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THE
GLOBE

A

NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

Author of "Modern Idols," etc.

—
VOLUME I
—

1889-90

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A. F. Simard

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WORDS WORTH MORE THAN GOLD.

“The fault of too many of our modern reviews and magazines is that of being impersonal, conventional and dilettantish, where they are not frankly partisan.

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PROF. J. H. ALLEN, of Cambridge, Mass.,

In the *Unitarian Review*, Boston.

THE GLOBE.

NO. I.

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER,
1889.

THE FUSS ABOUT BRUNO.

STATUE UNVEILED TO GIORDANO BRUNO, ROME, JUNE 10TH, 1889.

—PAPAL ALLOCUTION, LEO XIII, SEPTEMBER, 1889.—PASTORAL
LETTER, ARCHBISHOP RYAN, PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

“ON the 10th of June, 1889, the statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome with imposing ceremonies. Thirty thousand persons, including students from the Italian universities, as well as deputations from the various seats of European learning, marched in solemn procession through the city streets, to honor the memory of the man who three centuries before had been burned at the stake on that very spot, by the orders of the Inquisition, which demanded his life as the penalty for his teachings.”

The above is simply a newspaper report of a fact that has already led and may still lead to most important and momentous consequences. According to the martyr's own prediction his soul seems still to be ascending “upon the smoke to Paradise,” or elsewhere.

Ever since the 10th of June, 1889, the Pope of Rome—more correctly speaking, the Pope, or spiritual father of all Roman Catholic Christians throughout the world—appears to have been in a chronic state of real or feigned indignation on account of the honors paid to the memory of Bruno, June 10th, 1889. During the last quarter of a century the Roman Pontiff has had numerous

grievances to complain of. Bismarck, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel and the latest Italian Congresses have all clipped the temporal power and adornments of the Pope, and the latter has been restive and complaining for a good while. But the erection, in Rome, right before the Pope's own eyes, of a monument to "the apostate Bruno," by the "liberal spirit" of Europe was the unkindest cut of all, and hence the Bruno episode has become the occasional cause of a new deep-laid and powerful outburst of the Roman Papacy.

Who was Bruno that modern Europe should feel called upon to build and guild a sepulcher to his honor? Who is the Pope of the Roman Christian Church that he should object to such honors and feel called upon in these very hours to send his "allo-cution" through all his archbishops, to be read by all Roman priests, "in all the churches of the world?" What real grievance has the Pope? And who am I that I should feel called upon to write with any hope of being heard on this world-wide theme? Let us see.

Taking the "last first" as per Scripture law, I voluntarily withdrew from the regular Presbyterian ministry in the year 1869, simply because my ruling thought was not in entire harmony with the Westminster Confession of Faith. Any one who states or hints that there was any other reason than this, states what is not true. From the time I was a theological student at Union Seminary, New York, there had been a tendency in me to a pantheistic interpretation of nature and history.

In the year 1872, after preaching for three years to various Unitarian congregations, I resigned my charge at Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A., broken in health and out of heart, because after due experience I found myself less at home among Unitarians than I had felt among Presbyterians. And at that time, in the spring of 1872, I wrote a letter to the *Christian Register*, the Boston organ of American Unitarianism, stating, in substance, that if Unitarianism could ever be brought to teach "the unity of God and nature and to understand and admit the natural, supernatural evolution of all forms of nature and life, art, history, including *all* religious systems and worship out of this eternal unity by purely scientific laws, hereafter to be explained, I could again affiliate with Unitarians, otherwise not so, as far as then appeared to me."

That was, so far as I know, the first philosophical statement in

American literature of what has since been very much and, at times, very foolishly talked about as the "Unity, the great Unity," etc., by many eminent men, especially in New England and the West.

By the year 1877, and through much suffering and privation, I had evolved a philosophico-theological system of thought which I called *Cosmotheism*. In that same year I delivered a course of ten lectures in the hall of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia on "The Science of Religion," from my standpoint of Cosmotheism. The lectures were attended by a very intelligent audience, most of whom considered me a madman.

In connection with those lectures I had printed, and very widely distributed among scholars in America and Europe, a card stating, in a condensed form, the creed of Cosmotheism.

Article 1 of this creed declared "*the Unity, Eternity, Infinity and Divinity of the Universe—God in It and It In God from everlasting to everlasting, worlds without end.*" The remaining articles of that creed stated more precisely the ideas hinted at in my letter to the *Christian Register* five years earlier; and all the articles of the creed were explained and elaborated in the lectures named. The creed as a whole will yet be the creed of Christendom. Article 1 of this creed is the only one I have anything to do with here; and that is stated only because of the fact that it was for teaching an approach to my creed that Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake nearly three hundred years ago—February 17th, 1600 A.D.

I had evolved my system of thought independently of any consciousness of or harmony with Giordano Bruno, had evolved it as he had evolved his thought out of fifteen years of various conflict, of scientific, critical and theological opinion, and while our theology was still teaching a personal God and a special creation, and while our science was still accounting for nature and the world order by spontaneous generation and the correlation of forces, I alone named the true fact of the eternal divinity of eternal nature and its eternal laws.

I had met the name of Bruno in my studies of ecclesiastical history. In all probability I had studied such meager paragraphs as were there devoted to him, and unconsciously he may have helped me in the formation of article 1 of my creed. I have not now and never had any recollection of such definite help from him. In writing and delivering my lectures, however, in 1877,

I distinctly stated and emphasized the fact that Giordano Bruno, the Neapolitan martyr monk, was the only man who had ever approached the first principles of the system of religious philosophy I was then and there proclaiming.

To most of my listeners, and to most American liberal teachers and writers and readers of literature, the name of Bruno was then comparatively unknown, and no man in this country, so far as I know, had attempted a study of his system of thought. In 1888 I rewrote my system of religious philosophy, calling it "the Religion of the Future," and during the latter part of 1888 and the early part of this year, 1889, I again gave several lectures in Philadelphia on various articles or ideas of this creed. I wrote this latter work without once referring to the old lectures of 1877, and before writing it made special studies of any and all respectable religio-philosophical books published in the English language during the decade intervening, resolving from the first that if I found my principles undermined by science or logic or experience, or by any true interpretation of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures—which I hold as divine—I would in that case never write or publish the system that had taken twenty-five of the best years of my life. Before rewriting my system in 1888 I found in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* an excellent article on Giordano Bruno. This article has become the source of recent studies about Bruno. It is an able article, but it puts into Bruno's system the terminology of modern thought, as aided and vocalized by modern science. To that extent it gives Bruno more of a modern completion than his system warrants, and draws somewhat upon various work that has been done since the utterance here and there of my own creed in 1872 and again in 1877.

I do not need to trace my own relation to Bruno's thought any further. Time will take care of him, of the Pope, of me, and of us all. It will be seen from this glance at my own history and studies that the past has given me some right to speak of Giordano Bruno. It will also be seen that though a Protestant of the Protestants, I am not a bigoted, orthodox, Pope-hating Protestant. As a matter of fact, I have, for the last twelve or fifteen years, when in the city of Philadelphia, and not otherwise engaged by duty, very generally attended religious services at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Eighteenth Street above Race; have knelt on its marble floors, and time and time again have found its altar service and

its splendid music gates of heaven and a temple of God to my waiting soul.

In a word, though a Protestant and a Cosmotheist, I am a Christian of the Christians; know that Jesus is to rule the world, and with all the reverence of my heart own the Pope as the spiritual head of the great Roman Christian branch of the Church of Christ, and would long ago have given said Pope my utter obedience could he in any way have got himself recognized as true Father of the *entire* Christian Church. This he is not, and were he all this to-morrow he should still be subject unto and of the simplest or the most elaborate democratic or monarchial form of government under which his chosen residence might find him. The true viceregent of Christ never has been and never shall be a temporal prince in this world. The true viceregent of Christ on the earth at this hour is, body and soul, the servant and bond slave of all Christ's followers, not their temporal ruler, and he is at this hour as subject to the laws of the land in which he lives as Jesus was voluntarily subject to the laws of the Romans and the Jews of his own day. He is at once the humblest and most obedient subject on the earth and master of all kings and subjects at the same time. Christians may again crucify him, but he is their true king and master all the same.

At this hour the Greek Church, with its temporary center at St. Petersburg, represents at least 100,000,000 Christian souls; at this hour the Anglican and the various Protestant Christian Churches represent more than another 100,000,000 Christian souls, and it is the height of folly and presumption for the Roman Pope and his archbishops to talk over the Bruno affair or the slights of modern European governments as if the Pope's "allocution" could or would be read "*in all the churches of the world.*" There were many Christian churches before there was any Bishop of Rome—that is, of the Christian Church at Rome, not to speak of the Pope at all, which was an affair of much later growth, not to be gone into here.

In many senses I am as much a Romanist as a Protestant at this hour; and if the Greek Church and all branches of the Anglican and Protestant churches will unite and send to any convention representative men directed to unite with a proper numerical representation of duly elected cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, etc., of the Roman Church, and if these altogether will unite and

elect a true Pope, or spiritual father of Christendom, I will pledge him and the creed such convention shall receive my absolute obedience, though it cost the burning of every thought I have ever printed, or the burning of my own body at another martyr's fire.

The heart of Christendom is loyal to Jesus, the Christ of God; but it will never accept any partial head of his Church as the true head of that church. It will drown this planet in blood first. And if the Pope and his archbishops dream that the world-wide honors paid to Leo XIII on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood mean anything like a recognition of him as the true head of universal Christendom, or as Pope of the whole Church of Christ, or as in any sense to be considered or obeyed as a temporal prince, or as representing any temporal power, the Pope and his archbishops are, as they often before have been, among the most mistaken men on the face of the earth.

Rome was not the cradle of Christendom, and will not be its final supreme altar, temple or crown of glory. No mere Roman Pontiff ever will be or can be the spiritual head of Christendom. But there will be such a spiritual head, is to-day, and his spiritual kingdom girdles the world; and he, duly elected, will rule the spiritual world, in the name of Christ, until all shall know the eternal—until the Son Himself shall be subject to the Father and God shall be all and in all forever—in a word, the Bible, at its best, is Cosmothetic; and there is room enough on this earth, without indignation or jostling, for all the Brunos, the Luthers, the Greek Patriarchs, even for Henry VIII, and all the popes and archbishops as well. As a matter of fact, the Greek Church is, at this hour, nearer the central heart and throne of Christendom than Rome has ever been or will be. So we hint at who the Pope is not, as well as at who and what he is.

Who was Bruno, and why should the Pope and his archbishops and priests make a world fuss because European "Liberalism," so called, erected a monument to Bruno's honor?

"My name," he said, when called before the Inquisition at Venice in 1592 to answer for his doctrines, "is Giordano, of the family of Bruni, of the city of Nola, twelve miles from Naples, and my profession was, and is, letters and the sciences. . . . I remained at Naples acquiring learning, logic and dialectics, and at fourteen or fifteen years of age I took the habit of St.

Dominic in the monastery of St. Dominic, at Naples, and, the year of probation being ended, I was admitted by myself to the profession, and in due time to the priesthood, and I continued celebrating mass and Divine offices until the year '76, when, being in Rome, in the convent of Minerva, it was imputed to me that I despised the images of the saints. . . . For which reason I left a religious life and, putting off the habit, went to Nola, where, by teaching grammar to boys, I supported myself for four or five months."

I do not find, as has been imputed to him, that he grew tired of the monastic life, or that he ever lost his sense of loyalty to Christ, much less his sense of duty and his obligation to the clear sight of his own soul.

He was simply an apostate to orthodoxy, as thousands of the best men that have ever breathed had been before his day and have been since his day. It was imputed to him that he despised the images of the saints; in a word, he was suspected and accused of heresy, and there was but one road left to him—to deny himself—his own sight; to deny Christ—that is, the true word of God within himself—or quit the paths his feet had learned and no doubt loved to tread. In this dilemma he relinquished "a religious life," so called, and went to teaching grammar, went to teaching directly that the earth moved on its own axis around the sun; in a word, went to teaching such new light of God as science and his own studies had made clear to him. Much of it is commonplace light in our times, but it was apostate light in his time.

Later he went to Geneva, to Lyons, Toulouse, Montpellier, to Paris, where it is said he was offered a chair of philosophy, provided he would receive mass, doubtless under conditions that made it inconsistent with self-respect and sincerity, hence he declined. Later, 1585, he was in England, at the court of England's "virgin Queen," met Sir Philip Sidney there, and Greville; was at Oxford debating with and easily defeating England's learned doctors there.

At this time he published "De La Causa, Principio eo Uno" and "De l'Infinito, Universo e Mondì," both of which gave full expression to his doctrines at last.

The accounts of these doctrines given by recent writers have modernized the doctrines and somewhat enlarged them, as I said. I shall not go into that here. At certain points Bruno forestalls my

own creed, but only at single points, and I must leave all that to the future. He had not the spiritual conception of the universe that I have taught, much less had he wrought out that conception in all history as I have done, and as time will prove that I have done. He hinted at the "Infinity of the Universe, and taught plainly the plurality of worlds;" taught "that the stars are suns shining by their own light; that each has its revolving planets." He was by final constitution of mind and thought more of an incipient, new light scientist than he was a man of large historical reading or of large spiritual vision.

Of course he had to die. The age still clung to Aristotle, to logic, to formulas, to doctrines, to ecclesiastical authority. Lord Bacon and Shakespeare were already alive and at work, but the Pope was not ready for any of them, was not ready to have verbal and plenary inspiration or Church doctrine questioned. Bruno had dared to question its conclusions, had set up doctrines—as they said of mine in 1877—that would, if true, make all things new, and turn all creeds upside down. Bruno must die.

As to the suggestion now made prominent by the Pope and his archbishops, that Bruno at one time or another lapsed from virtue, and on that account should not have had a monument built to his honor, virtue is a supremely beautiful thing; a thing most essential in a priest, Papal or Protestant; but if all the cardinals, priests and preachers that had lapsed from virtue these last eighteen hundred years had been burned at the stake, the skies would still be red with their bonfires. And if none but purely virtuous heroes had been honored with monuments, our graveyards would still be mostly empty of their finest adornments. Having burned the philosopher, the Church might just as well now let the good he did live after him. It will live anyway.

A newspaper of this period gives the following points clearly enough: "In 1586 Bruno left England. He returned to Paris, but was soon driven from his refuge on account of his teachings, and lived at Marburg, Wittenberg and Frankfort in turn. At last, in 1591, he accepted an invitation to come to Venice. It was a rash step, for the emissaries of the Inquisition were on his track, and it was not difficult to bring a proof of heresy against him. He was cast into prison, and in 1593 was brought to Rome for a final trial. For seven years the inquiry went on, while Bruno lingered in captivity. The Pope, no doubt wishing to avoid the

scandal attending the execution of a monk, hoped that he would abjure his doctrines. But they were too firmly planted to be changed by suffering. At last the congress of the Holy Inquisition assembled to pronounce sentence. He was to be surrendered to the Governor of Rome and burned to death, 'in order,' as it was mercifully put, 'that there be no danger of the shedding of blood.'

"On the 17th of February, 1600, the sentence was carried out. Clad in a sanvenuto painted with flames and devils, he was led to the stake in the Campo di Flora and died without a murmur, saying in his last moments that he died 'a martyr and willingly,' while predicting that his soul should ascend upon the smoke to Paradise. 'His ashes,' says a biographer, 'were then given to the winds, that nothing might remain of him upon the face of the earth save the memory of his execution, of his rare constancy and of his tragic end, which, if it offered no proof of the truth of his doctrines, was none the less a distinguishing mark of the steadfastness of his soul.'"

Little but this steadfastness of soul remained of him till within the last quarter of a century. Protestantism, as a whole, was as bitterly opposed to Bruno's Pantheism as Rome was opposed to his scientific theories; and so still little but this steadfastness of soul remained of him till June 10th, 1889, when modern Europe, once again in human history, took the rejected stone already burned to ashes and made it a monument—the new corner-stone of its doubts, if not of its faith and hope for the future.

Why should the Pope of Rome make such a fuss over this Bruno monument? Why did the heathen rage? Why do the Jews still hate the name of Jesus? It represents their supreme blunder; that is all. Nobody blames Leo XIII for burning Bruno; and in his "allocation" the Pope does not pretend to justify the act. Why, then, did he not accept in silence the new expression of Brunoism and quietly mind his own business—namely, that of following Christ and saving souls?

Unfortunately, while the Rome of to-day will not openly justify all the acts of the Rome of a good many yesterdays, the Rome of to-day, having declared the infallibility of the Pope and of the Papal Church, must tacitly justify all its past acts and doctrines. If Rome were honest it would say at this hour, Bruno deserved to die; and the Church did a clean bit of God's own work in burning

him to death. Rome is afraid to say this, and, therefore, Rome had better have said nothing at all.

I do not believe that the erection of the monument to Bruno was intended as an "insult to the Pope," much less as an expression of "wounded envy" at the recent tributes of honor paid to the Pope. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in his pastoral letter accompanying the Pope's recent "allocution," said, among other things:

"We do not attempt to justify his (Bruno's) punishment; but we point to these facts to show that the insulting ceremony was not an honest tribute to pre-eminent genius or industrious talent, but a wretched expression of wounded envy at the magnificent tribute paid to the Roman Pontiff by the whole world, Catholic, Protestant, Mahometan and Pagan, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. We do not believe that in his heart the King of Italy sympathized with the demonstration, because the spirit of the men who bowed their heads in veneration of Giordano Bruno is really as anti-royal as it is anti-papal."

So far as this has reference to the general anti-religious attitude of the men who erected the monument to Bruno, I think the archbishop comes very near the truth. They are that kind of men the world over, but it seems to me the personal sting should have been left out. It will only tend to breed revolution, and though she may not believe it, Rome is less prepared than ever for revolution; and it is a matter of no consequence whether the King of Italy sympathized with the act or not. That has been Rome's great misfortune, from the days of Constantine to Frederick Barbarossa, to Napoleon: Rome has leaned too heavily on the arms of kings, and not heavily enough on the arm of Christ. It must change its tactics or lose its power. It has made its mighty strides in this country purely and wholly because it has worked as a wise spiritual power alone, and has so far kept out of sight its future temporal ambitions.

Let Rome assert its temporal power on this continent, and every one of its altars will be crushed to powder by the broader and deeper granite that Plymouth Rock stands for in this world. I am aware that Boston is already one of the greatest Roman Catholic centers in the world: that New York is more so, all the facts are known to me. Nearly twenty years ago I wrote and published that the Pope or the Devil would get this nation inside of a gen-

eration. It won't be the Pope, and it will only be the other gentleman for a little while. But it is best not to prophecy till after the fact.

It is plain that Leo XIII was overexalted by the world-wide honors paid him on his golden jubilee. It is not wonderful: the outpouring was grand and beautiful. Evidently something was needed to humiliate the Pope and cause him to blunder, so that much of this conceit would be taken out of him. He is a man like the rest of us; and all true men have reached momentary heights that only the gods can hold. The Roman Pontiff ought never to have minded the Bruno incident. His "allocution" will awaken the sympathy of his own followers, but it will reawaken the suspicion and the antagonism of the entire thinking world.

Perhaps it is now too late to hold back the revolution that this papal "allocution" will tend to force upon the world. All intelligent readers understand the general attitude of the nations of modern Europe. Germany will not fight for the Pope, even if the young Emperor were willing. England will not, dare not, even if Victoria and her son, the Prince of Wales, were willing. France will not, dare not, in any possible turn of affairs. Austria would have to stand alone—half-hearted in any such struggle—and if it should come to that, Russia could sweep Constantinople, do as she would with the Danube States, and make Jerusalem the new head of Christendom inside of ten years. The Pope is not the whole world, and there are many Christians besides Roman Christians.

Whether the Pope stays in Rome or quits Rome, he must ere long become simply spiritual head of the Roman Christian Churches, give up all idea of any temporal, exceptional or material power, and understand that, in all temporal affairs, he is, like the rest of us, citizen or subject of the State in which he dwells.

This is quitting the Bruno episode and passing to other points in the Pope's "allocution," so still further answering the question Who is the Pope anyway? Archbishop Ryan's pastoral letter says:

"The allocution spoken of, a copy of which is sent with this letter, describes very clearly and very forcibly the circumstances in which the Holy Father finds himself, and which impel him, as the father of the faithful, to ask the fervent united prayers of all his children throughout the world. He finds himself trammelled in

the exercise of his supreme spiritual powers by influences which are intensely hostile to the Church, and which aim at the destruction of Christianity itself, of which its enemies know and feel that she is the most formidable defender. Religious bigotry is a terrible power for evil, but the wildest, deepest and most destructive bigotry is that of infidelity, because unrestrained by any Christian influence of patience and forgiveness. The Holy Father has from time to time complained of the embarrassment of his present position, and of the flagrant injustice of recent laws which punish his children among the clergy if they dare to complain of these indignities.

“But the King is powerless on such occasions. (That is as the Bruno occasion.) And, it may be asked, if powerless to defend the royal dignity, how could he defend the so-called guarantees, offered by his predecessor, to preserve the personal and official liberty of the Roman Pontiff? We cannot help thinking that it does not become a mighty organization of over 200,000,000 people to look on quietly, to behold their supreme pastor on earth insulted in his capital and restrained in the exercise of his most important functions, and say or do nothing. It is not a question of mere temporal power, but of spiritual independence of another's temporal power. The incident which the Pope feels so sensitively may be repeated in some other form at any time. The laws which condemn all who defend his just civil rights are penal persecuting laws, enacted against the Pontiff himself. The tendency is to greater persecution, because satanic hatred of religion itself is at the bottom of all.

“This will not express itself in a Garibaldian shout for liberty and union, but in a quiet, systematic, apparently constitutional mode of warfare. Now if the Pope have the spiritual power to rule the Church of God, he should have, by implication, everything essential to the exercise of that spiritual power. If some amount of temporal power and independence of earthly dominion be essential to this freedom, and many great non-Catholic statesmen have so thought and said, then some such independent position ought to be possessed by the Pontiff. He represents too much indirect temporal influence to be subject to any king. The first Napoleon felt that he only needed the Pope as a subject to be complete and permanent master of Europe. The Pope's present position, of neither ruler nor subject, is one which cannot be gratifying to

either himself or the King of Italy. The latter must feel that his royal dignity is dwarfed by the presence of the Pope—that in the shadows of St. Peter's and the Vatican, the Quirinal is utterly lost. But this is not as it should be when proper order prevails.

“The power of earthly rulers is from God, as well as the Pontiff's power. ‘All power is from God,’ whether pontifical, royal or republican, and should be respected in its place. Hence, for Pope and King, the present position is one out of harmony with good order. What, then, should be done? To give such guarantees as Victor Emmanuel offered is clearly folly, as a single vote of the Italian Parliament might at any time make the Pope a subject. It has sometimes been advanced as a solution of the difficulty that to guarantee these guarantees by European treaty, so that not Italy alone but all Europe would be back of them, might give the Pope an independent position even stronger than he possessed before the Garibaldians and Victor Emmanuel robbed him of his possessions. Such a treaty might protect him from any future spoliation. However, Italy has never suggested such guarantee for her guarantees, and would, probably, resent its suggestion as an intrusion and an insult. Besides this fact, we must remember how treaties in the past have been disregarded; and now, with the governing powers of European countries half infidel and anti-papal, it may be doubted whether these powers would enforce, as they should, the guaranteed rights. The subject is full of difficulty. The solution of the great past has been that the Pope should be an independent ruler. It is evidently his own solution.”

But, my dear Archbishop, it never again can be—never, in fact, ought to have been. It is the one rotten point in your whole system. No nation on this earth can set up and keep up the Pope as an independent ruler in the sense you mean.

“It is not a question of mere temporal power, but of spiritual independence of another's temporal power.” That again cannot be in the sense you mean it. If it meant only what is on the face of it, the Pope might have any spot he chose in this wide new land of ours, and have as much spiritual independence as is granted to Robert Ingersoll or George Francis Train. He could hardly ask more independence; and nobody here would ever interfere with his spiritual manipulation of as much of Christendom as he could touch and handle. But he must not interfere with our school system, with our Constitution; must simply be an alien or an Ameri-

can citizen. He must simply be spiritual head of his own sect, and that he can be at Rome as well as at Madrid, Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna or Boston.

The whole fallacy of the papal position is in this one little paragraph of the letter already quoted :

“ If some amount of temporal power and independence of earthly dominion be essential to this freedom, and many great non-Catholic statesmen have so thought and said, then some such independent position ought to be possessed by the Pontiff.”

The central and forgotten truth here is that everything essential to the exercise of any spiritual power, wide as the power of Christ himself, wide as the world and vast as eternity, *everything* is inherent in that spiritual power itself.

With it, and with it alone, the true Pope can raise the dead and rule all nations upon earth—will yet do so. The true Pope of the Christian world at this hour is simply the strongest spiritual and intellectual Christian man in the world. He is the true Christ come again in his glory. Tolstoi seemed almost this to the Greek Church, but that is not half the world.

No guarantees that any king can give—no international guarantees that all nations might give to guarantee Italy's guarantee—could, or can, stop the sun rise, or check the thought or speech of the human race, and herein is the papal weakness. All such guarantees are utterly useless.

Stand on your spiritual power alone, the great representative of your splendid Roman Church. Do not claim more than this. Do not pretend to be “ viceregent of God ” on earth, or that your churches are all or the only churches on the earth. Stand on the simple facts, and on your spiritual power alone, and you are within a hair's breadth of being master of the world.

Cavil about your little temporal trappings, and you are within a shadow of the greatest humiliation that has ever befallen a Pope in this world.

We all know the Scriptures. He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all. It is in the nature of spiritual power to serve and rule by service, not by will or earthly law.

Let *every* soul be subject unto the higher (temporal) powers, beyond question. There were no other powers in question in the apostle's mind.

Ye are *not* to be as the princes of this world, distinctly *not* as

these. But ye shall receive *power* and—with all my heart—whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven.

This is spiritual power. Let Rome stand on it, on it alone, and though a thousand kings or a million infidels be armed in opposition for a time, Rome might yet rule the world.

The next true ruler of Christendom will be the man of supremest spiritual power to be found in this or the next generation. He may be Greek or Roman, English or American; he may be burned or crucified, but to him belongs the future. Make *him* world Pope, and so harmonize the Church with nature, truth and God.

W. H. T.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT with the Pope of Rome virtually abdicating in favor of a limited college of archbishops as the body of final appeal concerning all vexed questions relating to the Roman Catholic Church in America, so practically though only tacitly admitting the fundamental ecclesiastical principles of Episcopacy as in contrast with those of the Papacy, and in reality so ending in papal defeat the great battle of Church polity that has torn Christianity into contemptible fragments for sixteen hundred years, and also opening the way for God's answer to Christ's prayer, "*That they all may be one:*"

And what with the dowager Empress Augusta of Germany, reported as joining the Roman Catholic Church, and ex-Empress Frederick Victoria, who, in many senses, is the head of the Episcopal Church throughout the world, and the true representative of all that is purest and best in German Protestantism—what with this woman and her mother, the empress of a realm that belts the globe, both of them treading with reverence very near the doorway of St. Peter's, if not kneeling at its altars:

And what with the more and less venerable and august clergy of France, whose predecessors have, in times past, been masters of the rulers of mighty nations, now shut out by a so-called Republican government from the commonest political rights of ordinary plebeian citizens:

And what with ten millions of trained soldiers, standing back of as many cannon, rifles and torpedoes in the six leading Christian nations of Europe, ready at a word coolly to blow each other's brains out in order to keep the other three hundred millions of European peace-loving Christians from picking each other's pockets and tearing each other to pieces :

And what with Professor John L. Sullivan, of pugilistic fame, on his way to the United States Congress, and Mr. John Burns, the champion striker of London, on his way to the British Parliament, and Master Workman Powderly, of Pennsylvania, striding toward the American Presidency :

And what with a new war of races and a daily lynching of colored citizens by white Christians in the Southern States of America :

And what with newspaper reports that Japan and China are rapidly acquiring the ways of European and American "civilization," there are not wanting indications that some sort of a millennium is at hand, and any man of serious thought finds more signs of the times than he can readily understand.

THE GLOBE means to handle these and kindred questions without gloves, probing them to their centers and souls.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

"At dead of night I went, reluctant going,
 A wee, wee boy, across the churchyard way,
 To father's house, the pastor's: heaven was glowing
 With star on star—Oh! sweetly twinkled they
 At dead of night.

Then, in broad life, when new impellings drove me
 To seek my love—impellings which she sent—
 The stars and northern lights aglow above me,
 I, going, coming, drank in sweet content
 At dead of night;

Till the bright moon, at last, in her high season,
 So pure, so clear, me in my darkness found,
 And with her willing, thoughtful, vivid reason,
 Her light about my past and future wound
 At dead of night."

GOETHE.

THE ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN STAGE.

THE LONDON STAGE: ITS HISTORY AND TRADITIONS FROM 1576 TO 1888; TWO VOLUMES, 12MO. BY H. BARTON BAKER. LONDON: W. H. ALLEN & Co., 1889.

ANNALS OF THE FRENCH STAGE FROM 789 TO 1699. TWO VOLUMES, OCTAVO. BY FREDERICK HAWKINS. LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 1884.

THE FRENCH STAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY SAME AUTHOR, SAME PUBLISHER. TWO VOLUMES, OCTAVO, 1888.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE FROM 1749 TO 1792. TWO VOLUMES, QUARTO. BY GEORGE O. SEILHAMER. THE GLOBE PRINTING HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, 1888-89.

It is perhaps not especially remarkable and yet noteworthy that the current year or years, in which the English, French and American stage is almost wholly given up to light-weight, spectacular or mere lewd performances, should be signalized by some of the best books that have ever been written on the annals of the stage in these several countries. These books seem to prove that though dramatic genius may have flown to heaven or elsewhere, our human interest in it still dominates the world.

On mentioning one of the above-named works recently to a somewhat austere and exasperating Philadelphia critic he remarked that the books "were trash; a mere skimming of the subject at second hand." I found, however, that he had not given these books any serious attention, but, like myself and all true critics, was quite clear as to the infallible omniscience of his own judgment.

I do not profess to be an expert on the details of footlight performers or their performances. I have studied the great actors and actresses of this generation and have at one time and another read a good deal about their predecessors. In doing this I have of necessity also studied many of the little actors and their methods of acting. I should, however, politely and promptly yield my judgment on stage matters in general to the better informed

judgment of the critic referred to. But I know a good book when I see it as readily as I recognize the charms of a beautiful woman or feel the repulsions of a vulgar man; and the three works serving as texts for this article are among the best books that have come into my hands during a decade of almost constant book reviewing.

I shall not attempt to go over in any detail the ground so well covered and tilled by these works, but first, giving a *resumé* of their scope and aims, and touching a few of their salient features, shall emphasize the importance of certain great underlying principles of dramatic art, as simultaneously, almost unconsciously uttered in all these books, and show that these same principles are the true principles of all art in all nations and ages of the world—a lesson badly enough needed in these trivial days.

Mr. Baker traces the London stage, which always has been and still remains practically the entire English stage, through more than three centuries, from its incipiency in 1576 to the latest London dramatic sensation of last year. His plan is a little peculiar. He takes each London theater separately according to its history, beginning with the oldest, and follows the career of each; its building and adornments, the successes and failures of its manager or managers; the rise, triumphs, break-downs and "farewells" of its leading male and female actors, and halts here and there to give the reader sidelights and touches of appreciative criticism. As several of the more prominent actors of the London stage have appeared at different times in different theaters, Mr. Baker's plan involves a repetition of certain names in different parts and chapters of his books. It is plain that to preserve any unity of plan and treatment he felt obliged to follow either the history of each building or of each individual, and chose the former as the better of the two. This plan on the whole appears to be a good one. Each theater thus becomes the nucleus of a special history, biography and criticism, all clustering around its own stage and destiny.

The question as to the legal and social status of actors in England during the early days of the British drama is still of open, unsettled interest to the whole world. Professor Ignatius Donnelly in his "Great Cryptogram" makes it appear that the status of English dramatic actors in Shakespeare's time was very, very contemptible; hence, of course, there was abundant reason why Lord Bacon, while filling the earth with Shakespeare star gleams and odors of roses, should practically deny this business and hide

his splendid head in silence behind the scenes. On close examination this, however, appears to be only another of the professor's industrious dreams. Some men must be false, even in their dreams.

Not many years ago Mr. Baker had a sharp newspaper controversy with an infallible London newspaper dramatic critic on this same theme, the critic taking Professor Donnelly's view, of course. The same view has become almost as hackneyed in American journalism as its false and flippant talk about "English pauper labor" in these very years.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his charming lectures on the early English stage, given in Philadelphia only last year, was not wholly lucid and satisfactory on this point.

I accept Mr. Baker's word as final on the subject, and as this matter stands at the threshold of any true understanding of early English dramatists and actors, I take one of the last pages of the first volume of Mr. Baker's work and give it here entire as a clear settlement of the case.

The quotation is from "Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699," and from a dialogue in this "*Of Plays and Players*," between "Love—Wit and Trueman :"

"Love.—After all, I have been told that stage-plays are inconsistent with the laws of this kingdom, and players made rogues by statute.

"True.—He that told you strained a point of truth. I never met with any laws wholly to suppress them: sometimes indeed they have been prohibited for a season, as in times of Lent, general mourning, or public calamities, or upon other occasions when the government saw fit. Thus, by proclamation, 7th of April, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, plays and interludes were forbid until All Hallow-tide next following. Hollinshed, p. 1184! Some statutes have been made for their regulation or information, not general suppression. By the stat. 39 Eliz., cap. 4, 2 (which was made for the suppression of rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars), it is enacted: That all persons that be, or utter themselves to be, proctors, procurers, patent gatherers, or fencers, bear-wards, common players of interludes and minstrels wandering about (other than players of interludes belonging to any baron of this realm, or any other honorable personage), all jugglers, tinkers, peddlers, and petty chopmen wandering abroad, all wandering

persons, etc., able in body, using loitering, and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is commonly given, etc., these shall be adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars and punished as such."

Mr. Baker gives a little more in the same line, but the above is enough. It is not new. Oh, no! But everything is new to you till it really gets into your head, and if you spend years in debating on this subject with half-informed people, or in reading half-informed books, you will not get at the whole truth so clearly as you will by sticking close to this passage till you know it by heart. It covers the whole ground so far as the true status of early English actors was and is concerned.

The laws defining this status represent the last throes of English aristocracy in its efforts still to hold the Saxon race between its fingers and thumb, but at all times in England a respectable actor was respected and dramatic genius was adored by the best people in the land. In these days we adore everybody and legalize every thief and crank and loafer that applies; so proving that in our social judgments and statute laws we are very inferior to the people of Queen Elizabeth's days.

In those days they would have considered Ignatius Donnelly a "tinker," and half the men that walk our streets clothed like gentlemen, and cover our pavements with tobacco juice, would then have been treated as sturdy beggars and knaves. Times change, and civilization is a queer thing, my friends.

I find throughout Mr. Baker's books a well-informed genial lucidity, at once removed from pedantry and staginess, and had it been possible to condense them into an epitome of review I would have done so.

Another question still in debate among dramatic scholars and critics, and one concerning which the masses are still in darkness, turns on the comparative richness and poverty of stage scenery in the early and more recent and modern theaters. Mr. Baker is well at home in this matter also; has, in fact, mastered it, and his pages are as the quiet clearness of daylight shining, as it were, quite back of all kinds of stage lights and no lights into green rooms, through finest curtains of India silk, etc., as to luster, entirely beyond our modern estimate of those old foggy days.

And why not? Even as far back as Solomon and Sophocles, people had much taste as well as much ineffable genius, and the

very instincts of dramatists and actors have eternally craved the richest adornments art could provide. A grain of sense is sometimes worth a ton of tenth rate statistics. Mr. Baker gives you good sense and good statistics as well. Intelligent readers all know that the philosophers, scientists, poets and dramatists of Shakespeare's days were far more familiar with the ancients than we are. There was almost as much good Latin heard on the streets of London in Bacon's time as there is coarse profanity in our city streets in these days. They were neither color blind nor fools. Three hundred years ago London audiences would have hissed and hooted off the stage scores of vulgar plays and players that now delight the cultured audiences of Philadelphia, New York and Boston. "Culture is a queer thing, my friends," and I have undertaken to review these books, not that I care to any extent for the foolish laws of old or new English aristocracy, or for the florid curtains of the old or new theaters. Very much of this was and still remains little better than the average shoddy cloths and carpets manufactured by our modern tariff-protected labor—poor stuff at best.

Looking into these several volumes for pleasure and recreation, at most for a little further general information concerning our modern world drama, I found beautiful truths which the writers themselves may never have intended to teach. Certain new and raw critics have, before now, accused me of finding in Browning great religious truths he never meant to reveal. Time will show.

What I find in all these books is that the ages or eras or generations of creative dramatic genius have been in the main eras of unusual earnestness and sincerity, that the great dramatists themselves, like great prophets and poets in all times, have been men of true hearts and natural, simple ways; men with the smallest minimum of strut or paint or needless verbage and gesture; further, that the great actors in all our modern eras have also been men of strong natural ways; not mere actors, that is, in any purely rhetorical and noisy sense; men and women who have not depended first of all on dress or elocution, or modulation of voice, much less on vulgar gags and grimaces, to touch their audiences and move them to laughter or tears; further, that the uncreative eras and the mere mouthing actors have all been, like our own, eras of paint and gags.

So forever and ever sophomoric Sadduceism builds and guilds

and whitewashes the sepulchers and temples of the prophets and the poets, while all true prophets and dramatists themselves, like true men in all times, only richer and deeper, mind the eternal verities, keep their hearts close to the pulse of living nature, and so record its sight and song.

It is now generally seen by wide-awake people that William Shakespeare was the flowering of much amateur poetic plaque-work of no mean order that had been done by Greene and Peele and Marlowe and Ben Jonson, before this last factotum of the universe gave us his version of the same. Among honest people it is pretty generally felt that William Shakespeare simply could not have been the cringing sycophant and liar Mr. Donnelly would make him out to have been. William, in fact, was a good deal of a man, a "square man," as we say in these days. But that is an old story, and I must not dwell on it. For more than thirty years it has been growing upon me like the few radiant dawns and sunsets that, in high moments, have burned their glories into my soul.

Modern thought is not so clear. I never have been so clear as to what sort of men James and Richard Burbage and company were. I know something of the soil out of which they came; something of the contour of the hills that formed them and of the impulses that sent them to London and set them at stage work. They were not rough men, or wholly vulgar men, as so many modern theatrical people are apt to be. They had something of the ring of all great actors in them; "stood at the head of their profession" as managers and actors in their day; stood in contrast with Bear Garden Proprietor Edward Abbey, a type of the other set, the lower kind of mere chimney-sweep and gag business then and now. All this comes out incidentally in Mr. Baker's pages, so I find that the true Shakespeare era of just about three hundred years ago was one of culminating, honest, sincere, enthusiastic work, not wholly for love of money, though there was enough of that, but also an age of much real love for truth and art and genuine poetry. Like dramatists, like actors, they were all men of sterling, manly power.

Skip a hundred years and forty-five of Mr. Baker's pages, and what do we find? "The following passage from a prologue to *Tunbridge Wells*, a comedy written in 1678, animadverting upon the theatrical taste of that day, (and) full of suggestion that . . . might be well applied to our own:"

“ There is not a player but is termed a scout,
And every scribbler sends his envoys out
To fetch from Paris, Venice, or from Rome,
Fantastic fopperies to please at home ;
And that each act may rise to your desire
Devils and witches must each scene inspire.
Wit rolls in waves and showers down in fire ;
With what strange care a play may now be writ,
When the best half’s composed by painting it,
And in the air or dance lies all the wit.”

Already inside of a hundred years from Shakespeare’s time they had fallen to the utterly spectacular, wherein once more, say, perhaps for the first time in English drama, the gag, the scene painter, the scene shifter and the costumer were of more value than a man of creative genius, culture and brains. In that dull and heavy century, England hardly produced one man of surpassing genius, either as dramatist or actor.

No wonder they altered, expurgated, and tried to forget the one supreme immortal man of English history. Perhaps the Puritans were somewhat to blame for all this. Even men of the most exalted, intellectual and spiritual powers grow weary of kicking against the goads, and seek such sheltering arms as their own generation offers. The Davenants, Davenport and Bettertons, spite of Mr. Cibber’s praises, have, like Mr. Cibber himself, a sort of stilted, starchy tread and memory, and we need not linger over them. Let the dead praise the dead.

It is infinitely more to the purpose of this article to note that toward the close of the first generation of the eighteenth century one David Garrick, a young London wine merchant, was perpetually haunting the London theaters, now and then acting in the amateur performances of the day ; every now and then airing his views concerning a new and more realistic kind of acting than that in vogue by the accepted professionals around him. It is still more to our purpose to note that for a long time the established sophomoric shows and showmen would have none of David Garrick. He had not enough intonation for the mere imitators, was too clear, quick, impetuous. It was not art or culture to the clowns. But by and by Mr. Garrick got a hearing, caught the heart and soul of his audience, and soon Mr. Quin, one of the best of Garrick’s predecessors, declared that if the new man was right the old fellows had all been wrong. And the things to note here

are that with genuine Garrick there came a revival of the true Shakespeare drama, and that since the days of David Garrick no leading actor speaking the English language has dared to be wholly a clown.

Genius must have genius to interpret it; sometimes, in fact usually, first of all, must have clowns to misinterpret and spoil it, as far as the divine in man is capable of being spoiled.

A book acquaintance of mine remarked to me within fifty hours of this writing that Carlyle was already dust-covered on our book-shelves, but that the letters of Mrs. Carlyle were immortal. I understand it all. In the last thirty years we have—the whole English race of us—fallen into the spectacular and unreal once more. We care more for a false, smart thing than we do for a splendid, true thing.

Poetic caricature has taken the place of poetic genius. The end of the nineteenth century is not even tail to the kite of its central years. The new age is clown again. If my book acquaintance will visit this earth a thousand years hence he will find Carlyle still read and his wife remembered only as a nineteenth century Xantippic shrew.

Garrick was no clown; Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles were not clowns; Macready was not a clown; nor was Kean. Even the harlequins of their times were men of real genius and power. These all lived and wrought and died in the Garrick faith; that is, in the old faith of Shakespeare and Sophocles. They stood for truth; all the truth they knew, and that is all gods or men can ask of any man. It does not occur to this age that any men ever were sincere, or ever can be sincere. But the actors named were more honest than priests nowadays.

I cannot here even mention all their brilliant and beautiful companions and followers, men and women who from their sunlight and power in the old century and our own bring us down to the Henry Irvings and Miss Terrys of these days. I have seen Irving when it has seemed to me that he must have been as great as any of his old masters, this with deep misgivings, however; and I have seen Miss Terry when it has seemed to me that Rachel could never have been more exquisitely clear and beautiful in her person or her art. But I never saw Rachel. I have only seen her in dreams and talk as the possessor of a finer body than Mrs. Langtry and a finer art than Sarah Bernhardt. I cannot swear by

this dream, and will take no man's affirmative or denial of it as true. But it is clearer than ever to me that every dramatist, actress or actor of England, or any of the ancient or modern nations worth remembering, was not a gagist or a mere air sawer or a strutter, but a genuine person of genuine intellectual fiber, and of painstaking, studious culture, and that all these and all theirs were and forever remain infinitely removed from the cheap clap-trap of ancient or modern times.

In fact, it is with the drama and the actor's art as with the pulpit, the law, journalism and all professions—the loud man is often mistaken for the true man and crowned for an hour, but only the true man, in art, does work worthy of a crown. I do not mean to intimate here that on the average there are more clowns, hacks and insincere ranting people in the theatrical profession than there are in the journalistic, legal or clerical professions. The poor ye have always with you.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

It is with great diffidence and reluctance that I attempt to review Mr. Hawkins on the French drama, *first*, because the subject is altogether less familiar to me than the English stage; *second*, because Mr. Hawkins' work, though far more pretentious than Mr. Baker's, is, to my mind, far less satisfactory. The reader understands, however, that I am not writing an old-fashioned dry-as-dust book review. In my omniscience I am not pretending to know more about all this than the authors, who have given their lives to understand and do their work. I am simply pointing out a few beauties and adding a word of my own.

From a religious and intellectual standpoint it is plain that Mr. Hawkins does not understand what he calls "the long night which came over Europe at the fall of the Roman empire," and which "was (only) yielding in the eighth century to the dawn of modern civilization." That is a very old and a very untrue story. There were more stars in that "long night" than modern civilization has ever gotten well into its head or its astronomy. As a matter of fact there never has been any very long night on this earth. But we all have our special lenses for studying our pet periods and stars.

Naturally enough when the old priests undertook to do the altar service, hold to St. Peter's true work and to do the new theatricals

and the little miracle plays at the same time, they went clear over altars, foot-lights, traces and laws. They do it still, but, in our times, mostly in Protestant circles.

