling others, as is the case when factories which could employ nearly a million operatives are checked, in order that a few men may enrich themselves in making tin-plate. America is, and ought to be, a great nation of manufacturers, but the one thing needed to keep her so is to give every industry an equal chance. Our tariff taxes articles, because they are produced more cheaply abroad than they can be at home; but this very fact makes them precisely what we can best afford to purchase. We are all the better able to buy them, because we pay for them by exporting what we produce more cheaply than our neighbors do. We can export nothing else. If we could produce nothing which our neighbors could afford to buy, we should do very little importing, even if it were put under a bounty instead of a tariff. We have a right to import freely, because that would enable us to export freely of what we can best afford to produce. And there are facts which show that free trade would be a decided benefit, in this way, to our factories.

They were enabled by the low tariffs of 1846 and 1857 to make almost twice as many dollars' worth of goods in 1860 as in 1850, and to export four times as many in 1860 as in 1845, while our farms doubled in value and "the prosperity of the country was general," as Mr. Blaine admits in "Twenty Years in Congress." No such gains have been made since; but our manufacturers have not yet been protected out of all capacity or courage to compete with foreigners. It is stated by a protectionist senator in the *Forum* for July that "nearly every article we can produce for export" can be sent from here to many parts of South America and the West Indies, and sold there "at prices much below those asked by European competitors." That this is the case with agricultural machinery in Australia and South Africa, as well as in South America, is stated by the president of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, who says that he and other manufacturers could do much more exporting if they had free raw materials. Two years ago Secretary Blaine and Senator Morrill gave in the *North American Review* lists of articles, like tools, locomotives, jewelry, silverware, brass and copper goods, carpets, agricultural implements, carriages, boots and shoes, watches, and pianos, in which America was underselling all the rest of the world in Canada. Among our exports during the two years ending with last June were twenty-five million dollars' worth of leather and leather goods, and fifty-seven of iron and steel in various forms, including six million dollars' worth of sewing-machines and four of locomotives.

Wages are peculiarly high in those of our industries which export so successfully. Our farmer, too, pays much more for labor than Europeans do, and can undersell them all at their own doors. Russia and Italy have very cheap labor, and export little else. New South Wales has the dearest labor in the world, considering the low cost of living, and the eight hour law, which has been for many years in force; but the value of her exports, in proportion to population, was five times as great in 1882 as it was in the United States in 1880. Her mills and factories increase steadily in number; and her ship-yards multiply while ours diminish. She has succeeded, as a manufacturer and an exporter, with high wages and low tariffs, while Russia has failed, with low wages and a very high tariff, and cannot even raise her own food. France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, like Russia, have much lower wages and higher tariffs than England; but she has undersold their manufacturers ever since she gave up protection. America was a great ex-

porter, under a low tariff, despite her high wages, forty years ago. High wages are no excuse for high tariffs.

Such wages are paid under every kind of tariffs; because wages depend upon the efficiency of the laborer. They rose nearly twenty per cent. here between 1850 and 1860, while the tariff fell. They are twice as high now in England as before she had free trade, though the cost of living is only one-half as great. They are higher here than in England, because our men do better work. Secretary Blaine said, in 1881: "Undoubtedly the inequalties in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalised by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor." A statistician in his department reported, in 1882, that the number of mechanics was the same here as in England, but the annual value produced here by them was twice as great. Wages are lower in Austria than here, or in England; but it costs twice as much to make a shoe in Vienna as in Lynn. You can hire Hindus to dig on a railroad for a dime a day; but a dollar will move no more earth there than in America. All over the world, labor is worth just what it costs; low wages mean poor work; and wages are high, where profits can be won from many markets. The better the market, the higher the wages. The only way a tariff can raise wages is by enlarging markets. How badly restriction from foreign markets depresses wages appears from the fact, that as stated in the Democratic platform, "Since the McKinley tariff went into operation there have been ten reductions of the wages of laboring men to one increase." That made at Homestead took place because the home market was becoming glutted with iron and steel goods; and the same would be the case in many other industries if men were not kept out of work by trusts, which are protected against competitors abroad by our high tariff. Senator Carlisle has shown that in the fifteen most highly protected industries, wages have gone down, while they have gone up in the industries least affected by our tariff. Our workingmen have a right to the benefit of markets for their labor which cannot be distroyed by gluts or trusts; and they have also a right to say that life and labor shall not be made needlessly expensive for them by taxes on the materials of which their tools, clothes, and furniture are manufactured.

In spite of this restriction on cheapness and quality of production, our factories are already able to produce so cheaply and excellently as to justify the demand that they be allowed to produce freely. They defy competition, where they get no help from the tariff; and they should have no hindrance. We ask this not so much for the sake of the manufacturer, as for that of his operatives, and other customers in America who need more employment and cheaper goods.

The real justice of this demand lies in the fact that it is not merely for lower prices, but for higher morals. Our country has a great duty to do in teaching other nations not only the value of our innumerable inventions, but the truth of our ideas of the capacity of the people for self-government, of the equal rights of all mankind, of the just position of women, and of the dignity of labor. We have also much to learn from other nations, in art, science, philosophy, and even in politics. The Australian ballot and the system of competitive examination were well worth importing; and the lesson, how large cities can govern themselves efficiently and honestly, has yet to be taught us by Germany. All nations need to interchange ideas more freely; and one great obstacle to their doing so is that relic of barbarism which Herbert Spencer has recently denounced thus: "The suppression of international antagonisms is the one reform which will bring all other reforms." It would certainly free Europe from that constant cause of vice and poverty, the standing army, and thus deprive despotism of its strongest support. In making war impossible, it would prevent frequent interruption of industry, much wanton destruction of property and life, and indescribable dangers to women. It would refute the most plausible excuse for restraining individual liberty, set free science, art, literature, and every other peaceable pursuit from the baleful competition of what has been called "the fool's profession," and restore to their rightful eminence such virtues as respect for others' rights, willingness to forgive injuries, and superiority to base indulgences. We all desire to have the nations feel more kindly towards each other, and the best way to bring this about is to enable them to interchange benefits freely. Among animals those are most sociable which are most useful to each other. The man who will never do a kindness, nor receive one, has very few friends. The lover wins his lady by serving her gladly, and accepting gratefully even the smallest favor. A nation which is willing to buy from her neighbors what she cannot produce so cheaply at home, is better able to interchange ideas and inventions with them, and less likely to be hurried into needless wars, than if it were the chief effort of her government to avoid importing on any terms. If free trade could be made as successful here as it has been for many years in Great Britain, Australia, and the Netherlands, other nations would follow the example, and the days of standing armies and despotisms would be numbered. Thomas Paine was right in saying, in "Rights of Man," "If commerce were permitted to act to the universal extent it is capable of, it would extirpate war." "It is a pacific system, operating to unite mankind by rendering nations useful to each other." Channing, too, says in his lecture on "The Present Age," "Free trade! This is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every port on earth to every product; this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this, a free nation should especially pledge itself."

THREE LETTERS FROM THE POET WHITTIER TO PROFESSOR GUNNING AND MRS. MARY GUNNING.

(First letter. To Professor Gunning.)

AMESBURY, 8, 7 mo., 1870.

Dear Friend:

I was called off soon after my return from Brooklyn to Providence and New Bedford, and in consequence I failed to acknowledge thy pamphlet* which I have read with deep interest. It ought to have been published in the *Atlantic*. It is written tersely and vigorously, and its literary merit alone is noteworthy. The theme it discusses is a very grave and important one, and deserves the earnest consideration of scientific men and theologians.

I have read Alger's defense of Dickens. It is very brave and manly, and I thank him for it.†

I wish you much pleasure in your sea-side visit.

I am very truly thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(Second letter. To Mrs. Gunning.)

AMESBURY, March 21, 1889.

Dear Friend:

I thank thee for thy letter recalling the visits of my friend and thy dear husband.

I remember him as an able and eloquent investigator of natural law, and a serious inquirer into the great questions of life and duty.

He had the enthusiasm alike of science and humanity. I was, I remember, interested in some things he told me of what is called Spiritualism of which I had seen nothing very convincing, though I shared the hope with him that something might come out of it, of service to the world; some further confirmation of the miracu-

* *Is it the Despair of Science? (The Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.)*

† At the time of the death of Dickens, several bitter and uncharitable attacks were made upon him in sermons preached in Boston pulpits. In reply to these, the Rev. William R Alger presented an opposite view, in a discourse which was published under the title, *A Tribute to the Christian Genius of Charles Dickens*." It is to that discourse, to which Mr. Whittier here refers.

ous in nature and Scripture and human experience. I do not know as there is any reason why thee may not use my letters, but if it would not be too much trouble I would like to see copies of them before they are printed.

I am now in my 82nd year, and feeble in health. Almost all my old friends and acquaintances have gone before me.

I am dear Mrs. Gunning with much sympathy thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(Third letter. To Mrs. Gunning.)

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., April 7, 1889.

My Dear Mrs. Gunning:

I thank thee for thy deeply interesting letter, and for what thee say of thy husband's last days of labor and waiting.

I see no reason for withholding these letters of mine. Do with them as thee thinks best. I am glad to have them testify my regard for Professor Gunning.

I am truly thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I had thought to use them in a memorial sketch of my husband. M. G.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

In the spring of 1870 Professor Gunning gave a series of lectures in Amesbury on "Nature Studies." The poet came every evening and seated himself among the learners.

The topic on one evening was "The Glacial Period," which comprised a history of the erratic boulders that lie scattered about everywhere in our latitude. These, the lecturer taught, had been wrenched from mountain ledges and carried to lower levels by ice floods or glaciers, which also ground from the rocks over which they passed, gravel, clay, and sand. The triturated rocks were spread over the country by melting glaciers, making a fertile soil for the uses of men. The lecturer took his audience, in imagination, to the high Alps, that they might see the glaciers doing their work, and then returned with them to New England, where the same work was doing a hundred thousand years ago, covering the primitive rock with a deep and fruitful soil. The moral of the lecture was "Through tribulation to fruit." In the peroration a quotation was used, from "The Preacher," in which the process of glaciation is converted into metaphor.

"Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction hard
On granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feel,
The poot be troubled ere it heal,
Ever from losses the right must gain,
Every good have its birth of pain.
The fiend still rends as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he went."

The audience, all neighbors and friends of Mr. Whittier, recognised the quotation, and applauded, looking and smiling at Mr. Whittier, who also applauded as heartily as any. He did not recognise his own lines. After the audience went out he assured the lecturer that he had thought little about the glacier until that night, and was amazed that he could have written anything that applied so perfectly as the quotation. "Thee amazes me by my own words," he said. The lecturer replied, "Ah, but you poets are often wiser than you know." The clipping here subjoined was cut from last Saturday's *Journal*, and may be an account of Mr. Whittier's version of this incident.

To an Englishman who lately visited him, Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder," he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

About this time in the season of the mayflower, the lecturer was invited to bring the writer to visit Mr. Whittier, and a drive was planned to Kenoza Lake. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, I cannot say to this hour, but it rained the entire day of the appointment, a good, old-fashioned New England rain. No Lake Kenoza and no gathering of the mayflowers with the poet as guide, but instead there was a quiet time in the Amesbury home. The lecturer and our host conversed as only those can converse who have made life worth the telling. Unknown to one another until the lecture episode, both were children of the soil and of labor. The birth year of one was the year (1828) when the other wrote his famous letter to Garrison in Vermont, declaring against slavery. While the editorial office of one was sacked and burned by a pro-slavery mob in Pennsylvania, the other, yet a boy, in Ohio, was intrusted with the grave duty of helping runaway slaves by night, from station to station of the underground railroad to Canada. One had been schooled in the Puritan school house, and the other in the more primitive log-cabin of the West. One had earned means for advanced education by making shoes, and the other had been apprenticed to the tailor's art. One was given as a religious guide the "inner voice" of the Quaker. The other inherited the rigid rule of the Scotch Covenanter. Each had maintained full mental freedom unstained.

I remember best, after a mass of anecdotes of persons and places, the rehearsing of critical passages in the campaign for freedom. Now and then a terrible fire glowed in the dark eyes of the poet, after recalling some recreant act of a "northern dough-face" in the times that tried the souls of those who hated slavery. The occasion has grown shadowy. The quiet apartments, the half-light of a rainy day, the refined repast, the souvenirs of noted people in the library and on the walls (among which was a bouquet which Phebe Cary had brought a day or two before), and the presiding genius of the poet, are all shadowy. I can remember neither our arrival nor leave-taking, neither welcome nor farewell, all was so simple and low-keyed. I had smuggled from home a pet copy of Mr. Whittier's poems to ask him to write his autograph on the fly-leaves of the volumes, and which some robber now possesses, autographs and all.

It is better so,—to recall only the shadowy impressions over which Time has had no power.

On the occasion of another lecture trip to Amesbury, a year or two later, Mr. Whittier and the lecturer while conversing, walked aimlessly about the streets. They were seen to halt before a window, at which a young child sat, back to the window, in a "high chair." They could see only the little head with fair curls shading the baby neck, and the white robe and bright sash. Mr. Whittier stood gazing on the figure of the unconscious child, and after a little passed on, musing silently. Neither of the grave seniors could (or would) recount aught more of the musings, than the poet's words in "The Changeling."

"O, fair and sweet was the baby,
Blue eyes and hair of gold."

Possibly the thoughts that centered for the time on the babe, were to the poet himself, unspeakable. To "The Angel of Shadow" this incident also has long been gathered, in the subdued but imperishable hues that Time sheds on all that is worthy of remembrance. M. G.

WALTHAM, Sept. 17, '92.

HYLO-IDEALISM, OR THE BRAIN-THEORY OF MIND AND MATTER.

"Take the Godhead into your own Being
And It abdicates its Cosmic throne."—*Schiller*.

I trust some attention has already been given by the editor and readers of *The Open Court* and *The Monist* to the above interpretation of the universe, abstract and concrete, i. e. to perception and conception, alike traceable to apperception, by which subjectivation of the objective, a consistent Monism is reached, in which the solipsismal ego, or self is seen to be centre, radius, and circumference of all things. Things, indeed, during the process of apperception are quite transformed and dissolved into thoughts—a resolution of "dissolution" quite apocalyptic, opening up vistas, altogether incalculable, to the hitherto fettered mind and conduct of mankind. On its data deity is quite superseded by humanity and the latter collective term by egoity. Without this solipsismal assumption, a visional assumption, when rightly contemplated, seen to be self-evident, freewill seems utterly visionary. On its realisation, determinism and indeterminism are recognised as identical. For if there be no will, accessible to each of us, but our own, chance and destiny are at once reconciled. As indeed Epicurus of old saw and Napoleon, in later times, did not. Even Julius Cæsar, with whom Lord Byron compares the Corsican, to the disadvantage of the latter, is somewhat shaky on this special point. As for Augustus, he was the victim of every kind of good-devil augury, vitiating entirely his claim to be considered a rational being and only, as Dean Swift says, *capax rationis*. If things be so, if in every separate brain there is a separate universe of percepts and concepts, all traditional and authoritative systems fall to the ground. And first among these, the foundation of morality on religion, with which reason, as apprehended by the *Zeitgeist* of our *fin de siècle* generation, is utterly incompatible. I hope the *fulcrum* on which I place my lever to move the world is approximately seen. If so, materialism is self-evidently formulated in so far as the brain, though only mentally apprehended, like every thing and every nothing else, can only be logically apprehended as a *corporeal* structure. What is falsely termed "spirit," therefore, of which theism is only a segment, falls quite out of the play, as only the manifestation, or function, of our somatic organism, and all knowledge must thus, ultimately, be categorised as states of individual consciousness—creation, therefore, of each individual brain. Identify indeed, every form of consciousness, as this synthesis does, with cerebration, and we see, at a glance, that solipsismal egoism is the maker and founder, *vice* the effete notion of deism, of all the worlds, which is, in other words, affirming that our only knowledge of the universe and its contents, can only be (by *synecdoche*) phenomenal—a quality entirely ratified by exact scientific research. I say by *synecdoche*, as putting a part for the whole—phenomena having only reference to one of the five senses, viz., vision, held to be the noblest—and leaving out of sight, smelling, tasting, hearing, and touch as usually understood; though in reality, all forms of sense have touch, in some shape or other, for their basis. The above seems so clear and conclusive that further attempts to elaborate its meaning could only complicate and confuse us. Its acceptance quite condemns the present principles on which the world, in every civilised country, but in none more than in England, is governed. The slightest interference of "spiritualism," as in deities, supernal or infernal, is quite fatal to rationalism. Idealism, as formulated by hylo-zoism and hylo-idealism, is nowadays, and for at least sixty years past, what spiritualism claimed, and, indeed, still claims to be. Without allusion to other evidences of equal validity I am quite willing to test the above proposition by the following instance, viz., on the identity of the organic and inorganic kingdoms—an identity *satis superque* demonstrated by the artificial manufacture, in the laboratory, of the latter into the former since Wohler's experiments on *urea* in 1828. This fact surely alone proves that there is no real partition between what at first sight seems two distinct spheres. Or, in other words, that in so-called vital organisms no factor enters other than is present in ordinary matter—an element overlooked of late years, long after 1828, by men of exceptional genius as Faraday, and G. H. Lewes, as indeed by Tyndall, Sir G. Stokes, Wallace, Adams, etc., of to-day, and indeed paltered with even by Mr. Darwin, whose excuse is that he did not wish to ruffle too strongly the prejudices of "good men"! At bottom the question is an anatomical one.

R. Lewins, M. D.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The death of Tennyson leaves England without a poet, or at least, without a poet of Tennyson's rank; and the literary stature of him grows colossal when the wise men begin to look about for one of equal quality to take his place as laureate. This duty was begun as soon as the prophet's eyes were closed, for there is a wierd fascination in a dead man's shoes. If he held an office we immediately begin to fit them on to various candidates; and sometimes we try them on ourselves. Where an office is involved our maxim is, "business first, sentiment last"; we cannot give precedence even to the funeral, nor wait for the closing of the grave. Sometimes our enterprise anticipates death. I once knew a lawyer who went to a dying judge and got him to sign a petition recommending the said lawyer for the impending vacancy on the bench. Such thrift, however, is rare; we generally wait until five minutes after the death of the incumbent before we seek his place; and this appears to be the custom in England, judging by the premature speculations of the English press concerning a successor to Tennyson. As soon as we heard that the poet laureate was dead, we immediately went into a sort of literary caucus and began to "nominate" candidates for the succession, thinking that our advice and opinion would have weight with Mr. Gladstone. As there is not anybody now in England that the shoes of Tennyson will fit, the Prime Minister has an excellent reason for leaving the office of laureate vacant, or for abolishing it altogether. It is a comical anachronism now. A court poet rhyming flatteries to a king is out of date; especially in England. His ancient colleague, the court jester, became obsolete long ago. As laureates like Shadwell, Cibber, Nahum Tate, and Pye, could not lower the office, neither could laureates like Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson raise it. Tennyson's official poetry, except, perhaps, the welcome to the Princess Alexandra, is lame in the feet; it is mere limping versification, without art or inspiration in it. It was dear at the price, although the salary of the laureate is not large. With Tennyson, the office of laureate can die with becoming dignity, a copy of Shakespeare in its hand.

* * *

As compared with former times there appears to be no spirit in the political campaign this year, not even whiskey. Vehement appeals to "turn out," and "rally" for "reform" and various other impossible things, have not the force they formerly had. The "rousing" oratory of the stump speaker puts men to sleep this year, and the jokes of the platform clown fall dead. "It's like talking to tombstones," remarked a silver-tongued stumper to me the other day. "Why! you remember that old joke of mine about the puppies getting their eyes open? Well, sir, that used to make a roar of laughter, and this year it fails to provoke a smile. The public taste is not so cultivated as it formerly was." I suggested that perhaps the tariff had something to do with it. "How so?" he said. "Well," I replied, "the tariff is an interesting theme, and quail is delicious meat, but eating a quail a day for thirty days will tire the appetite of any man, although the feat has been done occasionally for a wager. The tariff is our political quail; and you cannot offer a bet big enough to tempt a man to make a mental meal of it every day for six months." I think the Republicans are

entitled to the thanks of the country for breaking the monotony of the debate by warning us against a Wild Cat Currency, which they tell us is hidden somewhere down in the Democratic plan. Senator Hill in his New York speech tried to make the war of 1812 an issue in the campaign, but there was no market for it; and I fear it is now too late to get anything better for a relish than the question of a Wild Cat Currency.

* * *

One reason given for the spiritless character of the present campaign is that both candidates are so eminently respectable and safe that the contest is thereby deprived of interest; but this really appears to me to be a reason for greater enthusiasm on both sides. It is also said that there is not money enough in either corruption fund to spiritualise the struggle; and another excuse is that there is not literature enough distributed among the people free. There is something plaintive in the yearning of one of the "doubtful" state committees for more circulating libraries, as appears by the following dispatch to the Chairman of the National Committee at New York: "Meeting of full committee yesterday. Outlook not so favorable. We need national speakers, and 500,000 pieces of literature touching labor." The literature here called for is the illustrated kind, printed by the government on thin sheets of paper, white on the front, and green on the back, biographical on one side and historical on the other, pictures of eminent men on the obverse and of celebrated scenes on the reverse side, such as the Landing of Columbus, Washington crossing the Delaware, DeSoto discovering the Mississippi river, and other events equally attractive and interesting to "labor." As the case now stands between the "two great parties" in that very "doubtful" state, I believe that 500,000 pieces of such literature judiciously circulated will make the "ticket" of either absolutely safe; unless, of course, the rival party has a library of equal size. A ripple of agitation appears on the surface of the campaign when it appears in the papers that Judge Brown, a lifelong Republican, has gone over to the Democrats, and that General Jones, a lifelong Democrat, has gone over to the Republicans, but these incidents are merely wrinkles on the sea. Not until more pieces of literature touching labor are distributed shall we hear that in Jenkins county "the woods is full of democrats" yelling for Cleveland, and that in Tompkins county "the prairies are on fire" for Harrison."

* * *

I have received a circular from an enterprising firm in Chicago commending to my notice a patent flambeau, which by a very ingenious chemical and mechanical arrangement shoots a six foot flame into the sky, so that a procession of republican or democratic patriots armed with the patent flambeau becomes literally a marching conflagration. I know not why the circular was sent to me, as I have long since quit carrying torches in a political campaign, because I have seen the folly of doing so, and not because I am no longer young enough to enjoy the excitement of an illuminated march; but sent it was, and as I gave it a cynical reading I wondered whether I made light of it because I had grown wise, or because my pulses had grown chill. In addition to many other virtues claimed for the flambeau, it is "warranted to create enthusiasm." As this quality appears to be lacking in the present campaign, I thought it my duty to hand the circular to a friend of mine who has been very busy failing to create enthusiasm for the past three months at the headquarters of the state central committee. He gratefully took it and promised to try the patent flambeau as a party stimulant, but he probably did not have pieces of literature enough to do it, for the fire engines have not yet been called on to put out the enthusiasm which the flambeau ought to have aroused. We are pouring superabundant honors upon the explorer who discovered America, and I think that some of them might be spared for the man who discovered a mechanical means to create enthusiasm.

A very effective though rather expensive way to "roll up" a majority for the ticket, was the plan of sending carriages round to bring tardy and reluctant voters to the polls; and I have known men so ambitious for a carriage ride that they would stay at home all day, knowing that one committee or the other would send for them in time. Those very same persons linger on the way to heaven thinking that the angel Gabriel will send a carriage for them and take them up to the golden city in style. It was a weakness of the negroes of the south in the good old slavery days, that they cared little for the heavenly journey unless they could make it in a "chariot." It is a proud and perverse generation that requires literally to be hauled along the way of salvation, but this is the condition to which we have come at last, as appears by the following call for theological carriages which I find in *The Congregationalist*, "Why should not gospel wagons be sent into the country neighborhoods with invitations to the inhabitants to ride into town and attend public services there?" Well! the reason why not is this: the Congregationalist, or any other Christian who will not go to church unless he is hauled there in a "gospel wagon" is not worth hauling. In addition to the luxury of a wagon ride *The Congregationalist* offers these inducements. "It would give them opportunities to become better acquainted with one another, to hear good preaching, to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance and to join in public worship, to which they have grown indifferent after having been at first deprived of it. We believe that many a church might much enlarge its influence by maintaining such a gospel wagon." I do not like to volunteer advice to the churches, although they have never been delicate about giving advice to me, but I think that if they should maintain gospel wagons, the vehicles would become denominational and sectarian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and so on, which would necessarily stimulate unbrotherly competition for passengers; and besides, each church in a spirit of Christian endeavor would seek to make its own gospel wagon a little more luxurious and attractive than the others. Of this rivalry the indolent brethren would surely take advantage. Church attendance would be diminished, for every worshipper would at last require to be hauled in a gospel wagon.

* * *

The prosecution of the Homestead laborers for treason is a moral victory for them. They may now exclaim with Patrick Henry "If this be treason, make the most of it." It throws grave suspicions on the cause of the masters, that they have been driven for vindication to conjure up the ghost of that sanguinary old fantasy known as "treason"; and in sarcastic harmony with all the other parts of the serio-comic play, it has been ordered that the Homestead men shall be tried by a "king's jury." Every forward step taken by social and political civilisation since governments began was an act of treason in its time; and there never was a scarcity of judges to declare it so. The law of treason has to be dug out of mouldy statutes, and the antiquated and foolish decisions of hired courts. A great newspaper, complimenting the charge of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, wherein he expounded the tory law of treason, says: "It is essentially the ruling of the judge in the Chicago anarchist cases, which ruling was sustained by the Supreme court of Illinois." The compliment is deserved, but it might be made stronger by saying also that it was essentially the ruling of Judge Jeffries at the trial of Alice Lisle, when that "distinguished jurist" went the "bloody circuit" in the west, a little more than two hundred years ago; which ruling, by a happy coincidence "was sustained" by king James the Second. The attainder of Alice Lisle was reversed in the next generation, as the American attainders of this generation will be reversed in due time. Alice Lisle was put to death, but king James himself was driven from the throne a few years afterward for tyranny, which according to Lord Byron is "the worst of treasons." And our own Lowell, with the heroic blood of historic traitors coursing through

his veins, and inspiring his genius as he wrote, has told us that "The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed; man is more than constitutions." The great newspaper aforesaid insinuates also that "the time has come when heroic treatment is necessary, and that the Homestead affair must be used to teach disorderly strikers that they must obey the laws." This has ever been the cant of kings. It was the exhortation of Strafford to King Charles, urging him to that career of tyranny which brought king and minister to the block; although instead of "heroic," Strafford used the word "thorough." It is the excuse condemned by grand old Milton, himself a traitor, where he says:

> "Necessity,
> The tyrant's plea excused his devilish deeds."

M. M. Trumbull.

[The last note of General Trumbull seems to us to call for special editorial comment. Is not our highly esteemed contributor here carried away by his sympathy for one party—viz. the strikers—and thus become unjust toward the other—the state? His glorification of treason is a masterpiece of eloquence; it is excellent in sentiment, and breathes a lofty love of freedom, but it seems to us that it is not sound in logic and so will not stand.

The impeachment of the Homestead strikers for treason was made in the name of the state—of the same state whose authority was inconsiderately trampled under foot by the strikers. In our American society where the state as a rule is so little thought of, so often ridiculed, and sometimes even despised, it is praiseworthy that the chief justice of Pennsylvania courageously stands up for the dignity of the state. The state is that power which protects peaceful citizens in their industrial pursuits; it protects also our liberal institutions, freedom of thought, free speech, and a free press. Without the protection of our liberties we could not fearlessly publish all sides of a question as we actually do.

What is treason? Treason is that crime which directly attempts to undermine the existence of the state.

While it is true that all ruling classes such as usurpers, tyrants, monopolies, aristocracies, and castes, are in the habit of branding every attempt at reform or progress as treason, General Trumbull goes too far in speaking of treason as the ghost of a sanguinary old phantasy. He exalts treason; and his argument makes it appear as if real felonious treason did not exist. The state in order to maintain itself must defend itself against treason. The state that suffers treason not only becomes ridiculous but will soon terminate its existence.

What would become of society if General Trumbull's view should prevail! Guiteau must have read similar encomiums on the sublimity of treason. With General Trumbull's argument, he could at least regard his impeachment as a "moral victory." Being condemned for felony and murder, he suffered, in his own opinion, the death of a reformer and martyr. It was more pitiable than grotesque when that poor, misguided wretch died on the scaffold with the shout "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" on his lips.

The Chicago Anarchists were tried for murder and for conspiracy to murder, a crime of which they were not guilty, at least of which they were not proved to be guilty. They should have been tried for treason. *The Open Court* was strongly opposed to their execution, and since that time we have not changed our opinion. The execution of the convicted anarchists was neither fair nor just because public opinion was, during the trial, too much excited to make an impartial judgment possible. We believe that in the case of anarchists, as in all similar cases, clemency should be used. In the case of the anarchists we must not forget that society as a whole was not without grievous faults; society not only tolerated their rampant speeches, but whole classes, among them many respectable citizens and great daily newspapers, approved of the dynamite method of warfare of class against class. It was not recommended for our trouble at home, but it was encouraged in England and Ireland. As soon as the evil results appeared, the severity of the law was too suddenly resorted to. Nor should we forget that the anarchists were not common criminals, but were misguided idealists.

But exactly because misguided men are too easily carried away and led to commit criminal acts, strikers should be carefully informed that a difference exists between the legitimate aspiration of improving their condition and treason.

Lowell is right when saying that man is more than constitutions. So life is more than the rules of health. But the state is not less than the citizens of the state. A state is a real and indeed a superpersonal being. States have been preserved and must be preserved even at the sacrifice of many human lives.

We grant that that state is the best which allows as much liberty as possible to its citizens. So far the principle of individualism is quite right. The highest ideal of a state is therefore a republic. A republic is a state in which all the citizens are sovereign kings. The principle of individualism that pervades republican institutions is good. But an individualism that goes to the extent of abolishing the state, that poopoohs its authority and threatens its very existence, throws us back into the barbary of savage anarchism.

Concerning the Homestead trial, we demand that every reason for clemency be heard and respected; let us also make ample allowance for the sentiments of the men implicated in the affair. They cannot be regarded as common criminals, even though they committed criminal offences. But on the other hand let everybody know it, and let everybody mind it, that employers as well as laborers, the companies plotting a lockout and the strikers quitting work, in short, that everybody without exception, must obey the laws, and that the state will not and cannot suffer its authority to be disregarded.—Ed.]

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SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.*

BY DR. ERNST SCHROEDER.

THE mathematician who is called upon to address a public assembly on a subject within his own province, is confronted with difficulties of quite a special character.

His peculiar researches move almost exclusively in domains, to penetrate in which a skilful mastery of a definite symbolic language is absolutely indispensable. Not only, therefore, does such a province always remain unintelligible to the ordinary lay person, but not infrequently it is also inaccessible, without laborious preparatory work, to many of his professional associates, who, in the present state of a wide division of labor, do not always move in related directions of research. It would, therefore, be too great a misuse of the patience of my hearers, should I select a theme from any such special province of research as is for instance that of quaternions, or ultra-elliptic functions.

There consequently remains, if any regard is to be had for the intelligibleness of my dissertation, only the choice between: (1) A theme of an historical character, and (2) A theme of an elementary, or popularly philosophical character.

I have chosen for my present subject a theme of the latter kind, and one that is the most general of its class. I shall speak of the Sign. In the considerations which I here advance, I may mention that I shall have frequent occasion to introduce the expositions of the philosopher Trendelenburg.†

It was with the appearance of the designative or symbolising activity of the human mind that the human race first rose above the absolute zero point of civilisation, and lifted itself above the level of the animal; and it is not probable that the human mind owes to any one material thing as many advances as it does to the signs of things.

The sign, which in gesture and in sound speaks to the emotions, to the vital dispositions of the body, speaks in the word and in the sentence to the intellect, and possesses the power, in virtue of the laws of the association of ideas, to produce, in the persons who perceive or employ it, determinate pictures and images, and to arrange them in proper succession.

Intermingling, making itself identical with the image, it reacts upon thought. "We are in need of signs," says Leibnitz, "not only that we may be able to communicate our ideas to others, but also that we may be of help to ourselves in our own thinking."

By the sign, the images that would otherwise merge into one another and ultimately melt totally away, are clearly separated, and, as isolated elements, rendered a permanent acquisition to us, over which the thinking mind forever afterwards can exercise control. By means of the sign, distinctions are made, distinctions are fixed, and the distinctions fixed rendered fit for combination into new and peculiar forms. The sign is a handle by which we take hold of the things of thought. In and through the sign ideas are first dissolved from their connection with sense-impressions, to which they otherwise would cling, and enabled to lift themselves to the plane of general significance. Thought, thus, on the one hand, is made free by the sign, on the other is defined and limited by it.

This *general* thought, limited by the verbal symbol, and thus suppositive of a *language*, it is, principally, that distinguishes the human reason from the understanding of the animal. That reason and language go hand in hand in their development, and mutually con-

*A Memorial Address held in November, 1890, on the occasion of the change of the directorship of the Grand Ducal Badensian Technical High School.

†The sources of the present subject are given more in detail in the author's *Vorlesungen über die Algebra der Logik: Exakte Logik* (Leipsic, 1890–91). It was not without hesitation, that I decided to have the present dissertation printed and translated, and my reason has been, that the expositions of Trendelenburg, though, as they appeared in the work of mine just mentioned, took up by the side of the author's own researches comparatively little space, yet here in an address intended to be popularly intelligible, occupy a much greater proportion of space. The latter consideration also brought it about that I have dwelt much more at length here on the statement of the problem in question than on the advances which have been made in its solution, the explanation and further development of which is undertaken in my two-volume work. To the expositions mentioned are to be reckoned first all the historical references to Descartes and Leibnitz, then many remarks of a very general nature, especially the statements on this and the two succeeding pages and other isolated statements in the text, which generally I was unable to give prominence to by marks of citation, and which as they did not literally fit in with the text, I was often obliged to change, though usually only slightly, to suit my purposes or my taste. These utterances of the great-minded philosopher appeared to me, however, as golden words, which did not deserve the fate of being buried in libraries in the third volume of a four-volume work (*Historische Beiträge zur Philosophie*), but deserve the broadest circulation.

dition each other, is a point on which the best thinkers at the present day are at one. And not improperly, has our famous countryman, Max Müller, of Oxford, so long asserted the thesis, "No language without reason—no reason without language," and made this thought the central idea of two of the largest and most popular of his great works, his "Lectures on the Science of Language," and "The Science of Thought."

Many and various are the activities and fields of skill by which man, in the efforts which have lifted him to the present stage of civilisation, has established the enormous chasm that yawns between him and the world of animals.

Though in a certain degree he possesses in common with many species of animals the architectural art, the art of constructing dwellings, though the spider spins its web, the bee constructs its honey-comb, the birds build their nests, and the beaver erects his cities, yet man alone manufactures for himself tools, instruments, and works of art. As a characteristic feature of distinction between him and animals, the art of cooking might well be cited: no animal cooks its food.

But that which goes deepest, and that which is fraught with the most far-reaching consequences, is, beyond all this, unquestionably that province of human activity which reaches its culmination in the creation of a system of *signs* for things—that is to say, in the creation of a language—and which finds its further exercise in the use and development of the same.

Not until very recent times has biology begun to devote due attention to the sensory and mental life of animals. And the first result of its doing so was the general fact that heretofore we have been too much inclined to underrate the intellect of animals. What a wonderful thing, for instance, is the ability of carrier-pigeons, to find their way back to their destinations. How it surprises us to hear that an insect is much farther advanced in the art of counting than many a Papuan negro; for a species of saw-fly, among whom the females are considerably larger than the males, regularly assign to the egg from which the larva of a male is to emerge, only five little wounded caterpillars for the nourishment of the larva, while they assign to the egg which conceals a female animal, ten such caterpillars!

Have not Darwin's careful studies with the earthworm informed us that this low form of animal life, furnished, it is true, with a brain in the shape of a nervous ganglion, yet headless and lacking utterly any specific organ of sense, a creature whose nervous system as a whole appears to possess special sensitiveness to shocks only, nevertheless possesses geometrical judgment enough always to drag the triangular or polygonal fragments of leaves into its tube-shaped subterranean passages with the end which has the smallest angle *first*,—that end presenting the least resistance,—and that it never attempts the operation unsuccessfully!

But it is particularly in the case of the colony-forming animals, like bees and ants, that we observe activities requiring so much union of effort as to make it difficult to believe that some means of mutual understanding based on a common system of signs are not present.

In some species of ants, scientists are now studying architecture, agriculture (ants eradicate grass seeds they do not like), cattle raising (they harbor plant-lice as domestic animals, and at times even build them pens), their conduct of war, and their institution of slavery.

As this last mentioned species of slavery, though not yet extinct in many civilised countries, may not be very generally known, I shall stop a moment to speak of it. In Alsace there live a species of reddish-yellow ants. These sally out at times in multitudinous hordes from their nests or ant-piles and attack the piles of some not far distant black species. Great slaughter then takes place, and when the black enemy has been dispersed, their puppae, or young—popularly but wrongly called ant-eggs—are carried home as booty. The black ants which subsequently emerge from these puppae are then born-slaves. They know naught else from their youth upward but that they have to serve their red masters, and they are educated and trained to minister food unto them. Imagine what is not necessary to such a task. So great, in consequence of this custom, do the ease and leisure of these slave-barons become, that they ultimately lose that most powerful of all animal instincts, the instinct of self-nourishment; as we know from the fact that they will starve to death by the very side of their favorite food unless one of their servants are present to minister it to them.

The busily swarming ants, as they pass one another by, actually seem to communicate with each other. They possess a kind of deaf and dumb language which they speak by tapping one another about the head with their feelers. "If a state," says W. Marshall, in his charming Zoölogical Essays, "exist, its citizens must have some means of understanding each other. And this holds good of ants as well as of men." It is an established fact with regard to some other species of insects, that they make known to one another their presence by means of highly pitched, buzzing sounds, which as a general rule are not perceptible to the human ear.

So much, at least, is undeniably established, that even animals have some sense for signs, and are not without intelligence.

At any rate, in and by the symbol alone, by means of which the same thought, the same purpose, one will and one soul are made possible in many, does that community of human powers exist on which the life of human beings, as a life of individuals in the midst of a great race, their culture and civilisation are founded.

This power of the spoken sign is immensely augmented in writing.

The audible sign, ephemeral as the moment, (at least it was so up to Edison's invention of the phonograph which we all still remember,) is made visible and permanent by the written word, and thus becomes the medium that unites the ideas of those who are separated by space and that makes possible the intercourse, limited it is true, of the present with nations that have long since perished and with those that are still to come.

So far as the life of man is an historical life, a life in a spiritual substance handed down and elaborated by history, in so far is the written word the organ of this constantly continued and constantly extended life and activity. The historical spirit of humanity takes its form and propagates itself in the written word.

For these reasons men have felt since its first invention the importance of writing for human life, and laws have interdicted its forgery.

For half a thousand years almost, the written sign, through the printing-press, has much increased its power of extended communication, and inventors are constantly at work at the problem of so placing written signs on small spaces in the shortest possible time and with the greatest means of multiplication as to be recognisable and distinguishable by the eye. Finally, we may mention with pride that the signs that unite humanity are now transmitted as invisible electricity from country to country, and from continent to continent, embracing in their dominion the entire earth.

The sign in speech and in writing thus has for man a significance unequalled by anything else. Inventions and discoveries, all the material acquisitions which the human mind has acquired control of, are based almost without exception upon the assumption of an intelligible and logically employed system of signs, which is the condition at the same time of the silent soliloquy of thought with itself, and of the intellectual intercourse of humanity generally; and the more we turn our glance from life generally to the provinces of intellectual activity, the more prominent a rôle do we observe the sign to assume: and its most important one in the sciences, particularly in the exact sciences.

Humanity, it is true, will always regard its present industrial and technical excellence as based almost exclusively upon coal and upon iron. From the energy of the solar rays of past millions of years, stored up by kind nature in overflowing store-houses, we derive since more than a hundred years the blessings and innumerable benefits which the steam engine has bestowed upon us, and we now stand upon the point of passing out of the age of steam into that of electricity. Appropriate, though, as these appellations may be, it is perhaps more correct to say that our entire epoch is an age of paper —on account of its enormous production of the material that is the vehicle of the sign which subserves the purposes of thought.

It is certainly worth one's while to bestow profound reflection upon an object which has proved itself in so extensive a degree a blessing to humanity. The ancients were aware of this, as for instance the writing of the Epicurean Philodemus bears witness by its title *Περὶ σημείων καὶ σημειωσέων* (On signs and on things to be supplied with signs). (Compare Bahnsch, Lyck, 1879.) The same point of view also repeatedly appears in the writings of later thinkers, as in Von Holland's treatise on mathematics, "The Universal Art of Symbols and the Different Characters of the Rules of Computation," as in Lambert's "New Organon, or Ideas Concerning the Investigation and Designation of the Truth," etc. According to the celebrated utterance of Gustav Kirchhoff, the extension of which from mechanics as the science of motion, to other sciences is immediate, it is the business of that branch of inquiry "to *describe* the motions that take place in nature exhaustively and in the simplest possible manner"; in which statement there is a direct and implied reference to the fact that it is of prime and essential importance to acquire a symbolic language which shall render such *simplest* "description" possible.

As a general rule, however, we must say, that even in the sciences it is customary to devote rather too little conscious attention to the element of *designation* as such, to the tool, the instrument and means of our description of reality and of our representation of the truth; and what is more, that as a general thing the care that is justly its due can scarcely ever be fully given to it.

As I pass on now to devote to the sign as such some more profound considerations, the necessity presents itself, in view of the shortness of the time at my disposal, of restricting this somewhat too widely extended task, and I beg, therefore, to be permitted hastily to touch upon a few things which I must exclude from consideration.

It is not my intention here to enter upon the history of the numeral signs or of the literal characters of the many hundreds of languages which the earth knows, or upon the phonic and verbal symbols of the East Asiatic tongues, upon the successful deciphering of the hieroglyphics, or upon the runes which in dim prehistoric times our Germanic forefathers cut into the bark of trees. Nor shall the language of the deaf

and dumb occupy us, nor the signs in which the congenitally deaf, dumb, and blind have been taught to read the Bible, nor the signs of telegraphy, nor international codes of signals; nor the marks of money, the stamps of the mercantile postal intercourse and general traffic of the world, nor the insignia of apparel, nor the emblems of heraldry and numismatics.

Still less is it my intention to study the sign in its effects upon the human emotions and imagination. The sign as "symbol" or allegory, as metaphor, simile, or myth, as the object of worship or of religious cult, belongs to æsthetics. The famous æsthetician who wrote the "Third Part" of Goethe's Faust under the pseudonym—characteristic of the general bent and view of this production—of "Deutobold, Symbolizetti, Allegoriowitsch, Mystifizinski," Vischer, supplied us, shortly before his death, with an ingenious study of this theme. The multiplicity of the forms in which human superstition has associated itself with the sign, with the amulets, with the exorcisms and charms of medieval magic, would alone form an inexhaustible theme, would alone fill a tremendous chapter in the pathology of the human intellect, and in the history, by no means yet concluded, of the illusions and hallucinations of the human mind.

I shall limit my task to the consideration of the sign in so far only as it is designed to serve exclusively intellectual purposes, in so far only as it appears to be fitted to promote human aims of knowledge—but shall not do this for any one special sign, but generally.

In this, however, we shall follow the sign from the most elementary duties which fell to its lot to the very highest functions which it has ever performed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURRENT TOPICS.

In a late number of *The Open Court*, I spoke in hopeful praise about the Parliament of all Religions appointed to meet next year in the city of Chicago under the direction of "The World's Congress Auxiliary of The World's Columbian Exposition," a solemn and imposing attachment compelling reverence by the size and sound of its name. I am sorry to say that my hopes are blighted, for the Parliament of all Religions promises to be a failure. This being "Dedication" week, the pulpit theme last Sunday in most of the Chicago churches was Columbus, and the contradictory sects pelted one another with him in a combative spirit that forebodes disaster to the Parliament of all Religions. An event purely natural and human was conjured into a theological miracle, and it was made religiously evident that Columbus came over in a supernatural ship. On this point the vote was unanimous, but there was an acrimonious dispute about the sectarian character of the cargo, some asserting that it was Catholic, and others vehemently declaring that it was Protestant; an idle controversy, frivolous as a claim that the grass is Presbyterian, and the breezes Methodist. "The discovery was purely a Catholic idea," said Father Dore, "nurtured and carried out by Catholics." This was poetically, but not historically contradicted by Bishop Fallows when he reminded the Catholics that "although Columbus found America, Protestants created this new continent." It seems like an act of presumption for an Israelite to thrust himself into the debate, as if it were a free for all fight, but Dr. Hirsch did it, and ideally perceiving in the cabin with Columbus the future civilisation of America, he triumphantly proclaimed that "The constitution of the United States embodies the principles sounded from the housetops by the ancient Hebrews," a boast that I fear will never be allowed a hearing in the Parliament of all Religions.

* * *

Although the theology of Dr. Hirsch contained all the orthodox mistakes that ought to be required of any man, he and his people were thrust out and denied any religious part or share in the domain discovered by Columbus. Although with dogmatic fervor he declared that "Columbus was the direct agent of God," and that "the 12th of October, 1492, was a providential turning in the life of man," he was rudely answered that the Jew was not within the providential plan. "It was one of God's plans," declared the Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus, "that America should be discovered only by him on whose banner was the great emblem of Christianity"; and Bishop Cheney of the Episcopal church, proclaimed *ex cathedra* that "There would be in the coming Exposition only what had been born of Christianity, nourished by Christianity, and pushed to its development by Christianity," shutting out of the World's Fair, and out of the Parliament of all Religions, with one imperious decree, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, Moses, and the prophets. This was the speech of nearly every Protestant pulpit in Chicago, but it was all reduced to vulgar fractions and worldly mathematics by the Rev. Father Cashman who gave this very business-like explanation of the enterprise. "It was because of his intense Catholic faith that he set forth on his mission of discovery. He had heard of India and the great wealth of that country. He was fired with the idea of driving the Turks out of the holy land. This task needed money for its accomplishment, and Columbus set forth to get it with the pure heart and heroic determination of a crusader." The mission here confessed by Father Cashman is almost piracy, and yet there is more truth in what he says than in any of the hysterical rhapsodies of men who pretend to see in the exploit of Columbus the hand of God revealing a new continent, a land literally flowing with milk and honey, for the use of Christians only.

* * *

Several months ago I wrote, "Wise is the man who reads but one side"; and yet, with a full knowledge of the consequences, I persist in the folly of reading both sides, as I did this morning, and here is the deplorable result. Describing the conduct of the police at the dedication parade yesterday, the *Herald* said that "Its distinguishing feature was a brutality such as never before was witnessed in Chicago. Women, men, and even children were unmercifully clubbed; and in almost every case the action of the police was accompanied by a torrent of shocking abuse and obscenity." A column or so of detail follows, and we are informed that "the work of breaking heads began early in the day and continued until the great pageant had passed into history." Some parts of the story are too shocking to describe, but the *Herald* is quite circumstantial enough to be contradicted if they are not true. According to that paper the cruel assaults made by the police on women provoked the Vice-president of the United States to say to Mr. Secretary Foster, "That is shameful." If the story is true we must allow a heavy discount on the greatness of Chicago; but how am I to believe it when I read in the *News-Record* that the police of Chicago "nobly and faithfully rose to the emergency," and that "from all quarters comes praise of the work done by the police in handling the hundreds of thousands of people who were massed along the line of march." Then come tributes to their "tactful force," their "careful energy," and their "unruffled temper." The *News-Record* then "congratulates the police force on the honors it won yesterday." Thus, again, by reading both sides I am left in a state of painful uncertainty as to the truth of either

The Duke of Wellington said on one occasion that there was hardly a general in the British army who knew enough or had nerve enough to get a corps of twenty-five thousand men out of Hyde Park, London. He meant, of course, without confusion, according to tactics, and in a military way. Major General Miles appears to have had misgivings about his own ability to get twenty-five thousand soldiers out of Hyde Park, Chicago, or even into it, in any military style, so he prudently determined not to try. He therefore allowed the troops to get into the park and out of it in their own way. This was not military style, but it was the safest plan for him. It was characteristic of the Fuss and Feathers Department of the Government to send several thousand soldiers to Chicago to take part in the great Columbian parade, and then keep them out of it altogether. Major General Miles was most appropriately appointed by the Circumlocution office to show the World's Fair management "how not to do it." Men who have seen armies of a hundred thousand, or two-hundred thousand men marching through Berlin, Paris, or even through the crooked narrow streets of London will laugh at American generals who dare not march one simple army corps through the wide and rectangular streets of Chicago. What will the old veterans who tramped across a continent carrying musket, knapsack, haversack, blanket, canteen, and forty rounds, say of the American soldiers of to-day who cannot march a few miles on the level pavements of a city without "fatigue"? If the intention was to show the incongruity of soldiers in a civic parade celebrating the achievements of industry and the promise of international peace, then the general did well in keeping the professional warriors altogether away from a procession of the people.