Charles the Great, however, proved himself a genuine man in many ways; was, for one thing noticeable here, a "resolute opponent" of these play-house priests and their plays of the old times; had more natural, instinctive reverence than the priests themselves, too much reverence and good sense, to be able to stand the old "*Histrions*," and a decree against their continuance, issued under his authority in 789, stamped out this stupid mixture of lark and skylark, as he stamped out many other foolish things. All honor to the brave and wise Charlemagne.

The year 789 serves Mr. Hawkins for a starting point; but really there was no drama in France till Trissino, Rucellai and Garnier, viz., from 1550 to 1570, and our author wisely enough selected Corneille's portrait as frontispiece for his first volume. The earlier men were contemporary with Greene and Peele and Marlowe in England, all tentative, aspiring spirits, that felt the coming light, but knew not what they saw. And Pierre Corneille was not born till 6th June, 1606, when William Shakespeare had already well written out his visions of glory and was quietly climbing the golden stairs, quietly waiting to be crowned.

There is no 789 about the French stage worth speaking of. The Shakespeare drama was and remains the new creative dramatic guiding star of the world. There are other and better stars, but not in his line.

It is beautiful to notice the genuine strength there was in these old faces; the similarity of type there was between Bacon, Shakespeare, Cromwell, if you please, and Corneille. Shakespeare and Cromwell had the fuller, richer faces and natures—Bacon and Corneille the sharper and clearer faces—and the French drama, like the English, started from the core of a genuine supreme man. Boys may chatter about such men, but the best we can do is to love and praise them, and try to understand them.

The French have always had this advantage over the English. They have at all times known a great man at sight, and in some lines of worship have never changed their minds. In other lines they are false and fickle as fate. Having discovered Corneille they never wholly forgot him and never tried to bury him under a lot of shot—rubbish and cant called expurgation. Live clean lives

and the plain-spoken poets and prophets will seem far less foul to you.

Nor did the French dream of making a hack drama or a quack drama, a Davenant drama or a Dryden drama, for instance. To this hour they have known the true ring in the bell, and no cracked tankards would serve them. From Corneille to Moliere, to Racine, to Voltaire, to Hugo, to Dumas and the last hour their leading poetic and dramatic men have been men of genuine, human ring, very different of tone, but of true soulful music all the same.

In the matter of acting they took the sham gait and wore false manners, and dreamed that true art was a lie even longer than the English; but this brings us to Mr. Hawkins' new volumes and to the thoughts and facts which really prompted the writing of this article.

Even the new volumes are old in our telegraphic and telephone age; but I will as soon review a neglected book that is ten years old as a puffed and padded excrescence called a book, just out of the newest book mill. Mr. Emerson's advice, never to read a book till it was ten years old, would be excellent for modern reviewers. Skipping the first of these last two volumes and with it the first half of the eighteenth century, volume two opens with a striking portrait of Mille. Clairon, and it is plain throughout that she and Voltaire are our author's heroine and hero for the last half of that false and flippant but would be brilliant century.

It is the era of Frederick II and of Goethe in Germany, of Voltaire and the French Revolution in France and of Robert Burns and David Garrick in Britain. The old false lights were all going out and a new world era was setting in. Both Voltaire and Mille. Clairon were of bright, vivacious, quick-glancing, sharp, variable expectant, bitter and intense, frank souls, rather than of settled and true conscious power, and their art was and remains as fitful as a spring day, full of showers, winds and umbrellas, redeemed by clear rays of golden light and little vistas of blue eternal sky.

Both the new volumes are full of delightful reading, but I can only touch them here and there. In these as in his earlier books, Mr. Hawkins proves himself incapable of understanding the religious or anti-religious impulses and tendencies of the age under review. That is a matter too deep for most dramatic critics in this century or the last, and they had better let it alone. Talk of in-

spiration! Carlyle once said: Get a little of the real article and thou wilt know what it means. I advise all modern dramatic critics to get a little religion in general before they attempt to discuss or criticise it.

Page 21, volume ii, Hawkins, we find:

“Francois Arnould Poisson, who passed away in his fifty-eighth year, was the last descendant at the theater of the Poissons of the Molierean epoch.” Hitherto acting in France had been largely of the stilted artificial kind, very much as we moderns have seen things carried on in Italian Opera in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere; a kind of acting that the Germans of our day, with the eternal and inspired grandeur of Wagner back of them, are driving off the operatic stage, as clearly as David Garrick drove the same kind of false art from the English dramatic stage in the middle of the last century. What I am noticing these book at all for is to point out that a little later Marmontel, working upon the plastic nature of Mille. Clairon, wrought the same sort of change in French acting: that as Corneille followed Shakespeare, so Clairon followed Garrick, and no man or woman expecting to waken the public heart should fail to notice these epoch-making souls and their ways.

Page 22, volume ii: “Poisson lived long enough to witness a welcome change in Clairon’s method of acting. Marmontel had frequently urged her to aim at less artificiality, pointing out that force without suppleness and truth was nearer to rant than to sensibility. ‘You have,’ he would say to her, ‘all the means of excellence in your art; and great as you are, it would be easy for you to rise above yourself by managing more carefully the talents of which you are so prodigal. You cite to me your brilliant successes; you cite to me the opinion of M. de Voltaire, who recites his verse with emphasis, and who pretends that declamation requires the same pomp as the style. I have an irresistible feeling that declamation, like style, may be noble and majestic and tragic with simplicity; that expression, to be lively and profoundly penetrating, requires gradations, shades unforeseen and sudden traits, which it cannot have when stretched and forced!’ ‘I see,’ she sometimes replied, ‘that you will never let me rest until I have assumed a familiar and comic tone in tragedy!’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘that you will never have; nature has forbidden it. You even have it not while you are speaking to me; the sound of your voice,

the air of your countenance, your pronunciation, your gestures, your attitudes are naturally noble; by changing your style you will only be more impressive.' Suddenly, in the course of an engagement at Bordeaux, she resolved to try the effect of what he recommended. In her own words, it had the greatest success, 'Mais cela est beau!' being raised in the first scene. On her return she had to play Roxane before the court at Versailles. Marmontel went to see her at her toilette. 'Yes,' she said, after relating her experience at Bordeaux, 'and I am going to try the new style here. If I succeed as well, farewell to my old declamation.' Marmontel did not fail to see the performance. 'The event' he writes, 'surpassed our expectations. It was no longer the actress, it was Roxane herself, whom the audience thought they heard. The surprise, the illusion, the enchantment were extreme.' Paris hailed the *novelty* with equal warmth; the actress found increasing inducements to keep her word, and another invigorating influence made itself felt in the theater."

Soon Clairon found that this return or first ascent to nature involved also a change of her wardrobe; involved countless trivial and some expensive sacrifices. It is always so with one's ascent to any kingdom of truth. She made the sacrifice gladly, and from her day to Sarah Bernhardt, French actresses of any power have walked through cleaner paths of art to higher and purer fame.

Some of the most brilliant episodes in the life of Voltaire are told again in this volume, and one never wearies of reading them. The book closes among the stormy scenes of 1798-99. I cut the notice short to introduce a bit of fine realism of the modern French stage, saying first, however, that tens of thousands of the American people should own all these books and read them with ever increasing delight, even if they had to cut a little off their summer bathing suits and other extravagant vulgarities.

But here is the divine Sarah's farewell to her Damala—only yesterday as it were—seen by a writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"In poor Damala the French stage has lost, if not a shining star, at least a painstaking, conscientious actor, who realized to the life those heroes of modern French tragi-comedy whom he always impersonated. To be known as 'le mari de madame' is even worse than to have been cursed with a famous father, whose deeds you are expected to equal if not surpass. Sarah Bernhardt's per-

sonality overshadowed Damala completely till his great hit in Ohnet's 'Maitre des Forges' ('The Ironmaster') suddenly revealed him to the critical Parisian public. In Jane Hading he had found his match, not his superior, and the result was more agreeable from an artistic point of view.

"Of his various matrimonial tiffs with 'la divine Sarah' it is best to say nothing. When he believed himself to be dying he sent and asked her to come and see him, and she came, never to leave him again. To satisfy his great desire of acting over all his old rôles once more with his wife, she went through all her repertory this winter (1888-89) in Paris. 'Frou-Frou' and 'La Dame aux Camelias' were his favorite plays. Not many weeks ago I saw him as Armand Duval in the latter, acting with extraordinary force and energy, his pale, clear-cut face glowing with emotion and feeling. To him was reserved the success of the evening; and when it came the scene where *Marguerite Gautier* bids *Armand* good-by smiling, knowing that she will never see him again, Francisque Sarcey leaned forward and whispered to me, 'Look at Sarah! This is not acting; the poor woman knows that he is doomed.' But when *Marguerite* at last disappeared through the open window, he gave the signal for the long, enthusiastic plaudits that always follow Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of perhaps the most powerful bit of tragedy in the whole range of the French drama."

Why have I dwelt so earnestly on these old reforms toward sincerity of nature and highest art? Simply because our own professions—the theater, the bar and, worse than all, the pulpit,—have fallen utterly into the artificial rhetorical again, as if nothing better had ever been learned or practiced by the supreme prophets, poets, actors and counselors in days and centuries gone by.

The average man of our new generation is a declaimer from head to foot: his dress is declamatory, his tailor is a declaimer, his wife and children in dress and tone are declaimers: starched and powdered declaimers; our manners on the streets and in drawing rooms are all declamatory, parade manners: nature and art are fled to poodle dogs, and men and women are mere late seventeenth and early eighteenth century shams.

Within ten years previous to the writing of this article I have heard "high-culture" elocutionists from Boston recite Tennyson's line—

"Blow, bugle, blow!"

before refined audiences in Philadelphia, as if the supposed bugle were a hardened adamant devil, deaf as an adder, and asleep under the influence of morphine, and as if said refined Philadelphia audiences were a lot of nerveless, muscular, termagant Boston fishwomen; whereas the bugle, as every man knows who has studied it, has lips as sensitive as a maiden's that will respond to the softest breath and the daintiest touches. This sort of crime is universal in our day.

THE AMERICAN THEATER.

From these ponderous and beautiful volumes on the French and English stage, I turn with pleasure to Mr. George O. Seilhamer's still more ponderous and still more beautiful and right noble volumes on the *American Theatre*. As their titles indicate, the two volumes so far issued, the first in 1888 and the second within a few weeks, September, 1889, together cover the American theater, before, during and after the American Revolution! As to ability of actors, and fullness and richness of material, Mr. Seilhamer has had a meager field compared with the authors we have been studying, but as to industry of research, clearness of sight and judgment in the selection of facts, and a manly lucid ability in stating his facts, Mr. Seilhamer is not only superior to Mr. Baker or Mr. Hawkins, but is superior to any man or woman who has ever up to this time written on the American theater. I have no special reason to praise him except for his beautiful work. It is the sort of thing I worship whether I find in it nature or man. As to style, concerning which I have noticed some disparagement among the critical fraternity, our author's work is the perfection of simplicity, clearness and strength. It is the perfection of style. It is of itself a very severe condemnation of very much that passes for fine writing, that is froth-and-foam writing so prevalent in our newspapers and magazines. And as to completeness of review and record Mr. Seilhamer appears to me to have done his work so thoroughly that no man will ever need to go over the ground again. In a recent review of his own work he has modestly enough expressed this latter idea regarding it, and sooner or later the reading world will reach the author's own conclusion.

When I ask myself was the game worth the powder?—and again when I query, should Mr. Seilhamer or any other man, half as honest, capable and industrious, undertake to gather all the details

of all our modern theaters, dramatists and actors, as fully as he has done for the American theaters of the last half of the eighteenth century, would half a dozen worlds hold the books that would be written? And really, intrinsically, have not all the strolling companies and all the places they play in during these very hours the same claim on posterity that the eighteenth century people had?

Again, were we to make such beautiful and costly books out of similar modern material, gathered not only regarding theaters, but churches, law suits, business ventures and failures, common social occurrences and the like, who would buy these books, who would read them? In a word, is the game worth the powder? Then I turn to Mr. Seilhamer's books again, and their beauty, the industry of them, the chaste clearness of their facts and their ideas, the perfection of all their make-up, intellectually and mechanically—all this silences my questioning, and I thank the stars that at least *these* books were written whether or not any other man ever attempts a similar work for the modern European or American stage.

Every play bill, every advertisement, every newspaper notice touching the American theater for the period named, seems to have been sought with affectionate care, found and made the most of. Previous authorities, reliable and unreliable, appear to have been carefully, conscientiously studied and due credit given them.

Of course there were several bright men and women among the early actors on the American stage, most of them not Americans at all. There are tens of thousands of men and women just as bright as they engaged at this time in mills, factories, clerkships, as salesmen and saleswomen and in all sorts of occupations and professions, but no man of splendid literary skill, such as Mr. Seilhamer possesses, ever thinks of delving in every hole and corner of the earth to guild all their names with golden history. Mr. Howells plays with their apron strings now and then; nevertheless they are just as deserving as the old theatrical people, and more so. And the scores and hundreds of bright people who have, within the past few months and weeks and days of this writing, fought their way through Pennsylvania floods and Jersey coast sea-storms to heroic death or victory are all far more deserving of the finest detail of history. Let the dead bury their dead. Men like Seilhamer should be engaged on better themes. These books are no

child's play—no mere compilation. They are still further removed from all grandiloquent rhetorical foam. They will forever remain the canon of our early American theater. I have verified so many of Mr. Seilhamer's facts that I accept him as authority against Mr. Dunlap and all Dunlap's apologists. You do not need to eat a whole ox to know the quality of its beef—not if you are an expert. His books are an honor to the theatrical profession, an honor to the literary profession, an honor to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, the birthplace and workshop of the gifted author, and an honor to the studious, industrious, intellectual culture of the modern world.

I have never had such respect for the facts here recorded as would have led me to do Mr. Seilhamer's work. I think the thousands of little nobodies in the theatrical profession, in America as in Europe or elsewhere, have the same right to live, earn their bread, die and be forgotten that other millions of nobodies in all occupations, trades and professions have. I cannot see that there is any more reason why they should be remembered and written about than why the farm hands and carpenters of the same period should all be embalmed in beautiful history. Perhaps they will be some day when men cease to be tyrants and murderers under the disguise of military science and civilization, and perhaps these very books will do not a little to steer the human mind here and there into the channels of truth as opposed to all false culture and as opposed to all falsehood and crime. The worship of truth is true religion. The clearest utterance of truth is true art. The higher the truths the higher the religion and the art.

By this standard Mr. Seilhamer's books have in them much true art and true religion; the latter unintentional, of course. I have gone through both volumes; have read deeply into them in many places. I do not dream of giving even a *resumé* of their full and splendid contents. The individuals concerned are too trivial, but the work is so beautifully done that I am captivated. In a word, I am writing of these books precisely for the same reason that I selected the Garrick era of the English stage in which to touch the true glory of that stage; precisely for the same reason that I chose to write of Mr. Hawkins' books, to point out the historic succession of the sincerity of dramatic genius, and the charming episode in Mille. Clairon's career; only in the latter instance Mr.

Seilhamer himself is the incarnation of sincerity, culture and genius through whom I desire to tell my own little story.

It is a genuine delight to find from the hands of one's fellow-townsmen a couple of books so well studied and written as these. I am proud, long have been proud to belong to a city that has produced in this generation such books as Horace Furness' *Variorum Shakespeare*, Mr. Boker's and Dr. Mitchell's poetry, and Peter Lesley's "Origin and Destiny of Man." Years ago I have praised these men and their work, when other critics hesitated and were cautious and only half sincere. Now all men praise them, and among them all there is not a man who has done better work at any time; work representing more brain or culture or care than the work to be found in these two volumes by Mr. Seilhamer on the American theater. Every intelligent American should own the books. Every rich man should buy at least two copies and give one of them to his poorer intelligent neighbor. By their simple honesty and truth they will lay many a new ray of light across the face of the world.

I have not intended to intimate in this article that native talent, sincerity and loyalty to nature ever have, can or will take the place of accumulated knowledge and the exactest culture in the dramatic or in any other art; only that mere word culture, external adornment and theatrical abundance will not and cannot take the place of sincerity; cannot win the highest honors in the dramatic or in any profession; that a man must follow the line of his own texture; follow the real thought of the author he is portraying, and that then his success is commensurate with such real power and culture as are his. In Mr. Seilhamer's work I find sincerity and carefulness, hence clearness and power.

Had the author reached the days of Edwin Forrest, and were he drawing pictures of comparison between our famous Edwin and his English rivals, or were he dealing with the present generation and devoting his pages and his great ability to the work of illustrating the history and comparative powers of the Booths, the Salvinis, Rossis, Irvings, Davenports, etc., not to speak of the Langtrys and the Bernhards, I should personally be infinitely more interested in his actual matter, but the manner and method of his matter could not be better, and these features are enough to commend his books to the whole world. I see little faults, but would be ashamed to name them.

W. H. T.

THE HEROIC AND COMMONPLACE IN ART.

ALL persons except hod-carriers and lunatics are, in these days, known as artists. Being in Rome THE GLOBE will at first do as the Romans do. Good laundry work shall be known as art work. Clean dishwashers shall be crowned as artists. Cooks and kitchen Bridgets of all descriptions shall rank with Raphael and Shakespeare. The age is democratic. Has not the Declaration of Independence relaid the foundation of the earth, and put new forces back of the stars? Not to any extent, my friends. Messrs. Howells, James & Co., are they not all realistic artists, depictees of the commonplace, which, on that account, is to wear the true halo forever? We shall see. Did not Raphael paint an Italian peasant woman and her baby, and was not that art? He did, and that was art. Did not Rubens and Doré paint their fatted and floundering contemporaries, and were they not artists? They did, and they were artists. Did not Millet paint a couple of farm-hand peasants, and was not that art? And has not America just emptied its Dives' pocket to buy one of Millet's noblest executions? He did, and we have purchased it, thank heaven.

Here I wish only to intimate to the entire Howells and James fraternity and all their numerous adorers that the artists just named did not paint *mere* peasants, debauchees and farm-hands. Raphael clothed his Madonna with his own soulful beauty and eternal glory. Rubens and Doré so painted the fatted and sensual monarchs and wrecks of their day that God's eternal vengeance and justice shone and burned, and still shines and burns through their canvas, stamping said monarchs and wrecks with eternal truth, eternal hell, if you please. Millet's Angelus represents the commonplace of plebeian life touched with glory, redeemed, exalted, transfigured, simply by an echo of an old eternal heroism whose immortal, ineffable, sad, triumphant sweetness of martyrdom has for ages borne the heavens on its shoulders, and lifted the world up in its arms. These are the things that

our worldling novelists and critics know not, and therefore ought to be silent as death till they do know them. Tolstoi, Turgeneff, Bjornson were all realists, as I have long ago pointed out, before the Howells brood were hatched, but these North men painted not merely the shoe-strings, but the soul of things. True art always paints the soul of things, high or low, according to its own finger-ends.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

WHEN Love was young, it asked for wings,
 That it might still be roaming;
 And away it sped, by fancy led,
 Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
 Each daintiness that blooms and blows
 It wooed in honeyed meter,
 And when it won the sweetest sweet,
 It flew off to a sweeter :
 When Love was young.

When Love was old, it craved for rest,
 For home, and hearth, and haven ;
 For quiet talks round sheltered walks,
 And long lawns smoothly shaven.
 And what Love sought, at last it found,
 A roof, a porch, a garden,
 And from a fond unquestioning heart
 Peace, sympathy and pardon :
 When Love was old.

AUSTIN DOBSON in *Literary News*.

EMERSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

A MEMOIR OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. BY JAMES E. CABOT.
TWO VOLUMES, 12MO. 1888-89. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.,
BOSTON.—OTHER ESTIMATES OF EMERSON.

I THINK it was in 1869 that the Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, one memorable day took from a bookcase in his library a pet copy of Emerson's "May Day and Other Poems," and with a rich and quiet eloquence read me those grand lines from the "Problem":

" Out of the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bibles old ;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below."

I had just withdrawn from the Presbyterian ministry, on account of doubts and a tendency to liberal views, and we had been talking about ancient and modern theories of "Biblical Inspiration." The reader will readily understand that this quotation, so made, left a ray of light behind it which greatly aided me, as the same lines have aided hundreds of other earnest persons in their search for the truth relating to the fact and doctrine men name as "Divine Inspiration." I am not discussing that here.

I had, in previous years, read "Nature," and had looked into some of Emerson's published essays, but had thrown them down—literally as too flippant in their handling of Jesus and the true soul of religious faith—I mean the soul of martyrdom and its resulting atonements—though admittedly beautiful in their own spirit and language. From the day and hour just named, however, I was a convert to, and, in a limited, critical and always unsatisfied way, a worshiper of the man whose life I am here to review. I make this confession at the start, that unquestioning, merely admiring adorers and dear friends of Emerson may not be offended at any criticism here undertaken.

Mr. Cabot's books are beautiful in external appearance, and in their internal spirit, so far as that spirit is pervaded by the genius of Emerson, so beautiful that I could wish them in the hands of every intelligent reader of the English language and translated into all the civilized languages of the world; but the books are very defective, overlapping and indefinite in their arrangement. Mr. Cabot is very unfortunate in his editorial, explanatory comment, and especially deserving of the severest censure for his manner of treating the well-known and world-honored Carlyle and Emerson relationship. Carlyle was the richest, deepest and strongest force that ever touched Emerson's adult life, and the man who does not see and know that, and who does not affirm it gladly, without carping and with unstinted praise for both men, while admitting their vast dissimilarity, is not fit to handle, describe or explain the life of Emerson or his work in the world.

On page 225, vol. i, of this Memoir (third edition, 1888), Mr. Emerson says: "What pity, instead of that equal and identical praise which enters into all biographies and spreads poppies over all, that writers of characters cannot be *forced* to describe men so that they shall be known apart, even if it were copied from the sharp marks of botany, such as dry, solitary, sour, plausible, prosing," etc.

It is now, perhaps, generally understood among students that Mr. Cooke and Dr. Holmes and other eulogists of Emerson have not done very much in the biographical direction here so lucidly indicated.

On page 1 of the preface of this same first volume, Mr. Cabot says: "My object in this book [these books] has been to offer to the readers and friends of Emerson some further illustrations, some details of his outward and inward history that may fill out and define more closely the image of him they already have, rather than to attempt a picture which should [would] make him known to strangers or set him forth in due relation to his surroundings or to the world at large."

Plainly, from that sentence alone, Mr. Cabot is not our man; has not the stuff in him; never meant to produce such a biography as Emerson himself has just described; did not set out to do this; makes no claim to having done it, and therefore is not to be judged by any other standard of aim than by the one set up by himself, and here clearly, though rather loosely defined.

I shall put myself in Mr. Cabot's place and shall only judge his work in view of this very sentence.

Plainly, however, the biographer and biography of Emerson, at once and alike comprehensive of his age, his genius, life and teachings, and hence the condensed source and love-smitten vehicle of the benign and blessed ministry of these to the present and to future generations, yet remain unuttered; and it may be well to hint here that it is very doubtful if any New England man ever will do the work as it ought to be done, saturated as New England now is with a fashionable idolatry of Emerson, and all this but a poor temporary reaction from the true elder and earlier native and prevailing New England spirit, as expressed in the following lines by John Quincy Adams, and quoted by Mr. Cabot, on pages 410-411, vol. ii, of this "Memoir."

Mr. Cabot is nowhere satisfactory or definite enough in his arrangement of dates, and is constantly going back and forth with them; sometimes years ahead, and then again years behind the exact locality of his immediate utterance, and so frequently exasperating and puzzling where he ought to be sharp and clear as Concord sunlight in midwinter. But we must not forget Mr. Cabot's self-fixed limitations.

Somewhere about 1840—here the happy thought occurred to me that I might find the true date in John Quincy Adams' Diary, "vol. x, 345"—and it was August 2d, 1840, Communion Sunday, and after meeting, that Mr. Adams wrote in his Diary: . . .

"The sentiment of religion is at this time, *perhaps*" (happy word), "more potent and prevailing in New England than in any other portion of the Christian world" (particularly in one J. Q. Adams, if you please, and no lack of genuine Adams' modest insight into that fact). "For many years since the establishment of the theological school at Andover, the Calvinists and Unitarians have been battling with each other upon the Atonement, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the Trinity. This has very much subsided, but this wandering of minds takes the place of that, and equally lets the wolf into the fold." (John Q. himself was a Unitarian or nothing, but) "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented George, after *failing in the every-day avocations* of a Unitarian preacher and school-master, starts a new doctrine of Transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations

superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the Non-resistant Abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat Democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism,—all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics.”

Of course it would be difficult to find a passage in all the writings of New England that contained more moral blindness, conceit and actual falsehood. But in reality this expresses the genius of the entire Adams brood or broods, from the famous “Sam” through different lines to this particular J. Q. A. and, *perhaps*, to his children. But it also expresses the real and prevailing genius of New England as related to moral and spiritual truth from the hour the early Puritans sent Ann Hutchinson to her exile and death till the hour that Mr. Cabot, in these volumes, flung his poor condemnations at the supposed pessimism of Carlyle.

It states the real attitude of New England toward the real soul and meaning of Emerson to this hour; and in it there is a strange mixture of “Christian” hardness, insight and utter falsehood.

Mr. Adams thought the kingdom had almost come in Boston in 1840, but he saw clearly that Abolitionism—now seen to have been the only word of Christ to that generation—was simply a “racality.”

John Q. Adams was as clear-headed as Judas, before he hanged himself, and his grandsons are very characteristic chips of the old Plymouth rock, yet, *perhaps*, in these very hours officers in some of New England’s newest “Emerson Joints” and idolatrous Emerson societies, proving that your Puritan, well sifted, is a many-sided, questionable kind of man.

He never could bear the truth or endure any man who ever saw and uttered it.

Emerson was a vast improvement on the ancient or modern Puritan, but he, too, wanted very much be let alone; to say or sing as his mood pleased, and he took very charingly and only in a dim poetic way to Jesus, to Paul not at all, and to Abolitionism or any acute moral energy only at a distance, smilingly and admiringly, if only it would not bother anybody or run counter to Judge Hoar.

Mr. Adams was an excellent gentleman, fairly versed in Ameri-

can politics, but he knew no more about religion than an old hen knows about swimming, and he only blundered, just where we all blunder, in talking loudest about the subjects we least understand. Mr. Emerson had not failed either as a teacher or a preacher; representative Abolitionists were never rascals; Non-resistant Quakers were always better Christians than the best New England Puritans; and J. Q. Adams was simply a mistaken, presumptuous old Pharisee. I ask his descendants' pardon.

I am not forgetting my text, and must now take Mr. Cabot's "further illustrations," in their order, and follow our hero from his early "scarcity of meal" to his final crowns of love and flowers.

It is generally understood that the Rev. William Emerson, minister of the First Church in Boston at the dawn of this century, and father of our Waldo, was the fourth or fifth or sixth generation of Emerson Puritan orthodox and heterodox preachers; hence, by law of nature and providence, that New England was more or less a debtor to this excellent family; and it is with a touch of bitterness that one reads in these volumes that after the Rev. William Emerson's death, his widow and children were often in need of and the recipients of friendly charity.

Had the Emersons been priests in the Roman Catholic Church, the Rev. William and the Rev. Waldo would have had a more thorough theological training than fell to their lot, and by other methods than universal suffrage must have been among the honored popes and cardinals of the future. Verily Protestantism is beautiful in some things, and in others it is very despicable.

I do not forget that Emerson said long afterward:

"I like a priest, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
* * * * *
But not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowed bishop be."

But if he had enjoyed a more thorough theological training he might have sung in a higher key. And I do not easily forgive New England for the Emersonian "scarcity of meal."

Mr. Cabot takes considerable pains to definitize the locality in Boston where Ralph Waldo Emerson was born, "May 25th, 1803," Sunday, and there is a quaint Emersonian humor in the Rev. William's entry in his diary for that day:

"Mr. Puffer preached his Election Sermon to great acceptance.

This day, also, whilst I was at dinner at Governor Strong's, my son, Ralph Waldo, was born" (the father not at home at the time, it would seem, and no need of his being there). "Mrs. E. well. Club at Mr. Adams'." If Mr. Adams and Mr. William Emerson had been more religious, Waldo might have turned out better. Mr. Adams was partly to blame. There was no especial demonstration made over the appearance of the new Puritan star; no reports of angelic hosts at the club or elsewhere in Boston. The angels, in fact, had long since ceased to bother New England. The era of angels was going out, and the age of "clubs," at Mr. Adams' and elsewhere, was rapidly coming in. But the young Waldo had arrived, and, no doubt, then, as since, "his angels" were aware of the fact, and had the youngster in charge.

The Rev. William Emerson and his wife, like most genteel people, were disinclined to demonstrations of affection with their children; they gave them plenty of Scripture and Latin grammar, but not too many kisses. They were serious, still a deeply-humorous people for generations. And if parts, Poverty and Providence make the man, as philosophers will have it, our young Waldo came into the world well endowed. The Emersons were among the best representatives of the early Puritan aristocracy of spiritual talent and ecclesiastical position as opposed to our modern and contemptible aristocracy of money.

"They all believed in poverty, and would have nothing to do with Uncle John, of Topsfield, who had a grant of land, and was rich."

Very likely, Uncle John, on his part, might have had a disinclination toward his poor and proud relations. It would have been most natural, and that phase of the theme is worth elucidating, but not here.

The references to Waldo's boyhood, found in Mr. Cabot's volumes, are contradictory, hence unsatisfactory, and there is no attempt at reconciliation. They are delightfully interesting, but need the touch of a student's hand.

"Somewhere in his journals he" (Mr. Emerson) "speaks of a time when he was a 'chubby boy' trundling a hoop in Chauncey Place, and spouting poetry from Scott and Campbell at the Latin School." But, plainly, Mr. Cabot does not like the "chubby;" it does not suit his ideal of the young Waldo, and he is quick to add, "But I find no other evidence of play or chubbiness." Give

me a year over Emerson's papers, and I will find whole pages of evidence, all nodding and smiling in this direction.

The Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, a school-mate of Waldo, and one of his choicest lifelong friends, comes much nearer to Mr. Cabot's heart and ideal. I have already said enough of Dr. Furness to indicate in what loving veneration I hold him, but for nearly twenty years I have seen that he, long since, had allowed his heart to color the sight of his eyes, so far as Ralph Waldo Emerson was concerned, not willingly or consciously, much less willfully. It is the fate and charm of all true love to idealize and glorify its own. I am fascinated with Dr. Furness' talk and memories of Waldo Emerson, but I do not see our hero through the eyes of his Philadelphia worshiper.

Dr. Furness says: "I can recall but one image of him as playing, and that was on the floor of my mother's chamber. I don't think he ever engaged in boys' plays, not because of any physical inability, but simply because, from his earliest years, he dwelt in a higher sphere."

The cool reader will catch the halo here. In the background bright wings already hover, and over against it, in the foreground, we will write Emerson's own "*chubby boy*," and bide our time.

Judge Loring was another school friend, and from him Mr. Cabot has a helping word toward a true picture of young Waldo.

"In school and college he was liked for his equable temper and firmness, but was not demonstrative enough to be eminently popular. . . . He was not vigorous in body, and therefore not a champion in athletic sports; but I do not remember that he shunned play or boyish fun."

A somewhat delicate, dainty, conscious of poverty, conscious of genius, and conscious of character sort of boy; a little above the average height, hair a dark-brown, not chestnut, but a shade darker than that; clear, meditative blue eyes; prominent nose, always close lips, hiding a latent smile; a face for thought, almost for dreams, but tending rather to shrewdness back of its shyness; facing an age and a world unlike itself and with other aims, the world's aims to be respected, but not openly sought, and with all, a boy and young man when in right company decidedly fond of a joke with a Scriptural turn, or a bearing upon the idiosyncrasies of other boys, women and men; not exactly dwelling in another sphere, but decidedly with chaste motives toward that sphere,

and with feet and thoughts clothed with honor in their march thitherward.

His like, there, was not in all New England at that time, and Mr. Cabot's "further illustrations" are as welcome as April primroses or daffodils that come before the swallows dare and take the winds of March with beauty.

As a student, Waldo Emerson, alike in tastes and habits, belonged to the eclectic university methods, rather than to our common school, modern college, academy and cramming methods of education.

His aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, is the strongest and most clearly and deeply religious American character touched in these pages, and though she loved and believed in Waldo from the day of his birth to the day of her death, she frequently complained of his lack of application and concentration, lack of steadiness of purpose and fixedness of aim, lack of practical religious faith, and of his tendency to *joking* in boyhood and young manhood—decidedly not in another sphere, it would seem.

She says of herself: "I love to be a vessel of cumbersomeness to society." But that does not discredit her sight of Waldo's moods and aims. It is folly to try to make a god of this man.

At one time she wrote him: "They (his circumstances) appeared too easy and rhyme-like; and she feared he might be tempted to pause on the threshold of the ministry and give himself up to a mere literary life." And again: "Is the muse become faint and mean? Ah! well she may; and better, far better, she should leave you wholly till you have prepared for her a celestial abode. Poetry, that soul of all that pleases; the philosophy of the world of sense; the Iris, the bearer of the resemblances of uncreated beauty; yet, with these gifts, you flag! Your muse is mean, because the breath of fashion has not puffed her. You are not inspired at heart, because you are the nursling of surrounding circumstances," etc. Not a poet for reasons that will be duly seen.

Of this person Mr. Cabot remarks, among other compliments: "She was a very strange saint and exemplified the exaltation of faith over works to an extent that made her hard to live with." But she understood Waldo Emerson far better than Mr. Cabot has ever understood him.

In a word, she could stand no nonsense. Later in life Mr. Emerson himself spoke of her as "The heir of whatever was rich and

profound and efficient in thought and emotion in the old religion which planted and peopled this land. . . . And so, though we all flout her and contradict her and compassionate her whims, we all stand in awe of her *penetration*, her *indignant, eloquent conscience*, her *poetic and commanding reason*." And Mr. Emerson understood his Aunt Mary far better than Mr. Cabot has ever understood her.

In a word, she was a Christian of the old style and with all that is implied in Mr. Emerson's "commanding reason." She was not a mere "creed-Christian," as the people of the West denominate our later and too often spurious species. She knew and saw clearly that what was highest, deepest and richest in her own being and enjoyment came to her through the natural-supernatural energy of religious faith, by spiritual influence and "the grace of God." She saw that Waldo was breaking away from this; did not grasp it in his early poetic or prose efforts, and her words, as just quoted, have the flashing fire of prophecy as they describe Ralph Waldo Emerson's entire career. He never stuck at any question or thing long enough to conquer it.

I am glad that Waldo was a beneficiary at Harvard; am delighted at all the gifts he ever received. New England owed the family millions where it ever gave them scores of dollars. But I am pained to learn in these volumes that he was for several quarters or terms waiter at the college class meals. This, though sought for its pay, must have been a bitter trial, and it is useless to veil or hide the humiliation.

But when the gods undertake to make a man they do manage somehow to hew all the nonsense out of him that they possibly can, and, at all times, New England, in her own mediocre conceit, has been too ready to humiliate her ablest souls. Emerson, Phillips and Sumner are all instances at our very doors.

From his earliest days Waldo Emerson was, par excellence, what he, later in life, very inadequately described Goethe as being—"the writer or secretary"—though voicing his own words and ideas.

Judge Loring says that at the Boston Latin School Waldo's "compositions were graceful and correct: this made their quality, and, I think, describes his exercises at college as well as at school." He very early began to be "careful with his sentences," alike in speaking and writing: now and again speaks of himself as "trying to *frame* a sentence on this or that theme." At college he had taken to Byron and Scott, but was doubtful of Coleridge and Words-

worth, decidedly not yet of another sphere, but of this sphere. So everywhere in the man's life: sentiment overruled the deeper consciousness of eternal law and eternal love.

During and after his college course he did good work as a school-teacher, but never liked the vocation, and this phase of his life Mr. Cabot very pleasingly describes.

"In poetry, too, Emerson showed some skill, and was always ready to turn off squibs on college matters or songs for festive occasions." Not always dwelling in another sphere, you see.

"Upon the whole he felt at the end of his college course that the college had done little for him;" and his brush at theological study was simply as good as nil. Eyes were weak, health not good, and simply there was no man at Harvard in those days that could teach him any theology he did not already know, or that was worth learning.

During his college years and for many years afterward Mr. Emerson's "ambition was to be a professor of rhetoric and elocution;" and I hold that this is a beacon light indicating the true caliber of the man. Parental precedent and prestige, however, and family surroundings all crowded him toward the Unitarian pulpit.

"Sunday, April 24, 1824," he wrote in his journal, "I am beginning my professional studies. In a month I shall be legally a man; and I deliberately dedicate my time, my talents and my hopes to the Church." Alas! how can a man dedicate himself against his instincts?

"October 10, 1826, he was 'approved to preach' by the Middlesex Association of Ministers." On one of his candidate preaching tours he met Helen Tucker, his first wife, and here, apparently, is the only approach he ever made to anything like falling in love: all this is rather daintily but somewhat stiffly described in Mr. Cabot's pages.

"March 11th, 1829, Emerson was ordained as colleague of Mr. Ware," and in a short time "became the sole incumbent pastor of the Second Church," Boston. But it would not work. After a little he had questionings about stated public prayers, as if a man could not discipline himself into the mode of praying, as well as the mode of preaching, at stated times. He also had questionings as to the Lord's Supper; was unwilling to feel bound to the observance of either; lost his first wife; lost his Second Church; went to Europe; found Carlyle, and so, "by symbols and slow degrees," found his later career.

As late as February 3d, 1833, then thirty years old, he wrote in his journal, in the Harbor of Malta: "I spend my Sunday, which shines with but little Sabbath light. . . . So rude and unready am I sent into the world. . . . I believe it's sound philosophy that wherever we go, whatever we do, self is the sole object to study and learn." By this time he had studied the New Testament; he had also studied Hume and Montaigne, and to more purpose, and had not, up to this time, ever been baptized with any spiritual abandoned consecration of himself and all he was or could do to the highest spiritual uses of man. He was of a beautiful spirit, meant well, but by no means a Christian, or a Christian minister, in any true sense of that term.

Later, April 18th, 1833, in a letter to his aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, after saying many beautiful things, he speaks of Jesus as "That excellent Teacher . . . who has done so much to raise and comfort human life, and who prized sincerity more than sacrifice," but who, "can not exist to me as he did to John. My brothers, my mother, my companions must be much more to me, in all respects of friendship, than he can be." But while one loves this sincerity, and could embrace and honor the man, it is plain to the simplest true Christian that Emerson had not learned aright the real principle of the teachings of Jesus, what Mr. Arnold calls their "secret," and did not understand him, or his relations to history and the world.

Mr. Emerson learned very slowly that the ministry was not his vocation. He had too many ideas, and not enough stomach or vital energy to become a popular preacher; was besides too indefinite, unsteady and changeable in his so-called beliefs to satisfy the creed-bound churches of his day. Personally he had no belief in the ceremonies or sacraments of baptism or the "Lord's Supper," and he was too sincere and manly to go through these or other formulas, touching the refinements and culture of the human soul, in a mere perfunctory way, after the manner of the average priest and preacher. So he took to "selling tickets" for lectures before lyceums and such public audiences as cared to hear him. In these lectures he veiled his essential radicalism behind the polished phrases of transcendental language, which meant sometimes much, and sometimes nothing at all, except the beautiful art of words.

Mr. Emerson was really no more at home as a lecturer than he was as a preacher; but some sort of respectable living had to be earned, and this looked like his only way. From his lectures and his old sermons he selected sentences and sections, and turned them into books, and so by a thousand dainty martyrdoms gave us the fine volumes we all love and admire. His books are a picture of his own refined and undefined and indefinite life. To be appreciated they must be read by an earnest, awakened, inquiring, receptive mind. Then there is a beautiful inspiration in them. But if a man of mature life and settled thought and critical insight reads them in cold blood, they seem rambling, impractical, loose-jointed, dreamy, almost meaningless, except for a bottom strata of shrewd Yankee sense that will or may always be found alike in the man and in his writings.

For all this it is understood that Mr. Emerson's literary work, covering a period of nearly thirty years, brought him only about thirty thousand dollars of actual pay; less than the salary of many railroad presidents for one year; less wages, per week, or year, than a skilled mechanic can anywhere readily obtain. All this was sadly manifest toward the close of his life, when loving charity, instead of honest pay, had to tide him and his family through his declining years. It is simply a burning shame, and yet we call ourselves civilized, and dream that we are a Sabbath-keeping, just and a God-fearing people.

A friend of mine has said: "If a clever man falls poor in these days, and is willing to turn beggar, our rich people will readily feed him, and clothe him, and give him spending money; if he is still further willing to turn slave and serve their ends, they will even choose him for mayor of the city or governor of a State, and cover him with honor; but if he will maintain his independence, and stand for truth or die, they will let him starve and be damned. To so fine a quality has the instinct of benevolence developed, and so utterly lacking is the instinct of justice and truth in the civilization of our times."

Emerson's finding of Carlyle and Londen, and, in fact, the entire episode or episodes of his first, second and third visits to Europe, and the deep mutual respect and affection that existed between Carlyle and Emerson throughout their lives are all described so much more vividly and justly in the two volumes of "Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson"

than they are in Mr. Cabot's volumes that I shall not dwell here on that phase of Emerson's life. Emerson always knew that Carlyle was, every way, the greater man of the two.

Between the years 1869 and 1872 I saw and talked with Emerson and Carlyle, each in his own home. I know from their spoken as well as from their written words what they thought of each other, but a man must have studied life in its largest aspects as well as in relation to Emerson and Carlyle before he can have any just word to say about this choicest and highest friendship of the nineteenth century. Mr. Cabot does not begin to understand it, and I will not lose time or temper in contradicting his poor words. The foundation and full meaning of that friendship have not yet been explained.

All readers of Emerson literature know what a beautiful mutual admiration existed between the four sons of the Rev. William Emerson, and especially between Waldo and Edward. Always, I have been a skeptic as to Waldo's opinion of his brother Edward. The Emerson now known to the world was uniformly so kind in his expressed individual opinions of his New England relatives and friends, that I always took his estimate of Edward about as I have taken his estimate of Dr. Hedge, or Walt Whitman, or Judge Hoar, or Thoreau. Emerson was always partial to and hence never a good critic of New England writers and men. A man must be free and exalted here as well as in the pulpit, if he will have a thought worth uttering or power to utter it. But I must not dwell on general ideas. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Cabot for his one brief quotation from a letter of Edward to his brother Waldo. It is only a fragment, but it is enough. I am converted. Edward Emerson was the stronger, clearer, more brilliant and sublime man of the two; but he was less inclined to spiritual or moral martyrdom than Waldo, and the bitter winds of insanity swept him into untimely glory.

"In a fragment of a letter, the last he ever wrote, Edward thanks him (Waldo) for his splendid offer (of mutual domicile), but says it is too luxurious, too full of the air of Eden, to be soberly embraced as a commonplace arrangement by one who has ever pierced his hands in each attempt to grasp a rose. Nevertheless, next year, when I come to you, we will talk over what there remains unfinished of the project."

Here is writing, here is poetry, every word, sharp, clear-cut and

in its proper place and with its proper meaning, as if God's own recording angel had set it down. Here are genius, and beauty, and power, born to blush not wholly unseen or to waste their crisp and shining luster on the Puritan desert air.

This review may already have become tedious, and I will hasten to its close.

Mr. Cabot traces Emerson diligently through his career as preacher, lecturer and writer; gives reasons why the sermons have never been published, indicates that much Emerson matter besides the sermons still remains unpublished, describes his second marriage and reveals a strange caprice, shown by Emerson in changing his second wife's name from Lydia to Lydian because it sounded better with Emerson, which it did not; and here and there Mr. Cabot makes an ineffectual attempt at a general estimate of Emerson as related to his fellows, and to literature, and to general history, but fails in the latter from too much idealized affection. Mr. Cabot has never gotten far enough away from the New England atmosphere properly to estimate Boston's dearest child; and himself is not broad enough or sufficiently familiar with the eternal principles of the world's overflow of soul or martyrdom. To deal properly with philosophers and prophets, a man must himself have had a touch of the sacred universal fire. Mr. Cabot is neither, prophet, poet nor philosopher. He is simply a commonplace, practical, New England writer, with vast New England prejudices.

Hardly a page of Mr. Cabot's volumes in my possession remains unmarked, and it would be easy to write a book instead of an article from thoughts covered by these annotations. I had especially intended to call attention to many early and later prose utterances of Emerson, and to show how much more of a poet he was in his prose than in his poetry. Poet he was by nature, but not in execution; the paths to that steeper hill were too difficult for his easy way of study and workmanship. But in his best prose moments he wrote true poetry in every other breath and line.