* * *

Not long ago the London *Times* in a rather patronising way contrasted our brick and mortar greatness with our intellectual poverty, regretting in a plaintive wail that Chicago had not yet given to the world "even one conspicuous man of letters." The reproach was washed away last night by the flood of poetry and eloquence contributed by Chicago genius to the banquet of the Fellowship club, at whose tables, in the Chicagonese dialect of the reporter, was assembled "the greatest gathering of distinguished men which ever sat around a single banquet board." Chicago genius had an inspiring theatre of display; the Vice-president of the United States was there, and an ex-president, cabinet ministers, generals, the Chief Justice of the United States, and several of the judges, a cardinal and several bishops, senators, ambassadors from foreign courts, and no less than twenty-five governors, or "chief executives," as the barbarous phrase is. Before that goodly company literary Chicago appeared at its best, excelling ordinary talent as the terra cotta "banner with a strange device" excels in taste and splendor the star spangled banner of the nation. The poet laureate of the city contributed a song that thrilled the company with enthusiasm. There were three verses in it, and every verse melted gracefully into this melodius chorus:

> Hurrah! Hurrah! The button has been pressed.
> Hurrah! Hurrah! Chicago'll do the rest;
> She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best
> While we are honoring Columbus

The historian of the banquet calls that inspiring lyric a "gem," which it certainly is. In order to give a classic tone to the banquet, although it really made it look more like a barbecue, a roasted deer was carried round the hall by four men, "while a chorus lilted the hunting song from 'As you like it'"; a very good song in its way, but Shakespeare's effort was as dull as a bit of wood when compared with our own Chicago "gem."

* * *

The oratory was equal to the poetry, sparkling as Amontillado, genial as Fellowship punch, and fragrant with the aroma of Mumm's Extra Dry. It is wonderful that anything by the name of Mumm can stimulate a man to eloquence, but that was the effect of it upon the Mayor of Chicago. The liquid inspiration was so delicious and so exciting that he could speak of nothing else. Gazing fondly on the wine bubbles in his glass, with eloquent praise he said, "We look into its cloudless depths and forget its dregs of yesterday. We salute it with our lips, and the to-morrows become brighter for that kiss." This beautiful tribute to the nectar warmed the company up to an ecstasy that lasted until the headache in the morning. Prone to moralise, as we all are after the third or fourth bottle, the Mayor said: "We, too, are gathered from many hillsides; the press, which has removed and cast aside the dregs and passions of our daily lives, is fellowship, friendship, love." Melted into philantrophy, he figuratively embraced the whole human race, and gave a certificate of good character to every man at the banquet, saying, "I am sure that we are all bettered for this night, and shall go away feeling that humanity is not entirely bad." The admission that humanity is not "entirely" bad was a great condescension in the Mayor of Chicago, but after looking over the bill of fare as it was printed in the papers, I cannot see how any man could have the run of that for a whole night, wines included, and then think that humanity could ever be bad at all. Then, unable still to get away from the wine, he compared humanity to "the grape whose shell and pulp and seeds contain a pure and sparkling essence." At last, fearful that the tipple would go to waste, of which there was no danger, he said "Let us drink this wine, for it reflects our better selves; let us drink this wine to that fellowship that shares our triumphs without one envious pang. Let us drink this wine to a mutual fellowship, which shall continue until we know the great unknown." What will the London *Times* think of us now?

M. M. Trumbull.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

General Trumbull's remarks concerning the claims of the different confessions on Columbus, suggest to us the idea of publishing an impartial statement of the historical facts of the life of the great discoverer. Columbus was undoubtedly a deeply religious man, and it is more than probable that in many respects he shared with his contemporaries the narrowness of the religious views of his time. But one thing is certain, and that is that he stood high above the average minds of his century in his never-failing trust in science. This trust in the soul of a man of iron energy and unflinching courage made the discovery of the new world possible.

We here extract from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the events of his life up to the moment he achieved his great success:

"Christopher Columbus (1436–1506) was the eldest son of Dominico Colombo and Suzanna Fontanarossa, and was born at Genoa in 1435 or 1436, the exact date being uncertain. His father was a wool-comber, of some small means, who was yet living two years after the discovery of the West Indies, and who removed his business from Genoa to Savona in 1469. His eldest boy was sent to the university of Pavia, where he devoted himself to the mathematical and natural sciences, and where he probably received instruction in nautical astronomy from Antonio da Terzago and Stefano di Faenza. On his removal from the university it appears that he worked for some months at his father's trade; but on reaching his fifteenth year he made his choice of life, and became a sailor.

"Of his apprenticeship, and the first years of his career, no records exist. The whole of his earlier life, indeed, is dubious and conjectural, founded as it is on the half dozen dark and evasive chapters devoted by Fernando, his son and biographer, to the first half century of his father's times. It seems certain, however, that these unknown years were stormy, laborious, and eventful; 'wherever ship has sailed,' he writes, 'there have I journeyed.' He is known, among other places, to have visited England, 'Ultima Thule' (Iceland), the Guinea coast, and the Greek Isles; and he appears to have been some time in the service of René of Provence,

for whom he is recorded to have intercepted and seized a Venetian galley with great bravery and audacity. According to his son, too, he sailed with Colombo el Mozo, a bold sea captain and privateer; and a sea fight under this commander was the means of bringing him ashore in Portugal. Meanwhile, however, he was preparing himself for greater achievements by reading and meditating on the works of Ptolemy and Marinus, of Nearchus and Pliny, the 'Cosmographia' of Cardinal Aliaco, the travels of Marco Polo and Mandeville. He mastered all the sciences essential to his calling, learned to draw charts and construct spheres, and thus fitted himself to become a consummate practical seaman and navigator.

"In 1470 he arrived at Lisbon, after being wrecked in a sea fight that began off Cape St. Vincent, and escaping to land on a plank. In Portugal he married Felipa Munnis Perestrello, daughter of a captain in the service of Prince Henry, called the Navigator, one of the early colonists and the first governor of Porto Santo, an island off Madeira. Columbus visited the island, and employed his time in making maps and charts for a livelihood, while he pored over the logs and papers of his deceased father-in-law, and talked with old seamen of their voyages, and of the mystery of the western seas. About this time, too, he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that much of the world remained undiscovered, and step by step to have conceived that design of reaching Asia by sailing west which was to result in the discovery of America. In 1474 we find him expounding his views to Paolo Toscanelli, the Florentine physician and cosmographer, and receiving the heartiest encouragement.

"These views he supported with three different arguments, derived from natural reasons, from the theories of geographers, and from the reports and traditions of mariners. 'He believed the world to be a sphere,' says Helps; 'he under-estimated its size; he over-estimated the size of the Asiatic continent. The farther that continent extended to the east, the nearer it came round towards Spain.' And he had but to turn from the marvellous propositions of Mandeville and Aliaco to become the recipient of confidences more marvellous still. The air was full of rumors, and the weird imaginings of many generations of mediæval navigators had taken shape and substance, and appeared bodily to men's eyes. Martin Vicente, a Portuguese pilot, had found, 400 leagues to the westward of Cape St. Vincent, and after a westerly gale of many days' duration, a piece of strange wood, wrought, but not with iron; Pedro Correa, his own brother-in-law, had seen another such waif at Porto Santo, with great canes capable of holding four quarts of wine between joint and joint, and had heard of two men being washed up at Flores, 'very broad-faced, and differing in aspect from Christians.' West of the Azores now and then there hove in sight the mysterious islands of St. Brandam; and 200 leagues west of the Canaries lay somewhere the lost Island of the Seven Cities, that two valiant Genoese had vainly endeavored to discover. In his northern journey, too, some vague and formless traditions may have reached his ear, of the voyages of Biorn and Leif, and of the pleasant coasts of Helleland and Vinland that lay towards the setting sun. All were hints and rumors to bid the bold mariner sail westward, and this he at length determined to do.

"The concurrence of some state or sovereign, however, was necessary for the success of this design. The Senate of Genoa had the honor to receive the first offer, and the responsibility of refusing it. Rejected by his native city, the projector turned next to John II. of Portugal. This king had already an open field for discovery and enterprise along the African coast; but he listened to the Genoese, and referred him to a Committee of Council for Geographical Affairs. The council's report was altogether adverse; but the king, who was yet inclined to favor the theory of Columbus, assented to the suggestion of the bishop of Ceuta that the plan should be carried out in secret and without Columbus's knowledge by means of a caravel or light frigate. The caravel was dispatched, but it returned after a brief absence, the sailors having lost heart, and having refused to venture farther. Upon discovering this dishonorable transaction Columbus felt so outraged and indignant that he sent off his brother Bartholomew to England with letters for Henry VII., to whom he had communicated his ideas. He himself left Lisbon for Spain (1484), taking with him his son Diego, the only issue of his marriage with Felipa Munnis, who was by this time dead. He departed secretly,—according to some writers, to give the slip to King John, according to others, to escape his creditors. Three years after (20th March 1488) a letter was sent by the king to 'Christopher Colon, our especial friend,' inviting him to return, and assuring him against arrest and proceedings of any kind; but it was then too late.

"Columbus next betook himself to the south of Spain, and seems to have proposed his plan first to the duke of Medina Sidonia (who was at first attracted by it, but finally threw it up as visionary and impracticable), and next to the duke of Medina Celi. The latter gave him great encouragement, entertained him for two years, and even determined to furnish him with the three or four caravels. Finally, however, being deterred by the consideration that the enterprise was too vast for a subject, he turned his guest from the determination he had come to of making instant application at the court of France, by writing on his behalf to queen Isabella; and Columbus repaired to the court at Cordova at her bidding.

"It was an ill moment for the navigator's fortune. Castile and Leon were in the thick of that struggle which resulted in the final defeat of the Moors; and neither Ferdinand nor Isabella had time to listen. The adventurer was indeed kindly received; he was handed over to the care of Alonso de Quintanilla, whom he speedily converted into an enthusiastic supporter of his theory. He made many other friends, and here met with Beatriz Enriquez, the mother of his second son Fernando.

"From Cordova Columbus followed the court to Salamanca, where he was introduced to the notice of the grand cardinal, Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, 'the third king of Spain.' The cardinal, while approving the project, thought that it savored strongly of heterodoxy; but an interview with the projector brought him over, and through his influence Columbus at last got audience of the king. The matter was finally referred, however, to Fernando de Talavera, who in 1487 summoned a junta of astronomers and cosmographers to confer with Columbus, and examine his design and the arguments by which he supported it. The Dominicans of San Estebân in Salamanca entertained Columbus during the conference. The jurors, who were most of them ecclesiastics, were by no means unprejudiced, nor were they disposed to abandon their pretensions to knowledge without a struggle. Columbus argued his point, but was overwhelmed with Biblical texts, with quotations from the great divines, with theological objections; and in a short time the junta was adjourned. In 1489 Columbus, who had been following the court from place to place (billeted in towns as an officer of the king's, and gratified from time to time with sums of money toward his expenses), was present at the siege of Malaga. In 1490 the junta decided that his project was vain and impracticable, and that it did not become their highnesses to have anything to do with it; and this was confirmed, with some reservation, by their highnesses themselves, at Seville.

Columbus was now in despair. He at once betook himself to Huelva, where his brother-in-law resided, with the intention of taking ship for France. He halted, however, at Palos, a little maritime town in Andalusia. At the monastery of La Rabida he knocked and asked for bread and water for his boy Diego, and presently got into conversation with Juan Perez de Marchena, the guardian, who invited him to take up his quarters in the monastery, and introduced him to Garci Fernandez, a physician and an ardent student of geography. To these good men did Columbus propound his theory and explain his plan. Juan Perez had been the queen's confessor;

he wrote to her, and was summoned to her presence; and money was sent to Columbus, to bring him once more to court. He reached Granada in time to witness the surrender of the city; and negotiations were resumed. Columbus believed in his mission, and stood out for high terms; he asked the rank of Admiral at once, the vice-royalty of all he should discover, and a tenth of all the gain, by conquest or by trade. These conditions were rejected, and the negotiations were again interrupted. An interview with Mendoza appears to have followed; but nothing came of it, and in January 1492 Columbus actually set out for France. At length, however, on the entreaty of Luis de Santangel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of the crown of Aragon, Isabella was induced to determine on the expedition. A messenger was sent after Columbus, and overtook him at the Bridge of Pines, about two leagues from Granada. He returned to the camp of Santa Fé; and on 17th April 1492, the agreement between him and their Catholic majesties was signed and sealed.

"His aims were nothing less than the discovery of the marvellous province of Cipango and the conversion to Christianity of the Grand Khan, to whom he received a royal letter of introduction. The town of Palos was ordered to find him two ships, and these were soon placed at his disposal. But no crews could be got together, in spite of the indemnity offered to all criminals and broken men who would serve on the expedition; and had not Juan Perez succeeded in interesting Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Yanez Pinzon in the cause, Columbus's departure had been long delayed. At last, however, men, ships, and stores were ready. The expedition consisted of the 'Santa Maria,' a decked ship, with a crew of 50 men, commanded by the Admiral in person; and of two caravels, the 'Pinta,' with 30 men, under Martin Pinzon, and the 'Nina,' with 24 men, under his brother Vicente Yanez, afterwards (1499) the first to cross the line in the American Atlantic. The adventurers numbered 120 souls; and on Friday, 3d August, 1492, at eight in the morning, the little fleet weighed anchor, and stood out for the Canary Islands.

"An abstract of the Admiral's diary made by the Bishop, Las Casas is yet extant; and from it many particulars may be gleaned concerning this first voyage. Three days after the ships had set sail the 'Pinta' lost her rudder; the Admiral was in some alarm, but comforted himself with the reflection that Martin Pinzon was energetic and ready-witted; they had, however, to put in (August 9) at Teneriffe, to refit the caravel. On 6th September they weighed anchor once more with all haste, Columbus having been informed that three Portuguese caravels were on the look-out for him. On 13th September the variations of the magnetic needle were for the first time observed; on the 15th a wonderful meteor fell into the sea at four or five leagues distance. On the 16th they arrived at those vast plains of seaweed called the Sargasso Sea; and thenceforward, writes the Admiral, they had most temperate breezes, the sweetness of the mornings being most delightful, the weather like an Andalusian April, and only the song of the nightingale wanting. On the 17th the men began to murmur; they were frightened by the strange phenomena of the variations of the compass, but the explanation Columbus gave restored their tranquillity. On the 18th they saw many birds, and a great ridge of low-lying cloud; and they expected to see land. On the 20th they saw two pelicans, and were sure the land must be near. In this, however, they were disappointed, and the men began to be afraid and discontented; and thenceforth Columbus, who was keeping all the while a double reckoning, one for the crew and one for himself, had great difficulty in restraining the men from the excesses which they meditated. On the 25th Alonso Pinzon raised the cry of land, but it proved a false alarm; as did the rumor to the same effect of the 7th October, when the 'Nina' hoisted a flag and fired a gun. On the 11th the 'Pinta' fished up a cane, a log of wood, a stick wrought with iron, and a board, and the 'Nina' sighted a stake covered with dog-roses; 'and with these signs all of them breathed, and were glad.' At ten o'clock on that night Columbus perceived and pointed out a light ahead; and at two in the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, Rodrigo de Triana, a sailor aboard the 'Nina,' announced the appearance of what proved to be the New World. The land sighted was an island, called by the Indians Guanahani, and named by Columbus San Salvador.

"The same morning Columbus landed, richly clad, and bearing the royal banner of Spain. He was accompanied by the brothers Pinzon, bearing banners of the Green Cross, a device of his own, and by great part of the crew. When they all had 'given thanks to God, kneeling upon the shore, and kissed the ground with tears of joy, for the great mercy received,' the Admiral named the island, and took solemn possession of it for their Catholic majesties of Castile and Leon. At the same time such of the crews as had shown themselves doubtful and mutinous sought his pardon weeping, and prostrated themselves at his feet."

Concerning Columbus's personality we read further on:

"In person Columbus was tall and shapely, long-faced and aquiline, white-eyed and auburn-haired, and beautifully complexioned. At thirty his hair was quite grey. He was temperate in eating, drinking, and dress; and 'so strict in religious matters, that for fasting and saying all the divine office, he might be thought professed in some religious order.' His piety, as his son has noted, was earnest and unwavering; it entered into and colored alike his action and his speech; he tries his pen in a Latin distich of prayer; his signature is a mystical pietistic device. He was pre-eminently fitted for the task he created for himself. Through deceit and opprobrium and disdain he pushed on towards the consummation of his desire; and when the hour for action came the man was not found wanting."

The advice of the Bishop of Ceuta was undoubtedly a contemptible act, but the failure of the Portuguese sailors who had been dispatched to steal the ideas of Columbus and to cheat him out of the fruits of his project, show the courageous discoverer to the greater advantage.

Faith in science is a moral quality. Hirelings have no idea of the religious holiness of science. How can we expect of them the courage to carry out a great work, the success of which rested almost exclusively upon the trustworthiness of inferences that could only be drawn from positively observed facts according to strictly scientific methods.

Columbus, whatever were his views concerning the saints of the Church and the magic powers of ecclesiastical ceremonies, was a man who had unbounded trust in science, and to this trust we owe the discovery of the new world that ought to bear his name.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRITIC OF ARGUMENTS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

UNDER the above heading, in your issue of October 13, '92, Mr. Charles S. Peirce unfairly scores a work entitled "Astronomy Without Mathematics." He styles the work "a melancholy book," and disparages it in strong lauguage, beginning with the title which he stigmatises as the "initial lie." His assumption of authority is probably based on the acknowledged evidence that in advanced astronomy, mathematics is emphatically indispensable. However it does not follow that the writer of "Astronomy Without Mathematics," has not written an interesting as well as valuable treatise on the subject, and one calculated to meet a long felt want. It is not expected that a work with this title will equal the requirements of first class astronomers, but is rather adapted for elementary students, or, better still, for that fortunately growing class in all modernised countries; a class, which, aside from daily duties,

has a tendency towards the accumulation of a fund of general information. To these souls (and I am one of them), a work filled with the intricacies re iting from figures, is not only incomprehensible but often abso ely oppressive and distasteful.

A map of the h avens, or as it has been improperly called, geography of th heavens, if studied and compared, becomes a promoter of pleasure even when unaccompanied by remarks. It is far more instructive and useful to the average citizen, than a book of incomprehensible figures, the vastness of which stupefies us. Computations of eclipses by college students, and which they forget after graduation, in ninety-nine cases in each hundred, cannot afford the pleasure to our later life that the lasting knowledge does that we are familiar with the pole star, dog star, and Orion, which were pointed out to us in our childhood by our parents. It is well for all to know that Mars is outside and Venus within the earth's orbit, while it is obviously unnecessary for those not specially devoted to the science, to burden the brain with stupendous figures of distances between the planets; figures too, which it is safe to say, are not exact.

As I comprehend it, the word "critic," in the above heading, means *an art, like logic*, and is devoted to methods of reasoning. If this is so, then it is but fair to admit, even in criticising, that a work or person qualified to instruct those minds not capable of understanding higher flights, is amply worthy of respect, and in thus meeting these requirements, really fills a distinct niche in our onward educational march.

It is essential that a thorough physicist should know the exact proportion, both as to volume and weight of the components of atmospheric air; still it is pleasing to learn that a simple child can name the elements of the air we breathe. The day has passed when the initiatory learning of a vast list of scientific names with an accompanying prosy classification, constitutes a naturalist. The observant youth with preliminary scientific training, may learn many facts in zoölogy or other branches of natural history, unknown to the so-called closet naturalist or self-satisfied pedagogue. This is emphatically an age of research and study, and the same motive which inspires it, also agreeably fosters the popularising of the sciences with the masses.

It may seem that I am interested in the book "Astronomy Without Mathematics," but this interest is evident only as far as a respect for the title goes, as I assure the readers that I have never seen the work. It occurs to me, as it must appear to others, that the author, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, could not descend from his elevated plane to a greater advantage and in a better cause, than in simplifying the noble science of Astronomy that we might profit. To simplify the subject and bring it within the range of the masses is grand. To create a thirst for study of the heavens is most commendable, for the deepest feelings of reverence cannot fail to be called forth. We are all astronomers then to a certain extent, when interested in the stars, and surely, deep-seated devotion is the result. Young truthfully says:

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

The Open Court, as a very sensible heading, has these words: "Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science." I would ask if there is a simpler way of reaching your aim, than by securing to the masses comprehensive works on our leading sciences.

MORRIS GIBBS.

NOTES.

The *Century* Magazine will take up the Bible and Science controversy. In the November *Century*, Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, answers the question "Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?" with an emphatic *no*. He says: "Literary and textual obscurities there may be upon the surface of Holy Writ, like spots upon the sun, or rather like motes in the eye; but scientific error in its divine purport would be the sun itself extinguished at noon. Such a Bible could not live in this epoch."

Professor Shields's article will be followed by one in the December *Century* on "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs."

The three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which will appear in the November *St. Nicholas* Magazine, commemorates the visit of a party of young girls to the poet's home. It contains the following lines, which have a peculiar significance now that the good Quaker poet has passed away:

"I would not if I could repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep in age, as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see,—
That God is good sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longing prove
The foretaste of diviner love!"

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THE DRAGON AND ITS FOLK-LORE.

BY L. J. VANCE.

Those who have seen Joe Jefferson in the play of "Rip Van Winkle" (and who has not?) will remember the scene where, surrounded by his cronies, he holds his goblet aloft and says, "Here's to your health and to your family's, and may they live long and prosper!" But how many people at the theatre know that the actor unconsciously showed the origin of the use of stimulants? How many ever connect Rip's toast with a prayer? Not very many persons; and yet there is a connection between the two things.

Thus it may be, as Major Powell thinks, that when the mind of the inebriate is inflamed with the fire of drink, and he sees snakes and dragons and impossible monsters, then "inherited memories haunt him with visions of beast-gods worshipped by his ancestors at the very time when the appetite for stimulants was created." No doubt the *belief* in dragons dates back to the time when animals were objects of worship. For, it is certain that the wild and unrestrained imagination of savages filled the material and spiritual world with dragons and monsters of yet other kinds,—hippogriffs, chimæras, minotaurs, devils, and so forth; the world thus containing a menagerie.

In the lowest stage of culture man draws no line of demarkation between himself and the beasts of the field. Thus, to quote Dr. Tylor, "first and foremost, uncultured man seems capable of simply worshipping a beast as beast, looking on it as possessed of power, courage, cunning beyond his own, and animated like a man by a soul which continues to exist after bodily death, powerful as ever for good or harm." Of course, people in this mental stage do not distinguish between the real animals of nature and the monsters of their own imaginings. To savage thought one kind of animal is as likely as any other kind—and this not only with regard to form and size, but also with regard to habits and endowments. Thus, a dragon with the body of a serpent and the wings of a bird is no more unlikely than behemoth, which eateth grass as an ox, or the leviathan breathing fire and smoke, described by Job.

At a higher level of culture, the savage believes himself to be descended from the animal which is his Totem. He worships foxes, bears, and bulls, and takes their names. He thus has a tribe of foxes, a tribe of bears, a tribe of bulls, and so on. After a while certain harmful animals, such as serpents whose sting is death, wolves, tigers, etc., are no longer regarded as objects of worship. The beast-gods are dethroned, and they become beast devils. Thus, we find Fenris the wolf and Jormundjandur the serpent in Norse mythology. So, too, the dragon becomes a beast-demon, and, as such, we find him in the lore of folk no more civilised than the Chinese, the ancient Greeks, the Germans, and European peasants in the Middle Ages.

The inquiry as to the *origin* of the belief in dragons is not so easily settled. The early students of Comparative Mythology had a ready answer. They readily reduced the dragon to a solar myth. They regarded the myth as an allegorical representation of some phenomenon of nature. To illustrate the theory: the sun was observed to disappear below the western horizon; *something* must have swallowed it; monsters were supposed to be the cause of its disappearance; and, as these monsters must be larger and different from any on earth, they were imagined to be dragons. Thus, we do find stories that represent the setting sun as being swallowed by some monster. Many people have believed that eclipses were caused when great beasts devoured the sun and moon. In the language of the Tupis, the word for eclipse means, "the jaguar has eaten the sun." The natives of Sumatra imagined the sun swallowed by a great snake. The Chinese have a story about the dragon which swallows the sun or moon, and so causes the eclipses. The superstition still lingers in China, where the ignorant folk at the beginning of the eclipse throw themselves upon their knees and beat gongs and drums to frighten away the hungry dragon.

Here we may say that the solar theory fails to explain these facts; first, it does not account for dragon-stories which are not nature-myths at all, and secondly, it does not tell the origin of dragons, but assumes their actual existence.

Another plausible explanation is that there were real, live dragons ages ago, "when the earth was young." Those who hold this theory base their argument on the former existence of flying reptiles. Thus,

they point to the creatures called *pterodactyls*—animals, half-lizard, half-bird-like, with wings like those of the bats. The apparatus for flying was a broad fold of skin, stretching from the last digit of the forelimb to the full length of the arm. In the *Rhamphorhynchus* the wing was continued to the tail. These animals were of different sizes, some no bigger than a crow, and some as large as an eagle, measuring twelve feet from tip to tip.*

The above theory is certainly ingenious, and has many points in its favor. There may be an element of truth in it. The fatal objection is that the dragons of myth and fable do not resemble in the least the dragons of nature. Movement by flying, which is still a dream for our scientists and inventors, has always been a mystery and a wonder to men in all ages. Whenever they wished to assign extraordinary powers to animal or beast, they gave it wings; as, witness the winged horse Pegasus, the winged lions of the Assyrians, the great roc of the Arabians, and so on. That is probably the reason why there are so many superstitions about birds. Indeed, the religious fancy of man insisted on fastening wings to the collar-bones of their gods, genii, angels, cherubim, and seraphim. In all the hieratic traditions of dragons, wings are symbolic of supernatural power.

There is yet another and more important item to be taken into consideration; namely, our myth-making ancestors utterly failed to invent forms of animal life, which were in every way and part novel. In fact, they simply combined a number of pre-existing organisms into one form and called it a dragon, minotaur, hippogriff, or whatever name suited them. Man's imagination was not equal to the task of making a new departure. Thus, to quote the testimony of that sharp-eyed naturalist, Dr. Romanes, "the animal morphology of myth for the most part consists in joining together in one organism the parts which are distinctive of different organisms—the body of a man to that of a horse, the body of a woman to that of a fish, the legs of a goat to that of a boy, the wings of a bird to the shoulders of a bull, and so on." Read the bible, or any ancient book, if you doubt it. Even the wonderful wheeled creature of the prophet Ezekiel was a composite form. There were four living creatures, each with four faces—the faces of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle—the hands of a man, and their wings were joined one to another.

I have before me now the illustration of three winged dragons taken from a manuscript of the fourteenth century. The figure on the right has the head and horns of a goat, the feet of a lion, the body and wings of a bird. The middle figure has a half-lizard-like body, the head of a dog, and no wings. The figure on the left has a strange head, the body and wings of a bird, claws or talons, and a long tail ending in another head. The carved and painted dragons of mediæval art are awkward monsters; if living, they would find their wings more of a hindrance than a help.

Finally, the probable origin of the belief in dragons may be referred to certain mental phenomena; for example, in dreams and in many diseases man seems to wander into strange lands, where he sees grim monsters. Now, the savage takes stimulants in order to induce visions; he uses vegetable drugs or narcotics; he resorts to fasting and to bodily torture. His medicine-men, priests, and prophets fall into an ecstatic state for divination and other subtle purposes. In religious practices the visions of ecstacy are ascribed to invisible spirits, and the act of drinking potions is usually accompanied by some kind of an invocation or prayer. The subject is interesting, and might be followed out further.

Dragons have played an important part in the religious beliefs of mankind. They occupied the chief place in Chinese lore. The common people of the Flowery Kingdom are still ruled by the ancient superstition. Mr. Coryell gives a striking instance. One evening, while he was out for a boat ride on the Pearl River where it passes through Canton, he saw a little girl fall overboard from a boat that was anchored in mid-stream side by side with perhaps a hundred other boats. As the struggling girl was swept along by the ebbing of the tide, she tried to catch the anchor ropes of the boats. What do you think the idle men and women on the decks of the other boats did? Nothing; not a hand was outstretched to save the drowning child, not a move made to save her. However, the little creature caught a rope, climbed into a boat, whereupon the owner of the boat scolded her, and passed her on to a second boat-owner, who also shook and scolded her, and so on until she reached her father, who flogged her with a rattan. "It was about as sad a thing," says Mr. Coryell, "as I ever witnessed in all sad China. The idea was that the river dragon must have wanted that particular little girl, or she would not have fallen overboard; and that, desiring her, he would have visited with misfortune any person daring to come between him and his wish by rescuing her."

Classical scholars need not be told about the dragon in Greek mythology. The stories of the hundred-headed dragon that guards the golded apples of the Hesperides, and of the Golden Fleece in the grove of Ares watched by a sleepless dragon, is familiar to all. It does not appear that the Romans were frightened badly by dragons.

* The only existing flying reptiles are the little saurians, which are still found in the forests of India, the Malay Archipelago, and the Phillipine Islands. There are several species. The *Patagium*, as Cuvier says, flys by means of its ribs; the first six pairs of false ribs are drawn out so as to form the framework of a kind of umbrella. The membrane of skin is spread out and used as a parachute.

Traces of the dragon belief may be found in Teutonic mythology—even in Norse lore. Sometimes it is a hero who is swallowed and rejected, or who gives battle, as in the old Norse story of Eireck and the dragon. In the Middle Ages the dragon was the emblem of evil. Thus, the mediæval devil had horns, hoofs, and a tail—relics of the old satyr combined with the Biblical dragon. It was such a fiend that Christian met in the Valley of Humiliation. Apollyon had "wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion." The Saints had many contests with dragons, and, of course, the dragons always got the worst of it. St. Augustine says that "the dragon often rests in his den; but whenever he feels the moisture of the air he is able to raise on his wings and fly with great impetuosity." Dragons have often been introduced into romance and poetry. The hero of the Nibelungenlied, Sigfried, slays the dragon that guards the golden treasure.

To conclude: the dragon myth has followed a general law of mental evolution, namely: that a serious belief in one stage of culture survives only as a matter of amusement, or of æsthetic feeling in succeeding stages. Just as in the royal insignia of China or in Wagner's opera, we see the survivals of a primitive natural history; so, we have the survivial of the practice of ecstasy expressed in Rip Van Winkle's toast, "Here's to your health and to your family's; may they live long and prosper!"

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

BY DR. ERNST SCHROEDER.

[CONTINUED.]

II.

The first step in the use of the sign was—to say it plainly and frankly—an artful act of *dishonesty*. In the place of the thing itself we put something different, something of less value, a mere trifle: the name or the *sign* of the thing—it may be, as a spoken word, a mere sound, or, as the printed word, a pair of dark spots on a bright background. It could easily have happened, for example, that when the commissary-general of the Persian army that invaded Macedonia under Xerxes (480 B. C.) computed in advance the quantity of provisions the army had to take along, when he "calculated" this quantity, that—to make a literal truth of the Biblical simile—he was first compelled to make stones, little limestone pebbles, or "calculi," take the place of bread. "The giving of stones for bread," as the sign of the quantity to be received—this is an occurrence that in all probability frequently happened in the early ages of the race.

But the dishonesty mentioned must, if the sign is to fulfil its purpose, if it is not to be degraded into a mere instrument of fraud, be compensated for and equalised by its user substituting *in thought* for the sign at the proper time the thing itself; by his constantly associating with the sign, with absolute logical consequence, the notion of the thing. Logical consequence in the employment of the sign is thus the first and highest demand to be made in connection with its use. Any departure from it, in itself a *lapsus consequentiae*, is like a declaration of insolvency by a bank or by a merchant who does not cash on presentation the notes or drafts issued by him. Logical inconsequence in the use of the sign is the same thing as, or at least will eventually lead to, intellectual bankruptcy.

The animal, as a rule, is too stupidly honest to take the risk of this first step in the construction of signs. To him the sign, at least the visible sign, always remains the unmeaning, lifeless, and ineffective thing that in its origin it really is. And although horses voluntarily stop at the signs of taverns and inns, yet it will hardly ever be brought to pass that horses will regard the signs of "Look out for the locomotive" at the railway crossings, if their drivers do not do it.

However, it must be admitted that the differences between man and animal, even in this domain, are not of a qualitative character, but must be regarded as one of degree, as quantitative and graduated. And attention may be called to the fact that a few years ago Sir John Lubbock, a famous English biologist, successfully taught his dog, an intelligent poodle, "to read," so to speak, at least *one* word; for he managed to train the animal to pick out from a waste paper basket before meal times, from amongst a great number of pieces of paper written upon in the most various ways (some bearing indeed but one word, and others not written upon at all) the particular piece upon which the word "food" was written. But when we compare the great pains and patience which were employed in training the dog to such a pitch, with the trivial character of the result, the magnitude of the quantitative difference between man and animal will be rendered all the more plain.

When once we have completed the venture of this first step of elevating a sign—for instance, a word, a group of syllables,—to that which it will ever afterwards be to us, the representative and surrogate of a thing, we have then come into the possession of a *name* for a thing. To define what a name is, is scientifically not a very easy task, and the establishment of a definition has been variously attempted by philosophers (by Hobbes and others). The poet says:

> "Names are mere sound and smoke
> Obscuring heaven's clear glow."

I shall spend no more time upon the explanation of the notion of name, which is the common possession of us all, but will simply mention that a name ap-

pears as a proper name in so far as it designates an absolutely determinate thing or object of thought. Thus "The Death of Julius Cæsar" is a proper name, although a polynomial one. The naming of every conceivable thing that it might appear desirable to designate, or of which we might have occasion to speak, could not be accomplished by the formation of ever so many proper names. On the contrary, the necessity soon evinces itself that a language should also form names that embrace a great number of things, of names that are competent to represent and to designate now this thing and now that thing. The indispensability of *common* names is thus also obvious.

A common name of this kind is for instance the name "planet." It embraces the Earth, Venus, Mercury, Mars, and every one of the 301 known asteroids; it is applicable with equal propriety to Jupiter, to Saturn, to Uranus, and to Neptune.

The question now arises, What things shall be designated by the *same* common name. In answering this question, we must refer the inquirer to the faculty which the human mind possesses of making distinctions; we are able to distinguish things that are different, and in similar things, to observe similarities. We are accustomed to denominate those things by the *same common name* which, owing to the fact that they resemble each other in some one feature or definite group of features, recommend themselves, so to speak, of their own accord to us as fit objects for investiture with the same name.

Inseparably connected with this process of denomination, and also with the employment of the common name created by the process, is, on the other hand, the second absolutely necessary process that the congruent features of the things denominated shall always enter into the foreground and central province of the attention. For these features are the sole elements that constitute the bond of connection between our changing conceptions of the individually different things which the common name embraces, and the permanent, ever same remaining name. Growing in with and becoming a part of the common name, they are the hoops of the barrel that hold together the staves of the individual objects.

With all this there takes place in the mind a peculiar psychological process which culminates in our associating with the common name an *idea* or *notion*. The congruent features of things, which we, our attention being called to them, designate by the same common name, mutually *intensify* each other in consciousness, and, as they are again and again placed before the mind, especially when the common name is used, are more and more intensively and vividly thought of: as a result of which the non-congruent features, changing as they constantly do, retreat into the background of consciousness and grow dim. In the phraseology of Kant we *reflect* upon, hold in view the congruent features of things, and neglect or *abstract* from the others.

In our brain there may correspond to this operation a process which can fittingly be compared to the deepening of a furrow in a field, as this is accomplished by repeated plowing. Schopenhauer employs as a simile the tendency a piece of cloth gradually assumes through repeated and protracted bending along the same creases, of lying in definite folds. In view of the great delicacy of the brain-processes, that accompany our mental acts—processes as yet not well known and whose investigation lies in the domain of physiology—these similes are to be looked upon as simple makeshifts.

As shown, there is, then, a second capacity of the human intellect, which enters, in the formation of ideas, into reciprocal co-operation with the faculty of distinction, and supplements it, so to speak. This is the faculty of *abstraction*. We are able to concentrate our attention upon certain features of a thought-of thing; to bring these features prominently forward into the field of our attention and there more or less completely to isolate them by neglecting totally, or as much as possible, other features.

This capacity, or power of the human mind, is, on its part, developed and practiced and strengthened by the profuse and constant formation of ideas; and, subsequently, by its own demands upon itself, the acquisition of new ideas as well as the extension and generalisation of already existing ones, are facilitated, aided, and promoted.

Such conscious augmentation of the process of abstraction, unconsciously brought about in its origin by the common name, is especially practiced, out of motives of a division of labor, in the sciences. In the domains of science the mind is wont, as the result of extensive practice, to acquire a veritable virtuosity in the neglecting of features unessential to the investigation in question, in the disregarding of all adventitious circumstances, in the ignoring of them for its own disburdenment, and, thus liberated, in devoting its full powers to the things that are essential.

We have seen that the formation of ideas goes hand in hand with the introduction of common names indespensably necessary to the creation of a language; the former has its roots in the latter. And *vice versa*, whenever we acquire a new idea we at once feel the necessity of an appropriate name or an appropriate symbol for it. Designation, or the bestowing of names, and the formation of ideas reciprocally condition one another.

By the idea, as is well known, comparisons are made; points of agreement are comprehended under a single head, and points of non-agreement are elided.

But the perception of all differences that exist, and the perception of all agreements that exist—in the aspect of relations, such as ground and consequence, cause and effect—constitutes a knowledge of the totality of the world. Whence it appears that the intellectual aim of humanity will consist in the perfection of our system of ideas. Or, to speak with Sigwart, in a homogeneous arrangement, for all thinking beings, of the multifarious contents of the picture-gallery of the mind, and consequently in the thorough and systematic perfection of what language in the very efforts of unconscious reason originally sought to accomplish. Particularly, however, is it incumbent upon science, to acquire the most appropriate and fittest ideas by the help of which, and by the designation of which, the greatest possible simplicity and abbreviation of our knowledge can be attained, and the most valuable and comprehensive general judgments rendered possible.

In view of all this it will not be a subject of surprise to any one that with the progress of science there goes hand in hand a development, an extension, and an enriching of human systems of ideas, and as a result of all this, an increase in the number of our signs and symbols, an expansion of our terminology, and a constant growth of language, with the constant and successful aim in view of advancing the art of describing reality.

On one aspect of this tendency I desire to lay especial emphasis.

Observation and *inference* are the only means at our disposal to extend the field of knowledge; and according as they need or do not need the first of these means, according as they find the central motive of their operations in the first or in the latter, the sciences are divided, as we all know, into inductive and deductive.

Deduction, correct logical inference, is thus one of the first and most important of arts. It is certainly of the highest consequence everywhere to separate the truth from error. To reach this aim with the greatest possible saving of mental labor, we shall also be obliged, inasmuch as our thoughts are joined to signs, to bestow great care upon saving methods, upon provident economy, with the signs of things—upon the realisation of a system of naming which is the most appropriate possible.

But things which are the objects of complicated inference must generally be thought of and reflected upon again and again; they must be brought into comparison with one another and placed, that is, viewed, in the most manifold relations and connections with themselves and with other objects. They must be mentioned, if only in the mind, again and again. Long or circumstantial names, therefore, will never find easy resting places. And thus we see ourselves forced to abbreviate as much as possible even the names of things, to designate names simply and wholly by *letters*, and to introduce also, for the most important relations and connections between things, new and peculiar signs of relation and connection.

This means that deduction in its highest forms takes the shape of *computation*, of *calculation*, in which "the taxis and thesis of literal or numeral space-pictures" upon a plane surface henceforth form the sole object of contemplation.

The inductive sciences also now exhibit, as a rule, the tendency to pass from the inductive stage of their development to the deductive stage that geometry, mechanics, and theoretical astronomy have already reached. They strive, namely, to replace the difficulties of the study of the things themselves—of the things which we do not always have at hand and which generally we can not hold fast to or fix and manipulate without any further ado—by the study of the signs of things which are always at the disposal of the investigator, and admit of being handled with incomparable facility. In these sciences also, the signs of things will, in the end, frequently form the sole subject of consideration.

Now that we have passed in review the first origins of the creation of a system of names, of a language, I am obliged, in view of the briefness of the time at my disposal, to renounce the further pursuit of this interesting theme and of the manner in which verbal speech met the additional demands of the formation of judgments—a feat which was accomplished by means of the ten well known parts of speech, nouns, adjectives, verbs, etc., and particularly by the formation of words which, like conjunctions and prepositions, are incompetent to furnish names except in connection with other words. It will be sufficient to state that the various languages of the earth—calculated by Max Müller to be about nine hundred in number—have met these demands in the most various ways, but that none have done it in a perfectly satisfactory or in a thoroughly rational manner.

In the first place, in only a very slight number of cases does any ascertainable connection exist between the sign and the thing designated, between the sound of the name and the contents of its image; as in the case of the so-called onomatopoetic words like "cuckoo," "uhu," etc. ("Thunder," "Donner," "tonnerre," "tonitru," are also commonly cited as an instance of onomatopoeia, but Max Müller claims that these words are derived from the same Sanskrit root TAN, to stretch ("dehnen," to extend), which appears in the French "tendre," in the Latin "tenuis," the German "dünn," and the English "thin.")

The language-forming genius of the nation always connects, it is true, with the sign, some very promi-

nent feature of the thing designated; but the association of such features with the contents of what is comprehended by the sign is one-sided and accidental, it does not suggest any sufficiently definite inference as to the full contents and the entire character of the concept. The significant stamp of the sign, however, wears away with time, and the original impression is often in whole languages entirely effaced. The different languages of the world, in fact, designate the same thing with all imaginable different kinds of words. The sound arouses within us the image which has clothed itself by blind habit, as a fact and not logically, in this particular sign and no other.

A second chief imperfection of all word-languages consists in the varying usages of its words, in the double or multiple meaning of nearly all its names.

Multiple-meaning words, however, are not to be confounded with words susceptible of a great number of interpretations, nor words of two meanings with words which are equivocal.

Every common name may be said to be a name susceptible of a number of interpretations. When I say, for example, my hand has five fingers, the name "my hand" is ambiguous, as it can just as well mean my right hand as my left. If we should say, the normal human hand has five fingers, the subject of this sentence would be a name susceptible of an indefinite number of interpretations. The use of multi-interpretable names is therefore not only legitimate, but is, for the purposes of the expression of our thoughts, as already seen, absolutely indispensable.

But when, on the other hand, we first say, metals are chemical elements, and again, brass is a metal, we observe that the word metal at once takes its place in the category of words of double meanings, as in the first sentence it is used in a different and much narrower sense than in the second. And a person who will compare and connect the two judgments will hardly be able to escape the false inference that brass also must be a chemical element. Double meanings lurk in the vacillations of usage. They are a permanent violation of the fundamental demands of logical consequence or discipline in the use of the sign, and are pregnant with great dangers for thought.

To all this must further be added a great variety of logical imperfections and irregularities in the word-languages of the world, which as yet greatly differ from one another in the laws for the construction of sentences, in the usages of the cases and prepositions, etc., etc.

In brief, a stupendous task arises before our eyes; the task of still further perfecting the sign, to which the human mind already owes so much, of freeing language of its imperfections, and, by the appropriate fashioning of the sign, of bringing the sign and the thing into perfect and law-governed correspondence (or, as Trendelenburg says, "into an immediate connection"). This we do by inventing and substituting in the place of the words that accidentally happen to be used in the languages of the world, signs which shall stand for and represent, in point of distinction and in point of comprehension, the features distinguished and comprehended in the mental notion of that word.

A designation of this character, if extended over the whole field of the objects of thought, will, in contrast to the verbal sign, in its present greater or less indifference to the contents of mental images, be a *figurative* language of the ideas of the mind, an ideographic language, and, as opposed to the special languages of the nations of the world, a universal language of the thing, a pasigraphy.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CURRENT TOPICS.

To sell or not to sell intoxicating liquors at the World's Fair, was the question before the national commission yesterday; and the decision was a compromise, forbidding saloons and open bars, but permitting restaurants and cafés to sell that rather indefinite refreshment which goes by the name of "a light stimulating beverage"; something not in too conspicuous contrast with the sabbatarian character of the show. There is in this country, and in some other countries too, for that matter, a large and very respectable class of persons, who are most religiously opposed to every sin that has no profit in it; and this element was well represented on the national commission. It was delightfully edifying to hear the commissioner from California expose the wickedness of selling intoxicants at the World's Fair; although he "really could not see any objection to light California wines," a moral sentiment that made a great impression, for when he uttered it the honorable commissioner beamed upon the company like Ah Sin, with a smile that was childlike and bland. An irreverent person, who very likely preferred the vintage of Peoria, the crystal spirit of corn, contemptuously replied, "If we have anything, it must be something better than your tough California wines." It seemed really sacrilegious to call the sparkling brew of California, "tough," and only the memory of many headaches justified the word, but it vindicated the democracy of drinks, and compelled the California stimulant to take its chances on terms of equality with every other. In some features of it the World's Fair may be rather local and provincial, but in the matter of drinks it will be cosmopolitan and magnanimous.

* * *

The highly moral tone of the commissioner from California, who was willing to compromise with his conscience on the basis of light California wines, reminds me of Deacon Modlin, who kept the only store they had in Marbletown when I first "located" there. He was a very enthusiastic temperance reformer, and he religiously refused to sell any intoxicating liquor to anybody except for communion purposes. The consequence of that was that every man who lived within a ten mile radius of the village was a communicant in some denomination or other; and they were continually taking the sacrament. The deacon thought that if there was profit in the business there was also piety. On my last voyage to the Old World, I made the acquaintance of a philosopher who had travelled in many lands, and we became intimate friends on board the ship that carried us over. He was a profound student of man-

kind and he gave me valuable instruction for which I am very grateful. I parted with him at Glasgow, and as he affectionately shook my hand in a fervent farewell, he magisterially said, "When travelling, always drink the liquor of the country you are in." This was the last bit of advice he gave me, and I think I can improve upon it now. In a qualified form I give it to the millions from all nations who will visit us next year. I advise them not to take our sabbatarianism or our teetotalism seriously. We like to indulge occasionally in the humor of the pharisees, but there will be no scarcity of liquids at the fair. Although I have no official authority from the board of directors to do so, I think I may take the liberty to say to every visitor from every nation, "Call for the liquor of the country you are from, and you shall have it."

* * *

The speech delivered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States at the banquet of the Fellowship club, appeared to be rather patriotically diminutive when contrasted with the grandeur and magnitude of the Columbian dedication. In the presence of ambassadors from twenty nations he lowered the stately grandeur of our national union until the consolidated republic shrunk to the inferior stature of a "*federal*" government. The Chief Justice reminded me of poor old Mrs. Wilson, dear good soul! who lived near the little town of Kirkville in Missouri. It so happened that a regiment of us, wearing blue, marching through that country in the summer of '61, fell in with a contradictory regiment wearing gray, and we drew up in line of battle with our left flank resting upon Mrs. Wilson's house. There we waited for the attack of the enemy, who, however, fell back from the shots of a piece of artillery we had with us, which, by the way, would not have killed one of them in a week. As Mrs. Wilson's house was the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood, our boys planted the flag on that, a proceeding which greatly offended the old lady, and she fiercely demanded that we take down that "federal" rag. This, of course, could not be done; and shortly afterwards, noticing that some of the soldiers were stealing tomatoes from her garden, she complained of the wrong, and pointing proudly to the banner floating upon her house, she said, "I claim the protection of 'the National flag.'" The Chief Justice resembles Mrs. Wilson. So long as he has plenty of cakes and ale, and can sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, he may deign to recognise the "federal" government; but if peril should threaten the existence of his great office with all its perquisites, he would claim as lustily as Mrs. Wilson ever did, the protection of the "National" flag.

* * *

The rollicking way in which our magistrates of high and low degree repeal the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Illinois is another proof of our fearless originality and enterprise. A dignitary of some importance explained it thus to me: "True, the law says *that*; but custom, which is better law, says *this*; and therefore we follow the custom in Chicago, because we find that it works better than the law." I dispute not the reason, but I think the practice is a little anarchistic in its way. There is a story in this morning's paper theatrical enough to stimulate a novel, and only in a novel such a story ought to be. A notorious woman, well known to the police, was arrested and taken to the station, whence in a mysterious way she made her escape, marching through a squadron of police out into the air of liberty. There is nothing so very remarkable about that, but the story unwittingly exposes a system of false imprisonment against which the Constitution and the law give suspected citizens no protection at all. Speaking of the woman's escape, the paper says, "The orders of the Chief of Police were to lock up all known thieves during the dedication ceremonies and not to book them. This last order was to prevent bail sharks from releasing such prisoners as Nora." In other words, a mere policeman, a ministerial officer of the law, suspends the law of his own motion, and orders accused persons to be imprisoned without bail. The furtive way of doing it is "not to book them," so that if any friends come to bail them out, or offer them any other assistance, the officers, having locked the victims down in the dungeon underground, can say, "There are no such persons on the books." A custom such as that may be better than the law, but it invites and encourages the exercise of arbitrary power. It is not original in Chicago; it formerly prevailed in France, where the king or the prime minister would order the police to imprison a citizen in the Bastille, but "not to book him." In Chicago, the growth of private spirit and the decay of public spirit seem to run together; and for evidence of this I offer the Exposition on the one hand, and the policeman's illegal order on the other. There is as yet no public protest heard against official anarchy.

* * *

So poetically splendid was the burial of Tennyson in Westminster Abbey that the mourning dirge resounding among the Gothic arches overhead was like a song of triumph chanted at the coronation of a king. England, though in tears, was glad, that another of her sons, the greatest in his day, had come safely home to his inheritance in the abbey where the grand old mother guards the ashes of her poets, her statesmen, her warriors, and her kings. Solemn, dignified, and mournful, as every part of the funeral was, there was also an air of spiritual exultation in the anthem, as if the poet himself were singing it. Surely his living genius was in the notes of the great organ when it said:

> "Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark;
> And may there be no sadness of farewell
> When I embark.
>
> For though from out our bourne of time and place,
> The flood shall bear me far,
> I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
> When I have crossed the bar."

Only a great spirit, innocent, and therefore fearless, could say "face to face" as the harbor of eternity appeared before him, and he could almost hear the moaning of the breakers on the bar. It was all characteristic and harmonious, for "face to face" is a very English phrase, as Tennyson was a very English man. Willing to meet "face to face," whomsoever or whatsoever might be "across the bar," serene as a philosopher, he died with Cymbeline in his hand; and with poetic fitness they buried the book in his grave, open at the dirge he read when he was dying:

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust."

They buried him at the feet of Chaucer, the first man, as Tennyson himself was the last man, to show what the English language was able to do in poetry. Browning, Dryden, Dickens, and Macaulay, are close by, and not far away is the grave of Spenser, from whose tomb I copied the following words the last time I visited the abbey. I quote them here because I think they will apply to Tennyson: "Heare lyes (expecting the second commynge of our Saviour Christ Iesus) the body of Edmond Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe othir witnesse than the workes which he left behinde him." So the works of Tennyson will be the witness of his divine spirit so long as men shall speak in the English tongue.

* * *

Once upon a time a regiment of soldiers demanded eagerly to be led into battle, but the colonel said "We have no arms"; to which the men replied, "We will take them from the enemy," and proceeding bravely to do so, they were themselves captured. "We have no money for campaign purposes," says the colonel of the

Democrats, while the Republicans have millions"; and up comes this answer from the rank and file, "Let us capture it." When the colonel inquires how, they say, "By betting." The scheme is to despoil the Republicans by offering odds on Cleveland. So strong is the temptation to accept those odds that, as we are informed by the New York dispatches of this morning, "A syndicate of rich Republicans is being formed to cover the large wads of Democratic money now awaiting betters in the Fifth Avenue and Hoffman hotels." The financial middleman who will negotiate the wagers on the part of the syndicate is a colonel bearing the extremely martial name of Swords. He will have the money all ready next week; and here is his defiance, as it flashed across the wires yesterday, "Next week I shall run all the Democratic speculators into their holes; I'll drive them out of the field." That he is very likely to do it appears from the following credentials which are indorsed by the Democrats themselves: "Colonel Swords is the amiable and accomplished bluffer of the National Republican Committee who wagered most of the gambling part of the Wannamaker fund of 1888." When I reflect upon it that this proceeding won in 1888, it appears to me that Colonel Swords is a very good man for the Democrats to let alone. In a purely non-partisan and friendly way I would like to ask this question, If the Democrats have no money for campaign purposes, where do they get the "large wads" now awaiting betters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel? To encourage gambling on candidates is good politics, because men can be relied on to vote as they bet.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Le Nihilisme Scientifique. II. Correspondance entre l'Étudiant Ti et le Professeur de Philosophie Ousia. 1. Sources du Nihilisme. By *P. Van Bemmelen*. Leide: E. J. Brill. 1891.

The first part of M. Van Bemmelen's "Scientific Nihilism" was noticed in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The Monist*. Here the learned author continues the imaginary correspondence between Professor Ousia and his pupil Ti, and after formulating the nihilist's creed, on the basis of the world being Maya or illusion, proceeds to show how science, while in search of the *real*, has become enamoured of "nothingness." This result is due to the influence of certain currents of thought which have diverted science from the right path. These are described as ideophobia, materialism, monism, agnosticism, evolutionism, and "the passion for universal abasement." The monism of the author is the passion for unity and simplicity; it resolves the qualitative differences of things into quantitative differences of their constitutive elements, and it affirms that all elementary forces are derived from a single force, which is original and universal; thus leading to the effacement of all proper character and all diversity in the universe, and finally to the *unity of nothingness*. Agnosticism leads to nihilism, because what is absolutely and necessarily unknown ceases to exist for us. The theory of evolutionism, which is essentially that of Spencer, constantly reduces the value of superior phenomena to that of inferior, and thus depreciates life and mind, by regarding progress as not real but as simply an increase of complexity.

Owing to its importance, a separate letter is devoted to "the movement which tends to depreciate man and the universe." This current of thought is fed by the other streams already referred to, but in itself it is a powerful reaction against the optimist views of all kinds which preceded it, and it is exhibited as a pessimism whose joyousness and fervency shows it to be without precedent in human history. The reaction against the Hegelian philosophy led first to man being deprived of his privileged position among living beings, and then to the dethronement of God himself. The debasement of religion which followed was accompanied by that of morality, and it was extended even to the realm of æsthetics, so that the world, so far from being beautiful, was declared to be essentially ugly, and human nature itself to be depraved. This depreciation predisposes to nihilism, since we do not care to defend what is not worthy to exist.

There appears to be considerable force in M. Van Bemmelen's criticisms, particularly in relation to evolutionism and pessimism. The author promises a further communication from Professor Ousia on space and time, matter and motion, and when this appears, we shall be able to judge of the value of his constructive work.

Ω.

NOTES.

Several months ago there was a great deal of talk about a literary discovery of unusual importance, relating to Victor Hugo. M. Octave Uzanne, editor of *L'Art et l'Idée*, and one of the best literary authorities in France, has been granted the exclusive privilege of examining carefully the two thousand pages of this unpublished manuscript, called the "Journal of Exile" of Victor Hugo, covering the years 1852 to 1856 of the poet's residence on the Island of Guernsey. These papers were sold as wastepaper, for eight or ten shillings, a little time after the death of Hugo, and it is only recently that their importance was discovered. They are really conversations and opinions of Victor Hugo and his friends, recorded from day to day by his son, François Hugo, and carefully revised in the hand-writing of Victor Hugo himself. M. Uzanne is an expert on all matters relating to Victor Hugo, and he has made a most judicious selection of interesting matter from the journal, which now appears in the November number of *Scribner's Magazine*, with portraits and a fac-simile of a page of the journal.

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RENAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

A SAFEGUARD of justice, in the estimation of moral, as well as of intellectual, attainments, is the rule to distinguish between the general type and the realised standard: the main direction of the current of tendencies, and the actual rate of its progress.

In comparing the characteristics of different periods of civilisation, the standards, in both respects, will generally be found to differ more than the types and to have been much more modified by local circumstances. Thus, for instance, the manful rationalism of the Roman nation at the time of the elder Pliny compares, on the whole, favorably with that of their modern descendants in any country of southern Europe, yet local conditions favored the progress in that direction in regard to religious liberty, while they hindered it in regard to secular science. The same statesmen and philosophers who, with rare exceptions, recognised every nation's right to formulate its notions about Heaven and Hades, as fully as they conceded every man's right to express his private theories on the habits of the Man in the Moon—these same prototypes of our most advanced religious reformers nevertheless believed in miracles and omens, in werwolves, mermaids, and goat-footed satyrs. Since the time of King Numa they had undoubtedly advanced, both in point of science and religious tolerance, yet in the latter direction their progress was favored by the comparative liberality of their political institutions, while in the former it was obstructed by superstitions derived from the ignorance of their rustic ancestors.

In the intellectual standards of individuals we can often notice a similar contrast which can be best explained while we can still realise the influence of the circumstances that limited the development of mental tendencies in special directions. For it has been well said that the heresies of one age become the truisms of another, and a time may come when philosophical critics will find it difficult to comprehend by what metamorphosis of intellectual principles the cautious and compromising author of the "Life of Jesus" could come to risk the trenchant, and almost recklessly candid, speculative chapters of the "Future of Science," and "Moral and Mental Reform."

For that contrast can by no means be explained on the theory of successive advances from lower to higher stages of rationalism. As early as 1847, Renan's contributions to secular philosophy are marked by the intellectual radicalism of his later works; while to the very last, and at a time of life when men are not apt to sacrifice the prestige of a hard-won reputation to traditional prejudices, his attempts at the solution of ecclesiastical problems characterise a transition stage of the progress from dogma to reason.

Ernest Renan's innate penchant for speculative rationalism manifests itself in all his works, but only in the arena of secular science could his tendency in that direction start abreast with the advanced thought of the times. In everything pertaining to the problems of dogmatical Christianity his speculations were hampered by mountain-masses of orthodox prejudices. In the open fields of philosophy he moves with winged steps, unhampered even by the desire of concession to the claims of established theories, within the enchanted circle of religious traditions he staggers under a comparatively diminished, but still enormous load of dogmatism,—his light-ward movements sustained by inborn strength, but with the constant implication of an apology for moving at all. To him the deadly anti-naturalism that repressed the intellectual development of a hundred nations, as with the coils of a strangling hydra, is a "sublime system of ethics, injured merely by the exaggerated ideas of its godlike authority"; the thousand years' eclipse of freedom and liberty, that intervened like an unnatural night between ancient and modern civilisation, he ascribes to the brutality of barbarous nations,—the same barbarians that proved so amenable to the influence of Pagan and Mohammedan culture. He extols the beauty of the horrid superstition that deluged Europe with blood and tears, and appeals pathetically to the duty of free inquiry for having ventured to maintain its human origin and question its absolute truth and infallibility.

Yet in estimating the relative rate of progress, we should remember that even the poet-philosopher Goethe, with all his educational advantages, haltered

his Pegasus at the rock of Pantheism and listened to the hammer-strokes of the Titan Spinoza, while the nineteen first years of Renan's life were passed under the influences of the Treguier priest-school and the seminary of the Abbé Dupanloup.

In politics, historical criticism, and even in the study of non-Christian religions, Renan was a radical of radicals.

He says:

"The Koran is from beginning to end nothing but a mass of sophistical argumentation. . . . Islamism abounds with the most absurd fables. . . . It has been proved that the immense majority of those who followed the prophet of Mecca, had not the slightest religious faith in him. After his death it was seriously discussed whether they should not abandon his religious enterprise and only continue his political work ('The Future of Science,' pp. 261 and 479.)

"The religion of the Romans always remained an aristocratic creed, and there never was a system of faith less capable of becoming the religion of mankind. What interest could a Gaul, a Syrian, an African take in a worship which concerned only a small number of proud and often tyrannical families?

"It is strange that Europe should have adopted as the basis of her spiritual life the literature of the Hebrews, the work of another race and emanating from a spirit different from her own. As a matter of course she only could accommodate herself to them by entirely misconceiving their meaning."

It can do no harm, though, to notice the fact that the latter passage was not written till after Renan had been deprived of his Hebrew professorship in the College of France. That outrage may have convinced its victim that moderation may cease to be a virtue if carried to absurd and yet insufficient extremes. Our friend Conway, by the way, had the advantage of a similar experience, when in one of his contributions to a leading American freethought paper he expressed the trust that "Men will not willingly smite the face of Truth if her aspect is mild and her voice is low," and in a subsequent number of the same journal was brutally attacked for his mild defense of the freethinker Foote against the persecutions of British bigots.

Ethical idealism, as opposed to the cash-register type of utilitarian morals, had no stauncher defender than Ernest Renan. Like Marcus Aurelius, he held that the sense of duty should contrive to dispense, not only with the hope of reward, but even with the hope of escaping downright ingratitude.

"Men who devote their lives to the service of Truth, must be prepared to face the risk of having to work for a small rate of direct wages. Nations, too, which work out social and religious problems in their own bosoms become almost always politically weak. Every country which dreams of a Kingdom of God or lives for grand, general ideas, and pursues a work of general interest, sacrifices through the same its individual destiny, enfeebles and destroys its *rôle* as a terrestrial country. One can never set oneself on fire with impunity."

He then adds:

"And yet, I wish to God that I could have succeeded in making it clear that there is in the pure cultivation of human faculties and of the divine objects which they attain a religion as sweet, as rich in delights as the most venerable forms of worship."

A passage which deserves to be inscribed on the title-page of every work devoted to the reconciliation of religion and science.

"Woe be them who are at ease," says Carlyle, "because," comments Renan:

"The aim of humanity is not repose, but moral and intellectual perfection. How can people talk of taking their ease, when they have the infinite to traverse and the perfect to reach? Mankind will repose only when it has reached perfection. It would be too strange if a few profane persons could, from motives of dollars and cents or personal interest, arrest the progress of the mind, the true religious problem. The most dangerous state for humanity would be that in which the majority, finding itself quite at ease and not wishing to be disturbed, should retain its repose at the costs of thought and of an oppressed minority. When that occurred, the only safety would be in the moral instincts of human nature, which, no doubt, would not be found wanting."

Nor does Renan shrink from the logical consequences of that theory in its application to religious problems. Colonel Ingersoll's remark that "an honest god is the noblest work of man," is said to have cost him the nomination for the governorship of Illinois; yet that proposition is merely an epigrammatical variation of Renan's prediction that:

"After having organised humanity, human reason will one day proceed to organise God." ("The Future of Science," p. 31.)

And again:

"It is a bold thing to assign limits to the reforming power of human reason, or to reject, no matter what attempt on the plea that it is without precedent. Every reform was characterised by the same defect originally, and, besides, those who prefer that reproach do so nearly always because they have not a sufficiently extensive idea of the various forms of human society and human history. In the East, thousands of people die of starvation or of wretchedness without ever having thought of revolting against the established powers. In Europe, rather than die of hunger, a man thinks it better to snatch up a rifle. . . . The greater or lesser extent of a people's belief in fate is the test of their rank in civilisation. The Cossack blames no one for being knouted; it is his fate. The Turkish rajah bears no one a grudge for the burdens imposed upon him; it is his fate. The poverty-stricken Englishman nurses no grievance; if he starves to death it is the decree of fate. The Frenchman revolts if he suspects that his misery is the consequence of a social organisation capable of being reformed."

Yet Renan was very far from being a "Chauvinist." The cause of truth is dearer to him than the cause of France, and on occasions he takes the risk of treating his countrymen to decidedly severe moral and political lectures.

"In reflecting on the decay of the scientific spirit," he says, "it seems to me that the small importance attached among us to higher education, and the total want of institutions corresponding to the German universities is one of its principal causes. And how can one help regretting at the same time the deplorable nullity to which the provinces seem condemned for want of local literary movements and institutions; when we come to consider that every small town in the Italy of the sixteenth century had its master painter and master musician, and that every town of 5000 inhabitants in Germany is a literary centre, with a printing press, devoted

to works of science, a library and often a university; when we consider all this we feel grieved at the want of initiative of a great country reduced to a slavish imitation of her capital. The distinction between Parisian good taste and provincial bad taste is the consequence of the same intellectual organisation, but it so happens that this distinction is as hurtful to the capital as to the provinces; it invests the question of *taste* with an exaggerated importance. All this is a proof of the somewhat melancholy fact that art, science, and literature do not flourish among us in consequence of an innate and spontaneous need, as in ancient Greece, or in mediæval Italy, for with us, in the absence of stimulation from without, there is no production.

"Our morbid dread of pedantry explains why certain sciences are held back by a kind of shamefacedness and hardly dare to assert themselves openly. We are so terribly afraid of ridicule that everything which can possibly lend itself to a semblance of it arouses our suspicion; and the most worthy things by incidental associations may lay themselves open to it. The term pedantry which, if not clearly defined, may be so mischievously applied, and which, with the unthinking is almost synonymous with everything relating to serious and scientific inquiry, has in this way become a scarecrow to subtle and refined intellects, who have often preferred to remain superficial, rather than lay themselves open to a frivolous and absurd attack."

"Hope," says George Sand, "is the faith of this century," and Ernest Renan exalts that faith to the dignity of an intellectual religion.

"Many of my readers," he says, "may feel surprised at the frequency of my appeals to the future. Yet the only means of understanding and justifying the modern spirit is to look upon it as a necessary stage towards the perfect, in other words toward the future. And this appeal is not the mere act of a blind faith falling back upon the unknown. It is the legitimate result emanating from the whole of the history of the human intellect. Let those take heart who dread to see the effects of the human mind stifled by material preoccupations. Intellectual culture, speculative research, science and philosophy, possess the best of all possible guarantees: I mean the needs of human nature itself. Man will never live by bread alone. The disinterested pursuit of the true, the beautiful and the good is as imperative a want to him as the need of satisfying his hunger and his thirst."

DOES THE STATE EXIST?

One of the most beautiful and thoughtful publications on the Christmas market of this year is "Columbia's Courtship" by Walter Crane, which represents a picture-history of the United States in twelve emblematic designs. Who is Columbia? Columbia, as we all know, is an allegorical figure; and allegorical figures do not exist. But why then do we enjoy these and other similar works of art? Supposing they are mere lies and chimeras, are not iconoclasts rightly entitled to destroy the products of a superstitious imagination?

The tendency of the times is individualism, and the glory of our institutions is, that they have, for the first time in the world's history, given, in principle at least, a most unbounded sway to individual liberty. And rightly so. It may be counted as a national characteristic of us Americans that we believe in liberty, in individual liberty, and it almost amounts to treason with us, to lose confidence in the feasibility of free institutions and the inalienable right of every one of us to liberty.

True it is that this theory remains too much mere theory. Having free institutions we are not at all jealous of our liberties. We allow inroads upon our rights to be made almost daily and do not object. Even our legislatures, the national legislature at Washington not excepted, have passed bills which closely considered are unconstitutional.

Individualism being recognised, at least theoretically, as the tendency of the time, its principle is often misunderstood and the mistakes carried to an extreme. There are people who flatly deny the existence of society, state, nationality, or any superindividual entity. They declare the individual alone exists; the individual is a reality; but society, the nation, the state, are mere collective terms of a number of individuals. If this be so, has not the iconoclast a right to break the idols and to destroy them, be they ever so beautiful? Or should perhaps the allegorical figures representing nationalities, states, cities, etc., possess a meaning, so that after all they are not senseless vagaries of an idle imagination?

Several years ago I came across a pamphlet in which the author, a German-American journalist, holding a prominent position on the greatest German newspaper of New York, undertakes to prove that nationality does not exist; for what is nationality? Is it constituted by the territory of a nation? No, for there are people of an alien nationality living in the territory of every nation. Does it consist of blood-relationship? No, for immigrations take place among all the nations on earth, and foreign blood is constantly infused everywhere. Is perhaps the language the distinguishing feature of nationality? No, not even the language constitutes nationality, for German is spoken outside of Germany, and English outside of England. Ergo, he argues, nationality does not exist, and a nation is only a number of individuals.

These arguments seem very convincing; and yet they are ridiculously superficial. Suppose a chemist wanted to know what a clock is, and began his enquiry by analysing the substance of which the clock consists. He would find only some copper and iron and other chemical elements, but no clock. Would he be intitled to conclude that clocks no not exist, that there are heaps of brass wheels and cogs, but no clocks, and that the mere idea of a clock is the product of a feverish imagination.

The same argument which disproves the existence of the state and other superindividual entities, will serve to disprove the existence of the individual. For what is an individual? Does an individual consist of matter? No, certainly not! For the material particles

of which an individual so-called consists are constantly changing. Man's body is a constant flux. Is an individual constituted by the titles, possessions, and rights he enjoys? No, he is not, for he may lose them or acquire new ones. Well then, is perhaps an individual the totality of his ideas and aspirations? Even the ideas and aspirations of a man are not constantly the same; he sometimes forgets or neglects his aspirations which were very powerful in him, and he will most probably be swayed by new ones of which at present there is no trace in his soul. So let us conclude that individuals do not exist, and that the assumption of individuals is a mere illusion; it is a pet superstition of to-day.

These arguments are just as valid as those that prove the non-existence of the state. And yet facts speak louder than syllogisms. Here we are real beings, and here we live in the actual world of a definite relationship called the United States of America.

We receive protection in our industrial pursuits and enjoy many other of the innumerable benefits of public order; they are all very real; and he who is blind to their reality cannot be blind to our paying taxes which might sometimes be out of proportion to our estates or unjustly levied. And who would deny the reality of the state as a tax-gathering entity.

The point is, there are realities which do not consist of matter or substance, realities which are not concrete objects, but consist of relations. These relation-realities, it is true, do not exist of themselves, hovering in the air as ghosts or demons, like the gods of pagan mythology, but, for all that, they are not nonentities. They are real enough, and whether a relation is such and such, or otherwise, is often of paramount importance.

The relations which we call society, nationality, or state, are of the most important kind; they are not mere bugbears, but realities for the preservation of which individuals are ready to fight to the utmost, to sacrifice their possessions and even their lives. We admire a Cato who committed suicide, we praise the Cimbric women who slaughtered themselves and their own children, because they did not want to survive that peculiar kind of society they lived in. We glorify the death of every hero who dies for his country. Shall we say that it is a mere bugbear for which he dies, that nationality, the institutions of a nation, and the state, are superstitions of the day, and that they have no real existence?

* * *

All this granted, the objection has been made, that the state and society in general are after all only relations among individuals. Individuals were first, and society is a contract made by individuals. Society, accordingly, is not superindividual, but is a relation subservient to the wants of individuals. The individual does not exist for the sake of the state, but the state for the sake of the individual.

The question whether the individual or society was first, reminds one of the parallel question whether the hen or the egg were first. And the answer to both questions is, Neither was first.

The hen-and-egg problem is briefly explained thus: First was living substance which reacted upon the stimuli of its surroundings in a special way. And the constant repetition of these reactions produced habits. Living substance is not only intrinsically immortal, but it also grows and increases. Now when a division of labor changed growth into propagation, individual existence sprang into being, introducing at once birth and death, and confining the work of propagation to a certain organ producing germs. Every germ contains the memories of its ancestral lives and brings in the course of its development its habits into being. Thus the germ originates simultaneously with the individual, and the egg is a coeval with the hen.

Similarly, the individual (viz. the human individual or man) was as little before society as society was before man. All those features which make of man a human being have originated solely through social intercourse, and in this sense it is quite proper to say, that man is the product of society. There is no human society except there are a number of men constituting this society, and in this sense again it is proper to say that society is constituted by individuals. Yet society can be constituted by a number of individuals only if in the souls of the individuals are impressed those marks of social intercourse which find their expression in a common language, common interests, and common ideals.

Sweep your soul clean of all that you owe to society and what is left of you—a speechless and soulless being, a brute. Further, the highest aspirations of your life can be realised alone in your community with human society. How blind to facts are those that deny the actual existence of society with all that it implies!

Eating and drinking, or enjoyments of any kind, and the continuance of our existence are not the highest aims of life. There are higher aspirations, the aims of which are of a more subtile nature than can be analysable by the gross methods of a hedonistic philosophy. And strange: those who maintain that society exists solely for the sake of the individual, are generally ready to deny most emphatically that the earth and what grows upon it has been created or exists for the benefit of man!

When investigating the question of purpose, whether society exists for the sake of the individual or the individual for the sake of society, we must not forget that we have to deal with a self-made puzzle. When

we confront a relation, we can neither say that the one part of it exists through the other nor the other through the former one. The relation is the whole and its parts are mere abstract views, which as such, i. e., as parts of the relation, do not independently exist. We might as well say, there are husbands independent of wives or wives independent of husbands. This is obviously nonsensical, because the relation between husband and wife with all it implies constitutes what we call husbands and wives.

Husbands do not exist for the sake of wives, nor *vice versa*; but the marriage relation as a whole has a special purpose.

Thus man does not exist merely for the purpose of being a representative of humanity. *Vice versa*, humanity (viz., all those features which have been developed through social intercourse and constitute the human in man) does not exist simply to be either an ornamental or useful quality of a certain kind of two-legged beings. But both exist in, with, and through each other. Humanity would be an empty word, if it were not a living reality in the brains of individual persons, and men would not exist as men, as human beings, if it were not for the humanity that fills their souls with noble contents and ideal aspirations. But if we take both as the realities which they represent, humanity is the larger and higher being, for it comprises the individuals. The individuals are after all only parts of humanity, and humanity is a superindividual existence.

A nation, it is true, is no concrete object, no constant and unvarying being. But closely considered nothing is stable, and least of all an individual.

That which we call a rose-bush is a rose-bush still, even though some branches be broken off. A rose-bush seems to be a concrete thing, strictly limited and defined. But it is not. It is a thing of varying qualities. The name which is attributed to it, suggests a constancy and permanency that is foreign to its nature. The same is true of all things. All the world is a tremendous whirlpool of changes and that which we call objects are certain eddies or waves; they are units to our appearance, but limited by ill-defined bounderies. There is no object in the world which as such and such a thing, is an independent existence: all are parts of the whole. The names by which we designate these parts include innumerable relations to the whole and without these relations the names would cease to be appropriate for the things. For instance, one of the qualities of a chair is its purpose of serving as a seat. Suppose this purpose to be absent and we should no longer call the object a chair.

We may mention here, *en passant*, that human society is a very complex organism and all the single organs through which it manifests its existence are most wonderful, not to say mysterious entities, leading a life of supermaterial reality, each one capable of development, liable to decay as well as to a higher evolution. Such are language, religion, historical traditions, customs and ceremonials, moral views, juridical institutions, educational systems, economical, military, or other habits, political ideals, etc., etc. The state, however, is a modern offshoot of society which on a special and limited territory has established itself, and for obvious reasons (mainly to prevent arbitrary applications of the principles of its being) has codified the most important of its relations in statutes called laws.

The view here presented, establishing the pinciple of societism as an actual and real factor in the evolution of mankind, it must be well understood, does not abrogate that other principle which is called individualism. On the contrary, it explains it and it complements its maxim, which by itself is one-sided, untenable as a working principle, and even nonsensical. Individualism, the glory of our republican institutions, is not a denial of societism but its counterpart. Individualism maintains that society, even considered as a society, will prosper best where the factor of individualism has full play. Let all the places in a society be open to free competition and give elbow-room to all the individuals so that everywhere the best may come to the front. It is not probable that an increase of comfort or of individual happiness will be the result of the full application of this principle; on the contrary, it will make it harder for him that has an easy lot in life, to maintain it. But society as a whole will be benefited and mankind will progress at greater strides than it ever did before.

P. C.

RENAN'S "THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE."

Two HIGHLY interesting articles have appeared in recent issues of your valuable journal, one by John Burroughs on "Religious Truth," July 21, 1892, and the other "Higher Education for the Masses" by Susan Channing, July 28, 1892. Over a year ago you were kind enough to write me that you would publish a a notice of Renan's "Future of Science" if I would write one. Such a task is beyond my power, but I feel impelled to jot down a few thoughts and reflections—the result of my recent reading.

The "Future of Science," written by Renan when he was about 26 years of age, about the year 1850, is in my opinion a very remarkable book. Surely those who are in the van of thought interest us most. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old, but I say unto you" is a familiar saying. We are always anxious to see the new man and read the new book. Can he throw any new light on the great problems of life which I hold with you are not insoluble, tho' they may not all have been solved?

Forty years ago the distinguished Frenchman was advised not to publish his book, the times were not ripe for it; so he put it away in his portfolio and waited for a more convenient season, which did not come until 1890 or '91. The work in the very fair English translation is a large book of upwards of 500 pages, and is one long, eloquent, deeply interesting plea for what Professor Huxley so well calls the furtherance of *natural knowledge*, and for the complete adoption of the modern critical scientific method of

reasoning applied to the Old and New Testament Scriptures, as opposed to the old theological, clerical method of interpretation. If we begin with the maxim that "Nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean," then we will look upon our sacred writings as purely human and natural. At this last decade of the nineteenth century we can surely proclaim with Schopenhauer that those who maintain a so-called supernatural origin of the Scriptures are yet in the infancy of knowledge. The Bible is pre-eminently a *human* production, and must be approached in precisely the same way as we approach any other human production. If we act upon this principle a flood of light is at once thrown upon our subject. The body of truth is one; there is no sacred and profane knowledge, all *knowledge* is sacred.

I read recently a long article in one of the leading English Reviews on "David Grieve." The writer failed to perceive the subtle teaching of the book. The scene between the hero and Canon Aylwin at the nobleman's house and David's subsequent reflections is the great point which Mrs. Ward wishes to insist upon, both in "Robert Elsmere" and in her last novel. David asks, "Is truth then divided, is there one truth for the Scriptures and another truth for so-called secular human writings?" The first two centuries of the Christian era are fenced off and an entirely different method of interpretation is applied to that period; it is all supernatural, divine, inspired, totally different from Professor Huxley's and Renan's *natural* knowledge. Again in "Robert Elsmere" the scene where Catherine is reading the lives of the early Christian bishops and is amazed at their beliefs and ways of thought, Robert points out to her that the whole *habit of thought* of the ninth century was entirely different from the nineteenth century. This fact we cannot dwell upon too earnestly. All admiration, as Renan says, is *historical*. We must judge of everything by the period of the world in which it happened, where it happened, the environment, the *milieu*. So judged, Christianity is seen not to be identical with Roman Catholicism, with any form of Protestantism, or with religion. It is only one form, one expression of the religious sentiment of mankind, which is as old as humanity and will last as long as the human heart and brain endure.

Here on the shores of the lake of Geneva in this charming *pays de Vaud*, I am continually reminded of that very distinguished Swiss thinker, Amiel. With him let us ever remember that "Entanglement is the condition of life; order and clearness are signs of serious and successful thought." Alas! the majority of even cultivated people are Gallios who care for none of these things. Even if the great revolution in modern thought, almost if not quite as important as the Reformation, has dawned upon them, they fear to teach it to their children. Dr. Momerie in a recent number of *The Forum* has declared that the popular dogmas of Christianity are *doomed*. Canon Freemantle in a leading English Review has given up the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Dr. Abbot, the distinguished English Baconian scholar, goes as far as the most advanced. An article entitled "Illusion in Religion" which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, I think over a year ago, is extremely interesting and suggestive. The world is a-hungered for "right thought." "Every man is a scholar potentially and does not need any one good so much as this of right thought"—so Emerson taught more than a generation ago.

A total change in the *habit of thought* has come over most cultivated, widely read and travelled people within the last thirty years. The word, the much endeared word religion has changed its meaning. It no longer signifies to the "awakened minds of all classes" a body of incomprehensible and in some instances preposterous dogmas, but in the words of Renan, the religious life is the *serious* life. We must no longer "separate the holy man from the virtuous man." The Scriptures contain the best and most beautiful definitions of religion to be found anywhere. "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Many others equally full of the deepest spiritual meaning will well up in the mind at once. None of them have any connection with the old perplexing doctrines which are *doomed*.

When I was at Harvard University, away back in the early fifties, there was a saying attributed to Dr. Walker, "If you wish to make yourself notorious, attack Christianity." How times have changed since then. We have had Darwin, Spencer, Huxley' Renan, and hosts of others, and a change has come over the spirit of our dream. The Paines, the Voltaires, the Ingersolls, for all of whom I have great respect, have done their negative work. The true advanced thought of to-day is the greatest friend of Christianity. To-day we have such spiritual forces as Emerson, Clough, Amiel, and in some important respects, Renan, and a host of others, not to mention the extremely interesting and important work which appears weekly in *The Open Court*. Indeed, the light is streaming all around the horizon. "The soul of God is poured into the world thro' the thoughts of men."

Allow me to conclude these very rambling remarks by a quotation from Georges Sand. "* * * It is an addition to our stock of light, this detachment from the idolatrous conception of religion. It is no loss of the religious sense, as the persisters in idolatry maintain. It is quite the contrary; it is a restitution of allegiance to the true Divinity. It is a step made in the direction of this Divinity; it is an abjuration of the dogmas which did him dishonor. * * * Everything is divine—even matter; everything is superhuman—even man. God is everywhere; He is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from Him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself in all my seeking to feel after Him, and to possess of Him as much as this imperfect soul can take in with the intellectual sense I have."

* * *

In relation to the above line of thought, allow me to mention three important books.

1. *Modern Humanists*, by John M. Robertson.
2. *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive*, by J. A. Symonds.
3. *The Story of William and Lucy Smith.*

ATHERTON BLIGHT.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Two very curious and interesting samples of aboriginal theology have just been put on exhibition in Chicago, one specimen by Mrs. Amanda Smith, a famous colored evangelist, and the other by Mr. Hempstead Washburne, the mayor of the city. Sister Smith preached last Sunday at the South Park Methodist Church, and she exhorted her hearers to "take the elevator of salvation and raise themselves above the clouds of sin, and into God's pure air." Her theory of heaven is primitive and orthodox enough, but her means of getting there are somewhat heretical, being of the modern and labor-saving kind. It used to be the doctrine that heaven was a million stories high, and that the only way to reach it was by a toilsome and patient climbing of the stairs, but now we are invited by an eloquent and fervent evangelist to "take the elevator," and get there in a luxurious, easy way. Sister Smith had visited the Board of Trade, and from the gallery she had looked into the arena, where the speculating gladiators were engaged in boisterous competition. Jealous of the mercantile enthusiasm there, she described it thus, "Directly one man would throw a hand into the air and wave it; then another man would have a hand up, and a third would wave both his hands over his head and they would all shout. And I don't suppose one of them would raise his hand in church." That was excellent sarcasm, for it is not likely that any of those excited combatants could be coaxed away from a bargain, even to "take the elevator of salvation."

Finer still, was this rebuke to the bishop who opened the dedication services at the Columbian celebration with a prayer abounding in history, argument, information, and explanation enough to fill two closely printed columns of a newspaper. Said Sister Amanda Smith, "I always expect more reward for a strong prayer than for a long prayer. Make your beliefs long and your prayers short." The religious value of this admonition would have been greater, had Sister Smith said benevolence instead of belief; but it was admirable, even in its imperfect form, and altogether better than anything in the bishop's prayer.

* * *

Old as a mummy, and as grim, was the theology exhibited by Mayor Washburne in his praiseworthy message to the city council on the subject of rendering assistance to the unfortunate sufferers by the great fire at Milwaukee. In that message he says, "I have learned from prominent citizens of Milwaukee that the city does not desire to call for outside aid; that those losing by this act of God are bravely preparing to resume business and relieve the necessities of the suffering through local efforts entirely." The language of this humane appeal shows how a mixture of sense and superstition can muddle the mind, placing the human and the divine in conflict, after the manner of Jacob and the angel. If the fire was the act of God, the victims of it ought to submit with resignation to the divine will, instead of "bravely preparing to resume business." If the fire was the act of God, why did the mayor send firemen and fire engines from Chicago to Milwaukee to assist in putting it out, as they valorously did? If this infliction was the act of God, is it not an act of rebellion against him to "relieve the suffering"? The sentiment has done great mischief in the world, teaching men to believe that the universe is governed by supernatural caprice instead of law. It has taught men to rely on prayers instead of actions, and to shun the sciences as dangerous to the soul. This jumble of theology and fire-engines reminds me of that theologically pious owner of a field who nailed this warning on a pole: "The earth is the Lord's; but this field is my private property, and anybody trespassing upon it will be prosecuted."

* * *

The theology of Mayor Washburne, in some form or other, has been the law of England from the time of Saint Augustine down to the present day. In the custom known as *deo dandum*, God was not regarded as the author of a fatal calamity, but as the offended party, who must be propitiated by a gift of the irresponsible or the inanimate agent which had caused the injury; and this offering was called a deodand. If a man was killed by a horse, the horse was forfeited to God; and if a human being was killed by a wagon, the wagon became deodand on the verdict of a coroner's jury. As God was never personally present to receive the gift, it went to his nearest representative, the church, to be applied to pious uses, or to pay for masses to help the departed soul. Ages ago, when I was working on the Great Western Railway in England, a careless train came along one day and killed a couple of men, close to the town of Windsor. A coroner's jury sat upon the case, and after finding a verdict of accidental death, declared the engine to be deodand, assessing its ransom at a hundred pounds. This amount the railroad company paid as a theological retribution, protesting at the same time that God must not be permitted again to interfere with the prerogatives and profits of railroad corporations. I think that this delinquent engine, with which indeed I was personally well acquainted, was the last of the deodands, because immediately after this occurrence of which I speak, the railroads having become greater than God, deodands were abolished by act of parliament at the demand of the railroad companies. They said, "If engines and trains are to be given to God whenever a fatal accident happens, what is to become of railroad enterprises?" And the railroads won it.

In all that appeals to the enlightened imagination and the spiritual sympathies of men, the celebration at Wittenberg was the most elevating as it was the most beautiful festival of this year. The emancipated soul of Germany held victorious jubilee in the old Schlosskirche which Martin Luther consecrated long ago, and the pictorial realities of the spectacle made its ideal grandeur and significance visible as the church itself. For that hour at least, the emperor fairly represented the Protestant spirit of Germany; and not of Germany only, but of all the world. What he said was temperate, kind, and charitable. He was orthodox, indeed, as became a Lutheran speaking in the church and at the grave of Luther, but he eloquently proclaimed the gospel of love and toleration for all the opposing faiths. He spoke like a resolute man under perfect self-control, and free from that Imperial delirium which has inflamed so much of his talk of late. What he said might have been the speech of his father or his grandfather, whom he invoked in terms of profound veneration, and whose presence in the spirit animated what he said. Few more impressive scenes than this have been witnessed in our day; Germany in the person of the emperor, and England in the person of the heir presumptive to the British throne, swearing allegiance to Martin Luther in the old Schlosskirche in Wittenberg. Surrounded by the Protestant princes of Germany, the emperor said, "We do not fight anybody in religious matters, but we cling to our confession until death." The restoration of the old Schlosskirche symbolises the revival of religious freedom throughout all the world.

* * *

Being an "immigrant" myself, I take some interest in the immigration question; and I do not think there is any other element of the "social problem" that has been decorated with so much patriotic nonsense. Impossible plans to stop the emigration of men and women from Europe to this country distract the public mind and baffle statesmanship, because it would be as easy to reverse the current of the trade winds as to halt the stream of humanity flowing from the narrow and harsh conditions of the old world to the richer and broader opportunities of the new. The diminutive anticlimax of the cosmopolitan Columbian festival, attended by invited ambassadors from all nations, was the Christian pulpit pleading for a monopoly of this continent and the restriction of immigration. Preaching on the subject of "National Perils" at the Fourth Baptist church last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, after describing a number of oaths, pledges, and obligations which he would impose upon the immigrant "before he should be allowed to land," insisted also that no man should be allowed to vote "unless he was able to make himself understood in the English language." Formerly it was demanded only that the voter himself should understand the English language, but Dr. Bartlett improves upon that, and requires that he shall also be able to make other people understand it. This plan, if adopted, will be a great hardship, for it will compel the foreigner not only to qualify himself but also to provide an understanding for others. There are many Americans who are not able to make themselves understood in the English language, or in any other. I know some Doctors of Divinity who have been trying to do it forty years, without success. Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote and spoke the English language fairly well, and even compiled a famous English dictionary, but he could not always make himself understood; and on a certain occasion he replied thus to a dull person who said he could not understand him, "Sir, I cannot furnish you with argument and understanding too." And yet the ability to do that is what the Rev. Dr. Bartlett would require of the poor "immigrant" as a title to the ballot.

* * *

A sad and melancholy bit of news is the announcement which I often see in the papers to the effect that the Terrapin Club, or the Pommery Club, or the Latchkey Club, or the Drawpokers, or the Devilmaycares, or some other of the numerous clubs abound-

ing in the city, "has taken possession of its new and elegant home" on Washington Street, or Dearborn Avenue, or Jefferson Place, or somewhere. The profanation of the good and beautiful word "home" is the mournful and pathetic feature of the information, because to many men the brilliant and exhilarating club is a refuge and a retreat from home. The man whose home is the club is homeless. Wives, too, are homeless in many of our fine houses because their husbands are absent at the club. Fire destroyed a handsome club house in Chicago the other night, and the papers deplored the accident as "The disaster to the beautiful new home of the Chicago Athletic Association." If the word "home" truthfully described the beautiful building, then might women well rejoice at the fire. A club is a useful and convenient institution so long as it is merely a place of meeting for congenial friends, for dining, for reading, for social conversation, for a game of billiards, or for any other harmless recreation; but as soon as it becomes a home, or a substitute for a home, its attractions become lures, demoralising men. A married man may innocently have many places of resort, but he cannot innocently have more than one home, the hallowed sanctuary where his wife and children are. Late one night an Irishman got on the street car to go home, but the seats were all filled, and he was compelled to hang on by the strap. He consoled himself by thinking that some of the passengers would soon get out and let him have a seat, but on, and on, and on, as the story books say, they went, and nobody got out; so at last he said, "In the name of the Lord, have none of ye a home to go to?" Very often I mentally say the same thing when I see a lot of men late at night lounging and yawning at the club.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World We Live in. By *Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P.* New York and London: Macmillan & Co 1892. Price $1 50.

Natur und Kunst Studien zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Kunst. By *Carus Sterne.* Berlin: Allgemeiner Verein für Deutsche Litteratur. 1891.

It so happens that these two books, both written by prominent authors on the same subject, come under our notice at the same time. We intend to give them a more elaborate notice on another occasion, but wish to call attention to them now, as both will make beautiful Christmas presents for those who love nature and wish to study the beauty of nature. Sir John Lubbock rightly says on p. 1 of the present volume:

"The world we live in is a fairyland of exquisite beauty, our very existence is a miracle in itself, and yet few of us enjoy as we might, and none as yet appreciate fully, the beauties and wonders which surround us."

While Lubbock opens our eyes to the beauty of nature, Carus Sterne undertakes to solve some of the problems of the philosophy of art. In his first book he treats of the origin of the sense for beauty in the animal world (pp. 1–174), in the second book he discusses the artist's conception and reproduction of nature. Both books are highly recommendable, for they breathe a truly cassical spirit of taste and tact, and the authors are imbued not only with an enthusiastic love of nature, but also, what is more, with a deep insight into her mysteries. Both are art-critics and scientists at the same time." κρς.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOES THE STATE EXIST?

To the Editor of The Open Court:

What is this thing which you call a State? Dissect it for yourself and you will find that it is but a pumpkin-head and sheet wherewith to scare the superstitious.

As for myself I was born in the territory known as the United States and am held as a tributary of the governing horde, but I give no voluntary allegiance to it, nor to any other form of compulsion. How can I give voluntary allegiance when voluntary dissent is not permitted?

A republic is all very well, a vast advance on a monarchy or oligarchy, but there is a better; and the time will probably come when, driven by circumstances, people will find out that better. It is freedom. Free as we are compared with what has been, the really free political association which lives on the merits it possesses, on the benefits it offers, on the safety it confers; not on taking by force the financial support which the cool-headed and sensible minority would not grant, were it not wrested from them by the votes of the prejudice and passion-driven majority.

When taxation is relinquished for voluntary contributions, when protective associations prove that they aim at protection only, by not forcing people to be protected who do not want to be, there will be an end of political corruption, an end of flag-idolatry, an end to the State as there has been an end to the Church superstition.

John Beverley Robinson.

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TENNYSON'S PILGRIMAGE.

A DISCOURSE GIVEN IN SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, LONDON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Tennyson was a great poet, but even he wrote no poem so beautiful as his death, and nothing so epical as his burial. As the day wanes he calls for his Shakespeare, the scriptures given by inspiration of Man. Leaf after leaf he turns till his eye rests on "Cymbeline," one scene and song of which inspired, as I think, a poem of his own, in the day when his youthful Muse met many a sneer and discouragement. It is where flowers are strewn on the shrouded form of slandered Imogen, and her requiem sung. This is the song in "Cymbeline":

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
>
> Fear no more the frown of the great;
> Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
> Care no more to clothe and eat;
> To thee the reed is as the oak:
> The sceptre, learning, physic, must
> All follow this, and come to dust.
>
> Fear no more the lightning-flash,
> Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
> Fear not slander, censure rash;
> Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
> All lovers young, all lovers must
> Consign to thee, and come to dust."

To this requiem Tennyson's "Dirge" sounds like an antiphony, as in these two verses:

> "Now is done thy long day's work;
> Fold thy palms across thy breast,
> Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
> Let them rave.
> Shadows of the silver birk
> Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
> Let them rave.
>
> Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
> Nothing but the small cold worm
> Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
> Let them rave.
> Light and shadow ever wander
> O'er the green that folds thy grave.
> Let them rave."

There is no borrowing in any of the verses, nor in another little poem, "The Deserted House," which, as I think, remembers the obsequies of Imogen. Belarius, when the flowers are strewn on Imogen and Cloten, says:

> "Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
> The ground that gave them first has them again,
> Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain."

This may have seemed too sombre to Tennyson, who writes:

> "Come away; no more of mirth
> Is here or merry-making sound,
> The house was builded of the earth,
> And shall fall again to ground.
>
> Come away: for Life and Thought
> Here no longer dwell;
> But in a city glorious—
> A great and distant city—have bought
> A mansion incorruptible.
> Would they could have stayed with us!"

Imogen seeming dead, but destined to revival and happy life, was a sweet and mystical vision for one immortal bard to send to the death-bed of another.

Clasping his Shakespeare, the dying poet lay, his serene face visible in the moonlight, as at last was his soul serene in the half-light of human hope. He trusts the larger hope. Is there no clear light? To the light more dim shall swell the tide of his longing heart, and float his barge across the bar.

His hand still clasping Shakespeare, Tennyson passed out of life. In the heart of oak the volume lies beside him. The old flag beneath which flourished England's great literary ages—the Elizabethan and the Victorian—folded around the casket, half hidden by flowers from the poet's own home, from his Queen, and from Shakespeare's home.

Slowly moved the procession through the Abbey, chanting the psalms of ancient Eastern tribes. For the corpse of superstition is also in the procession, but so covered under flowers of music that it passes unrecognised. "We consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation." Such was the ancient terror, but when Purcell's music is heard who regardeth the power of that wrath? There was even a certain picturesqueness in the ghostly presence at Tennyson's burial of the fear in which the Abbey was founded. There was not one soul in the Abbey, and few outside it, that felt any terror of that heavenly wrath of which the choristers chanted, and its extinction is largely due to the shame with which Tennyson

covered it, all his life, and his worship of universal all-forgiving Love. This, Tennyson's essential religion, was so deep in his heart that even in his eightieth year it flowered in his last great poem,—"Demeter and Persephone,"—the grandest literary production ever written by an octogenarian. Demeter, the Earth-goddess, to her daughter Persephone, Queen of Hades, prophesies the death of the old gods that ruled men by fear. They who bore down gods before them will themselves be borne down, she says, by "younger kindlier gods":

> "Gods
> To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay
> Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed
> To send the noon into the night, and break
> The sunless Halls of Hades into Heaven."