Clearer than ever it crops out in these volumes that his brother Edward, his aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, and Carlyle were the only persons in all his life that he looked up to as superiors; that, spite of his sweet and genial appreciation of neighbors and friends, he was utterly alone in the world, and his own attitude and I think his own words justify Carlyle's passionate, though critical regard for him when once and again he wrote to Emerson

that but one voice in all the world reached him truly, and that came from Concord. Emerson's best neighbors were children beside him, and he was a child beside Wendell Phillips or Carlyle.

Now that the New England sun has set, men are making all sorts of blundering comparisons. Good Dr. Holmes talks of Emerson as a poet in comparison with Milton, Mr. Cabot speaks of his early appreciation of Carlyle as something that the great Scotchman was set up by. All men love men to love them. We none of us are satisfied with the kisses of the sunlight or the sea, or the friendships of dogs or mere dwarfs among our fellow-creatures; but Carlyle took Emerson's affection as naturally as he took his pipe or his brandy—as a thing of course, no matter how divine.

The great American anti-slavery and war episode is gone into in Mr. Cabot's volumes, and Mr. Emerson's relation to the same is placed in its best light. But at bottom Emerson held J. Q. Adams' and Daniel Webster's and Judge Hoar's notions on all that; did not feel called upon to meddle with the South, or with its notions of right and wrong; never was moved to anti-slavery by any fixed moral code touching the position of the slave, nor out of any sentiment of sympathy for the slave. It was only when the fugitive slave law seemed to menace the *self-respect of Boston* that Waldo Emerson tried a little to stand up against the then crying crime of our national life.

I am not blaming him for this. He never understood the force of the Christian moral law, and being an honest man had to act from his own insight. I honor his culture, his sincerity, and I simply laugh at the men who would make him the founder of a new philosophy or a new religion, or build for him a prophet's sepulcher, after the manner of the Jew Puritans of old.

Other New England men, since this sun has set, seem to forget the differences between Emerson and the Holmes', Lowells, Fiskes and the like. But it is the old, old story. After the sunset the twilight is beautiful, by reason of the force of the sun and the rich, humid air: then we think the moon brilliant, and in the absence of the moon are glad of the light of Venus or Mars, and at odd hours when these are away any mere rush light of a star will lead us to ecstasy, or perhaps astray. Mr. Cabot's books, though not discriminating in these directions, and for reasons palpable enough to any man who has ever breathed Boston air, still are helpful in their way, as showing that there was but one

light of this sort in Emerson's generation, and that it rose and set in mildest glory through the woods and over the water of Walden pond.

I will not dwell on Emerson's preaching. The world can well afford to miss his sermons, beautiful as many of them were. On the whole they were stilted and unreal, very much as E. E. Hale's and most heterodox and orthodox sermons are to-day. The soul of the preacher was not in them, and of all kinds of literature, sermons must have soul or be lost and despised.

Toward the end of Mr. Cabot's first volume *Father Taylor*, the once famous Boston Methodist Evangelist, is quoted as follows: "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; . . . He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar." And I must confess that, after giving him many of my best hours for twenty odd years, and notwithstanding the fact that in all those years I have been and am now the freest of free thinkers and in accord with Mr. Emerson in nearly all he has ever said, I am still much of *Father Taylor's* opinion.

We get Mr. Cabot's depth in this matter from the following sentence: "Emerson's faith was full enough to keep its course after it had left the traditionary channels, but it had not the abundance that was needed to overflow and inundate the creeks and shallows of an ordinary congregation."

Anybody who knows anything about "faith" knows in a moment that Mr. Cabot knows nothing about it. Faith was never made that way. What Mr. Cabot means must be that Emerson, when not under pressure, not appealed to for arguments or defense, and when uninspired by any other or higher mood or man, was loyal "to his own intuitions," and did not hesitate to express them in fair weather, as fast as his pen could go. But on this same page, vol. i, p. 329, Emerson says: "I feel and think to-day with the proviso that to-morrow perhaps I shall contradict it all." Faith knows better than that.

His was a beautiful soul, but he never had faith. Faith was dead and mostly buried in New England before Ralph Waldo Emerson was born. It would be pleasant to follow Mr. Cabot in his tracing of Emerson's meeting and relationship with Mr. Alcott,

"the great man;" with Miss Margaret Fuller, who always wanted to get nearer to him than was wise, and with Hawthorne, whom Emerson could never get near enough to. And there is food for reflection in the fact that in 1836 Emerson could still say, "The literary man in this country has no critic."

Here is a good definition of Emerson by himself. In 1840 he wrote in his journal, "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine, the infinitude of the private man." And that sounds very well in Emerson or transcendental language. In plain, ordinary language, with a definite meaning and any real and clear conviction back of it, Mr. Emerson's assertion would simply be ridiculed and laughed at. If this sentence were a part of the Christian creed, much more of the Calvinistic creed, Mr. Ingersoll, with his noted and talented idiocy, would make all kinds of fun of it, and properly so. Take it for a moment in place of the Apostles' creed—I believe in "the infinitude of the private man"—and what Unitarian or skeptic after that needs to question the infinite God-head of Jesus? But transcendental language means nothing, and must not be criticised. Mr. Emerson believed in Christianity as a thing of beauty, but never saw the sin that made it a necessary fact, never studied or comprehended the fact or the eternal love that inspires and crowns it with glory. That was not his business. Could he have seen it as it will soon be seen, as a purely natural supernatural evolution out of historic human nature, and could Jones Verey have presented this to Emerson as any Christian child will know it fifty years hence, Jones Verey might have been the new Christ, and Emerson the new John the Evangelist of the real new faith of the world; but New England had had glory enough; Phillips was soon to arise and do quite other work than that—a work which, in its moral and intellectual strength, was to put Emerson and Hawthorne and Daniel Webster and Judge Hoar all in the shade.

Mr. Cabot's second volume seems hurried and crowded a little, much after the manner of these last sentences of mine; but there are worlds of beauty and suggestion in it to the end.

Emerson's closest relation to the anti-slavery movement is traced here; his business and methods as a lecturer, his second and third visits to England, the burning of his house, the late but bountiful and just generosity of his friends, and, finally, the beautiful end, through all of which we need not follow him; and there is not

space in this review to analyze Emerson's ever-varying ideas, moods or teachings.

He believed in freedom and in ideas, and in general taught loyalty to one's own intuitions without waiting to see what the word freedom implied, or that all ideas were in the precise proportion, as to number, quality and the like, to a man's being and life; that intuitions were exactly as a man's blood, virtues and vices, and that the whole meaning of civilization was to define what ideas and intuitions it were wise or foolish to follow, or that the whole meaning of Christianity was to lift men out of their wrong intuitions and sins into a newness of blood, with new intuitions, and that as far as his were worth following they had been generated in him by the thought and blood of Jesus, and by a thousand untold agonies of martyrdom, some of which had been borne by his own noted ancestors. Follow your own intuitions is Emerson philosophy. Follow your best intuitions is an altruistic philosophy. Follow your noblest intuitions and inspirations, though they lead you to death, is Christianity, but Emerson was in no hurry to die.

Emerson had no mind for mathematics; no ear for music; no eye for facts; no true knowledge of art; no visions of sin; no familiarity with the world of lies all about him; no sight of the great salient facts of history or of nations: he was simply lost in the real beauty of his own numerous ideas.

In his essential being, in the chaste versatility of his diction and in the sweet sincerity of his life, Emerson was true poet, philosopher, religious teacher—of the best pagan sort—though himself born and nurtured of Christian blood—a saint, too, and, in some sense, a saviour of men.

As compared with very many saints that Romish, Greek and Protestant creeds have elevated through various stages of candacy and sanctity to the higher pedestals of ecclesiastical sainthood, Emerson was a most saintly saint, a true spiritual philosopher, a prophet, a saviour and a god; but as compared with Goethe, for instance, he is a poor, meager, one-sided philosopher; compared with Shakespeare, Browning or Tennyson, he was the merest stilted amateur in poetry; compared with Carlyle he was simply a moon-struck moralist; compared with Matthew Arnold he was an unseeing, indiscriminating, partial critic; compared with "St." Paul, or Wendell Phillips he was the dimmest and faintest of religious teachers, and compared with Jesus he was no saviour or god at all.

About this is probably what he would have said of himself if he had ever made such discrimination, and this is what New England and the world need to know about him: a beautiful genius, a Christian in spirit and life who had largely forgotten the rock out of which he was hewn, and who did not want to be bothered about the world's yesterdays.

SOCIALISM AND POETIC RETRIBUTION.

“CHICAGO, September 15, 1889.—The Chicago Socialists declare, by a vote on a resolution written by President Morgan, and introduced at their regular Sunday meeting to-day, that the shooting of jeweler Gesswein, in New York, by inventor Deyhle, was ‘not murder, but poetic retribution.’ The resolution aroused enthusiastic discussion. One of the speakers, named Cook, shouted: ‘I say that the poor have the right to defend themselves as the Nihilists defended themselves, and I’ll be one to throw a bomb under the carriage of these despots. Life is a precious thing, but the poor have submitted too long. I’m glad Deyhle did as he did. It is the poor man’s only chance.’ The resolution was carried by a large majority. With the resolution was another one declaring it the duty of the Government to own all patents, ‘for the purpose of protecting the inventive genius of the poor from the inhuman vultures of the Gesswein type.’”

The regulation newspapers treat this as Socialism “rampant,” and there doubtless was an element of rampant in the meeting described. Truth aroused is very apt to be rampant, and it almost always looks like rampant to the hypocrite or the Jesuit. The simple facts are these:

First. That all intelligent, honest men know and admit the existence of the grievance that set these men on to make and pass such a resolution.

Second. No law-abiding or law-approving man admits the right or approves the act of private vengeance by “poetic retribution” or other murderous act.

Third. All well-read men know of and admit the right of *revo-*

lution by private or public speech and by other secret or open, organized method when, "in the course of human events," it becomes clear to the wronged that they have no legal ways of righting their wrongs; that, in a word, the machinery of government has passed into the hands of plutocrats or other knaves.

Fourth. In the minds of Socialists and tens of thousands of other people who do not approve the methods of Socialists, modern civilization has reached ominously near to this latter "state of things."

Fifth. THE GLOBE holds that neither the benevolence of the rich toward the poor, when the latter are in distress, and will accept charity on the rich man's terms, nor any number or kind of trades unions, Knights of Labor, Odd Fellows, Free Masons or other benevolent or mutually protective organizations of mankind can or will save society from the inevitable crash of revolution that is sure to come as retribution and partial cure for the evils and wrongs everywhere inflicted upon the poor by the rich in these present generations.

Sixth. That it is perfectly absurd to talk of making the "government" owner of all lands, or all railroads, or all patents, or all telegraph routes, etc., when whatever the government manages at this hour is infinitely more badly managed than the affairs of any respectable firm or corporation in the country; that in morals and management and the principles of justice, the government cannot rise above its source, and, under our existing state of life and system of elections, is sure to fall below the character of the better people in our communities; that the government is simply the last ditch for any of us.

Finally. That only the law and spirit of Christ Jesus applied to and realized in individual men, prompting them to do justice one with another, can or will save us from the worst things that Anarchists ever have threatened and ever will threaten in this world.

DR. McCOSH AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

INTUITIONS OF THE MIND. BY REV. JAMES McCOSH, LL.D. ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO. LONDON AND NEW YORK, 1860.—FIRST AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS. SAME AUTHOR. NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1889.—OTHER WORKS BY REV. DR. McCOSH.

VARIOUS occurrences during the past six months have brought the Rev. James McCosh, LL.D., D.D., prominently before the American public. He was born at Carskeoch, in Ayrshire, Scotland, April 1st, A.D. 1811. Contemporary biography has said little of his parentage or of his private and domestic life; and while he is still alive it were best not to deal with these. He was a true child of Scotch Protestantism; was educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh; spent four or five years with each institution; total, from 1824 to 1834; became a minister of the Church of Scotland, and was settled at Arbroath in 1835, removed to Brechin in 1839, and while there joined the Free Church of Scotland in 1843.

He was appointed professor of logic and metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, in 1851, and remained with that institution till 1868, when he immigrated to America and was chosen President of the College of New Jersey—better known as "Princeton College," at Princeton, New Jersey. Here he has spent the balance of a life given from the first to religious thought rather than to religious inspiration; to a liberal orthodoxy which at times verged toward a devout pantheism, rather than to any systematic Calvinistic theology; above all, to a very queer mixture of Scotch-English metaphysical philosophy, apparently leveled against modern doctrines of evolution while tacitly admitting the same. His great effort from first to last, however, was directed toward teaching that the human mind knows certain things by intuition, which things scientists say are known, learned and known only through and by experience and the senses. It is a strange battle, which ought, it would seem, long ago to have been settled;

but philosophers, like most women and men, talk not for truth and conviction, but for the last word, and as many of them as possible.

At the University of Edinburgh James McCosh had among his instructors the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers, who went up among the stars before the "Descent of Man." While yet a student, Mr. McCosh evinced a talent and fondness for mental philosophy. In an essay on Stoicism, he was, while still at the University, and at the instance of Sir William Hamilton, granted the honorary degree of A.M. Early honors thus united with fate to hold the twig toward the air. He did not need to hitch his "wagon to a star." The coupling was already done.

He came, however, at a time when metaphysics were either sinking out of sight or floating like bubbles in midheaven into thinnest and dimmest air. His age was, as ours is, eminently practical, jealously scientific, but utterly and avowedly non-philosophical. There are persons who consider this practicality deeply and criminally self-destructive and destructive of society. There are others who laugh at our science as pretentious, contradictory and largely absurd. All agree that modern philosophers are the cheapest of chromos, and their philosophies the merest spectacular panoramas of obsolete dreams, painted and patched at long range and seen through smoked glasses. To be known as a Platonist is to be labeled a crank; to be suspected of stoicism is to be paragraphed as a fool.

The age is sick of reasoning. It calls such talk "chinning." Men are weary of mental esthetics and refinements of thought. A plague upon your soul of the universe. The steam engine, the printing press of the latest patent, the telescope of the largest lenses, the telegraph, the telephone, the phono-unico-magnetic, self-adjusting, self-propelling railroad motor, the ballot-box, the demimond—these be our gods. We chat of poetry and religion, and reflection and imagination, and "intuitions," and a few years ago certain New England philosophers whistled a kind of transcendental philosophy while they whittled wooden nutmegs, improved the common grades of white potatoes, planted onions and looked out for the most desirable investments in real estate.

We must be practical and inductive or nothing. We are tired of talk. In the West this practical spirit lumps all the philosophico-theological formulas of the past in the brief, despised ex-

pression, "creed-christianity," spelled with small "c's," and hardly holds the thing fit for manure. In the East persons of literary tastes write able magazine articles on modern "Word-Parsimony," modestly assuming that all the ancients were a wordy race floated deathward by their own verbosity.

The fetich we call induction excuses or canonizes and glorifies Herbert Spencer's numerous volumes. Our taste for fiction pardons or dubs with the glamour of genius the endless yarns of Scott and Dickens. Our conceit of history delights in the interminable fanciful rhetoric of Macauley. Our passion for originality, and a sign of smartness, leads us to adore the platitudes of Emerson, and our sacred trust in the ballot-box inspires us to glowing admiration for the polished periods of Gladstone, Disraeli & Co. They all represent the so-called practical or the scientific spirit, and, of course, are divine, no matter how long-winded.

In our vanity of "culture" we have even tolerated, praised and admired the so-called Concord school of philosophies and philosophers, led by the once famous Bronson Alcott, knowing all the while that it was a twilight mixture of rose water and apple skins, plus a thousand "Platonic flirtations."

In our passion for science we have actually applauded Mr. Robert Ingersoll, one of the wordiest and most contradictory of all men, not excepting Richard Proctor and his popular demonstrations of the rhetorical labyrinths and meanings of the silent stars and stellar spaces.

In fact, Comteism run into Agnosticism, stump-wing and pin-feather Buddhism gone to Madame Blavatskyism and Theosophy—all have their followers among the scientific mammonites of the day. The philosophers are not all dead. There still seems to be a divinity that shapes our ends, no matter where Mr. Darwin "goes dangling around."

After all it is not so wonderful that, falling upon this silent, practical, economic age, Dr. McCosh took to philosophy, won fame by it, and made it profitable, in a practical way. He was needed, and he came—to what purpose let us see.

From the days of Bacon to Spencer, Huxley & Co., the tendency of the thinking men of Europe has been toward what we variously call materialism, sensationalism, not in the Beecher and Spurgeon sense, but in a scientific sense, toward induction, in a word, or the method of tracing things, all things, thoughts, philosophies,

flowers, worlds, spaces, religions, from their simplest beginning, as observed by the human senses and traced through human experience and observation and reasoning to their present or final developments.

Logically and truly carried out in nature this system must take the simplest points of force, atoms, grains of sand, specks of dust, seeds of plants, molecules of animal matter, cells, life-germs, ovums, human or other, and, by microscope and experience and history, trace each on its upward way to trees, worlds, lions, Shakespeares, Christs, and all sorts of religious and irreligious systems of thought and worship, to the limitless bounds of the united, mental and material universe.

With commendable fidelity, and with such consistency as was possible in his case, Mr. Herbert Spencer especially has worked the fields of existence and experience on these lines, was already looking that way, while Dr. McCosh rose into fame, out of Scotch chaos and Protestantism, and butted against the spirit or skeleton of modern times. Thousands of less noted but able men have worked as specialists in the same line during the last generation.

Carlyle and Emerson were, in their way, both of them, evolutionists before Darwin published his "Descent of Man." Evolution was in the air. The English Broad Churchmen who wrote "Essays and Reviews" were in a sense the counter-irritant, inductive creators of Dr. McCosh. The spirit of the age was to flout "intuitions" and go by experience, to wink at faith and walk by sight. Colenso and Ingersoll were near at hand.

To hold men to what he called their "intuitions" and to keep them alike from materialism and idealism, from atheism and pantheism, and to make a respectable figure in the world, was the work Dr. McCosh set before him and did as well as he could. His life and life-work naturally divide themselves into three periods: first, the at-home or Scottish period, extending from 1811 to 1851, say, a generation and a third, a good half of a rounded human life. From this quarter we get the Scotch fiber, self, poise, seriousness, common sense, orthodoxy, touched, however, with the new insight of Robert Burns and modern rationalism. For it will be finally seen that Dr. McCosh was read and studied in his generation, not especially on account of his orthodoxy, but rather on account of the pantheism and evolution to be found in his works, that is, by reason of his liberal orthodoxy

adorned with truths he himself could not fully accept or comprehend. This Scotch period may be further defined as the doctor's era of native and national evolution, education and tentative work.

While minister at Brechin, where he is said to have had a congregation of 1,400 communicants, hence with an abundance of pastoral work on hand, he published his first important book, "The Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral" (Edinburgh, 1850: fifth edition, revised, London, 1856). The student's essay on the stoic philosophy represents the classic and serious bent of the author's mind. It dealt with the past and with speculation, pure and simple, still as having a bearing on morals and conduct.

"The Method of Divine Government" represents that larger sphere of reflective work, which is sure to fall to the lot of any young minister in this age, with head enough to think outside of his vestments and creed. While professing and intending to treat nature by the inductive method, this work really goes to nature with certain orthodox opinions, beliefs and conclusions, well settled and in hand, and examines nature to find proof of these conclusions. Perhaps this is to a certain extent true of all our inductive methods and treatments of nature and man even from the days of Bacon until now. It is, however, but a poor apology for any true induction. Nevertheless, it is hard for any modern man to throw off entirely the accumulated wisdom, or so-called wisdom of the human race. We none of us know or dream how many of our "intuitions" and self-evident, scientific truths have come to us through the boiling doubts and mental agonies of our despised grandmothers.

"The Method," as it afterward grew to be called, was sound at heart, saw, or thought it saw, in nature, proofs of such moral order as the Hebrew prophets and Christian apostles had named, and put this modern sight in modern language.

In a word, from Luther and Zwingli, battering down the walls of Romanism, and themselves quarreling over old texts and new creeds of justification by faith, Protestantism had traveled a long way, and well into nature and modern thought before this new "Method of Divine Government" was born. Let us welcome every rising star, and worship a little at its setting.

It was a brave, persistent true man, reverent of truth and the soul of things, this, that found its way into and its utterance in

"The Method," and if not wholly free, look at the face and head of the man, through any picture of him ever taken, and see how the ancient creeds had pinched the lips, narrowed and sharpened the eyes, raised the upper regions of the head to splendid altitudes of veneration at the sacrifice of the percepts, and written conformation to the past in every fiber and atom and expression of the face and brain.

Who of us is free? and at what price does any man win freedom? Who is able to pay it? Let scientists halt, and ask themselves at times—was this universe evolved or built by any known Newtonian or Darwinian law after all?

"The Method" was really a new utterance of the old arguments for design and a moral order in nature. That it reached a fifth edition in five years seems to imply that there was more than ordinary force in it. Still further argument of the same intent is found in the tradition that some one having sent a copy of the work to Earl Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that gentleman became so interested in the perusal of "it on a Sunday morning, that he forgot the flight of time and missed his regular attendance at meeting.

To us, after Alexander and Whately, and Dr. McCosh himself in many-fold, abler and maturer productions, "The Method" has a tame and antediluvian cast, to which the world may well say good-bye. It is worth mentioning, however, that "The Method" inspired Earl Clarendon to appoint the Rev. James McCosh professor at Queen's College, Belfast, and so lifted the author out of Scotland and the sphere of the ministry into Ireland, and the distinctive work of his life as an educator, a teacher of, and a writer on mental and moral philosophy, orthodox, but with strong leanings to rationalism and evolution, as we said.

Second—the Irish period of eighteen years at Belfast, the era of maturity.

Tradition affirms that Dr. McCosh (LL.D., Aberdeen, 1850), "drew a large body of students" to Queen's College, took a deep interest in defending the "national system" of education in Ireland, etc. While there he also published jointly with Dr. George Dickie, "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation" (Edinburgh, 1855) and "the Supernatural in Relation to the Natural" (Belfast, 1862). This latter work is named here in advance of "Intuitions of the Mind" (London, 1860), because "The Super-

natural" really belongs, by thought, intent and design, to the earlier period, and, together with "Typical Forms" and the "Divine Method," finishes and concludes the author's treatment of nature and man exclusively from the Biblical, orthodox, theological and purely religious standpoint.

It is claimed, indeed, that "The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural" was intended as the "first part of a general work on the method of divine government, supernatural and spiritual." It is perhaps better to name it as the last part or crowning thought of "The Method" published in 1850, as it aims to follow the divine force and law in the higher, say the highest or spiritual regions and meanings of nature and of man's existence.

Although the work done in "Typical Forms" has been over and over again superseded by specialists during the past generation, the book is beautiful of spirit, clear in its purposes, lucid in expression, precise and readable to this hour. Its first paragraphs tell the united authors' story:

"In taking an enlarged view of the constitution of the material universe, so far as it falls under our notice, it may be discovered that attention, at once extensive and minute, is paid to two great principles or methods of procedure. The one is the *principle of order*, or a general plan, pattern or type, to which every given object is made to conform with more or less precision. The other is the *principle of special adaptation or particular end*, by which each object, while constructed after a general model, is, at the same time, accommodated to the situation which it has to occupy and a purpose which it is intended to serve."

The language is not that of modern science, but all men admit that, in a word, nature is full of typical forms and special ends, with means to those ends; an old, old story, the soul of which, like the soul of all stories, is hid to this day. Darwin and other naturalists have apparently pointed out many exceptions, but "now we know in part" is stamped on all the knowledge of man. Yet I am not an Agnostic; only a Paulist, as here quoted.

There is abundance of culture and faith and sight in "Typical Forms." To some people it is more readable than "David Copperfield," or "Romola," or Darwin's "Origin of Species" to this hour, but it is not inductive—not to any extent. It is Scotch orthodox "intuition."

The beautiful calm found in "Typical Forms" and in the earlier

work on the "Divine Method," written at Brechin, was soon to be broken. Queen's College is not far from Oxford. Skepticism flies on angels' or demons' wings, swifter than an eagle, direct as lightning; at heart it is electricity gone to thought on fire and away.

The "ordained" authors of "Essays and Reviews" were making admissions which touched questions very much nearer the theologian's heart than were ever the meaning and uses of the shell of a crab. The "Essays and Reviews" were scattering what Dr. McCosh, in his "Supernatural in Relation to the Natural" calls "inflammable materials," and "the defenders of the citadel" of God, that is, the Protestant, Puritan citadel, must awake from ease and slumber and publish new arguments on all the old themes of "Providence," "Inspiration" and "Miracles," so called.

People interested in these themes will find them lovingly treated in "The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural." Scientists were asserting the uniformity of nature's action and laws, hence that miracles were impossible. But orthodox Christianity stood on miracles. Its divine method was in danger. Dr. McCosh saw the issue. His work is not inductive, is not conclusive. It simply reasserts what the prophets and apostles have told us touching the relation of God—the soul of the universe—to the universe itself. Inspiration was ridiculed, hence, page 206: "The breath of heaven plays down upon an instrument fashioned on the earth. How the two were conjoined, the natural with the supernatural, I believe the prophets themselves were not able to declare," etc. Quite likely, but modern thought will get at this secret, has already gotten at it and a thousand others that men once held as mysteries. Mrs. Browning's "Great God Pan," Robert Browning's "Rabi Ben Ezra," hint at a solution of the prophets' mystery. "The next statement of religion is to be literary." If the old Scotchmen had lived God's life, Christ's life, instead of Calvin's life, many modern confusions and conflicts might have been avoided, many still unknown mysteries have been solved. But, steady and slow, the universe was not evolved in a day. Dr. McCosh has kept men's minds toward the light rather than given them light. He was no prophet, no genius of the soul. A little later Professor Fisher, of Yale College, published his "Natural and the Supernatural:" no better, no worse.

The generation drifted in flocks, went in flights from old standards of belief in religion and philosophy. Europe's expiring

Deism was a mere streak of mischievous amusement compared with the Straussism, Renanism, Darwinism, Spencerism, Carlyleism and Emersonism, rising on outspread wings while Dr. McCosh was trying to keep the faces of his Irish students toward the old Bible and the old so-called "intuitions" regarding God and immortality. The new eagles of induction simply laughed at the apologetic clergy. As Joseph Cook put it in 1862, the infidelity of the age battered on the imbecility of the pulpit; criticism and doubt and denial had the universe in their grasp, and many an old dream was to be shaken from the stars.

It was and is because Dr. McCosh stood, in intellectual culture, head and shoulders above most of his orthodox contemporaries that he became famous. He has not added a new truth to history, has not even given a new interpretation to any old truth, or to any vexed problem of nature and life; neither has he broken or weakened any strong link in the chain of modern science. But his work was not wholly despicable; was sincere, aimed to be liberal, was learned, accurate, and so modern orthodox philosophy crowned him king of the Lord's hosts in the old world and the new. This is the real reason for explaining his work and its claims; not for what they are, but for what men have held them as being.

While at Belfast instructing others, Dr. McCosh soon learned that the leading question for his generation was not as to design in nature, and somehow and somewhere a designing God or power of God back of and in all this. That question had already gone as far as the old generation, with their old theories, could carry it. The new question was as to man himself. Was he a God in ruins, or an improved ape climbing the higher branches of new trees of life? Was he pack full of hints of old well-nigh lost divine "intuitions," "trailing clouds of glory," or slowly crowning himself with moral and spiritual victories, plucked from the forests and gutters of conquered depravity on the way? Were the elect the elect after all!

To these and kindred problems, viewed in the light of all ancient and modern learning, the new professor of Queen's College gave his cultured mind: a new book was the result.

While in Belfast Dr. McCosh wrote and published his "Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated" (London, 1860). It was and still remains his master work, the utterance of his mature powers. All that has followed has been, in one key and another,

but an echo of it. The gifted theological students of that generation all read it for guidance, marked it, and thought it a lucid work. What has it to say? To be well comprehended it must be studied over and over again by any man who thinks it worth while.

Paragraph second of preface to second edition says: "It is the aim of this work to determine the precise nature of intuition, by which I mean the capacity which the mind has of perceiving objects and truths at once and without a process."

If Dr. McCosh had confined his preface to this one sentence, and had held himself to its solution as a boy or man keeps at a problem in mathematics till it is solved and proved, he would have been a hero, and have won the gratitude of the race. He did not confine himself to this work, did not solve the problem named, did not prove his claim, but he wrote a learned book and other learned books, and has received his rewards.

As a matter of fact, when men speak of an intuition of the mind, they refer, if definite, to a certain specific sight or perception of some certain specific idea, or truth, or object; *not* of the mind's, any mind's "*capacity*" to perceive this or that with or without process.

As a matter of fact, again, the only way to learn whether or not "the mind," any mind, or any phase or incarnation of mind in cat or dog or man, perceives objects or truths "*at once without process*" is to trace the action and make a record of the perceptions of mind in their very simplest and smallest atoms, objects or beings of nature, in which we find mind potentially or actively perceptive, and to follow this thing that men call mind from such simplest, lowest forms of nature, closely till it mounts into Homers and Iliads, Shakespeares and Tempests, Christs and Christianities, —Donnellys and Cryptograms.

In a sense, as we said, Mr. Herbert Spencer set himself to do this. In other senses other men in this age have set themselves to it in the very highest spheres of human thought and worship. In this sense, however, which alone is inductive, Dr. McCosh never set himself to work out his own problem, hence he has not solved it, as we said.

What has he done? He has expounded Plato and Aristotle and Stoicism and the entire Greek philosophy better than they or it had ever been expounded before. He did this in "Intuitions of the Mind," published in 1860,—did it over again in "First and Fundamental Truths," published in 1889. By adhering to his

own Scotch common sense, and following closely the spirit of Sir William Hamilton, one of his greatest masters, he has asserted and reasserted, in the language of philosophy, what no plain, ordinary man needs to have asserted at all—the *actuality and reality of material objects*.

Pages 108, 109, "Intuitions of the Mind:" "We know the object as existing or having being. . . . In our primitive cognitions, we know objects as having an existence independent of the contemplative mind. We know the object as separate from ourselves. . . . In our primitive cognition of body there is involved a knowledge of outness, or externality," etc.

Were a philosopher to hurl these sentences at a lot of miners or teamsters, or a man just kicked by a mule, or at a lot of shrieking railway passengers, just derailed and caught and jammed between burning timbers and roasted by the escaping steam, they would one and all lucidly and justly enough take the philosopher for an altruistic, self-evident fool. But a professor may say many things to students and to cultured people in bound books that he would not dare to say to a set of horse jockeys or printers.

"How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

The paragraphs were needed. Had not Bishop Berkely denied the reality of his own scalp and brain and surplice?

Dr. McCosh was not only a vast improvement on Bishop Berkely and the idealists, but was also an improvement on the German philosophers Kant and Hegel, and also on the Scotch-English philosophers Stewart and Reid, and explained these men better than they had ever explained themselves.

It would be an endless undertaking to follow the professor through the excellences of his work as an expounder of the philosophies of other men. It is more to the purpose to ask what is meant, on pages 108 and 109, by "*our primitive cognition of body*" or of objects? If reference is here made to the quick spontaneous perception or perceptions of an educated, mature man, such as Dr. McCosh was when he wrote this book, no doubt there was a cognition of outness and externality, for instance, in the walls of Queen's College and the hard cash of the professor's salary. Most mature men cognize things in this way, "at once and without process." But the cognition of the fly does not seem to perceive the externality of the flame it flies into. The human infant of nine months

and two or three days does not seem to "know objects as having an existence independent of the contemplative mind;" at least not intuitively and "without process;" as a rule not without several very hard knocks; so perhaps the doctor and the rest of us got our primitive intuitions by somebody's experience after all.

Again, page 177: "Of space in the concrete we have an *immediate* knowledge; . . . with time, also, we have an immediate acquaintance." Have we? and who again are we?—the professors at Belfast, the red men of the desert, the babies of yesterday, the tadpoles of the rivers or the plasmic thought pulses which throb eternally throughout the universe. Let us be inductive, or drop the story of that word from our title pages and our involved dreams.

Something of the difficulty here hinted at seems to have dawned upon Dr. McCosh's mind by the time he wrote and published his "Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy" (London and New York), page 121—Now in a sort of life-and-death grapple with Mr. Mill and Professor Bain: "*The mature man has an idea of extension and a belief in extended objects.*" But the common sense of mankind unites with Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain in asking how did the mature man get to be mature then, and how were his primitive cognitions and intuitions born? How did they grow? How did the mature man get them? Here we touch the story of Eden and a thousand other stories versus Darwinism, and this writer begs to be excused. At least we have a right to take the latest babies born of Calvinistic professors and ask what their primitive intuitions are. A full report on the first year of any modern nursery would outweigh all the professors have said touching the primitive intuitions and cognitions even of the civilized man, that is, as a baby.

There are lots of beautiful and helpful things in this last volume quoted, as in all Dr. McCosh's works. He had traveled a long way in the last ten years. Contact and contest with Mill and Bain and the essays and reviews and a number of thinkers more inductive than himself had led him to drop much of the Baconian nomenclature, and had brought him nearer the realities of nature and human experience. By 1866 he seemed (page 169) to have accepted "the established truths of modern physical science, which show that light and heat are not substances, but vibrations in an ether, and that all the other physical forces are correlated

with them." The ether itself and much of this nonsense all gone, since then, and going, *going*, as the auctioneers say, still the old intuitions were insisted upon, believed in.

Had we to choose between Mill or McCosh, the first of all men, were he wise, would choose McCosh, Calvinism, the Trinity and all, and so climb the eternal spaces; but, thank heaven, there are and are sure to be paths for a brave man's feet unknown to either of these men. As against Mr. Bain and the scientists who thought that, because the sun rose and set regularly, nature never kicked over the traces—never varied from its jog-trot steady rounds among the flowers and the stars—Dr. McCosh and others proved plainly enough that there were numerous wrinkles and kinks in the universal order; lots of chances for earthquakes; many chances for mind cures, faith cures, etc.; that nature, in fact, like the English grammar, was as full of exceptions as laws: "more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of" even in Darwinism. So the tides of time brought our professor to the end of his journey on the Belfast rounds and turned his face toward "the greatest nation in the world."

Third—The American period. We have already named the date of the doctor's immigration to the United States. In 1868 logic was not as popular in America as were Strauss and Dickins and George Eliot and Renan; but in 1869, the year after his arrival, Dr. McCosh published "Laws of Discursive Thought and Treatise on Formal Logic." We had our Coopeé as a relic. Rebellion was down, and reconstruction was under way. There was little chance for logic: a plague on your "Discursive Thought!" Still the students bought and read it; but the nation is hardly more logical on that account. It was a professor's work for students.

Under Dr. McCosh's administration at Princeton College, the staff of professors was increased from seventeen to forty-one, and the average attendance from 264 to 603. He was always a successful man, worked for and found his reward.

In 1871 appeared his "Christianity and Positivism," in which, as both views are contrary to nature and history, there seems to be little help for any man. Positivism never was worth putting down. If a sane man wants proof of this, let him read Comte at first hand; if he wants further proof, let him read Mr. Frederic Harrison's controversy with Herbert Spencer in 1885. Most philosophers may be fools, but an old, wrinkled, sentimental,

illicitly love-sick philosopher is a beautiful object to found a world-wide philosophy and to have followers in London in the year of science and grace, 1889. We have looked into this "Christianity and Positivism," but will pass it here, if you please.

"The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutchison to Hamilton" (1874), is a much more precious and valuable work. In it Dr. McCosh is happy and at home. In it he expounds his master Sir William Hamilton, and praises him as the great clear-headed Sir William deserved to be praised and expounded.

After this came addresses, pamphlets on "Tyndale," "The Emotions," "Criteria," "Energy," "Development," "Locke and Berkely," again, "Agnosticism," "Hume" once more, and a tift with Huxley, "Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as Culminating in His Ethics," "College Education;" finally, as touched by German instrumental, actual measurements of the length, rise and growth of some of our old "primitive intuitions," we have "Psychology, the Cognitive Powers," the old battle, but with new adversaries, and a strange conglomeration is created in consequence.

In 1887, Dr. McCosh combined this philosophic series in two volumes, "Realistic Philosophy," American Realistic Philosophy, so named.

In these volumes the wayfaring man, though a perfect Diogenes—as all American men and Englishmen of this age are supposed to be—may wander at will and be puzzled, but still find himself comparatively at home. Page 236, vol. i, in answer to Professor Galton, of "Hereditary Genius" fame, Dr. McCosh says, as if he knew all about it: "The very purpose of God in governing the world by general laws is to secure that his intelligent creatures may from the past anticipate the future, which they could not do were there no regular law, or if this was disturbed by constant interferences," so that, for instance, no man will again be lunatic enough to live so, that on leaving the world he will cry out in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" even though the cinder and granite heart of the world may be melted by such cry. Dr. McCosh was always practical. In this sentence he seems to be verging round or rising up to the view of nature held by scientists, only with a God in it; that is, the old force called God. In fact, Mr. Spencer has admitted that the great correlative of all correlatives is infinite and absolute. By and by we

shall see that it is also conscious, and there will be room for philosophers, scientists and martyrs as well. But of this not here.

I do not like Dr. McCosh's attitude toward Herbert Spencer, as expressed in the pamphlet named, now in the second volume and right before my eyes for the fourth or fifth time. I think that Herbert Spencer, whom I have never professed to follow or greatly admire, shows more religion and true perception of the spiritual source and center and law of this universe in his latest utterance than has been shown by all his opponents together. Dr. McCosh cavils with Herbert Spencer. He does not argue with him or attempt to disprove the great Englishman's ethical and spiritual conclusions.

Let us hasten to the end. In 1889, just previous to an illness which threatened to be fatal, Dr. McCosh published "First and Fundamental Truths." It is simply a *resumé* of all that he had said before; there are new relative attitudes, new expressions, but the same erect, indefinite discursive attitude toward nature and truth and science, with new and concise reviews of the old pets in his own line of thought.

Page 99: "Hamilton admits all I am pleading for. I know myself as a force in energy, the not-self as a counter-force in energy." The illuminated Brahmen, centuries ago, knew better than this, but in some sense these words show the approach theology is making toward the facts of nature, the language of science, the being of God—if you please. If the reader desires to get all he can of Dr. McCosh at a bound, without reading through all these volumes, without needless process, let him take the "last first" and go no further. It will do.

W. H. T.

A GRAND JURY ON THE FAITH CURE.

“NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1889.—An inquest on the death of Martha Olsen, the Brooklyn Faith Curist, who died Thursday, at the residence of Carl Olsen, was held to-night by Coroner Rooney and a jury. The following verdict was rendered:

“We find that the said Martha Olsen came to her death by typhoid fever, while under the care and guardianship of Carl Olsen, and we further find that her death was due to his criminal negligence in not securing a physician for her in time, and for not carrying out said physician’s instructions when communicated to him. And we respectfully call the attention of the Grand Jury to the vicious practices which are carried on by members of the sect or religious organization to which the deceased and the prisoner belonged.”

The regulation newspapers treat Mrs. Olsen as a victim of “Faith Cure,” and find, in her death, another opportunity of poking fun at the “*faith cure*.” The simple facts in the case appear to be as follows:

First. The woman was sick of and died of typhoid fever. Lots of people are dying all the time of typhoid fever. The physicians cure but comparatively few patients that are seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Second. Many well-read and thinking people know or believe that competent physicians are very scarce: on the whole, that physicians kill more people every year by far than they cure.

Third. The so-called miraculous cures attributed to Jesus in the New Testament are almost invariably ascribed by *him* to the faith exercised by the persons cured. Either he was fooling his patients or their faith cured them, or the stories are myths. I am satisfied that many of the cures were performed, and that through faith.

Fourth. Precisely the same forces for the generation of faith and for the application of faith to the cure of certain specific diseases are in the world at this hour that were in the world nineteen hundred years ago, and beyond question a great many people are cured of

a great many ailments in these days by the laying on of competent hands and by faith. No cranks or knaves need be exalted by this admission. They are not the people who work cures.

Fifth. Mr. and Mrs. Olsen might or might not have been victims of a delusion. It is far more likely that they were the victims of bad drainage, the result of scientific plumbing; of bad air, the result of overcrowding, or of bad water, or of uncleanness, and so of typhoid fever.

Sixth. For a *grand jury* or other jury to reflect upon Olsen for not securing a physician—a competent physician, in time—is very much as if a grand jury should reflect upon Olsen for not getting an honest priest to aid his wife toward her departure, the real trouble in the case being the scarcity and cost of the article in demand.

Finally, there is no known killing power in faith, and if grand juries, lawyers, doctors and priests better understood it they would much less frequently resort to many things and methods known to destroy both body and soul.

APPEAL.

OH! Love, whom I so love, in this sore strait
 Of thine fail not. Below thy very feet
 I kneel, so much I reverence thee, so sweet
 It is to every pulse of mine to wait
 Thy lightest pleasure, and to bind my fate
 To thine by humblest service. Incomplete
 All heaven, Love, if there thou dost not greet
 Me, with perpetual need which I can sate,
 I and no other! So I dare to pray
 To thee this prayer. It is not wholly prayer.
 The solemn worship of the ages lay
 Even on God a solemn bond. I dare—
 Thy worshiper, thy lowly, loving mate—
 I dare to say, Oh Love, thou *must* be great!

H. H.

NOVELS AND CRITICISM.

CHECK AND COUNTER-CHECK, BY BRANDER MATTHEWS AND GEORGE H. JESSOP.—THE WITNESS OF THE SUN, BY AMELIE RIVES.—GUILDEROY, BY OUIDA; J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., PHILADELPHIA, 1888-89.—THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON, PHILADELPHIA PRESS, 1888.—OTHER CRITICISMS.

MORE than a year ago, when I was expecting to issue the first number of *THE GLOBE*, but was prevented from doing so by illness, I had written an extended review of a combination novel, called "Check and Counter-Check," by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, published originally in *Lippincott's Magazine*. I retain a portion of that notice in this article mainly, however, to contrast the work censured with other, more recent and better work printed in the same periodical and published by the same publishers.

In its general slovenliness, lack of refined taste and recreancy to true moral principles, "Check and Counter-Check" seemed to me worthy of the severest condemnation. As to its tone of conversation, the talk of a first-class bar-room in London, Berlin, Boston or Philadelphia would have more wit and less slang, and more general reverence in it than the reader will find in this novel. As to moral principles, it seems apparent that the writers and the characters they portray have no perception of these. They are among the lost arts of savages who neither wrote nor read combination stories; as to characterization there is but one person touched in the story in a manner at once attractive and vivid, and she only incidentally through a hurried chat in a street car; and the one man of any firmness of character or good sense, or real wit, is the man who was meant to be rendered odious because of his birth as a Polish Jew, and his calling as a pawnbroker.

Mr. Michael Zalinski, pawnbroker, of Bleeker Street, New York, was perfectly lucid and correct when he said of Mr. Paul Stuyvesant, law professor at Columbia College, and the hero of this story,

"Iky vos right. No Mulperry Street apout him. He vos no cop; not'ing but a tem fool." And heaven only knows what a book critic, with half of Mr. Zalinski's wit, would say about the entire circle in this combination story.

Though omitting much, I will give the reader a few specimens even at the risk of advertising this work; for, of course, I am aware that to abuse a thing, and say "don't touch it," is to send every admonished Eve's daughter toward that particular apple, and aid its sale; a proof of many things; among others, the latent truth of the now well-despised but famous old Eden story:

"Mr. Paul Stuyvesant's bachelor apartment was on the seventh floor of a tall building overlooking a broad square almost in the center of New York. Years ago the broad square had been named in honor of an American President; and the tall building, only recently remodeled, now recalled the title of an English duke. The building was as solid as the nobleman was stolid; and it lifted its roof high over its neighbors with as haughty an air of superiority as even an English peer can achieve. Its lower floor, level with the street, was a single huge store wherein one of the chief jewelers of the world vended his glittering wares. Most of the rooms on the second floor were leased by a sporting club, composed of fast and fashionable young men, many of whom, having taken to horses, were now making ready to go to the dogs. The upper floors were devoted to apartments for bachelors; and into these, as into the monastery on Mount Athos, no women were allowed to enter save when one of the inhabitants asked a married sister to matronize a flock of girls who came to have a cup of tea, ostensibly, and in reality to investigate the bachelors' den.

"From the seventh floor the outlook was wider than it was below."

Naturally: outlooks from seventh floors are usually a little wider than from the basement. But that is a trifle. Most novelists and editors take it for granted in these days that the world, as Goethe says, "is one enormous fool," and either does not understand the difference between seventh stories and basements, or will not mind being told it over and over again in cheap novels.

I must here assure the reader that nothing of any human interest ever occurs in this seventh story room, though "it lifted its roof high over its neighbors with as haughty an air of superiority as even an English peer can achieve:" further, that even a seventh story

room, in New York, does not lift its roof, but is simply covered by it. Still, admitting that Mr. Paul Stuyvesant's room might have had unexpressed, incipient though dormant potentialities above and beyond ordinary seventh story rooms, even in New York, such a room would not *lift* its roof high or low *over* its neighbors, but *above* them, higher than they, and would, even in New York, have sense enough to keep its own roof *over* its own head. Further, that if the writers of this combination play had, either of them, ever seen an English peer with his neighbors, the writer or writers might have learned that the sort of manner here described is not the habit of peers among peers, however they may snub a novelist once in a while.