In his "In Memoriam," an almost sacred book in English and American homes, the poet sent many shining arrows into the wrathful phantasm, and if it followed him in the Abbey it was only as, in old legends, the slain dragon is borne behind its conqueror.

Slowly moved the procession, travelling in that little distance, between the entrance and the lantern, through the ages. Above and around were signs and symbols of the dark beliefs from which started the pilgrimage of Thought. Out of the glooms passed these latter-day pilgrims, brave rationalists like Huxley, Lecky, Jowett, England's free brains, following their minstrel-pilgrim up to the light. The rose window was as a "rose of dawn"; its glorified forms shed warmer tints on the white flowers upon his breast. Beneath, the marble forms of England's heroic dead flushed in the soft glow. From sculptured wall and window, passionate with saintly faces, came "the silent voices," responsive to the pilgrim's last hymn:

> "When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
> Brings the Dreams about my bed,
> Call me not so often back,
> Silent voices of the dead,
> Toward the lowland ways behind me,
> And the sunlight that is gone!
> Call me rather, silent voices,
> Forward to the starry track
> Glimmering up the heights beyond me
> On, and always on!"

This last aspiration rose dove-like, winged with the tender strain of a widowed heart, yet with a note of springtide in it,—a voice sweetly appealing to all hearts. "On, brothers, and always on!" We will remember, dear master; rest in peace!

I have spoken of Tennyson as a pilgrim. While the burial service was read my eyes were on the memorial window of Chaucer, just over the open grave, with its painting of the Canterbury pilgrims. Chaucer, paraphrased in our hymn, saw the higher pilgrimage stretching beyond the Canterbury shrine. "Here," he sang:

> "Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
> Forth, pilgrime, forth on best out of thy stall!"

In the five centuries since Chaucer's time pilgrimages to saintly shrines have dwindled. There was something pathetic in the march next day of Catholic pilgrims through the Abbey, past the grave of Darwin to the tomb of the Confessor. But every thinking man in England has had to obey Chaucer's command—"Forth, pilgrime, forth on best out of thy stall!" And each pilgrim has had to begin with the discovery that the faith of his fathers is not his faith. "Here is no home, here is but wildernesse." The journeys are different, and to different shrines. Liberal England has room for all their paths; maternal England should have sweet tolerance for all their shrines. The completeness of a man's fulfilment in one direction is generally at the cost of limitation in another. Chaucer's admonition to the pilgrim was—"Let thy ghost thee lede." He who is led by his own ghost—his own spirit—may lay many other ghosts, but yet sometimes mistake the shrines of other pilgrims for ghosts. If Tennyson feared the later generalisations of science, if agnosticism filled him with grief, it was through the constancy with which he had pursued his ideal of Divine Love,—pursued it past all the altars of loveless gods, personified it, fallen in love with his vision of it behind the sombre veil of nature. This rector's son had terrible struggles with Doubt in early life. There are records of them in his first volume, and especially in its powerful poem entitled "Confessions of a sensitive soul, not at unity with itself." It was suppressed from subsequent collections of his works, but is included in the latest, under the altered title: "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind."

Nearly sixty years ago Mr. Fox, the first minister of South Place Chapel, wrote the first serious review and recognition of those youthful poems. "They are," he said, "the writings of one who has gazed on the divinity and changes of the human spirit, on the loftiness of its pride, the splendors of its revelries, the heavings and tossings of its struggles, the bewilderment of its doubts, and the abysmal depths of its despair, with the same poetical perception that young Homer, yet unblinded, watched the tent of council and the field of battle, or that Virgil saw the husbandman making glad furrows on the fertile plain, beneath propitious constellations."

This early reviewer saw that in the new poet poetry had become subjective. The pious and meditative naturalism of Wordsworth must pass away. Thought and imagination were now locked in with themselves, and must explore the nature of man, under the stern, remorseless eye of Truth.

But Truth was not so formidable then. Its scientific method was not developed. Darwin was a young contemporary preparing for holy orders. Far away yet was the discovery of evolution, revealing a preda-

tory universe,—"Nature, red in tooth and claw,"—and the shadow of Pessimism stealing over the world. The worst threat of Truth sixty years ago was against crude or cruel dogmas, and to sunder young souls from the beloved parent or teacher. Truth seemed to promise a farther and securer religion, a higher beauty, beyond the twilight of doubt. So Tennyson started on his pilgrimage.

> "'Yet,' said I in my morn of youth,
> The unsunn'd freshness of my strength,
> When I went forth in quest of truth,
> 'It is man's privilege to doubt,
> If so be that from doubt at length
> Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
> An image with profulgent brows,
> And perfect limbs, as from the storm
> Of running fires and fluid range
> Of lawless airs, at last stood out
> This excellence and solid form
> Of constant beauty.'"

Beautiful are mountains in the distance, blue and tinted, but flinty when one comes to climb them. And where is the climbing to end? In his poem "The Two Voices" there are lines proving that Tennyson had thought profoundly on the moral obligations of intellect, and for himself measured them by his limitations.

> "'The highest-mounted mind,' he said,
> Still sees the sacred morning spread
> The silent summit overhead.
>
> 'Will thirty seasons render plain
> Those lonely lights that still remain,
> Just breaking over land and main?
>
> 'Or make that morn, from his cold crown
> And crystal silence creeping down,
> Flood with full daylight glebe and town?
>
> 'Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
> Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
> In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.
>
> 'Thou hast not gain'd a real height,
> Nor art thou nearer to the light,
> Because the scale is infinite.'"

The poet cannot pursue a heaven, however blue, that forever vaults above the highest summit: he must have one that comes down to warm and brighten "glebe and town," church and state. But the descending daylight must not merely warm and glorify glebe and town, the old order of things; it must enlighten and elevate. Tennyson did not turn against his intellect; he was true to his light. In youth he recognised the duty of doubt. He said:

> "Shall we not look into the laws
> Of life and death, and things that seem,
> And things that be, and analyse
> Our double nature, and compare
> All creeds till we have found the one,
> If one there be? Ay me! I fear
> All may not doubt, but everywhere
> Some must clasp idols."

And to this the pilgrim steadily adhered,—adhered though churches cried, "The creed is revealed, defined, not to be criticised. Doubt is sin; he that believeth not shall be damned." The pilgrim answered: "You tell me, doubt is Devil-born?. . .

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds"

What then becomes of revelation, of the supernatural solution of our problems? He had no aversion to miracle, but he would not admit any foreclosure of scientific investigation, nor any arrest of human progression.

> "And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'"

And in a patriotic poem he says:

> "Should banded unions persecute
> Opinion, and induce a time
> When single thought is civil crime,
> And individual freedom mute,
>
> Tho' Power should make from land to land
> The name of Britain trebly great—
> Tho' every channel of the State
> Should fill and choke with golden sand—
>
> Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
> Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
> And I will see before I die
> The palms and temples of the South."

He will not live in a land where individual opinion is not free. This freedom he assumed. The love of Tennyson by the great middle class of England, the delight of the religious, of the clergy in him, are signs of our time. So far have they followed his magic flute,—far away from their old dogmas. He said:

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge,
> Self-control,
> These three alone lead life to
> Sovereign power."

'Tis a favorite text: yet, by the creed, self-reverence is reverence for total depravity.

He said:

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

That is not God making man in his own image; it is Darwinism.

He sang:

> "O man, forgive thy mortal foe
> Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
> For all the souls on earth that live
> To be forgiven must forgive.
> Forgive him seventy times and seven;
> For all the blessed ones in Heaven
> Are both forgivers and forgiven."

It is most sweet; yet where is the God of Vengeance? and where the Christ crying, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire"? Ah, that is not Tennyson's Christ. His bells "ring in the Christ that is to be,"—nay, the Christ that already is, and largely through his own happy chimes.

He took the side of his heart. His answer to atheism was: "I have felt." Chaucer instructed the pilgrim to go forth on the best from his stall. This was Tennyson's best. He was not a discoverer, not a great originator, logician, or generaliser; but he was a great artist. I once heard Emerson say, "When Nature

wants an artist she makes Tennyson." To be a great artist one must, in all truthfulness, be consecrated to Beauty rather than to Truth. The artist cannot love good, bad, and indifferent. He must select, as Tennyson has selected, the beautiful lore of the past and interpreted it for his generation. So the eyes of his heart,—shrinking from the masses of humanity, loving essential humanity,—select the perfect types, halo them, clothe them with shining raiment; but his art never fails to give them the voice and heart of humanity. King Arthur, Demeter, speak to England, and to the present. So his Ulysses:

> "Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me
> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
> Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
> Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
> Death closes all: but something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
> Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods."

This poet, led by his own heart—as Chaucer puts it, his own ghost—really followed it. Let it not be forgotten that there are now roses on paths where Tennyson trod on thorns,—roses for you and me, many of Tennyson's gardening. It required courage for a man in the last generation, with the Bible in his hand, to describe himself as an infant crying for the light, with no language but a cry. And even eleven years ago it required courage to arraign as he did equally the old dogmas and agnosticism. There is a divinely human rage in these lines—

> "The God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought,
> If there be such a god may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought."

This pilgrim, who has left a shrine for future pilgrims, was very English. He made poetic excursions with Ulysses, with Maeldune, with Columbus; but whether in the land of the Lotos Eaters, or St. Brendan's Isle, or the New World, he always carries his England with him. No doubt there has occasionally seemed something narrow in his patriotism, as when he clamored for the Crimean war: but all such shadows point to the light. The whole world owes an immense debt to Tennyson's patriotism; for to idealise a nation is to shame its lower side, to hold it to its best; and England's best service to mankind is to maintain and perfect her own civilisation, science, literature, and constitution. To his patriotism religious liberty also owes a debt. He had a warm interest in the religion of other races. When my "Sacred Anthology" was published he wrote me a cordial letter about it, and wished me to print an edition of smaller size, that he might carry in his pocket, on his walks, the flowers gathered from Eastern and Oriental scriptures. He would read them on the cliffs of England, in its woods and fields, and find how Vedas and Koran, Zendavesta and Confucius would bear that test. And that same test he brought to Hebrew scriptures, and to imported dogmas. The English heart that made his patriotism was that which would not tolerate heartless dogmas. His deity was not Judaic but Newtonian; his Christ is the son of an English Madonna. His moral and humane sentiment touches every hard barbaric creed, and it withers away. He had not torn out his English heart and put an Eastern one in its place. Such virtues in the cheap plant called patriotism are rare. In his "England and America, in 1782" he welcomes England's defeat by English men and English principles. He bids England

> "Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrench'd their rights from thee!"

> "Whatever harmonies of law
> The growing world assume,
> Thy work is thine—the single note
> From that deep chord which Hampden smote
> Will vibrate to the doom."

Here is some pride in claiming American independence as an English victory, but it is a just pride, unmarred by any meanness of "Our country right or wrong." We cannot forget that our poet called his country the crowned Republic, and beheld the vision of the world

> "Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

But I hold him no less right and true in his faith that the first duty of man to-day is to attend to the perfection of his own country. Goethe said to a youth about emigrating to America, then the land of promise to radicals, "Your America is here or nowhere." In that spirit is written Tennyson's "Golden Year." When one youth has sung his dream of the Golden Year of universal fraternity and peace, another answers:

> "Well I know
> That unto him who works, and feels he works,
> This same grand year is ever at the doors."

True enough! Nor is it mere fine sentiment. Here is one man who by his single self has made a fairer, nobler England. He has raised the whole tone of literature; he has recovered for the people the beautiful legends of their race, made Arthur and his knights their spiritual ancestry; has inspired artists, who have covered the walls of cottage and hall with tender and lovely ideals; enriched the whole inner life of the nation. And what a response was given by the national heart! No conqueror of his time has won so much honor by his sword as this poet won with his pen. In all literary history there has been no equal triumph for the writer. He was glad to get ten pounds for his first book; he died in his palace; he was borne to his grave with more homage than any king could hope for, from all classes and all parties. Honor to old England that it sets this estimate on the highest literature! His funeral fell on a festal day: October twelfth was the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of a

new world. In America, in Spain, in Italy, the great event was celebrated with banquets, tableaux, fireworks. Yet in no country did the day witness a more impressive scene than that in Westminster Abbey, where the authorship, the science, the art, the statesmanship of a great nation did homage to the chief representative of the grandest age of literature the world ever saw. And with them in spirit stood their kindred beyond the seas,—in India, Australia, and in every part of North America. In Tennyson's "Columbus" he represents the discoverer as almost regretting his discovery, in view of the door he had opened for the wrongs of Spain to pour in on "those happy naked isles." Not even yet, after four centuries, have all the *sequelæ* of those oppressions and inhumanities been eradicated. But there has been, there is, a steady pressure against them: it is the civilising and refining power of that literature which America and England have in common. Close beside the grave of Tennyson the beloved face of Longfellow, England's tribute, fronted the assembly, the truest representative of American homage to the Master of Song. For not even in England, I think, is Tennyson so widely read and appreciated among the common people as in America. They even liked his distrust of democracy. The one poet that democracy ever produced there,—Walt Whitman,—honored Tennyson above all living men. When, not long before Walt Whitman's death, I visited him, the gray old poet, half-paralysed, drew from his breast a letter that Tennyson had written him on his last birthday,—a most sweet and noble letter,—which for nearly a year he kept next his heart. Tennyson's hand was helping him as his feeble steps drew near the grave, as his songs have helped thousands in the night of sorrow or of death. And so long as men and women suffer, and strive, and doubt, Tennyson will remain their Laureate,—let Courts choose whom they will,—until some Bard arises to solve their painful problems, and sing in the dawn fulfilments of his fair dreams.

THE JERSEY.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

How SWEET it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Yes, and how sad it is to notice that the contrary almost universally prevails. We disagree with one another continually, even about the most trivial matters. If it isn't a fight, it's a row; if not a row a squabble, and if not a squabble a dispute, contention, or argument.

Among the sundry and manifold changes of this mortal life few things, outside of pure mathematics, are more firmly rooted and grounded in certainty than this maxim, dear to every reasonable heart: It takes two to make a quarrel.

All along the line between discussion and revolution the principle holds good, and for that very reason (of continuity) I think myself justified in calling it a principle.

Why should this be? Why should man, the noblest of all created, or evolved, things, spend so much of his valuable time fighting, squabbling, disputing, and contending? I will tell you frankly: it is because, in the first place, there are two of him, and in the second place, because the two never know what it is they are quarreling about.

Some seasons ago, because we all needed a change, I took a furnished house for the summer near Montclair. The house was very pretty, and the rent sufficiently exorbitant to satisfy the most exacting. There was a small garden, and a stable fitted up with stalls for two horses and a place for a cow; but these were vacant, my means not justifying extravagance. I could of course have kept a span of fine horses and an elegant turnout; but then I couldn't have paid for them or their keep, and I am, in a way, an honest sort of citizen, chiefly, I suppose, for lack of wit to be rascally legally.

However, it wasn't far to the station, and we never really felt the need of a team. As to a cow the situation was somewhat different, for my wife and I had frequently talked over the propriety of purchasing a good milch cow. One morning in the strawberry season the matter came up again at the breakfast table, the milk, supplied to us by an adjacent farmer, happening to be skimmier than usual. We talked, I remember, for some time, and were agreed that our man Mike, who cared for the garden, could find time to attend to a cow. But nothing was really settled, and therefore I was somewhat surprised when Mrs. Genone called to me over the bannisters from the second story just as I was leaving for the eight-forty train.

"Now G.," she said ("G." being a pet name she has for me). "Now G., I want you to do me a favor, and that is to stop in town on your way home and get me a jersey. Do, there's a dear, will you?"

Although I had been a married man then over ten years, the suddenness of this request rather staggered me. We had discussed the relative merits of Jersey and Alderney breeds, but, if my memory served me, Mrs. Genone favored neither, but was disposed to think a common, ordinary, everyday cow would answer all our purposes. Still, as I say, we had been married ten years.

"Well," I answered, somewhat doubtfully, "I'll see what I can do; but I should think we could get one here in Montclair just as well, if not better than in town."

"No; I've tried every place here, and I can't get what I want."

"The deuce you have," said I, a trifle exasperated; "why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Why should I tell you, I'd like to know. Am I to run to you every time I want any little thing about the house?"

This struck me as very curious; because a cow, no matter what its size, could hardly come under the general heading of "a little thing about the house." Possibly we might have come to words, but my temper was under excellent subjection, and besides, I had only just enough time to catch the train.

"All right, my dear," said I, "I'll do my best."

"And don't forget," she added, "to get it all wool, and the right bust measure; it's thirty-six inches."

By this time I had started on a run for the station, or if I hadn't been so late I should have stopped for an explanation. What on earth did she mean by that? All wool, and a bust measure. I puzzled over these things on my way to the city, but could make nothing of them.

Notwithstanding what my wife said, after thinking the matter over I became fully persuaded that I could get a Jersey in Montclair. So that afternoon I took an earlier train than usual, and going to a stock yard near the depot, after some chaffering, got myself suited. The little animal I bought was not exactly "all wool," but the price, I must concede, came quite up to my notion of what constituted "a bust measure."

The man said he would have her driven up to my place at once, and then I went home to see Mike about her accommodations. I had less difficulty with Mike than with Mrs. Genone.

She heard me talking in the garden, and came out on the back porch.

"Well G.," she said, "did you get my jersey?"

"Yes, I've just been talking to Mike about it."

"To Mike!" (Profound astonishment.)

"Yes, of course, (irascibly) I've been telling him where to put it."

"Where to put it! Didn't you bring it with you?"

"No, of course not. The man will bring it presently. He promised to have it here by six."

"Man! What man?"

"Why, the man I bought it of. Who else would it be?"

"Does he live here?—here in Montclair?"

"Live here! Why, of course he lives here."

"I don't see why you say, of course. If you bought the jersey in New York, it doesn't follow that the man you bought it of lives in Montclair."

"Certainly not. But I didn't buy it in New York."

"Where, then?"

"Why, here."

"Here in Montclair?"

"Yes, here in Montclair."

"Then, G., let me tell you, you've made a great mistake. Those they have here are common things, not worth purchasing. Mark my words! when it comes it will be entirely unsuitable, and I'll have to take it back and exchange it for something else."

To exchange a cow for something else seemed an odd expression. So odd that I had no response handy. After a moment's pause Mrs. Genone went on:

"Are you sure it's all wool?"

"Oh! I guess it will be woolly enough," said I shortly; "anyway, what difference does it make how woolly it is?"

"That only shows your ignorance. Besides I meant to have told you to be sure and select a good color. If you hadn't gone off in such a hurry I'd have told you to get a quiet gray, or a nice shade of blue."

"Holy smoke!"

Positively I couldn't say another word; the idea of a nice shade of blue—for a cow!

"What color did you get, anyway?"

"Sort of spotted."

"Spotted!"

"Yes, mostly red with white spots."

"Well!" she exclaimed indignantly. "This is the last time I'll ever ask you to purchase anything for me. The idea—spotted!"

She was turning round to go into the house when there was a clattering at the side gate, and the man from the stock yard came up the path leading my purchase. Mrs. Genone stood in the doorway.

"Oh!" she exclaimed delightedly; "so you've bought a cow. Oh! I'm ever so glad. Why didn't you let me know you were going to?"

"Let you know! Haven't I been letting you know? There's your Jersey. It's spotted, as you can see; but if you don't like a spotted Jersey you can ask the man to exchange it for a blue one."

Fortunately in this instance the difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word "Jersey" did not end in bloodshed. Alas! there are other words, and punctuation points, and vowel marks which, as history tells us, have many a time divided whole communities into hostile camps. The meaning of the word "baptise," the meaning of "religion," the meaning of "truth," each and countless more has set households and nations at enmity.

It has always been my habit to be perfectly frank with you, and I shall not now depart from the rule: Mrs. Genone came very near having a fit when she fully realised the nature of the blunder; that is she laughed so immoderately that I feared it might bring on one of her "turns."

Since that time whenever a matter comes up in the family likely to lead to a misunderstanding, one of us has only to suggest the jersey, and the result is a com-

parison of views, a reduction of them to a common denominator, and—peace.

I wonder (surely it is not wicked to wonder) if "in the hereafter" some of us who have contended so hotly for what we are pleased to call "our side" may not have a fit of laughter at the absurdities of our opinions.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of the President appeared exactly four days before the election, and therefore it was necessarily to some extent a political argument. The personal interest of the President in the election was very great, the fortunes of his party were at stake, and his administration was on trial. For these reasons the temptation to justify his own party and to condemn his adversaries was irresistible. The only way to escape from the allurement was to postpone the proclamation until after the election, but this required more self-denial than the President had on hand. Because we are not blest with a king and a national church some persons doubt the legal right of the President to appoint religious festivals, except for himself and his own family; but the custom of appointing them for everybody else has existed so long with the express or implied approval of the people, that Mr. Harrison may be pardoned for availing himself of it, and even for turning it to some political advantage. The Republican campaign argument is well condensed in the proclamation, while the appeal and statement of the Democrats are treated with sarcasm religious and refined. For months the Democrats have complained that unjust laws have put the working men on half rations, and made life harder for the poor. In reply to that, the President, with irony keen as the north wind, invites them to give public thanks on the 24th of November for the "wide diffusion of contentment and comfort in the homes of our people." The red inflammation on the surface of the social body, evidence of internal fire, is covered with a bit of royal court plaster, and we are called upon to abstain from all our usual occupations on a certain day, in order that we may render ostentatious thanks to God for having awakened in our people "a deeper reverence for law." The phrase is too general, for by the term "law" the President may mean anything in the statutes good or evil. Amending the sentiment, let us give thanks on the 24th of November, that reverence for bad law is diminishing day by day.

* * *

The Thanksgiving proclamation would not have had the appearance of a "campaign document" if the President had left out of it assertions and opinions which have been for many months the subjects of political dispute. He might have appointed a day of thanksgiving, leaving the citizens to observe it for their own reasons; but he gave the reasons himself, and they were ethically and even religiously unsound; narrow, selfish, and vainglorious He appointed a day of public thanksgiving because "the gifts of God to our people during the past year have been so abundant and so special." That last word is boastful and self-righteous. Thanking God for "special" gifts is not praise, for it accuses him of partiality. When a man puts up over his parlor door the motto "God bless our home," I give him credit for domestic loyalty at least; and perhaps there may be to him a lesson of duty in the motto; but when he writes upon the wall "God bless our *special* home," he prays to a graven image made of his own conceited self. And so it is with a nation lifting up its voice in public thanksgiving for "special" gifts, and like a shopkeeper thanking his patrons, praying for a continuance of the same. Not by thanking God for "special" favors in the past, and by supplications for more of them in the future, can a nation become great and good, but by self-reliant work, and the establishment of equal rights and equal opportunities for all. To the man who puts "God bless our home" upon the wall instead of a picture, I always want to say "Bless it yourself. Work for it, provide for it, and honor it with your company." And to those magistrates and lawgivers who pray that God will bless our land with "special" gifts, I say, "Bless it yourselves, by abolishing the laws that lay so many heavy burthens on the poor."

* * *

Twenty years ago a client of mine who was an enthusiastic democrat, bet heavily on Greeley. He had been misled by the confident lies of his party paper, and had thereby lost his money, so he came to me to find out whether or not he could sue the editor for deceiving him by the false information and advice that encouraged him to bet on the losing man. I told him that he could, and recover nothing, because the maxim of the law in such cases is, "let the better beware." That legal rule is morally correct in a general way, compelling men to bet on their own opinions, and not on the prophecies of party newspapers, especially just before a presidential election; but I think it might be modified a little where the editor, standing on a high moral plane, takes you to his bosom, as it were, and tells you confidentially, honor bright, "how the election is going to go." For instance, take the case of the *Philadelphia Press*, which exactly one week before the election said, "Responsible journalism does not bluff or deceive. It owes a supreme duty to truth and to its own character. It may preserve silence but it cannot afford to mislead;" and much more in a similar lofty tone. It then goes on to assure its readers that Harrison will win; that "Clevelandism reached its flood tide on Friday, and then it wasn't high enough to win; from that hour it ebbs and declines. The signs are unmistakable. They show that Harrison could be elected without New York, but that he will be elected with New York. The general drift has been right and the round-up consolidates and confirms it." There is something so frank and conscientious in this information that a partisan might be excused for betting his money on it; and yet, at the final "round-up" it was found to be erroneous by a large majority; showing that "responsible journalism does not bluff or deceive," but that reckless and irresponsible journalism does.

* * *

One of the most comically solemn bits of habitual American humor is the coroner's inquest which is always held over the remains of a defeated party immediately after a presidential election. Political doctors who have made a *post mortem* examination of the body appear as expert witnesses, and show how the fatality occurred, and the reasons why. Strangely enough, these are the harlequin soothsayers who for the preceding three months have been showing that because of those very reasons the catastrophe could not possibly happen at all. Their nerves are made of the strongest catgut, and they will gaze into your face with the effrontery of the monte man who puts the king of hearts down upon the table before your very eyes, and when you pick it up, after having bet your money on it, you find it is the ace of spades. Just before the election Mr. Chauncey Depew, in anticipation of a great republican victory said, "The country is unusually prosperous, and the American people are peculiarly fond of leaving well enough alone." Immediately after the election, he accounted for the result by giving the people an opposite character, and said, "The American people are tired of a certainty and want to speculate"; and the Attorney General of the United States gave as the perverse reasons for the political revolution the "contentment and prosperity" of the people.

* * *

Among the political doctors who testified at the coroner's inquest were some who said that the defeat of the party was due to the personal character of the President himself, but this opinion was very likely the mere expression of their own dislikes and dis-

appointments. It has nothing of any importance to sustain it. In literal fact, the personal respectability of the President did much to help although it could not save his party. His fall was a political defeat like that of Lord Salisbury, and his fate would have been the fate of any other man in his position at this time. A life sixty years long, and open to the gaze of all men, defied the microscopic eyes of his political enemies to find a personal blemish in it. Senator for six years, and President for four years, the charge of personal corruption was never made against him. Some acts of his administration have been severely judged, and in my opinion justly so, but the censure has never touched his personal honesty. He never did "contaminate his fingers with base bribes." In his great office he has borne himself with becoming dignity, free from all vulgar or offensive ostentation; and bearing in his bosom a domestic sorrow the greatest that can ever fall upon any man in this world, he goes into retirement carrying with him the sympathy and respect of all his countrymen.

* * *

"You have lost your situation," said a sympathising gentleman to a lazy and delinquent boy. "Yes," he answered, "and I am glad of it." "Why so?" replied the gentleman. "Because I won't have to work any more." This consolation has been officially prescribed for the Republican party by one of its high dignitaries, the Secretary of State, who hopes that the Democrats, having won the Presidency and the House of Representatives, will win the Senate also, so that the Republicans, discharged from all responsibility, will not have to work any more. And the most popular silver-tongue in the country, the champion talker of New York, "expresses the hope that the Senate will be democratic, so that the democrats may have full swing to carry out their alleged reforms or confess that they never intended to." This is also the hope of Senator Frye of Maine, and many others. It has a Fox and the Grapes appearance, and is under suspicion, because it was declared after knowledge that the Democrats would control the Senate; and for the reason also that less than a week ago we were told that even if the Democrats should have a majority in the "lower house" it was comforting to know that the Senate could be relied on to defeat its plans. The presidency and both houses of congress may be a heavy load for the democrats to carry, but they will bend their backs to the burden with patriotic self sacrifice. If they fail to make the promised reforms they will no doubt in a penitential spirit make the confession required. Billy Burt was a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Court for Marble county, and he promised if elected to turn in to the county treasury all the fees of the office above six hundred dollars a year; "and, Gentlemen," said Billy, "if I don't keep my promise, you just tell me of it." Billy was elected, and he put all the fees into his own pocket, whereupon they told him of it; but Billy had the fees. So, four years hence, the Democrats may confess that they never intended to make any reforms; but meantime, they will have had a four years enjoyment of the offices, which after all, is "what we are here for."

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

At the Graveside of Walt Whitman: Harleigh, Camden, New Jersey, March 30th; and Sprigs of Lilac. Edited by *Horace L. Traubel*, Camden. 1892.

We have been favored with a copy of this tribute to the memory of America's popular poet. It consists of readings and addresses at the poet's graveside by Francis Howard Williams, Thomas B. Harned, Robert G. Ingersoll, and other admirers of Walt Whitman; followed, under the title of "Sprigs of Lilac," by extracts from more than twenty letters written by American and English men of letters, beginning with a few lines from Alfred Tennyson. All breathe the same spirit of reverence for "brave old Walt." The limited edition of this brochure, which is printed on gray paper and autographed by the editor, forms a fitting memorial to the poet's memory. It includes lines written for the occasion by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Harrison S. Morris, and is prefaced by the poet's

"... Some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over."

It fitly closes with the fine lines in which Walt Whitman speaks of the closing scene:

"At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the bolts—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold, O love)."

Ω.

NOTES.

Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who has since the death of D. M. Bennett been the editor of *The Truth Seeker*, the New York Freethought journal, has become the business as well as editorial manager. Persons having relations with *The Truth Seeker* should address him at 28 Lafayette Place, New York City.

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SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

BY DR. ERNST SCHROEDER.

[CONCLUDED.]

The idea of a universal language or pasigraphy, was first conceived by Descartes, and further developed by Leibnitz; but the proposals advanced by both remained mere projects, were more sketches and promises than execution or performance.

In isolated provinces science has, for reasons due to its own needs, created the first beginnings of such an ideographic language. The formulæ of modern chemistry are such a beginning, and one of much promise. In one department, however, we find our ideal already realised in an exemplary manner, namely, in the province of numbers. Simultaneously with the demand of a scientifically rational ideographic tongue, the wish for a universal world language already begins to find its fulfilment in this province among all comparatively civilised peoples. So far as numbers are concerned, the Oriental stands upon a common ground of understanding with the people of the western skies, and the East Asiatic with the sons of the Occident. To *count* things, means, separately to associate with those things, other things that we always have ready at hand, (originally the fingers, then unit-strokes, and subsequently numerals,) with the view of repicturing and refiguring, so to speak, by these unit-strokes the things in question, in respect of their frequency.

That the ideal of a pasigraphy was first realised in the province of numbers, is unquestionably due to the fact of their economical functions and their fitness to prepare the way for and to effect the correspondence of our means of satisfying certain wants with their actual satisfaction. (When we think, for instance, of how many shots are to be fired on a given occasion, and calculate correctly that to so many shots so many cartridges are necessary, we subsequently have for every desired shot the necessary cartridge.) "The Arabian system of numerals," says Prof. H. Schubert, very appropriately, "which we absorbed in childhood as something which was self-evident, is not a self-evident thing at all, but is the highest blossom of a civilising process that had its beginning when man became man; that is to say, when he began to speak and to write." The well-known procedure by which our numeral constructions, in their progression according to the decimal law, are expressed by means of the ten numeral characters "is one of the most beautiful fruits of human ingenuity, and one of the most important inventions in the whole history of civilisation." In the domain of counting, measuring, and computation, our numeral system has realised the ideal of an ideographic language or pasigraphy, and it is the most conspicuous example we possess of how immeasurably great the increase of our power over things, of human insight and art, is rendered when appropriate signs are at our disposal—evidence of which arithmetic and the higher analysis with all its applications will abundantly supply.

As the result of repeated extensions of the idea of number, by means of which fractional and irrational quantities have been incorporated into the numeral system, these disciplines have developed the astounding power of expressing or of describing by the simple help of the ten numeral characters, 0, 1, 2, . . . 9, any magnitude whatsoever which is homogeneous with the unit. The Ludolphian number π, for example,

$$\pi = 3.141592653589793238. . . ,$$

which denotes the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, which measures the first by means of the second, has been computed to over seven hundred decimal places. To obtain some idea of the exactness of this statement of the circumference of a circle, we may say, without any fear of mistake, that if we were to describe a circle with a radius extending from the earth to the farthest telescopic object in the heavens, a radius, if we please, equal to a distance of a thousand billion light-years, that the inexactness which might arise in the statement of the length of the circumference of such a circle, or the error of such a statement magnified some millions of times, would still be very far from being perceptible by the best microscopes which we possess!

It is a fact less generally known that we may effect perfectly well, only with somewhat greater circumstantiality, the very same objects, namely, systematic numeral statement, with only two figures, 0 and 1. To

render this more plain, I will express here in the "dyadic" or "binary" system the number of the year 1890, viz:

$$1890 = 11101100010$$

which says, that the number in question is made up of: no One; one Two; no Four, Eight, and Sixteen; one Thirty-two; one Sixty-four; no One Hundred and Twenty-eight; but one Two Hundred and Fifty-six; one Five Hundred and Twelve; and one Ten Hundred and Twenty-four. Beneath I will write, after the same manner, the number π to fifty places:

$$\pi = 11.001001000011111101101010100010001000010110100011\ldots,$$

according to which, therefore, $\pi =$ 1Two + 1One + no One-Half + no One-Fourth + 1One-Eighth + etc.

So far now as the ideal of a pasigraphy in other domains is concerned, Descartes went so far as to demand that some such natural disposition as exists among numbers, should also be constituted among all the ideas of thought. Just as any one can learn in a single day how to name and to write all the numbers up to infinity, although they are designated by an infinitely different number of words, so the same thing could be brought about with all the other words necessary to the expression of human thought. The invention of such a language will depend upon a true philosophy; for without such a philosophy it is impossible to enumerate or arrange, and so to distinguish all the ideas of men, that they shall be distinct and simple. Not until we shall have clearly developed and established what our simple conceptions are and out of what elements our thoughts are composed, and not until this has been generally recognised in the world, can there be any hope of a universal language which shall be easy to learn, to pronounce, and to write, and which also—and this is the main thing—shall aid our powers of judgment by presenting everything so plainly and distinctly that deception will be rendered impossible. At present, things are just the opposite; our words have only confused significances, to which the human mind has been accustomed for so long a time that it now possesses a perfect insight into hardly anything. Descartes adds that he deems such a language and the science on which it should be based as possible; by its means a peasant could then form better judgments on the truth of things than now a philosopher can. However, no one should entertain the hope of living to see such a thing accomplished, for such a result presupposes tremendous changes, and to accomplish it, it would be necessary that the world should be transformed into a paradise(?).

A much bolder confidence in the success of efforts in this direction was possessed by Leibnitz. The very names that he bestows upon the project are evidence of its significance in his mind. Now he calls it *Lingua characteristica universalis*, now *The alphabet of human thought*, and again the *Calculus philosophicus* or *Calculus ratiocinator;* the project should be accomplished as a *combinatoria characteristica, characteribus et calculo.* He entertained the hope of deriving from such a language a comprehensiveness of view, by which, in the very midst of the constantly increasing range of knowledge, the sciences should nevertheless be abbreviated; he hoped that the strengthening of our judgment would be effected, and also the avoidance of disputes brought about: where differences of opinion might arise, we should simply have to say, Let us compute the thing itself!

And of truth there *is* a need to develop to the widest extent possible the judgments of man: that reason may retain the mastery in the world and everywhere a correct view of things obtain; that passions may never acquire the upper hand; that nations may not fall a prey to infatuation and be constrained, when all other means of agreement have failed, to speak with one another in that symbolic tongue which not only is the "ultima ratio regum,"* but is also the ultimate argument *populorum et hominum*, and whose symbols imprint themselves with skull-crushing force into human heads. The blows and thrusts of weapons and the roar of cannons are not simply matter in motion, but are in a true and literal sense the "signs" of our opponent's intentions, of their purpose and decisions.

It will be a surprise to some when I assure you that the Descartes-Leibnitzian ideal of a pasigraphy has within the last twenty-five years approached its realisation with giant strides.

Since the publication of Boole's "Laws of Thought" a "calculus ratiocinator" of the kind described has really been created by the co-operation of mathematicians and philosophers of different nationalities, among whom, next to Boole, are especially deserving of mention the Englishman McColl, the American Charles S. Peirce, and also a lady, Miss Caroline Ladd, afterwards Mrs. Franklin, who has done much commendable work.

In this province, too, the experimental fact has again been verified that a difficult problem is already half solved as soon as a proper notation for the things to be investigated has been discovered. The fundamental sign in the present case was the symbol of inclusion or *subsumption;* viz., the symbol of the relation of a part to its whole, of the subject to the predicate, of a judgment, in other words, a symbol for the copula "is" or "are" of a judgment.

If a and b represent quantities, then $a \subseteq b$ means: a is either an actual part of b or the whole of b.

But if the letters used represent ideas, then $a \subseteq b$ means: "a is b," or, if we will, also: "all a are b."

* The favorite inscription on bronze cannons down to the present century.

As a fact it is equally correct to say:

"Gold $\underset{\subset}{\text{is}}$ a metal," and "salt $\underset{=}{\text{is}}$ chloride of sodium," although, *vice versa*, metal is not always gold, but chloride of sodium is always salt; that is to say, notwithstanding the fact that the relation between subject and predicate, in the two cases, is actually a different one, that is to say, in the first judgment practically amounts to a subsumption, and in the second, to an identification or equalisation (a distinction which we have indicated by distinctive symbols of relation).

The symbol of subsumption, however, leaves open the choice between the two different relations and consequently fully corresponds to the agreement-copula "is" of both judgments.

The same sign, placed between the judgments or statements a and b, admits of the following interpretations; "if a obtains, then b obtains," "a conditions b," "brings it in its train"; as a fact then, the class of occasions, of circumstances, in which the statement a is admissible, is contained in, is a part of, the class of circumstances or occasions, in which the statement b is true or admissible. The sign supplies the place therefore in syntax of the conjunctions "ergo," "consequently," "because" and "therefore" of general inference.

Subsequently signs were introduced for the conjunctions "and" and "or," and for the particle of negation "not," for "nothing" and for "all," and coincidently with the latter, also for "wrong" and "right." When this was once done, interesting questions were rendered answerable which hitherto had remained inaccessible. For instance the question, How many different judgments, different with respect to contents, are constructible with two ideas? If we simply limit ourselves to the six words that occur in the following fragment of a sentence:

"... and all or some a are not b,"

the number of possible statements constructible with such a small number of words will be found to be 32767! Likewise, a peculiar symbolic tongue had in this manner grown up, competent to free the human mind from the bondage in which the word-tongues, by the power of habit, had involved it, and which, by enabling logicians to apply to the languages of words the criterion of an absolutely logical system of designation, also rendered it possible plainly to disclose and reveal the weaknesses and defects of languages of words.

The Italian Peano, Professor at the Military Academy and University of Turin, has transcribed the principles of arithmetic and of geometry into this symbolic tongue. We have in his performance, for example, a copious collection of geometrical definitions, propositions, and demonstrations continued generally from line to line for page after page without a syllable of text, and which are rendered decipherable by means of a key a few lines in length placed at the beginning.

In illustration I will place here beneath, the definition of a mathematical point as it is written in our symbolic language. It is as follows:

$$_{i}(i \neq o) \prod_{x} \{(i \subseteq x) + (i \subseteq x)\}$$

and means, expressed in words this: a point is a portion of space i to be named then and then only, when, without being nothing (that is to say, without vanishing), it stands to *every* portion of space x in this relation, that it either is incident wholly in this portion of space or wholly in that portion of space's external space (not-x).

The only respect in which investigators are not yet agreed is that concerning the external form of the signs universally recognised as the necessary ones. Great care will have to be devoted to the solution of this question. For when once an improperly shaped sign has secured a firm footing, its removal will be accompanied with tremendous difficulties.

It will be seen from the preceding, to what extent—at least for the purposes of exact science—Leibnitz's ideal has already been realised.

Of course we are not yet in a position to translate a fable of La Fontaine's into our ideographic language. For such a purpose, as well as for being spoken generally, it is not yet adapted; and from all that has been said it will be perceived that a great difference exists between the logical ideal of the investigators active in this department, and the linguistic ideal of the modern societies for the introduction of universal languages.

The architects of the Volapük tongue incorporate in their artificial products, if not all the logical defects of the word-languages, yet the most important of them.

One example of such a defect is this: the conjunction "and" possesses, unknown to most of us, in the subject of a sentence an entirely different logical significance from what it does in the predicate. If we say, for instance, "deceiver and deceived are deserving of reprimand, of punishment, or the like," this means both that deceivers are deserving of reprimand, and that the deceived also are deserving of reprimand. If we say, "these men are deceivers and deceived," this statement signifies both that these men are deceivers, and that these men are the deceived. But the very same words "deceiver and deceived," in the first case denoted persons who are *either* the one or the other, deceiver *or* deceived (or both at the same time), while in the last case they denoted only those who are both, deceiver as well as deceived. The first case, therefore, would have been expressed in our ideographic language by $a + b$ and in the second by $a \, . \, b$!

It would be easy to cite a great number of such instances if our time were not limited.

With respect to the efforts of the promulgators of the Volapük tongue, I join in my opinion the ranks of the great majority, and believe that all such endeavors are an idle waste of time, and that their promotors would do better to devote their activity to the acquisition of the English language.

On the other hand, I place the logical endeavors of the investigators I have mentioned so high, and have such great confidence in the future of these inquiries, that to have been allowed to contribute but a mite to the same, forms the greatest pride of my life.

In concluding I shall not omit to refer briefly to a very interesting problem in the field of sign invention, which our great grandchildren will be confronted with. I mean the problem of intelligible communication with the inhabitants of neighboring planets.

As we all know, a meritorious astronomer and physician, Professor Gruithuisen, once made the much ridiculed proposition to set up a correspondence with the inhabitants of the Moon by erecting, in enormous proportions, over some great area of land, the figure of the Pythagorean theorem, a right-angled triangle with three squares on its sides, for example, by sowing sunflowers in the required shape; whereupon, the inhabitants of the Moon would answer by means of other geometrical figures. We now know that our moon is a barren globe without air and water, and that it scarcely offers the possibility of the fulfilment of a single one of the conditions of organic life known to us. We have also fortunately recovered from our belief in the fantastic and baseless inventions concerning the inhabitants of remote worlds, such as were rife during the first decades of the present century (as in Littrow's "Wonders of the Heavens").

But in recent times these conjectures have very unexpectedly acquired a foundation of reality and an almost palpable form, as the result of the Milan astronomer Schiaparelli's carefully conducted and clearly established discoveries concerning our neighboring planets, and particularly so by his discoveries of the state of our first exterior planet, Mars. The facts* of these discoveries have, during the recent proximity of Mars, been so fully discussed in the press, that it would now be superfluous for me to dwell on them. All I will say is that they point to the existence of conscious beings on Mars; and I personally deem it only a matter of a few hundred years before we shall enter into a correspondence with the inhabitants of this planet.

As soon as it has been brought about that one single sign can be sent backwards and forwards in any way between the two planets, for instance, in clear nights by means of the simultaneous illumination of great numbers of electric arc-lights, thickly distributed over great areas of ground, as soon as this has been effected, the interruption of such a signal will form a second sign; and we shall then soon be able mutually to inform each other that on both planets analysts and algebraists versed in mathematics, live, by our announcing, for example, from this side the dyadic representation of π, and our receiving, perhaps, from the other side in answer the irrational number which plays so important a rôle in analysis, the number

$$e = 10.101101111110000101010001011000101000\ldots$$

The further development of such intellectual intercourse will be of the greatest logical interest.

Notwithstanding the great peril associated with speculations like the preceding, I have not hesitated to risk the venture of such an outlook. For true intellectual life means that we shall embrace as much as possible of reality, both in the direction of that which is past as in the direction of that which is to come.

* These facts were set forth in detail in Professor Schubert's address.—*Trans.*

POSITIVIST FAITH.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

It cannot be denied that the works of Auguste Comte have influenced very largely the current thought of the present day; he possessed in no small degree that powerful and lucid expression of thought which has ever been the distinctive characteristic of his countrymen, and, however true it is that the principles which he emphasised had been brought to light by others who dwelt beyond the Rhine, still, he is entitled to the credit of having first stated these principles in definite and unmistakable language.

Comte had a strong aversion to everything which savored of metaphysics, and his great desire was to have his reasoning on a scientific foundation which would be free from all the mists of philosophic speculation, and he was thus impelled to start from an individualistic standpoint. Probably if he had studied more deeply the development of philosophic thought in other countries, he would have built upon a more sure foundation; but his very desire to free himself from entanglement in doubtful theories led to other and more serious difficulties.

There is a considerable resemblance between Comte and David Hume, the latter in the eighteenth century published his "Treatise on Human Nature," in which he adopted the standpoint of the subjective individual, and assumed a sceptical attitude towards all experience, and referred it to custom and merely subjective association without any rational foundation; and yet in a subsequent work he built up a theory of morals which was inconsistent with and quite opposed to his early principles.

"Hume," Hegel says, "stated that experience is "the foundation of what is known or perception con- "tains all that happens, but nevertheless universality "and necessity are not contained in, nor given us by "experience.... Custom obtains as well in our per- "ception as in reference to law and morality. These "mainly rest on instinct, a subjective, but very often "deceptive moral feeling.... We have the custom to "regard one thing as just and moral, others have other "customs. If then truth depends on experience, the "element of universality of objectivity comes from "elsewhere or is not verified by experience. Hume "has accordingly declared this species of universality "and necessity to be only subjectively, not objectively "existing, for custom is just such a subjective uni- "versality."

Comte in like manner started with a subjective principle,—which suggested a connection between the individual and the race, but the synthesis which he proceeded to develop was inconsistent with his individualistic principle. Comte, however, did not investigate the principles of experience, as Hume and other philosophers did, but proceeding from his subjective principle, which was similar to that adopted by the leaders of the French Revolution, he developed it by emphasising the great fact of what might be called social immortality, our dependence upon the past and our relationship to the future of humanity—the essential organic unity existing in the race. According to him all the highest thoughts and ideals of the individuals forming society ought to be consecrated to one great end, namely, the advancement of society. "The individual can only attain satisfaction and happiness in so far as he contributes to the welfare of the race." There is here a departure from mere subjectivity to a life incorporated in humanity. It is owing to his recognition of the social bond that Comte's chief merit consists, it reveals a partial reaction from the one-sided individualistic principle of last century, and is a step towards the higher organic ideas of the present day. While Comte was right regarding the relationship of the individual to society, he assumed an agnostic attitude towards the objective world; he did not observe that the same principle which binds together all the individuals in an organic unity must at the same time unite humanity with the Universe: the categories must be the same in both cases.

Regarding the "religion of humanity," he informs us that it arises out of a love and devotion to mankind, and which love he desired to develop into a complete system, so that men would "constitute a real providence for themselves in all departments, moral, intellectual, and material." One defect of Comte's religious teaching is, that he demands from men an absolute faith in the continuous advancement and development of humanity, while utter ignorance is professed regarding the course of the world. If there is not a reasonable faith in the world-order, is it not absolutely futile to preach a faith in humanity alone?

Monistic positivism on the other hand is a distinct advance upon Comtist principles, for besides clearly recognising the unity of the individual with the race, it also shows the organic relationship subsisting between both and the world-order. It has a scientific faith in the formative principle which animates all things; it is a philosophy based on objective facts which can be investigated by science. In considering the development of humanity too much importance cannot be given to the influence exercised by nature, with which there is a vital unity. In economic laws and in all the surrounding circumstances of his daily life man finds factors which he cannot dispense with, nay, to which he owes his very existence. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Elsie Venner," refers to the action of nature as the "Centrifugal principle which grows "out of the antipathy of like to like, as only the repe- "tition in character of the arrangement we see ex- "pressed materially in certain seed-capsules which "burst and throw the seeds to all points of the com- "pass. A house is a large pod with a human germ or "two in each of its cells or chambers, it opens by de- "hiscence of the front door by and bye, and projects "one of its germs to Kansas, another to San Fran- "cisco, another to Chicago, and so on, and this that "Smith may not be smithed to death, and Brown may "not be browned into a mad-house, but mix in with "the world again and struggle back to average hu- "manity."

Monistic positivism offers an ethical theory by which conduct can be regulated. We are told "that the pos- "sibility of all higher life, all ethical existence, and all "ethical aspiration depends upon the evolution of "forms," and again "that the practicability of ideas "rests upon the feasibility of a new arrangement of "things—upon the possibility of a re-formation of our- "selves as well as the world around us."

Now admitting that this philosophy gives a satisfactory explanation of the *working* of religious principles and ethical ideals, still it appears to me doubtful whether the scientific faith of monistic positivism, although much superior to the position occupied by Comte, will prove a continuing impulse for religious aspirations or a sufficient "working hypothesis" for the regulation of conduct through more than one generation unless it is reinforced by a rational faith in an immanent, all-embracing world-consciousness.

The weakness of the religious faith of positivism, whether Comtist or monistic, seems to me to lie in a deficiency of impulse. It is not certain that knowledge of the fact that man's highest thoughts will live

in future humanity, or that when he endeavors to act according to his noblest ideals, that he is on the side of the world-order, considered as an unconscious principle, is a sufficient or will ever be a sufficient incentive for him to continue so to think and act. It is true that a man may continue to act on ethical impulses derived from an early faith which in later life he may have abandoned, but it is extremely doubtful whether his children would follow in his footsteps; most probably they would discard both the father's early faith and his subsequent ethics. Are not the higher ideals of positivism founded on a sustaining impulse derived from another and an older religion? *

CURRENT TOPICS.

In the early part of the present century it was my good fortune to know a statesman who went by the name of "Timber," or more familiarly "Old Timber," a playful parody on "Woods," which was his real name. He was a loyal partisan, and his political morality was never higher or lower than the Democratic standard of the time. Once, after having eloquently advocated a certain doctrine, he was reminded of an inconsistent opinion which he had proclaimed a year or two before. Not at all confused, in a tone of resolute integrity he replied, "Was the Democratic party in power or out when I said that?" The impudent spirit of Old Timber directs the party press just now. His genius animates both sides. Ancient inconsistencies fall into musical harmony at the touch of his magic formula, "Was our party in power or out, when we said that?" "Were we in power or out when we advocated Civil Service Reform, and condemned the gerrymander?" "Our party was in power," say the Republicans, "when we approved and practised what we censure now." "Our party was out of power," say the Democrats, "when we condemned the policy which we now adopt." When Sam Weller inquired of Mr. Brooks, the pieman, how it was possible for him to make all sorts of pies, mutton, mince, or chicken, out of one kind of meat, he was told that the art was in the seasoning. In like manner, the Democrats and the Republicans, can make all sorts of policies out of one principle, according to the seasoning imparted by the elections.

* * *

Scarcely was the preceding note in type, when I found that I could show the meaning of it by living illustrations from the *Inter Ocean* and the *Herald*, representative and leading papers of the two great antagonistic parties of Chicago. The returns having made it certain that the Illinois legislature will be Democratic in both houses, the *Inter Ocean* points its moral finger at the apparition of a gerrymander, and tries to exorcise it; while the *Herald* with counter incantations bids it come. Solemn as Jonah, the *Inter Ocean* warns the Democrats of the wrath in store for them if in the intoxication of triumph they gerrymander Illinois. "The American people," says the *Inter Ocean*, "may be somewhat fickle and freaky in their politics, but there is one thing certain, they have a strong and dominant sense of fairness. The politicians cannot afford to trifle with or disregard this national characteristic. In nothing has it asserted itself more plainly and rebukingly than in resenting, rebuking, and defeating gerrymanders." I am sorry to think that the contrary of that is true, although there is high pretension in the claim, as there was in that of the candidate who said, "I flatter myself on my honesty," when he found that nobody else would flatter him. Self-approbation certainly is a very "national characteristic," and we carry it sometimes to the extreme of egotistical flattery, as the *Inter Ocean* does in that quotation; but it is nobler to tell the truth, and confess that politically, at least, the "sense of fairness" has been driven out of the American people by the tyranny of party spirit. It is notorious that contested seats in congress are awarded according to the requirements of party; and for nearly a hundred years, the apportionment of districts has been made on that principle. In these matters, it is the sense of unfairness that is "dominant in the American people." The unfair contrivance called a gerrymander is adopted by both parties; and the majority on either side will divide a state into districts by fantastic lines that baffle the definitions of geometry. Only the minority complains. Hence those tears. Explaining the position of the Democratic party on the tariff, and gerrymandering the question, Senator Hill said, "The Democratic platform does not say that protection is a fraud; it says merely that Republican protection is a fraud;" the inference being that the Democratic article will be entirely free from guile. So, when a Republican or a Democrat condemns a gerrymander, he means the gerrymander of the other side. Should he condemn a gerrymander made by his own side, he would rise to the eminence of a mugwump, and be read out of the party.

* * *

Once, in a time of great political excitement, there was a very animated election in Ireland; and it so happened that thirty or forty gentlemen of the Protestant party, going to the county town to vote, stopped at a village ten miles away to get some dinner. While they were dining, an orator of the opposite party was making a speech to the village patriots outside, and in that speech he said, "Those gentlemen at the tavern are going to Limerick to vote; and suppose they are Protestants, they are your fellow Christians just the same, and entitled to hospitality. It would be wrong for any spalpeen to steal the linchpins from their carriages, because in that case the wheels might come off, the carriages might break down, and the gentlemen might lose their votes." By a queer coincidence, the linchpins were stolen, the wheels did come off, the carriages did break down, and the gentlemen were disfranchised, at least for that election. The warning of the orator might be called advice by negative innuendo, the style adopted by the *Chicago Herald* in giving directions to the legislature on the subject of reapportioning the state. The *Herald* thinks it would be wrong to steal the linchpins, or in other words, to gerrymander, because "a political victory is valuable only as it is applied to good and honest usages." This lofty moral sentiment is qualified a little farther on, and the legislature is advised that "if just as good a district can be made with a Democratic majority, all things considered, or a district comparatively as good, it is right and political that a Democratic district should be made." To make this hint more definite, which, by the way was not necessary, the *Herald* continues thus, "Even to stretch a point, not beyond reason, but to the extent allowed in what is usually recognised as fair politics, is not to be greatly censured." Certainly not, but "fair politics" is a well known apologetic phrase for tricks that would be unfair in any social business; and the *Herald* may rely upon it that the majority will not fail to "stretch a point" if a political advantage is to be gained by stretching it. Fortunately, we may review the gerrymander without giving offense to either side, for if there is one blessed institution in this land, which is the ready and most obedient servant of both parties, it is the gerrymander.

* * *

Early in the war, the regiment in which I was, made a sudden charge at break of day upon a rebel camp near Florida, in Missouri. Our enemies having been driven out, we sat upon the grass and ate their breakfast. We were tired and hungry, for we had marched all night, and instead of pursuing our foes we feasted on the beef, and bread, and vegetables which they had left behind. Mark Twain was in that camp, and I rejoice that he got away, for since then he has given me a thousand intellectual breakfasts com-

* We hope to discuss the subject in a future number.—Ed

posed of delicious humor and very delicate pathos, so that, upon the whole, I am rather glad than otherwise that I did not kill him in that fight. That war incident is used merely as a text for a few remarks on the political situation at this time. The Democrats have driven the Republicans from camp, and being very tired and hungry, they propose to do nothing but recline on the beautiful grassy slopes and enjoy the captured rations which their enemies had provided for themselves. They want not work, but wages. Terrified as a tramp at the sight of a cord of wood and a buck saw, and fearing that Mr. Cleveland may call an extra session to give them a job, they exclaim, "The spoils of the camp are ours, let us enjoy them in *conservative* repose. The Republican party must go, but its policy must remain. The McKinley bill ought never to have been passed, but it must not be repealed." I think that a confidence man, who has made a little money by some ingenious deception, must indulge in a good deal of quiet laughter when he thinks about the credulity of his victim; and in imagination I can almost hear the merry chuckle of Mr. Vest, the Senator from Missouri, now that the election is over, and the warble of the oratorical mocking bird is heard no more in the land. I can almost hear the rippling of his laughter when he says in reference to the impending extra session, "Mr. Cleveland is too level headed for any such nonsense. He does not believe in a cavalry charge upon the existing system of taxation. He is firm, but also conservative."

* * *

I am authorised to say that there will not be an extra session of congress, unless to avert national insolvency. My authority comes not from Mr. Cleveland, but from the very genius of regal power. Rulers never convoke parliaments to help the people, but always "to relieve the government." Should congress be convened in extra session, it will be "to vote supplies." Kings never yield prerogative, nor do Presidents. Under our law, the congress is hired and paid to begin work on the 4th of March, but the same law illogically declares that the legistature shall do nothing until December, unless convened in extra session by the President. For the first eight months of his term, the President of the United States is free from the criticism or the advice of congress. During that part of his official service he holds in his hands Imperial power, while the House of Representatives, the Democratic element in the government, holding its commission directly from the people, "stands like a cipher in the great account." After more than six hundred years of struggle, the Commons of England have clipped prerogatives from the royal tree, until the crown has been reduced to such political poverty that "the Queen reigns but does not govern." Not so here. While congress is in abeyance, the President of the United States both reigns and governs. He is practically Kaiser. While congress is in session the President serves; when it is in suspension, he rules. In military phrase, Congress when in session "ranks" the President, but when Congress is dispersed, the President outranks every other political power in his own country. It is the lesson of all history that the ruler of a nation will never willingly summon a parliament or a council to direct him, to curb him, or to contradict him. Nor is this always for despotic reasons, or for lust of power. It is often prompted by patriotic ambition, and a desire for honorable fame. The temptation to do some valuable service to the country without the assistance of the legislature, is very strong; and when that service wins approval and acclamations, the glory of saying, "Alone, I did it," rewards a vanity that is very near to greatness. For those reasons, I think that I am authorised by History to say that there will not be an extra session.

M. M. Trumbull.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Psychologie du Peintre. By *Lucien Arréat*. I Vol. in 8° de la Bibl. de philosophie contemporaine. Paris: F. Alcan. 1892.

M. Arréat, the accomplished correspondent of *The Monist* and the author of a number of well-known works, has just offered to the French public a translation of the *Physiologie de l'Art*, by Georg Hirth of Munich. Several months previously he gave to the world a work entitled *Psychologie du Peintre*, which has attracted much attention.

These two works, composed at the same time, have not the same end in view; but nevertheless they are in accord in certain points.

M. Hirth has considered certain questions from a special point of view and elaborated a theory, partly original, as to the faculty of memory and the power of observation. M. Arréat set himself the task, which as yet had not been attempted, of finding and describing a psychologic species, a professional type, deriving it from the sum total of the physical, mental, emotional, and social qualities of the individuals characteristic of the type. The former studies in preference the implement, the latter the workman. Their subject-matter, apart from this, would necessarily lead them into the same field in the discussion of the memory, of heredity, and of pathology. Their conclusions on these points are about identical. Both, for example, and each from his own point of view, have put to the test of a searching inquiry the celebrated thesis of Lombroso regarding the relations between genius and insanity, and they do not find that this thesis is proven, at least as regards artists as a class.

But we will confine ourselves to the work of M. Arréat. In how much do anatomy and physiology aid him in his establishment of a painter type? Very little indeed. That might have been expected, but it was well to ask the question. The physical and physiological characteristics (First Part) appear to be blended together among painters as a class, as they are in the social groups. Moreover, it is probable that the study of the cerebral cortex, if it is ever undertaken in connection with a sufficiently large number of cases, could instruct us in regard to this. Still, all the combinations of temperaments are undoubtedly found in this class; only they exhibit marked nervous traits and are accompanied with varying physiognomical features and a great fineness of perception.

As regards heredity, M. Arréat has divided the question. It is necessary to show, says he, the transmission of partial or elementary faculties of memory, the different combinations of which produce ability. In default of sufficiently precise sources of information he has directed his efforts at least to classing artists: as, firstly, painters who are sons of painters; secondly, painters who are sons of art workers; thirdly, painters, sons of mechanics, laborers, and of plain people generally. Now, this simple and natural classification has furnished him statistics showing a considerable majority in favor of heredity; for example, among about three hundred names almost two-thirds of the painters were sons of painters or of art workers. Such a high per cent., and one calculated upon so many individuals, had as a result, up to that time, not been demonstrated. Galton and Ribot cite but a few cases and without sufficiently critical observations upon them.

Under the heading of "Talent" (Second Part) M. Arréat investigates the æsthetic characteristics—appreciation, curiosity, precocity, etc., with particular reference to letters and confidential communications of artists themselves. But the implement of the talent is the faculty of memory; the memory of the eyes and of the hand. The question of artistic conceptions, lifelike as if seen by the eye, is treated here in an interesting manner, and one can no longer doubt, after having read these chapters, that genius in the individual is truly a gift of nature.

If, however, one considers the evolution of an artistic genius "in bygone times" one will be impressed with the very simple law which M. Arréat shows that it obeys. He holds up to view the leading object of research all through the discussion: at first as to exact outline, then as to the design, and finally as to the coloring; and he shows clearly the principal stages of this inquiry which

corresponds to a psychological work of analysis and of synthesis of artistic conceptions.

In the third part, "The Capacity of the Intellect," M. Arréat makes a study of the intellectual characteristics of the painter, his faculty of memory, and of his various abilities. He was guided in this investigation by the thought of discovering, whether, when a certain faculty of memory is the dominant one, that is to say a certain group of artistic representations, the other faculties of memory do not tend to adjust themselves, to fall into line, as it were, in an order uniformly constant. To tell the truth it does indeed seem that this is the case as regards painters. They often possess musical talent (not indeed, however, the analytical power of memory of the true musician); also literary talent; rarely or even never scientific ability. They are men of intelligence, not intellectual ones. This entire third part of the book is rich in facts and sketches.

In the fourth part, "On Individuality," one conjectures that the type separates easily into varieties. M. Arréat does not dissemble this fact. He succeeds, however, in showing that by reason of a natural inclination or through the influence of their profession, painters, with regard to either egotistic or unselfish characteristics, self-will or docility, still exhibit some features in common, and that a certain arrangement of radical tendencies has a chance to prevail among them. In this part anecdotes abound, instructive or piquant in turn, and moralists could here gather many a dainty morsel.

The author successfully demonstrates in the fifth part, "On Pathology," that artists are no more pathological monstrosities than they are psychological ones. Their average longevity, which M. Arréat has had the patience to calculate, shows them indeed as being privileged in that respect. Men of talent, he says in substance, are no more subject to mental alienation than mediocre ones, and usually show no more eccentricities than any man may be expected to indulge in. "Derangement does not create genius, and if sometimes it accompanies it, it proceeds in that case from the abuse of one's faculties or because of the exercise of them under unfavorable conditions, rather than because of their presence merely." Genius, moreover, M. Arréat shows clearly, when considered in the fullest sense of the word, is an exception among painters themselves, and in genius itself there is nothing exceptional other than the union in the same individual of several felicitous gifts of nature. The ultimate deduction is that it is made up of faculties which are common to almost all men even though they are unequally developed and are distributed in different ways in each individual.

Here are conclusions worthy of being thought over. The author's object has been, not to make a display of learning, but to write an agreeable and readable book; and its perusal will not on this account be attended with less instruction. χλ.

As It Is To Be. By *Cora Lynn Daniels*, Franklin, Mass. 1892. Price $1.00.

This is a strange little book; it is not for everybody; on the contrary it will be a puzzle to many sober-minded men, but will be fascinating, at least, to people of a spiritualistic penchant. A reviewer might easily push the book aside; but it comes highly recommended by Prof. F. M. Hoppin of Yale, Ignatius Donnelly, Edward Gordon Clark, formerly editor of the *North American Review*, Elliott Coues, F. L Burr, editor of the *Hartford Daily Times*, Richard Hodgson, Secretary of the "Psychical Research Society," and Edward Youmans, late editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. All these men read the book in manuscript and encouraged its publication in flattering terms. So it will be interesting to see what ideas these men regarded as worthy of their authoritative endorsement.

The author does not claim to have written it herself: she simply wrote down the questions presented to and answered by "the voices." But what or who these "voices" are, she does not pretend to tell, simply stating "They appear to me as *thought*." The contents of the book is a modern apocalypse, only longer and more explicit than that of St. John. We are told in Chap. II that there is no pain in dying. Our conditions and surroundings after death are revealed in Chap. VII, and the concluding chapter describes a day in heaven.

The philosophy of the booklet is in one sense dualistic, for we are told: "You are the clasp between and the lock which holds the material to the spiritual. In you both are united, and the purpose of thus linking spirit with material in the union seen in the human or intelligent being, is to produce individualised consciousness, which, like our Father Himself, is unlimited in power, and capable of perfection, which is bliss. This is why man is born." This dualism however is interwoven with a spiritual monism, as can be seen in the following passage: "You have no selfhood, really. You are you, only because He has permitted a part of Himself to enter an individual form. Your selfhood consists in being endowed with an individuality of thought different from other individualities of thought, but should He recall that endowment you would become no longer a self, but selfless in Him."

The book is profusely illustrated with allegorical and ornamental pictures. The student who loves the *terra firma* of facts will have no use for it, but those who on the light wings of fancy love to soar into the realms of symbols and spiritual visions will not be disappointed. κρς.

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MONISM AND AGNOSTICISM.

BY AMOS WATERS.

I have several times ventured in the liberal press of England and once in the columns of *The Open Court* (No. 261) to deplore the feud between agnosticism and monism as understood by their respective exponents, and to deny that such feud was irrevocable. To me it is profoundly disturbing, this exuberant dissidence of dissent, this quibbling and squabbling anent frigid technicalities which after all are but as skeletons at the intellectual feast. No doubt the Egyptian revelers at the banquet renewed in conjecture the blood and breath and being of the skeleton there, and each with individual fancy would fulfil the external graces which depended erstwhile on the dry bones and covered them with beauty. The result would differ as mentalities differed, discussion might arise wrathful and pointed with innuendoes. Then would be forgotten the flowers and fruits and choicest viands; each guest would be clamorous for *my* opinion, *my* conception, *my* objection. Peradventure then some obscure but reflective spectator would witness for peace and compromise. "Good friends," he might observe, "this disharmony is unworthy. What are our petty *mys* but the successive ripples of a wave of impression which is running its course and will presently merge into communal memories? Truth is this to one and that to another, and truth it is to either. Let us imitate the gracious charity of truth and content ourselves with the thought that while the arrogant lust for absolute truth is not to be allayed with possession, yet each may select one aspect of the immortal mystery and cherish his selection into lovliness. And meanwhile let us justly asself whatever is commendable on these tables."

So might speak the ancient peacemaker, and so in similar accents might speak any wishful to reconcile the wordy strife of two parties of modern thought, with so much yet so little to divide them as dwells in the barriers industriously upreared by the militant adherents of monism and agnosticism. So too with kindred aim I am disposed in these columns—subject to editorial hospitality—to plead for a better understanding between the rival schools, to remove from the one some misapprehension, and to strive with the other for the excommunication of bias and the dissolution of wrath.

The inception of monism and agnosticism may equally be resolved along with other philosophies of recent date into a spirit of reaction against mere unbelief. The development of either has strengthened the moral sinew of protest against the distemper of negation. The sheer negation of simple unbelief was necessary and righteous in the appointed days, but a realm of new ideas has replaced the old order; the mania of anarchism is spent, and the modern spirit demands a positive speculation which shall redeem the powerful ethical fervor of the great orthodoxies and supply a fresh sacredness of contemplation in the inevitable problems of the spiritual world. It is necessary at this point to disclose my own particular private impression of the approximate meaning of the two controverted terms in question.

I. *Monism.* Monism is a philosophical conception which resolves the "whole of reality, i. e. everything that is 'into' one inseparable and indivisible entirety"; a unitary conception of the world which always "bears in mind that our words are abstracts representing parts or features of the One and All, and not separate existences." Roughly speaking, matter and mind, soul and body, atoms and molecules, God and the world, are all abstracts which if true "represent realities, i. e. parts, or features, or relations of the world, that are real, but they never represent things in themselves, absolute existences, for indeed there are no such things as absolute entities. The All being one interconnected whole, everything in it, every feature of it, every relation among its parts has sense and meaning and reality only if considered with reference to the whole." And the essential principle crowning this conception is the unification or systematisation of knowledge.* The foregoing summary may be regarded as orthodox in that it is official. If we seek to verify this authentic and concise statement in the ampler regions of individual exposition the trouble begins. To accept at random a signal instance of divergence, we find Dr. Carus and Professor Haeckel vitally—I had nearly said fatally—differing not merely in detail but

* *Vide* prospectus of *The Monist.*

in rudimentary principle. This is admitted by Dr. Carus, who at the same time generously says there is "no one, perhaps, who has made a more effective propaganda for the monistic world-conception than he." I am just now referring to a critique by Dr. Carus on the position of Professor Haeckel.* The first named objects that the exposition of the popular naturalist is simply mechanicalism savoring strongly of materialism. He denies Haeckel's proposition that "the wonderful enigmas of organised life are accessible to a natural solution by a mechanical explanation of purposeless, efficient causes," and while granting that "mechanical explanations will serve for all motions that take place in the world," refuses to concede that such are applicable to that which is not motion; and further, that the method, if applicable, would not be desirable. He further acutely objects that feeling is not a mechanical phenomenon, and that an idea being the special meaning of a complex feeling is not a mechanical phenomenon either. The brain motion is not the idea. And finally he disastrously traversed Haeckel's interpretation of the processes of causation wherever applied. The somewhat hurried and inadequate rejoinder of the Professor in the succeeding issue of *The Monist*, together with the further reasonings of Dr. Carus transparently accentuated the lines of cleavage. I am not concerned to catalogue the details of debate, but merely to claim an adorning moral from the incident. Here we have two of the principal exponents of monism harmoniously endorsing a creedal label but strenuously dissenting each from the other anent the import of principle and definition. Just as Huxley and Spencer do elsewhere in connection with another 'ism. Just as philosophers always have done in the past, and in human probability always will do in the future. Just as is sequentially useful if friendly regard continue. There are two eminent thinkers on this planet who, exactly because they happen to entertain opposite opinions as to whether something or anything is Unknowable (with or without a capital *U*), excite the derision of non-reasoning Philistines and unreasonable theologians by mutual disregard. There may or may not be anything unknowable in the abstract but——! "They never speak as they pass by," hum the scoffers.

However, my frank purpose is to select the monistic exposition of Dr. Carus with the ultimate hope of demonstrating that there is no more dogmatic difference between *his* monism and the fluctuating trend of agnosticism in England—perhaps even to some extent less—than between the definitive differences that appear to trail serpentwise over the flowers of the monistic Eden. I confess an initial attraction toward the fragrant liberalism of Dr. Carus, and an invincible preference for the term agnosticism, together with a pious private conviction that monism and agnosticism equally are but temporary compromises between emotional religion and exact philosophy, either to mystically blend with the twilight guesses of ancient speculation and dissolve their ghostly sparks of truth in the omnipresent illumination of the laggard morning. Previous to the indulgent excursion into the especial pasturelands of the agnostic monism of Dr. Carus it is pertinent to hazard a review of idiosyncratic agnosticism with becoming brevity.

II. *Agnosticism.* The title was invented by Professor Huxley at a Clapham tea-party, and was by him intended to be "suggestively antithetic to the 'Gnostic' of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."* The name was derived from two Greek words *a*, not, and *gignosco*, to know. Consequently, says the witty priestling, *agnostic* means a man who does not know, the plain Saxon of which is ignoramus, and serious thinkers have not been guiltless of the witless jest. Now as summarised by Huxley, agnosticism means the uncompromising application of a principle as old as Socrates, and which was justified by Descartes, a principle which affirms the sovereignty of reason in intellectual speculation and negates conclusions not demonstrable. Thus a certain limitation of human faculties is implied, a limitation essentially non-dogmatic in that individual capacity ever varies, as in a larger sense the results of science differ and widen with the growing years. There are problems anent which almost all agnostics reasonably decline to formulate opinions, and this without indolence. The ultimate nature or essence of the universe and of the human mind or soul are inevitably instanced. However, it is pardonable enough to decline to formulate an opinion, but it is not this reticence of which Dr. Carus and his colleagues justly complain. I assume that the quarrel is occasioned by Mr. Spencer's formulation of the limitations of opinions, "The Unknowable" of "First Principles" to wit. Mr. M. D. Conway once excellently said that the creation of this metaphysical spectre was the worst day's work that the respectable philosopher ever did. This magnified and arrogant dogma hospitably and obviously entertains a clamorous and penurious crowd of dependent assumptions. To quietly say *I do not know* is the wisdom of modesty which is agnosticism; to say IT IS UNKNOWABLE is the reckless conceit of braggart nescience. What then is the agnostic approach to the supreme secret of all speculation? It is a confession that the ultimate cause of the Universe is yet—not necessarily forever—inscrutable, and the simple confession betrays a more or less concealed consciousness of an Unseen Reality which interweaves through all phenomena and persists through all symbolic changes of

* *The Monist*, Vol. II, No. 3, pp. 438-42.

* *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1889.

matter, force, and motion. I am conscious of this omnipresent reality, and with Kant am filled with awe when I contemplate its manifestations in the starry heavens and the moral nature in man. And holding the mystery of the first and final appeal to be as suggestive of solemn adoration as the superstructural will of anthropomorphic theism, I am content to accept the designation of reverent agnostic. This ardent neo-agnosticism is not to be confused with "the worship of the unknowable"—a contradiction in terms and sensitive to caricature. It should be clearly understood that the only negative principle concerning which all agnostics are approximately agreed is the determining of certainties by the states of consciousness. From this central assent idiosyncratic differences of speculative exposition are scattered like sparks from a catherine-wheel. Mr. Samuel Laing has a theory of polarity, and Dr. Bithell another of the Spiritual Body. The discouraging feud between Spencer and Huxley has prolific branches. The brilliant editor of *The Agnostic Journal* impetuously transcends the cobweb barriers of exact knowledge and soars into the regions of ineffable vision, ineffably contemned by the critical school of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and these departures prevail to the end of the chapter.

III. *Dr. Carus and Monism.* Turn we again to the personal monistic interpretation of Dr. Carus of the problems vexing the hearts of men. The consciousness of an Unseen Reality previously mentioned is not contradicted by the immediate critic ; in truth it is eloquently affirmed. "The religion of science recognises that there is a power, an all-pervading law in the universe, which is not personal, but super-personal. And this super-personal power not only obtains in the motions of the stars and in the relations of cosmic life, but also in the destinies of nations, in the growth of society, and in the fates of individuals. It wrecks those who do not conform to its injunctions." * And more recently Dr. Carus defines God as not only the "sum-total of matter and force . . . . but also that *quality of the world which the naturalist describes in natural laws.* God is the life of the world, he is *that feature of existence which makes mind and knowledge possible.* In addition he is that which men call progress, the ideal of the future that lives in our souls, and the principle of evolution in nature." † The italics are mine. To this definition I devoutly assent. The words emphasised seem to me to precisely summarise the agnostic apprehension of God, and precisely to maintain that tremulous yet tenacious apprehension against the assumptive comprehension of dogmatic theism. The naturalist unfolds the sequence and details the marvels of natural law, but *the* "quality"—as Dr. Carpenter once said, the Force Behind—eludes his scan. The "feature of existence which makes mind and knowledge possible"—yes, but even Dr. Carus halts here in positive thought and merely proceeds with poetic expansion. Is not this quality of the world or this feature of existence a mystery which knocks at the gates of sensation but ignores the pleading of knowledge to enter the portals thereof? Surely it is what Mr. Spencer meant when in the misfortune of his life he oppressed all speculation and depressed all aspiration with his bogy-dogma; surely it is what the agnostic means when with fainting heart and faltering tongue he strives in confession with the persistent sense of an enigma which baffles his consciousness.

* *The Ethical Problem*, pp. 20-21.

† *The Monist*, July, 1892, p. 600.

Take also the kindred soul-problem. And here I am fain to digress a few moments to express gratulation at the great and noble work *The Open Court* is recording for religious liberalism and humanity in this connection. The belief in the persistence of personal consciousness beyond discarnate life is for good or ill one of the most powerful motives in the ethical group. And now that the old animal terrors and the old celestial lusts are insensibly blending in a mist of regretful uncertainty, it is well that in the principal organ of liberal thought a continuity of responsible instructive articles should so luminously reveal whatever was beautifully true and scientifically sane in the vanishing fables. This by the way. Present-day belief in immortality is sweetly chaotic beyond the street-corner survivals of the barbaric creeds of yesterday, you can scarcely discover two people with coincident views of what is going to happen individuality when the body shall have descended the narrow grave. Witness the discussions of cremation. These invariably reveal the interesting fact that a number of fervent pietists yet cling to the old-fashioned idea of the resurrection of the flesh—an idea not destitute of scientific truth. Let us take it that the majority of speculators in *post mortem* scrip invest in the notion of ghosthood. Says Dr. Carus, "if you mean by immortality, the soul's existence in the shape of a bodiless ghost, you should first prove the existence of bodiless ghosts." * Exactly the temper of a logical agnostic. And in the same place, when gravely balancing the possibility of the "preservation of the special and most individual contents of man's personality," he is constrained to pronounce that "even an unclear idea of the immortality of the soul is therefore better and truer than the flat denial of it." Which is the position of a reverent agnostic. Dr. Carus accepts the evolutionary view of life and endows it with the gravest and noblest enthusiasm of faith, and speaking with a fair acquaintance of his published writings and knowledge, personal and literary, of the sympathetic elements of agnosticism in England, I have to confess inability to determine any essential

* *Homilies of Science*, p. 181.

bar to communion—always excepting the disreputable Unknowable!—between *The Open Court* monists and the non-Spencerian agnostics of the respectable majority. I observe with pleasure that Lucien Arréat perceives the imminent extinction of the controverted *ignorabimus.* "I shall be much surprised," he writes, "if the philosophers do not at last decide to wipe out the formidable *Unknowable* set up by Spencer as the ultimate entity. We shall speak no more of the fathomless universe, but of the still unexplored universe; of the unknown, not of the unknowable." *

IV. *Monism-Agnosticism.* Is any reconciliation possible or desirable? Perhaps the affirmative answer in either instance is most admirably supported by the excellently reported account of the farewell banquet to Dr. Carus† prior to his departure from England. Incidentally Dr. Carus mentioned that in his journey through Europe he met Professor Mach of Prague with whom he had previously engaged in controversy, and that personal communion disclosed the fact that each had been using different words with precisely the same meaning. And he claimed that agnostics might "agree with him more than might at first seem probable, if we could come to a closer understanding as to the use of certain words." Always "words idle words" obscuring issues and marring approximate harmony. Is not reconciliation then desirable? This granted, the possibility is surely not far to seek. Nay, I venture to say that the reconciliation is obvious and that the sole remaining difference is one not obliterated by agreement as to reasoned definitions. For above and beyond immediate contention as to one or another formulation, there looms the rising vapors of individual temperament, ever changing the aspect and outlines of the mountain of truth for the spectator. The adherents of monism represent whatever is solid and eminent in physical science, and Dr. Carus refuses to admit any knowledge other than scientific, likewise philosophically demonstrable. But not only agnostics, but many other rationalists in England are mentally prone to mysticism and accessible to aspirations and psychic experiences of which the most austere biologists may yet be obliged to account for in the enlarging processes of evolution. This however by the way. There is a snare of intellectual activity wherein it is difficult not to fall—I mean the relativity of knowledge indicated by Kant and popularised by Mr. Spencer. Indeed to question this apparent truism is to betray astonishing ignorance of the best results of modern thought. Of course this subjectivity is not peculiar to our own time; it is older than Kant and reaches back to the third century of the Christian era as may be discovered in the pages of Sextus Empiricus. The relativity of knowledge—what does it mean when gravely analysed? Sit down and sketch a landscape. Your eye is keen, your hand is skilful. These foxgloves in the foreground are taller than yon cottage in the middle distance, and the cottage is equal with the angle of the high and receding hill. The flying birds grow large, then almost vanish. That blue-smocked boy with two milk-cans is bigger than the far windmill. Change your position and much is reversed, all is altered. Measure reality by your picture and you are fatally wrong. The relativity is determined by locomotion, and wherever your standpoint, you assume the proportions to be real because you only use your faculties from that standpoint. You suffer the landscape to be subdued by your pervading egotism, and forget that its tranquil assertion is oblivious of your interpretation and is sensitive to another, neither as low as the foxgloves nor as lofty as the windmill, but sublimely overarching all like the soaring azure dome which embraces even you and transforms you. So of the intellectual landscape, your knowledge of it and your incapable loquacity anent the relativity of your knowledge. Suffer your views of truth to blend with a vaster scan and confess your failure to attain finality. This is agnosticism.

* * *

Monism—agnosticism? Recall the tradition of the λαμπαδηφορία—the race with the flaming torch twofold and controverted. Did successive runners grown weary pass on to eager comrades the burning light to be borne through the darkness of night? Or was it that many swift athletes pressed on with individual link of flame, and he who first with light still burning reached the goal to accept the victorious wreath and be gladdened by the acclamations of the Hellenes? Commentators pronounce for either and both. We, too, monists and agnostics, are running our race with the light of truth as we uphold it for the generations. And whether we are inspired with communal enthusiasm, or choose to individually strive with the swiftest on the path, our aim is consecrated and unique, and should ban all jealousy save that of care for an unsullied ideal.

* *The Monist*, October, 1892, p. 113.

† *Vide Agnostic Journal.* Oct. 8-15-22, 1892.

COLUMBUS AND THE CABOTS.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

We are all the more bound to honor Columbus, because one of the first results of his crossing the Atlantic was the discovery of North America, on July 3, 1497, by an English ship. The "Matthew" had sailed from Bristol early in May, and followed the track of Leif Ericson, towards what was thought after his time to be a great island near Greenland, and was put down on an Italian map in 1367, as the Island of Brazil. The name "New Land" was also familiar to Norse, French, and English sailors. The path thither seemed lost; but the "Matthew" sailed first to Iceland, and

then south-west into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The point first seen was the north end of Cape Briton, as is plainly marked on the map made by one of the discoverers. There they landed that same day, set up the flags of England and Venice, and took possession of the country in the name of the King of England.

The importance of this discovery lay largely in the fact that it was made thirteen months before any part of the mainland was seen by Columbus, who in fact died in the supposition that he had not found a new continent, but only some islands near Asia. The first landing of the Spaniards on the shores of North America was in Florida, and nearly twenty years after Canada was discovered by the English. The latter thus acquired a title which was confirmed by the explorations of Frobisher, Baffin, Gilbert, Gosnold, Drake, Hudson, John Smith, and other navigators, until the right of our race to hold North America against the Spaniards was established by the settlers at Jamestown, Plymouth, and Boston. The Declaration on July 4, 1776, was a result of the discovery on July 3, 1497.

This discovery was made at day-break, according to contemporary records, on what was then called June 24, and kept sacred to St. John. The real date, however, was July 3, just as that of the discovery of the Bahamas by Columbus was October 21, not October 12. The false method of reckoning time was discarded by the Pope in 1582, but was kept up in England and her colonies by Protestant bigotry until 1752. When we read how pleasant May Day was in England, in Shakespeare's time, it should be remembered that the festivities were then held on May 11.

The principal question about the discovery in 1497 is whether the credit belongs mainly to John or to Sebastian Cabot. In favor of John Cabot, there is the recently discovered letter, printed in Justin Winsor's "History of America" (Vol. III, pp. 54-55), from the Milanese envoy, who wrote in December, 1497, about the discovery just made by a poor Venetian, greatly skilled in navigation, and named John Caboto, who had sailed in a small ship with eighteen companions, mostly English. No mention of his son, Sebastian, is made in this letter, nor in a previous one by the same author, nor in a third letter, written by a Venetian merchant who says that Zuan Cabot, as he was called at Venice, explored the coast for 300 leagues. A pension, for a sum which would now amount to about $1000 a year, was granted by the King, early in 1498, to "John Calbot," of Venice, and a patent, authorising further explorations, was issued soon after to the discoverer, "John Kabotto, Venecian," but no provision is made for the inheritance of the money or privilege by Sebastian. In the latter's favor, however, there are a number of books published in the sixteenth century by English, French, Spanish, and Italian authors, who mention him alone as the discoverer. He is thus mentioned in a book published in 1516 by Peter Martyr, who knew him intimately, and also in one by another personal friend, Richard Eden, whose account appeared in 1555. A third author said, in 1550, that he had met a man who said he heard Sebastian Cabot relate, without speaking of his father, how he had himself set out on a voyage of discovery to which he was prompted by the fame of Columbus. Many other writers have since taken the same ground. Thus Bacon gave the whole credit to "one Sebastian Gabato, a Venetian" ("Works," Vol. XI, pp. 293-295); and Burke said, "We derive our rights in America from the discovery of Sebastian Cabot, who first made the Northern Continent in 1497."

The only way to reconcile these statements is to suppose that both John and Sebastian were on the "Matthew," as is expressly stated on the map which is generally believed to have been made by Sebastian in 1544, and which is in part reprinted in Winsor's History. Both father and son are named in the permission for the voyage, given by the King in 1496. The father is supposed to have then been at least seventy years old, and to have died in the spring of 1498. It is highly probable that he took with him a son who afterwards proved himself an expert seaman. John was undoubtedly captain, at least nominally; but it is possible that the real authority was largely held by Sebastian, whose great talent for leadership soon became manifest. His veracity is less conspicuous; for he seems to have stated the place of his birth to Eden as Bristol, and to the Venetian ambassador as Venice. It is, however, possible that his hearers may have mixed up what he said about the voyage in 1497 with what he said about another in 1498. It may well have been in the latter year that, as stated by Peter Martyr and other authors, he fitted out two ships, at his own expense and risk, after his father's death, and set sail with three hundred men, first to Newfoundland or Labrador, where he landed some colonists who soon fell victims to the climate, then into Hudson's Bay in search of a north-west passage to India, and finally south along the coast as far as Delaware. There is reason to believe that such explorations were actually made by him, and most probably in 1498.

We afterwards find him employed by Charles V. to examine pilots for oceanic voyages, and presiding at the conference of geographers which decided, in 1524, that the Moluccas belonged to Spain, not Portugal. Two years later he sailed with three Spanish ships for Brazil, where he put down a mutiny, headed by his principal officers, and then up the Rio de la Plata to Paraguay, where he attempted a settlement and fought a bloody battle with the natives. Failure of supplies from Spain obliged him to depart after spending five

years in South America, where he left the horses whose wild descendants afterwards became so numerous. He then returned to England, and took the lead in organising the expedition which gave that country direct trade with Russia. The instructions which he issued to the sailors forbade them to offer any violence to the Russians, to tempt any woman to unchastity, or to disclose the fact that England was then Protestant. The last prohibition was necessary to avoid angry disputes about religion.

These facts are presented to show that our national celebration in honor of Columbus might justly be followed by some local celebration in honor of the Cabots in 1897. The erection in 1892 of a triple monument, to Columbus, Americus Vespucius, and Sebastian Cabot, in Boston, was proposed some years ago by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop; but there are obvious objections to ignoring the claims of John Cabot; and much might be said against heaping new honors upon Vespucius. A celebration in Bristol, Enlagnd, of the discovery in 1497, has recently been proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Shipley in their book on "The English Discovery of America." Some such recognition might properly be offered in Boston, on Saturday, July 3, 1897, to both John and Sebastian Cabot, for what they did to make it possible for the settlers in Massachusetts to lay the foundations of this great republic.

CURRENT TOPICS.

WE ARE breaking up into classes and drifting apart; we cannot conceal our social tendencies, nor can any quantity of Thanksgiving whistling keep our courage up. Here is an item from the Chicago *News Record* of Thanksgiving day, reporting some proceedings of the Board of Education: "It was decided to allow the principals to receive contributions of clothing and cash for the benefit of children who would be unable to attend school without such aid. One day in each year will be set aside for the reception of such contributions." It is melancholy enough that in this wealthy city there are little children so ragged that they cannot go to school; but the remedy is worse than the disease. The plan proposed will divide the pupils into castes, for the children clothed by charity will feel their inferiority, while the others will exhibit the airs of a higher order. To lower the self-respect of boys and girls may weaken their characters for life. To exalt the intellect and abase the soul is not education. Many a time have I said with exultant pride, that however much our theoretical democracy might be strained, or even broken, by the stern facts of unequal conditions, on the level floor of the common schools at least, it was a practical reality; and I look with actual pain upon the proposition to put a public mark of inferiority upon any child in the school. The relief proposed ought to be given privately, and not by the official action of the teachers, or the principal of the school. It is not the province of the Board of Education to set aside one day in each year as a day of humiliation for any portion of the children in the schools. The members of the Board meant well, but their action was ill-advised, and it ought to be reconsidered.

* * *

There is a clamorous demand in England that poor school children be clothed and fed by the state, not as an act of patronage or bounty, but as the social *right* of the children which it is the political *duty* of the government to enforce and provide for. It is claimed that there is no humiliation in this plan, as the element of charity is rejected from it altogether. Whatever degradation is in it is common to all the people, and no particular person is made the subject of humiliation. This is the sentiment of the scheme at least, however much it may be departed from in practice. I do not care to discuss its moral character at this time, but the confident manner in which it is advocated shows how rapidly the pride of self-dependence is fading out of men, as we pray to Our Father the Government, to give us this day our daily bread. Mr. Kier Hardie, a melodramatic member of the House of Commons, has recently demanded of the British government that "all poor school children be supplied with two free meals daily." Through this demand, Mr. Hardie was promoted at once to the head of the class of Socialistic radicals, but he could not hold his place. He was very soon taken down by some other boys who called themselves "a Socialist workmen's deputation." They waited upon the "Board" and demanded that poor school children be given "three good meals a day, with an ample supply of comfortable clothing." This was so far in advance of Mr. Hardie, that he went suddenly to the foot of the class, and unless he can do something, or say something to catch up, he may find himself classified next week among the Conservatives, and the week after that among the Tories. Mr. Hardie may get ahead of the "Socialist workmen's deputation" by insisting that a "good" meal must include roast beef and plum pudding. He may insist upon it, that "comfortable" clothing means broadcloth and linen; and that not less than seven suits, one for every day in the week, shall be considered an "ample" supply.

* * *

I have been thinking lately that it would be well if the Humane Society could apply a part of its philanthropy to the protection of innocent words; and for a beginning, I wish to offer a petition in behalf of the suffering word "conservative." This has been so cruelly whipped and overworked of late, that with a broken spirit it has degenerated into unmeaning patter and slang. "The conservative opinion of Judge Smith, although qualified a little by the still more conservative statement of Senator Brown, is verified by the conservative figures which Governor Jones has obtained from all the county committees, and from those figures a conservative estimate made by General Robinson, one of the most conservative politicians of Oshkosh, gives Cleveland a majority of about ten thousand in the State of Kalamazoo." That is a slightly exaggerated specimen of the imbecile jargon that passed for political prophecy during the late campaign. I do not see how an estimate can be conservative any more than it can be pink, or yellow, or blue; but the word serves to give a false appearance of candor and moderation to an extravagant and deceptive claim. After the passage of the great Reform Bill in 1832 the English Tories changed their party name, and called themselves "Conservative," as they do still. The new word had such a respectable appearance in every syllable, that many persons were attracted by it, until they saw that it meant the same as "Tory," religious, political, and social stagnation. The old motto of the Tories, *Festina lente*, was the watchword still; and the paradox comes in handy to our Democratic statesmen at this time. They are all chirruping "*Festina lente!*" They are telling us with much affectation of bustle and fuss, that not only do they mean to hasten slowly, but they intend also to make many conservative changes, so that the country may advance rapidly along the lines of conservative progress, until the conservative revolution is accomplished. Speaking of the hurricane that swept the town of Red Bud out of existence a week ago, a morning paper flatters it in this fashion, "It was a conservative cyclone, being only three hundred yards in diameter, and breaking up into gentle breezes as soon as it struck the high bluffs that fringe the Mississippi river." And nearly all the democratic newspapers

and politicians tell us now that the unrelenting storm that buried the Republican party in irretrievable ruin, was a "conservative" cyclone.

* * *

While the Humane Society is extending its protection to "conservative," I desire to ask a little benevolence for "distinguished." Although not so harshly overworked as the other, this word is very tired, and ought to have a rest. It might be relieved by "renowned," "illustrious," "august," or some other adjective equally good and inappropriate. Of course, like most of my brother snobs, I rather enjoy it in the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington, as the proper and high-toned style, but when it gets down to the "distinguished alderman from the ninety-ninth ward," whom I know to be a prize-fighter, or to "Professor Blackstone, the distinguished colored barber on Seventh Street," the compliment becomes flattery in burlesque. It portends a crisis, and calls for a change. I attended but one political meeting during the late campaign, and that was a Democratic "rally," where the oratorical attractions comprised the Chairman of the Ways and Means committee in the National Congress, and three other gentlemen, candidates respectively for Vice President, Governor, and Congressman at large. I came very near being expelled from the meeting for laughing outright at the serious places, and weeping at the wit; but the way those candidates flattered one another to their own faces, and "distinguished" one another more than a hundred times apiece, was too comical for me; so I had to laugh or fall into apoplexy. Waiving the difference in color, their magniloquent courtesy had a strong resemblance to that of Brudder Gardner at the Limekiln Club, when in good humor he addresses "de distinguished Waydown Beebe," and "de extinguished Thankful Smith." Porson Brice, the "distinguished" lawyer of Marbletown, used to express contempt in the language of professional flattery, by describing his opponent as "the distinguished and pusillanimous counsel on the other side"; which is hardly more grotesque than some of the mock politeness prevalent in Congress. Flatteries that are common to all, "distinguish" none. Greatness is not raised but lowered by titles common to mediocrity. When two men mutually agree to "distinguish" each other, they slight the third man, who therefore feels himself offended. I think that mutual admiration should be private, for I cannot help feeling jealous when every man in the company is "distinguished," except me.

* * *

When I lived upon the western frontier forty years ago, with Indians for neighbors, I learned how strong is the disposition of the white man to turn red, that he may run wild and free in the woods. In a milder form, the same tendency may be seen even in a great city. The artificial cuticle that we wear with so much vanity, and which we call "civilisation," is very thin. It is a delicate varnish that we ought to guard with care, because to scratch it even mildly may reveal the hereditary savage underneath. The passion for hunting, killing, and eating wild animals is a trait ancestral, strong or weak in certain men, as in their natures they themselves are near to barbarism, or distant from it. It is a small matter in itself, but an important step toward national refinement, that the Queen of England has abolished the barbarian office of Master of the Buckhounds, and with it the so-called "sport" of stag-hunting at Windsor. The royal action is a sign that the spirit of England is less cruel than it was, and henceforth it will not be considered brave to hunt that furious beast, the deer. The emancipation of the deer in Windsor from the fangs of dogs and men, has had its influence already in America, because this world of ours is so extremely small, that a moral action done in any part of it is very likely to exert a salutary force in every other part. In proof of that I quote the excellent remarks of Mr. J. G. Shortall, President of the Illinois Humane Society; "I am glad," he said, "that one more barbarous institution has been abolished. I hope that Illinois people will see that her majesty's buckhounds are not imported to this country. I have no doubt that some people here would be glad to get them with their master and the tame stags."

* * *

As a fork stabs a turkey, the sarcasm of Mr. Shortall pierces our appetite for game. What "people" does he think would like to import into Illinois the deer and the dogs from Windsor? He may be innocent, but it really looks as if he intentionally aimed his ironical spear straight at the venison barbecue given a week ago, at the Grand Pacific, to three hundred lovers of game. Last Saturday night our old Norse fathers, the huntsmen warriors in Valhalla, looked from the halls of Odin with envious cravings of the stomach, and saw their lucky descendants in Chicago devour sixty-six different kinds of game. The tables were laden with all the wild beasts and birds and fishes that could possibly tempt the appetite of the wildest man; game creatures of every grade, from a cinnamon bear to a squirrel, and from a wild goose to the little starling with red wings. The ceremonial rites began with a very appropriate libation of "hunter soup," made, as I have been informed, from a hunter killed for this particular occasion. His awful fate was very much like that which fell upon the cook of the Nancy brig; who, it will be remembered, was boiled in the broth which he had prepared for the cooking of another. A bowl of that hunter soup inspired the reporter to say that the supper was "fit for a king," meaning that historic monarch known in song as "the King of the Cannibal Islands." Not any king or emperor, not even Vitellius, ever saw such a superabundant feast. No; nor any Indian king, when the prolific valley of the Mississippi was all his own. He may have had four or five of the dainties for a dinner at one time, but hardly more. He may have had "Bear steak," but never with "jelly sauce," as they had it at the barbecue. He certainly had "Ragout of squirrel," for I myself have often enjoyed that luxurious dish when visiting my friends among the Winnebagos, but they never cooked it, or served it "a la financiere." If "Prairie chicken en plumage," means a chicken with all the feathers on, the Indian king, no doubt, when in a hurry, was occasionally compelled to partake of it thus, or go hungry altogether; and if "Partridge au naturel" means a partridge raw, he probably had that; but what I contend for is, that he never had sixty-six different kinds of game at one meal. He could not have eaten half of them; it requires a civilised man to do it. Wild fowl were conspicuous at the barbeque. There was a Wood duck, and a Red-head duck, and a Mallard duck, and a Pin-tail duck, and a Spoonbill duck, and ducks of higher degree than these; a wise provision, for had there been a scarcity of ducks, the disappointed guests might have eaten Mr. Drake, the founder of the feast. There was an elk, and an antelope, flanked by the oleaginous possum, and the luscious coon. The fishes of the sea were few on the table, for although the salmon and the trout reported for duty, the omnivorous company missed the walrus and the whale. The tragedy of the feast came in the awful nightmare time between the midnight and the dawn, when the cinnamon bear, and the black bear, lay upon the bosoms of the banqueters, and hugged them in revenge.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DOES THE STATE EXIST?"