I am aware that these things are trifles, and they would not be worth noticing if they were not typical of the prevailing ignorance and blundering of the entire story, proving simply that these authors have no natural or moral right to be authors, and ought to be at some other trade, no matter how popular their wares have become through one means and another.

Let us dismiss this haughty seventh story room, and let me assure the reader that all that is said about it and, in fact, more than nine-tenths of the entire story are simply the dullest, coarsest penny-a-line padding to be found in average respectable modern literature.

Let us leave the seventh story room and get out of doors :

"This morning there was neither dust nor noise. Almost the first snow-storm of the winter had come and gone during the night. A white blanket covered the cornices of the building across the way, and the cross-pieces of the giant telegraph poles were incrustated with sparkling crystals. The thin layer of snow clogged the car-tracks on the street far below and deadened the sound of the horses' feet. The roar of the traffic of the great city arose muffled."

New York writers may know what is meant by "almost the first snow-storm." It really means nothing, and is simply a clumsy, inelegant expression. But this "almost the first snow-storm had come and *gone* during the night." Still a "thin layer of snow clogged the car-tracks," while every man who has ever seen a snow-storm that has come and *gone* in the night or day in a city knows that the first place such a snow-storm vanishes from is the car-track. At the opening of chapter ii, "It was

past ten o'clock when Stuyvesant came out of his bedroom into the parlor. He crossed over to one of the windows and threw it open. A cloud of tiny particles of frozen snow blew into the room, scintillating in the sunshine," that is, the snow was *frozen*, actually, even in New York. Paul Stuyvesant "stepped to the table in the center of the room and took up the photograph frame which stood there. He parted the velvet curtains and gazed intently on the face of the woman they had concealed. It was a pretty face; and he looked at it long and lovingly; then he kissed it once, twice, thrice, and set it back on the table. It was a photograph of Miss Katharine Vaughn." But he did not part "the velvet curtains;" they were simply little velvet doors well known as belonging to such photograph frames; and the whole passage is a mawkish, blundering piece of sentimentality; and he was a professor of law, and Miss Vaughn was his bride-elect.

Mr. Charles Vaughn was Miss Katharine's brother, and he was an artist; and here is a letter of his written to his prospective brother-in-law:

January 2d.

DEAR POST SCRIPT:—Perhaps you may remember that you promised to go with me Saturday to see the new pictures. If you don't recall the circumstance this will serve to remind you of it, while it informs you that the engagement is off! I can't meet you because I'm to meet the Bishop of Tuxedo to talk about a stained-glass window for his new church. You know he is a man of the world—they used to call him the Apostle to the genteels—and I think I shall suggest Dives and Lazarus as a subject. With some new ruby glass I have just seen I can put Dives in a red-hot hell. That's a job would that have puzzled Titian! I rob you, Paul (of an appointment), to pay St. Peter—that's the name of the new church.—So long,

CHARLEY.

P.S.—I've been trying to read this, and it seems scarcely legible. I see I haven't put in the commas and things. Season to suit yourself. I hold that punctuation is the thief of time. C. V.

This is a fair specimen of the coarse, mere chestnut wit with which Mr. Charles Vaughn proceeds at great length in other letters and conversations to entertain the refined, Christian readers of this story.

Miss Katharine Vaughn, however, is the worst specimen of com-

mon slang-culture in the story. Along in the heart of the novel, where this young lady has her first recorded dainty interview with the professor of the law, she informs him that she is going to "a grabiola."

"A what?" he inquired, surprised by this strange *vocable*.

"A grabiola," she replied, laughing; "*that's* what I call it. It is a girl's lunch where there are so many of us that we *don't* sit down, but have to stand around and *grab* our food the best way we can. *That's* a grabiola. *I hate 'em generally*; even regular sit-down luncheons are poky enough, goodness knows."

"Then why go to this one?"

"Because——" She hesitated.

"Because?"

"Well, if you must know, I want to go because *there'll* be lots of girls there that I haven't seen since our engagement was announced, and *they'll* all have to congratulate me. I like that. Besides, some of them will be so envious *that they'll be green*; and I like to see them *step up to the captain's office and pay over their little compliment*."

Stuyvesant laughed gently.

"What a little vixen *I'm* going to have for a wife!" he said.

"If you are frightened at the prospect——" she began.

"I hope I don't look scared," he interrupted.

"If you could hear the way some of those girls talk you would be scared out of your seven senses. Are there seven senses, or five, or three?—I always forget," she asked, with amusing frankness.

"And how can you expect me to remember," he answered, gallantly, "when you know that I always lose my senses in your presence?"

"That's not so bad—for a beginning," said the young lady. "Go up head!"

"It is to be noted that Miss Katharine Vaughn had caught from her artist brother a certain *pictorial vivacity* of language which often came perilously close to the *verge of slang*. But her lover was under the spell, as a lover should be, and he was ready to pick up for a pearl or a ruby whatever might fall from her lips."

Perhaps the combination wrote this story to show that New York professors of law and their young lady sweethearts and *their*

artist brothers are low and common vulgar boors without either wit or native or other true refinement or culture. But this can hardly be so.

M. Zalinski and his smart clerk are an immense relief to this dull coarseness.

Further along Paul Stuyvesant, for reasons given, suspects that his prospective brother-in-law has stolen Titian's Mary Magdalen, and, during the episode growing out of this stupid suspicion, proves himself the "*tem fool*" M. Zalinski called him.

Finally it turns out that Mr. Charles Vaughn, artist, had not stolen the actual Mary Magdalen; he had only bribed the concierge of Mr. "Sam Sargent's" Paris apartments, and so had *copied* Titian's masterpiece without the consent of its owner. He had done this for a present to the coming wedded pair. He was simply a freebooter. Mr. Stuyvesant had seen the copy and had taken it for the original! But when the facts, as just stated, were discovered, neither the law professor nor Miss Vaughn nor Charles had any serious questionings or scruples, but all of them started off in a gay mood to visit Miss Gladys Tennant, Charles Vaughn's intended, and the only endurable character among the respectable persons of the story; and she probably holds her own simply because the bunglers who made the story say so little about her.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

In happy contrast with "Check and Counter-Check" is the story above named, by Robert Louis Stevenson, which appeared in two Sunday issues of the *Philadelphia Press*, and which was concluded in the paper dated January 1st, 1888.

John Nicholson, otherwise called Fatty, a Scotch boy, of good family, easy morals, generous nature, but, at bottom, of good character and of true modesty as regards the fair sex, was sent by his father, on a Saturday afternoon, to deposit a sum of money in the bank. Instead, John dropped into a billiard-room on the way, met a crony there, was late for banking hours, made another appointment with his companion to spend the evening at a questionable resort for fast young men, and toward midnight, falling among thieves, was robbed of the money that should have been in bank, and himself brought under arrest. Exposure was necessary, and confession was duly made to Father Nicholson the next morning, after family prayers, and before church. The

father being a just and proud man was deeply hurt, so deeply that he did not realize the hurt of his son, but went to church, and left John feeding on his own shame for his morning worship.

Naturally, John dropped into the old gentleman's library, saw money around in moderate plenty; helped himself to a portion, and left the paternal roof that same Sunday morning for California.

In San Francisco, John found employment in a bank, and speculated in stocks; in ten years grew rich, and resolved to return home; pay his father the amount taken; make up and have a clean reunion. Before leaving California, during vacation, John had intrusted some of the bank's money to the hands of a fellow-clerk for deposit. The money was never deposited, and John was held responsible. A cable dispatch sent to Scotland reached John's home before John himself; found its way to his father, and seemed to prove that the son was wholly bad. The result was that when John met his father that just man ordered him out of doors, without waiting to hear any explanation.

John had other misadventures, but finally reached the paternal mansion, found there the love of his youth now grown to womanhood, stouter and heavier than John's early dream, but still true-hearted, etc.

In all there were about thirteen columns of the *Philadelphia Press*; some typographical errors; not good print to read; nothing attractive in the way of outward appearance, and some indications that the work itself had been done in a very rapid, if not hurried manner. But there is not a line of padding; no false or low readings of human nature; everywhere the moralities and chastities of life are held in the clear blue ether and are well understood: incident follows incident in such rapid manner, yet so naturally, that the reader is furnished with what, in itself, was a more or less stupid and uninteresting personal career; and the whole story, while true to life, and touching some of its vilest phases, leaves the reader charmed with the genius of the writer, and with some faith in and hope for mankind.

I make the contrast to observe, first, that mere writing is not literature; second, that the "Check and Counter-Check" sort of writing does not require as much intellect or culture as that possessed by average good mechanics or clerks in our stores, and is in itself and in its influence only similar to the low-grade products of many of our low-grade industries.

Third, that good writing in any sphere requires a very different grade of talent, and it is time that intelligent people awoke to the sort of so-called literary entertainment given them in these days.

My respect for the patience and good sense of editors and publishers is akin to reverence. I know what they have to endure from the creators and critics of their wares. But there really is a vast difference between good writing and bad writing, and between work that has a healthy moral influence and work that has an unhealthy immoral influence upon its readers. It is not always easy to detect this in manuscript, and the conscienceless writer has a thousand ways of deceiving the much-enduring editor. All that I say here or elsewhere is meant only to aid the pure and the true on all sides, and never to hurt any man's business, or any man's feelings. We are all responsible for our published words.

MORE NOVELS AND CRITICISMS.

Plainly the popular taste is sensational and not discriminating. Shall a man educate this taste and perish, or pander to it and prosper? This soliloquy comes of a perusal of the current September and October numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. In the September number I find the "Pine and the Palm," by William S. Walsh, entertaining beyond expectation, but on finding in the denouement that it is only another practical joke, am provoked that I allowed myself to be entertained. Again I find "How Plays are Made," by Julian Magnus, well written and entertaining. These two articles, to me, constitute the literature of the number. The many thousand readers of the *Magazine*, however, are supposed to read it for Edgar Fawcett's "Solarion." As Browning put it long ago, "Ten men love what I hate:" and as Goethe hinted still longer ago, "That which I care most to utter is what no man wants to hear." The stars and the future must be our judges. I see clearly enough what this sensational literature is doing with the moral sense of our generation. By-and-by all men will see. In the October *Lippincott's* I find that Mrs. Wister's few pages touching the correspondence of John Lothrop Motley constitute the literature of the number. Nothing could induce me to read T. C. De Leon's "Creole and Puritan." Such writing ought never to be written or read, nevertheless thousands of people read it with avidity

and consider any man impertinent who questions their taste or their literary judgment.

To me it is infinitely refreshing to turn from "Solarion" and the "Creole and Puritan" to "The Witness of the Sun" by Amelie Rives, same publishers. In the first place, "The Witness of the Sun" is good writing—passionate? All life worth depicting is passionate. It is only a question of how you tell the story: fluently, in the way of art, or bunglingly and extravagantly in the way of exaggeration approaching the grotesque. The credit of finding Amelie Rives belongs largely to *Lippincott's Magazine*, and this alone to my mind covers a multitude of sins. "The Witness of the Sun" is pure art: true to life, and intense only as love is always intense. There are no needless noises and adjectives in it; no padding, no posing for portraits and situations. All these flow out of the facts and the facts out of the soul of the gifted author as light from the sun and beauty and fragrance from the rose.

With the exception of the *Press* story by Robert Louis Stevenson, this notice happens to deal with novels published by the *Lippincott's*; and I have saved Ouida's "Guilderoy" till the last to praise it, as I have always praised her splendid work, and to put some of its clear-cut, graphic touches in contrast with previous quotations. It is simple nonsense to blame Ouida for picturing situations that occur all the while in our best and in our worst society. The situations and passions and blunders she deals with are the legitimate and only interesting affairs of world-wide fiction. And they are fascinating simply because they hold the mirror up to nature, and meanwhile keep nature and the mirror measurably clean.

There is not space here to tell Ouida's last story; I only wish to recall the quality of her work and so close this notice with a few touches that are art and wisdom combined. It were easy to say that "Guilderoy" has Ouida's old-time, splendid hero—lots of impure insinuations, compromising situations and impossible moral victories—and so, prude-like, pretend to lay the book aside. But here are three hundred and thirty-five closely printed pages. They are as true to nature as brooklets, mountain peaks and flowers. They flow like brilliant conversation, touched not spoiled with finest wine. There are no flaws, no rifts in the lute, no padding. It is not only good writing, but it is the very best of writing. It is to the writing of Brander Matthews & Co. what the art of Raphael is to the art that produced Mr. Fawcett's last public por-

trait. Ouida has more plot, more art, more wisdom in one novel than the combination gentlemen will ever be able to find in life or to work into all the stories they may ever write of it.

The book opens :

"Lord Guilderoy had written a few pages of an essay on the privileges and the duties of friendship.

"Friendship is generally cruelly abused by those who profess it," he had written with much truth. "It is too often supposed, like love, to carry with it an official right to that kind of candor which is always insolence."

Here is a woman who has used her eyes and knows how to record their visions, how to catch other seeing eyes. Further along—"What inferior creatures we are to women!" thought Guilderoy. "We are fools enough to be troubled by what seems to us an equivocal situation, a want of decency or dignity, but a woman carries off any false position with the most consummate ease; she is never at a loss for brilliant conventionalities, she is never shaken by a consciousness of inopportune memories; you may have left her chamber half an hour before, but she will present you with perfect self-possession to her acquaintances in her drawing-room."

The immorality is not in the writing, but in life. Guard that as the treasure of angels, but use your senses, your eyes.

Here is another opportunity: Gladys Vernon, a refined country girl, is married to Lord Guilderoy, immediately becomes a woman, a lady, has been in the habit of confiding in her father, John Vernon, and confides in him still, so far as nature, changed nature, will allow.

"Father, do tell me," she said, in a very low voice, "how shall I ever know if he really loves me?" . . .

"Do *you* care for him?" he said, looking her full in the face.

"Yes." . . .

He laid his hands on her shoulders and kissed her forehead.

"Then, my dear," he said, gravely, do not ask yourself what is or what is not the measure of his love. Make yours so great, and keep it so patient, that it shall be a treasure he can never get elsewhere, so only will you ever attain or bestow real happiness. Do not analyze either love or happiness too much. They are like flowers—like butterflies—they die beneath the lens of the microscope."

I could multiply noted passages to the end of the story. But

I weary, and the reader may weary. And why rob genius of its own? Read Guilderoy, read it for its art, for its wisdom, for its philosophy, for its culture, for its truth. A plague upon your made-to-order philosophical novel, and all cheap talk about such. It takes a philosopher to write a philosophical novel. Goethe had to write that way. Ouida writes philosophical novels, but nobody dreams of calling them such.

From the day George Lewes played second-best lover to Miss Evans, and talked to her of the difficulty of writing dialogue, every boy critic has exaggerated the difficulty of writing dialogue. The difficulty of true art in writing is not in writing good dialogue, but in writing well at all.

There are five thousand reporters in the United States, all of whom can write excellent dialogue, so far as the mere mechanical construction is concerned, as good as George Eliot's, but not ten of them can write a strong intelligent sentence about anything.

At times I have been mildly accused of manifesting, in my journalistic work and in my book, a prejudiced unfairness toward women and their creations. In closing this article, I notice that, inadvertently, in reviewing these Lippincott publications, I have abused the crudities of three excellent gentlemen, and unstintedly praised the writings of three accomplished women.

This was utterly undesigned, and it is no new feature of my work. I was one of the first American critics to detect and praise the genius of Miss Burnett, of Miss Murfree (Cradock) and of Amelie Rives. While ninety per cent. of American critics were poking fun at Ella Wheeler, I persisted that the girl had poetic genius, albeit she was a little slovenly in the use of it. And it is so many years ago that I began to notice the delicious refinement of Mrs. Wister's renderings of German fiction, that it seems like an old, old story. Most of these are Lippincott gems.

I know no sex in art or in any true work. Woman, at her best, is divine, and, in common with all good men, I worship her. At her worst, in art, or elsewhere, I simply let her alone. But bungling male artists must take their turn as I take mine.

W. H. T.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia has the greatest, the grandest and the most shamefully neglected and mismanaged public park in the whole world.

Philadelphia has the greatest, the ugliest, the most elaborate and the most dangerous public or private single building in existence—a building, though beautiful in many of its minor and unoriginal designs, that is an insult to all true architecture—a building that, in the site it occupies, is an insult to all human justice, and a building that, in its already crumbling condition, is a menace to the safety of all people who work in or pass through it.

Though fallen from its once proud position as the leading American city in population, politics, education, social life, literature, commerce and manufacturing, Philadelphia still covers a greater number of acres, has a greater number of dwelling houses and a far greater number of dried-out political fossils who profit by and fatten on these advantages than has any other city in the Union. For society we now have a small group of old and new “dry bones” and a few precocious children. In the matter of literature we are stronger than ever. For commerce we have—tell it not in Gath! even the country people will not believe you.

Experts say that Philadelphia is at once the wisest, stupidest, slowest, slyest, and in a quiet way the most sensual and intemperate city in the United States.

The *Philadelphia Record*, October 2d, 1889, made the following statement touching the comparative tidewater frontage and exports of our leading seven Atlantic coast cities. In tidewater advantages “Philadelphia leads them all,” as follows: “Philadelphia, 40 miles; New York, 39 miles; Boston, 32 miles; Charleston, 9 miles; Baltimore, 7 miles; Portland, 7 miles; Savannah, 3 miles. The subcommittee of Philadelphia’s commercial organizations which has been considering the decadence of the city presents the following table of values of exports leaving the seven principal ports in 1888: New York, \$301,486,784; Boston, \$55,482,664; Baltimore, \$46,212,036; Philadelphia, \$28,733,415; Savannah, \$20,256,113; Charles-

ton, \$15,464,752; Portland, \$1,377,680." The *Record's* comment on this is as follows: "First in her facilities, this city has fallen to fourth place in actual trade, and solely on account of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's long-continued fight against competitive railroads."

A broader or less prejudiced view sees many other and deeper causes for this decadence than the one named by the *Record*. The other causes need an article all to themselves. Well looked into, it will be found that the Pennsylvania Railroad simply minds its own business as a common carrier of human and other freight; and any ordinary stage-driver would tell a Philadelphia editor that there was more profit in a long haul than a short one.

Of course there are in Philadelphia many splendid industries and many beautiful charities worthy the admiration and emulation of all men. But in the great comparative race for power and leadership among the famous cities of the nation, Philadelphia is conspicuous as a place that has fallen behind its rivals. In due time THE GLOBE will point out the deeper, underlying reasons of these ancient and modern failures and successes.

"KEEP ME CLOSE TO THEE."

"I HIDE me close to Thee, my God,
 Aye, close to Thee!
 None else can know my bitterness of grief,
 Nor any heart save Thine can bring relief.
 I fear my hands may slip from off their hold,
 The winds are keen, the storm is very cold,
 But if Thou hold me I can still endure
 Till night is past and morning breaketh sure—
 Oh! keep me close to Thee, my God!
 Aye, close to Thee!"

Charleston News and Courier.

ERRORS AND CONCEITS OF JOURNALISM.

FREDERICK II OR III (?).—HURON AND NORTH DAKOTA, PUBLIC LEDGER, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1888; JULY, 1889.—CRITICISM OF RUSKIN, PHILADELPHIA PRESS, 1889.

IN its columns of foreign gossip, borrowed from New York Sunday papers, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of Monday, September 24th, 1888, repeatedly referred to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany as "Frederick II," for the same reason, no doubt, that the managing editor of another Philadelphia paper, many years ago, changed the expression "Father Fritz" to "Father William" in a German article I had written for his paper, the reason, namely, that the newspaper managing editor, though usually a bright and good fellow, is apt to be as conversant with current news as he is apt to be ignorant of European history and literature.

Careful readers of history know that "Frederick the Great" was Frederick II, and that his general familiarity with his soldiers led them to name him "Father Fritz," and he to name them "my children," a sort of relationship that has never since existed between any Prussian or German King and his troops, and is not likely to be developed between the present Emperor William and his regiments, spite of his boasted enthusiasm over the German army. Affection is based on principles, not on cant,—not even on military cant.

Having mentioned these newspaper errors touching Frederick III's numerical order of kingship, that is, among the Prussian Fredericks, it may only be just to the *Public Ledger* to state that while in its borrowed columns of foreign gossip on the following Monday, October 1st, 1888, Frederick was cautiously referred to as the "Late Emperor," "Crown Prince," etc., without any numerical designation, he was, in the *Public Ledger* for October 8th, 1888, duly and correctly named as Frederick III. Meanwhile there was not, so far as I am aware, any open correction or ac-

knowledge of the earlier errors ; and in what appeared to be an editorial prelude to the European budget of October 8th, in which this correction was made, we learn, for the first time in history, that "on the field of Sadowa the victorious army of Prussia was led by the then Crown Prince, Unser Fritz, the late Frederick III," bound to get him right at last, and give him all his honors in a heap. But the Emperor William himself was leader of the "Prussian army ;" more strictly, Von Moltke was its leader ; the Crown Prince led only one of the three great divisions of the Prussian army at Sadowa, and was not on the ground till many hours after the great battle had gone on. But I am not pruning Frederick's honors.

I do not read the *Public Ledger* regularly. Life is too short. I am also aware that mistakes will occur in the best regulated newspaper offices. Mistakes like the former, however, indicate that incompetent, unread men are set to do very important work, and where there is as much money made and spent as in the *Public Ledger* office, there should be greater accuracy on themes and persons of such importance.

On the Fourth of July of the present year, 1889, I happened to be reading the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. I had already glanced over the *Philadelphia Times* and one of the New York papers. In the *Public Ledger* I found, among other patriotic and political matter, the statement that the Constitutional Convention for Northern Dakota would meet at Huron, D. T., that day, and, I think, in the same issue it was noted that the Hon. S. S. Cox (since deceased) would deliver the opening address at said Constitutional Convention for Northern Dakota, meeting that day at Huron.

I used to have a great deal of respect for and confidence in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, based, no doubt, like a good deal of ancient and modern respect, mainly on ignorance regarding the merits of the person or thing respected. On this Fourth of July in question I had noticed that the Dakota dispatches in the other newspapers were to the effect that the Constitutional Convention for Northern Dakota would meet that day at Bismarck, North Dakota, and that the Constitutional Convention for Southern Dakota would meet that day at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I had traveled over much of the Territory in 1878-79, and I knew that somebody had blundered.

At a glance I remembered that Huron was not in Northern Dakota at all, but in South Dakota, and that, therefore, the Constitutional Convention for Northern Dakota would certainly not be meeting on the Fourth of July or on any other day in the year at Huron. After a moment's thought I also remembered that both the Dakotas were strongly Republican in politics, and as Mr. S. S. Cox was a well-known and eloquent Democrat, the Constitutional Convention of North Dakota meeting anywhere on this earth would certainly not invite Mr. Cox to make the opening address or any address at its meeting or meetings.

In a word, I saw that it was another of the *Ledger's* wiseacre blunders, saw that in all probability some friend of the New York Senator had simply fooled the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, and that in all probability there was some friend of the Senator's in the *Ledger* office at once ignorant of the facts and quite ready to be fooled. After satisfying myself that the *Ledger* was in error, I sat down and wrote a careful and very polite letter to the editor-in-chief of the *Ledger*, pointing out the *Ledger's* blunders and ignorance as to the geography and politics of the new States, and also explained to the editor-in-chief the different localities of all the three towns named, and emphasized the political aspect of the blunder.

I learned afterward that the editor-in-chief of the *Public Ledger* was ill at the time at Cape May, so I presume my letter did not reach him till next day, too late to save the *Public Ledger* from a still more egregious blunder on the 5th of July.

On that day the intelligent and trusting readers of the *Public Ledger* were treated to a special dispatch to the *Ledger* from *Huron, Dakota*, stating that at the Constitutional Convention meeting there on the Fourth the Hon. S. S. Cox had delivered the opening address, etc., and the *Ledger* forthwith gave nearly a column of this marvelous address. In my letter to the editor-in-chief I had intimated that what had probably taken place on the Fourth at Huron was a regular Western Fourth of July picnic, at which the Hon. S. S. Cox was to orate, as the Western people call that sort of talk.

I have no doubt the hoax was one of the late Senator's last jokes in this world. In one sense he deserved to die for daring to play such a joke on Publisher Childs and Editor McKean, and that, too, while the latter was ill at Cape May, and the *Ledger*, for the time, in the hands of incompetent and nameless persons. But surely any man in charge of the *Ledger* in the chief's absence ought

to have known enough of Dakota geography and politics not to be caught in such inexcusable blunders.

Although my letter of the Fourth of July was very polite, involved considerable labor and contained information badly needed in the *Ledger* editorial rooms, it received no acknowledgment whatever, until many weeks afterward, when, having occasion to write to the editor-in-chief of the *Public Ledger* on another matter, I received a curt reply, on the new topic, and a rude reference to my letter of correction which the editor-in-chief of the *Ledger*, in his august blindness, spoke of as my "complaining letter," etc. It was not a "complaining letter." It was a polite letter making an important correction, and any gentleman would have treated it with honor and remuneration.

Of course, the *Ledger* never corrected its Dakota blunders. Newspaper editors are far more infallible than the Pope. Still, newspaper readers are constantly presumed to be wiser than the editors and to find out the real facts for themselves. After a few days the *Public Ledger* began to get correct dispatches from Bismarck and Sioux Falls, and so fell into line with its contemporaries in publishing the true facts. Newspaper men in general would doubtless laugh at me for presuming that the *Ledger* could or ought to "catch on" to any fact till it was a week old.

My experience, however, compels me in honesty to say that the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia appears to me to be about as prompt, complete and reliable in its publishing of the news as any other newspaper in the United States. In fact, since the *Ledger* enlarged its size a year ago, it publishes much of its news twice over. Its editorials are and long have been noted for their goody-two-shoes sort of on-both-sides-of-the-fence moralizing. The editor-in-chief seems to know that ninety per cent. of the human race must be gulled or lost, and the *Ledger* does not want to lose anything. The *Ledger* has its good points, not now to be named, and it is dignified even in its blunders.

One supreme excellence of the *Public Ledger* ought not to be passed over in silence here. I refer to its uniform typical fairness to all classes of advertisers. The business management of the *Ledger* has, in fact, made its reputation and its fortune. During the recent great London strike the *Ledger* printed a good advisory editorial and immediately spoiled its effect by suggesting that somebody cable its advice to London, as if there were no heads with brains

in them among all the editors, statesmen, business men and clericals of that great city. But even in this the motives of the *Ledger* were no doubt pure. It was only one of those little conceits that great men fall into sometimes in moments of their greatest mental, moral and other exaltation. These hints are only fraternal. I, too, have stumbled, and have been chided now and again. I could write a book on the *excellences* of modern journalism. They are too numerous to mention.

THE PRESS ON RUSKIN.

I recently found the following bit of delightful criticism lying upon my desk, accompanied with a written note or comment, as follows: "This is the talk of an ignorant, impudent boy." The heading of the matter read, "*How to take Ruskin.*" The criticism is from a copy of the *Philadelphia Sunday Press* for August, 1889. It is so like very much of our newspaper and magazine talk about Ruskin that it has seemed to me worthy of special notice in THE GLOBE. It represents alike the *blunders* and *conceits* of modern journalism. The writer's name is signed, and he uses the personal pronoun, saying of Ruskin:

"I took him seriously for years. There was a time when my veneration of his name could hardly have fallen short of his own lofty reverence for himself. That is the spell the 'Modern Painters' throws round the youth who does not know how to paint. Then those elephantine opuscles appeared—the 'Ethics of the Dust,' and so on—and before the depressing jocundity of their dialogue, the impossible figure of Mr. Ruskin, that had filled my eye to the full, was reduced to reasonable proportions. The publication of the autobiography gradually completed the disillusion; and now I think I know how to take John Ruskin. I take him seriously no more.

"That is to say, as medicine; what Mr. Arnold called 'tonic' reading. But I take him in small doses, and hence I find 'Prae-terita' very palatable—this third chapter of the third volume (New York: John Wiley and Sons) not excepted. One thing in it has begotten this brief chat. Ruskin recalls his first meeting at Sallerches with Charles Eliot Norton, 'a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind,' and with 'no taint of American ways.' He then goes on to say: 'Since that day at Sallerches it has become a matter of the most curious speculation to me what sort of soul

Charles Norton would have become if he had had the blessings to be born an English Tory or a Scotch Jacobite or a French Gentleman or a Savoyard Count. . . . Then to have read the 'Fioretti di San Francesco' (which he found out, New Englander though he was, before I did), in earliest boyhood; then to have been brought into instructively grievous collision with commerce, liberty and Evangelicalism at Geneva; then to have learned political economy from Carlyle and me; and finally devoted himself to write the history of the Bishops of Sion! What a grand, happy, consistent creature he would have been, while now he is as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory, and twenty times more a slave than the blackest nigger he ever set his white scholars to fight the South for, because all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master—while only about the thirtieth or fortieth part of Charles Norton's effective contents and capacity are beneficently spent in the dilution of the hot lava and fructification of the hot ashes of American character.

"We must believe that Ruskin means every word of this twaddle, and certainly every word of it is Ruskinese. Fancy Mr. Norton taking lessons in political economy from Carlyle and Ruskin! But that is nothing. How can one fancy the blind prejudice or blinder stupidity back of the lie that 'all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master?'

"Mr. Ruskin is a middle-class Englishman, and most middle-class Englishmen of advanced age think as he does. They stand over there and preach to us about our irreverence. The burden of Mr. Ruskin's complaint, as I take it, is that we lack reverence, not so much for religion as for Royalty and Ruskin. On our attitude toward the first of these we very properly plume ourselves, let Mr. Ruskin call us 'hot ashes' and 'hot lava' as much as he pleases. I, for one, hold the man insane who reverences royalty to-day. A deadly hate is less pusillanimous; with it one may not have a stultified soul or a nerveless arm. As to Mr. Ruskin, he must blame himself. Some of us have found him out; and Mr. Stillman has even published the discovery.

"How, then, shall we take him? Serenely, always. When you go abroad take him along, by all means; at Schaufhausen he will repay you handsomely, for there is a passage in the second volume of 'Modern Painters' which actually brightens the beauty of the

Falls of the Rhine. And that is the way to take Ruskin. If the painters pooh-pooh him as a critic it makes small difference to you and me; a painter he is of supreme talent; a painter in words. For such we take him; not for guide, philosopher or friend.

“MELVILLE PHILIPS.”

I happen to have had some knowledge of Mr. Melville Philips for several years. He is not an ignorant or an impudent boy. On the contrary, he is one of the most refined and gifted of all the younger generation of Philadelphia journalists. His tendencies are toward culture, sweetness and light. The very fact that he is in a position, even on the *Press*, to be able to express an opinion of Ruskin at all is, or ought to be, proof of his inkling after culture, to say the least. Were I criticising the *Philadelphia Press*, I should say that its established judgments on art and literature inclined to be sophomoric, and had long so inclined, but the above is a personal utterance, though, no doubt, under editorial sanction.

In all that is good and worthy, Mr. Melville Philips is all that I have said of him, but he never has had any mature training in moral philosophy or in literary or art criticism. He has much tentative ability. He is no more fit than a baby to express judgment on the moral or political philosophy of Carlyle, or the art teaching and moral philosophy of Ruskin. It is the curse of modern journalism that in certain departments it expects of ardent youth what can only be gotten out of mature men and men of professional training and the broadest reading.

In its political articles and editorials especially, modern American journalism selects mature men. It considers that matter of some importance; but when it comes to literature and art, any ardent youth, with brass enough to stand up and declare himself, has a good chance of being heard. Mr. Philips is a “burning example.”

“As to Mr. Ruskin, he must blame himself. Some of us have found him out, and Mr. Stillman has even published the discovery!!” So Mr. Ruskin is really a joker, and Mr. Stillman is our Christopher Columbus in this instance. It is difficult to speak calmly in the face of such ignorance and arrogance. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stillman’s articles on Ruskin, published in the *Century Magazine* during the past two years, have been and will forever remain an insult to all true art and all true criticism.

Mr. Ruskin has committed blunders in art and art teaching, in life and in philosophy. Who of us has not? Of course, Mr. Philips has not. He is not old enough. Of course, Mr. Stillman has not. He never knew enough of art or philosophy to commit a blunder in either line; and of course the *Century Magazine* never blunders. It has a managing editor. But those of us who have read Ruskin and Carlyle, and have had a previous basis of training on which to build and express our judgments of their true places in art and literature, know that Mr. Stillman and Mr. Philips had better take their shoes off their feet and whip themselves for a generation in order to get humility enough to judge properly of any great man's work; and we know further that Mr. Ruskin knows and has taught more true art in a day than a thousand Stillmans disciplined for a thousand years into some sort of better culture could altogether teach in that time. I am not here explaining Ruskin or criticising Carlyle. I am simply indicating, just hinting, as it were, that there are living men who know better than Stillman and Philips what Carlyle and Ruskin stand for in this world. But old men will be garrulous, and boys will be boys. Wait a little longer, Mr. Philips, and try it again. Hitch your wagon to the stars—not to Mr. Stillman.

W. H. T.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-BY.

“GOOD-NIGHT and good-by to the life whose signs denote us
 As mourners clothed with regret for the life gone by;
 To the waters of gloom whence winds of the day spring float us,
 Good-night and good-by.”

“We have drunken of Lethe at length, we have eaten of lotus;
 What hurts it us here that sorrows are born and die?
 We have said to the dream that caressed and the dread that smote us,
 Good-night and good-by.”

SWINBURNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. II.

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THE INFAMY AND BLASPHEMY OF DIVORCE.

GLANCES AT MILTON, INGERSOLL AND OTHERS.

By the infamy of divorce, I refer to the withering and blasting effects of it on the conjugal, domestic, parental, filial, social and national life of the world. By the blasphemy of divorce, I refer especially to the legal and spiritual aspects of it; to the godless and impudent assumptions of the courts, laws, lawyers and judges of our civil states that they have the power or the right to sunder, annul and destroy the oaths, bonds and the unutterably sacred relationships voluntarily entered into by the act of marriage,—that they have the right or the power to abrogate and cause to cease all or any of the rights and duties and obligations entered into at and by the state of marriage; further, to the blasphemous effects of these assumptions as seen in the dulling and hardening of the moral and spiritual sense in parties seeking and procuring divorce, and, supremely, in the lowering and withering of these faculties in the children of divorced parents. And I pray that my words on this theme may be so clear, so human, so powerful, that demons in and out of perdition, who inspire divorces, and their slaves on earth who fan the demons' fires and encourage divorces, may be brought to shame, to self-contempt, and such hiding of their benighted, or willful and wicked heads, that a purer light may come to the world through such broken speech as I am able to utter.

Nearly twenty years ago, after I had voluntarily withdrawn from the orthodox ministry, and was for a time in partial association with a church and a ministry inclined to regard divorce much in the trivial light that they regard the Atonement, and at a time when my own personal affairs led me to favor the arguments advocating divorce, I took up the study as a specialty, determined to act and abide by my rational conclusions, regardless of all biblical or church authority. At that time I read and studied whatever I could lay hold of bearing on divorce. I re-examined every passage in the Old and New Testament, precisely in the spirit that I would examine any other author's written word: not as divine authority, but as honest human experience; giving, however, such added respect to these biblical sayings as is due them from the fact that great bodies of good and wise men have again and again held those writings to be in some sense inspired and divine; still not only determined in my own case not to be bound by them, but confessedly, in those years, with an inclination *not* to be bound by them, but to seek light elsewhere.

In this spirit I read and studied all that John Milton had written about divorce. Milton was then next to a god in my estimation, and his pungent and learned words had great weight with me. At the same time I went over afresh "The Life of Cranmer;" read again Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," with a view of getting the pith of truth on divorce out of all that marvelous episode of human history. It was a sort of life-and-death struggle with me on a theme that the greatest of modern men seemed to my instincts to be wrong, and hence misguiding me; though the arguments of Milton, and the reasons given by poor Cranmer, and the shufflings of that famous Bluebeard, the father of the Church of England,—all seemed to have more or less of reason and right sight in them.

After a while I saw, against my will, that Milton was a special pleader for his own life; that Cranmer was an honest placeman and a weakling; (except in death: God bless him for dying like a man, if he could not live so!) and that the whole "Henry VIII." business was a sensual lie, resulting in a—"virgin queen," and Heaven only knows what other curses on the British nation and other nations up to these last hours. And now, though I still love and admire him, I despise John Milton as the pitiable prophet of a fearful blasphemy on this matter of divorce; and it

is clear to me that he and the likes of him are largely responsible for the cant and idiocy on this theme that are cursing New England and the whole United States and other modern nations,—a sentimental idiocy that has found its latest utterance over the name of Robert G. Ingersoll, in the last November number of the *North American Review*.

I think that the wives of Socrates and Milton and Carlyle ought to have been gagged, or starved to death, or hung, if after due process found incapable of performing the proper functions of wives to their famous husbands. I am well aware that the old Grecian, and the old Englishman, and the more recent Scotchman, were pretty tough husbands; not by any means such domestic angels as some modern infidels are supposed to be. I am not apologizing for the cranky crotchiness of any husband, no matter how much of a literary or other genius he may be. My conviction is that a married man ought to rise superior to all shrewish provocation. Socrates seems to have managed that phase of the domestic business better than Milton or Carlyle. Milton's Xantippe, however, may have been ten times more trying than the Greek woman; and nobody has any business judging any of these people in their private, domestic ties or untying: but Socrates was never fool enough to twist the divine verities and eternities into labored arguments in favor of divorce, simply because nature, or Providence, or his own pliability, had given him a tormenting irritant, instead of a helpmeet, for a wife. Carlyle, though plainly unable to govern his temper under the goading of an admiring but unloving, rasping, aggravating wife, still was man enough to hold to the eternal truths of honor and obligation; was sensible enough to hold right on till death, though it is plain that he never knew an hour of real freedom or peace till after his wife was dead. Above all, he never gave the splendid powers of his pen or his intellect to defend or countenance the modern blasphemy of mere weaklings, known as salvation by divorce. So Milton was the only one of this famous trio who used his God-given powers to flout God and argue down his word, and so lead modern civilization hellward, till a new turning-point be given it by some braver and wiser and better man.

So I at last saw Milton, long years ago, and so seeing him, saw, also, that his special pleading in favor of divorce was simply the weak, illogical, faltering, stammering error of a tried and deluded

soul. I honor and love the man, but despise his reasonings on the question of marriage and divorce; that is, I simply know that his premises and his conclusions on this head are all unsound and damnable. Seeing this clearly nearly twenty years ago, I saw, at the same time, that all arguments in favor of divorce were and ever would be mere special pleadings, sometimes based on personal grounds, as in Milton's case, sometimes on grounds of maudlin, truth-hating sentiment, as in the case of Robert Ingersoll, and still more frequently the result of mere bestial, contemptible and pitiable animal weakness. But how did I see that Milton was so wrong? that the conclusions in favor of divorce generally were and are so wrong?

Here let me clear the reader's mind of error and cant touching my own position, and the position and relation of this subject to the Scriptures and to the Christian Church—any and all branches of it. I found in my earlier studies that, on this theme, as on all others, expert reasoners could honestly enough find passages of Scripture to favor their arguments; *pro* as well as *con*. Moses and the law could and can be twisted and mirrored either way; Jesus and the Gospels can be turned and twisted and mirrored either way: and while an instinctive moral sense, which is wisdom, which is God in the soul, which is always divine, and to be followed, taught me long years ago that the spirit of the Old and New Testament was against divorce and favored a very far higher solution of domestic troubles, still I did not, on that account, decide against divorce years ago. Nor did I decide against it because the Roman Catholic Church opposed it, or because the general Protestant orthodox churches were nominally against divorce. On the contrary, I saw then, as I see now, that very much of this ecclesiastical opposition to divorce was, if not insincere and pharisaical,—which I am always loth to attribute to any church or man,—at least very apt to be slippery, yielding to circumstances, partial to wealth and to people of position; in a word, disloyal to its own nominal convictions and doctrines. Hence, on all these grounds, the position of the Christian Church, as expressed by its representatives, tended to aid me in a conclusion favorable to divorce rather than against it; for if anything can provoke me to take the opposite side, even contrary to my instincts, it is the hypocrisy, or cringing, contemptible shuffling of the friends of any good cause. To put it short, the Bible and the Church did not help me to conclude

against divorce; though I have no doubt that the same spirit which moved Jesus to utter his best words on this theme moved me also, albeit on different grounds, to take even a stronger position against divorce than can, in perfect candor, be attributed to him.

What, then, was it which led to this unalterable and earnest conclusion? Simply this, my friends: I had children of my own; I remembered my own parents, and a certain sacredness of home relationship between me and my own children, and my own parents and their and my earlier home. It was, in a sense, an ideal home. There was not always peace; but cursed be the thought and life of any child or man or woman who would foul the nest his parents made for him! I leave a million thoughts unuttered here that a sentimentalist like Ingersoll would make much of, and I simply keep to the spirit of the theme, and wish to speak of a sense of duty. I studied the sacredness of home life; the finer instincts of children; their sensitive natures; my own nature. I studied these things as I had seen them in other homes more ideal, perhaps, than my father's home or my own. Again, I studied them in such few cases as were then known to me of people who had broken up their homes and appealed to the law for separation, or had become the unwilling victims of such proceedings; and I saw, clear as noonday, that, while few homes were perfectly happy, few married lives without their little or great incompatibilities, home was still the sacreddest center of the universe; that, for a man's own sake, for his wife's sake, and, eternally and supremely, for his children's sake (if he had any), he should suffer the tortures of eternal grief, eternal nagging and eternal anger unto eternal death, rather than appeal to the law to break the ties that a quenchless, divine economy of nature had made so tender and had so finely strung. In a word, it was purely on human, inductive grounds of observation, and not at all on scriptural or ecclesiastical grounds, that, nearly twenty years ago, and at a time when I was inclined to favor divorce, I thus decided against it; and I ask the reader to remember this, in view of any and all future emergencies.

How have the reading, studies and experiences of the last twenty years affected the serious conclusion thus reached long ago? They have simply confirmed, strengthened and intensified it beyond measure or my powers of utterance. During these

twenty years, if there has been a freethinker on the earth, I am guilty of that ill-sounding appellation. But, unlike most freethinkers, I have never concluded that, because the Scriptures taught something, or because the Church held to a certain doctrine or belief, therefore, and on that account, said thing or doctrine or belief was absurd. On the contrary, I have seen,—have been obliged to see,—in my capacity of reviewer of books—have for many years been reluctantly obliged to see and to point out the fact that such freethinkers, from Thomas Paine to Robert Ingersoll,—most excellent men in many ways,—were and are the stupidest gentlemen the moment they attempt to handle any profoundly religious or moral or domestic or social theme. Let them mind their own lucrative business, as the attorneys for railroads, or the brains and secretaries of gentlemen statesmen. God Almighty has never sent them or their masters into this world to decide any religious, moral or domestic theme. But just how, beyond this limit, have these twenty years' experiences confirmed and strengthened this old conclusion? Simply in this, my friends: I have been using my eyes all these years, not only in literature and on the cases of domestic infelicity and break-ups made public by the newspapers, but still more acutely in the experiences of some dozens of divorced and remarried people, whose lives have come naturally under my own personal observation; and what I have found is this: that while divorced and remarried people are, some of them, in a sense,—a very low sense,—apparently a little happier in a stupid sort of way than they were previously, I have never seen or heard of a case of divorced and remarried people, or of divorced people, wherein the intellectual and moral and spiritual natures of all parties voluntarily involved in such crimes were not weakened, or utterly withered and practically destroyed by such experiences. I have seen and studied, in these years, with my own eyes, in the circle of my own acquaintances, or of persons coming directly under my own personal knowledge, many people, divorced or divided from various causes. Sometimes the dominating fault was with the wife; sometimes with the husband; sometimes with the children. That matter is always difficult to decide, and none but God has a right to decide it. "No crime was ever yet committed but more than one soul was to blame." I am not considering the question of blame, but the question of consequences; and in every case that has come under my observation

these twenty years, without regard to biblical or church theories, the people who have sought divorce, or have been the persistent, willing causes of such seeking, have been mentally and spiritually ruined; and those who have been the victims—more or less deserved—of this willfulness have been led into a thousand-fold more sufferings than would have been brought to themselves and the world under the worst continuance of the original married state. I have noticed particularly that this infamy and blasphemy have been, and for ever will be, most withering on the moral, filial and spiritual sense of the comparatively innocent children involved; “visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children,” etc. It is useless to say, or to hint, or to claim, that this moral obliquity in the children comes of the previous uncongenial married state of their parents. That is a falsehood. Many of the noblest and sweetest children in the world to-day are the offspring of people who were unhappy enough in their married state, but who, like men and women, not like chattering apes, or dogs, were masters of themselves and the world; chose, or were enabled to bear in silence, the comparative unhappiness of life; and so, by the old shining ways of martyrdom, gave, as hostages to fate and the future, children who had learned by nature to love and endure. A plague upon your mouthing, weakling sentiment that for ever exaggerates the miseries of domestic life in order to apologize for the crimes of infidelity, abortion, divorce and eternal shame! There are gradations even of misery and crime, and I have satisfied myself that the miseries arising from divorce are a million-fold more than could arise from an heroic endurance in duty until death.