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In your article "Does the State Exist" you explicitly use the words society, nationality, or state as synonymous; a moment's thought will convince you that they are not so. Nationality used to apply to those of real or supposed common ancestry: at present it is generally used of those who occupy a certain territory; the use of it is fluctuating and of small importance at any rate, as it

is unrelated to the matter in question. Society, is applied to the voluntary relations among men. My relations to my family, to my business partner, to our joint business connections, to my friends in Denver and Santa Fé, to you in writing to you as I am doing, and all the rest, taken together constitute my social relations. To this society, as you justly say, the development of civilisation is due.

The State is a very different affair indeed. It is of course an old story to you how the first political organisation was military and was despotic; how little by little the despotism relaxed, the warlike nature changed, to assume a milder type, tending toward the industrial; how in comparatively recent times we have agreed to accept a show of numerical force, in the form of votes, in place of wasting our time and substance in actual clubbing matches, which is the real meaning of democracy.

The plea now is that still further must liberty develop before industrialism can advance. The military political form of organisation must fade and finally vanish as the voluntary industrial society develops.

For after all majority control is but a makeshift. The majority is necessarily the less developed part of the community; the minority necessarily the more developed.

To permit the comparatively prejudiced, ignorant, and narrow-minded to control the acts of the comparatively judicial, informed, [illegible] l[illegible]ral, is to limit progress to the capacity of the poorest spe[illegible] of [illegible]manity

[illegible] and the a[illegible] admission leads, that the only functio[illegible] be [illegible] able to use force is for the protection of liberty.

As the result of the observations of [illegible] we have come to the conclusion that liberty is a good thing. In the crystalis[illegible]n of spontaneous industrial society the only polar force that does not defeat itself is the will of the component individuals. The problem is to obtain for all as much liberty as possible, without restricting the liberty of others.

This means that it is unwise for the majority to use their power to gratify all their wishes; and unwise for the minority to acquiesce in such tyranny. The power of the majority must be limited to a defence of their liberty only, or it tends to relapse into despotism.

Now there is one thing certain, that to take money from a man by force in order to pay yourself for protecting him, cannot be regarded as protection at all; taxation imposed by force, is necessarily robbery.

The state is the power which takes by force what it chooses and returns only what it pleases. The state, as thus explained must shortly perish if the real social relations among men are to continue.

When the state thus perishes, there will ensue the period of the rational development of man, a geological period which has barely begun and to which we can discern no end—up to now man is led by his fears and passions, a trembling atom in an unknown but terrible world.

The various problems that perplex us, the economic and social maladjustments of to-day, liberty will solve, liberty will set straight. It can be demonstrated that it will do so to those who care to look into it.

John Beverley Robinson.

[1) We take it for granted that everybody who uses the terms "society," "nation," and "state," knows their degrees of similarity as much as their degrees of dissimilarity.

2) It is indeed, not history, but "an old story" that political organisations were first military and despotic, then industrial, then democratic, a story invented by philosophers who construct history. Mr. Spencer's writings on the subject are very popular, but his theories are not based on facts.

3) Did I ask "What do you propose to substitute?" I do not remember having written it, for there is no need of asking the question. I cannot find the passage nor is it likely that I wrote it, for I dislike substitutes. The words state, society, nation, are invented to describe facts, and Mr. Robinson seems to agree with me, for he speaks of the state no longer as a pumpkin-head, but as "a power."

4) State (Lat. *status*) meant originally the way in which matters stand or their mode of existence; then it was used in the sense of the people as a body; the social state of existence fixed by regulations or laws; society organised; the commonwealth; the body politic. The constitutions of the various states, actually existing, are very different. Most of them are governed either by monarchs, or by aristocracies, or by a political machinery. Thus "state" is sometimes also used in the sense of "the power wielded by the government." The constitution of our states is republican, but Mr. Robinson is right that our majority vote is only "a makeshift." We are still ruled by a political machinery the power of which is limited by public opinion. The ideal state is a state without a government, i. e. a state in which the people are not ruled, but have their common interests administered by faithful officers. If Mr. Robinson means that the institution of "government" has to perish, we agree; but we should not for that reason say, that the state must perish. The state, let us hope, will remain, and the state government has to become a state administration.—Ed.]

NOTES.

[illegible]rs is, so far as we are concerned, successful in his attemp[illegible] reconciling agnosticism with monism. The neo-agnosticism which he propounds has discarded those tenets which we denounce as injurious errors, and we can but heartily agree with the reverent attitude upon which he insists. It may be added that we do not want to preach a peculiar kind of philosophy. Our ambition is higher. We desire to work out that consistent world-conception which is correct. Our propaganda is not devoted to spread *our* monism, but to investigate and spread the truth.

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Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science

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WE WANT SCIENCE AND MORE THAN SCIENCE.*

BY W. STEWART ROSS.

PREFATORY EXPLANATION BY THE EDITOR.

The present article will be interesting to our readers as it presents a friendly criticism of some of the fundamental tenets of *The Open Court*. It is the substance of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Stewart Ross. He replied to Dr. Carus, who finished his speech with the following sentences:

"What, then, is this unknowable? If the knowable is everything that impresses us, is the unknowable that which does not impress us? Do you mean it may be knowable on some distant planet, but not here? No, that is not the Agnostic sense of the term. As a matter of fact, I believe the Agnostic simply means that the world is wonderful. Professor Jodl of Prague, a friend of mine, says, 'there is a difference between philosophical knowledge and scientific knowledge; scientific knowledge includes everything representable or describable; but,' he says, 'philosophical knowledge is something more.' I requested a definition of philosophical knowledge, but he has not as yet given one. To my mind knowledge is knowledge, and there is none but scientific knowledge; and philosophy, being the science of science, is that which investigates the methods of science, summing up at the same time the results of the sciences in a systematic world-conception. My mind has no nook in it for the unknowable. Our knowledge is small indeed, but whatever is representable is knowable.

"The Chairman, I know, is in special disagreement with me. He has, perhaps, a stronger vein for mysticism than I; and I should like to hear him on mysticism."†

MR. ROSS'S SPEECH.

Dr. Carus seems to take up the position that philosophy has no status apart from physical science. I agree with the Prague Professor that it has. Now, I would suggest that philosophy has made very little progress during the last two thousand years—the Baconian system, if applied exclusively, implying a quite unphilosophical limitation—while science has made gigantic strides. I ask, then, if philosophy be dependent upon science—physical and applied science, as generally understood—where was the science when Socrates taught, and Plato elucidated, and Aristotle propounded, the philosophy which dominated Christendom for ages? Natural science, at that time, was practically unknown, though some initial steps had been taken with regard to electricity and steam-power. But philosophy then, as always, was an attempt, like that of our friend's monism, to unify the world-system and furnish a thinkable theory of being; and such attempts have been made from the very initiation of human speculation and reasoning. And I am not sure that our progress in physical science has added one jot or tittle to the grist and material for the philosophic mill.

Then with regard to theology. Theology, we are told, is "reasoned religion." Now, I object that religion, as distinguished from ethics, cannot be reasoned. Religion, I submit, cannot be reasoned. I hold that, after reason has been pushed, as it should be, to the remotest limit and uttermost boundary to which it will extend, all your cravings and aspirations are not satisfied. And there theology has stepped in to fill the vacuum, the lacunæ, which nothing else could. Theology has been prostituted for class and imperial and pontifical interests; but no student of history can deny that it has been indispensable to mankind, because it dealt with a region which reason could not touch, but which, all the same, was indicated by man's irrepressible convictions.

Let us glance a moment at the science of which Dr. Carus speaks—science based on actual demonstration. Well, this science treats of atoms; but the Doctor will admit that what the atom is we do not know. It is not demonstrable, only hypothetical. Yet he uses the term, and has a definite idea of what he regards as the atom; and without its postulation he cannot proceed. He will speak of so many atoms combining to make a molecule of this or that, while all the time he cannot prove to demonstration the existence of the

* Reprinted from Mr. Gould's article "An Evening with Dr. Carus," Part III, *Agnostic Journal* XXXI, No. 17, pp. 258–259.

† Quoted with slight alterations from Mr. Gould's report in *The Agnostic Journal*.

atom. Even his vaunted science itself, at its very base, is no more demonstrable than the beliefs inherent in the religious instinct.

Where science and philosophy break down we require religion. We do not, however, require a dogmatic theology. I deny that there can be such a science. I deny that an exact theological science can be propounded.* Our conception of the theos, or of infinity —our reaching to that which lies beyond the scope of science—can never be formulated and codified. Nevertheless, it may be the subject-matter of psychic aspiration and experience. Not only do spiritualists and theosophists use the term psychic science, but there are many philosophers and scientists not belonging to those schools who believe such science has a legitimate place in education and moral and intellectual development. Now, the monism of Dr. Carus would exclude this field of aspirational experience from the scope of philosophy; and, therefore, I cannot accept our friend's monism.

Yet, in a sense, I am a monist. I believe in the one-ness—in the *at-one-ment*—of the universe. I believe that the world is one. But it takes very much to make a world—much which the monism of Dr. Carus would exclude. He would exclude everything which is not demonstrable in scientific propositions—everything which does not appeal to the five senses, and approve itself to the sensational school. I ask him, as a biologist, as an embryologist, whether we have *always had five senses?* Once our ancestors had them in an incipient state only. Where, then, will he put an end to the process of evolution? May not a sixth sense be at present in the stage of inception in some advanced souls? Such souls, in flights which others perhaps regard as mental aberrations, may soar beyond the bounds of physical science. Is not the region they soar to, a legitimate sphere for mankind? Has not religion, in past ages, catered to that sense? It has, indeed, often degraded the people rather than elevated them, owing to the ignorance, or worse, of the hierophants. But, while I admit that, I affirm that religion has had a distinct part to play in the economy of human nature. I can accept no system which will preclude the speculations of the religious instinct. Human nature is not a simple, but an exceedingly complex, factor. My friend on my right (Mr. Holyoake) has laid down an excellent code of action and ethics for it, as far as the problems of merely concrete mundanism are concerned. His doctrine is good as far as it goes; but it does not cover the whole field. Of course we cannot get above and outside what he calls "this-worldism" or "one-world-at-a-timeism"; but then this world is, in its principles and potencies, so vast that there is very much of which merely secularistic this-worldism takes no cognisance. The religionists, the pietists, are of this world, and, therefore, religion is a thing of this world; aye, and as legitimate a thing of this world as is anything else that is in it. To us, as Dr. Lewins pertinently maintains after Protagoras the Abderite, there is no world for any one of us except that which each one of us makes for himself. *Ergo*, it is vain to speak of this-worldism where no other worldism is possible; there is, as Dr. Carus justly contends, *Monism*, one world only; in spite of the evidence of phenomena as to heterogeneity, there is in reality only homogeneity, monism, one entity, one existence; and the true perception of this oneness, in spite of the able advocacy of Dr. Carus to the contrary, is likelier to yield its secret to those who search for it on what are called psychic, than to those who go in quest of it on what are called physical, lines; although, of course, in the final analysis, psychic and physical are one. It is important to know what nature *does:* to codify what it does is the special effort of my friend, Dr. Carus. To me it seems more important still to know what nature *is*, and to attempt, it may be vainly, to adumbrate a higher science that, besides embracing chemistry, biology, and geology, shall include religion, eschatology, and ontology, and found monism, not on the exclusion of anything, but on the inclusion of everything.

* This has reference to the following sentences in Dr. Carus's speech:

"Mr. Holyoake has been speaking on secularism, and he allowed that it was sometimes used to mean anti-theology. I think, as he does, that it should imply something more than that. The term secularism has a great advantage in being positive, while anti-theology is a mere negation. Secularism is good because it deals with life on human principles alone, and theology is bad so long as it deals with things on a supernatural basis. There is a theology, however, now growing up which has a secular character. It takes a monistic view of religion and of the world. Some of the greatest minds among theologians are joining this movement. I may mention Professor Holtzmann, of Strasbourg, the author of what I consider the best work on the New Testament, embodying the research and scholarship of several centuries. I am glad to note that he is positively secular in his views, and I find myself more in accord with a theologian than I ever expected to be. Secularism, I repeat, is not anti-theology. It is, in fact, a *higher kind of theology.* It is monistic theology, and it developes religious conceptions to a higher level.

"We have all of us, gentlemen, said many a harsh word about theology, and set up an opposition between theology and religion, arguing that religion shoud be accepted, but theology repudiated. To some extent this opposition is wrong. Theology, in the best sense, means reasoned religion. When I discuss, in philosophical language, with a theologian,—a philosophically trained professor of theology,—I find myself able to come to terms with him better than with a parson, i. e., an orthodox pulpiteer without a philosophical education. The philosophically trained theologian will soon confess that by God he does not mean a person."

RELIGION, THE LOVE OF TRUTH AND THE APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

The philosophical gathering which a few friends in England kindly convened in my honor shortly before I returned to my Western home beyond the Atlantic, was indeed a rare and unusual feast. Vigorous and fearless thinkers were present. The after-dinner speeches were lively, interesting, and instructive. Yet the most extraordinary feature of this congenial company, it seems to me, was the fact that contrary opinions were presented without producing the slightest jar. Offence was neither given nor taken, and all the

many differences of opinion blended like the seven colors of the spectrum into one harmonious conversation, such as took place in Plato's symposium, in which the different aspects of the same truth are represented by various speakers, apparently combating one another but really all working and aspiring toward one goal.

Mr. F. J. Gould wrote an account of this noteworthy evening and we quote from it in the present number a speech which contains a few terse criticisms of the tenets upheld by *The Open Court*. It is the speech of Mr. W. Stewart Ross, the gifted editor of *The Agnostic Journal*, well known as a forcible writer under the *nom de plume* of Saladin.

One of the friends present had previously asked me the following question :

"As to Spencerian agnosticism take, as an axample, the phenomena of water, its solid forms (ice, snow, hail) etc. ; its liquid forms (sea, river, rain, cloud, etc.) ; its gaseous form, invisible ; its constituent gases, hydrogen and oxygen, which are hypothetically resolvable into atoms. Does not all this impress us with the existence of a mysterious unknowable manifesting itself in the many forms. Even agnosticism would admit that the unreachable essence and its reachable manifestations are united in the ALL, but thinks that our sense of inability to grasp the idea of the primary *raison d'être* of phenomena is best expressed by speaking of the absolute. How would you meet this ?"

My answer was : I should meet it by the counter question, What do you understand by knowledge? My answer to this question will explain why from my standpoint the idea of anything unknowable cannot be admitted. Knowledge is representation ; knowledge is simply a description of facts. A phenomenon, which is appropriately represented in the sentient symbols of a mind called ideas, is said to be known. Cognition or comprehension is the unification of knowledge. We understand a phenomenon as soon as we recognise it as a special case of other phenomena with which we are familiar. Accordingly, everything that affects us somehow, can be known ; it can be represented in mental symbols. Unknowable is only that which can never affect sentient beings, neither directly nor indirectly, which can never exercise any influence upon them ; and incomprehensible is that which we have to give up all hope of harmonising with the systematised body of our experiences. I admit that facts are wonderful, but I do not call them unknowable.

I had an interesting correspondence with a friend of mine, Professor Jodl in Prague, who maintains that there are two kinds of knowledge, (1) scientific knowledge, which is a description and a unification of facts, and (2) philosophical knowledge. What the latter is, I cannot tell, Professor Jodl has not as yet defined the term and I am unable to supply a definition.

I cannot accept a duality of knowledge. There is but one knowledge and that is scientific knowledge ; there is but one method of cognition and that is the same for both science and philosophy. The proposition of a duality of knowledge must infallibly lead to mysticism. There are two kinds of mysticism : one is the religious mysticism which finds the right ethics instinctively even before science has investigated the ethical problem ; the other is that which trusts that there is a special kind of knowledge different from scientific knowledge. The former mysticism was a forerunner of modern monism, the latter is at bottom a dualism. Monism is not antagonistic to the former, but it rejects the latter.

Mr. Ross is a mystic, and says Mr. Gould in his report :

"The concluding sentiment of Dr. Carus's address kindled the light of controversy in the eyes of Saladin, and he rose to tender briefly (for the hour was late) his friendly comments."

We have reprinted Saladin's speech, as it appears in a late number of *The Agnostic Journal*, in full, because it deserves our full attention. And having promised to give a further explanation of the subject, it would not be fair to state our reply without at the same time publishing the statement of Mr. Ross.

Saladin says :

"Dr. Carus seems to take up the position that philosophy has no status apart from physical science. I agree with the Prague Professor that it has."

While I said that there are not two, but only one kind of knowledge, I would at the same time declare that philosophy has a status apart not only from physical but also from psychical science. Philosophy is not merely as we are told by the French positivists, a hierarchy of the sciences ; philosophy has a domain of her own. Philosophy is the science of the sciences ; it investigates the methods of science ; it inquires into the objective and subjective conditions of cognition ; it states the aim and purpose of science, and gathering the rich harvest from the fields of scientists constructs out of their results a world-conception. That is not all. Having mapped out a world-conception philosophy determines man's place in nature and derives therefrom the rules of his conduct. Such is briefly sketched the field of philosophy—a large field indeed.

Saladin says that "Philosophy has made very little progress during the last two thousand years." I venture to differ. We might say with Kant of metaphysics, that it has made no progress, but not of philosophy. The progress of philosophy has been so great, and even to-day its strides are so gigantic, that it is difficult even for a philosopher by profession to keep up with it ; and the whole province is breaking up into various sub-departments of research. There are philosophers now working in one field only, say, in ethics, in the theory of cognition or in methodology.

We cannot say that natural science was unknown

to Aristotle. Aristotle was a first class naturalist. Familiarity with the results of science is less important to a philosopher than to be versed in the methods of inquiry. Yet who would deny the great influence of natural science upon Aristotle's philosophy, and must we not deplore the lack of it in the period of scholasticism?

By the bye, philosophy is in my opinion not dependent upon natural science. I should rather say the reverse. Natural science is dependent upon philosophy; for philosophy discusses the fundamental problems of scientific inquiry; philosophy manufactures the implements of scientific inquiry. But philosophy prospers only when in closest contact with science. What manufacturer would dream of making certain implements if they were not in demand! Thus while philosophy quickens science and *vice versa*, science quickens philosophy. Philosophy and the sciences form one great interacting organism.

Socrates was the founder of ethics; he neglected all other branches of philosophy and limited himself to inquiries into the rules of conduct. Socrates is a great man as a character and moral teacher. He lived and died as he preached, so that he can justly be compared with Confucius, Buddha, and even to Jesus of Nazareth. But aside from his ethics we should hardly, for his other philosophical achievements, range him so high.

Now we approach the main point. Saladin says:

> "Where science and philosophy break down, we require religion."

Here I must respectfully differ. Yet I must state at once that I do by no means underrate the strength of Saladin's proposition. I have been on the other side of the fence also, and in attacking his position, I am attacking a former self of mine. Desirous to let the reader judge for himself, I quote two mottoes of *The Agnostic Journal* which prove that there are very great authorities cherishing the same view.

Says Max Müller:

> "There is in man a third faculty, which I call simply the faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion, but in all things; a power independent of sense and reason, a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, and yet a very real power, which has held its own from the beginning of the world, neither sense nor reason being able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense."

More valuable still are the following words because coming from the pen of a prominent scientist; Professor Tyndall says:

> "Man can no more now, than in the days of Job, by searching find out what this power is whose garments are seen in the visible universe."

That All-existence of which we are parts is indeed a wondrous power. Its immensity is no less overwhelming than the marvels which we encounter when laboriously entering into the realms of the infinitely small. Wherever we touch it, existence is great; wherever we inquire into the laws of being, we find portentous wonders, which are certainly no less wonderful for the fact that they are intelligible. On the contrary, the intelligibility of the world is its most striking feature, which is even more stupendous when we learn to understand that intelligibility is a strikingly simple fact, which cannot be otherwise than it is, and the problem of the universality of law is the same as the problem why one plus one will always make two.

But all this granted, we cannot contradict ourselves, and say this all-existence which is so wonderful because it is intelligible, is at the same time so unintelligibly mysterious that we know nothing about it, and cannot know anything about it. Prof. Tyndall says, "Its garments only are seen." Without discussing the propriety or impropriety of the allegory, which introduces an unjustifiable duality of garment and of the person clothed in the garment, we should say that this garment indeed must be a close fitting jersey; and if it were not, if God were so radically out of contact with the world, that no inference were allowable from the creation to the creator, our reality would be the garment and not the unapproachable God so loosely vested in it. If we are not and can never come in contact with God, his existence would to us be tantamount to non-existence. There are some savage tribes taking this view. They say: "We know that God exists, but he is too big for us; he is too great to mind us; he is far away above the skies and would not hear our prayer." God in my opinion is the reality that surrounds us and of which our very being consists. We are in constant contact with him, for it is He in whom we live and move and have our being. Thus it is not true that man can no more now than in the days of Job, by searching find out what this power is "of which we are parts." We do find out more about God by searching, and we do know more about him than did the great author of this grandest of poems, the book of Job.

The world is grand and wonderful, but whatever exists manifests its existence; it acts and reacts upon other existences. It affects them and forms a factor in the interacting totality of the whole. In its actions it is describable and cognisable. Even the infinite is a conception which is as plain or even plainer than anything finite. Ask a mathematician whether man possesses besides sense and reason a third faculty, "the faculty of apprehending the infinite." The mathematician will inform you that reason is quite sufficient to understand the nature of the infinite; and that if such a third faculty existed its reality should be doubted if indeed it were in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason. If reason were contradicted by

sense, or sense by reason, in what a sorry plight would science be? If Max Müller's statement had to be accepted, agnosticism would indeed be justified to stop philosophical and scientific and also religious progress by the sad cry "Ignorabimus!"

I recollect that Mr. Ross said in his speech something to the effect that he would be the last to cripple reason or to limit its range. I cannot find the sentence in Mr. Gould's report. Is my recollection mistaken, or was the sentence dropped because it appears contradictory to the passage in which Mr. Ross speaks of "the region which reason cannot touch"? I was eagerly looking for the sentence concerning the unlimited range of reason, not because it appeared to me contradictory to the other sentence concerning the region which reason cannot touch, but because both sentences might satisfactorily interpret the one the other. For a satisfactory interpretation—satisfactory to me from the standpoint I take—of the view defended by Mr. Ross and endorsed by the quotations from Max Müller and Tyndall is possible. I should not budge from the proposition that everything real is describable and cognisable; but am willing to make a concession which might be deemed satisfactory to at least some partisans of mysticism.

How does science describe? It reduces the unknown to terms of the known. Thus the whole universe is interpreted by our own existence; and the elementary quality of our own existence is feeling. Our senses paint the world in the glowing life of sensations, while reason constructs from these data a world-picture.

Mr. Ross mistakes my position when he says that I "would exclude .... everything which does not appeal to the five senses and approve itself to the sensational school." Mathematics is a science from which all sense elements have been excluded, and logical arguments appeal to reason, not to the five senses. Unwilling to exclude the formal sciences I do not regard *The Open Court* philosophy as belonging to the sensational school. The sensational school being unable to explain causation from sensational data alone was the very philosophy which naturally developed into agnosticism and mysticism, for Hume, Mill, and Spencer belong together. Reason is a mystery to the sensationalist.

What is reason? Is reason a mysterious faculty? Reason, like the world-order, is most wonderful, but it is not mysterious. On the contrary, it is that which solves the mysteries of the world. The world-order is due to the omnipresence of form and to the universality of the laws of form. Reason, however, is the image of the form of existence; reason is formal thought. Logic, arithmetic, mathematics, are formal ciences. Logic is the science of the formal laws of thinking, and reason is that faculty which performs logical, arithmetical, mathematical and other operations upon the basis of the laws of form. Reason, accordingly, is as little mysterious as light is dark. Wherever light penetrates, darkness ceases, and wherever reason analyses nature, the mysteries of existence vanish.

We have five senses, and Saladin justly claims that in former periods of evolution we had less, and that in the future we might have more. We might acquire an electric sense, or some organ to become aware of natural phenomena the very existence of which is still hidden to us. I do not venture to contradict, but it appears to me that it would matter but little so long as our reason would remain the same. Yet, although I grant that man might become in possession of more than five or six senses, I maintain that he cannot acquire another kind of reason. There are different kinds of sense, but there is but one reason. Reason traces the form of the universe, and with the help of the laws of form, the world is described not in the subjective elements of feelings but in the objective elements of measurable relations. In this way reason frees us from the fetters of sense and becomes, as it were, the organ of constructing objectivity.

What are the elements of which reason constructs its world-picture? That quality which is common to all sensations is feeling or awareness. Are feelings perhaps mysterious, or incomprehensible, or unknowable? No they are not; for they are exactly that which is best known. Our feelings are the data of knowledge; and all knowledge is based upon them. But while our feelings are not unknown or unknowable, they are to the cognising subject ultimate. Being the terms in which we describe, we can describe one only by comparing it with another, and have always to fall back upon them as that which is immediately given in experience. In this sense the realm of feeling forms a department which reason does not touch. Reason handles the different feelings, the sensations of smell, of taste, of touch, of sight, and of hearing: but it does not make them. It uses them as building-stones, but it does not create them. Reason need not create them, for they are the given element of experience, but without them reason could never construct a world-conception. Pure reason can raise lofty structures of pure forms, systems of mathematical, algebraical, or logical symbols. But these systems are emptier than air-castles. They are evacuate forms without substance. The data of sentiency only can fill them with reality and give color to their pale forms.

If by religion is to be understood the unspecified yearning that animates the soul, I grant that reason cannot produce it. Physics teaches us that a mutual attraction resides in all particles of mass that consti-

tute the sum total of matter in the universe, and an introspection into the life of our self reveals to us that our feelings in an analogous way aspire to something: our soul consists of yearnings. How often are we mistaken in our desires, hopes, and longings! As soon as we reach that which we thought we were eagerly seeking, we feel disappointed, for we find out that we desired something better, greater, and nobler.

The ultimate aim in which all feelings may be represented to find satisfaction, may be sought in infinity it may be called God or Theos, it may be characterised as an illusion or an ideal, that much is certain that the elements of our soul, the feelings out of which the human mind grows, are yearnings. Reason does not create these yearnings; they are facts; they are the data of our soul-life.

There is a truth in Saladin's position which I do not wish to deny, and there is a truth too in the sentences quoted from Max Müller and from Tyndall; but I should express it differently. I should say: The religious sentiment is now the same as it was in the days of Job; we feel attracted by a power that, mystically speaking, loves us with an everlasting love and therefore with loving kindness is drawing us. The yearning of our soul, which is unlimited, unfathomable, infinite, is a power "independent of sense and reason," and "neither sense nor reason are able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense." For this yearning is the master, sense and reason are his servants. Sense and reason stand in the service of the will. They are his torch bearers and illumine his path.

Monism, as it is upheld in *The Open Court*, does not exclude the sacred promptings of the religious instinct; on the contrary, it includes them; nay, more so, *The Open Court* is the work of these promptings. The founder of *The Open Court*, in spite of all the accusations of narrow-minded bigots who call him a pagan and an infidel, because he carries the torch of reason into the dark chambers of religious dogmatism, is of a deeply religious nature.

The religion of *The Open Court*, however, (mine no less than Mr. Hegeler's,) does not originate in the breakdown of science and philosophy, but it permeates and is permeated by science and philosophy. The more science we have, the purer, the grander, the truer will be our religion. If science and philosophy should break down, our religion would break down with them. Science and philosophy are inseparable from religion, and religion could not exist without them.

In conclusion of my reply to Mr. Ross, I repeat what I said in London at the banquet table: My agnostic friends may agree with *The Open Court's* monism more than might at first seem probable, if we could come to a closer understanding of our fundamental terms." The gist of Saladin's speech expresses the sentiment: We want more than science, we want religion. And this finds a ready echo in my heart. Science alone cannot save; we must have religion. But we demand that religion should be in agreement with science. Science is the search for truth, and religion is the love of truth and the application of truth. We want more than science; we want the application of science, we want more than a cold statement of facts; truth alone is not enough; we want feeling also; we want the religious sentiment, the love of truth, the enthusiasm of right, of duty, of the ideal.

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The problem of an extra session is not yet solved, although all the newspapers in the country have been guessing at it ever since the election; and if an incident far away from the main subject may be in order by way of illustration, I will mention it. About fifteen years ago, a Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with whom I had some official relations, died; and a friend, who was himself an officer of high rank in the Bureau, spoke thus of the misfortune to me: "This is a great loss; Tom was the only man in the Department who knew anything about the business, and *he* didn't." It seems that Mr. Cleveland is the only man in the country who knows whether there will be an extra session or not, and *he* doesn't know. To clear this mystery, the New York *Herald* put the following question to every member of the new Congress, "Are you in favor of an extra session or not?" Seventy-two members answered, Yes; seventy-eight said, No; and twenty-eight were like the accommodating juryman, ready to go on either side. One hundred and sixty-eight made no answer; and a large majority of these, contrary to the old maxim that silence gives consent, must be counted in the negative. Unfortunately, the *Herald* went for information to the wrong place; and the testimony it offers is worthless either as a sign of public opinion or as a declaration of the President's duty. The *Herald* says to three hundred and fifty-six hired men, "Your wages will go on for nine months whether you work or play; now, which would you rather do?" Although the answers are not all that they ought to be, they offer gratifying evidence that political honesty is increasing in this land, for no less than seventy-two of the hired men declare themselves willing to work for the wages they receive. Seventy-two out of a total of three hundred and fifty-six is very encouraging. The witnesses offered by the *Herald* are parties interested in the verdict; and these at common law were not permitted to testify. It is true that the old rule has been modified in England; and in most of the American states the testimony of interested parties is now accepted; but it is always under the shadow of legal suspicion, and therefore weak. It is to the advantage of members that an extra session shall not be, and they will prevent it if they can.

* * *

If the New York *Herald* had expanded its political catechism, and had asked those members who are opposed to an extra session, whether or not they are in favor of drawing pay for their idle time, the answer would have been unanimously in the affirmative. With patriotic punctuality they will begin drawing pay on the 4th of March, at 12 o'clock, sharp; but they will not meet for business until the following December, and then only just in time to adjourn over for the holidays. When they reassemble they will adopt stringent rules for limiting debate, so as to save the precious public time. For the first nine months of the term they will do nothing; but for the last nine hours of it they will work with dangerous velocity; and at the very end, they will steal nine minutes from the future by the puerile trick, always theatrically done, of putting

back the hands of the congressional clock. In those moribund hours, the most important legislation of the term is done; and it is done without either deliberation or dignity; yet the men who are so conscientiously industrious at the end, will publicly declare that they ought not to do anything at all for nine months at the beginning. Members of congress draw two year's pay for one year's work, and they insist upon having a holiday half the time even if they have to steal it. Already opposing partisans are throwing upon one another the "responsibility" for a possible special session of Congress, as if a meeting of the people's elected representatives were a calamity. When members of congress declare that they ought not to be allowed to meet for nine months after their term of office begins, and not until thirteen months after their election, they throw suspicion upon themselves, and proclaim that the prospect of their coming together in legislative session is a menace to the republic. What honest objection can there ever be to a meeting of the chosen representatives of the people? Is a meeting of delegates charged with a direct message from the people to be regarded as dangerous to the commonwealth? If so, let us abolish the republic, and like the fools of Israel advertise for a king. The people at the late election decided, not for a change of masters, but for a change of servants, and the right to be put into immediate possession of their own.

* * *

Whenever a free people, or a people nominally free, become jealous of the republican element in their political constitution, it is a sign that the legislature is corrupt, or else that the people themselves are not in robust moral health. When they get into that sickly mood, they are sure to call for help upon the royal and imperial powers latent in their organic law. They appeal to the chief magistrate for protection against themselves and their own representatives. We, the people of the United States, appear to be in that morbid condition at this time. We are praying for despotic rule, and clinging to a hope that somehow or other Mr. Cleveland will magnanimously save us from the House of Representatives, the only republican element in the government; the only part of it that is directly appointed by general ballot, and made immediately responsible to the people. Feeling that we are not politically well, we dose ourselves with quack physic, and experiment in a shiftless way with every magic drug that promises relief. For instance, here is a scheme of imperial coercion recommended to Mr. Cleveland by a man of national reputation as a lawyer, a political economist, and a social reformer, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman of New York. I present it on the authority of the *News Record*, which gives the story "for what it is worth," a suspicious apology which implies that it is not worth very much, and that Mr. Shearman may be innocent after all; but here is the story: "Mr. Shearman's recommendation as reported is that almost immediately after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration he shall summon Congress in special session and shall give the members of his party to understand that no appointments whatever will be made by him until a tariff bill shall have passed both houses." This plan of punishing legislative disobedience to the royal will has one transcendent merit, it is a scheme of ingenious torture, the most effectual that could possibly be devised; but unfortunately, it is prohibited by the constitution in that section which declares that cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted, Surely nothing could be more tantalising and cruel than to withhold from victorious Democrats the offices they have won by the sweat of their honest brows. If Mr. Cleveland will flourish that whip over the Democrats in Congress and give it a few snaps after the manner of the ring master in the circus, they will surrender unconditionally, and allow him to dictate the laws.

* * *

Lord Beaconsfield said on one occasion that history is a record of political action and reaction; and in this he was very nearly right. At the close of the eighteenth century, theoretical democracy had reached its highest development in the United States of America; but at the close of the nineteenth century, we behold a strong reaction here against the spirit of democracy and the substance too. The recommendation of Mr. Shearman, if he ever made it, that the President use the offices to influence Congress, means a reaction toward the system that aided Walpole to govern England: a judicious distribution of offices and patronage among the members of parliament in both houses. Walpole employed those means, not because he was himself corrupt, but because he lived in a licentious age; and because the men he wanted were for sale. He is charged with saying, "Every man has his price," and although he probably never said it, the testimony of history shows that he might have said it when he was prime minister without much exaggeration. Mr. Shearman's advice to the President, if adopted, would carry us backward even to the rear of Walpole's administration; to the time of James, and Charles, and Elizabeth, when the sovereign used to reprimand the House of Commons as a schoolmaster lectures disobedient boys. Nor is the plan of Mr. Shearman the only sign of a reaction in this country toward kingship and arbitrary power. Other men are advocating a like principle for a reason antagonistic to that which animates Mr. Shearman. He wants the President to coerce Congress in behalf of tariff reform; while the others, fearful of reform, advise the President not to convene the legislature except upon condition that the Democrats promise to do nothing but appoint the committees, vote the supplies, and then go home. Either way is an assault upon the independence of Congress, the superior authority, and the people's part of the government. Any such kingly interference is an encroachment upon liberty, and a usurpation. "The United States of America in Congress assembled," is a phrase not meant for sonorous rhetoric; it expresses the law, and it excludes the President from the domain of legislation, excepting that he has a qualified and limited veto. Relatively, the prerogatives of the President ought to be decreased, while those of Congress ought to be enlarged, especially the powers of the House of Representatives. In the language of a parliamentary resolution memorable in English history, "The power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

* * *

By reading a late number of that very interesting and superior paper, the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, I learn that a new holy day has been consecrated in England and put into the sacred calendar of hard labor. The curious but expressive name of it is "Museum Sunday," and it seems to be the Sunday nearest to the sixth day of November in each year; "for it was on that day a year ago," says the *Chronicle*, "that the Sunday Society secured its object in London—the opening of museums, art galleries, and libraries to the public on Sundays." The explanation is bewildering until we get accustomed to it, because the Sunday Society in America is devoted to the work of shutting up museums, art galleries, libraries, and all such depraved and idle places on the blessed Sabbath day. Statues, pictures, books, specimen wonders in geology, or zoology, and the triumphs of ingenious mechanism are all well enough on Mondays or on Tuesdays, for then their influence is educational and moral, but on Sundays it is demoralising and profane. On Sundays an art gallery must be made a cloister or a tomb. "Seventy-two museums, art galleries, and libraries," we are told, "are now opened on the Sabbath in different parts of England; and before the next anniversary comes round the number will doubtless be increased." This is a great achievement; and we are informed also that, "For some time past the Sunday opening of these places of culture and recreation has engaged the attention of social agitators." I cannot help asking, where were the men of "culture" all this time? Why was the work of opening "places of culture" on Sundays left to "social agitators," who seem to be the persecuted

pioneers of every improvement in the social state? Straggling along as usual among the camp followers, come the clergy, to patronise Museum Sunday now, for we are told that "the movement finds many sympathisers among pulpit lights, favorable references being made to the new anniversary last Sunday by the Rev. Canon Shuttleworth, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and Mr. Moncure D. Conway." Very well; we ought to be grateful for this little contribution; here are two divines out of hundreds, and although Mr. Conway is a very brilliant light in literature and in social science, he has not been a "pulpit light" in the orthodox meaning of the phrase for many years. I am grateful even for their late support; but where were those "pulpit lights" when they were needed in the fog? Where were they when men through a haze of ignorance saw the sun only as a big red ball in the sky? What apology have they to offer me for depriving me of the Sunday education that I might have had, but which they hindered me from getting because their light was darkness? Not until I went back to my native land as a foreigner and a stranger did I have an opportunity to visit the British Museum or the National Gallery, because when I was a youth in England, these and all similar "places of culture" were closed on Sunday, and I could not visit them on any other day. The same spirit that shut up them closes the World's Fair too, against the working men. Meantime, I send my greeting across the sea to Saint Museum's day.

M. M. Trumbull.

COSMOTHEOS.

BY CHARLES A. LANE.

Who treads the earth, and deemeth Matter base,
Kens not the kindredship of mysteries,
Nor openeth the spirit, vision-wise,
Behind the sense, to watch the Wonder's ways
That slips from clay to soul, with subtle grace,
Through all the scale of mutabilities,
A very god for marvel to the eyes,
Normal in change, inscrutable of face.

Lo, every touch that feeleth Force refuse
The formless infinite beyond saith: God!
And dull the ear that doth the echo lose,
Where, 'neath the feet, God soundeth in the sod:
Not Ymer slain; but Life that aye unfurls
In dreams whose substance is the mazy worlds.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Inquirendo Island. By *Hudor Genone*. Third Edition. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

The Last Tenet Imposed Upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By *Hudor Genone*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

The first novel, "Inquirendo Island," presents to the readers many valuable ideas in the shape of an allegory pleasantly told. Mr. Hudor Genone is known to our readers by several thoughtful contributions, and we recommend the present volume as being in the same style. It caricatures the dogmatism of church-life, but it suggests at the same time the religious truth that lies hidden in the symbols of ceremonies and rituals.

The second novel by the same author will prove more interesting still. The burlesque pencil sketches which illustrate the various comical situations adorn the book and are no small incitation to read the story. ϛ.

Within Royal Palaces. Scenes Behind the Thrones. By *Marquise de Fontenoy*. Philadelphia and St. Louis: Hubbard Publishing Co.

An interesting book, full of information concerning the royal families of Europe. The editor Mr. Fletcher Johnson, an American journalist of repute, has enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the authoress for many years. The Marquise de Fontenoy appears to be well fitted to the task she has undertaken, not only because she belongs by birth and marriage to the aristocratic coteries and is admitted to court, but also because she has a talent of telling well what she knows. She places before us the occupants of the thrones and those that stand nearest them, so that we can conceive a clear idea of their characters, their speech, their faces, their habits, their virtues, and their shortcomings. The book is richly illustrated and tastily bound. ϛ.

NOTES.

The Open Court Publishing Co., will publish in a few days, for the Christmas market, a tastily bound booklet by the editor under the title "Truth in Fiction, Twelve Tales with a Moral." Some of the tales are entirely new, while others have already appeared in *The Open Court*, among which we mention "The Gardener of Galilee," "Capital and Labor," "After the Distribution of the Type."

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IMMORTALITY.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS.*

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

Friends of the departed one! We have assembled here upon a sad, a very sad occasion. The mother, the centre of this home, suddenly stricken down, has left her family bowed with the bitterness of grief. We can only come with the hope to give some consolation,—if possible to repair in some degree the stroke of Death, at any rate to receive the solemn lessons of this hour.

We come, therefore, to give,—to give of our sympathy, our heartfelt, our deepest feelings, which will, we hope, enable the afflicted ones to bear somewhat easier the terrible bitterness of this affliction which cannot but bow them to the earth. That sympathy may be—should be, some relief. The weight that many hands are able to lift lightly, falls crushingly upon one. So it is with the burdens of the heart. Our hearts must bring that helpful sympathy which will raise aloft, by bearing in common, the anguish which falls crushingly upon those who immediately receive the stroke. Such sympathy I know we bring to the husband, children and members of this afflicted household. That may well have been the first impulse which has brought us here. We wish to reach the afflicted with the assurance that they have in all of our hearts some sustaining, some relief-desiring sympathy, which may be to them the beginning of some solace and comfort. To know that others feel with them, that others are living the same thoughts with them, spreads abroad and dissipates the grief which left in one heart would be intolerable. Such relief let us bring and give to this broken home in every way we can, to enable those who suffer now to bear until time and thought bring higher and repairing consolations.

The tremendous and solemn calamities of death may indeed seem more tolerable when felt as a common affliction by those who mourn, but they can be said to be *repaired* only by those general considerations which come to us not as individuals, but as members of the organised life on our earth, and especially as members, whether we will or no, of Society, of a common Humanity, whose general relations carry the individual out of him or herself. These relations furnish some of the means by which this unavoidable calamity, the calamity of death, may always be largely overgrown and gradually repaired. The simple fact that we *live*, tells to the individual that not alone does he or she suffer, but that Nature orders occasions like this. We meet here the common affliction, the common and natural necessity of all organised life, of all living Nature. This stern lesson brings us at once out of the narrow selfishness of individual grief. It makes us feel, in common with all our living kind, that a "noble resignation" is proper before the inevitable; that we must meet composedly, because certainly, that death which is the fundamental condition of all life. We know how splendidly that lesson has been presented to us in Bryant's noble poem "Thanatopsis," worthy to be borne in the memory and locked in the heart of those who may else forget that to be born means to die. The discovery that the generations of the human race, like all the rest of earth's organised life, are possible only by reason of death,—only by the constant change which death brings into play,—only can thus make room and give the basis of an ever new and increasing life,—leads us into the silent halls of death ready to share the common rest of and with all. To see that death is but a step in the progress of nature, that it is inevitable but that one generation must lay away its predecessor before it can raise itself or its successor to a higher life;—such are the common and general lessons which the evolution of all human, and even of all organised life has to teach. It is the lesson which enables us in some measure to feel that in the community of all organised life we are not as individuals to indulge the inordinate love, affection or grief which would ask, by an exception from death, to sever us from the whole of the organised world, and to render its higher evolution impossible.

But aside from that general lot and fate of all life, let us see what are those other general conclusions and feelings which may repair the loss and grief of the

* Delivered upon the occasion of the funeral services of Eliza Croly Ormsby, wife of Watermun L. Ormsby, jr., at his residence 265 W. Eleventh St., N. Y. Monday evening, September 12, 1892.

moment. We are human beings, members of the Grand Man, whether we will or no,—of the mightiest organism, co-extensive with the surface of the earth. What this implies it may be difficult to realise, but we see each individual as a part of a family, of a social circle, part of a community, of a city, of a State, and beyond that we see them all as parts of the great community of the nations of the world. Here we have another and a higher consideration, above and different from the simple one of organised life, to which I have referred. We have the higher social, human life, and that general feeling of brotherhood, whose touch is that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and which teaches that all Humanity, all the world, has continuity and solidarity—a sure progress based on ever present death. How that touch lifts us out of our individual feelings, griefs, and narrow creeds!

In consequence of that continuity which we have with and in the world around us, or in some "other" world imagined or real, every religion has made its test point to be, how it can, by that general consideration, remove the terror and the affliction of individual death. Every religion in view of its higher life says, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Next to its treatment of life, the treatment of death is, therefore, the test of every faith. There are generally two ways in which that test has been applied. First, and principally as you well know in the past, the belief in a future individual consciousness in another or a different world has conquered death by a supernatural immortality. Another view has of late years been gaining ground and strength with intelligent and scientific people. They feel that our social community and the progress of the human race from the family of individuals to the family of nations carries in itself a natural human immortality, which is more certain, more real, as a knowable future of the present continuous natural world, than any supernatural world can be which has been in the past either revealed or dreamed.

I stand here this evening because our lamented and departed friend, the mother of this household, and also, I believe, the family who centered around her as the ministering angel of them all, was in no fair sense, a believer in any of the revealed or supernatural forms of religion which has given birth to, which has cultivated, and which has made a solace to millions of the older phase of immortality to which I have referred. Not that she specially denied it. Few do that; but *this* world has become the reality, the other the shadow. The emphasis of life had changed with her as it has to thousands, from that "other" world to this. *That* "other" was the *ideal*, perhaps, but as such, only a shadow unless it was taken as an ideal to be realised by and in the future of *our* present continuing world. So common has this change of belief become that, without many words said on the subject, mankind are silently looking to the *natural* heaven of evolution *before* us, instead of to the old heaven *above*. I believe that our departed friend, for instance, has never been known to make any special confession of belief in this regard, yet by action her belief has been so thoroughly incorporated and so thoroughly testified to by her whole continuous, useful, and consistent life, that no one felt that any other conviction than that of the final reality of the present world and of a future in its continuation, could be the solemn basis of her life. The other life may have been, or may be, or perhaps will be: but of that how shall we know? To her that remained an unsolvable problem. To her it were better, then, to not pretend to know, either by word or by deed, what we really do not know. If the world of our early dreams vanishes, it remains to make the best of the world we have, and to make those dreams realities here and now. This world, therefore, became in reality her church, the "*Church of the World*," the broadest, grandest church of all—the only church universal! Its realities, its duties, its hopes, its longing future, building up a future heaven which will be the continuousness, the resultant outcome, the ideal glory—embodying the progress of the ages—that was church enough without the supernatural! Not alone did she cherish that belief, but this church of the world is now the church of so many, and the expression of similar beliefs is so common, as against the belief of the supernatural immortality, that it was but fair to herself, her family, and to you all on this occasion, that the sentiments that she cherished in her life, and which were the basis of that life, should be testified to as the criterion on this her initiatory day of judgment. For by her faith she ought to be judged, and by the creed, such as it was, that she did believe; by that she must stand or fall in the mind of man, and in the hearts of her friends and kindred and family, and before the bar of any ultimate tribunal. But of that I think she would find her thought, in the words of the last poet who has touched on this subject, a poet who dwells at the foot of the Rocky Mountains and sees its snow-topped range as if the limit of earthly life. In this little poem, "Hereafter," by the poet Warman, are a few verses which give expression of the hope for both immortalities on the *common ground* over which lies a sure pathway to each of the homes of the blessed:

* * *

"Dost thou believe that when we take
"That last long sleep a day shall break
"The dreamless night? Shall we awake?

* * *

"I do not know, for sure, I said:
"I know not those whose light feet tread
"Yon shore; I know the dead are dead.

"I've seen the summer birds take wing
"When winter came, and in the spring
"Come back again to soar and sing.

"I've seen the red rose in the glen
"Hid 'neath the hoar frost, die, and then
"In brighter moments bloom again.

* * *

"I've seen a mother die, and she,
"When came to her what must to me,
"Looked smiling toward eternity.

"And I can see while roses bloom,
"Where roses fade, through life's long gloom,
"A gleam of hope beyond the tomb.

"But whatsoe'er the future be,
"If there's a life for you and me,
"To last through all eternity.

"'Twere well to keep this point in view:
"Do unto man your whole life through,
"As you would have him do to you—

"And *then*, when you are o'er the range,
"When all are good, though many *strange*,
"You may not feel too great the change."

Those lines in their simplicity point to the good and faithful life as *the key of harmony* which will enable those who are still able to believe in the older forms of immortality, and those who favor the natural, or newer phase of it, in the Church of the World, to feel that we are together in a Common Solution—a Common Salvation. We face a common fact which both creeds and all creeds must recognise, the decisive fact that this mother, as the head of this family, has achieved a successful, triumphant, useful, glorious life. That such a life was hers is testified to by those who knew her well and best,—testified to by your presence and your sympathetic grief! She had happily reached as a woman the full completion of the term of her human career. While yet but 56 years of age, she was the beloved wife and head of the family, the mother of four children, each of them well established in life, and that largely through her care, and her prudence and her love. Each of those children happily married, have children which look up to her with veneration as the head and centre of all their families which will go on extending we know not how far—carrying the influences of her love and life to future generations. Seldom have the offices and functions of womanhood been so beautifully and nobly achieved and illustrated as in the life of this departed mother. Certainly no function of human nature,—nothing in the progress of humanity,—is more glorious than such a successful and continuous life, "A mother in Israel," a mother in the great Republic, a mother with children to rise up for generations and call her blessed, a mother to send down the love, which is the binding force which holds society, the world, and all of our hopes for the future, together—such a life takes hold of the immortal! For heaven is based upon the triumphant active love, nowhere more usefully and nobly realised. Here, nen we find those general considerations, those sustained feelings, which go out and bear the individual grief with it into the wide and all-unencircled ocean of human life and love. These conclusions rest not on sentiment only, but the facts of life and the continuous world of good. The birds, flowers, butterflies and smiles, seem to furnish only flimsy analogies, but the new corporate human immortality rests upon realities which embody and make immortal all that is of use in life itself. Are not those blessed who rest their affections and hopes in and upon these?

Therefore, that poem has well said, "Do to others as you would they to you." That is the key of heaven. The Golden Rule, common to all of the great religions of the world, brings this assurance, that the departed, no matter under what theory of immortality, as long as she bore in her hand this key—a good life, achieved through trouble and pain and trials such as all of us are called to bear, could not fail to find the heavenly rest. She carried the key, a good and well-spent life, which will open the gate of any paradise. No religion, and hardly a priest *now* dares to rise up and say that a good life will not open the gate of his or of any heaven. Therefore, though she belonged to no church, she has achieved what is the triumph of every church. She has become to us the embodiment of the powers of the good which live, and which make Paradise possible in every phase of human belief. For Heaven only exists because there must be a home in the human heart and in the world for the good.

Death is the loss for the moment in order to transfer to the permanent for all time. Nor must we forget that such transfer must be largely made through us. *To receive,* I said, was a part of our duty here—to receive the results and influences of this life,—to gather them as from a harvest field, made fruitful by her days of toil, her years of anxiety, her triumph as a mother and a wife, her career as a friend, her utility in society. All these, now broken cords of life are we to gather up and receive in our hearts and in our lives. We are to continue to weave them on in the web of the existence of which she and we are parts. In this way her kindred, family, and friends are to receive the imperishable legacy of a noble and well-spent motherhood.

Let your hearts and this home be the place where this higher life is to spring up and continue. She felt that she could not be wrong if as the basis of a useful life she fulfilled her duties here. The religion of this world begins at home. She felt what was contained in that injunction of Shakespeare.

"To thine own self be true,
"And it must follow as the night the day,
"Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

That feeling, that the performance of the duties of the home and of the family were the highest, were in fact religious duties, became the basis of her life and character. In that her family sympathised with her. She

and they have felt, as in that sentence of Shakespeare to which I have referred, that from the fact the word "immortality" may refer now to our natural immortality, it throws a higher obligation upon those who look upon the world from that point of view, to make this world a reality, to make its duties sacraments, and to shed over the common affairs of life a sacredness which otherwise and heretofore have only been imparted to the supernatural. Singular it is that the word "immortality," as I have heard members of this family say, occurs in Shakespeare only once, and then only in describing this natural, earthly, human immortality and its realities.

We cannot fail on this occasion, therefore, and in view of such a life, to feel that this sacredness, which is thus imparted to the earthly affairs, is a solemn presence. We are here to gather up and receive these resultant influences for good and to carry them on to higher realisations, as the highest, the most religious duty.

It will be but a short time when the present grief will have been mitigated by time and by the considerations to which we have referred. A pleasure it will then be to recognise in the family life a continuation of this true immortality. The worship of ancestors was the first worship of mankind aside from the rude nature-worship of the human race. We need not forget this, and those who take this natural solution of immortality will find a deep religious feeling, a sacred love and a sacred pleasure in continuing all that they have found attached to, and associated with, the memory of the departed. The children who owe their life and all that makes life worth living to her, let them cherish such memorials as relics. The pictures, the incidents, the little affairs of her life, all may thus be preserved from generation to generation, and carry with them feelings of love, affection and reverence, inspiring new love, nerving to new duties, and building up in each heart a shrine in which the dead shall live, resurrected as the angel of a new and higher life. Such I believe will be the treatment which this family will fondly award to the memory of the departed. In all this we sympathise with them. We have brought to them our feelings and earnest thoughts to enable them to bear, to read, and thus to impart as a blessing to others, the life which has been the source of life, comfort, and joy to them.

Therefore, in all confidence,—looking at every faith, taking the results of all beliefs,—we find the philosophy here which can say to the departed, "Rest well, as far as thy physical remains are concerned, in the mother earth from which they came.—As far as the spirit, the mind, the love, the soul, is concerned, rest buried in the hearts and lives of those who have come to enjoy a new life and light by reason of thy existence." And though her immortality is secured, in all the heavens that man can imagine,—on earth let it not be in mere thought, or expression, but in the actual continuance of the life that has been worthily lived, through time unmeasured and unknown. Bear, then, as nature demands, these remains to our mother earth. Bear the glorious life and the glorious love, that they have been the means of leaving to us, in your hearts as a common treasure, as a reaping of the harvest of a noble life, which will by word and deed still continue to shed its fruits, its grace, its beauty, its usefulness, even beyond the memory of man—forever!

These are the thoughts which the faith teaches; such are the feelings that we are called to cherish; such are the hopes which inspire those who gather around those who fall worthily—the hope, that we may continue worthily the life that has gone from our sight.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Without straining the imagination to excess we can hardly think of Mont Blanc turned upside down; and yet the figure is not extravagant when applied to Illinois. From antediluvian times Illinois has been a Republican Mont Blanc, but all at once by a revolutionary cataclysm it has been turned over. It has become Democratic in every layer of its political formation, and in every feature of its outward shape, with Chicago, the genius of the catastrophe, at the top of it, reconstructing the new and heterogeneous conglomerate. The jostle and scramble for places in the rearrangement makes abundance of grim fun, the rush for office by the winners is the theme of merriment and jest, while the gloom of the losers provokes much newspaper caricature and grin. The mirth is hollow as the echoes of a hammer on an empty coffin; and when I said "grim" I meant it, for in the mocking laughter I can hear some inharmonious tones, not of pathos only, but of tragedy. Like the sinewy wrestling of college boys at a football game is the eager scuffle for office in this land. It excites our sarcasm and our censure, but the moral of it is that men and women have grown desperate in their greed for some honest work to do. I know it is enrolled among the political canons that the victors own the spoils, and it is not for me to doubt the political morality of a dogma, accepted as orthodox and evangelical by both parties; but, still, I sympathise in sorrow for the losers going out; not the rich who have "made something" out of the offices, but the clerks and other subordinates, whose wages has barely been enough to enable them to live. I feel the chilling blast that nips their Christmas tree, for I know how many jibbering, jabbering devils of temptation tantalise men and women driven out of work. "Of all the sad words of tongue or pen" the saddest are these, "turned out of work". They include within them not only all the possibilities of suffering, but all the potentialities of sin.

* * *

It is pictorially written in the rubrics of our civilian prayer book that "the office ought to seek the man," but it very seldom does; and therefore the man is by necessity driven to seek the office. Before he gets it he must "hustle" for it; and that is the reason why thousands of our citizens to-day are "hustling" for every office that has money in it, from that of Minister Plenipotentiary to the humble post of deputy gatekeeper of the county coal yard. At this moment, one of our citizens, who has been three times elected to Congress is an applicant for the office of

postmaster; and his petitions to Mr. Cleveland are scattered throughout the city. Although this form of "hustling" has been criticised on the score of taste, it is justified by our political practice. As it is conceded that the present postmaster, a soldier of eminent service, a citizen of high character, and a very efficient officer, will be removed for political reasons, there is nothing in the methods of this Democratic aspirant that is not on a level with our own standard of ethics, nothing that is deserving of ridicule or blame. To be sure there are men of his own party who declare that there are other Democrats more worthy of the office, and better qualified for it, but that is a very undemocratic objection, as was proved in the case of old Colonel Fitzhenry, who was appointed Register of the Land Office at Marbletown. Some disappointed rivals called an "indignation meeting" to protest against his appointment on the ground that Colonel Fitzhenry, who, by the way, never was a colonel, had not ability enough to fill the place. Just as the chairman was about to put the question the Colonel got the floor and said: "Fellow democrats; whenever was it the doctrine of the Democratic party that a man should have any ability for an office, except the ability to get it?" This argument was irresistible, because it was founded on the traditions of the party; and after giving three enthusiastic cheers for Colonel Fitzhenry, the meeting dissolved; and like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind.

* * *

On the subject of our civil service, and our method of appointing and removing officers, I have just received a letter from Earl Grey, who was conspicuous as a member of the British Parliament when Mr. Gladstone was an under-graduate at Oxford, between sixty and seventy years ago. Apart from the eminent rank attained by Earl Grey himself as a statesman and a cabinet minister, his letter has peculiar interest because it comes from a man whose father was prime minister of England more than sixty years ago, and the colleague of Burke and Sheridan in the impeachment of Warren Hastings more than a hundred years ago. Lord Grey knows us better than most Englishmen do, because when Secretary of State for the Colonies, he was compelled to study the commercial and political relations that prevailed, and those that ought to prevail, between Canada and the United States, and between both countries and Great Britain. On the subject of those relations as affected by the McKinley bill, he has recently published a book that well deserves the attention of Americans and Canadians too. It is racy of an intellect in vigorous activity, and it is full of wholesome instruction on the subject of international and moral economics. Lord Grey has always been the friend of the American Republic, and anxious for the prosperity of the American people. It is due to him perhaps more than to any other man among the English nobility that Great Britain is to-day an absolutely free market for the produce of our factories and our fields. His opinions on the defects of our civil service are worth listening to, especially as they are given in a friendly spirit, and so I print his letter, excepting some parts at the beginning of it which are on a different theme.

* * *

Howick, Northumberland, November 18, 1892,

Dear Sir:

I received some days ago your letter of Oct. 27th, for which I have to thank you.—With respect to my former letter you are quite at liberty to make what use of it you please; it contains no secrets, and I have no wish to conceal any of the opinions expressed in it.....

This great victory ought in my opinion to encourage those who are friends of honest government to take advantage of the power which will soon be in Mr. Cleveland's hands, to make a determined effort to check the system of corruption which is now prevalent in the United States. Nothing would have so much effect in the furtherance of this object as the passing of a good law with regard to the appointment of the civil servants of the State, and their tenure of office. In this country we have no law of that kind, but long established practice and public opinion have established what I consider to be on the whole an exceedingly good system.

Since the adoption of the principle that "To the victors belong the spoils," the practice which I believe in America was previously nearly the same as our own has been so completely destroyed that I do not think the better system could be restored except by the passing of a new law. But it would be easy to pass a law which would effectually put an end to the present corrupt system. The chief provision of such a law should embody the rules that have now been practically followed in this country during the present century, and to a considerable extent from an earlier period. According to this practice, admission into the public service usually takes place by the appointment of young men to the lowest situations in the various public offices, from which they rise by promotion from one class to another, the selection of those to be promoted when vacancies occur being determined partly by seniority, and partly by a consideration for the comparative merits of the various candidates. No civil servant is ever removed except for misconduct or inefficiency, though the ministers under whom they serve have an absolute legal power of dismissal without showing any cause for it. The improper exercise of this discretionary power, (which it is necessary to give to the ministers in order to secure proper discipline and the authority of the government,) is effectually restrained by the knowledge of the universal condemnation a minister would incur by abusing his legal power.

In the United States where the practice of dismissing public servants merely for the purpose of giving their places to others for party purposes has so long prevailed, some legal check on the abuse of the power (which could not be safely abandoned) would be required. Probably it would be enough to enact that public servants should only be dismissed for misconduct or inefficiency, and in every case in which a dismissal took place the minister responsible for it should be bound to record, in a register kept for that purpose, a statement of the reasons which had led him to regard it as necessary; and that an annual return should be laid before Congress of the dismissals made in the previous year with copies of the ministerial explanations of the reasons for them. To render this system effectual it should include a provision such as that which exists in this country for giving retiring pensions to public servants after certain periods of service. Some law of this kind would secure for the United States what we find of great value in this country—the existence of a body of well-trained and experienced civil servants—while it would also remove one at least of the chief causes of corruption in the Government.

I did not mean to trouble you with this long letter, but I have been led on to do so by the interest I take in the good government of the United States, which is of deep importance, not only to your own nation but to the world.

I am faithfully yours,

GREY.

It will be news to most Americans, as it certainly is to me, that security of tenure has been fixed as a principle upon the civil service of England, not by statute, but by the law of public opinion alone, which in this case at least, appears to be as effectual as the other. The confession of a man who has been a Secretary of State in England, with absolute power over his own department, that he would not dare to dismiss a clerk in his office except for misconduct or inefficiency, because of the "universal condemnation" that would follow such an abuse of legal power, shows how high is the political standard of the English people, and it is also a tribute incidentally to the strength of public opinion in Great Britain. We are compelled to admit that public opinion has no such force in the United States as yet, and a superficial observer might reason therefore that we are behind the English in the knowledge and practice of the higher law, and in the ability to condense public opinion into a command stronger than the statutes. The reason, however, for our apparent inferiority is geographical rather than moral. It is comparatively easy to bring to a focus, and direct upon the government the wills of thirty millions of people living on a small island, but it is not easy to condense into a moral command the opinions of sixty millions of people scattered over half a continent; especially when the people on the island are nearly homogeneous, while the people on the continent are not. While it is very true that the English are dominant in the United States, it is also true that there are other strains of blood running through the arteries of the republic as plainly visible as the Mississippi river in the ocean several miles from land. That all those other strains will become invisible in time is very likely, but not for two or three hundred years to come, although their ultimate fate seems to be inevitable. They must all become English, or cease to be. I do not refer to the English of the British Islands only, but also to the older English by the Baltic shore, and in the valleys of the Weser and the Elbe. It is the colonising quality of the Anglo Saxon race that it can absorb all the other races of the Caucasian stock, assimilate such of their elements as are improving or congenial, and precipitate the remainder in the form of sediment, as the great ocean does. The time is coming when public opinion will be as potent in this country as it is in England.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE METHOD OF SCIENCE AND THE METHOD OF THEOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

"And men grow pale lest their own judgments
sh'ld become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes,
And earth have too much light."
Childe Harold.

So wrote Byron over seventy years ago. Two new generations have appeared on the earth since those very significant lines were written. In Byron's time, in Carlyle's and John Stuart Mill's time, the author who published advanced views on theology was tabooed and looked upon as an atheist, infidel, even blasphemer. Poor Clough gave up his fellowship at one of the English Universities that he might be perfectly free to hold and publish the results of the critical modern method of reasoning as applied to the writings of the Old and New Testaments. I read recently a most interesting article on Clough by John A. Symonds written some years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*. He with Emerson and a few others were the pioneers in the forties and fifties of the new views which have now become almost household words. They were spoken then with bated breath.

With the last decade of this century may we not claim the dawn at least of the doom of the clerical theological method of reasoning as applied to our so-called sacred writings? Do we not weary of the *a priori* method, the *unknown* being taken as *known* and all the rest inferred from it? As Renan shows in his *L'Avenir de la Science* it is not by argument, by a consecutive course of reasoning that one who holds to the old method is convinced. It is by culture, by wide and extended reading, by rising to a higher point of view, by getting into a tower, as it were, that one begins to see the identity of all religions. "Narrow religion means narrow reading," said Emerson; again, "Every truth rested in becomes false." "Every church, the purest speedily becomes old and dead." Our great essayist just quoted said as long ago as 1841, "Everything tilts and rocks; the bigot can no longer be a bigot; to-day, even the scholar is searched. Is his learning dead, is he living in his memory? The power of mind is not mortification but life."

In a notice of the University of Cairo and the method of teaching there, in a recent number of the *New York Evening Post*, the writer says: "There are at present only three professors of the first rank; this shows how stringent their requirements are. The learning of these is enormous, but their *method of thinking* and the restrictions of the university prevent it from being of a progressive nature. They mass their facts, but do not use them for the discovery of new truths. The learning of the Orient is not progressive. It is rather a massing of facts gathered from old standard works. New books are not allowed. There is no stimulus for original thinking. Strange to say, even with these men the natural sciences are almost wholly neglected. The reputed Arab astronomers have left no descendants."

I have quoted this long paragraph, because it describes so accurately the precise state of things at some of our own schools and so-called universities. How few of our theologians "warp the churches from their traditions and pierce them thro' and thro' with original perception." How few remember that "the intellectual man lives in perpetual victory." At the tercentenary celebration of Trinity College, Dublin, the Very Rev. Henry Jellett, D. D., delivered the sermon. In an interesting letter in the *Evening Post* of New York, the writer says, "But the speaker ventured a single touch of pathos when, adverting regretfully to the pending breach between modern culture and Christianity, he wondered whether the four hundredth anniversary of the university would be celebrated in a purely secular spirit." Here at least is a clergyman fully alive to the signs of the times, and to know how to read the signs of the times is a great and rare gift.

Those who cling tenaciously to the old orthodox views tell us that with the destruction of the so-called supernatural revelations and marvels, there will be nothing left to feed the emotional part of us and to nourish our hearts. Amiel says very profoundly, "Reason and justice at their base presuppose emotion." Susan Channing in a recent article in *The Open Court* says so truly, "What is to become of mankind when it no longer has any personal God to fear? We can answer that we have ourselves and mankind and immutable laws to fear, forces as strong and retributive when disobeyed as any now attributed to a personal God; and as Eugene Aram feared his dead victim all the more for lying there so still, so we, as education increases, shall fear more and more to disobey the moral laws that lie so still and yet so appealingly to the soul of every intelligent being. As our mind grows we shall more and more act with the wisdom of Aristotle's wise man: 'Do from an understanding of the law what an ignorant man does from fear of the law.'" "Absolve yourself to yourself," said Emerson. "Keep the laws" which he that runs may read. "When all is hurly-burly here below, and every one seems bewildered, *go not thou astray*," taught Marcus Aurelius.

At the end of his "Animal Life and Intelligence," Prof. Lloyd Morgan has a most interesting chapter on monism. He shows very clearly that the modern intellectual man forsakes the old theological views not through force of argument, but through their *incon-*

gruity, their *want of harmony with the rest of his knowledge*. He argues very forcibly that through this incongruity the old method of reasoning gradually fades away as the mist before the sun. Our outlook broadens with our culture, and we live more and more in the hills of thought—those "uplands that few dare to tread, though they to all belong."

"Who can doubt which method will finally prevail," asks Professor Morgan, "the clerical theological method or the modern critical historical method"?

It is a question of time, and there we can safely leave it.

ATHERTON BLIGHT.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF SCIENTIFIC AGNOSTICISM. By *R. Bithell*, B. Sc., Ph. D. London: Watts & Co. 1892.

The object of this little work is to expound the views of leading English agnostics as to what agnosticism really is and really involves. And no English agnostic is better fitted to produce such an exposition than Dr. Bithell. His age, equable temperament, enthusiasm for philosophy, and experience in both the practice and the penmanship relating to large business affairs, assuredly mark out the author under review as worthy of all respectful consideration at the hands of rationalists, be they readers, writers, or both in similar degree.

Having said so much for the agnostic author of this useful book, the present reviewer must go on to say that, to his mind, agnosticism has been made somewhat too much of by friends and foes alike. It seems very questionable whether the agnostic idea, so adequately propounded by Dr. Bithell, is worth all the serious consideration it has received, in various books and papers, at the hands not only of the author under notice, but of authors more noticeable still.

By "worth" I mean "philosophically worth." The immense practical service to freethought rendered by the courteous and considerate tone of controversy that, before the appearance of *The Open Court*, was the almost distinctive note of agnostic journalism, can scarcely be overrated. And so thorough an agnostic as Dr. Bithell may be pardoned for believing that "the spread of agnostic literature" was one of the two great agencies by which has been effected, during the last quarter-century, the almost revolutionary improvement in the spirit of Christian apologetics.

But, philosophically speaking, has agnosticism any permanent importance other than that attaching to a transitional state of mind *in* which most calm and cautious rationalists have sojourned, but *through* which most modern rationalists who are also eager and independent must, if years enough be granted them, eventually pass? I do not think, notwithstanding the disclaimers of Dr. Bithell, that agnosticism can be considered a terminus of modern thought, even in our present state of comparative cosmic ignorance. I do not believe that such men as Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Samuel Laing, would rest contented with their actual attitudes toward the problems of theism, materialsm, materio-spiritualism, and "inspiration," could they but add a single generation's life to theirs.

Dr. Bithell himself—with others—is advancing. He no longer posits anything "unknowable." With him, as with the younger disciples of Herbert Spencer, now striving to press on beyond their master, what is "unknown" is the one exact antithesis to that which now is "known." Even the "thing in itself," with belief in which agnostics have been so relentlessly twitted by Dr. James, is opined to be "perhaps not worth much if attained."

For the guidance of those who wish to hear about the arrangement of the book it may be well to mention the divisions treating of "the fundamental postulates of Agnosticism," and of "the agnostic method and its applications." Under the former there are sections upon feeling, sensation, consciousness, knowledge, relativity, belief, and faith. Under the latter are the headings physical science, physiology, psychology, metaphysics, history, and theology.

It will surprise some to learn that many of agnosticism's "fundamental principles" are also those of everybody imbued with any tincture of scientific philosophy: and were enunciated by all competent writers long before the name of agnosticism was heard in the land. This fact, while establishing the general soundness of agnostics' line of thought, at the same time throws considerable doubt upon the necessity of anyone's calling such well-established speculative canons by the peculiar name of agnosticism.

It is pleasing to learn that Dr. Bithell does not allow any agnostic prudery to prevent a completely positive standpoint upon the questions of psychology. He looks forward to "a general overhauling of the language employed by psychologists," and believes that "as the facts of consciousness with which psychology is concerned lie close at hand, there is no reason why this science should not become a body of truths as firmly established and as free from controversy as those of physical and physiological science." No positive monist could speak with greater assurance and precision. Nor is this by any means the only common meeting-ground disclosed between the agnostic and the Carusian positivist.

Yet if we are to emphasise agreement we must recognise disagreement also. Dr. Bithell's treatment of metaphysics is, in some respects, though certainly not in all, a typically agnostic one. Here are some sentences in point: "But we do not want an apodictic proof of metaphysical truths. If once reduced to demonstrable certainty these truths would be handed over to science and get locked up in text-books or encyclopædias. There is a profound truth in the remark made by Mr. Stewart Ross, where he says in his usually incisive way: 'I believe in proof as regards theorems which are provable. But as regards the higher arcana of existence there are truths I *know* with such certainty that, were it possible to prove them, the proof might weaken my belief, but could not fortify it.'" This kind of talk is typical of much to be found in the writings of those agnostics only whose leanings are *towards* a poetically mystical and *away* from a scientifically positive theory of things.

Between these two kinds of agnosticism, Dr. Bithell, in the book before me (as in other books of his) appears to hold the balance. He is almost everywhere dispassionate and discreet. And his writings should certainly do something to assuage the philosophical feud into which certain agnostics and positive monists have flung themselves with needless warmth, but which is now plainly upon the road towards appeasement. A few further concessions on both sides may lead to the substantial agreement beginning to be earnestly desired by each.

E. T.

GOETHE'S MUTTER. Ein Lebensbild nach den Quellen. Von *Dr. Karl Heinemann*. 3d improved edition. Leipsic: Arthur Seeman. 1892.

There is a truth in the saying that great men have great mothers, and it is certainly true of the greatest German poet. He derived his talents, his buoyancy, his delight in poetry from his mother. The author of the book before us thinks the basis of Goethe's greatness is of maternal inheritance. He comments in the preface upon a dictum of Otto Karl Lorenz, who says in his "Geschichtswissenschaft," "it seemed to him that all the histories had been written by bachelors and indeed such as have no good opinion of woman." We have many biographies of great men, but none of the mothers of great men. Not even Queen Louise of Prussia has found a biography among German savants. There is a lack of respect for the mother's influence and importance. Mr. Heinemann proposes to set a better example and begins with the biography of the happiest and brightest of all moth-

ers, of Katharina Elizabeth Textor, the wife of Rath Goethe, best known simply as "Frau Rath" or "Frau Aja". He portrays the ingenious woman in her deeds, words, and letters, so that we see her before us as she really lived; there is no idealising, no apotheosis, but the facts of her actual being.

We feel tempted to translate a few characteristic passages of Frau Rath's letters, but find it impossible. Her style is no letter style; she does not write, she speaks as if the person addressed were present; and she speaks her mind too, *sans gêne*, without reserve and directly. So are all her letters, those to her son, those to Wieland, Lavater and others, and even those to the duke and the duchess. She coins new words, she introduces pregnant similes, such as her son or Luther might have invented; her spelling is poor (although this is quite excusable in her time); the connection of the sentences is more logical than grammatical; all in all she is even more original than her son.

This biography of Goethe's mother fills a long felt want. No Goethe scholar can afford to do without it and it should not be missing in the library of any lover of Goethe's poetry. The success which this book has had since its first appearance at the end of the last year is certainly well deserved and considering its popular price (8 marks) not at all astonishing. The many illustrations and reproductions of portraits and other pictures of Goethe's time do not constitute its chief merit but are valuable additions. ς.

CHOPIN. Sketches from George Sand's "History of my Life" and "A Winter in Majorca." Selected and arranged from the original by *Laura Wieser*. Translated by Grace Curtis. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy.

This little book is dedicated to those gone before. It contains a selection of passages from George Sand which have reference to that great French author's relations to Chopin. It reads like a novel; indeed it is a novel—romantic, pathetic, and full of the devotion of a great soul to a genius.

BLESSINGS OF THE WAYSIDE. By *Laura Wieser*.

Miss Laura Wieser, one of our Unitarian friends, has selected a number of wayside thoughts from different authors and embodied them tastily in a pamphlet of 20 pages. They can be sent to friends as Christmas greetings, and will everywhere find a warm reception.

Mr. George M. McCrie has published, with the permission of The Open Court Pub. Co., in pamphlet form, his essay entitled "Miss Naden's World-Scheme," which appeared last summer in the pages of *The Open Court*. Mr. McCrie prefixes a short preface to his pamphlet in which he attempts to show a resemblance between his own views on a special point and those of Mr. Charles S. Peirce, recently set forth in *The Monist*. (London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson Court, E. C.)

On the Heights is the title of a little pamphlet by Isaac S. Moses, Rabbi of Kehilath Anshe Mayriv. Its contents are five sermons delivered on New Year's eve and morning, and on the eve, morning, and evening of the Day of Atonement (viz. Sept. 21 and 22 and Oct. 1st and 2nd, 1892). Those who wish to obtain some idea of what the God and ethical ideals of Israel are, may well read these fervent addresses of Rabbi Moses. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

The Harvard Graduates' Magazine is a substantial and beautifully printed quarterly. It is not exclusively devoted to the interests of Harvard University, and university men generally will find stimulating articles in its pages. Its editor is Mr. W. R. Thayer, a contributor to *The Open Court*. The articles of No. I. (October) are by prominent Harvard graduates. (Boston: 6 Beacon street.)

We have just received *The Agnostic Annual* for 1893. It contains interesting articles on ethics, religion, and philosophy, popularly treated by such authors as Leslie Stephen, Amos Waters, Gerald Massey, A. Momerie, S. Laing, Saladin, Charles Watts, Edward Clodd, &c., &c. Pleasant and suggestive hours may be spent in its reading. (London: W. Stewart, 41 Farringdon street, E. C.)

Fowler, Wells & Co., of New York, have just published a prettily bound volume entitled "The Kaaterskill Fairies" by Mrs. Anna Olcott Commelin, who contributed to *The Open Court* some years ago an article on Lavater. "The Kaaterskill Fairies" is a pretty little tale (forty-three pages including illustrations) and is supplied with a number of sketches.

"All Around the Year," the artistic desk calendar, has again made its appearance.

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CIVILISING THE SABBATH.*

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The historical and religious import of the Sabbath is briefly illustrated in the following lessons which we quote:

I. FROM A "BABYLONIAN SAINTS' CALENDAR," PROBABLY THE EARLIEST MENTION OF THE SABBATH.

"The seventh day a feast of Merodach and Zirpanit; a festival: a Sabbath. The prince of many nations the flesh of birds and cooked fruits eats not; the garments of his body he changes not; white robes he puts not on. Sacrifice he offers not. The king in his chariot rides not. In royal fashion he legislates not. A place of garrison the general by word of mouth appoints not. Medicine for his sickness of body he applies not. To make a sacred spot it is suitable. In the night in the presence of Merodach and Istar the king his offering makes. Sacrifice he offers, raising his hand to the high places of the God he worships."—Translated by Professor Sayce.

[The same formula is repeated for the 14th, 21st, and 28th day, but instead of Merodach and Zirpanit the deities are, for the 14th, Beltis and Nergal; for the 21st, the Moon and Sun; for the 28th Hea and Nergal. The Assyrians called the seventh day the *Sabatu*, or Sabbath; the syllabaries explaining *Sabatu* as the "Completion" of the week, and as a "day of rest for the heart" (see a useful article on "The Sabbath Day," in *The National Reformer*, September 11th, 1892). It is probable that this idea of "completion" was afterwards extended to the creation of the world by Jewish adapters.]

II. FROM TACITUS.

"Many authors agree that when once an infectious distemper had arisen in Egypt, and made men's bodies impure, Bocchoris, their king, went to the oracle of Amman, and begged he would grant them some relief against this evil; and that he was enjoined to purge his nation of them and to banish this kind of men into other countries as hateful to the gods. That when he had sought for and gotten them all together, they were left in a vast desert: that hereupon the rest devoted themselves to weeping and inactivity; but one of those exiles, Moses by name, advised them to look for no assistance from any of the gods, or from any of mankind, since they had been abandoned by both, but bade them believe in him as a celestial leader by whose help they had already gotten clear of their present miseries. They agreed to it, and though they were unacquainted with everything, they began their journey at random. But nothing tired them so much as the want of water; and now to a great extent they laid themselves down on the ground, as just ready to perish, when a herd of wild asses came from feeding, and went to a rock overshadowed by a grove of trees. Moses followed them, as conjecturing that there was some grassy soil, and so he opened large sources of water for them. That was an ease to them; and when they had journeyed continually six entire days, on the seventh day they drove out the inhabitants, and obtained those lands wherein their city and temple were dedicated. . . . It is generally supposed that they rest on the seventh day, because that day gave them rest from their labors. Besides which they are idle on every seventh year, being pleased with a lazy life."

III. FROM ISAIAH.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt offerings of rams; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn

* A discourse given at South Place Chapel, London, Nov. 6th, 1892.

to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed; judge for the fatherless, plead for the widow.

"Zion shall be redeemed with justice, and her converts with righteousness."

IV. FROM SPINOZA.

"Reason is my enjoyment, and the aim I have in this life is joy and serenity.

"It is superstition that sets up sadness as good, and all that tends to joy as evil. God would show himself envious if he took pleasure in my impotence and in the ills I suffer. Rather, in proportion to the greatness of our joy do we attain to a greater perfection, and participate more fully in the divine nature.

"Joy therefore can never be evil, so long as it be regulated by the law of our true utility. A virtuous life is not a sad and sombre one, a life of privations and austerity. How should the Divinity take pleasure in the spectacle of my weakness, or impute to me as meritorious, tears, sobs, terrors—signs all of an impotent soul?

"Yes, it is the part of a wise man to use the things of this life, and enjoy them as much as possible; to recruit himself by a temperate and appetising diet; to charm his senses with the perfume and the brilliant verdure of plants; to adorn his very attire; to enjoy music, games, spectacles, and every diversion that one can bestow on himself without detriment to character.

"We are incessantly spoken to of repentance, humbleness, death; but repentance is not a virtue, but the consequence of a weakness; nor is self-abasement one, since it springs in man from an idea of his inferiority. As to the thought of death, it is the daughter of fear, and it is in feeble souls that it sets up its home. The thing of all others about which a free man least thinks, is death. Wisdom lies in the contemplation, not of death, but of life."

I need hardly argue that our Sabbath is uncivilised: there is a consensus among liberal thinkers that the notion that one part of time is holier than another is akin to such superstitions as unlucky Friday and seeing a new moon over the left shoulder. Nor need I here argue that the Sabbath ought to be civilised: that is, humanised. Whatever our theories, we all know that the Sabbath is "not a theory but a condition"; a discussion of its continuance were, at present, somewhat like debating whether bicycles should take the place of horses. The inquiry of interest to us is, why the Sabbath is so much less bred to social uses than the horse, or other agencies of practical life. We cannot improve a thing unless we understand it. A gardener can turn a wild brier into a thornless rose, but only by understanding the brier's nature, and the laws of its development.

The "holy" Sabbath, as distinguished from the secular Sunday, has come to us from a time and region of which there are other survivals, but of only curious interest, because they injure nobody. Many close their eyes in prayer, some think, because their ancestors prayed to a tropical sun, of blinding brightness; they clasp or lift their hands because that was a sign of surrender by which one captured in war saved his life; they kneel, because that is the attitude of decapitation, and indicated admission that one's life was forfeit. These conjectural explanations are of only antiquarian interest, because no power exists to force us through that pantomime of barbarians crouching before their conquerors or despots. They show, however, how long, amid civilised government, may linger the conception of an unlimited monarchy in the heavens, and relics of a celestial reign of terror.

In those who kneel these ceremonies of ancient abjectness have as little conscious connection with their origin as a dog's circuit on a rug, before he lies down, has with that of his wild progenitors, who so made their bed in the prairie grass; yet under that unconsciousness a great deal of the primitive devotee may survive. The Sabbatarian despotism is a barometer that reports how much of this ancient terrorism of an unconstitutional deity lingers in air too pure for a slave to breathe,—except one day in the week. For it is slavery when the people are locked out of their own houses—their communal museum, art gallery, theatre, library—and forced to beg for a little beauty at the doors of charitable collections and studios. So it is to-day; to-morrow a like oppression of freedom, in a political or social matter, might cause a revolution.

Superstition is not the sole cause of the injustice, as we shall presently see, but it is superstition that renders it possible—and it is an English superstition. The nations of the continent are as superstitious as England, but such Sabbath laws are unknown except here and where the English race has carried them. Moreover, our curious local Sabbatarianism is comparatively modern; in the Sixteenth Century England had a fairly merry Sunday. There were stage-plays and dances. How and why a gloomy Sabbath grew in this one island has not yet been explained. The Jews and their Bible are usually credited with it; but Continental nations have the same Bible; they find in it no command to close places of amusement on the Sabbath. And the Jews themselves do not prohibit amusements, but only work, on their Sabbath (Saturday) of which our Sunday is the sombre ghost.

Properly to understand this matter we must go beyond the Bible, through which flow Persian streams of faith. In America there is a point where the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers join, and flow in one channel to the Gulf of Mexico. But they run together a long way before their waters mingle; side by side,

in the same channel, their different colors are distinguished; and when at length they are really mixed, the river is of a color different from either of its great tributaries. Something like this was the union of the Persian and the Semitic streams of religion. At an early period there was an impression that these different religions might be distinguished as that of the Old Testament and that of the New. Thus we find a great English divine, Archbishop Tillotson, writing as follows:—

"The difference between the style of the Old and New Testaments is so very remarkable, that one of the greatest sects in the primitive times, did, upon this very ground, found their heresy of two Gods, the one, evil, fierce, and cruel, whom they called the God of the Old Testament; the other, good, kind, and merciful, whom they called the God of the New Testament; so great a difference is there between the representations that are given of God in the books of the Jewish and Christian religion, as to give, at least, some color and pretense to an imagination of two Gods."

While Archbishop Tillotson's candour is admirable, criticism in his time had not been applied to the two Testaments equally. There are two different Lords in the New, as there are two different Gods in the Old Testament. There is a humane Jesus loving his enemies, and there is a ferocious Christ consigning them to Hell; just as there is a Jehovah who spares Nineveh, and a Jehovah who massacres the Midianites, a God of Wrath, and a God who pitieth men as a father his children. The two contrarious deities are distinguishable from each other both in the New and Old Testaments, though in both is apparent the monotheistic effort to combine them into one and the same deity. This is done by the device of supposing a powerful prince of darkness, who is responsible for some of the worst evils of the world, especially for moral evils. This, however, could only be done by supposing this dark and evil being to be equal in his realm, and in immortality, to the good power, otherwise the good power would destroy him, and end his horrible works.

This dualism, or struggle between good and evil deities, is traceable to ancient Persia. The religion that shaped Europe was not Jewish but Persian. The Bible is only one of the various channels through which there passed into every part of Europe the belief in two great antagonistic personalites. In Russia and other Slavic countries they are to this day frankly recognised as both gods,—Byelibog and Tchornibog, god of light, and god of darkness. ("Bog" meaning god, and the origin of our word "Bogey.") In some regions they are God and Satan, in others God and Devil. In England, where science has compelled theology to admit the unity of nature, the prince of darkness has been repudiated, and in his place we are told of a disciplinary providence who, in his great mercy, dashes ships against rocks, crushes human beings in railway collisions, spreads cancer, cholera, and other agonies, all of course in loving kindness and tender mercy. Nevertheless, with that theology on our lips we have a host of physicians and charities trying to resist and undo these peculiar providences, all the same as if they were inflicted by a Devil. Virtually and really our religion to-day is the same as that of the Persian Zoroaster, recognising good and evil as essentially and eternally opposed; the one to be enthroned as our Christ, the other to be chained up like an Antichrist.

Without going into the historical development of this Zoroastrian religion, it may be stated that in its symbolism were combined the Solar and Lunar mythologies. There are regions where the Sun is mainly beneficent, subduing the short winter, clothing the earth with blossoms; there are regions where the Sun deals sunstrokes, burns up vegetation, dries up fountains, causes deserts. The moonlight is here friendlier; in the cool night, and beneath the starry host, man finds protection. It was the Lunar races—Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew—which formed the month (or moon) of twenty-eight days, and its seven-day quarters, each completed by a Sabbath, or a rest-day. This under a burning sun was grateful enough. As the majority were slaves, their day of rest could only be defended by exacting masters, by some kind of superstition. What the earlier superstitions were we know not. We know only those that sanctioned the Sabbath among the Jews, and equally the seventh year, which it is not convenient for our Sabbatarians to notice. But long before the Sabbath was an institution in Babylon, as we saw in our first lesson.

Now the Lunar worshippers had over the Sun-worshippers one advantage: night-watching and star-gazing made those Assyrians great astrologers. In their observations astronomy was dawning, though the earth was neglected. The Solar people knew more about the world revealed by day, its people, its flowers, and birds; but the Lunar devotees knew more about the worlds revealed by night, its galaxies and omens.

Gradually the Lunar month and the seven-day division of time crept up among the more northern races.. But for many centuries it was only an imported science. They did not import the religion corresponding to it, and they adopted no day of rest. Yet the Lunar mythology did influence the Solar mythology. Their moon-god was made a prince of darkness, and an evil influence ascribed to the moon. His day of rest, the Sabbath—the seventh day—was ac-

counted evil, and it still bears, as Saturday, the name of the sinister god Saturn, who devoured his own children. In the Gentile world, it would have been impossible for even Constantine to decree any holiness to the seventh day—Saturn's day. He consecrated the day of the Sun—Sunday—as a day of rest from toil, and a day of sunshine, of gladness, of recreation.

The Sabbath god and the Sunday god became thus respectively the potentate of Darkness and the potentate of Sunshine. The assemblages of Jews on their Sabbath was regarded as a kind of devil worship. Jehovah was associated with plagues, and his name suppressed. So was the name of the Sabbath, still rarely heard on the Continent. Christ was the Sun, the Light of the World, associated with all the brighter deities—such as Apollo, Helios, and Baldur the Beautiful.

Some of our theologians claim the early and rapid spread of Christianity in Europe as proof of its divine origin. Nothing, they say, but supernatural assistance could have caused such wide acceptance of the Gospel. But they forget that it was then a Gospel, or God's-spell, of glad tidings. It would indeed have looked like a miracle had the poor serfs and sufferers welcomed a gloomy god, and a gloomy Sabbath, and for them abandoned their tender household deities—Bertha, Freya, and their beautiful Baldur and Phœbus. Not so did Christianity come, but as a release from dungeons of fear; and not the least of its glad tidings was its opening of the prison-house of toil on one day in the week, that the serfs might make merry. There was great opposition by the landlords, the gentry; they did not like this loss of one day's labor on their estates. But the Church insisted: on the Sun's day the human heart leaped for joy. The very churches were used for theatres and festivities. They were also then the art galleries and concert rooms. In fact, in that early spread of Christianity, Ormuzd triumphed over Ahriman for one day in the week,—all the bright gods triumphed over the gloomy gods,—and it is so now, every Sunday, throughout Europe, with the one exception of England.

What was the cause of this exception? Did this climate render people doubtful about the Sun, while certain of the cloud and fog? Charles Kingsley said: "It is the hard grey climate that has made hard grey Englishmen." Was it that which made their hard grey Puritanism? It is difficult to see how Puritanism could so easily have taken root here, and spread like the thistle, had there not been some predisposition in the mental soil. Christianity came to Great Britain with release and joy: it became what was once called "Merry England"; but there are traces of a gloomy and terrible religion here before that—what we call "Druidism," a dark lunar superstition, believed to include human sacrifices. Whether the dismal elements of that pagan Puritanism lingered here or not, certain it is that when the Reformation came, substituting the Bible for the Pope, some gloomy tendency in the country seized on what was gloomiest in the Book, took the side of Jehovah against Jesus,—who, had he here plucked his corn on the Sabbath, would have been haled before a magistrate. On the Continent Luther had protested against all this, saying, "Go to the Jews with your Moses!" Calvin was free from Sabbatarianism, and it is said that when a number of ministers from this region called on him one Sunday they found him playing at bowls. Milton, who liked the political protest of Puritanism, abhorred its hard Pharisaism. Milton reminded the English people that the two things used by the Good Samaritan on the sufferer, oil and wine, were things that did not grow in England, and that we needed to import into our customs and religions just those products of southern sunshine,—more oil and wine, more sweetness, kindliness, and mirth. These would soothe and heal humanity. But Puritanism would not heed its one great teacher. The poor toiler, fallen and wounded, is still visited by the Sabbath Samaritan, who takes him to a chapel or drives him to a gin-shop. For oil and wine, for beauty and recreation, the poor man must get what he can from alcohol and orthodoxy.

Thus in the long and wide-spread conflict between Ormuzd and Ahriman—bright god and gloomy god, winter-god and summer-god—the dark god here prevails—and here only, in Europe, though this country has inoculated America with it. There is but too much probability that the great Exhibition building at Chicago will stand every Sunday as a monument of what retrogression in religion has gone on in four centuries by the side of progression in everything else.* Our anti-Sabbatarians will probably have a slower work than they think in subduing the gloomy god. For his is the last sceptre of idolatry. The power to disregard the reason of the nation, to lock up their treasures of science and art on the only day when the majority could enjoy them, represents a palpable, a visible authority surviving the overthrow of all other froms of divine right. It is the last fortress of ancient idolatry.

But such an oppression could not survive in a free country by mere strength of an Eastern superstition. A practical wrong lives by slipping snake-like from one skin to another. Among the Jews the Sabbath began by claiming that Jehovah founded it because he rested on the seventh day, but later on it got a new lease by

* A citizen of Philadelphia, who had much to do with the Exhibition held there in 1876, the Centenary of Independence (to which on Sundays fashionable people were admitted by printed invitations, while the masses were excluded) told me that the city was then morally a kind of pandemonium on Sundays.

claiming that on that day Jehovah led them out of Egypt. And there seem to have been other explanations. In England these ancient consecrations are little referred to. The superstition now fostered among the laborers is that if the Museum is once unlocked they may all be made to work the whole seven days. I have said that this ignorant superstition is fostered. There are indeed a great and increasing number of clergymen who do not encourage it, and some who even withstand it; but one must be blind not to see that this popular superstition is fostered by many pulpits, which could but do not point out that the open Sunday of the Continent has never been accompanied by enforced labor.

I remember, in early life, expressing some rationalistic sentiments to an eminent Unitarian minister. After listening patiently, he shrewdly answered: "Christianity is a stool that stands on three legs—the ministry, the miracles, and the Sabbath Day. Take away the divine authority of either of those legs and over goes Christianity." What, in London, might result, were the Museums and Galleries open? How many preachers can rival in attractions the wonders of the British Museum, the noblest institution in the world? What would be the condition of the conventicles, of the "Gospel Halls," if darkest England were flooded with the splendor of arts now hid under their bushel of bigotry? Well, for a time, some of our chapels might be rather thin; but gradually their pulpits would be occupied by men able to preach up to an enlightened people, instead of down to benighted people. The clerical intellect would be awakened and stimulated. The whole standard of religious thought and sentiment would be raised. The discourse of the scholar would be interpreted and illustrated by the beautiful Madonnas, the sacred scenes, and lofty ideals, portrayed by the artist and the sculptor.

Protestantism of the English type is much overrated. In cruelty, Catholicism was equalled by Protestantism here and in New England. Religiously, the Reformation was no reform, but a relapse from a highly-developed environment of beautiful images and shrines of art, into a primitive temple of unhewn stones; a hard unlovely naturalism that denounced art. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or likeness of anything in heaven, earth, or sea." The revival of that biblical barbarism set our Protestant fanatics to sweep pictures and statues out of our churches, breaking and burning them in the name of the dark art-hating deity. But those beautiful forms reflected the deity of sunshine, of love. In Catholic churches the people were surrounded by saints whose countenances beamed all virtues, all tendernesses. And there are even now, in Protestant lands, vast numbers of people who can receive such exalted impressions only through the eye. Nor are these only the illiterate people. The great American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, could never be persuaded to enter a church. Such was his recoil from the ugly Puritanism by which his youth was surrounded that he would never listen even to the liberal sermons of Channing, Parker, and others. His religious nature became torpid. But when, in advanced life, he visited Rome and Florence, the sacred history and legend of humanity, as told in statues and pictures, awakened his enthusiasm, and he bitterly lamented that Protestantism should have deprived him and others of these sacred and sublime influences of art. But these elevating forms, swept from our churches, are now in the art-galleries. These are our real cathedrals. There the divine legend of humanity is told. But Puritanism seems angry that even in galleries Moses's hatred of graven images should be disobeyed, and virtually denies them to the working people altogether. It is to thousands a denial of any religious impression or spiritual culture at all. And how much brutality, how much despair, half-drowned in drink, are caused by this pious inhumanity?