Do not miss my point here. Let no mere writer of sentiment say that his experience or observation has been just the reverse of mine, and so conclude that we are even. We are not even, and never can be. I know what such writers mean by happiness. They do not know what I mean by virtue and honor and moral constancy and spiritual clearness,—the roseate sun-dawn of the soul of man toward the Infinite Soul. The spiritual nature was dead and driven out of Mr. Ingersoll’s soul before he began to lecture against God for such hire as the unwashed groundlings of infidelity were glad to hurl at his feet. No man admires the quickness of this man’s intellect more than I do. I have trod, through darkness, the ways he has trod; know every shadow and sun-ray in the paths

he now is treading: but I have also known the eternal soul of this sunlight and shadow; have seen the law and end of it all, in modern life; and I need no priest or Bible to teach me that Mr. Ingersoll, and the likes of him, are as wrong in their theories of God as they are in their theories of divorce. They do not know spiritual and moral blindness when they see it, in others or themselves. All that is good in themselves they owe to Christian parents and early Christian teaching. The rest is as the black cindercloud of our smoke-cursed, gas-choked modern civilization.

How can such men see anything clearly? How can I? Simply because I long ago quit their ways, and, as far as I was able, under pressures that do not concern the world, kept on my way in search of God's clear truth, no matter whether peace or life or death came along therewith: so my sight of the consequences of divorce is not as their sight. And I know why.

During these last fifteen years I have read several books on what is called "the liberal side" of this question; that is, books favoring divorce, even easy divorce, as a cure for domestic infelicity. Sometimes the arguments of these books and pamphlets have appeared to me so clear and convincing that I have greatly inclined to their view of the case. And always the devil that says to a man, Cast thyself down; the gods are on the side of liberty; the angels will care for thee: or, perchance, The gods are fools, or fast asleep in these times;—always such devil has been at hand to aid the books of the blasphemers. And when my own mind and life, from sickness, suffering and poverty, were weakest in their old conviction, and seemed to have lost hope in God and honor, then Providence gave me such final arguments as stand by a man through heaven or hell eternally. That for the present is a sealed book, every line of which, however, and every reading between the lines, men and women are welcome to, as far as I am concerned.

Of modern books and pamphlets in favor of divorce, the ablest and clearest, the most dispassionate, and the most thorough that has come in my way, is a pamphlet by the Rev. Dr. R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia. It treats the biblical argument, especially the New Testament position, better than it has ever been treated before. There is no Ingersoll sentiment about Dr. Westbrook's pamphlet. It adheres to reason, and shows plainly enough that, if the words of Jesus are to be taken literally, as final on this matter, then, also, must his words defining the nature of adultery be

taken literally and as final. It is well known that, by this standard, a lustful look of the eyes is defined as adultery; and, if the laws may divorce every person guilty of such looks, divorce lawyers would soon increase so rapidly that home and honor and fidelity and actual chastity, and any and all steadfastness of domestic life, would come to an end. I am not here saying that it would not be best to have it come to an end and let the Devil have his way with us all: I am only speaking of a strong point in Mr. Westbrook's pamphlet,—a point which the Roman Catholic, the Anglican or the Protestant orthodox church has never met or answered; and I name this point to affirm again that the Bible and the Church, except in the hands of men wise enough to know what they mean and stand for, may be twisted heavenward or hellward, according to the prevailing wit of individual men. I honor Dr. Westbrook for his ability and honesty, and for fearlessness in stating his position with great candor. I honor him too much to intimate here any more than that I think I know the laws of nature and Providence, whereby he has reached conclusions that I believe to be infamous and blasphemous. I do not blame him or judge him. God forbid! That is not my business; but his pamphlet, by its very clearness, convinced me more than ever of the divinity of my own conclusions.

A little pamphlet, recently written and published by J. B. Conkling, LL.B., of the New York bar, and which claims to be an *abstract* of all the laws of the United States touching marriage and divorce, is, in the first place, no such thing as it claims to be; and, though bright and vivacious in its construction, seems to be badly afflicted with Ingersoll sentimentalism, and dreadfully opposed to some other New York lawyer or lawyers, and to certain newspapermen who have dared to assume to interpret divorce laws long in advance of Mr. Conkling. As a matter of fact, the writer of this article read a much fuller abstract of our state marriage and divorce laws in the *New York Herald* four or five years ago,—a much fuller and better abstract of these laws than Mr. Conkling has now given in his far-heralded pamphlet. Nevertheless, many of his points are well taken, and the pamphlet will not do harm in the hands of intelligent men.

Before hearing of this pamphlet, I had made arrangements for the preparation of a genuine abstract of all the laws of the United States touching marriage and divorce, and had intended to pub-

lish the same in an article in this number of THE GLOBE. When I first heard of Mr. Conkling's work, and before I had seen it, I concluded that he had covered that ground; and, feeling my own unfitness to handle the legal aspects of the case, I then requested De Lancy Crittenden, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the brightest lawyers of the New York bar, to prepare the article which he has in this number of THE GLOBE. At that stage of my preparation for this number, I had not intended to write anything on the subject myself; but, after reading Mr. Conkling's pamphlet, and especially after reading the co-operative article by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter and Robert Ingersoll in the last November number of the *North American Review*, and before receiving Mr. Crittenden's article, I saw that there was still a phase of this question not covered by any of these writers: it is that phase I am trying to cover here.

In the article referred to, Cardinal Gibbons states the Roman attitude toward marriage and divorce with characteristic clearness and sincerity; Bishop Potter states the more ambiguous attitude of the Anglican church; and then Mr. Ingersoll, taking nearly as much space as both of them, wades through a lot of senseless, one-sided sentiment in favor of divorce, and poses as the special champion of women and freedom. My own position on the subject is, as to actual fact, precisely that of the Roman Catholic Church; only I hold that position not because the Church holds it, not because it is, or is supposed to be, biblical or Christian, but simply on natural, human, inductive grounds of common sense and common observation.

The antagonists that I have in mind are made up of two classes: *First*, Anglican and Protestant orthodox preachers and people, who, while professing to believe in the divinity of the Scriptures, and that they are absolutely opposed to divorce, still, nevertheless, in their practice, countenance divorce, and so play the hypocrite with their so-called God's word and with their own convictions. These people,—preachers and members of orthodox Christian churches,—who first make hells of their homes by failing to do their duties in them, and then sue for divorce on the bases of lies, and expect to become saints and angels through the atoning blood of Christ, are a curse and a shame to modern society. And Christian judges and other Christian representatives of the legal profession, who, while professing to be governed by the word of God, and so to be opposed to divorce, on all grounds save one;—

such judges and lawyers, who, for filthy lucre, will accept cases of application for divorce; who will browbeat and play detective on the characters and lives of men and women more innocent than themselves; and who, in the cases of judges, will, and often do, transfer the labor of hearing such cases to so-called examiners (frequently to impecunious and ambitious young lawyers,—mere boys, without knowledge or character enough to be able properly to decide such cases), and then will accept the findings of such examiners and divorce men and women, or pretend to divorce them, from all rights and obligations of the married state, without ever having seen or heard either party to the contest;—such judges, I say, who will grant divorces under such circumstances, and who, while doing such work, will appear before public audiences as the champions of domestic and social purity, are simply the vilest hypocrites out of perdition. If it should ever be necessary, I can give scores of particulars covering all the points here hinted at; can give sworn testimony in proof of them. Either be men or devils. If you believe in God, obey God, though you lose your lucre and die for it. If you believe in the Bible, obey the Bible, though the accursed laws of Pennsylvania, or any other state, imprison or impoverish you for such obedience. If you believe in Jesus, do not so brazenly follow Judas at every beck and call.

Now for the gentlemen who do not believe in God, in Jesus, or in the Bible,—the gentlemen who expect to save society by Ingersoll and other agnostic froth of the gutters. Cut to the quick: what have these men to say? Simply this: that the way of fidelity is the way of infidelity; that the way of domestic honor is the way of constant dishonor; that the chosen way of truth is to lie out of it; that the ways of duty are the ways of shirking and skulking, and getting the rotten laws of rotten states to help you evade duty; that the ways of constancy are to be found only through everlasting inconstancy; that steadfastness of word and purpose is only to be attained by breaking your word and changing your purpose at every shift of the east wind; that if, through any fault of husband or wife, the home has become homeless, the way to do is, for the miscreants that have sinned, or helped toward the sin, not to break their accursed vice, whatever it may be, and reform themselves and their home, for God's sake and for the children's sake, but to fly to a pettifogging lawyer of itching hands—a church deacon, may be—and get him to break up the home, so that the mis-

creants thus acting may have a chance to try their vice on another and still another home; in a word, so that the law shall help the inconstant vampire, harlot or scoundrel to go elsewhere and do it again; so that, instead of bearing and forbearing, instead of trying honestly, on both sides, for a mutual improvement of character,—hence of life,—the less heroic, the person of least character, the more inconstant of the two, shall be encouraged to break his or her vows and try his or her moral cowardice and unprincipled infidelity over again. I do not mean to overstate the case. I believe and know that divorce, as advocated by Ingersoll and favored by our state courts and lawyers, is an infamy and a blasphemy beyond description. I believe and know that it will cry to heaven for vengeance until vengeance comes—already has come—in moral and actual death and disaster at the rate of far more than twenty-five thousand cases a year. God Almighty is not mocked. Every lie breeds lies by the thousand, and modern divorce is the most gigantic embodiment of modern lying. I know what the end is to be, and I would to God it were here!

Let us look at the infidel side a little more closely. Take the sentimental twaddle of Robert Ingersoll's latest utterance in the *North American Review*. Admit that some husbands are unkind—very unkind—to their wives. Is Robert Ingersoll fool or knave enough to suppose, or to pretend to suppose, that such unkindness is the origin of the trouble in any one given case? Does he not know enough of life, of his own life, of the lives of other men, to know that no man has ever yet been unkind to any woman without such irritating causes as have first driven him practically insane? I do not apologize for or excuse any man's unkindness to his wife. I hold that every married man ought to be strong enough to bear with his wife's faults, whatever they may be, and never abuse her: let him die first. But it is a piece of high-handed knavery to assume that women are all angels, and that mere drinking or high-tempered men are to blame for the twenty-five thousand divorces a year now being granted in the United States. Was the unkind husband unkind to women when he was a boy? Was he unkind to his sweetheart during their courtship? What led him to be unkind to his wife? Not one man in a million is, naturally, such a brute that he will be unkind to a woman, much less to his wife, without the direst, oft-repeated, terrible provocation. Every man in his senses knows this. Do I love or honor

woman less than Robert Ingersoll because I am here, for truth's sake, hinting at a truth as old as the hills? What will he suffer to save or redeem any woman that I have not already suffered and will willingly suffer again? Let him name the test, and I will double the burden for my own shoulders and then dare him to the contest. If he is happily married, God be praised, and bless him and his children! I have known men and women so married. It is the only true Eden of human life; but, while I write, scenes of unhappily married people rise to view. Do I pry into their hearts and homes to see which is most to blame, husband or wife? Do I, in august, ignorant conceit, assume that I know which is more to blame, and judge the man or the woman in the case? God forbid! That man is a bad man at heart—who assumes to be such a judge.

What I say to Mr. Ingersoll and to all sentimental, self-styled defenders of women in such cases, is, *first of all*, Mind your own business. Judge yourself: never judge another man. You have not been in his place. In all probability he would die before trying to explain his case to you. You have neither the means nor the power nor the right to sit in judgment on the relative domestic guilt of any man or woman in the world. That is not your business or my business;—and, as a matter of fact, all that is foreign to the question; *Second*, Either stop your stupid, sentimental talk about the unutterable sacredness of the married state, the sanctities of home, and the like, or understand that such things always have been and always will be worth suffering for; have always had to be suffered for, in order that any brightest and worthy offspring might come into the world; *Third*, While our charity and gallantry should lead us to shield a woman rather than a man, in any specific case,—the man, as a rule, being the tougher and thicker-hided of the two,—all such twaddle of gallantry should be laid aside in considering a general question that affects the well-being of all women and children and men. And an article on this subject should not be a man's article or a woman's article; not a plea for henpecked, deceived husbands or for oppressed, badly-treated wives; but a statement of truth, for the good of all concerned.

It is not pertinent to the case, but as Mr. Ingersoll has made much of it in his *North American Review* article, it may be well to remind the reader that the teachings of Jesus on this head were uttered before there was any notion in his mind, or anybody's, re-

garding the speedy coming of the end of the world: so that Mr. Ingersoll's dig at the early Christians—as if this notion about the speedy coming of the end of the world had influenced their relation to or their neglect of the consideration of the laws and duties of home—is as false to history as it is irrelevant to the case. As a matter of fact, Jesus and Paul did give themselves to a higher and broader work than that of raising a family or writing atheistic articles for exorbitant pay. As a matter of fact, there was and there is a purely natural law that justified Jesus in his demands for the highest and most absolute affection of his followers; and the man who batters and battens on this as if it were a piece of unwisdom, or a species of crime against the home, is either a fool or a knave. I am no special pleader for the New Testament; and an article on divorce laws is not the place in which to spread one's self all over the supposed mistakes of Moses or other biblical writers: but as Mr. Ingersoll has dragged these points into recent discussion on divorce, it has seemed to me worth while to answer him. As a matter of fact, again, Paul gave explicit and direct advice and direction concerning the domestic duties of husbands, wives and children. And again, I say—without quoting the New Testament, assuming that my readers know it—that the man who, with an air of superior wisdom, declares, in a first-class literary review, in this century, that Paul and the early Christians were so absorbed in the idea of the second coming of Christ and the end of the world that they gave no time to domestic duties, or any consideration to domestic responsibilities, is either an unread fool or a willful knave. The New Testament is literally full of beautiful sayings regarding the simplest duties of man to man, and of husbands to wives, and of children to parents; and if Mr. Ingersoll will himself take up the New Testament and try to shape his life by its spirit, for one year, I wager my life he will cease to be an atheist or an infidel, and that he will become even a nobler and a better man than he is to-day, and we all give him credit for being a good man now. I am not touching his personality, only his public utterance on the question of divorce. As to the real New Testament view of the question, it is pretty generally agreed that Jesus meant what he said,—that a man should not put away his wife for any and every trivial or serious cause, but only for one cause. It is not by any means clear that even here he meant to justify the so-called absolute divorce of our modern courts of law; and at least it is clear

that, for so-called Christendom,—or for that part of the world, or the communities, that take His sayings to be final and divine,—the cause named is the only admissible and sufficient cause for divorce. But even this, if granted its fullest force, would not justify the laws of New York, or of any other state or nation, in granting to *women* and men alike absolute divorce on the ground named. I suppose that, if any man had asked Jesus on what grounds a woman might seek absolute divorce from her husband, he would have told him, By hiding her shameless head in the blackest death's-hole of the valley of Gehenna. And I suppose that, if any so-called Christian woman had come to Jesus to ask him to help her get a divorce from her husband, who, in certain fearful strains and stresses of life, had been unkind to her for a moment, Jesus, after learning the facts, would have urged her to cleanse her body and soul of all foulness and falsehood and cowardice and hardness, and so conquer the heart of her husband that he would rather die than be unkind to her again.

While some of our inconsistent judges and preachers were airing their high morals on this theme at a public meeting in the city of Philadelphia toward the last of October, 1889, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* published an interesting interview with Rabbi Sabots Morias on "How to get a 'get.'" Here is the pith of it:—

"On what grounds are 'gets' granted?"—"Oh, on the same grounds that they are obtained in your courts, infidelity and incompatibility of temperament being the principal grounds."—"Can not the women get a 'get'?"—"No, sir: the wife is never given a 'get.' Under the Mosaic law, she belongs to her husband, and he is responsible for her to all mankind."—"How are 'gets' regarded in different countries where the Hebrews reside?"—"They get recognition in England, being granted there by the chief rabbi; and the court holds that his granting is legal. The 'get' used to be recognized in Italy before the new government; but now new laws have been enacted, and the civil courts must act in the premises. England recognizes the divorce laws of the Hebrews the same as it does the marriages. Both marriages and divorces of the Hebrews are recognized by law in all eastern countries."

So I introduce the Rabbi to say one thing plainly that I had meant to say, and so help me to my conclusion. Woman's rights may be excellent material for rampant, termigant female free

speech; and they may have something to do with the sort of millennium Robert Ingersoll has in mind. I find, for instance, that in Pennsylvania a husband, deserted by a miscreant wife, can not obtain divorce from her unless that desertion is persisted in for at least the space of two years; but that such faithless and recreant wife, who has eaten and drunk her husband's flesh and blood for a quarter of a century without giving him any equivalent whatever in return—that such recreant wife can appear before the courts of Philadelphia, swear to lies touching his character, get her friends to aid her in her crime, press his and her children—blinded by false sympathy—into her service, and so, by swearing to lies regarding her husband's life and character, can get an absolute divorce from him inside of six months from the time she deserts his home and steals away from him the bodies and souls of their children. And I find that so-called Christian lawyers and judges will wink at this, and for money will help her in her nameless and eternal crime. And I suppose that, in a case where the man has money, and is characterless, he can do pretty nearly the same; though it is plain to me that the laws of Pennsylvania, as interpreted by our Christian lawyers and judges, are as far removed from the letter and spirit of the New Testament as hell itself is far removed from all ancient and modern Edens over whose spaces the breath of roses and of angels hovers, through *patience and constancy, unto death.*

And here I name my cure for domestic and other ills, and I know there is no other cure. *Patience and charity* will hide a multitude of domestic as well as other sins. The woman who has been false to one man will be false to others. Very few homes are domestic Edens. It is the work of a life-time to make them such. We are not in this world to be rocked into atheistic slumber by Ingersoll dreams. It has taken God and nature at least six thousand years (some geologists say sixty millions of years) to make a proper helpmeet for a decent man, and the business still seems to be in a state of amateur imperfection. There are lots of women but few wives. Do not talk to me of "companions" and "equals." No two dogs are equal, much less any single or double pair of married or single women and men. It is not equality, much less cowardice and divorce, that this age needs to have preached to it, lived for it, but *duty, truth, honor, forbearance, charity, constancy, mercy and peace.* Away with your shameful apologies for salva-

tion and reform of society! Do the simplest duty at hand and all hell can not lead you to seek a divorce.

I was one of the first American students of Lecky to point out his now famous saying that for nearly five hundred years no divorce was granted in Rome. I did not then, and I do not yet, pretend to know how much or how little it tells for the domestic peace or purity of that period. I long ago satisfied myself, however, that it does not presuppose or prove any exceptional state of virtue in the Rome of that era. I have read a great deal on this head, but have got little light. There can be as much vice without divorce as with it. I am not simply pleading against divorce, as if, without it, we were saved from social hells. It is only by something higher and purer than the old Romans knew or practiced that modern society can be saved.

I have looked into the laws and practices of other ancient and modern Asiatic, European and African races and nations touching this question of marriage and divorce. I am satisfied that the legalized polygamy of the Asiatics, the Turks, and our own poor Mormons, is far preferable to our modern promiscuity of prostitution and legalized divorce. I am also satisfied, however, that the highest *Holy Spirit* of the New Testament, from which modern law and modern life have alike drawn whatever is worthy in them—I am satisfied that this spirit points to a pure monogamy of chastest virtue and constancy, under all stress, until death; and that, to attain this in general, modern life, lived by whole millions of us, will have to suffer for the sins of others and for our own sins, until the divine law of holiest charity—even between husbands and wives—shall captivate the world.

I am still further satisfied that there is a higher ideal than this, wherein a man, if he feels so called, may walk face to face, in chastity and purity,—hand in hand with the Eternal Father; bearing the world's burdens without knowing its keenest joys, as hundreds and hundreds of Christian men and women are doing in all modern nations every year. And the atheistic blatherskite who knows no more of life than to make sport of this ideal, as announced by Jesus, and advocated as the ideal dream of Christian life, is simply a pitiable blockhead.

Even in this age of reckless, universal embezzlement, there is no robbery so criminal as that which goes on in a human home when either one of the two parents becomes false to the other, and, by

posing for sympathy, or by other subtle vice, steals the hearts of the children from the other parent, who, by nature and eternal law, has an equal share in and an eternal right to the love and respect of those children; and, of all the twisted, tortured and pitiable things in this world, there is no object so shameless, so false to and lost to nature,—so out of tune with all that is sacred in heaven and earth,—as a child so hardened toward and estranged from its father or mother. Gods and angels weep over such children, and their ways through life are an endless, subtle blasphemy. Every thing that encourages the thoughts of marital separation; every law or influence looking toward and aiding divorce, becomes the demoniac parent and helper of all these evils, and hence the source of the subtlest and most vitiating evils, vices and crimes known to mankind. In the face of it all, I quote the New Testament: “Charity suffereth long and is kind;” “Charity never faileth;” “Beareth *all* things. He that endureth to the end is saved;” “Be *thou* faithful unto death.”

It is much easier to make sport of the Bible than it is to write any word that will compare with it in clearness, wisdom and power. It is as easy as it is popular, in these days, to pose as the friend of woman, to laugh at the “old exploded story of Eden,” which seems to blame her for her share of social evil and crime. I have lived through that phase of popular sentimentalism; have mixed a great deal with the women and men who laugh at the Eden story, hold the Mosaic law as absurd, consider Paul an old foggy, and Christianity a silly, obsolete, sentimental dream. I have probed this crowd of modern scientific and reform wiseacres to the bottom, and I unhesitatingly pronounce them a set of half-taught clowns. My present conviction is that the beautiful story of Eden was and is true to nature and history at all hours—to this the latest hour of time; that the Mosaic law, taken as a whole, is better at this hour, and more consistent, than the total laws of the United States, especially on the marriage question; that Paul had more sense in a day than Robert Ingersoll and all modern infidelity combined have in a dozen modern years; and that Jesus was simply the divine man he claimed to be, and will yet rule the world: hence, as by law of nature, that any one clear word from the Old or New Testament, touching this matter of marriage and divorce, is worth any million words that Robert Ingersoll & Co. can possibly utter on the subject. And I hold all this on purely rational, in-

ductive grounds: that is, I have honestly and fearlessly, these last twenty years, without regard to any belief in the existence of a God, or any theories of biblical inspiration, compared the workings upon modern society of biblical theories on the one hand and of infidel theories on the other, and I am fully convinced that the Eden story, for instance, is God's truth of nature; that modern Ingersoll theories about woman, social evil, domestic life, etc., are false and cowardly and destructive; that they lead to all kinds of infidelity of life, all species of falsehood, all phases of unfilial, unparental, unholy, unheroic, despicable and hardened lives; that a universe, or a world, or a cabin, built and controlled on Ingersoll theories *carried out*, would soon rot of its own inherent falsehood and lack of vital contact with nature and nature's daily truth; that whatever is good in Ingersollism and in modern atheistic life comes of its natural approach to and sympathy with the spirit of Jesus, and its aim towards general Christian charity.

To the question, then, Do I not believe in or advocate divorce under any circumstances or for any cause? I unhesitatingly say that I do not believe in or advocate divorce under any circumstances or for any cause, but teach and have always counseled patience and endurance and charity and silence, and effort to reclaim and restore character and peace when these have been soiled and broken; that life without such heroic action is death; that the family, of all places and conditions, is where such highest and purest action and fidelity and charity should begin, and be practiced in silence until death; that only so can society at large be taught or led up to the same sort of action one with another; that only this sort of action can possibly save us from prevailing vices, crimes, wars, corruptions and everlasting suicide and murder. The pigs that squeal most are not always the greatest sufferers.

If you ask me more specifically what I would do to help and relieve husbands and wives who, after two or twenty years, find that their married life has become uncongenial, incompatible, unendurable, through the faults or failings of either or of both parties to the contract,—the latter state of things being always the truth,—my answer is that, instead of fanning their discontent, or hinting at separation or divorce, I would first counsel mutual charity, mutual consideration of each other's good qualities, a more serious contemplation of the absolute duty of faithfulness; would counsel repeated acts of forgiveness and fresh, mutual kindness, cleanness

and favors: and if all these elements of moral suasion and the grace of God, so applied, under ordinary life, failed to bring cure or partial cure, I would rope or chain the husband and wife together, shut them up in a room by themselves, and feed them on the least possible supply of bread and water for two or three days of each week, or for all the hours they could be together at home; and so, by closer contact and starvation, teach them what they would not learn in the ordinary ways of God's kindly providence.

To the question, Have divorced persons a right to marry again? I unhesitatingly say that the whole entailed guilt of divorce rests with the party or parties seeking it; that no blame should attach to the party opposing it; and, hence, that the man or the woman, divorced against his or her will, has a perfect legal right to marry again—all the more right in proportion to the faithfulness with which he or she tried to do his or her duty in the previous married state and tried to prevent the crime of divorce; that the guilty one is the recreant one; that society, if it persists in granting divorces, will have to make this distinction in simple self-defense. The whole question must be lifted out of its ecclesiastical odium and viewed as a purely human question, but in the light of the most exquisite sense of human claims; and, when so viewed honestly and rationally, fidelity to marriage vows, and not recreancy to them, or divorce, will be the universal panacea of the world.

It is not by infidelity or cowardice, but by fidelity and heroic endurance, that any good is done. In all relations of commercial partnerships, of continued human friendships, men and women find that they have much to overlook, forget and forgive in one another's lives; and the husband that can not forgive his wife's failings, or the wife that can not forgive her husband's failings, is not fit to live: and the people who, like Ingersoll, out of mere sentiment, magnify such faults and failings on either side, and so fan the passions of discontent, and propel men and women towards unforgiveness, towards deception and desertion and divorce, are so contemptible that it would have been better if they had never been born. Divorce simply ends the legal aspects of marriage, but nature holds on its quenchless ways. It is better to be faithful unto death, in spite of all divorces and laws.

In my own experience, I have known women and men who, for various offenses in and out of the home, and, in some instances, for offenses that originated in their own slovenly and corrupt lives—

have known these women and men to fly at first into neighborly and quasi-public scandal and libel of their own husbands and wives, then into the courts for such Christian divorce as the incarnate devil of modern courts could and would, for money, readily bestow. These are the men and women out of whom nature, God or the Devil—whichever you please—is peopling society with corruption, vice, lying, dishonesty, infidelity of all kinds, hardness of heart, contempt of truth, unfilial and inhuman and unnatural crimes;—and there is still an acuter moral phase of the blasphemy of the law in the matter of divorce. The final paragraph of a copy of a Pennsylvania divorce, now in my possession, reads as follows: “That the said libellant (Mrs. Blank) be divorced and separated from the bond of matrimony contracted with respondent (Mr. Blank), and that *all* and every the duties, rights and obligations of said parties, by reason of the said marriage, shall thenceforth cease and determine.” The law is very particular, especially in its acutest phases of atheistic, unnatural blasphemy. And, if I am libeling the law of Pennsylvania in this case, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to suffer imprisonment or death for such offense.

In the first place, no law of Pennsylvania ever made these two people man and wife, and no law of Pennsylvania ever can, in the sight of God’s eternal justice, separate or destroy or annul the contract entered into between them when they became man and wife. The decree even in this light is a libel against God, a blasphemy of the highest laws of heaven and of human society; and, in the instance referred to, the judge in the case was, to my knowledge, spending his happy vacation with abundant means while the case was being tried by a mere boy, called an examiner, carried through on the testimony of witnesses proven to have been liars, and granted against a man who, for a quarter of a century, had given his family *all* his earnings, presents and perquisites, amounting in all on an average to \$1,600 a year for twenty-three years, and had simply been driven by the libellant’s slovenly life and spendthrift, lying ways, and only under circumstances of sickness and poverty and the loss of all that was dear to him in life—had been driven for less than five seconds in twenty-four years, to offer his wife, when not himself, but crazed with grief and hunger, a single act of momentary unkindness,—an act of unkindness undeserving the name, for which, however, as he was

and always had been a refined, sensitive man, and the soul of honor, he begged her pardon, and did all in his power to make amends. But he was one of Mr. Ingersoll's ideals in this,—that he chose to accept shame and death for himself rather than make public the details of domestic life that had robbed him of name, of character, and, at last, of his children and his home.

Leaving this decree of divorce as far as it relates to the husband and wife, blasphemous and impudent as it is in this light, there is still a deeper and blacker blasphemy at the heart of it, touching all the duties, obligations, rights, etc., of the parties concerned. To my knowledge, in this given instance, the parties to this marriage and to this decree of divorce had been blessed or cursed with seven or eight children, three of whom the parents had followed, side by side, to the grave. Can any law of Pennsylvania destroy, or cause to cease the flow of that father's life-blood in the veins of his children? Can any law of Pennsylvania, interpreted by a judge who never knew the facts, but was off on an extended summer excursion while that father was suffering in silent and lonely torture rather than expose the crimes of his family—can any law of Pennsylvania, so interpreted, or any way interpreted, cause to cease the duties of that father to his children, or his rights in their precious lives, or their duties to him? And is not such a decree of divorce the merest, presumptuous, impudent, blasphemous scum of an eternal, cowardly perdition?

I do not advocate the inviolability of the marriage state on the ground that it is, or that it represents, a sacrament of any church or that the voluntary vows and pledges given on entering the married state ever have been or ever can be made especially binding or sacred, primarily, on account of any act or relation of any church thereto. And I do not denounce divorce as an infamy or a blasphemy on the ground that it, as the representative or exponent of the laws of any state or nation, presumes to set aside an act sanctioned by the Church or by any ecclesiastical power or authority. I hold that man's simple yea or nay in any agreement is as binding as an eternal law of nature or of the Almighty. I hold that a simple agreement entered into between a man and a woman to live together as man and wife, provided they have at the time the right to make such an agreement, is as eternally binding as if all the monarchs and popes and oaths of the world had conspired to make it binding. In common with the simplest form of the law of

Pennsylvania, I hold that such agreement constitutes the true state of marriage, and that under any and all conditions or changes that agreement is binding until death; that whichever party of the two making the agreement proves false to it is a criminal in the sight of God and man. I hold that the agreement itself and the state entered into thereby are the eternal elements of sacredness that make marriage inviolable. My appeal is not to the Church but to humanity,—to nature, and the eternal truth and fitness of things. Not only is a Quaker marriage just as sacred to me as a Roman Catholic marriage, but a marriage without the sanction of any court or heads of meeting is just as sacred to me as a Roman Catholic marriage. “A civil contract” in no wise expresses the depth and meaning of the fact. I am one with the radicals in asserting the purely human character of marriage, only I hold it as in itself a far more sacred thing than they; and I am absolutely one with the severest rulings of Romanism touching its inviolability. I hold that every man, young or old, is eternally responsible for all acts of a character implied by the married state, and that whether he is married in any ordinary sense or not; and I denounce divorce as a blasphemy because, as a representative or exponent of the law, it presumes to take out of human lives an eternal responsibility, wrought by voluntary acts not only into the blood of the married, but into the blood and destiny of their children and their children’s children. It is because divorce is a crime against the finest instincts, vows and feelings of nature that I hate and despise it. It is the chaste, eternal soul of nature, concrete in man, that I am defending alike against the Church, against liars and laws. Nevertheless, I hold to the ultra-Romanist’s idea of the powers of any true representatives of Jesus Christ on this earth,—the true priests of God and the human soul; am sure that they everywhere hold in their hands the keys of heaven, death and hell; that whatsoever they bind on earth is bound in heaven, and whatsoever they loose on earth is broken in heaven. I hold, therefore, that while a simple agreement between a man and a woman to live together as man and wife constitutes a valid marriage and involves responsibilities that end only in death,—with consequences, of course, which never end,—that a marriage solemnized by the prayers and forms of any true priest is simply a thousand times more binding, if possible, on that account: and cursed for ever be the secular hands that presume to ignore these solemnities and to tear these bonds asunder!

Finally, my word is that, if the Old Testament and the New Testament, and the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and all branches of the modern Protestant orthodox and heterodox Christian Church, could be twisted and turned hellward to-morrow, so as to favor divorce; and if every man and woman I have ever loved and revered could be induced to favor it, I should still know that it was and would for ever remain an infamy and a blasphemy against God and woman and man.

W. H. THORNE.

DIVORCE LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

IF YOU WOULD JUDGE JUSTLY, ESTEEM NEITHER PARTIES NOR PLEADERS, BUT THE CASE ITSELF.—*Epictetus*.

It has seemingly become axiomatic that this maxim of a Stoic is the pole-star of the jurist to-day in seeking a final judgment in actions for divorce, in this,—that there is not that strict construction of statutes which obtains in many other fields where legal remedies are invoked. Yet the topic is an anomaly in jurisprudence for the reason that in these many "sovereign states" of America varying rules have arisen as to the binding force, *inter partes*, of the ultimate act of the court in that particular jurisdiction dissolving the marriage. Beyond this, in the nature of the case, so vital and far-reaching are the effects of these adjudications, as relate to the future *status* of a non-resident defendant, that it has truly become one of the burning questions of the hour,—*How shall the jurisdictional facts engrafted upon a decree in divorce according to the law and practice of any state in this Union be recognized, made uniform and operative in each and every other sister-state?*

However tempting the subject may be for ethical discussion, or from the standpoint of morals, the limitations of this monograph shall be within strictly *legal* lines. Irrespective of "party" plaintiff,—whether husband or wife,—or as to the grounds upon which relief is sought, must be the candid, fair basis for review of this trite, yet ever-renewing, problem.

It is a concession from both bench and bar that the discussion is of no common importance; and only that pen should be exercised whose guide is not *still arguing after judgment* in a pet case, in the lines of his former statement of reasons for a decision in his favor. Still, while not sensitive upon personal grounds, it is the duty of every American lawyer to be a careful reader of the rulings and positions of the highest appellate courts in different states upon divorce, with a view to some *new digestion* of an unpalatable subject. These are easily accessible, and every reader can, happily or otherwise, verify the general statements which this GLOBE article forbids, from its limits, to be detailed or extended.

When this country was settled, the power to grant a divorce was exercised by the Parliament of England. In the early days of legal decrees of divorce special acts were passed, and in England the jurisdiction was vested in the ecclesiastical courts, but extended only to the granting of divorces from bed and board. Now the exercise of this class of actions is purely of legal, as distinguished from equitable, cognizance in the forums of original common-law jurisdiction, and this under general statutory enactments in each state; and in many of these, for more than one cause, and of a trivial character, judgment of divorce is usually assailed and tested,—

1. By direct attack in the court in which the action was pending, and in this the defendant is the moving party;

2. By action to annul a second marriage, as void on the ground that at the time of such alleged marriage with the plaintiff the defendant had a husband or wife living by a former marriage *then in force*; or,

3. Upon an indictment for bigamy; for a contracting by the defendant of a second or subsequent marriage, during the life-time of any former husband or wife, *unless* that former marriage shall have been annulled or dissolved.

Of course the first question arising is, as a rule, that relating to the judgment in the foreign state. Was it binding upon the parties to it? and, if the defendant in the second class of cases and the other party to *that action* were divorced by that judgment, as between themselves, their marriage was *not "in force"* when the plaintiff and defendant were married. The usual allegations in these complaints to annul are that the plaintiff in the first action went to the foreign state and filed the bill, petition or equivalent

pleading; that no personal service of the process was had upon the defendant therein; that such defendant was not a resident of the state in which the action was brought.

Then follows the decision in the action to annul in many states, holding that the court had jurisdiction of the subject-matter of the action; that is, it had jurisdiction to decree divorces according to the laws of that state. And I think it has been uniformly held that every state has the right to determine for itself the ground upon which it will dissolve the marriage relation of *those within its jurisdiction*. At this point, however, controlled by the fact of domicile of the defendant, arise the variant adjudications in different states bearing upon jurisdiction, and, singularly at first glance, appears the construction as matter of *law*, given to an answer setting up that matter in defense. In an early case it was said:—

“That part of the plea in this case which alleges that the defendant was not bound by the laws or in any manner subject to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts is a statement of law and not of *fact*. . . . It is a question of law whether he was bound by the laws of Massachusetts or subject to the jurisdiction of its courts. Although the defendant was not in the state, he might have authorized the entry of his appearance.”

Courts have been eager to apply, to this question of residence, due service of process and *actual* domicile of the parties,—the touchstone of construction: *strictissimi juris*,—without reference to the *facts* of jurisdiction or of the subject-matter and of the parties. At the same instant, opinions are full of *dicta* that both form and manner of procedure are matters of regularity merely, for which the judgment can not be questioned collaterally; and that there is no case in which equity has ever undertaken to question a judgment for irregularity.

Let us look at the foundation-principles underlying these decisions not only, but as affected by the statutes of the separate states, and to illustrate fairly their application to the *facts* which, in the majority of these actions of divorce, exist and are uniform.

A, the husband, removes from Massachusetts to Illinois for the purpose of procuring a divorce and evading the laws of Massachusetts. His continued residence is in Illinois for a term of years beyond the period made by its statutes a necessary prerequisite to maintain his action. The wife never in *fact* became a resident of Illinois. A bill is filed for divorce, and every detail of

procedure complied with required by the law of the state to whose courts appeal is made for the relief by decree.

In the earlier decisions of those states now most zealous to defeat a recognition of such a judgment upon the facts stated, we find a line of logic in opinions which seemingly is not now adopted. Not to give the exact words employed, we outline the reason of the rule applied where the decree of the Illinois court was attacked collaterally.

Of course, the question is presented whether that decree can be attacked in a state other than Illinois, because the plaintiff there was not actually a *bona-fide* resident of that state at the time; and it was held not, because he *was* there, appeared in that court and filed his bill and took the decree.

The question whether he was a resident there, so as to enable him to file his bill, was for *that court to determine*; and, although it may have decided erroneously, the decision can not affect the validity of the judgment, as the *status* of all persons within a state is exclusively for that state to determine for itself. As to the force of such a judgment, it has been held protected by the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other state;" plainly meaning that it must have the same faith and credit as it has in the state where it was rendered. It must, however, be a judgment, and the parties and subject-matter must be within the jurisdiction of the court.

Until 1813, the courts of the State of New York held that such judgments of the sister-states of the Union stood on the same footing as foreign judgments. At that time, the Supreme Court of the United States held in effect that such a judgment had the same conclusive force in every other state as in the state where it was rendered. Since that time, the decisions in the State of New York have been modified so as to conform to that case; but there have been engrafted two exceptions, which really make nugatory a judgment in the foreign state.

The proposition, with its *saving* clauses, since *Mills vs. Duryea* (7 Cranch, 481), established in the State of New York, may be tersely embodied in this paraphrase: *The judgment of a court of general jurisdiction in any state of the Union is equally conclusive upon the parties in all the other states as in the state in which it was rendered.* This, however, is subject to two qualifications:—

1. If it appear by the record that the defendant was not *served with process*, and did not appear in person, or by attorney, such judgment is void; and,

2. If it appear by the record that the defendant appeared by attorney, the defendant may disprove the authority of such attorney to appear for him. If there is no appearance in fact, there is no judgment: it is a nullity.

While the courts have held that a judgment of a sister-state can not be impeached by showing irregularity in the forms of proceeding, or a non-compliance with some law of the state where the judgment was rendered relating thereto, or that the decision was erroneous, they have engrafted, in effect, a vital, most telling word upon the first qualification I have given. It is the keystone to the arch which unites the arguments on either side of this question of jurisdiction, and requires, as a *fact*, that the original process be served upon the defendant "*personally*."

Far-reaching is this prerequisite, as in most states, and *particularly in a state* which is the most critical and exacting as to that *personal* service of process from the courts of a *sister-state*, the statutes provide for service by publication as sufficient. It is the common practice, and decrees are granted "upon" that substituted service alone. Hence, in that respect, neither "*full*" nor the slightest "*faith and credit*" is given to the "*public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every* or any other state."

Many are not advocates for separate states-legislation upon this judicial procedure relating to the dissolution of marriage, and, in the forum of conscience, and recognition of those statutes only which should effect results, not *contra bonos mores*, concede that morality and decency require a *refusal* of decrees in many actions. The all-important office of criticism upon this subject is invoked at this time to distinguish those cases where service has been made in accordance with the statute of the state in which the action is brought not only, but where the *process* has come to the hands of the defendant promptly and with full advisement of the remedy sought.

There is a side-question which has often been raised in these cases,—but which no longer is held as of weight,—that the legal fiction obtains that the domicile of the wife is *identical* with that of the husband. In general temperament, diversity of interests and separate, antagonistic phases of life, culminating in different places

of residence, the wife's domicile may be other and far distant from that of her husband; and this is, *in fact*, the rule where a divorce proceeding is the attractive feature in a sister-state.

Most guarded have the courts been not to pass primarily upon the constitutionality of a statute of another state, or upon the validity of a judgment of divorce granted under it. In the State of New York, in January, 1878, the Court of Appeals held that a judgment of divorce, rendered by the court of another state against a domiciled citizen thereof, upon a substituted service of process, such as the law of the state has authorized *in the case of an absent defendant*, is valid *in personam* so as to adjudge a dissolution of the relation of husband and wife, and is conclusive upon the defendant in the courts of another state, although he was not within the territorial jurisdiction of the state in which the action was brought during the progress of the suit, and did not appear therein. Jurisdiction of the "subject-matter" in divorce is the act or acts which constitute the cause of action.

A general principle of law is established at times upon a state of proofs which, were the evidence slightly varied, would result in a serious hardship and wrong to a suitor if applied to the modified facts. This seems aptly illustrated in the anomalous action of *The People vs. Baker* (76 New York, 78), upon error to the General Term of the Supreme Court. Indictment was for bigamy, upon evidence that the defendant was married in 1871 in Ohio, and in November, 1874, again married while the first wife was living (he married in the State of New York).

In defense, a judgment of a court of record in Ohio, in an action by the first wife against him, was produced, certified in proper form and as valid and binding under the laws of that state.

This judgment was shown to be collusive in its character, and it was held that a court of another state can not adjudge the dissolution of the marital relations of a citizen of the State of New York, domiciled and actually residing in New York during the pendency of the judicial proceedings in such state, without a voluntary appearance on his part therein, and with no actual notice to him thereof; and this, although the marriage was solemnized in such other state. Also, that a state may adjudge the *status* of one of its own citizens towards a non-resident, and may authorize to that end such judicial proceedings as it sees fit; but the judgment can have no effect within the bounds of another state, so as to fix upon a

citizen of the latter a *status* against his will and without his consent, which is in hostility to the laws of the sovereignty of his allegiance.

In the first clause of the elaborate opinion of the court, from the pen of that gifted scholar, Judge Folger, is this:—

“As we look at this case it presents this question: Can a court in another state adjudge to be dissolved and at an end the matrimonial relation of a citizen of this state, domiciled and actually abiding here throughout the pendency of the judicial proceedings there, without a voluntary appearance by him therein, *and with no actual notice to him thereof*; and without personal service of process on him in that state?”

Those eight significant, weighty words are italicized by the writer of this monograph, and, in the light of the added line relating to lack of “*personal service*,” as a distinct proposition, are by implication intended to single out a class of cases where, were actual notice to a defendant of and in the action given, jurisdiction would attach. In every case since its decision where personal service has been omitted, but publication had, and to one action where *actual notice* was given and the original process came by direct mail under publication by the Ohio court, has *People vs. Baker* been followed as a precedent to the New York Court of Appeals.

This last case is *O’Dea vs. O’Dea* (101 N.Y., 23), in an action to annul a marriage where the second husband was plaintiff. The defendant’s first marriage was dissolved at the suit of her first husband, in the Ohio courts, he having gained a permanent residence there and complied fully with the statutory provisions to secure an absolute divorce. She, pending that suit, was a resident of Toronto, received there by mail, and upon this trial produced, the petition and notice for divorce, as well as a notice for the taking of proofs on the part of that plaintiff to sustain the allegation of his petition, viz., that she had deserted him. She attended the taking of the proofs, was not in collusion with that plaintiff, nor was fraud in the securing of the decree claimed.

In the case reported in 101 N.Y., it appeared that the plaintiff married defendant in the State of New York, and that they resided there in true, honorable and notorious relations as husband and wife. There was a strict conformity to the statutes of a sister-state, the plaintiff being a citizen of that jurisdiction, the defendant being neither domiciled within nor a resident of the State of

New York, but of a foreign Province, pending the suit. Still, actual notice was held not to have given jurisdiction; and the defendant in the line of *People vs. Baker* was, after many years of mutual recognition by the parties to that marriage, declared not a wife; and the decree of nullity was entered upon the ground that at the time of the alleged marriage with the plaintiff she had a former husband living. All this overwhelming blow fell because she was not the recipient of original process *personally* by the hands of some person in the Province of Ontario.