Of all the practical issues of our time this of Sabbatarianism appears to me the most important. The Anglo-Assyrian Sabbath is the visible keystone of an invisible arch, built of stony uncivilised dogmas and oppressions, all of which would fall with their keystone. It is momentous because it involves the entire free lifetime of the toiling masses. Their time for mental culture is counted by Sundays. It is of paramount importance because it involves religious liberty. And it is vital because it establishes and preserves false conceptions of deity,—conceptions long discarded by the intelligence of the nation,—conceptions that degrade the minds and homes of the ignorant. Should you ask any English scholar, clerical or other, any professor in our colleges, whether he believes that God created the world in six days, rested from fatigue on the seventh, and was so egotistical as to make idleness compulsory on that day for everybody, such scholars would repudiate these puerile notions of primitive man. Should you ask the scholar whether he believes in a deity opposed to art, a deity pleased to have the people deprived of beauty, happier when the masses are less happy, a deity who will reward hereafter those who sacrifice happiness here, that scholar would declare a deity pleased with such human sacrifices to be more like a demon than a God. Such is the voice of English culture, of civilisation. And yet beside our universities is throned this Assyrian Idol,—the Sabbath,—whose ancient literal human sacrifices are perpetuated by the sacrifices of human culture, refinement, and happiness. This ancient idol is as fully portrayed as if his graven image were preserved. He wished to keep man ignorant, lest he should know as much as

himself. Instead of bidding man eat his fill of the Tree of Knowledge, he forbade it, and cursed the human race because man began to gain wisdom. He was afraid of man's progress, and overthrew his architecture at Babel for fear man would climb up into the sky. Jealous of man's knowledge, frightened by man's progress, he is also jealous of man's happiness. He threatens a whole nation because some are too happy on the day of freedom from toil. "You take your pleasure on my holy day," he complains.

Such an arrogant, selfish deity as that could only be established anywhere by bribe or terror. The idol has been maintained here in the past by a popular belief that the self-sacrifice was an investment: those who gave up pleasure on earth were to be paid tenfold hereafter. That notion is extinct. There is now no philosophy of a future life which supposes anybody will be better off in the future because he has been ignorant, or stupid, or miserable on earth, or gave up pleasures here to get more elsewhere.

Such being the intelligence of the country, its civilised culture and thought, it is monstrous that any usage or practical institution should remain, founded on the uncivilised notion of a deity opposed to the tree of knowledge, jealous of man's towers, satisfied with man's gloom, vexed by his enjoyments. The grim idol, the Sabbath, can give no compensation whatever to its victims, except when they rise up from its reeking altar and send it to the Museum, where it may be studied along with Moloch, Typhon, and other antiquities from the same region of time and of the world. Then the people may go to study it or to smile at it on a Sunday that should represent all the gods of sunshine—Ormuzd, and Krishna, and Baldur, and Apollo.

Jesus said to his disciples, "Go you and learn what this means—I will have mercy and not sacrifice." His supposed followers have gone on for centuries without learning what that means; but there now appears some glimmer of the meaning among those who with guilds and heart-charities are trying to make the poor happier. Though, let me say, all such benefits are of small importance—a little melting of the snow here and there while it is still snowing—compared with the glorions summer that would burgeon with the opening of the bounties of Art and Science, at whose barred doors the people sit like Lazarus, with only brutal pleasures to lick their sores.

"Go you and learn what this meaneth—I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Should England comprehend all the meaning of those words, it would be as if Jesus should this day stand on the steps of the National Gallery and cry: Henceforth let the night of Sacrifice end, and the era of Mercy dawn! You have heard for three wretched puritanical centuries that man owes a duty to God. I say unto you that Man owes no duty to any being whom his conduct cannot benefit or affect in the least. You have heard that God desires sacrifice,—sheep in one age, self-sacrifice in another. But self-sacrifice is a delusion. If a man gives something to another he does not sacrifice himself, he enriches himself. He wants the happiness of making another happy, and gladly pays for it. Let this old sacrificial phraseology, however well meant, pass away with the selfish superstition in which it originated—giving up one pleasure on Earth to get two in Heaven. You have heard that it is good for a man to suffer, to be afflicted, to mourn. But I say unto you: Be happy! The first and supreme duty of all is to be happy. You cannot be happy while others are miserable, therefore make others happy. You have heard that those who mourn here will be comforted hereafter, the afflictions of time be paid with an eternal weight of glory. For that little children have been cowed, beaten, their healthy spirits broken, as they were once passed through the fire to Moloch. For that even ill-health has been fostered, pious invalidism supposed a providential means of curing the soul. And for that the poor, the toilers, the ignorant, have been told to be submissive to their lot to which God had called them. But now that common knowledge and common sense have destroyed that whole set of superstitions about the blessings of sorrow and the future bliss of the miserable, religion has no object at all but to make people happy in this world. If they miss happiness here they may miss it forever. The future is all uncertain. And almost the only time in which any can minister to their mental hunger is Sunday. Then alone does the wheel of toil on which they are bound stand still. Then alone does the smoke of their torment cease to ascend. It were a worthy task for English civilisation, and for the whole genius of this great nation, to gather in convention and contrive how they can make the people happier; and especially how they can make the day of the Sun a day of resurrection for the masses—the gladdest, merriest day, healing oil and wine for the wounds of six days' toil, a day when museums, galleries, theatres, shall make real once more the glad tidings of great joy.

CURRENT TOPICS.

No man liveth unto himself alone; and the law of "limit and overflow," on which I claim a patent through discovery, works along in partnership with death silently but continuously throughout the whole domain of social economics, easing the friction among classes, and equalising men. By the law of limit and overflow, I mean that supreme act of parliament ratified and confirmed by nature which limits the rich man's power to consume, and compels a portion of his unnecessary wealth to overflow upon the poor. The only apparent exception to it that I can think of now is Jay Gould; and perhaps if we knew all about

him that might be known, we should find that even he was not altogether a witness and a protest against the law. It may not work as well as it might, and will, but still it works, and will continue to work for ever. I might fill columns of print with instances, but I will mention only this, the two million dollars given by Mr. Armour to establish a free manual training school for boys and girls in the city of Chicago. I make no cynical inquiry into the motives of this benevolence; enough for me that it *is* benevolence, and a splendid illustration of the law. It works in other directions too; as, for instance, in the multiplication of industries, but that is not the part of it that I wish to speak of now. When I said, "in partnership with death," I had in mind the *post mortem* distribution of riches among surviving children and other kindred, but more especially I had in mind the "Wills aad Bequests" column of the *Illustrated London News*, wherein I find that millions of pounds in legacies annually overflow upon hundreds of useful and benevolent institutions. Don't weary me now by throwing up to me the passionate exclamation that "Wheelbarrow" made long ago, "We want justice, not charity." Benevolence is not charity in the inferior meaning of the word; and besides, benevolence is an element of justice.

* * *

The flight of Mr. Armour from the country is good evidence that he belongs to that philanthropic legion of whom the poet says, that they "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." No sooner was his munificence made known than it was discovered that he had made his escape to England. The prevailing opinion is that he ran away in order to evade the flattery and gush that might overwhelm and smother him. It is more likely, however, that he feared a trial for heresy, and absconded for that reason. The gift of two million dollars appears to be magnificent, but the language in which it is tendered subtracts from it a heavy discount in the estimate made by theological men. Speaking of his enterprise, Mr. Armour says: "There is nothing sectarian about the mission. Its religion will be sixteen ounces to the pound, but undenominational, and it makes no difference to me whether its converts are baptised in a soup bowl, a pond, or the river." The insinuation that we get short weight religion in Chicago, is far from orthodox, and the playful act of comparing the baptismal font to a soup bowl adds irreverence to heresy. That is rather a flippant way of treating the tremendous problem which has divided the Christian world into hostile camps for centuries; and on which, in the opinion of many millions, depends the salvation of mankind; namely, whether or not baptismal grace can by any spiritual potency be sprinkled from a soup bowl? Perhaps Mr. Armour has noticed a sympathetic relation between our short weight religion and our short weight mercantile ethics. That, certainly, is not sixteen ounces to the pound. Perhaps he has observed that many of our most religious butchers buy their meat of him at wholesale on the Avoirdupois plan of sixteen ounces to the pound, and then sell it to consumers according to the Troy or Apothecary system of twelve ounces to the pound; just as if it were medicine, the only article we buy, except religion, of which we try to get as little as possible for our money. If Mr. Armour's institute succeeds in giving us an Avoirdupois conscience, not only in religion but also in other things, it will be the most profitable investment of two million dollars that has ever been made in Chicago.

* * *

It appears from the foreign dispatches just received by special telegraph, that Field Marshal the Prince of Wales, assisted by several generals and colonels has obtained a glorious victory over an army of dangerous pheasants encamped in a park owned by that eminent statesman and lawgiver the Earl of Dudley. More like a spy than a friend, the earl invited the pheasants to accept his hospitality so that he might betray them to the enemy. Four thousand of the birds were slain, while of the Field Marshal's forces nobody was hurt. The number of the wounded is not given, those crippled and disabled foes who crawled away to die. This victory of the renowned Field Marshal has been sternly censured by the American press as an achievement sanguinary and inglorious. Perhaps, as a fashionable person I ought to hold royal sport in reverence, but in this instance I support the American critics, and I cannot help wishing that the birds had won the battle instead of the men; an impossible wish, I know; for if the birds had been fighters there would not have been any battle, because in that case the Field Marshal would have let them alone. As it was they had no chance. They were treacherously drawn into an ambuscade, and they were attacked when totally unarmed. Besides, pheasants are not bloodthirsty, nor even warlike, and they pride themselves more upon their beauty than their valor. I must therefore praise this condemnation which I quote from a Chicago newspaper now before me, "The event will strike Americans as peculiarly disgusting." I shall heartily approve that sentiment so long as the sarcasm in it is applied exclusively to the English Prince of Wales. When our own American Prince of Wales imitates the other, and amuses himself in the same way, I will obsequiously count his dead birds for him, as the American papers do, and flatter his deadly aim.

* * *

Lest the meaning of that last remark may be obscure, I will explain it by referring to a momentous and impressive message lately sent by telegraph from Exmoor, Virginia, to all the daily newspapers in the United States. It bore upon matters of grave national importance, namely, the number of snipe shot by Mr Cleveland on the previous day. The dispatch was half a column long, and it informed the citizens of Snobdom, sixty-six millions of us by the census, that it was a bad day for shooting ducks, but good for killing snipe. The reason why was given, but I have no room for that, so I will come at once to the more eventful theme; "The long-billed little birds were found in great numbers, and President Elect Cleveland succeeded in bagging 126 snipe in little over an hour's time; and of these 53 were brought down in one spot." As in the case of the Field Marshal, the number of wounded birds appears not in the report. It was also confirmed by the official dispatches that "four black ducks which left the water also fell victims to the fowling piece of President-Elect Cleveland." Please don't forget the "President-Elect," for a man's office in front of his name instead of after it, serves for a personal title, in imitation of the style and dignity appertaining to Lords, Counts, Marquises, and other nobility in the kingdoms beyond the sea. Now, the ethical conundrum to be solved is this, What is the moral difference between the sport of killing pheasants and the sport of killing snipe? A popular excuse for hunting is, the physical improvement it confers by acting as a bracing tonic on the body, promoting health and strength by the natural therapeutics open air and exercise. This apology to some extent is good; but all those healthy benefits may be obtained as well by missing birds as hitting them. I do not criticise the sport of hunting birds; and you may even fire at them if that exercise improves your health, but I do object to hitting them. I have many a time formed one of a hunting party and fired savagely at the sky, but I always missed the birds, a stratagem that brought me ridicule, but gave me inward calm. By means of it I came home as tired and as healthy as the others, but happier in the possession of what Cardinal Wolsey called "a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience."

* * *

When I reflect upon the English people and the sacrifices they have made for liberty, their independent character, and their haughty self-assertion, I wonder wherein lies the strength of that hypnotic spell which makes them sycophantic in the dazzle of a kingly crown. I wonder by what process of abasement they have

come to look with interest and admiration at the achievements of royal and imperial idleness. Surely the newspapers would never tell how many birds were sportively killed by the Prince of Wales, unless those who buy the information were hankering to know. I have seen a footman clad in a menial suit of livery ride in servile pomp and vanity behind the carriage of the queen, and for doing so he pleaded that be thereby earned his living. That is a reason worthy of respect, but why should a proud people voluntarily wear a lackey's livery, and figuratively ride in the footman's place behind the royal chariot for nothing? That is a paradox mysterious to me. It may be merely the dregs of custom resulting from a long career of monarchy, and this may serve as an apology for England; but what excuse have we, the citizens of a republic, for doing the same thing, and imitating monarchy? This, that homage to a king is fawning adulation, whereas the worship of a president is only due respect, and a proper compensation for the abuse and ridicule we poured upon him when he was a candidate. Never in any one year have the people of England offered so much homage to the whole body of the Prince of Wales as we have offered within a month to Mr. Cleveland's thumb, which was accidentally pinched in the lock of his gun one day when he was hunting snipe. Every morning a loyal people watched with sympathetic anxiety for the official bulletin which reported the condition of that thumb. Here is one of the bulletins: "President-Elect Cleveland's thumb, which was painfully but not seriously injured yesterday in attempting to lock his gun, has given him but little trouble to-day." The printed speculations about that presidential thumb would cover five hundred acres of land; and yet we ridicule the English people who flatter the Prince of Wales.

* * *

In this country it is always just before or just after the election, and that is one of the blessings of our political plan. The moment after a battle is won or lost we hear the party bugler sounding the call to "boot and saddle," and we mount our steeds again. Mr. Benjamin T. Cable, the commander of the Democratic forces in Illinois, in imitation of other victorious generals, has just issued a congratulatory order to his troops; wherein, to show the importance of keeping what they get, he says: "For this purpose it becomes necessary for us to inaugurate the campaign of 1894, even while the powder is burning with which we celebrate that already gained." This invitation to take a rest after the fatigues of the campaign, is borrowed from the Irish blacksmith on St. Patrick's day, who told his hired men that as it was a holiday they might stop work, and dig a cellar. This call for a renewal of enthusiastic work is made three months before the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's term, and before anybody knows who are to get the offices as wages for the work already done. Until the impatience of those worthy patriots is relieved, that old powder will have to burn without the help of any new supply from them. This reasonable view of it was made so plain to Mr. Cable that he went on an eastern pilgrimage in order to present it for the consideration of Mr. Cleveland. When he returned, he spoke thus to the famishing legions, "I think that the men who bore the burden and heat of the campaign will be provided with appointments." This may be what Mr. Cleveland privately said to Mr. Cable, but it is not what Mr. Cleveland publicly said at the Manhattan club when he proclaimed that, "The American people are attaching importance to party politics rather than to party spoils"; and when he said, "No party can get the support of the masses of the people by merely promising offices, financial rewards, or other attributes of the spoils system." There is irony enough in that speech to make a razor, and it is ominous of disappointment to some of the men who "bore the burden and heat of the campaign." It shows that Mr. Cleveland sees the comic humor in the inconsistent advice given him by his followers who are trying to persuade him that in removing officers he cannot go too fast, and that in reforming politics he cannot go too slow. Those officers expectant want him to believe that as to measures he ought to be dilatory and "conservative," but swift and revolutionary as to men. Mr. Vest, the Senator from Missouri, like nearly all the "distinguished" Democrats, pretends to be nervously alarmed lest Mr. Cleveland should make a "cavalry charge" on the protective tariff. The "consensus" of opinion among leading Democrats now is that Mr. Cleveland should carefully preserve the work of the Republicans, and discharge all the workmen.

M. M. Trumbull.

SONNET.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

Because the bounds new-broken still confine
The spirit moulded to forgotten lore,
And man may touch not, kneeling, as before,
A little heaven of his own design,

May feel no influence of things divine
Across the distance from the mystic shore,
(Though souls aspiring welcome more and more)
Must all the poets starve or bed with swine?

Because we see the starry skies take height,
And Hope take heart to quench the fires of hell,
Seeing that Truth may make us one for right,

Must music pass from word and thought? As well,
When tuneful wings first feel the larger light,
May song bemoan the breaking of the shell.

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EARL GREY ON RECIPROCITY.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

The election is over, and we may now take a non-partisan view of the ethics and economics which animated the campaign. We may now examine the "burning issues of the hour" without appearing to support the candidates of either party.

During the summer I received a letter from Earl Grey on the subject of "international reciprocity," a political expedient abandoned by the English government forty-five years ago, but which having been imported free of duty into this country has had a flattering "run" of popularity for several political seasons; a piece of good luck which often attends the revival in America of a mouldy comedy obsolete in England. "Reciprocity," as played in the United States is a friendly compromise wherein one party says to the other, "We will agree that you are half right, if you will agree that we are only half wrong."

As an introduction to the letter, I ought to say that Earl Grey, when he sat in the House of Commons as Viscount Howick, did more to promote the Free Trade revolution than is generally known. His abilities as a reasoner and a debater on the Free Trade side have never been fully acknowledged, because it is a breach of etiquette to accuse an English nobleman of knowing anything so practical as political economy. It is true that the "American Cyclopedia" says of him that, "When the Peel administration came in, Earl Grey earned the reputation of being one of the most brilliant men of the opposition"; but this praise has not been so generously given to him by his own countrymen, for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" neglects him altogether; at least, that edition of it published in the United States.

I have withheld the letter until this time because I did not have express permission to print it, and because I feared that it might be regarded as merely a "campaign document." Both reasons are now out of the way, and so I present it as interesting in itself, and for its historic value. At the time whereof it speaks, Sir Robert Peel was prime minister of England, chief of the Tories, and leader of the Protection party, with Mr. Gladstone acting as his first lieutenant in the House of Commons. As Mr. Gladstone was then a member of the cabinet, it is very probable that he was chosen by the prime minister himself to defend the "reciprocity" system against the assault of Mr. Ricardo. Whether this be so or not, Lord Grey gives us a picturesque illustration of the intellectual magic that converted Peel. But here is the letter:

Howick, Northumberland, August 11, 1892.

Dear Sir:

I have only this morning received your letter of July 25th, in consequence of its having been directed to a house in London which I parted with long since. The book you have been so good as to send me reached me several days ago, and I only deferred thanking you for it sooner because I have not yet had time to do more than glance over it very hastily, but having now received your letter I will not put off writing to you any longer.

I will, as soon as I can do so, read it more carefully, as I shall be much interested especially by that part of it which relates to the struggle now going on in the United States for the relief of your trade from the absurd restrictions to which it is now subject, and I rejoice to think from such information as I possess that the prospects of the advocates of commercial freedom are very distinctly improving.

Even the imperfect manner in which I have only as yet been able to look at your book, has been sufficient to convince me that your account of the struggle in this country which began half a century ago is substantially correct, at least I have not detected an error in it of the slightest importance, though of course there are points of detail on which your information is imperfect. These are now of little interest for the most part, but there is one point on which I may tell you what you can hardly be aware of and may interest you.

I consider that of all the debates that took place on the question none proved so practically important as those on Mr. Ricardo's motions condemning the policy of seeking for what is called reciprocity from foreign nations when we admitted their produce to our markets. The addresses condemning this proposal which he moved in 1843 and 1844 were introduced by speeches of first rate ability and produced a very remarkable effect. He showed conclusively that it would be impossible to make any effectual progress towards freer trade while the policy of insisting upon reciprocity was adhered to, and that this policy had for its base the false notion that formerly prevailed among commercial nations that it was their interest to secure what was called a favorable balance of trade. The importance of these debates and especially of that of 1844 consisted in the effect they produced on the mind of Sir Robert Peel. When the House was counted out in 1844, I left it with Mr. Ricardo and another friend, and as we walked away I said to Mr. Ricardo, "Though we have been counted out you have gained your object, for I am much mistaken if you have not con-

verted Sir Robert Peel." This opinion was founded on my having watched carefully Sir Robert's demeanor during the debate, and especially while Mr. Gladstone was speaking in reply to Mr. Ricardo, when I saw what I considered to be clear signs that Sir Robert felt that the attempted answer had altogether failed, and that Mr. Ricardo's argument was irresistible. The event proved that I was right in that conclusion; after the debate I have referred to, Sir Robert Peel never renewed the attempts he had previously made to obtain concessions for our merchants from foreign powers by negotiation, and all his subsequent reductions of the duties on imports were made without the slightest reference to whether the nations from which they came did or did not admit British goods on reasonable terms. In 1846 he emphatically insisted upon that being our right policy. Allow me to add that I am

Yours sincerely,

GREY.

P. S. I think the two pamphlets may possibly be of some interest to you, which I send you by book post. The greater part of what I have said in the small one, published in 1881, has since been repeated in other publications, but it is somewhat curious in consequence of the anticipation it expresses (which has since been completely fulfilled) that no relief of British produce from the high duties it was subject to in most foreign ports was likely to be obtained by negotiations.

* * *

That letter serves me as the text for a few remarks; and in the first place I find by reference to the parliamentary debates that the man who replied to Mr. Gladstone, was Lord Grey himself. His reasoning appears to me to have been morally and politically strong, and it may have had some influence on the mind of Sir Robert Peel; but of this Lord Grey modestly says nothing. He credits all the impression made upon Peel to the affirmative strength of Mr. Ricardo, and the negative weakness of Mr. Gladstone. Conceding that, other problems appear; for instance, Did not Mr. Gladstone sympathise in Peel's disappointment? And did he himself not feel that "his attempted answer had altogether failed"? In other words, Did he believe himself that night? Was he merely an actor, cast by the stage manager for a certain part, and playing it as well as he could? Many a time it has been my fortune to listen to the rhetorical tintinnabulations of a politician protesting overmuch, and convincing me at last that he was not making a speech, but singing a party song in prose, believing neither in the words of it, nor in the sentiment.

On the shelf in front of me at this moment is a bust of Mr. Gladstone, and I put myself into psychological communion with it. Peering into its mysterious and unfathomable depths, and calling its attention to the historic debate of 1844, I put this question to the graven image, "Were you sincere in the argument you made that night; and did you believe what you said?" And the effigy answers in the eloquent language of the Sphynx—not a word.

It is hard for Englishmen to understand American humor; and so Earl Grey innocently believes that the peripatetic troubadours who went about the country in the purple autumn singing the song of "Tariff Reform" were genuine "advocates of commercial freedom." Some of them were, but not many; and he will be equally in error if he thinks that the wandering minstrels of the rival party were all believers in commercial slavery. Many statesmen of high rank in the Democratic party are protectionists in faith, while among the leaders of the Republican party are many believers in Free Trade. Some day there will be an exchange of prisoners between the opposing armies, and then party lines will be drawn on principles, instead of on mere professions used as bids for votes.

As soon as the election was over the victorious Democrats, who had made "commercial freedom" the supreme issue in a political contest involving the whole government of the United States for four years, laughed out, and said, "The tariff is not in politics; it is purely a business question." Perhaps Lord Grey does not see any comedy in that, but I do. The exaggerated impudence of it is worthy of Mark Twain. There are some "tariff reformers" in the United States who believe that one arm of Commerce ought to be liberated by the admission of raw materials free of duty, but they also believe, as an act of compensation, that the other arm ought to be tied a little tighter by an extra bit of string.

In one of Lever's novels, an Irish schoolmaster in impressing upon a pupil the importance of mathematics explains to him that in addition to its other advantages, it will make him "cute in thrade." Thinking of that, I am reminded that if the Americans have one vanity greater than another, it is the comfortable conceit that they are "cute in thrade"; and therefore it is amazing to see them fascinated as they have lately been by that scheme of international commerce which goes by the name of "Reciprocity," or trading by treaty; the only system of trading, as I have often said, wherein both parties try to get the worst of the bargain, and give more than they get. This, for the sake of what they inversely call "a favorable balance of trade"; a balance which makes them proud because it shows that they have given more for less. This is anything but "cute," and it is not at all the manner in which the Americans trade among themselves.

Lord Grey speaks of the "balance of trade" theory, as a "false notion that formerly prevailed among commercial nations," as if it were something like the belief in witchcraft that "formerly prevailed." This is anticipating freedom; for the United States, although a commercial nation, cherishes the superstition as affectionately as England ever did, as religiously as did Sir Robert Peel before Mr. Ricardo exorcised it from that statesman's mind and policy. We shall get rid of it in time, but not until then.

TWO PHASES OF RENAN'S LIFE.

THE FAITH OF 1850 AND THE DOUBT OF 1890.

BY PROF. JOHN DEWEY.

I HAVE been much interested in the recent articles upon Renan in *The Open Court*, and hope that the discussion may not end at once. Particularly do I hope that the discussion of his "Future of Science" may continue, as I think that book is far from having received the attention, or exercised the influence, it deserves. Many things in it tend to arouse interest. The way in which the great philosophic formulations of Germany, just then losing currency as official doctrine, were continued by passing over into the attitude and atmosphere of science, especially of historic science, is a point fastening attention. That which in Hegel had been an attempt at a comprehensive philosophising of the universe has become, in Renan, the conception and method of the science of philology. The conception of philology is a science of the human intellect as a single whole developing throughout all history, and having its record in language, in a sense which understands by language all records which the human race has left of itself, whether in the *form* of language, or in its substance—in literature. The method (and this is 1848) is fixed by the idea of evolution. "The science of man will only then be placed in its true light when students realise that consciousness is evolved—that it only attains its plenitude after having gone through diverse phases. . . . The great progress of modern thought has been the substitution of the category of *evolution* for that of *being*; . . . . formerly everything was conceived as 'being,' as an accomplished fact; people spoke of law, of religion, of politics, of poetry in an absolute fashion. At present everything is conceived as in process of *formation*." (P. 169. I refer to the American translation.) And when we go on to consider the law of evolution: from the undifferentiated homogeneous, the syncrete, through the multiplicity which results from analysis, to a synthesis which comprehends, while it never destroys, the multiplicity: when we consider this, the transference of the Hegelian doctrine becomes even more marked. It is the same law, only considered now as the law of historic growth, not as the dialectic unfolding of the absolute.

Remembering the date, Renan's protest against the psychology of the time and his sketch of its true course attains importance. His protest is directed against the static and purely individual character of the current psychology. Psycholgy has confined itself to a study of the human intellect in its mature state. The necessity for the future is a form of psychology which Renan, significantly enough, terms an *embryogeny* of the human soul, a psychology which shall study the first appearance and gradual development of those powers which we now have ready-made. Not less striking, in its prevision, is the idea that this genetic science is to deal equally with the race and with the individual in their growth from infancy. Surely there is something more than a chance anticipation of the modern conception of the relation of ontogeny and phylogeny when Renan says, "Each individual travels in his turn along the line which the whole of mankind has followed, and the series of the development of human reason is parallel to the progress of individual reason." Aside, then, from the study of childhood, Renan suggests as a method of reproducing the mind of the past, the products, the monuments in which the mind has recorded itself. Chief of these records is language. "The deep study of its mechanism and history will always prove the most effacacious means of mastering primeval psychology." Through this study we should get, Renan goes on to say, "the facts which interested the mind at its first awakening, the influences that affected it, the laws that governed it. Beyond this, psychology is to give less emphasis, less absoluteness, to the manifestations of psychical life in the individual and more to those of humanity. History itself, in final definition is to be conceived as the psychology of humanity." (Pp. 152-168.)

Of interest again is Renan's grasp of the conflict which is always going on between specialisation and generalisation in science, and his idea of the way to direct the conflict, so as to sustain the minimum of loss. The discussion is of special interest in connection with the present reaction against Renan's work as too viewy, too given to broad generalisation, lacking in the detailed element of technical research. The balance is difficult to keep, but certainly Renan's theory cannot be charged with erring in this direction, and if his practice errs the next generation may count the error no more heinous than that of a devotion to detail which carefully ignores all larger meaning. On one side, Renan demands an ever increasing amount of specialistic work, of monographs, of technical research, on every point however minute. Although the "grand" histories have already been attempted, yet without more numerous and extensive monographs, their real history cannot be written short of a century. He even goes to the point of saying that the "true heroes of science are they, who, capable of the loftiest views have been able to resign themselves to the rôle of humble monographers." And again, "the specialist-savant, instead of deserting the true arena of humanity, is the one who labors most efficaciously to the progress of the intellect, seeing that he alone can provide us with the materials for constructions." But all this is no excuse for the isolation and dispersion which exists at present. "The great present obstacle is the dispersion of work.

the self-isolation among special studies which renders the labors of the philologist available only to himself and a small number engaged in the same subject." The defect is not in the multiplicity or minuteness of investigations, but in the fact that there is no machinery for distributing them, no apparatus for condensing and concentrating the results of the special research of one so as to put them at the disposal of all others. It is a form of egotism which insists that one's monograph shall always remain in just the state in which one wrote it; which resists all reduction of it to its gist so as to make it available, in its net outcome, for any and all investigators. The real need is for organisation, for control not of the liberty of individual specialisation, but of the results so reached. Our ideal must be to reproduce on a large scale the ideal attained, in small, in certain monastic orders—a grand scientific workshop. (Pp. 212–240.)

Suggestive as are all these and many other special discussions of Renan, the most important thing to my mind is, after all, the conception which Renan had, in 1850, of the universal—the social, the religious significance of science and his partial retraction of this faith in 1890. The book in question, "The Future of Science," was written, it may be of interest to recall, in 1848 and 1849. It was the outcome of the conflux of two movements—the growth of the scientific spirit in Renan in his progress out of Catholicism and of the political movement which found its expression in the various revolutions of '48. The volume breathes a constant and bracing tone of optimism: the "Future of Science" is not the future of erudition nor yet of knowledge as such. It is a social future, a development of humanity, which Renan has in mind. This was the origin of the book—"the need I felt of summing up in a volume the new (i. e., social) faith which had replaced the shattered Catholicism." But just as he was ready to publish he went to Italy in connection with certain researches in the literary history of France and in Averroism. The artistic side of life, till then, as he says, closed to him, opened; it unbent him. Nearly all his ideals of 1848 vanished as impossible of realisation. He became, as he puts it, reconciled to reality—a world in which "a great deal of evil is the necessary condition to any good, in which an imperceptible amount of aroma requires for its extraction an enormous *caput mortuum* of dead matter." Was he reconciled to reality? or was it that the æsthetic spell passed over him, that he went to Italy a democrat—a believer in the universal function of science—and returned an aristocrat—sceptical of the intellectual and artistic life as one capable of being shared in by any beyond the select few? However it was, when he came back to his volume it no longer satisfied him, either in substance or in style. The *coup d'état*, happening soon after, added the finishing touch. The result was the Renan with whom we are most familiar: the man quite disillusioned, quite conscious of the impossibility of deciding among the multitude of ends which life presents, something of a dilettante, but always sympathetic and always conscientiously bent on the faithful culture of that spot of ground which belonged to him to till. The contrast between the enthusiast of 1848, apparently most interested in science because of the social mission of science, and the Renan of 1890, purposely ignoring its social function, is one of the most interesting things that I know of in literary history. I cannot do better than to close these remarks with a quotation from the *Moderne Geister* of Brandes. After quoting the later creed of Renan as summed up in the saying, "The scholar is a spectator in the universe; he knows the universe belongs to him only as an object of study," he goes on: "it is difficult to measure the demoralising effect upon French scholars exercised by the Second Empire; how their life became accommodated to the *fait accompli*. Everywhere under Napoleon III. the higher French culture is characterised by an inclination to quietism and fatalism. Traces of this influence are to be seen everywhere. Complete freedom from enthusiasm was quite synonymous with culture and ripeness of judgment." Brandes quotes what Renan said to him in disparagement of universal education: in contrast read the enthusiastic plea for universal culture in the "Future of Science" and the transition is before you.

The Renan of 1848 wrote: "The most sublime works are those which humanity has made collectively and to which no name can be attached . . . . . What do I care for the man that stands between humanity and me? What do I care for the insignificant syllables of his name? That name itself is a lie; it is not he; it is the nation; it is humanity toiling at a point of space and time that is the real author." In 1871, in his "Intellectual and Moral Reform" Renan writes: "At its outset, civilisation was an aristocratic accomplishment: it was the work of a very few—nobles and priests—who made it obtain through what the democrats call the imposition of force. The continued preservation of civilisation is also the work of the aristocratic class." In 1848 he wrote: "Only one course remains and that is to broaden the basis of the family and to find room for all at the banqueting table of light. . . . The aristocracy constitutes an odious monopoly if it does not set before it for its aim the tutelage of the masses—their gradual elevation." In 1871, his tone is: "The people properly so-called and the peasantry, to-day the absolute masters of the house, are in reality only intruders, wasps who have usurped possession of a hive they did not build."

FRENCH FREETHINKERS.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

Ernest Renan, the "arch-heretic," as the orators of the Sorbonne called him, was a Unitarian of the Theodore Parker type, and the gospel of universal tolerance had no more eloquent defender. How did the apostle of that charitable creed happen to become the bugbear of his pious countrymen?

In explanation, a lover of fairness might mention a revival of the Holy Inquisition in Henry county, Tennessee, where three "Seventh Day Adventists" were recently sentenced to the workhouse for a violation of the Sabbath laws. Their trial established the fact that the defendents were, in other respects, model citizens, and the prosecution admitted that hunters, fishermen, and picnickers had in hundreds of cases broken the Sabbath with impunity, but the unpardoned offence of the Adventists consisted in claiming a right where others had risked only a peccadillo, and setting up a new moral standard of their own where others had only occasionally ignored that of their neighbors.

Renan, too, had ventured to set up a new standard of faith, and was made the scapegoat of sins that had been condoned to scores of less scrupulous offenders. Besides, he had been educated in the seminary of the Abbé Dupanloup, and his colleagues could not forgive his desertion: "*On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens*," as Edmund About expressed it.

Renan, however, disdained to resent the virulence of his enemies by trying to deserve it, and remained conservative to the last. In the controversies of Levy-Talman's soirees, he generally assumed the *rôle* of a moderator. He detested the ostentatious infidelity of the Berthelot clique, and the "high-priests of atheism" never ceased to banter his compromise dogmas. "He is on the road to Lourdes" (the French Loretto), said Henri Rochefort when the venerable dissenter talked about passing a winter in the South of France.

In 1887 Renan, at the advice of his physician, visited the gymnasium of the Rue Montfort, where some of his friends caught him in the act of trying to climb a rope-ladder by the hand-over-hand process. "He wants to practice the Jacob's ladder trick," said M. de Chavannes, "because he realises his inability to get to heaven in the ordinary fashion." Victor Hugo, too, advised him to add a biography of St. Peter, (he had published a work on St. Paul) so he could intercede for him with the doorkeeper of heaven. That time Renan could not suppress a repartee. "If Hugo ever does get there," he said, "his first impulse will be to compliment the Lord on his success in the act of creating an author of his talents,"—by way of quizzing Hugo's mania of self-esteem, which now and then really bordered on the sublime.

In questions of literature, Renan had, indeed, very strong opinions of his own, and was not afraid to express them, at the risk of provoking additional heresy-crusades. With all his predilection for the Semitic races he lost no opportunity for repeating his protests against the "intolerable platitudes of the Koran," a code of faith which in one of his works ("The Future of Science," p. 372) he defines as "from beginning to end a medley of sophisms and absolute nonsense." Shakespeare he thought overrated, but acknowledged the transcendent genius of Lord Byron and denounced Tom Moore's consent to "burn the autobiography of his friend in order to propitiate a set of British bigots," as "all in all the meanest act recorded in sacred or profane history." His American favorites were Irving and Emerson, and he thought Longfellow "head and shoulders above any English laureate, and, indeed, any living English poet, Arnold (Edwin) perhaps excepted." "The light of Asia," he said, "is both too immortal and too heterodox to leave its author a shadow of a chance for a niche in Westminster Abbey; to which remarkable pantheon the required passport does not seem to be genius, but a capacity for mental prostitution, alias, conformity to established dogmas. An honor conceded to Southey and refused to Byron will yet come to be avoided as an intellectual stigma." He called Walter Scott the "British Homer," but when Taine asked him for his opinion of Percy Shelley, he shrugged his shoulders. "That poetic youth," he said, "would have made a fine Buddhist; his lyrics breathe weariness of the present world without much confidence in the chance of a hereafter."

There is a story of a Kansas deacon who personally objected to the use of strong language, but who, on one occasion, invited a cowboy to mount his mule cart and do some swearing for him. With a similar refinement of casuistry Renan encouraged the literary desperado Cluseret to try his talent on the swaggering Kaiser, though on general principles he objected to the dagger-tongue of the French Thersites. Cluseret had not spared even the victor of Sedan, and on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday observed that "he would probably hang on ten years longer, to avoid meeting the First Napoleon in the other world," and when his eccentric grandson proposed to write the history of the Hohenzollerns backward, so as to begin the chronicle of the dynasty with his own person and wind it up with the reign of the Great Elector—"yes, I see, he must be a Darwinian," said Cluseret, "and starts out with the description of an ape, to lead up to the appearance of man."

Renan was so tickled with that conceit that he called his friend Berthelot's monkey "Guillaume," but Berthelot himself went much further and when Billy surprised his subjects with a Puritan sabbath-law, Berthelot at once closed his chemical laboratory on

Thursday and worked it under full steam on the first day of the week.

Their mutual friend Lockroy "the Ex-minister of Education," contented himself with defending the liberty of public amusements on the day when ninety-nine of a hundred laborers get their only chance of leisure, but never wearied of quizzing the zeal of a New York saint who bought up a line of street-cars to prevent his fellow-citizens from enjoying a ride on Sunday. "If he hears that Berthelot's ape rode his dog last Sunday," he said, "he will probably send an agent across to buy up all French poodles." "His readers," he added, "get a quotation from scripture with every copy, and I shouldn't wonder if before long some enterprising Yankee rival does not offer his subscribers free baptism or a free bottle of unction-oil."

The same daring radical recommended "civil baptism" as a supplement to the civil marriages of the code Napoleon, and when his colleague, M. Hippolyte Taine, proposed to debate the question, if the teachers of a public school have the right to discuss theology *during the recess* of regular lessons, "Why of course, they have," said Lockroy, "as plain a right as to state their theories on the size of the man in the moon."

Agnosticism could certainly not go much further, but Lockroy made it a point to "drop controversies at the brink of the Styx," and on the day after Renan's death was the first to urge his right to the honors of a national funeral. That proposition was as cordially seconded by the Rabbi Cavagna, one of the few persons who had ever succeeded in staggering Renan by this talent of sarcasm. "Oh, then I take it all back," he said, when he learned that Renan had received fifteen thousand francs for his "History of Israel." "Take what back?" "Why, my remark about the *unprofitable* study of Hebrew antiquities."

"Defend yourself as you like," Renan once told him in a spirit of banter, "but you cannot deny the suspicious fact that in all countries of Christendom Jews are dreaded as cheats."

"*Mais oui*" smiled the Rabbi, "*c'est que vous étiez trompé si furieusement par un Juif de naissance.*" "*Ou de demi-naissance*," he added, to obviate misunderstandings about the godless drift of his repartee.

In the long run Renan could condone witty impertinences of that sort much easier than the stupid rage of his orthodox opponents: "They want to wear out my patience by the persistence of their attacks, but, like Henry Heine, I could forgive all their rancor, if it was a little less tedious. They have not even the ingenuity of malice; in their blind wrath they explode their gunpowder in kegs and barrels—instead of using it in a scientific rifle."

Still, after reading the attacks upon his fellow-martyr, Strauss, he thanked his stars for having been born on the west side of the Rhine. In 1886 he wore out his shoes in trying to hunt up a job for a poor student of theology who had been expelled from Leipsic on a charge of rationalistic tendencies.

"What trouble you Saxons could have saved us and yourselves," said he, "if you had not betrayed Napoleon in 1813,"—alluding to the Saxon troops who changed sides in the crisis of the battle of Leipsic.

Like most French savants, Renan followed the "by-trade of politics," and his day-dreams often reverted to the glories of the First Empire, "when the voice of a demi-god seemed to revive the age of heroism."

"The fates were kind to him, after all; St. Helena was a lesser evil," said he once, after perusing a column of political home-news: "Government committees for the elaboration of a medal to reward achievements in millinery! He escaped the doom of witnessing such exploits of the great nation."

Next to a death by violence (sure to be recorded as a "judgment") the great dissenter dreaded a lingering disease that "might tempt the mind to repudiate the work of his saner moods."

Renan was spared that ordeal. His last illness, though preceded by warning symptoms, was brief and comparatively painless. An attack of the grippe, contracted by a carriage ride and a subsequent visit to a crowded lecture-hall, brought on a congestion of the lungs, and on the first of October, Renan formally took leave of his friends. Metaphysical speculations and political auguries (rather pessimistic as to the prospects of continental Europe) were mingled with sallies of facetious humor, as when he requested his publisher to "scare the proof-readers with the vengeance of his ghost," and "not let the flies make additions to the diacritical points of his Hebrew manuscripts."

Towards evening General Ferrier and De Freycinet, the Minister of War, were introduced by M. Berthelot, but found the patient asleep, and contented themselves with entering their names in the visitors' book. About sunset Renan opened his eyes and pressed the hand of his wife. "Yes, I am going under," said he, "*mais qu'est-ce qu'un pauvre bateau?* The great stream of time goes on forever."

At midnight his mind began to wander. "I see flying birds before my inner eye," said he once in his half-dream, "they are traveling cranes, do they want to guide my soul home? Life is a child of the tropics, and our northern trees stretch their arms to the South like homesick exiles to their native land."

At five he turned his face to the window. "Yes, I I shall have light on my way, as well as guides," he muttered, and died just as the south-eastern sky heralded the dawn of a bright morning.

AN EDDY IN SCIENCE.

BY PAUL R. SHIPMAN.

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, the naturalist, in closing his lecture entitled "Biogen," sums up his views on the origin of life in the following interrogatories:

1) "What is the difference between a Godless, "self-created, always-existent cosmos of matter-in-"motion, and any perpetual-motion machine which "men have dreamed of inventing, but which philos-"ophy declares impossible?

2) "What is the difference between any mechan-"ical or chemical theory of the origin of life, and that "spontaneous generation of life which science declares "unknown?

3) "What is the chemico-physical difference be-"tween a live amœba and a dead one? And if there "be no chemical or physical difference, in what does "the great difference consist?

4) "What is the principal difference between a "living human being and his dead body, if it be not "the presence or absence of the soul? And, if it be "nothing like this, what, then, is it more like?"

To these in their order the following answers, among others, may be offered, although scientific thought has reached a stage, and is swinging forward at a pace, which might well be deemed to supersede the necessity, if not the use, of an answer.

1) The machine would be finite, yet absolute—self-dependent; the cosmos is both infinite and absolute. The former is a contradiction; the reverse of the latter is inconceivable. They differ by the whole diameter of being.

2) Nothing; only science, instead of declaring unknown the "spontaneous generation of life" at one stage of the earth's development, declares positively, through a group of her most authoritative exponents, that the admission of such generation is a logical necessity. And certainly this declaration is not less consistent than positive, seeing that science accepts evolution, and evolution necessitates *abiogenesis* at some time.

3) The chemical difference, whatever it may be, depends primarily on the physical difference, which consists in the balance between the internal forces of the amœba, and the external forces playing on it, the maintenance of which balance is life, the destruction of it death.

But the destruction of this balance involves the dissipation of both sets of forces, leaving behind the mere body of the organism, emptied of its own forces, and severed from the corresponding ones of the environment. The difference between a live amœba and a dead one is thus, at the lowest, the sum of these balanced forces—in itself an enormous difference, but purely physical. The mere body of the amœba is a broken hulk. Analysing it for the cause of life is like melting down a piston-head to find out the principle of the steam-engine.

4) It is bad enough, at this late day, for a man of science to look into the crucible for the secret of life; but to make the failure of his quest the ground and sole support of the exploded hypothesis of a vital principle —a true cause, a real entity, at the same time immaterial, as well as self-conscious—is too bad. Verily, the stream of science, like other streams, has eddies, and this is one of them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DOES THE STATE EXIST?"

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

It seems to me that the question "Does the State exist?" may be answered quite truthfully either "yes" or "no", according to the definition which is attached to the question on any particular occasion, and that therefore (owing to the variety of definitions) the question in itself, that is, when unaccompanied by a definition, is indeterminate and useless. Taking the definition you have given on page 3451, to wit: "a modern offshoot of society which on a special and limited territory has established itself, and . . . . has codified the most important of its relations (and, it may be added, the most trifling) in statutes called laws," and the answer "yes" follows almost as a matter of course. It is as if one had asked "Does the Roman Catholic Church exist?" or "Does the People's Party exist?" or, "Does Tammany Hall exist?" for no one questions the fact that groups of people, more or less compactly bound together under these various names act concertedly within certain limits and toward certain ends, which is one way of existing.

'Tis easy to see, however, that men do not agree as to the definition of the word "State"; and I submit a few definitions, (each of which has its advocates), witb my answer to each.

State:

1. A divine institution, the depositary of special privileges delegated to it by God; the officers of which, as God's agents, are entitled to special respect and implicit obedience. "Does the State in this sense exist?"

No; it is a theological air-castle.

2. "A *moral being*, with a will, a conscience, a history, a responsibility." (This is the definition of no less a politician than Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.)

No; the State is far too loosely constructed to warrant this view.

3. "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

No;—rather let us say a government of the people, by some people, for some people.

4. "A loving mother...........working for humanity, caring for the weak and feeble, loyal to all that is good, loving liberty, protecting the toiling masses, reverencing all that gives the Christ-like qualities in men."

[This picture, paraphrased just enough to change the grammatical construction, is the utterance (probably for campaign purposes only) of one of the most successful demagogues of the day—the young man who was lately re-chosen Governor of Massachusetts, and it may fairly be called a political air-castle. It is so far from being truthful as this: that probably the State, on ac-

count of its slowness to adapt its rules and methods to modern life, and the ease with which excuses for rascality may be found in its mass of unrepealed laws and decisions, does more harm than good to humanity, while its love, loyalty and reverence are obviously mythical. The State, as Governor Russell uses the word here, emphatically does not exist.

5. An association of officials and politicians, with their adherents (numbering the major part of the adult males, and many more) somewhat loosely held together by the varying pressure of the bonds of old custom, superstitiou, (political and religious,) local and "national" pride and self-interest, taxing and ruling the people by intimidation and force.

"Does the State, in this sense, exist?" Yes, verily; and withal flourisheth, and magnifieth itself greatly in men's eyes, and taketh up great space in the daily papers, and supposeth itself, and is supposed to be the greatest thing in the country. But—let it be noted well—the claim which is so often made by its supporters, that it is *rightfully* in possession of the powers it wields, and ought to be obeyed by every one in the land, rests on the same foundation which supported the tortoise that in the old fable supported the elephant, that in his turn supported the earth—to wit: on nothing.

"Does the State exist?" Yes—and No—that is,—it depends.

Respectfully,

THEODORE P. PERKINS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

Pardon my persistence in pressing my point. The word state, as you say, is invented to describe facts. This word state, I have admitted, may be used to describe all the relations among men which are compulsory, resting ultimately on the power of compulsory taxation, and the thing state, so described, I have said must vanish. You, on your part admit that government must vanish. Now government itself is essentially that power of taxation upon which rest the resulting relations, which I have called the state; and, in admitting that government must vanish, you virtually admit that the state, as described, must vanish also.

But perhaps you claim that there are some other "facts" which you call the state—the ideal state, if you will.

What are these facts which you so designate?

All the voluntary relations among men I have grouped as society, in contradistinction to the compulsory, which I have called the state.

Are there any others? If there are none, either the ideal state does not exist, or you are applying it to one or the other group, either to the voluntary or compulsory social relations.

Perhaps though there are other relations.

The only other relations that I know are such as, although apparently voluntary, are done, not with full freedom, but with bias that results from thinking that what does not exist exists; from believing, for example, in a god, or in the Unknowable, or in a superhuman entity called the State.

This is the state that I have called a pumpkin-head. It is the last object of superstitious reverence. Driven from our idols in other forms we have taken to worshiping Duty, the Right and so on, each of us assuming that he knows the will of this divine Duty, and that he is commissioned by Duty to club into submission all who respect not the Right. With these vague idols of ideals the State, with a big S, must rank; with these and all other idols and ideals it must perish.

What I will is for me the only right.

If my actions are suited to accomplish my desires they are perfect. You may point out that my actions are mistaken, or inadequate, or calculated to defeat other desires; but if you attempt to control my actions, not because they invade your liberty, but out of deference to some supposed Duty, or State, or other fetich, of which you allege yourself to be the hierophant, you enslave me and remain a slave yourself, or a tyrant, which is the same thing.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

NOTES.

Gen. M. M. Trumbull must have had a hard time during the last election campaign. As a prominent member of the Grand Army he is by tradition a stout Republican and by conviction an advocate of unequivocal free trade. We know not how he voted, nor what pangs of conscience he endured either in deserting his old party or in voting for the prolongation of its unjust policy.

The correspondence of this number has reference to the editorial "Does the State Exist?" in No. 272 of *The Open Court*. The editor intends to publish a few additional articles on the subject which may be expected in the middle of January of the next year.

Prof. John Dewey will trace the change wrought in Renan's life, from the enthusiasm for science in 1848 to the resignation of the disillusioned savant of 1890, in another article which will appear in the first or second number of the new year.

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