These adjudications are based upon a line of cases which frown upon judgments in sister-states unless the actual *personal* service be had; and this non-recognition of any "faith or credit" to these judicial proceedings is but recently repeated by New York Court of Appeals, in *Jones vs. Jones* (108 N.Y., 415), where the wife in Texas secured a divorce upon *personal* service of the defendant in New York, when he appeared in the Texas court and served answer. The Court of Appeals states briefly its present *status* as to the jurisdiction of the sister-state: "It is clear that a state can not, by a statute, give jurisdiction to its courts over a citizen of another state not served with process *within the jurisdiction*, and who does not appear in the action. At least a judgment rendered pursuant to such a statute, upon substituted service, would be void in every other jurisdiction."

It is apparent that the ruling of the United States Supreme Court is not controlling, though at variance with the decisions of the highest appellate courts of several states. I refer to *Maynard vs. Hill* (125 U. S. Rep., 190), Mr. Justice Field writing the opinion, Mr. Justice Matthews and Mr. Justice Gray dissenting (Justice Bradley not present at argument and taking no part in decision). The case was on these facts decided March, 1888.

A territorial statute of Oregon, passed in 1852, dissolving the bonds of matrimony between husband and wife, the husband being at the time a resident of the territory, was held an exercise of "the legislative power of the territory upon a rightful subject of legislation," according to the prevailing judicial opinion of the country and the understanding of the legal profession at the time when the act of Congress, establishing the territorial government, was passed.

Having jurisdiction to *legislate* upon the *status* of the husband, he being a resident of the territory at the time, the validity of the

act is not affected by the fact that it was passed upon his application, *without notice to or knowledge by his wife*, who, with their children, had been left by him two years before in Ohio, under promise that he would return or send for them within two years. Two points may, I think, be raised as to this being of no binding force or entitled to recognition by the state courts:—

1. That a legislative divorce is not to be construed as involving the same principles applicable to decrees granted under general statutes; and

2. That the act of the assembly of a *territory* is contradistinguished from the statutes of a state.

In answer to these points it is strong argument that what may be exercised by a legislature direct may be delegated to the judicial tribunals within the limits of the state. It thereby shifts the power, and the granting of a divorce becomes a judicial in place of a legislative function.

One of the most exhaustive, elaborate discussions of this question of jurisdiction in this country, as affected by domicile of the plaintiff and *actual* notice to a defendant, is embodied in the dissenting opinion of that learned jurist, Judge Danforth, in *O'Dea vs. O'Dea*, in which two judges beside concurred. That opinion draws the line of distinction as to the precedent of *People vs. Baker*, gives full recognition to an established proposition in that state that actual notice *pendente lite* be given a defendant, and in terse phrase comments upon the decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court from an ethical and equitable as well as legal standpoint. Most happily chosen was the language at the close of this incomparable review; viz., "In my opinion, therefore, the learned court below did not err under the circumstances of this case, in whatever aspect they may be viewed, in refusing to annul the marriage between the plaintiff and the defendant. They might well hold that the plaintiff's case was not proven, or, if there was irregularity in the proceedings in the court of Ohio, waive it in a spirit of comity and accredit the judgment, rather than pronounce a relation which for nearly twenty years the parties treated as lawful to have been adulterous. They might also hold that the judicial proceedings in Ohio were effective, and that the interest of society and justice to the parties required that respect should be given to them."

A fond hope has been held for years that uniformity of marriage

and divorce laws could be effected; and the common sentiment of the bench in this country is aptly expressed in an opinion of Chief Judge Church, of the New York Court of Appeals, in a case to which I have referred in this article: "It is to be regretted that marriage and divorce laws are not uniform in all the states, and we think they should all conform to the laws of this state; but we must never fail to remember that the states are equal in power, and that each state has the same right to exercise its judgment in the passage of laws, on this and every other subject, that our own state has; and, in dealing with questions of this character, it is gratifying to know that the requirements of the Constitution accord with the principles of the Golden Rule."

Much kindly regard exists as between the states, which may tend to bring the whole system of divorce legislation into general harmonious action, and to establish and promote rules of comity between the several states, and between the federal judiciary represented by the United States Supreme Court and the separate highest appellate courts of the several states.

How this "wisdom" is to be invoked, and whether it is "easy to be entreated," in the light of numerous and varying statutes of the states,—raising slight jealousies tending to preserve each in its rights and remedies,—is a serious—yes, the burning question of the coming decade of years in this country. Much literature from the bar has recently issued, bearing on the legal perplexities of wedlock in these United States, notably in a valuable volume from the pen of William L. Snyder, a New York lawyer, on the "Geography of Marriage," intimating a constitutional amendment limiting the power of the states as a safe relief.

From the point of view of the *Church*, D. Convers, assistant at St. Clement's, Philadelphia, issues a volume, wherein he regards the laxity of the marriage laws as a national sin, and closes his book with the words, "Help us to teach all,—once married, married till death." Limitations upon the Constitution of the United States would seem to preclude any relief through its amendment, as the separate state governments are as absolute in the exercise of their authority and judicial functions within their respective jurisdictions as is the general government within its particular sphere. An appeal from the final judgment or decree of a "highest" state court to the Supreme Court of the United States will lie only in those cases "where is drawn in question the validity of a statute

of, or an authority exercised under any state, on the ground of their being repugnant to the Constitution, treaties or laws of the United States and the decisions in favor of their validity."

This is doubtful ground upon which to invoke the right of appeal; and the medium of a Commission from the different states to harmonize the legislation, make uniform jurisdictional facts,—on the one hand asking cultured, staid Massachusetts to reduce its divorce calendar by lessening the many grounds for such relief, and, on the other, from Maine to California, relaxing rigid rules of criticism and surrendering the "secret" divorce,—may solve the problem.

Beyond language to express is the wrong in many cases wrought by the granting of these decrees for every slight offense, as well as the intervention of purely technical legal obstacles to a well-founded cause of action, properly prosecuted but so defeated as to leave adrift two cold, sordid people bound together, as Charles Dickens said, by no tie but the manacle that joins their fettered hands, and straining that so harshly, in their shrinking asunder, that it wears and chafes to the bone.*

DE LANCEY CRITTENDEN.

NEW FIELDS FOR MISSIONARY HEROISM.

HEATHEN IN HIGH LIFE.—DOMESTIC BLISS IN ALASKA.—THE SAINTS GOING NORTHWEST.—SUGGESTIONS.

A London newspaper dispatch of November 19, 1889, stated that "an evangelistic movement of a very unusual character was attracting some attention" in that city. It said: "Efforts have repeatedly been made to increase Christian influence in the great East End, and innumerable societies have been formed with that object in view. The present movement, however, seeks its field of labor at the other and fashionable end of London. In other words, a

* REMEDY FOR SUCH CHAFING.—Take a tablespoonful of pure Christianity before each meal, and a good half-pint each night before retiring. Do this for a life-time. Dickens took brandy, etc., instead.—THE EDITOR.

society of good people has been formed, the avowed purpose of which is to seek the conversion of the people of the West End. The plan adopted in the furtherance of this purpose by the members or agents of the society is to make personal visits upon the people in the West End and seek by direct intercourse to interest them in religion. It is asserted that all the houses in fashionable London, not excluding Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, will be visited in this way."

It is worthy of notice that this dispatch does not state to what extent the "great East End" of London has been improved by the "innumerable societies" referred to. It is a matter difficult to put in the shape of reliable statistics. But the change of base should not be taken as a sign either of encouragement or discouragement as regards the East End. Beyond a doubt, Marlborough House and at least ninety per cent of the West End community are badly in need of zealous and persistent missionary labor. It is doubtful, however, if the missionaries will be received with any gushing hospitality. It is still more doubtful if their visits will be productive of any good. The West-Enders are very wise in their own conceit. They know quite as much about the mission visitors as the visitors know about them. Moreover, this entire modern business of so-called religious visitation of private homes—that is, unsought, uninvited—is a kind of low-bred, Protestant, presumptuous impertinence. That Lady B., who wants the little word "not" put into the earlier commandments of the Decalogue and left out of the latter commandments, may not be as good a woman as Lady C., who wants the commandments to stand as they are, for moral effect,—though she never thinks of observing them,—may be taken for granted; but it would be a difficult proposition to prove logically.

The following paragraph from a famous little book, "Society in London," by a foreign resident, appears to confirm the impression of the missionary that the West End is in need of salvation of some sort: "All Englishmen, and a good many Englishwomen, if they have no vested interest in horses, bet, gamble or speculate in some way. When it is not the turf it is the stock-exchange, and perhaps this is the reason that the city plays so large a part in the arrangements of the West End. Duchesses and other ladies of rank, I may parenthetically observe, would scarcely be so demonstrative in their affection for the wire-pullers of the London money-market, to say nothing of a crowd of stock-jobbers and stock-

brokers, but for the speculative impulse within them. I pronounce, without hesitation, that the turf and the operations essential or subsidiary to it possess more of a universal power in society, and exercise a greater attractive force in society, than anything else. It is the ruling passion, and in virtue of its predominance it does in effect group society around itself."

Beyond a doubt, these people ought to be visited, converted—by force, if necessary—or sent in slave-gangs to some British Siberia,—say India, Central Africa, Australia or Canada,—be made to improve the land and get it ready for that heavy *single tax* which is, by and by, to save the whole world. In fact, why not get Henry George to be single apostle and visitor to all these people, with power to change their minds and ways or hang them on the spot? In another century, Philadelphia aristocracy on the south side and north side will be ready for just such missionary labor. So the *great work* goes on: the need of it never diminishes. "Civilization is a queer thing, my friends."

On the same date (November 19, 1889), there were dispatches to Eastern papers from St. Louis, Mo., headed as follows: "A survey of Alaska. How the Indian women are distinguished from the men. A man can take as many wives as he can support. In one place a woman can have two or three husbands. The people covered with vermin." In the body of the letter we find the following: "Every fifteen or twenty miles we come upon an Indian settlement. More desolate hovels you can not find anywhere. The sex of the natives is distinguished in their dress only by the length of their fur coats. The women wear their coats long behind and the men's are cut off equal lengths all around. When you get close to them the women have another distinguishing feature: they have three straight lines tattooed on their chins. A man can take as many wives as he can support, and each one has to work as hard as possible. Farther up the river the state of affairs is different. There a woman may have two or three husbands." All this, to the initiated, appears to differ from the overcrowded, and not so overcrowded, districts of Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, New York and Philadelphia, mainly in the fact that it was only recently discovered in Alaska. By all means, let the missionary bands intended for the West End of London break up into smaller squads, and let the most hardy among them come over to Alaska and help us. They can not afford to get twenty-five thousand divorces a year in Alaska. Their lawyers are not nu-

merous or Christian enough to manage things on that scale, as yet; but no doubt the people of Alaska would receive the London missionaries with good grace and share with them such privileges and blessings as Alaska has to offer. A hundred years hence the Alaskan laws will have improved and divorces and crime will have become respectable.

To make matters worse in the great Northwest, dispatches to the newspapers of the very same date stated that Utah Mormonism is slowly but surely migrating to the northwest territory. These poor, mistaken cranks, without the aid of twenty thousand divorces a year, have already chosen two barren spots, within the boundaries of the United States, and have turned those spots into very gardens of beauty and prosperity and domestic peace; but good and sober men like Senator Edmunds, the late President Garfield, and their like, unable to bear the moral stigma of Mormonism any longer, urged the agitation which has finally driven the saints to seek a colder clime. The new home of Mormonism is another field for the overcrowded and over-zealous London West-Enders. And when all the gambling and horse-racing and infidel London West-Enders, and all the poor Alaskans, and all the Mormons, are converted to the very standards of the West End missionaries themselves, or to the standard of the same sort of people in Boston and Philadelphia, what then? Will illegitimate children, and divorces, and diseases, and falsehood, and crime in general, be on the increase or decrease among us? Those who have studied these things most closely for the last half-century expect just about as much from such mission work as they do from Mr. Henry George and his salvation by single tax and land-grabbing.

Certainly the fields—lots of them—are even now very white or very black, and ready to harvest; but the wisest and saddest men of our times have reached the conclusion that both as to doctrine and practice the patent reaping and mowing machines of modern Christendom do not do their work as clearly or effectively as they ought; and there is a strong disposition either to take the old axes, scythes and sickles of apostolic times or fly to socialism, ignorance and more ballot-boxes still. THE GLOBE has no faith in the London West End missions; no respect for Philadelphia standards of respectable Christianity; and infinite contempt for Mr. George and all his followers: and, if it dared to make a suggestion, would say, Try a little pure Christianity on yourself for one single year.

W. H. T.

BROWNING AND HIS CRITICS.

I have now little or nothing to add to or to take from my general estimate of Robert Browning, published in "Modern Idols" (J. B. Lippincott Company, 1887). Though very imperfect in many ways, it was a more discriminating review of him than had previously been made by any man or woman; and certainly none of his new adorers or slanderers have exceeded their predecessors, either in adoration, vituperation or discrimination. I was an ardent admirer of Browning more than twenty years ago, and an expounder of him to such of our "best people" as came in my way and indicated a taste for that sort of enjoyment. Most of our modern critics were then in the nursery, a few of them were "ponying" through Horace and Homer,—and others, perhaps, dickering for their college diplomas.

In view of these facts, the critics and other readers of *THE GLOBE* may imagine with what contempt I read, among other criticisms of "Modern Idols," that "Mr. Thorne was certainly ripe for membership in our modern Browning societies." Twenty years ago, most of our "best people" used frankly to admit that they did not understand Browning; that he was beyond them. At his best he is beyond them still; and it would be difficult for me to say which I despise most,—Browning's new-fledged, abusive critics, of the purely low-grade Edgar Fawcett species, or the average block and tackle that make up the rigging of our modern Browning society crews. It is an unweeded garden, mostly devoted to raising the almighty dollar, if you please.

The average modern critic and the average literary reader and worshiper of such "poets" as Holmes and Lowell, and such novelists as Howells and James, have no better or clearer understanding of Goethe or Sophocles than they have of Browning. I am not blaming them for lack of understanding. I blame only the adorers, who profess to have understanding and have it not, and still more the slanderers, who have neither the understanding to comprehend Browning nor the reverence to appreciate other peo-

ple's understanding of him, nor the modesty to confess their own comparative imbecility, but who add to the hypocrisy of pretending to understand him the impertinence of abusing him. It is a free country, and if every Judas is not as good as Jesus, he thinks he is, and that amounts to the same thing in modern literature.

The most serious and in many ways the truest modern criticism I have heard of Browning was uttered to me in earnest conversation, by one of the ablest of modern critics, within twelve hours of the writing of these lines, December 20, 1889: "For some reason or other," said he, "Browning has become mentally and morally demoralized, degraded, during the last twenty odd years." When we remember that he was seventy-seven at the time of his death, a few days previous to this writing, the mental decay of the last two decades would, to some minds, find an explanation. But there has not been mental decay in this sense, and it was not in this sense that my friend used his strong expression. Poets, however, do not live or thrive on Gladstonian platitudes; and, beyond a doubt, Browning had passed his working prime twenty years ago. My friend's criticism had and has a far more serious meaning than this,—so much more serious, that I have not the heart to enter into this fresh-spoiled new holy of holies, either to say what I think or what I know about it. In all probability, there is one woman living in the city of Philadelphia who could tell the world more about all that than I care to tell or than she cares to tell. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died in 1861, say twenty-eight years ago. Quite a while before her death, it is understood that the Adam and Lilith and Eve story had burned itself out, with some bitterness, among the ashes of Aurora Leigh.

Why lift the veil? Wilt thou fling a stone at thy brother? First use a Colt's revolver on thy own poor head. Alas! my critic of the severe words and aspect has the truth of it. But this degradation is the very reason the modern world has taken to Browning, and hence has my despising. Browning was and remains great to me for reasons that the modern world does not yet comprehend. Only one critic in all New England even saw why I *held Browning great*; and, as he had never studied him enough to comprehend my why, much less to understand its sources in Browning's work, the boy naturally ridiculed my sight of Browning's greatness. He was and remains the only English-speaking poet of our times who has faced the great problems of modern

thought and said one complete, true word about them ; not wholly true, not wholly complete : but, as compared with Tennyson, the Arnolds, with Swinburne, the atheists and the cranks, with Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and the like, the man was a god, and his word God's word to this godless generation. He was of the same caliber as Goethe and Sophocles, and treated themes of the same grade as theirs ; but he had not as complete a head as they, and was finally ruined by modern English and American female adoration.

Heaven only knows what he would have done, after he was fifty, if he and his Elizabeth had been left alone, or if, after her death, he had kept on his way among the stars.

"O enemy sly and serpentine,
Uncoil thee from the waking man."

When priest or poet says—

"I press God's lamp
Close to my breast ; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom,"

he must quit the flesh-pots of London, or Rome, or Philadelphia, and, can he not find a soul to suit him, must sail the seas alone. But,—

"Milk that's spilt'
—You know the adage ! Watch and pray."

It is as he was at his best that the world will remember Browning, and crown him as the ablest poet of the central generation of the Nineteenth Century.

W. H. T.

RICHARD REALF: THE SOUL OF MARTYRDOM.

A REVIEW OF ONE OF THE CHOICEST SOULS THAT EVER BREATHED.

That the editors of American magazines are chiefly engaged in the publication of literary puerilities or sensational trash for the sole purpose of making money is a self-evident fact. The result is the gratification of avarice among a small number of scribblers, etchers and publishers upon the one hand and the general prostitution of true literature upon the other. Clever word-building is now the fashion; genius, bravely hewing to the mark, is "not available."

Humbly,—aye, devoutly,—in the face of this base literary autocracy, the writer seeks to uplift the fallen headstone, and remove the mold from the grave of Richard Realf. To write the truth about this great and ill-fated soul is a delicate, solemn and pathetic task; and there is no tragedy in history that contains a more poignant lesson for humanity. Neither a spirit of extravagant eulogy nor of vengeful criticism shall designedly mar this account. No good can now be done by the harsh arraignment of a many-headed and irresponsible world, because in October, 1878, in the town of Oakland, Cal., the life of the tenderest heart that then beat over earth was left to ebb for ever away in unpitied despair.

Genuine poets are the angels of literature, hovering evermore beautiful and holy over the loftiest thought of mankind. Richard Realf belongs to that seraphic "choir invisible," and that his voice has not yet been heard is a serious reflection upon every review in the United States.* But my words are only generalities at best, unless it is proven that they are appropriate to the creator of true poetry. In justification of the position assumed, let the following

*An appreciative review of Realf, written by Rositter Johnson, was published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, March, 1879. It involved the publishers in a disagreeable law-suit, brought by one of Realf's widows; and, when the suit was closed in the autumn of 1882, a two-column article of mine in review of Realf was published in the *Philadelphia Times*. In the near future, I hope to review him at greater length even than he is here treated by Mr. Cothran.—THE EDITOR.

stanza introduce a number of extracts from the writings of this great, neglected poet :—

I think that Love makes all things musical.
 I think that, touched by its deep spiritual breaths,
 Our barren lives to blossoming lyrics swell,
 And new births, shining upward from old deaths,
 Clasp dark glooms with white glories. Thus, to-day,
 Watching the simple people in the street,
 I thought the lingering and the passing feet
 Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm away,
 And that I heard the yearning faces say,
 "Soul, sing me this new song!" The very leaves
 Throbbled with the palpitation of a beautiful tune;
 And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
 Low melodies seemed to slide down from the eaves,
 Dying delicious in a dreamy swoon.

What spirituality! what delicacy of perception! what beauty of expression! Who among the most perfect literary artists has used language more exquisitely?

Now hear the grand, sad lyrist in "Death and Desolation :"—

Dead—dead.

I shall never die, I fear.

O heart, so sore bestead,
 O hunger never fed,
 O life uncomforted;

It is drear, very drear!

I am cold.

The sunshine glorifying all the hills,
 The children dancing among the daffodils;
 The thrush-like music of maidens' lips,
 Brooding thanksgiving o'er dear fellowships;
 The calm compassions and benignities
 Of souls fast anchored in translucent seas;
 The visible radiance of the Invisible,
 Far glimpses of the Perfect Beautiful,
 Haunting the earth with heaven,—they warm not me;—
 The low-voiced winds breathe very soothingly.

Yet I am cold.

Years—years.

So long the dread companionship of pain,
 So long the slow compression of the brain,
 So long the bitter famine and the drouth,
 So long the ache for kisses on the mouth,

So long the straining of hot, tearless eyes
 In backward looking upon paradise ;
 So long tired feet dragging falteringly and slow,
 So long the solemn sanctity of woe ;
 Years—years.

Perhaps

There was a void in heaven, which only she,
 Of all God's saintliest, could fill perfectly.
 Perhaps for too close clinging—too much sense
 Of loving, and of Love's Omnipotence—
 I was stripped bare of gladness, like a tree
 By the black thunder blasted. It may be
 I was not worthy ; that some inner flaw,
 Which but the eye of the Omniscient saw,
 Ran darkling through me, making me unclean.
 I know not ; but I know that what hath been—
 The thrill, the rapture, the intense repose,
 Which but the passion-sceptered spirit knows ;—
 The heart's great halo lightening up the days,
 The breath all incense, and the lips all praise,
 Can be no more for ever : that what is—
 Drear suffocation in a drear abyss ;
 Lean hands outstretched toward the dark profound,
 Starved ears vain listening for a tender sound ;
 The lips choking back the desolate cry
 Wrung from the soul's forlornest agony,
 Will last until the props of Being fall,
 And the green grave's quiet covers all.
 Perhaps the violets will blossom then
 O'er me as sweetly as o'er other men,
 Perhaps.

It is most sad :

This crumbling into chaos and decay ;
 My heart aches, and I think I shall go mad
 Some day—some day.

If Dante was a man of sorrows ; if Burns suffered and aspired and died in poverty ; if Chatterton starved' on the street ; if the condor-winged soul of the incomparable Poe was permitted, with scant recognition, to flutter darkly away into the nameless silence, what shall be said of the author of the majestic lines quoted above, he who perished heart-broken, penniless and almost wholly unknown ?

Richard Realf's mind was a myriad-combination and truly a

harp of a thousand strings. He is at once tender, benignant, metaphysical, passionate, refined and intense. Were critics and magazine-builders at large industrious, capable and honest, some one among them would years ago have discovered that the poem "Hasheesh" is not a whit inferior to the rhetorical music which has made Keats classic, or the profound subtlety that caused the words of Coleridge to become a high firmament and wonderland of literature.

If ever you should desire to gain
 A glimpse of the primal regions where
 The vital tissues o' the heart lie bare,
 The intricate coils of life are plain ;
 If you have strength enough to dare
 The apocalypse which turns the brain
 With too much peering of mortal eyes
 Into the immortalities,
 And—stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain—
 Wake from the gorgeous dream at last
 Dogged by phantoms which cleave and cling
 Closer than any living thing ;
 Haunting your future with their past,
 Lining you in a charmèd ring,
 Cutting you with a wizard wing
 Out from the darkness, till you die—
 Eat of the hasheesh, as did I.

It was not the drug of the Orient,
 With which the poet simulates
 A warmth in his veins when the fires are spent,
 A flight in the blue when the bitter weights
 Of the world have broken his wings ; it was
 More beautiful, awful, terrible !
 Clothed on with fantasies which surpass
 Whatever is known of heaven or hell,
 When, under the touch of the other spell,
 Back the mystical curtains roll,
 And up, unscreened, to the seeing soul,
 Past and present and future rise,
 Bearing their secrets in their eyes.

She could not help that she distilled
 A blessed aroma all around ;
 She could not help it that she filled
 My arid silence with cooing sound ;
 She could not help that her sweet face
 Was as a reverential hymn ;
 She could not help that round her place
 Lingered the Lord God's cherubim.

Was it so strange that, brooding thus,
 Over her saintly humanhood,
 Deliriums multitudinous
 Wrought in my pulses and my blood?
 That I dreamed dear dreams of a wedded wife?
 That some one walked in my sleep by my side?
 That I stood in a tremulous hush of life,
 Content to stand so until I died?
 Oh, the clear beneficent days!
 Oh, the calm and reverent nights!
 Oh, the mornings of perfect praise!
 Oh, the evenings of pure delight!
 Oh, the whispers in which we talked!
 Oh, arch replies of merry lips!
 Oh, the trances wherein we walked!
 And the beautiful fellowships!
 Spirit with spirit so ingrooved,
 Sympathies so divinely blent.

My blessing watched the flowers she loved;
 She made my poverty opulent,
 The well-pleased angels smiling on
 That most ineffable unison!

.

No trance is life-long; all dreams flee—
 I am awake now; something cut
 The path of the currents lifting me,
 And close the inscrutable blankness shut
 Down on my mount Delectable;
 Down on my fields Elysian;
 Down on my Palace Beautiful!
 Over the universe something ran
 Which trod the gold and the amethyst
 Out from the mornings and the eves;
 Something withered the grass and leaves;
 Out from the vastness something hissed;
 And something within me moans and grieves,
 Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

As an illustration of the deep compassion and strong affection that swelled in this royal heart, I reproduce the recently published rhyme to "The Children:"—

Do you love me, little children?
 O sweet blossoms that are curled
 (Life's tender morning-glories)
 Round the casement of the world!

Do your hearts climb up toward me
 As my own heart bends to you,
 In the beauty of your dawning
 And the brightness of your dew ?

When the fragrance of your faces,
 And the rhythm of your feet,
 And the incense of your voices
 Transform the sullen street,
 Do you see my soul move softly
 For ever where you move,
 With an eye of benediction
 And a guardian hand of love ?

O my darlings ! I am with you
 In your trouble, in your play,
 In your sobbing and your singing,
 In your dark and in your day,
 In the chambers where you nestle,
 In the hovels where you lie,
 In the sunlight where you blossom
 And the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you
 But it lifts me from the ground ;
 Not a thistle-barb doth sting you
 But I suffer with the wound ;
 And a chord within me trembles
 To your lightest touch or tone,
 And I famish when you hunger,
 And I shiver when you moan.

Can you tell me, little children,
 Why it is I love you so ?
 Why I'm weary with the burdens
 Of my sad and dreary woe ?
 Do the myrtle and the aloes
 Spring blithely from one tree ?
 Yet I love you, O my darlings !
 Have you any flowers for me ?

I have trodden all the spaces
 Of my solemn years alone,
 And have never felt the cooing
 Of a babe's breath near my own.
 But with more than father-passion,
 And with more than mother-pain,
 I have loved you, little children—
 Do you love me back again ?

How startling is the contrast between the benign and mournful cadences of "The Children" and the incandescent passion below, entitled "An Aspiration"!

God! what a pitiful mockery
Seems this poor human speech.
To paint the marvelous majesty
Which my life designs to teach.

God! how much less than very death
Is this outspoken tongue,
To grasp the glorious hymn of faith
Which my soul and I have sung.

Oh, but for living lips of fire
To utter out my heart,
And flash the tones from my spirit lyre
In the voice with which they start!

Oh, but for language that should scorch
The innermost heart of hell,
And gleam and glare like a flaming torch
Thro' the deeps where devils dwell;

Oh, for an utterance that should sweep
Like the red-hot-lipped Simoon,
And wither the damning things that keep
This beautiful world in gloom!

Oh, for a voice whose tone should fall
Like the touch of a mother's prayer,
On the sick and sorrowing souls of all
Who pine for a holier air!

Oh, if my passionate scorn of wrong,
My prodigal love of right,
And the beautiful hopes that thrill and throng
My soul like the stars of night—

Oh, if but these could pass my lips
In the might with which they rise,
How I'd tear and trample the black eclipse
That shroudeth my brothers' eyes!

O Christ! for a boundless pentecost
To rest on my heaving soul,
And give it speech of the Holy Ghost
Instead of this stammering dole!

Then, Jesu! the lofty hymn sublime
I'd fling on life's panting sea
Should ring on the farthest shore of time,
And grapple eternity!

It seems well-nigh impossible that the writer of those volcanic words could also have produced the noble optimism and philosophic grandeur revealed in these lines:—

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing ;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters the flowing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him ;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite tissues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit ; the deed is outdone by the doing ;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where
those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

* * * *

A few sentences concerning Col. Richard Realf. He was a native of England, and, according to the statement of one of his warmest friends, had been intimately connected with a number of distinguished persons in that country, particularly with Lady Byron. His untimely and pathetic death recalled many memories of the soldier, lecturer and poet. His life was one continual romance, but he was ever found, despite all untoward circumstances, sustaining the oppressed and unhappy of whatever sex or nation. He came to the United States in 1854, and was at that time possessed of extraordinary beauty of person and mind, which attracted to him some of the choicest persons in the kingdom of letters. He devoted himself to literary work, producing, among other things, numerous essays for ameliorating the condition of the poor, receiving in return about such encouragement as Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson first had from the editor of *The*

Century. His resemblance to Lord Byron was very remarkable, which fact, in addition to his friendship for Lady Byron and his poetical genius, caused idle stories that he was the illegitimate son of the famous author of "Don Juan." In 1856 he was found in Kansas, where his heart became his inkwell, from which he wrote in blood. Here he met John Brown, who chose him secretary of state in his cabinet of officers to march on Harper's Ferry. Col. Realf was reported killed in that enthusiastic raid, but a few years afterward he did valiant service with pen and sword in the Union army. His long career as a frontiersman and his army-life told heavily on his handsome face and physique; but his mind remained as strong and beautiful as ever. He became connected with the *Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Commercial*, made speeches for the Republican party, lectured in New England on many reforms and continued to write poems. Married in 1865 to a lady much older than himself and so unlike him in thought and feeling that harmony between them was impossible, he applied for a divorce and obtained it in the lower courts; but the Supreme Court set it aside upon some frivolous technicality on the day he was to be married to a young lady in Utica, N.Y. This was a heavy blow, which, added to his past suffering, came near killing him. He partially recovered, and wrote again with his natural power and beauty; but his health was still broken and his mind, at times, on the verge of distraction. In this condition he came to California in 1878, where, during the month of October, he died, poverty-stricken and unmourned amidst strangers. A few reverent hands laid his tired form lovingly to rest. He preached his own funeral sermon the night before his death in these majestic words:—

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*" When
 For me the end has come, and I am dead,
 And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
 Peck at me curiously, let it then be said,
 By some one brave enough to speak the truth,
 "Here lies a great soul, killed by cruel wrong.
 Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth,
 To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
 And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
 He wrought for Liberty, till his own wound
 (He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
 Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,
 And sank there where you see him lying now,
 With that word 'Failure' written on his brow."

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
 World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
 Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
 Daily by those high angels, who assuage
 The thirstings of the poets—for he was
 Born unto singing;—and a burthen lay
 Mightily on him, and he moaned because
 He could not rightly utter to this day
 What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
 And benedictions from black pits of shame,
 And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
 And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
 With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
 Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
 Yet brake his heart in trying to be brave;
 Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
 The popular shibboleth of the courtier's lips,
 But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb,
 And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
 He was aweary, but fought his fight,
 And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
 To see the august broadening of the light,
 And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
 He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet:—
 Plant daisies at his head and his feet.

Is it not time that all nations professing civilization were brought to a just conception of that brutal ingratitude which permits every unselfish or inspired spirit to live without reward and die in misery? That the masses are as indifferent to the poet as the savage is oblivious to the inventor demonstrates but too clearly the shameful limitations of modern education. The bigoted dogmas of utilitarianism have much too long duped a large number of persons into utter ignorance or contempt of what constitutes real poetry; and the magazines, by the erection of ignoble standards, are fast completing the ruin. It may be truthfully contended that the artistic temperament is not disposed to mechanical ingenuity or business craft; that the painter, sculptor, poet or musician is seldom a successful blacksmith, farmer or banker; that the purely materialistic lines of existence conflict with the subtle distinctions and sensitive refinements of idealism. Never-

theless, it can not be gainsaid that a world that rejects her precious ministers of love and beauty, or ignores her most original and sublime creations, is far from being civilized. But how shall men determine what states are best for them to pursue? The answer is simple and old. First, their bodies should be reasonably well fed, clothed and housed. Then let them, if they would rank before high God above the beasts, get knowledge, imitate Christ and learn that genius is holy. Let them cease to build palaces to luxurious iniquities, crown bloated gods and worship fleshly Venuses, while the great, sorrowful Nazarenes of earth are made to fast and suffer unsheltered in the wilderness.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

SAINT PAUL AND MODERN SKEPTICISM.

PAUL OF TARSAUS. BY THE AUTHOR OF RABBI JESHUA. LONDON:
GEORGE REDWAY. 1889.—OTHER ESTIMATES OF PAUL.

This new life of "the great apostle to the Gentiles," as Calvinistic Christians still love to call him, is a very remarkable book,—remarkable for many things which will duly appear in this notice, but first of all, and at once, for the lucid simplicity of its language and its beautiful candor.

The "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, published in England thirty-three years ago, and in New York by Charles Scribner, in 1860, was at that time and still remains a strong landmark of the reasonable but reverent spirit whose streams of light came in like a flood to stem the tides of reckless biblical criticism which invaded the central years of this century. All earnest theological students of that period—the writer of this article among thousands of others—remember with what vividness the Apostle Paul, for the first time in their history, was lifted, by the work of these men, out of the sphere of Puritan, dogmatic theology into the sphere of natural, purposeful, consecrated human life. Conybeare and Howson, however, were both of them orthodox ministers and professors. No taint or strength of religious rationalism, as understood during the last twenty years, had entered their

minds. They had carefully studied the epistles of Paul and the account given of him in the *Acts* of the Apostles. They had compared these statements with such cotemporaneous history as was within their reach, and out of these had truly made "a living picture of St. Paul himself, and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded." But it was purely a biblical, orthodox picture. Its spirit was that of a scholarly, Christian exegesis. It was not critical of the scriptural records: it did not pretend to meet issues then being raised by Strauss and his fellows. It was a beautiful commentary on a noble life, so taken out of the spoilings of the creeds and made measurably real again. Page 99, Volume I.: "We see the value set by God on honesty and integrity when we find that he who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor and informer obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in misbelief." The force of the word *because* is allowed, unquestioned, to have its full weight in the argument, and the opinion of the "sacred writer" passes unchallenged of the new biographers. This is at once a good illustration of the trust and realism of this excellent work.

Soon the very foundations of the "New Testament" were to be undermined. The little feuds between Paul and Peter and the other apostles were to be painted as deadly, life-long hatreds, and the human race was to look through other and more clouded eyes at the sublime tragedies which crowned the lives of Jesus and of Paul. After studying any modern, rationalistic, critical, questioning, doubting, yet self-assured life of Paul, however, the conscientious reader, even of this generation, will find a healthy antidote in the beautiful clearness and faith of these earlier men.

Many readers of this review are as familiar with "The Life and Work of St. Paul," by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., two volumes (New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1879), as they are with the volumes just noticed. The intellectual and moral struggles of the twenty years intervening between 1859 and 1879 had all entered the life-blood of Canon Farrar, and his two volumes are at once a response to and a refutation of all that was base and shallow in the anti-Paulistic and anti-Christian criticisms of those years. Of course, skepticism still goes on its own way unconvinced. You can no more convince a skeptic than a woman, against his or her own sweet will. The soil on which to build conviction has already, in the skeptic, become saturated with quicksand: it will neither hold water nor bear any solid structure save that of the skeptic's own

little cranium. He may not be wholly without God (that is, oxygen), or without hope (that is, conceit), in this world; but all visions of the heroic in human life,—which visions and the things seen by them are the true soul of religion,—these are but idle tales to the omniscient skeptic in all lands. Let no such man dream that I claim for Canon Farrar's *Life of St. Paul* any power to refute him or his peers. Some things seem to be impossible even with God,—at least for a while,—and “without process,” as good Dr. McCosh might say. Intelligent readers having any right to an opinion on this theme, however, know that Dr. Farrar's *Life of Paul* represents all that is worthy in modern biblical and historical scholarship, and hence that it is another landmark for the boys and men of this generation who may be inclined either to understand the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures or to set their minds and hearts against them. There is the same general confidence in the Paulistic epistles and the account in the Acts, the same veneration for general religious truth and life, the same reverence for the intellectual splendor and the moral heroism of Paul's life that we find in Conybeare and Howson; but vaster depths of modern light are revealed; all the horizon is broadened; and, if any honest man is so minded, he may as well as not, Enoch-like, walk with God again, hand in hand with the good English archdeacon, through these excellent books. Their characteristic beauties are aptly illustrated in a few sentences on page 198, Volume I., touching the conversion of Paul—and other conversions, if you please:—

“In the annals of human lives there have been other spiritual crises analogous to this in their startling suddenness, in their absolute finality. To many, the resurrection from the death of sin is a slow and life-long process; but others pass with one thrill of conviction, with one spasm of energy, from death to life, from the power of Satan unto God. Such moments crowd eternity into an hour, and stretch an hour into eternity.

‘At such high hours
Of inspiration from the Living God
Thought is not.’

When God's awful warnings burn before the soul, in letters of flame, it can read them, indeed, and know their meaning to the very uttermost; but it does not know, and it does not care, whether it was *Perez* or *Upharsin* that was written on the wall.

The utterances of the Eternal Sibyl are inscribed on records scattered and multitudinous as are the forest leaves."

So the third person of the Trinity becomes the "Eternal Sibyl;" so verbal inspiration becomes Christian rationalism; so a world-wide, heaven-deep doctrine of inspiration is hinted at even to the blushes of our own autumn leaves; so a thousand things are said over Paul's head in Christian theology that Conybeare and Howson could no more have said than Scott and Dickens and George Eliot could have told their splendid stories if Goethe, the great master-spirit of European culture, had not first showed them the way. In Canon Farrar's *Life of Paul* the reader finds the doubts of Burns, the questioning and later faith of Tennyson, the still riper and fuller sight of Browning, all touched—baptized, if you please—by the breath of Jesus and modern evangelism. So the great spiritual world moves on though the universal skeptic knows it not, and though the hide-bound Calvinist sees it not. So Paul becomes a man again, and for ever the Brahman's song comes back to assure us that—

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again."

And so the Eternal Sibyl lingers with us still, and —

"Many are his revelations;
Many a wafted, hidden word
Wanders midst the world's temptations,
All unnoticed, all unheard."

The new life of Paul of Tarsus, by the author of "*Rabbi Jeshua*," is a very different book from these. In some respects it excels all lives of Paul yet written; in other respects it is so weak, inadequate, almost despicable in the narrowness of its horizon, as to make one wish that its beautiful story had never been told. There is a touch of over-simplicity in the preface. When an author assures us that he has written his book, "not to anger pious souls or to seek effect by denying what so many men and women, good, honest and convinced, hold to be true and sacred," and forthwith advises all such "to close the book," he appears to speak in a patronizing tone to the whole of Christendom,—that is, to the dominating intellect and conscience of the world,—and is liable, on

that account, to be suspected of a kind of literary knavery. The author of "Paul of Tarsus" hardly means to put himself in this position. He doubtless simply meant to protect himself, in advance, from the charge of being a faith-destroyer. But the mind of Christendom is no longer in its infancy, much less still-born, or an abortion. Let a man speak his mind honestly, bravely, truly, and be ready to take the consequences. As a matter of fact, the author in question is a faith-destroyer to the utmost extent of his very skillful hand, and he will neither avoid the *eclat* nor the odium that comes of such work by seeking to shield himself behind a certain humility, or purity of motive. Honest, intelligent readers will divine the true motive of every author; and one need never bother about that noble army of dishonest readers and clowns who for ever misunderstand, underrate and belie the best motives and the best work of every independent, superior man.

In the matter of local coloring, of social, ethnic and geographical environment, and as an illustration of rare scholarship,—at once understanding and lucidly depicting all these,—the new book is a gem and a marvel, outshining all rivals. These are the attractions that render the author of "Paul of Tarsus" irresistible. But let us say it here, in advance, the mind and heart of Christendom know perfectly that it was a certain element in Paul that lifted him above all these, while in them and of them, yet infinitely above them; that made him the power he was in his own time; and that has fixed him among the brighter, eternal stars of the prophets of all times.

The book opens: "In a low, dark room, the walls brown with smoke, the floor of shining stone, dark and comfortless save where the sun strikes the wall, sits the thin, small form of the Jewish elder. He bends over the scroll of crabbed Greek characters hurriedly formed. His hairs are already thinned from the forehead, his black beard is streaked with gray. His dress is poor and mean. There is nothing to suggest that he is more than the struggling huckster or the small merchant, of whom so many live around, save *perhaps* in the delicacy of the worn features,—nothing, until the face is lifted and the dark eyes gaze from beneath the thick, dark eyebrows. Then, indeed, we see something else." Do we? Oh, yes!—"a stormy, restless soul, impatient of its home, unquenched by age, by toil, by suffering, by neglect and by disappointment."

This is Paul of Tarsus; and all this is very kind and beautiful on the part of his subtle, disingenuous new biographer. But is this all we see? and how does this compare with the only authentic or worthy word we have of Paul? It is true that, about the period of life when our new author seizes upon Paul, the overtaxed, self-assumed apostle to the Gentiles, the great interpreter of the life of Jesus, had said: "I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart," etc. What man who ever undertook any noble work in this world but has felt and at times expressed the same sort of "impatience"? Life was never a May-fair or Clover-club life to such men. But in a stronger moment Paul chides all impatience and unrest in himself and in all men by the better words: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content;" "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain." For more than thirty years I have detected a human grandeur about the life and teachings of Paul wholly independent of all notions of his supposed supernatural mission or inspiration,—a grandeur that our new author seems to have missed; and it is to put that in simple, honest shape—face to face with the beautiful clearness of this new biography—that I have undertaken to touch the matter at all.

This other side is by no means hidden from the readers of the new life of Paul. On page 4 we see that "a time is to come when the *idealized* portrait of this thin, crooked form, robed in the toga, crowned with the oriole, is to be painted by the hand of genius on the walls of splendid cathedrals." All this, however, to the eyes of our new author, is simply the *idealized* portrait of the later genius of Christendom,—an exaggeration, if you please, from which modern critical and scientific biography begs to be excused. It is my aim in this review to show that, to this extent, modern scientific biography is as false to the facts, to nature and to God Almighty, as it is false to the present subject and to all the best interests of universal humanity; that the heroic—later, idealized and crowned—was the essential element in Paul's life; and that Christendom, though on false lines of sight, has seized the real truth of moral and historic science in lifting this little Jew into the eternal and cloudless blue spaces of its love and fame.

Chapter II. of our new book traces the lineaments of old Tarsus in the days of Paul, before and after; pictures the environments of the boy that was to spring out of this other Nazareth and set the world afire; portrays its business-life in the old days; sketches its

superstitions; and, as seems to me, is one of the most enviable and beautiful chapters to be found in modern literature. In Chapter III. "the scene changes to Jerusalem, whither the young student was sent by his father to learn at the feet of Gamaliel;" and here Jerusalem, its old, mixed Romanesque and Jew aspects, habits, rulers, teachers, and the relation of the latter to Plato and Greek thought, are all photographed in vivid colors, not as in the books of English and American travelers, but as by the hand of a man whose feet had trod for a life-time the old, crooked streets, and who knew by heart every thought that had ever entered into its peculiar history. Page 34: "It was under Gamaliel that he (Paul) learned the *strange* philosophic idea that the holy narratives of the history of his forefathers had an inner and secret sense. We shall see later that this kind of philosophy remained with him as a conviction long after his views on other matters were changed." So it was all a matter of "changing of views," as we call it in these godless days. But surely our author ought to know and admit that the idea referred to as *strange*, as if peculiar to a class of Hebrew thinkers, was not at all strange in this sense; was, in fact, the common heritage of the philosophical religious teachers of all previous times and nations. There was an inner, esoteric sense in Plato,—in one-half of all that remained of Egyptian religio-philosophical history. The same was and remains true of ancient Brahmanism and Buddhism. I am not defending or excusing or explaining this "secret sense" business of ancient teaching; and, whenever it has been attempted in modern literature, it seems to me to be a mere muddle of crankism and absurdity. The very greatest religious teachers, like Zoroaster, Moses, Gaudama, Isaiah, Socrates, Jesus, and Paul himself, seem to me to have been above it in their own direct thought, while seeing and admitting that it existed as a part of the religious philosophy of their respective times and nations. I here only wish to guard the reader against the assumption that this *idea* was at all "*strange*" on Paul's part, or that it is to be named as in any way depreciating the original, thinking and—as I hope to show—supreme divinity of his religious word to the world. As a matter of fact, dozens of meanings are to be found in the deepest words of every great prophetic or poetic genius the world has ever known. It is the essential characteristic of genius that it embodies and, by its incarnate word, expresses the many-sided, infinite meanings of its day and generation. Of course there was a human,

poetic meaning in the old saying: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox when he treadeth out the corn." "Doth God care for oxen?" In our cant-ridden age, adorned with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, etc., the ardent reformer will answer: "Certainly God cares for oxen; and Paul was a hardened old woman-hater," etc. Trace your benevolent crank to his dining-room and see whether his principles lead him to refuse his share of the tenderloin. Beyond a doubt, there was and there still remains an inner, true poetic sense in the entire Hebrew cosmogony, so misunderstood and abused by the hard, Puritanic, unpoetic dogmatism of modern times. Paul was perfectly lucid when he said of many of the old stories, "These things are an allegory." But that offers no excuse for the mad vagaries of Jakob Böhme or Emanuel Swedenborg, not to speak of their countless little imitators; nor, on the other hand, does it offer any excuse for the trivial attacks made upon Paul by modern hypercritical scientific biographers.

Chapter IV.: "Now, if you had been able in those days to leave the cities and to walk in the wilder parts of Galilee, you might have come to know things but dimly suspected by the rich and respectable in Jerusalem." Besides the Pharisee and Sadducee, you would have found the Essenes, the incipient Quakers of those days (an old story this, especially since De Quincy). You would also have found one John, called the Baptist; many wandering religious teachers; seers from Asia; philosophers from Alexandria. In a word, the air of Galilee was as full of Zumeic prophecy as Jerusalem was full of respectable mammonite Phariseism and Sadduceism in those days. Among these, supremely, you would have found (page 48) "a Galilean, a peasant son of a carpenter, from Nazareth, the rude town where the rustic dialect was hardly to be understood," at last on his way to Jerusalem, "coming to the feast. . . . The new prophet from Galilee! They are shouting for him as Messiah. He is coming, as the prophecy describes, 'riding on an ass.' They are casting their cloaks in the dust for him to ride over. . . . The white robe, the chestnut locks, the deep, dark eyes, have been clearly seen by Paul as the slow beast picks its way among the stones."

Here the reader will notice that the author of "Paul of Tarsus" is drawing upon his imagination. There is not a line or a word in all the New Testament which indicates or intimates that Paul

ever saw Jesus in the flesh. The account given by Paul himself of his conversion,—“Last of all he was seen of me also as of one born out of due time,” etc.,—plainly implies that this vision of the dead and persecuted Jesus was the first real sight of him Paul ever had, and how real that was must not be gone into here. I do not believe that Paul ever saw Jesus in the flesh. There is no reason to believe it, and we must not allow the imagination of this clever writer to create a scene like the above in order to weaken the vividness of the later vision, whatever that was. Let us adhere to the facts. Directly (pages 55, 56) the crucifixion scene is told over again in the beautiful language of our author, and there appears to be no lack of that negative appreciation which, a generation or a thousand generations after the fact, can see the blunder made by the lawful mobs that slay the prophets in all ages and afterwards build and adorn their sepulchers.

“O Pilate, Pilate! in all ages your miserable cowardice and incapacity will be recorded against you as the cause of the greatest injustice the world has ever seen. Judas was a vulgar traitor; Caiaphas was a narrow-minded priest; but what were you?” Why, he was simply what our new author is in his treatment of Paul. He was imbued with the skepticism of his own age, and did not dream that a poor Jew peasant was master of the world.

Page 57: “Paul was one in this fierce crowd.” No evidence of this, but abundant evidence that neither Gamaliel nor any of the Pharisees or Sadducees could see the Messiah in a man “who bowed his head and died with the bitter cry, ‘My God, why hast thou forsaken me?’”

Chapter V.: “Several years went by after the fatal day of the Passover riots. The Galilean faction was not, after all, extinct, in spite of its failure. Many people believed that their Master had risen from his tomb, and few were the skeptics who would deny that such resurrection was possible, seeing that for almost any miracle there was a precedent in the history of Israel. . . . Persecution scattered the survivors,” and on one of these errands of persecution Gamaliel’s zealous young student of the law set forth for Damascus.”

Chapter VI.: “Reader, like me, you may have been one of the many who yearly cross the stoney plateau west of Damascus, treeless, and glaring in the noonday sun, with brown desert crags rising before and castellated ridges behind. On the right Hermon

rises to the peak where the snow is not yet melted by the hot east wind blowing from the Syrian deserts. Over this plain journeyed a little caravan of Jewish traders. . . . Among these dusty wayfarers was Paul. From inn to inn, over mountains and plain"—the narrative is so vivid, so charming, one feels like a mutilator of genius to break it off to say that Paul, "nearly exhausted by that terrible heat, sits nodding on his tired mule, and many a former scene comes back to his mind. He sees again the chestnut locks, the deep, dark eyes, the slow beast picking its way among the stones. He sees the bare limestone knoll, the three low crosses, the three white, naked forms, with the darkness of the thundercloud behind them. He sees again the wild figures dashing rocks and stones on the mangled form; the pale, unmoved face; the ecstatic gaze; and in his ears still ring the dying words (of Stephen): 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'

"A doubt crosses his mind,—the first doubt he has ever felt. He is far away from the narrow fanatics of Jerusalem, from the fierce, triumphant cries of those with whom he has hitherto cast in his lot. In the solitudes of Galilee and Hermon he has found time for thoughts which never visited his mind amid the passionate excitement of the city-life. The sun beats down on his head, the east wind smites his face, and he falls on the dusty road;" and now the reader understands why I guarded the point that, until this moment of fainting, ecstasy,—call it what you will,—Paul had never seen Jesus. From this point Paul's own account is clearer and better than our new author's; and the lucid, simple story is as old as that of the Crucifixion, known and read of all men. "The crisis of his life has come." Yes; undoubtedly: but none save a very superficial student of the comparative histories of individual conversions would compare this of Paul's to that infinitely less significant affair of William Penn's first hearing of the gospel according to Thomas Loe. I do not mean to depreciate William Penn's conversion, or what followed from it. I have, years ago, examined that and written on it to the edification or provocation of several thousands of readers. But the conversion of Penn was as insignificant, compared with Paul's, as was the beheading of Charles Stuart a trivial affair compared with the crucifixion of Jesus. But modern criticism, in its oblivion of spiritual forces and meanings, loves to compare New Testament happenings with supposed similar events in our own times.

Page 72: "The prudent man who has no call to convert the world conceals the new thoughts rising in his mind; but of such stuff Paul was not made. Henceforth it is to be his fate, wherever he goes, to stir up fierce controversy and passionate opposition. It began at Damascus: it went on for nearly thirty years of stormy life. Without such a man's aid the new faith must have died out, as the Syrian sects did gradually die; for, bitter as was the contradiction his advocacy aroused, there was that in his education and acknowledged learning which made him more formidable to the doctors of the day than any poor fisher of Galilee, however near he may have been to the Master." I must not follow our author through all the detail of Paul's life. I have dwelt on the foregoing to contrast it with less enthusiastic matter farther on. Soon "Paul flung himself to the front as a champion" of the cause he had persecuted. "Distrust and suspicion could not at once be overcome. His present conduct might be only a stratagem. . . . Paul never quotes the words of Jesus, never refers to the generally credited story of his life, never really enters into the spirit of the Master he had *elected* to serve." But here we are touching great moral and spiritual facts and forces; and just here is where our author weakens and fails. His own words, just quoted, almost prove that the previous imagined sights of the actual Jesus are sheer untruths. Moreover, any man that has ever entered into the realities of a crisis like that which came in Paul's life does not speak of it, or of its outcome, as a change of view, or as a cause or a life the man so wrought upon had himself "*elected*" to pursue. At least there *may be* "a divinity which shapes our ends,"—at least such ends.

Chapter VII.: "About this time there was a great trouble in Judea. The aged tyrant Tiberius had died on his Neapolitan island, and a madman of evil life succeeded him. Agrippa, the crafty Herodian, was at Rome drinking with the new emperor Caligula, whose toady he had made himself long before." In this chapter the Apostle James receives a very dainty compliment, and the modern Church finds rebuke for its universal toadying to the man with the diamond ring and the beastly face, and his eternal jingle of solid cash, as if *it* were, after all, master of this world. Outsiders have long noticed and noted this crime of Christendom, but so great and good a man as Canon Farrar has recently admitted the fact that the modern Church has no hold upon the

heart of the poor. Modern Protestantism, far more than modern Romanism, is the bond-slave of money and the moneyed man. Perhaps the Apostle James will get a hearing by and by.

Chapter VIII. again reminds us that the supreme value of this book is not in the picture, or attempted picture, it gives of Paul and his work, but, as we have said, in the condensed and artful coloring it gives to all the varied environments of that life. Page 93: "It was by trading communication that the nations of the Old World, like those of our own times, were brought into such peaceful relations as served to spread civilization and knowledge." This may or may not be intended to weaken the world's estimate of Paul's work and the work of Christianity in general in establishing peace among ancient and modern nations. At all events, the critical reader should note that the passage, though having in it a germ of truth, has in it also a subtle falsehood. It was never by *mere* trading that peace among any nations has been secured: it was always by a certain element of culture, of philosophy,—of religion, if you please,—that went along with the trader, and which element he derived—as he still derives it—from the soul of moral love and martyrdom; always this, in some form or other, and not the mere fact of trading, that "served to spread civilization and knowledge." It is because modern civilization is forgetting this, in spite of its elaborate churches, that I am questioning the character of this beautiful book, or writing of books at all. The physical aspect of Paul's endurance and courage is given full credit by our author. It could not be avoided. Though full of a protruding individuality, Paul was not an egotist; yet his very position among the apostles, among the early churches, and his individual relation to the evolving Christian system of thought, forced him to speak of himself. Still, "he refrains, as a rule, from boasting of his difficulties." But there was on him, in some sense, "the care of all the churches." He was their first true pope after all, and a genuine heretic. "His was a restless, feverish life. Wherever he went he roused the passions of Jew and Greek alike." Still ever onward. "From Antioch and the shallow bay of Seleucia the new preacher crossed over by sea to Cyprus, . . . as far as the famous shrine of Aphrodite at Paphos. . . . The great conical stone which was her emblem veiled an obscene meaning. The votive offerings were equally obscene, and her votaries were the sacred prostitutes of Phœnicia and Babylon. In the courts where

white doves fluttered in flocks, and among the rose-gardens of Paphos, these black-robed girls," etc. So the glamour of environment dazzles the reader's eyes. In this chapter the famous quarrel between Paul and Peter finds an appreciative handling, and the writer proves his easy familiarity with early Christian history.

In Chapters IX. and X.—still full of beautiful side-lights—the author's real and deliberate work of belittling Paul's life begins. Paul is at last in Athens, touched by its altar to the unknown God. The Uncreated, Eternal, had had its altars above and beyond the polytheism of the nations for more than three thousand years. On the Nile, by the Euphrates and the Indus, as well as at Athens, men of superior culture had, time out of mind, seen beyond the idols to the eternal source of all idols and souls. Alas! there is no record of how much or how little of all this had entered into the formation or transformation of Paul's career. Our author assumes that little or none of the wisdom of ancient philosophers was known to him: I believe to the contrary. Our author is especially prompt in taking all claims of originality for the monotheistic idea out of Paul's record. But no intelligent man has ever claimed for him originality on this score. The monotheistic idea, become the supreme factor in the life of Israel, had dominated her life for over two thousand years. Wherein Paul differed from the Pharisee and Sadducee on this head was that he was more philosophical and more pantheistic than they. "In Him we live and move and have our being," he had said. "We are His offspring,"—as certain of your own poets have declared,—he affirmed in Athens. The Eternal was to him not the Jehovah of the Jewish law, but the one God and father of the Greek, the Asiatic, the Negro, as well as of the Jew. No man needs apologize for Paul's conception of the Deity. Jesus had said, "God is Spirit;" "My Father and your Father." Paul held the same truth, only it was his mission to carry the explanation of the moral and legal relation of this Spirit to man and human history farther along in the regions of dogmatism than had yet fallen to the lot of mortal man. Our author misses this point utterly. He wishes us to understand, furthermore, that Plato and Sophocles also believed in one God. Very well: and modern criticism is not yet sure but Sophocles and Plato had been smitten with certain monotheistic rays from the faith and sight of Israel.

Page 114: "As regards the one God, Maker of all things, *even* Sophocles had long ago proclaimed the truth in better words than Paul's broken jargon of Jewish Greek:—

“One in good truth—yea, God is one,
 Who made the heaven and the widespread earth,
 Blue billows of the deep, might of the wind.
 But we poor mortals, in our ignorance,
 To solace trouble of our hearts, have raised
 Likenesses of gods of stone, and brass and wood,
 And figures wrought in ivory and gold;
 And sacrifices and vain festivals.
 Have offered these, and deemed ourselves devout.”

“Poor Paul had never heard of Sophocles, and knew only by hearsay the teachings of Plato. He came to preach the immortality of the soul to men who had already both conceived the idea and doubted the results of their own thoughts.” In this passage there are several points out of harmony with the eternal verities as related to the life of Paul. Why say “*Even Sophocles,*” etc.? All intense students of Greek culture know that Sophocles was a greater man than Socrates or Plato,—as much greater than these as Shakespeare was greater than Bacon or Herbert Spencer;—was, in a word, one of the supremest incarnations of God the world has ever seen. And why assume that “poor Paul had never heard of Sophocles”? Gamaliel, Paul’s early master, was no long-haired crank from the backwoods,—no rose-water and apple-skin and Graham-cracker philosopher from Concord,—no red-tape retailer of diplomas from the University of Pennsylvania. Gamaliel had plainly given his life to study and teaching. Paul also had given his life to the same work, only resorting to manual labor for bread when necessary. Moreover, Jerusalem, even in those days, was only a short distance and a pleasant sail from Athens. In fact, it were as easy to suspect that the author of “Paul of Tarsus” had never heard of Darwin as to assume that Paul had never heard of Sophocles. Let us adhere to the truth. A closer glance at the monotheism of Sophocles reveals the fact that it comes from him rather as an acquired or borrowed conviction; whereas, in Paul, it is plainly the inheritance of a thousand generations,—a part of his life-blood: and, moreover, it is not true that Sophocles proclaimed the Eternal in better language than that of Paul. “Poor Paul” is not good. He was poor in a sense,—in a sense he gloried in. He was not poor in the sense here meant. In this sense he possessed “all things;” was, next to Jesus, the richest man of his race—of the entire world. The history of the last nineteen hundred years is proof of the truth of my assertion. Were an ordinary skeptic to say “Poor

Paul," he and his contempt would be unworthy of notice; but for a scholar of the culture of the author of "Paul of Tarsus" to fall into such nonsense is at once unworthy of him, of his subject, and worthy of the severest censure.

Still the belittling of Paul goes on (page 117): "There was a text from which Paul might have preached even to these men (of Athens) had he but learned it himself, had he but sat on the Galilean hillside with the Master, of whom he knew so little, and whom he was degrading in the eyes of the world to the rank of an ordinary magician" because asserting that he (Jesus) had risen from the dead. The text: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye and considerest not the beam that is in thy own eye?" So our author practically denies his own previous statements that Paul had seen and knew of Jesus in the earlier days; so, also, proves his own very imperfect study of Paul's real attitude toward the spirit of Jesus and all his teaching. Paul was too strong a man to teach in the borrowed words of another, even if he had heard them; and there is no reason to suppose that he had heard the words of Jesus. But "who art thou that judgest another man? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Thou that judgest another condemnest thyself; for thou doest the same things." All this shows how purely and fully Paul had caught the spirit of Jesus, the secret of eternal redemption. Though utterly missing the force of Paul's teaching, our author's account of Paul's stay at Athens is beautiful and fascinating.

Chapter X. is in the same vein: "It was about this time that Paul wrote certain famous letters to his friends in Rome. . . . One point about these letters, which must be clearly remembered, is the small amount of originality which they evince. Paul was not a genius of the first creative order. He preached another," etc. "Mankind has recognized his proper place in history," etc. "Once only does Paul rise to the true conception of the gospel which he preached." "So hardly for a righteous man will one die," etc. "It is because of the life and death of the founder, and not because of the fantastic philosophy of Paul, that Christianity has become the religion of civilized man." There is a world of error and a world of truth in all this. Paul was not so great as Jesus, and an infinite, eternal mystery veils the difference to this hour; but he never fell below the spirit of Jesus—never for a moment; always taught the Master's eternal love and martyrdom,

and atonement, his resurrective and perennial presence in spiritual power, and his final victory, precisely in the same vein that gave Jesus first his cross and afterwards, to this hour, his eternal clientage and crown of glory. They are twin stars of the supremest moral and spiritual volcano that has ever upheaved the dry bones and knarled rock-cinders of this toadying, cultured, godless, mammonite world; and no true man will belittle Paul to praise Jesus, or rob Peter to pay Paul.

Page 137: "Thoughtful writers have held that Paul regarded Jesus only as a human prophet." On this point our author's head seems clearer. Page 138: "It is vain to try to reconstruct history in accordance with modern skepticism." Still, Paul's doctrine of the sacrificial death of Jesus "was a barbarous and most illogical idea. . . . In a few centuries it may seem difficult to thinking men that such a belief should ever have existed," etc. With Paul's doctrine of the resurrection our author has scarcely any more patience; and, with a few reflections on these latter points, and a glance at Paul's real place in the galaxy of world-teachers, this notice must close.

First. The readers of THE GLOBE must not forget our author's earlier reference to Paul as the one man whose learning saved incipient Christianity from premature failure, if not death; hence the utter inconsistency of his later position, which defines Paul's definition of the death and resurrection of Jesus as fantastical, illogical, and in a "poor Paul" sort of tone marks the great apostle as a practical failure. As a matter of fact, the broader brow of Paul, with its forces of reasoning, of argument, of dogmatic assertion, of symbolical explanation, and the harder, harsher, but utterly consecrated soul of Paul, with its mature learning, and the dominating, perserving, versatile, resourceful mind of Paul, with its power of shifting to the enemy's ground and defeating him thereon,—all this was as needful to the work of lanching a new faith on the sea of life as was the perceptive, inborn God-consciousness of Jesus and the ineffable martyrdom that it led to.

Second. Whatever modern criticism may think of Paul's definition of the sacrificial death of Jesus, and of Paul's whole structure of the doctrine of atonement built thereon; and whatever modern criticism may think of the modern or ancient churches' doctrines of blood atonement, imputation of righteousness, and the like; or whatever modern criticism may think of the entire world-wide

and now so-called blunder of burnt-offerings and peace-offerings, whether borne to the graves of dead ancestors or to the altars of the world's old temples and shrines,—the eternal truth remains that, whether men came from apes or from Eden,—or from both centers, as is most likely,—they have everywhere, on reaching the dawn of their moral sense, offered sacrifices for sin and tried to get out of their scrapes that way. What is still more to the point in this review is that this whole system of sacrificial offering—and all scholars know how prevalent it still was in Paul's day and long after his day—seems to have culminated in and through the beautiful but bitter death of Jesus. As a matter of fact, viewed in the light of the last eighteen hundred years, he was the sacrificial and other end of the Hebrew and all other ceremonial, sacrificial and moral law, for righteousness' sake, to every one that takes hold upon him, understands and loves him, believes in him and follows him. What is still more pertinent is the simple fact, proven by millions of cases these nineteen hundred years, that men in all nations have to a great extent ceased to offer animal offerings; ceased to offer human sacrifices; ceased to mutilate their own bodies as an atonement for sin; and, simply and solely through the death of Jesus, as interpreted by Paul, have found atonement with God, the eternal moral soul and moral order of the universe; and so, and only so, have been exquisitely and sublimely saved from many a sin, darkness, crime and spiritual death. It may all have been humbuggery, as the author of "Paul of Tarsus" would seem to imply; but it has been, as a matter of fact, God Almighty's way of saving the world—as far as the world has yet been saved: and the Christian churches at this hour that most definitely exalt this act and moment of sacrificial atonement are the churches that have true hold alike upon the rich and poor, learned and unlearned citizens of our modern European, conquering nations. On the other hand, the churches that flout the Atonement are the merest, soulless, wishy-washy, stricken, wrinkled, conceited failures on the face of the globe.

In a word, there is a divine, an eternal truth in the doctrine of the sacrificial death of Jesus, as interpreted by Paul, too deep and grand and beautiful to be elaborated here. It is not a doctrine, but a fact that faces modern criticism in this line, and a fact that can not be argued down. Here is a mere hint of it, as taught in a little poem which appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper in the

month of last October, the day after the Jewish Day of Atonement:—

Yesterday was Day of Atonement,
 But the busy crowds went by,
 Unheeding that their own enthronement
 Still means that the *best* must die.

It is a theme that I have pondered on for over thirty years. I could write on it endlessly; have written on it elsewhere, as time will show. There is to be a new *doctrine* of the Atonement, but not new in any sense that will rob Jesus or Paul of one shadow of their deathless glory; and, so far from disappearing and dying out of the mind and faith and knowledge of the world, modern science and modern culture will have to bow at its altars or perish in their own rotten self-contempt and self-esteem.

No real ministry comes to us except by the law of sacrifice. When cold, we are warmed by the consumption, the sacrifice of energy stored in the coal, the timber, the sun. Our darkness is relieved by the consumption, the sacrifice of energy stored in the tallow, the gas, the oil, the carbon; all coming to us through infinite friction and a corresponding waste of power. So all energy of blood, of nerve, of brain, of moral and spiritual power, is conveyed to us through a corresponding sacrifice or waste of such energy elsewhere. The thoughts of genius are born of their blood. The inspiration of the prophet is the waste of his flaming soul. The singers die to create the songs that ring in our ears for ever. The sacrifice of Christ, and the atonement with God thereby, is simply the crowning-point and glory of nature's eternal law of martyrdom.

Nature and history may be very "fantastical" and "illogical" (no doubt they are at times), but sober criticism had better tie to these than to the bubbles of its own unheroic imagination. Find me the human soul that was ever saved in any sense worth naming, except through some very bitter sacrifice and some very beautiful atonement, and I will find you a dead universe, without a pulse-beat of moral life in it; in a word, just such a universe of "*inertia*" as modern science, in its blindness, supposes this universe to be. It is not because Paul has been called a saint, or held as inspired, that I see him to have been and still to be, next to Jesus himself, the truest, strongest figure of all human history. If you wish to understand this, lay down your Byron *and* your

Goethe and take up the New Testament till its eternal meanings burn their way into your modern godless and conceited souls.

Third and finally. So far from missing the spirit of Jesus or falling below it, Paul was and still remains the new, incarnate soul and sight of it,—the one man upon whom the holy spirit of love and wisdom and new martyrdom settled, in all commanding peace and energy, and led to the most perfect utterance possible, at that time, of the full meaning of the life and death of Jesus. Next to the sayings of Jesus,—and in some sense greater than these,—the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is the master-word of the world. A poetic definition of God in Sophocles, taking the era of its utterance into consideration, was a mere rehash, puppet-show and child's play compared with that beautiful, far-seeing, far-reaching, consummate view of comparative human life found in Paul's apostrophe on charity. There is nothing half so grand in all human literature. The Apocalypse and John Milton and Waldo Emerson are all mere clumsy moonshine beside it. Read it till you understand it, and then say whether or not it is the poor "jargon" of a fantastic soul. All the highest ways of life lead to reconciliation, to atonement through sacrifice; the same between man and man and man and God. The mountain-paths of eternal charity are the God-paths of the human soul. Try them for an hour; see how fantastic they are, how unutterably sublime. These only are the ways by which circumcision availeth nothing, but a new creation still unknown to science and a hardened, selfish, animal world. These are the ways through which nor baptism nor any outward rite or formal act of rigid law avails to raise the life one shadow out of its own worn dust and darkness. But these ways, truly, are won only through the circumcision of the heart, the baptism of the spirit, by obedience to the letter and spirit of all forms, all laws. So it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness, and to realize our fatherhood and motherhood in divine nature, our brotherhood with all that is fair and beautiful in human act and human love. Paul is not behind but ahead of our times.

W. H. T.

IS THE GAME WORTH THE POWDER ?

IF I object to some of the conclusions involved in an affirmative answer to your question, "Is the game worth the powder?" in the review of my "History of the American Theatre" in the initial number of *THE GLOBE*, it is in no caviling spirit.

I agree with *THE GLOBE* that there are tens of thousands of men and women engaged in all sorts of occupations and professions who are as deserving to have their names embalmed in golden history as the old theatrical people whose story I have tried to tell.

I also agree with *THE GLOBE* that all the strolling companies of the present time and all the places they play in have the same claim on posterity that the Eighteenth Century players had.

But I deny that this method of historical treatment will unnecessarily multiply books. Such books are not written for the multitude, but for the students of history. This class is too limited to induce many capable men to cater for it. In my own case, I am willing to confess that I am following a phantom so far as reward for literary labor is concerned. Even *THE GLOBE*'s praise of my work fell on dead ears. All this does not prove that my work is valueless: it only shows that we must wait for a higher civilization before the achievements of the workers will become a subject of study among the workers themselves.

In this age, and indeed in every age, the majority of books has comprised books that are not books. The only books that are books are the books that live. These are of two classes,—great books and useful books. The rest are books only in form, either the stupid outcome of overweening personal vanity or the cotemporary expression of a "fad." These are the books that sell, either because they are the sensations of the season, as in the cases of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," or because they are the fashion of the time being, as in the case of the brilliant insipidities of Howells and James and Stevenson and Blackmore, and, in a lesser degree, with the feeble conceits of Edmund Clarence Stedman and Brander Matthews, Austin Dobson and

Andrew Lang. In looking back over the literary history of the last fifty years, one can not fail to be struck by the long list of popular authors whose books now make up the rubbish of the book-stalls. Who cares nowadays for Bayard Taylor or Willis, for his associate Morris, or even Nathaniel Hawthorne? The names of Eliza Cook and Martin Farquhar Tupper only raise a smile on the lips of a supercilious age that has been told that they were ridiculous. Thackeray, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, are fast falling into a desuetude as hopeless as that of Fielding and Richardson. We discard the literary heroes and heroines of the past just as we discard the polished tile that Charles Dickens wore and the cocked hat of Sam Johnson.

Why is this?

Simply because their books, like their clothes, are not in the fashion. The great writers of the past exist only as themes for modern biography. Most of these biographies are well written, and some of them are scholarly. They are genuine contributions to literary history; but, like their originals, they are doomed to go out of fashion. Sometime, some Professor Morley, abler than Morley, will gather all these bits together and weld the whole into a consistent "History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century." In a word, he will do for literature what I have tried to do for the drama on this continent,—make all the facts relating to the literary workers of the past, in all their multiform points of view, accessible to the student. In such a work no name will be too trivial to be included to make it complete: Delia Bacon must have a place as well as Francis Bacon, and Ignatius Donnelly as well as William Shakespeare.

In a great painting a daub in an obscure corner is often as necessary to the effect of the whole as the most brilliant color most skillfully wrought out. Indeed, the brilliant color is often dependent on the daub for its effect; consequently, the daub is not trivial. Nor is the name of the humblest actor mentioned in my books to be considered trivial, because his work, unimportant as it was in itself, was part of the dramatic achievement of the Eighteenth Century in America. Without the detail that includes the small as well as the great, it is impossible to show the true theatrical condition of any period. It is the absence of this detail that makes English theatrical history, as it has been written, for the most part a lie. David Garrick, in spite of his panegyrists, was not the

English stage in the many years of his ascendancy. I believe there are a hundred living players who are greater actors than Garrick. The Kembles, including John Philip and Mrs. Siddons, were not so much greater than the actors and actresses who surrounded them that they should be painted as portraits instead of the prominent figures in the picture. They were exalted far beyond their merits by Boaden and Doran, and, last of all, by Baker; while the great companies that supported them were almost entirely ignored. It was a dark stage for the subordinate players, but lime-light for John Philip and his sister. The truth about the English stage in the closing years of the Eighteenth Century has never been told, and it never will be told until somebody studies it as a constellation, instead of ignoring all the stars in the firmament for the sake of a planet here and there.

In that case will the game be worth the powder?

It is such a study of the American stage that I am attempting.

But, in the nature of things, such studies can not be popular. To the coming man this will, perhaps, appear singular in an age of Browning societies and Shelley societies and Shakespeare societies. This surprise will disappear, however, when the coming man studies the learned societies of 1889 and their work. These societies mark the intellectual measure of the age. They are trivial in their inception because each of them is based on an affectation, and their outcome is nothing because they concern themselves only with trifles. These societies all act upon the theory that the exposition of obscurities is scholarship. They have their organs, and the organs are filled with inanities. The New York Shakespeare Society, for instance, is represented by *Shakespeariana*. Since the appearance of Ignatius Donnelly's grotesque "Cryptogram" much space in that periodical has been devoted to the question whether there was bottle-ale in Shakespeare's time. Again, the Browning Society of Philadelphia is represented by *Poet-Lore*, but *Poet-Lore* does not despise Shakespeare, as was shown by the publication in a recent number of an essay by the eminent Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Rolfe, on "Blue Eyes and Other in Shakespeare." These things are called "studies." They are, in fact, the "bottle-ale" of Shakespearean scholarship. They are the outcome of that modern pedantry which concerns itself only with the things not worth knowing.

Should the future historian of this age pass by these trifling

societies, and the triflers that compose them, as too trivial for serious consideration? If he does, he will miss an important phase of the intellectual condition of the closing years of the Nineteenth Century. They are, in fact, the form and substance of the intellectual activity of the time. They indicate a new era,—that of the diffusion of learning. Necessarily, they are on a lower plane than true scholarship would occupy. Their work is the work of amateurs, and as such it is of course incomplete, and at times ludicrous; but it means growth,—an advance along the whole line. It is the scholarship of the common people marked by the intellectual pride that is apt to attend intellectual incompleteness.

As a matter of course, this singular product—intellectual pride and intellectual incompleteness—is not confined to the Browning, the Shelley and the Shakespeare societies. It reveals itself in the work of such organizations as the Grolier Club, which busies itself with bindings rather than with books. It expresses itself in the earnest search of the collectors of rarities, who care more for imprints than for thought. A few theatrical playbills printed by the Bradfords and Franklin, Hugh Gaine and Rivington; a few theatrical portraits like Mr. Thomas J. McKee's John Henry as *Ephraim Smooth* in "Wild Oats," or Mr. L. Clarke Davis's Hodgkinson as *Robin* in "No Song, No Supper," would fetch more money than the whole edition of my "History of the American Theatre." These things are trivial, it is true, but even in this work the game is worth the powder. If we could find the portrait—wretched daub as it unquestionably was—of Thomas Godfrey the younger, painted by Benjamin West, we should have the lineaments of the first American poet who attempted to write tragedy. If we had the portrait of Mrs. Hallam as *Imogen*, painted by Charles Willson Peale, in 1771, we should know how the first American-taught actress looked in an important Shakespearean rôle, and catch a glimpse of the stage in Colonial days that can be obtained in no other way. It is these things, unimportant as they may seem, that help us to lift the veil and look into the past.

There is nothing so misleading as a basis for inferences and generalizations as an isolated fact, or even a series of disjointed facts. As a case in point, the few alleged facts related by Rowe and others, even if true, left the world absolutely without any knowledge of Shakespeare, the man, until the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips published the results of his researches. Most of his dis-

coveries were trivial in themselves, but, as a whole, their value is priceless. He gave the admirers of Shakespeare the first view they were able to obtain of the personality of the world's greatest poet. But Halliwell-Phillips did not write for the Shakespeare societies of Oshkosh or Oakland. Neither did Horace Howard Furness prepare his *variorum* editions of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," etc., for these amateur Shakespeareans. It was Dr. Rolfe who first really caught the measure of these enthusiasts. He saw it was not real learning they were after, and, being a wise man in his generation, he constituted himself the apostle of Shakespearean twaddle. He has imitators,—plenty of them. Already President Sprague, of the University of North Dakota, goes even farther than Dr. Rolfe. His notes to "Macbeth" are little more than a glossary of familiar and unfamiliar words in the tragedy. The valiant Sprague fires in his annotations with a shovel. He is especially strong when he gets hold of a word that means nothing in particular. This profound thinker is not quite sure that "hurly-burly," in the answer of the *Second Witch* to *Witch No. 1*,—

"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

means tumult or uproar, but he is more confident that it is equivalent to the modern "hullabaloo." Such deep insight and profound scholarship can not fail to take the Oshkosh and Oakland Shakespeare societies by storm. It is even possible to imagine some Shakespeare devotee in the wild, wild West declaiming the speech in its improved form:—

"When the hullabaloo is done,
When the battle's lost and won."

Such nonsense as this appeals only to the amateur. An appeal to the scholar is a very different thing. Among the recent books that appeal to the student and the scholar, there are two that are especially worthy of notice,—*"The Ancient Lowly,"* by C. Osborne Ward, and *"The Viking Age,"* by Paul B. Du Chaillu. That there is no doctrine more completely false or more out of harmony with modern thought than that the dead should bury their dead these two books conclusively show.

Mr. Ward proves, by abundant quotations from ancient authors, that actors exerted a powerful influence from the earliest times upon the organization and emancipation of labor. Among the

earliest trades-unions, formed even before the beginning of the Christian era, were those of the players. They embraced unions of every class of performers, from actors to gladiators, and even sweeps and attendants at the amphitheatres. There were unions of dancers, trumpeters, bagpipers and horn-blowers. These unions were especially numerous among the Greeks and Romans, and their influence, of which Mr. Ward gives us only a few glimpses, must be studied anew if we would understand the power of the stage in moulding the progress of the world. History has purposely and persistently ignored all this. We shall look in vain in our modern cyclopedias for the name of Eunus, the organizer of the first great strike,—the wonderful Eunus, the slave-king of Enna, and afterward king of Sicily. This Eunus, a greater leader than Hannibal, than Cæsar, than Napoleon, in early life was “in the profession.” He was a magician, fire-spitter, wonder-worker. It was in the theatre at Enna that Damophilus was bludgeoned and his wife, Megallis, tried over the dead body of her husband and sentenced to death. Spartacus was a gladiator. But it was, after all, the nameless players, from the earliest ages down to the adoption of the Miracle Plays by the Church, and so to Shakespeare and our own epoch, that have done more than any other engine to lift up the working-man. Surely, these dead are not to be left to bury their own dead.

Mr. Du Chaillu’s work is not a history of wars and warriors, of kings and kingdoms, and of the rise and fall of empires: it is a reconstruction of a people and their daily life, teaching us to know them as they were, and to take pride in them as worthy of being our ancestors. To follow Mr. Du Chaillu through his many chapters in which he shows them to us in the ages of stone, bronze and iron, in their mythology and cosmogony, in their worship, sacrifices and superstitions, is impossible. There is scarcely a phase of their private or public life that he leaves untouched. Their land tenures, their division into classes, thralldom as it existed among them, their legislative assemblies, are all treated. In these two volumes we see the ancient Norseman in his habit, as he lived, in peace and war, at home and in his incursions into far distant lands. We follow him from the cradle to the grave. We learn to know him even to the hair, eyes, face and limbs. We meet him in his dwelling-place and in his convivial halls; in his temples, engaged in sacrifices and sacred ceremonies; at his athletic games; and at his festivals and betrothals and marriage-feasts. In all the chronicles

to which the English reader has had access he is painted as a terrible fellow, brave and undaunted on the battlefield, and as much in earnest and ungovernable in the revel and the drunken bout. Englishmen who write of the Northmen that overran England are apt to depict them as a wild and savage race, emerging from bog and forest to cross over to and conquer Albion, as fair then as now, —which it was not. From Roman writers we have nothing of the customs of a people whose might the power of Rome could not destroy and whose depredations it could not prevent. Shall it be claimed that a people who were spread over a great part of the present Russia; who overran Germania; who knew the art of writing; who led their conquering hosts to Spain, into the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, Africa, and even crossed the broad Atlantic to America; who were undisputed masters of the sea for more than twelve centuries,—were barbarians? Mr. Du Chaillu puts in an emphatic “No,” and demands evidence from archæology of an indigenous British or Gallic civilization which surpassed that of the North. All this is the outcome of a thorough study of the Sagas. It is the reconstruction of the early history of a great people. It is the modern scientific method applied to historical research.

Such, too, is my own aim as regards American theatrical history. I gather the facts hidden under the dust of many libraries and weld them together to the best of my ability. I think I may say of such work, if I can only claim for it that it is a collection of facts, that the game is worth the powder.

G. O. SEILHAMER.

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND NEW ENGLAND WILLFULNESS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS. ONE VOLUME, 12MO. BY ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN, D.D. AMERICAN RELIGIOUS LEADERS' SERIES. BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1889.

In the year 1862, while a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York City, I was appointed by Prof. Henry B. Smith to prepare and read before him and the class an essay on the question, "Is Edwards's theory of the will correct?" In the way of natural taste and inclination I had already struggled with Berkeley, with Hegel and Kant, with Leibnitz and Spinoza, with Sir William Hamilton and David Hume, not to mention a score of lesser lights, all of whom had felt it to be their special vocation to illuminate the modern world. In the inevitable course of professional study, the ancient poets, philosophers and founders of religious systems had also, even at that date, come under such ardent but untried thinking as I could give them. Up to that time, however, I had known Edwards only as average intelligent people know him to-day; that is, as a name, at most as a great figure in New England theology, touched now and then by this and that learned professor or gentleman, approved by some and rejected by other honest men. This was my preparation for an approach to Edwards twenty-eight years ago. After studying his works for several weeks, especially the treatise on the will, I found myself unable to write the required essay, made one or two visits to Prof. Smith, stated my difficulties to him and tried to beg off from the work; but, at his suggestion that I should not take the matter so seriously, or feel bound at that time to answer the question even to my own mind, finally and for ever, I at last but most reluctantly appeared before the class, my answer to the question first of all being, "I do not know whether Edwards's theory of the will is correct or incorrect." I do not suppose that any man knows to this hour, and it is pretty clear to me that Prof. Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D., of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., does not

know ; that on this, one of the vitalest points in Edwards's life and life-work, his new biographer shows a weakness all the more lamentable from the fact that in all its earlier stages the new biography is one of the best books that has appeared in New England for a quarter of a century.

Up to its 289th page we had felt little or nothing but unstinted, enthusiastic gratitude, admiration, and a deep, silent sort of heart-praise toward Prof. Allen for having written this book, so unlike, so superior to dozens of recent American biographies of statesmen, famous women, Transcendental prophets, and the like ; but the moment we came to Edwards's strong point,—his strongest point ; in fact the strongest point in all modern American or English thinking,—then we found that Dr. Allen had not mastered the theme, was not equal to the sublime undertaking. We had been looking for this biography as the book that would and should reflect a new splendor on New England life and letters, and up to the page named it is so beautiful, so well done, so careful of Edwards's splendid personality and powers, so dainty in its touches of his deeper, hid, domestic, human, conscious and unconscious inner life, so respectful and venerative of those eternal forces which have ever moved the world, and in Edwards did it once again, that we were longing and hoping the book would keep that tone to the end, and so mark a new epoch in the serious literature of the world ; when lo ! the same old story, read in nearly all our modern books, seen in nearly all our modern buildings,—a rift, a fault, a weakness of design, an inability to seize the complete fact and round it out to the curvatures of the skies. And why could we not have had an ideal biography of Edwards in this case ? Prof. Allen is a learned man, a clear and beautiful writer ; apparently had all needed time, sources of authority, and opportunity at his hands, and himself in the hands of one of the best publishing houses in the world.

Must our modern work be for ever cursed with this incompleteness, this apology for shirking instead of doing our duty, this dragging into the sacred temple of a human soul our petty Armenian and Socinian and Darwinian or other contemptible, one-sided squinting at the palpitating universe of God ? In simple truth, Edwards was a new and splendid incarnation of Eternal Deity,—a new divine man, born and set down in the midst of New England willfulness, hardness and pride ; finally rejected of it, condemned and outcast by it : and his "Theory of the Will" was almost uncon-

sciously done in four months, under divine inspiration,—the old inspiration of suffering and rejection,—to teach New England and the world, as far as could then be done, that the will is as the strongest motive at the moment, whether it beheads kings, burns witches, floats mechanic poetry, apologizes for slavery, rejects prophets, vaunts corrupt benevolence, kisses the cross while stabbing the crucified, and plays at cricket, plaque-painting, easy divorce reform and grand opera for pastime.

In simple truth, Edwards's theory of the will was at once God Almighty's interpretation of New England to its own eyes, and a condemnation of its proud, high-flown notions about its peculiar attitude towards religion and theology. It was a new holding of the mirror up to nature, by a master hand, so revealing phases and meanings of modern life as despicable and little understood as they are boasted of and gloried in. The man who views it only as a sharp, able, but more or less defective refutation of Armenianism gets no where near its secret soul, much less at the divine necessity which evolved it out of the deeper facts of New England life. What was Armenianism? What is it? What can it ever be but a petty shuffling of terms in the pitiable game of casuistry? Calvinism, St. Augustinism, even Paul the Apostleism, may be stilted and formal and far-fetched, and foreign enough to nature's and God's truth in many phases of it; but to go about in ruffled shirt-bosoms, with eye-glasses, a cigar in your mouth, yourself the mere bond-slave of mammon, all the while patting your chained Prometheus on the back, saying in a jocular vein: "You're a noble freeman; liberty is sweet, my boy," while said Prometheus is dying for you in silent, honor-bound, everlasting slavery, muttering in agony, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?"—this is a phase of life reserved for the prophets and handmaids of the Nineteenth Century. Nevertheless, wisdom is always justified of its own true offering, and the son of man—every son of man worth speaking of—"goeth as it has been determined of him." Somewhere in the true light of these words is to be found the secret of "Edwards on the Will." I do not say or believe that Edwards found or expressed the entire secret of this. I am sure that he did not; but let no child of Armenius dream that Edwards's weakness or incompleteness is in his wrong attitude toward Armenianism or the liberty of indifference and of free choice between good and evil, human responsibility, etc. His weakness is in wholly

another line, as I shall try to show. In short, Prof. Allen appears to have reached the conclusion, *first*, that Edwards in his youth made some approach to a pantheistic, or at least to a philosophical, view of nature and of God, as the one real and eternal element, source and staying soul of all beings and things; the material universe being everywhere and in all phases and expressions of it but the transient, phenomenal expression of the uncreated, eternal life and soul of all. Whether this, or such approach to this as Edwards made, was the result of contact with Berkeley or Plato, at first or second hand, Prof. Allen does not know. Nobody knows. Nobody has as yet sufficiently studied Edwards's unpublished manuscripts to be able positively to say. *Second*, that, in experiencing "what is called conversion" and in coming more closely in contact with Calvinistic theology and Puritan religion, this earlier idea was lost, or given up for an idea of God as dominating sovereign will. This as more in harmony with the received creeds of the then Protestant orthodoxy and as a better working conception or hypothesis in practical preaching,—more biblical, more effective,—the real secret of what is called Edwards's conversion, and the real secret of this revolution in the rootal and basal idea of his working life, never yet discovered because nobody has yet sufficiently studied Edwards's unpublished manuscripts to discover this secret. *Third*, that, while Edwards was admittedly the greatest New England theologian of his day, perhaps one of the greatest men of all ages, and while his treatise on the will was and remains admittedly his master-work, its secret must be found in viewing it as an argument against Armenianism, and that in it Edwards erred as follows (page 290): "The illusion under which Edwards labors is in looking at man as part of nature, instead of as a personal being, who, rising above nature, has in himself the power of new beginnings." *Finally*, that in his later writings, apparently, and by suggestion, especially in his unpublished writings, there may be vast contradictions of all this, and inconsistencies enough to stagger the whole Calvinistic system, if not to land Edwards, with John Milton and Co., in a mere foam-tossed sea of Coleridgean Sabellianism. But plainly these unpublished manuscripts have been played with, separated, lent around, partly printed for private circulation; and Prof. Park and others have felt free to speculate about them. Meanwhile, Prof. Allen himself, though sustained by all the culture and wealth and genius

and leisure of modern mammon-ridden New England, has not attempted to exhaust these hidden treasures, these silent elucidations, but has told his own beautiful story out of the published works, out of other stories already told.

Let us follow the new biographer in more detail. "The aim of the work is a critical one," and more than two-thirds of it amply justify this claim. The story of Edwards's personal life, and the relation of this to his ancestors, is admirably told. The old Welsh Edwardses and the English Stoddards gave their best energies to produce the new American man, and there the strong blood ceased in spite of heredity. "One characteristic of Edwards as a student, which he retained through life, was the habit of writing as a means of mental culture. An inward necessity compelled him also to give expression to his thought. He began while at college to arrange his thoughts in orderly fashion, classifying his manuscripts or note-books under the titles of 'The Mind,' 'Natural Science,' 'The Scriptures,' etc." "Thoughts were already stirring within him which he felt would awaken opposition. The intellectual bias came from the philosophy of Locke, whose "Essay on the Human Understanding" Edwards read when he was but fourteen years old. . . . There is a peculiar charm in these early manuscripts written before his theology had received its final stamp." The under strata of his thinkings, however, were always theological rather than philosophical. "We are to conceive of the divine excellence as infinite general love. . . . When at the age of fifty he wrote his dissertation on 'The Nature of True Virtue,' he reproduced his early conviction with no substantial change. . . . No exact date can be fixed for his conversion; even the time when he 'joined the church is unknown;" but "there came to him for the first time a sort of inward, sweet delight in God and divine things. A sense of the divine glory was, as it were, diffused through him. . . . 'After this my sense of divine things gradually increased and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. . . . On January 12, 1723, I made a solemn dedication of myself to God, and wrote it down;" made beautiful resolves accordingly, and apparently kept them. But "neither in the resolutions nor in the journal do we meet the deep, all-pervading sense of sin which we should naturally expect from one who afterwards made it so prominent in his theology. . . . After years of concern about his inward state, yet so late as 1725 Edwards was

still uncertain as to whether he had been converted." But many a modest saint has doubted this point until well within the gates of glory. Touching the individual consciousness of sin, it is probably true of most preachers that their notions on this head are far less severe, as applied to themselves, than in their theories as applied to other people. It is further true, in the case of Edwards, and in many other cases, that there was no need of any terrible self-abasement and denunciation. The man was a saint from his birth, and a long while before that; still, to approach the ideal he craved but never reached,—an ideal that no man ever reaches,—he was perfectly conscious that a new birth of divine grace—say a repeated re-birth of this—was an absolute necessity. It is still further true of Edwards that he was, as to his God perceptions, his moral sense and moral power, and his average spiritual state, a giant in attainments as compared with most of the men and preachers about him. He was a new, divine refutation in advance of our later stupid doctrines of democracy.

"On the 15th of February, 1727, Edwards was ordained at Northampton as the colleague of his grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, then in his eighty-fourth year." Mr. Stoddard was so venerated in Northampton that the Indians (lots of them around) used to speak of him as "the Englishman's God." Edwards was now only twenty-four years old. He visited the people only in cases of necessity; gave thirteen hours a day to study; soon be-thought himself of a wife. While previously living at New Haven he had seen or heard of Sarah Pierpont, a born angel in human guise; and this is a touch of his spirit regarding her: "They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight," etc. So Cupid and the great Being unite to help this new man on to his work and martyrdom. A beautiful, exquisite story this, to its true and tender ending, with hints that it did not end, could never end;—a beautiful book, reader, if you have a mind and heart to face a little of the old supernal light of this world as it existed before the days of Concord and Chautauqua schools of philosophy, easy divorces and the purely modern and purely gay ways of immortality. On page 48 there is a poor little fling at Whitfield, because, forsooth, he admired the Edwards's domestic peace and

loveliness, but saw no way to repeat the dream in his own poor, restless career. Sarah Pierpont, now become Mrs. Edwards, paid "a becoming deference to her husband;" so was real helpmeet: and "it was the children's manner to rise when the parents entered the room and remain standing until they were seated;"—angel glimpses, these, of days that are dead and may never come back again.

So the reader is introduced to the days of New England's decline, from the old Puritan theocracy—a purely unique thing in human history, for a good sight of which Mr. Brooks Adams's "Emancipation of Massachusetts" is our best modern guide—to the dawning of the days of New England individualism, when every barn-door and fence-rail would have its vision and prophecy to the tune of "Ten Times One is Ten." At first "it was a period of decline and of deterioration, of many attempts at reform which only ended in failure." The religious leaders of the period, Edwards among them, regarded it as "a time of such religious coldness and apathy as to call for the judgment of heaven." A note on the margin of my volume of Prof. Allen's book indicates that the state of life defined was itself the judgment of heaven; and were this the time or place to point out the arrogant, godless assumptions, the self-righteous assertions and persecutions of the old theocracy, it would be easy to hurl a jet of electric light on our marginal reading.

Edwards really broke up this old-time polar region by his sermon known as the "public lecture," given in the provincial town of Boston in the year 1731. All New England had gotten far enough away from the old-fashioned methods of salvation by baptism, the sacraments, by simple faith in the representative vicarious work of Christ through his church; and its best people were fast becoming what they had nearly all become in Emerson's day,—a set of "ladies and gentlemen without a religion, but seeking a new one." Edwards was not the man to preach a new one. He was too familiar with the eternal power of the old one when properly proclaimed. The Boston public lecture was a new apostolic declaration of man's absolute dependence upon divine grace, and the eternal readiness of God to save the elect that would seek him. It was no new doctrine; but the new man believed it, and was no mere mouthing, rhetorical, brass-and-bronze human trumpeter of an obsolete idea.

We are now at a point where Edwards and all New England made their nearest approach to God's light and nature's light

touching the higher regions of the human soul. It is not at all clear that Prof. Allen enters fully into the depth and meaning of this moment in Edwards's life, but it is perfectly and beautifully clear that he understands the moment in its ecclesiastical bearings on the elder Anglican faith and church. Chapters IV. and V. of the new biography are its master-chapters, covering, in a lucid, able manner, the entire question of so-called human salvation, as brought about by the eternal love and mercy through repentance, grace, faith, the Church, election, foreknowledge, etc., all as our fathers used to proclaim before the thought of God's eternal, ever-present imminence at every pulse-beat and force-center of the fleeting hours had smitten the human mind; and, while omitting whole pages of discriminating, admirable work on all this and on future rewards, etc., this may be the point to introduce a contrast, to be found on page 84, and which seems to me one of the happiest touches in New England literature.

"Edwards writes: 'For, unless there be such a state [of future rewards and punishments], it will certainly follow that God in fact maintains no moral government over the world of mankind. For otherwise it is apparent that there is no such thing as rewarding or punishing mankind according to any visible rule, or, indeed, according to any order or method whatsoever. . . . Nothing is more manifest than that in this world there is no such thing as a regular, equal disposing of rewards and punishments of men according to their moral estate. There is nothing in God's disposals towards men in this world to make his distributive justice and judicial equity manifest or visible, but all things are in the greatest confusion.'" This was Edwards's idea of God's moral government, as far as was manifest in the affairs of this world. In contradistinction with this, Prof. Allen quotes Cabot's "Life of Emerson" as follows: "Edwards is oblivious to the fact that the sense of God as a moral governor had grown up among the Jewish people, not only without an appeal to a future state of rewards and punishments, but with no definite recognition even of the sanctions of a future life. It is interesting in this connection to recall the aphorisms of Emerson on this subject; such as, 'No evil exists in society but has its check which co-exists;' 'Punishment not follows but accompanies crime;' 'Base action makes you base, holy action hallows you.'"

So we have the Puritan theologian, a Puritan apologist and a

Puritan seer on the moral government of God (so called), and no one of them is wholly true to the facts of nature and of history. Edwards, entirely enveloped in orthodox theological legalism touching sin and the judgment day and the future state, and utterly unused to looking for or perceiving the natural consequences of immorality stamped upon the faces and lives of its victims, nor dreaming of naming such consequences as the full punishment for crime, saw only moral confusion on this earth, all of which was to be righted at the "last great day" and in the future. Mr. Cabot, wholly bent on exalting Emerson at the expense of Edwards and the entire universe, misstates Edwards's relation to Jewish history, misstates that history itself, every pore of which, while bleeding with the modern truth of heredity, also bleeds with appeal to a future final judgment and settlement, to be made by the jealous God, the judge of all the earth, the soul of an eternal, consuming fire. Egyptian theology, possibly the source of the Hebrew, held to the same idea of future judgment. Greek mythology contained the same thought of final appeal and settlement; "and the sense of God as a moral governor" simply did not grow up among the Jewish people without an appeal to the future. Emerson, though by birth and training in far closer harmony with nature and truth—that is, certain phases of truth—than either of these men, states only a half-truth when he says that "punishment not follows but accompanies crime." It both accompanies and follows crime; has its Nemesis of following crime: and all ancient art, poetry and religion are instinct with one type and another of belief in a judgment day. So all these men whittle at half-truths, call them whole truths, while the great God sits in the heavens as of old, laughs at human conceit, gives to each man his natural clientage, and finally settles with each as of old. The moral government of God—alas! is it not like most other phases of this universe, too high, too deep a thing for our Yankee or Quaker aphorisms?

Chapter VI. treats of Edwards as a preacher, dwells on what are known as his imprecatory sermons, so called because in a high, impersonal, doctrinal way they appear to treat of sinners against the moral government and against the grace of God in a spirit similar to that found in the so-called imprecatory Psalms of David; all alike showing what a good and wise man will come to in his thought when chased with actual human devils or filled with devilish doctrines.

Chapters I. to V. of the second period of this biography deal with what has been known as the "great awakening" in New England. Edwards stood and still stands in the forefront of this new work. Whitfield and other transient gospel preachers of the period are brought up to be compared with him. He approves or only partly approves their methods and the physical results thereof,—screamings, jumpings and the like,—most of which led, then as always, to many a "half-way covenant" between the human soul and its true destiny heavenward or hellward; and Edwards was in this case to be the martyr for countenancing among the elect such worldlings as now crowd all our churches and hold our modern preachers by their purse-strings.

From a purely personal point of view, the most interesting affair in all these chapters is the story of David Brainerd's contact with the Edwards household. In short, one of Edwards's loveliest daughters was intensely in love with David Brainerd, and the great mission preacher, absorbed in himself and his work, only dimly conscious of the fact, and by no means returning the passion in kind, had the good sense or good fortune to fall sick and die. "Only a few months after his death she was called away." So to this hour, in certain kinds of literature, we treat the great heart-tragedies that outshine all isms as charity, by its ineffable light, overshadows the hatreds and covers the crimes of mankind. And here is a strange bit of modern biography, so lacking in foresight and yet with a kind of hind-sight that fastens the reader's eyes.

"Edwards preached the funeral sermon of Brainerd, and afterwards edited his diary, adding to it observations and reflections of his own. It was this life of Brainerd by Edwards which is said to have been the means of the conversion of the famous missionary, Henry Martyn." And there the biographer should have halted on that head; but "credit for the missionary spirit, which was so rare a gift in the Eighteenth Century, should be freely accorded to David Brainerd." (Has been so accorded: why bother with it?) "But the story of his connection with Edwards resembles the case of Sterling and Carlyle" hardly in any, even the smallest, particular, Mr. Allen; and why bother with it here? Why, "in each instance there is the history of a human soul, which, if we can only see it so, is always interesting, wherever we may look at it. But, as in the case of Sterling, there was no special reason for furnishing a biography. Private motives impelled Carlyle to the task.

Edwards was moved by a desire to furnish irresistible evidence against the Armenians, or Deists, who denied the validity of religious experiences." In a word, and to put the whole matter in better light, David Brainerd was one of the choicest spirits that ever came into close contact with the mind and heart of Jonathan Edwards. John Sterling, all things considered, was the richest, rarest soul that ever poured its pure, smitten love into the deeper heart of Thomas Carlyle; and it was as natural for these two great men to tell the stories of the two beautiful friends that had touched them closely on the way as it is for any fond parent to tell the tales of his favorite child happily plucked away from possible crimes. In Carlyle's case there was the additional motive that Sterling had already been very imperfectly, if not wrongly, handled by a prominent churchman without wit enough to understand that often—

"There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds."

And Henry Martyn for one, and scores of bright and earnest young men for others, could tell Prof. Allen that there was, above and beyond all his reasons, a divine impelling which prompted each man in this case to tell his story of a broken, beautiful, undying, immortal soul.

Chapter VI. of this second period describes Edwards's rejection, and dismissal from Northampton; and it is all too bitter to be handled by this reviewer without the use of such language as might seem extravagant to the cultured ears of modern New England. I do not say that Edwards acted wisely in trying to restore the old, severe methods of entrance into the Puritan Church. In truth, the day for all that had gone out in utter hypocrisy; and I do not forget that Edwards was always a most determined New Englander himself, domineering wherever his official relationships seemed to demand that sort of firmness: but for a congregation to whom he had given his life to turn upon him, turn against him, and in cold, brutal injustice to thrust him, dishonored, into want and homelessness, is second only to such a crime committed by one's own children. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," natural or spiritual. But, when the Eternal needs a new martyr, the new fiends to cry "Crucify him" are never far away. More than all his preaching or his philosophy, this act of martyrdom and the way he bore it,—the way his noble

wife and children helped him to bear it,—have endeared Edwards to the whole human race.

Here I had intended to show, with some fullness of detail, that Edwards did not err in his "Theory of the Will" or elsewhere by treating man as a part of nature; that his clearest and strongest approaches to truth regarding the human will particularly came from such earlier studies as had given him a hint of nature and man as correlated,—in some way one; and that whatever of error there was or may be in his work came from his bondage to the straightened legalism of Puritan theology which, in Edwards's days at least, had not yet learned to treat man as in any complete sense a part of nature, but as a sort of supernatural, fallen god, subject to the foreordained, predetermined caprices of an Almighty God, who differed from old Gov. Winthrop only in being a little bigger and far less responsible. I shall content myself and save the reader's patience by simply stating the position and not arguing it. Edwards was no slave to natural theories of man: he was an unconscious slave to Puritan theological theories of God and man. But even in this there is a deep, as yet an untold, truth of nature and history. Puritanism at heart was divine. It was only the common brutalities of human nature that made Puritanism damnable. There is a doctrine of election which is as true as the stars. In his "Theory of the Will," Jonathan Edwards came nearer to an utterance of the true union of Puritan theology and human freedom and salvation than any other man has come since the days of St. Paul. There is an awfully sublime truth in the doctrine of vicarious suffering and redemption; but there is a pitiable falsehood in the Calvinistic interpretation of that truth, as uttered in the days of Edwards and onwards,—a falsehood that has been intensified and made sickening by the Moody-and-Sankey Calvinism of our own days, and which continues to poison and petrify and harden and brutalize the preachers and followers of this falsehood in the churches of modern Protestantism.

It was in this direction that Edwards was under some "illusion." In his theory of the will, however, this very illusion held him face to face with the fixedness of nature's workings, including the subtlest workings of the thought and soul and will of man. Hence the very thing that Prof. Allen complains of is the one thing in the total life-work of Edwards which brings him nearest to the true type of the master-workers of the world. This is what I want

to make plain. It is to make this plain that I have written this review.

Whatever illusion there may be in modern life or literature on this head—and heaven knows there is enough of it—comes, has come and is still coming, *not* from treating man as a part of nature, but from just such men as Prof. Allen,—admirable in their way and in their sphere, but utterly out of their sphere on life's largest themes,—who treat man as "a being" that, "rising above nature, has in himself the power of new beginnings," etc. As a matter of simple fact, no man has ever risen above nature. Let us stop our high-flown nonsense and adhere to the facts. No man has ever risen above nature. Moses did not. Jesus did not. Paul did not. Even Mr. Emerson did not. Mr. Allen has not. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln did not. Men only rise above nature in flights of rhetoric at Cambridge and Princeton and elsewhere, and always get back for dinner, even in these choice regions.

Free yourself from cant, Mr. Allen. Nature is a great deal bigger than man. No man, even in Boston, has in himself the power of new beginnings other than nature—including in that term all that Edwards included and infinitely more—has originated, developed, evolved in him up to their point of necessity of utterance. Man is but a breath of nature. Man's will is but an expression of a single breath of man. The wretched systems of theology and philosophy that have treated God and God's will and man and man's will as entities or powers separate from nature, or above or superior to nature's laws, are dying of mere sounding rhetoric before man's coming sight of nature as a living, infinite divinity, and of man as but an atom of force in the midst of millions of forces, some infinitely greater and some infinitely less than his own.

Let us have done with *cant*. In this matter of the will Edwards was but a sort of prophetic foregleam of the floods of natural psychological light that the future science of religion has now ready to pour upon the world. Why not out with it? Simply because you are not ready for it. Simply because in your modern conceit of physical science and human liberty you are blinder than bats to the real truths of nature and every-day life, though these very truths are bearing you on to unknown disaster. The will of man, the will of whole communities of men, is as is the strongest motive still. You know what the strongest motive of the men about you

is. You know what the strongest motive of the communities about you is. Is it to know God, or to speak the truth, or to live the truth, or to die for the truth? And yet you wonder why men choose Barabbas instead of Jesus twenty-four hours and a half out of every solar day.

Let me say again that Prof. Allen has written a beautiful book, and, were I simply to compare it with most modern works, I should have only praise for the book and its author. But truth is better and more to be desired than all books or all authors; and on this, the deepest theme of the Edwards episode, Prof. Allen is utterly wrong. He puts Edwards in a false position, varnishes over and hides the truth of nature and of God; and the reader, if inclined even to hear the truth, must not thus be led astray.

I should like to follow Edwards closely through this biography, —even far more minutely than it follows him,—from Northampton to Stockbridge, where the treatise on the will was written, and from thence to Princeton, where kindly death took him away from still gloomier theories of theology, and onward and upward through the spaces and the years of spiritual birth and re-birth, till this last utterance came from him out of nature, not above nature. But, really, with the writing at Stockbridge this splendid man practically closed his splendid career; and I have no doubt in the world that the Eternal Providence which breathes in every dust-speck and point of force that fill the eternities and infinities with a luster not their own was at least willing enough that partial blindness should happen unto the people of Northampton until, or even in order that, the fullness of Edwards's sight on the human will might find its way through the world. And I am quite sure that there is still more of God in that treatise to-day than in all the ballot-boxes and legal or other easy divorces that have liberated New England during the last one hundred years.

W. H. T.

THE REPUBLICAN OUTRAGE IN BRAZIL.

A NEW VIEW OF THIS FRESH STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

ON this subject, as on many others, THE GLOBE feels obliged to advance views that are wholly out of sympathy with about ninety-nine per cent of its literary cotemporaries. I look upon the recent political developments in Brazil, not with pleasure or approval, but with utter abhorrence and contempt. I consider the so-called revolution from monarchism to republicanism simply an outrage upon all that is worth preserving in national or individual life; and, were I the Octavius or the Anthony in this case, I would hang all the leading conspirators, and re-instate the quietly exiled Emperor, who, as the world knows, has long been not only emperor, but a sort of school-teacher, brother and father, and moral mentor and guide to the people that have at last risen to the height of ruling their nation by falsehood, ingratitude, proclamations and ballot-boxes.

The Brazilian revolution has accomplished one good. It has aroused among many millions of people a fresh and living interest in the history and destiny of Brazil. During the past two months hundreds of excellent historical sketches of Brazil have appeared in as many hundreds of American newspapers. There has also been a corresponding number of very appreciative biographical sketches of the now exiled Emperor. Nearly all the writers of these biographical articles have, or appear to have, quite as sincere a regard for Dom Pedro II. as I have. In fact, the American and the universal heart-pulse of all nations has beaten warmly and truly toward him for a long generation; but nearly all our writers, and nearly all our politicians, appear to accept the Brazilian dispatches as if they were ungarbled and wholly true, and to conclude that the new republic is at once an inevitable, a fixed and a beautiful thing; to be welcomed among the "sister-republics of this continent," as I heard a rhetorical preacher describe the affair the Sunday following the news of the revolution. A sober second thought or two must convince us of our folly in these regards, and assure us,

first, that no such national change could possibly have taken place without deeper and more radical trouble, confusion, subtle hatreds, and burning, though slumbering, volcanoes, than we have heard of at this writing, December 3, 1889; *second*, that, in the nature of things, our dispatches have all been garbled and fixed to suit the existing so-called government of conspirators; and, *third*, that as sure as the sun shines this first action in Brazil is not final; that the slumbering volcanoes of discontent will break out ere long and burn their way to flame; finally, that a revolution born under such circumstances, gotten up to depose such an emperor, and for such reasons as will duly appear, must re-act upon its own throat, murder its own advocates, cut itself into deserved shreds, and, by and by, go to the dogs of anarchy, disillusion and dissolution.

The following editorial paragraph, clipped from the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, December 2, 1889, contains one of the first newspaper intimations that some such process as the above was then already under way, at least in talk: "Dom Pedro made his trip to the Cape de Verd Islands under the flag of the republic of Brazil; but it has not yet been recognized by Portugal, and the vessel on which he is a passenger may have to enter Lisbon without any national flag flying unless its commander should consent to carry the flag of the empire. In the mean time, all the news from Brazil continues to show that the change of government has been quietly accepted by the people. If there is any opposition to the republic, it does not secure expression in the cable news, save in a very mild form; *but there is already talk of secession and the organization of two or three republics instead of one.*" By the time THE GLOBE reaches its readers the earlier points of this paragraph will all have been settled. I make the quotation for the sake of the last line. It was the word I had been waiting for during two weeks of continuous reading on the theme, sure that it would come, but not willing to begin my own protest until some such word had come. In its editorial treatment of the Brazilian revolution, the *Public Ledger* from the first used what seemed to me golden and beautiful words. I take all the more pleasure in saying this because my criticism of the *Ledger* in the first number of THE GLOBE was held by some as very severe, though absolutely and admittedly just, as it was intended to be. We all know that the *Ledger* and the rest of the newspapers are not in the martyr business. We ourselves are a republic, and no newspaper wants to fly in the face of its ten

or twenty thousand subscribers. THE GLOBE is new; assumes the rôle of critic and teacher; means to speak the truth on this matter, as on other matters; to live or die in that line: and its editor proves his faith in human nature by daring to face alike the foolish prejudices of monarchists and republicans.

It is not that I love republicanism less but truth more. I was a republican, an abolitionist and a public teacher, and suffered for these principles twenty-five years and more ago, when many men who are now screaming their approval of the Brazilian republic were screaming just as loudly in favor of breaking up our own republic, and when many of our younger writers, who now think they "know all about it," were as yet in their cradles, or in still quieter and less conscious regions of the world. I am a republican still, but any republic that comes into life by an abortion against justice and gratitude and honor and truth, and that expects to live by simple falsehood and dishonest generosity, is a natural fool, and will not live long, but die of its own inward corruption. It is of no moment, in my mind, that the Brazilian revolutionists provided liberally for the financial needs of Dom Pedro. If you take from me all that is dear to me in life, can you compensate me with gold? I am aware that this age lives on the thought that this thing can be done. It is an eternal falsehood all the same. Man does not live on dollars alone. If the Brazilians were ripe for republicanism, they might at least have waited till Dom Pedro was dead. The fact that they did not so wait is proof positive to my mind that they are not ripe for republicanism, but for anarchy, which even now is at their doors.

Discovered in 1499 by an old companion of Columbus, Brazil was for over three hundred years a sort of Mosaic hotbed of seething, churlish elements, made up largely of adventurous people from Spain and Portugal, with a sprinkling of Dutch,—never happily united, always quarrelsome, but rather in tongue fights than in any respectable wars,—until the ancestors of the present exiled Emperor gave to these elements a national spirit, stability, and such ambitions and such rulers as were making this great swamp and mountain land to the south of us a proud and a respected empire. The people never had sobriety enough to govern themselves, never patience enough to obey their own laws and constitution; have always acted on the latest and most combustible impulses and motives that wrought upon them, and will do so still. Dom Pedro

was not only their ruler, teacher and father: he was their daily saviour alike from the crimes of slavery and perpetual anarchy. The details of this history are now in all the newspapers, and have long been in good standard books and in the encyclopedias; but even at the risk of repetition I quote a few well-selected paragraphs from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, published a day or two after this last revolution:—

“Brazilian history is remarkable for its bloodless revolutions. Three times the form of government has been materially altered, three times rulers have been changed by a virtual revolution, and on none of these occasions was there any serious bloodshed, nor indeed even bitter feeling between the revolutionists and their former rulers. What made the first news of the present revolution seem improbable was its sudden and comparatively peaceful character; but it will be seen that this is practically the custom of the country, as far as the country can be said to be accustomed to revolution.

“Originally a dependence of Portugal, Brazil was the asylum of Dom John VI., when he fled before the victorious French army from Lisbon. In December, 1815, a decree was promulgated elevating the colony to the dignity of a kingdom. The constitutional revolution of Portugal in 1821 was immediately followed by a similar revolution in Brazil, and Dom Pedro, in much alarm, conferred upon his son, Dom Pedro, the office of regent, and hastened to set sail for Portugal. The position of regent was a most difficult one, and it culminated when the Portuguese Cortes, or Parliament, annulled some of his decrees and ordered his return to Portugal. He refused to obey the order, and, after much acrimonious correspondence, on the 7th of September, 1822, he declared Brazil independent of Portugal in the famous exclamation, ‘Independence or death!’ which became the watchword of the Brazilian revolution.

“Two weeks later he was proclaimed the constitutional emperor of Brazil. Portugal was too weak to defend her position, and in less than three years Brazil’s independence was acknowledged. At first looked upon with the highest honor, the Emperor finally became an object of suspicion and hatred to the Brazilians, who believed his feelings and inclinations tended too strongly in favor of the Portuguese, to the exclusion of the native Brazilians. These troubles culminated finally on his dismissal of a ministry and the

appointment of a new ministry in its place. The subsequent proceedings are thus described in Fletcher and Kidder's 'Brazil and the Brazilians':—

"After various popular agitations, which had the continued effect of widening the breach between the imperial party and the patriots, the populace of Rio Janeiro assembled in the Campo de Santa Anna, on the 6th of April, 1831, and began to call out for the dismissal of the new ministry and for the re-instatement of some individuals who had that very morning been dismissed. Dom Pedro I., on being informed of the assemblage and its objects, issued a proclamation, signed by himself and the existing ministry, assuring them that the administration was perfectly constitutional and that its members would be governed by constitutional principles. A justice of the peace was dispatched to read this to the people, yet scarcely had he concluded when the document was torn from his hands and trampled under foot. The cry for the re-instatement of the cabinet became louder. The multitude momentarily increased in numbers, and, about six o'clock in the afternoon, three justices of the peace (in Spanish America it would have been a battalion of soldiers) were dispatched to the imperial residence to demand that the 'ministry who had the confidence of the people'—as the late cabinet were designated—should be re-appointed.

"The Emperor listened to their requisition but refused to accede to the request. He exclaimed, 'I will do everything for the people but nothing by the people.' . . . But, at length, like the noble stag of Landseer, singled out by the hounds, he stood alone. Deserted, harassed, irritated and fatigued beyond description, with sadness, yet with grace, he yielded to the circumstances and took the only measure consistent with his convictions and the dignity of his imperial office. It was two o'clock in the morning when he sat down, without asking the advice of any one or even informing the ministry of his resolution, and wrote out his abdication in the following terms:—

"'Availing myself of the rights which the Constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my dearly beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara. Boa Vista, 7th April, 1831, 10th year of the independence of the empire.'

"He then rose, and, addressing himself to the messenger from the Campo, said: 'Here is my abdication: may you be happy! I

shall retire to Europe, and leave the country that I have loved dearly and that I still love.'

"Dom Pedro II. was thus left at the early age of six years the emperor in name of one of the largest countries of the world. He was under the care at first of one regent, then of three regents, and, finally, of a single regent, who was to be elected every four years. The regency was very unpopular, and frequent changes, due to the presence of contending political parties, promoted the movement for the abolition of the regency. This third revolution is thus described by Kidder and Fletcher:—

"The year 1840 was signalized in Brazil by a new and startling political agitation, which resulted in the abolishing of the regency. The Dom Pedro II. was now in his fifteenth year, and the political party opposed to the regent and the existing ministry espoused the project of declaring his minority expired and of elevating him at once to the full possession of his throne. This project had been occasionally discussed during the last five years, but it had always been characterized as premature and absurd. It was argued that the Constitution limited the minority of the sovereign to the age of eighteen years, and that was early enough for any young man to have the task of governing so vast an empire. On the other hand, it was argued that, as to responsibility, the Constitution expressly provided that none should attach itself to the emperor under any circumstances.

"Hence an abolition of the regency would, as matter of course, devolve the powers of the regent upon some other officer. There would be one difference, however. The regent, as such, enjoyed the privilege of royalty itself, being also perfectly irresponsible. This circumstance was urged as a great and growing evil. However desirable it was for a sovereign to possess the attribute of irresponsibility, it was a dangerous thing for a citizen, accidentally elevated to the office, to have the power of dispensing good or evil without expecting to answer for his conduct. As these subjects were discussed much feeling was aroused, but the best-informed persons supposed that the regent would be able to defeat the plan laid for his overthrow.

"The debate upon the motion in the House of Deputies to declare the Emperor of age began early in July, and at first turned principally upon constitutional objections. The Legislature had, in fact, no power to amend or overstep the Constitution. But the plan

was arranged, minds were heated, and the passions of the people began to be enlisted. Violence of language prevailed, and personal violence began to be threatened."

Finally, the president of a sort of national assembly evolved out of this hubbub, and expressing all the good will and good sense of the people, though against their laws, arose and said: "I, as the organ of the representatives of this nation in general assembly convened, declare His Majesty Dom Pedro II. is from this moment in his majority, and in the full exercise of his constitutional prerogatives. The majority of His Majesty Senhor Dom Pedro II. ! Viva Senhor Dom Pedro II., constitutional emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil!! Viva Senhor Dom Pedro II.!!!"

So their noise and their "perpetual" vivas went on till, "on the 18th of July, 1841, the coronation of the Emperor took place amid much festivity. He was married on the 4th of September, 1843, to Princess Theresa Carolina Maria de Bourbon, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, and a Bourbon. He has contended with three insurrections,—one in 1841, one in 1842 and a more serious one in Pernambuco in 1848; but, with these exceptions, the great empire has until this time been internally tranquil. Brazil under his government has had but one foreign war,—that with Paraguay, in which Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation joined.

"Brazil, under his wise and energetic reign, has made wonderful advances in all that pertains to civilization. He has always been at the front of the party of progress, and the various emancipation schemes which culminated in May, 1888, in the proclamation declaring that 'slavery in Brazil is extinct,' have always received his heartiest support."

Here are three lines from the *Ledger's* editorial of November 20, 1889, which spoil all the above wisdom and bring the *Ledger* down to the common level of every-day modern life:—

"The people of this country can not regard with disfavor any movement of the people of another country to set up a republican form of government upon the ruins of a monarchial one."

My own position is that the people of this country can and ought to look with absolute disfavor upon this Brazilian movement; and that, sooner or later, for not doing so, we shall have to go down there and take the different factions that now form the Brazilian republic by the backs of their necks and pull them asunder from various fratricidal and bloody quarrels.

I am not posing as a sympathizer with Dom Pedro, and I do not ask or expect the American people, or even the readers of THE GLOBE, who may be moved by these utterances to take a different view of the case, to act out of any special sympathy for the Emperor as an emperor. I care no more for a king or an emperor than I do for a tinker or a tailor, but I care for *men*, for manhood, for culture, for civilization, for honor, for gratitude, filial and national; for truth, for patience, for virtue and chastity. I declare that, by all the eternal principles on which families, states and nations rest in any security, this man Dom Pedro has been foully dealt with, and ought to be re-instated upon the throne his own people forced him to occupy before his time, and which throne he has made a praise and an honor to the whole earth.

Cæsar may or may not have deserved his fate. His ambition was no greater, and, it has always seemed to me, was less corrupt and more splendidly gifted than that of his foes; hence, that their slaying of him was an eternal crime.

Charles Stuart was a stubborn, shuffling knave, unworthy the name or position of a king; and yet it is doubtful if his canting, pious slayers were more honest than their king, and still more doubtful if they were wise in taking off his head.

Louis XVI. was a padded, powdered, over-dressed, over-fed, voluptuous, parasitic orchid of old-time luxury, pride and weakness, fastened by fate on the vitals, the pulse-beating, throbbing, young, new life of one of the most brilliant nations that ever adorned this world; and perhaps the time had come to pluck such vampires by the beard and fling them to eternal oblivion. Still, it is doubtful if France gained anything by murdering one of its most characteristic kings.

George III. was a fussy, fuming, unsympathetic, distant, untaught, willful, unjust little Englishman, who knew nothing of this great new land that Providence and human genius had placed in his hands,—a man utterly unequal to the great position into which fate had forced him; and we, the people of these United States,—that is, our grandfathers,—now grown to fifty millions of the smartest rascals in the world, had a perfect right, at this distance, to thrash the little Englishman, hurl back his hireling soldiery, and make a nation for ourselves. Still, to this hour, it is doubtful if those of our forefathers who wanted to make George Washington king had not the best of the argument and the strongest sympathies of eternal destiny.

Dom Pedro was more of a man than all these together, and, as the *Ledger* has aptly put it, did more for Brazil than Brazil ever did for him; and the people who would depose and exile such an emperor in his old age, after such service, may be fit subjects for slavish anarchy but never for such republicanism as true men or the gods can admire.

It is always safest not to prophesy until after the fact, but I predict that the present republic of Brazil will not exist ten years from this day. I am well aware that the demon of dishonor and ingratitude is pretty much master of the earth at present, and still to be more so for a while; but this very fact will aid these ungrateful people to rush at one another for the larger shares of the spoils, and so bring disunion and anarchy. They are not the cool, calculating people we are this side of the isthmus. They may slay their fathers in cold blood, but, unlike us, they will fight among themselves, and that ere long. In fact, we have fallen by this same law, and shall fall again.

In the few earnest words I have said on this matter I have not intended to express the hope that Dom Pedro *would* be re-instated as emperor of Brazil. He is too great and too good a man for Brazil, or for any such truculent condescension. The Brazilians have committed their crime,—dishonored and exiled the man who was as a father and a god to them,—and they must bide the consequences; take their penalty. Such fathers, such emperors are not hatched in a day; can not be restored when once outraged and rejected: and the children or the people who commit such crimes—albeit they are not conscious of having committed any crime at all, but dream in their hardness that they have done a great thing, and that peace awaits them—such children or such people—and all such are the merest children in their ignorance of moral laws—must simply do without father, emperor, guide, spirit of wisdom, spirit of light, spirit of harmony, and pursue their own low ends through ballot-boxes or what not; always knowing, however, that his blood will be upon them and upon their children's children for ever. I am not writing with any view of restoring Dom Pedro, but to emphasize in the minds of the readers of THE GLOBE that such conduct as that recently displayed in Brazil is against the absolute moral order of nations and this universe; that, whether such conduct be perpetrated in the name of republicanism or in the name of democracy or a monarchy, it can not escape the

“damnation of hell;” and that we, the *United States*, as nearest enlightened, civilized Christian neighbors of Brazil, instead of congratulating the Brazilians on their recent sly somersault, ought to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, inviting Brazil to join with us in supplication to Almighty God that Brazil may be given a better mind and heart for the future. If so, perchance the Eternal Justice may remember eternal mercy, and turn from them the natural and inevitable consequences of such unfilial, ungrateful and inhuman crime as they have committed.

Dom Pedro is a sufferer of no mean sorrow in his declining years; and, were one so inclined, it were easy to paint the situation,—his labors for his people; all the fruits of those labors in a thousand directions; their duties to him in consequence; their burning ingratitude to him, and, finally, his thoughts and feelings, even in exalted and honored exile,—the feelings of a wronged and outraged noble nature. It were possible to paint all this, I say, in a manner that would stir the world to its depths and force the armies of the nations to bear Dom Pedro upon their grateful shoulders back to his honored throne. I am not in that business. I am anxious that men shall be mindful of eternal law, that so they may escape eternal fire.

W. H. T.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

George H. Boker died in Philadelphia, January 2, 1890. The next day a leading local newspaper spoke of him as follows: “He was a Philadelphian by birth, having been born in this city in 1823. . . . Critics of high rank have placed Mr. Boker among the foremost of the poetic playwrights of the century. He was an embodiment and representative of the Union League; president of the Park Commission; in early life bore a striking resemblance to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Boker and Bayard Taylor were warm friends,” etc., to the extent of a column of fine print, and not one hint of approach on the part of the writer toward the real poet or the real man. Editorially in this same leading paper: “In his early life Mr. Boker was a Democrat, but he soon discovered the fallacies of Democratic tenets, and early in its history became iden-

tified with that party which represents the liberalism and progress of the nation." And this is the sort of literary genius employed by a great Republican newspaper in Philadelphia to weave an ivy crown for the greatest native poet not only of Philadelphia but of the entire American nation.

In its biographical article, though cold and distant enough, the Philadelphia *Times* of the same date made several nearer approaches to the real poet and man, but not near enough to be of value. Editorially the *Times* got still nearer to the actual man, but even there not very near: "Mr. Boker's death leaves a vacant space in Philadelphia that will not be filled. It is one of the results of the constant expansion and the increasing complexity of city-life that individual figures lose their relative importance in the great crowd." This is well meant but it is not true. The individual is as strong and prominent as ever, only the "*individual figure*" in Philadelphia to-day is Edwin Fidler, to-morrow it is medical man White, next day it is Provost Pepper, and next week, may be, some other wealthy figurehead. Col. McClure himself is a striking illustration of the better kind of individual importance. Again: "Mr. Boker's position in Philadelphia, though strengthened by his literary achievement, was not largely dependent on it. Thirty years ago he was a poet of acknowledged and deserved distinction, acknowledged, perhaps, more fully abroad than at home, after the Philadelphia custom," etc. Thanks to the Philadelphia *Times* for this little bit of public admission that the poet, like the prophet, finds a thousand responsive souls elsewhere for every one he finds in the city of brotherly love, of cant and mammonite creeds. Start a soap-bubble merry-go-round and even the *Public Ledger* will give you columns of praise; utter a thought that thrills a million hearts with gladness, gives sunlight to a million eyes, and Philadelphia will take you for a crank unworthy of its consideration—unless you have embezzled funds about you and are ready to spend them. Purists tell me Mr. Boker might have been an idol indeed if he had never been indiscreet. But was the purist never indiscreet? Were it worth while, I could paint said purist so as to ruin his occupation within a year. Who art thou that judgest thy brother?

The newspapers have treated Mr. Boker as a gentleman of wealth, as a social idol, as a club man and a diplomat. I am simply aching to say that the man was a god; that his gift of poetic

speech was a new incarnation of that old *logos* of song which always was and always will be divine; that he was as unlike the common mechanic-singers of New England, New York and Pennsylvania as Shakespeare was unlike Dryden; that the quality of his poetry was the deathless, adorable element, which he himself may perhaps have slighted and neglected in the face of Negro slavery, secession, and, by and by, of the Union League; that the poetry of the man was the immortal part of him, and that which will give him immortality. Here is one of his sonnets:—

In this deep hush and quiet of my soul,
 When life runs low and all my senses stay
 Their daily riot; when my wearied day
 Resigns its functions, and, without control
 Of selfish passion, my essential whole
 Rises in purity, to make survey
 Of those poor deeds that wear my days away;
 When in my ear I hear the distant toll
 Of bells that murmur of my coming knell,
 And all things seem a show and mockery—
 Life, and life's actions, noise and vanity;
 I ask my mournful heart if it can tell
 If all be truth which I protest to thee;
 And my heart answers solemnly, "'Tis well."

And here is one of his sweetest love-songs:—

Wheel on thy axle, softly run,
 Dark earth, into the golden day!
 Rise from the burnished east, bright sun,
 And chase the scowling night away!

Touch my love's eyelids; gently break
 The tender dream she dreams of me
 With flowery odors; round her shake
 The swallow's morning minstrelsy.

Tell her how, through the lonely dark,
 Her lover sighed with sleepless pain;
 And heard the watch-dog's hollow bark,
 And heard the sobbing of the rain.

Tell her he waits, with listening ear,
 Beside the way that skirts her door;
 And till her radiant face appear
 He shall not think the night is o'er.

These selections are not especially characteristic of Boker as a playwright, but they reveal, like lightning, that fine poetic power which alone enabled him to write plays worthy of his genius and so sure of immortality.

W. H. T.

GLOBE NOTES.

A CHAT WITH OUR CRITICAL AND OTHER FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

To the many critics and friends who have said a kind word for *THE GLOBE* during the past three months the editor sends his appreciative and hearty thanks. To the few critics and friends who have misunderstood or misrepresented the editor or *THE GLOBE* by public or by private word the editor sends his genial sympathy, with as near an approach to pity as the enemies of *THE GLOBE* can accept without further misunderstanding. No doubt the fault was mine. Let us be reconciled.

To all readers of *THE GLOBE* who are aiming for clearness and truth in art or life the editor can truly say, We are one at heart no matter how widely we may differ as to one another's relative culture or the best methods of attaining our desired ends. I have never yet published any word in malice or for revenge, and, while I am sane, never expect to do so. To all readers of *THE GLOBE* who are given to mere worldliness, pleasure, hack-work and man-monomism the editor can truly say, We are by fate and circumstances, unfortunately or fortunately, separated by eternal distances and impulses. You may pity me, but infinitely less than I pity you. Still, let us not be enemies, but learn to respect one another's virtues and to read eternal charity between the darker lines. There is no man or woman upon this earth but I respect for his or her native or acquired gifts or goodness, and our mutual failings are matters between ourselves and the Almighty.

Public work of all kinds is open to public criticism, and, in our times, is apt to be rather mercilessly criticised. The modern newspaper has been a great blessing and a great curse to the world for the criticism it has bestowed on public work and public men. These reflections have grown out of the fact that, while the article

on "Errors and Conceits of Journalism" was, perhaps, the most popular article in the October-to-December number of THE GLOBE, it was also the article concerning which the editor's best friends expressed a doubting approval. To all such I have only to say that the errors and conceits complained of were not sought by me, and mention of them was made not in the spirit of carping, much less of malice, as some critics have supposed, but purely as legitimate criticism of esteemed public cotemporaries.

I am well aware that journalists, like domestic cronies, are clannish, and, no matter how they may fight among themselves, do not like to have an outsider meddle with their affairs. But the work of journalism is the most public work in the world. It is a folly to assume that newspaper work is above criticism. As a matter of fact, by its very nature, it is the most vulnerable of all literary productions. Besides, I am not an outsider, and what I say of journalism is said in the spirit of fraternal rivalry. I am thankful to those critics who have, in the spirit of kindness, or even of unkindness, pointed out faults and mistakes in my own work. THE GLOBE simply means to treat the leading newspapers of the world just in the same spirit and manner that these papers treat THE GLOBE and other literary productions. The first number glanced at a couple of Philadelphia newspapers. Naturally, both of them were angry, and displayed their anger in characteristic ways. Certain critics complained because Mr. Thorne himself had written all the articles in the first number of THE GLOBE. I did so for the following reasons: *First*, because I was then too poor to pay good writers fair prices for their best work; *second*, was too modest to ask such writers to write without pay; *third*, because no mere hack-work would suit me or the object I had in view; *fourth*, I thought it just as well that the thousands of readers of THE GLOBE hitherto unfamiliar with my work should know at once that the editor could write the whole of the first or second or third number himself, if he chose to do so, give them fair variety, and not put his readers wholly to sleep on any theme handled. One Philadelphia critic intimated that Mr. Thorne had made THE GLOBE an organ of his own cosmotheism. As a matter of fact, the only article that by intention or actual reference said anything about cosmotheism was the article on Bruno, and in that my own faith and creed were only referred to as far as they had a direct bearing on the "fuss about Bruno" which was then being made by the Church of Rome. Let

us be honest one with another. When, if ever, I undertake to explain cosmotheism in *THE GLOBE*, the critics and the public will need no hints from the outside as to what Mr. Thorne is driving at. I may not be clear in my explanation of cosmotheism, but my purpose will be as manifest as the day.

Another Philadelphia critic was ungracious enough to imply that the unsigned articles in *THE GLOBE* were unsigned because the writers were ashamed of their work. I alone was the writer of every article in that number, and I believe that ninety-nine per cent of my readers gave me credit on this point for better motives than that just named. My initials failed to appear with the article on Emerson by an unintentional oversight. Let us not be ungracious to one another; and let me say here to all critics and writers, if any man or woman feels aggrieved at any word said in *THE GLOBE* about his or her work, the pages of *THE GLOBE* are and shall ever be open for the very strongest, but of course respectful, word that any such writer can say in reply. *THE GLOBE* is a free lance, and it opens a fair field for any able writer to say his or her burning word. *THE GLOBE* is my own creation and is absolutely and exclusively under my control. As I have means and influence, I will induce the ablest writers in the world to write for it, but I shall be fooled neither by the titles nor fame of so-called prominent men. I have been in the business too long to feed on fossils, or to expect the rising generation to be satisfied with titled fodder of that kind.

Certain curious people have questioned the relation of *THE GLOBE* to the Globe Printing House. It is simply this: The Globe Printing House does good printing, and on terms satisfactory to the editor and proprietor of *THE GLOBE*; and *THE GLOBE*'s business address is the same as that of the Globe Printing House. That is all.

For the captious Boston critic whose notice of the first number of *THE GLOBE* intimated that Mr. Thorne's reference to Shakespeare in the article on "The English, French and American Stage" implied that Mr. Thorne had located Shakespeare's death in 1606, Mr. Thorne feels a compassion approaching so near to contempt that he does not like to speak his full mind about it. What I said was that "Pierre Corneille was not born till 6th June, 1606, when William Shakespeare had already well written out his visions of glory and was quietly climbing the golden stairs, quietly waiting to

be crowned." I saw at the time of writing it, and again in passing it in the proof, that a mere slang-bound slave-reader or critic could and possibly might read it to my disadvantage; but I did not dream that there was a man in Boston blind enough or slave enough to do so. The article throughout should have intimated that Mr. Thorne was posted as to Shakespeare's whereabouts in 1606. On the other hand, I am grateful even to this critic for his captious criticism, inasmuch as it proves to me for the millionth time that, when a writer queries the wisdom of a point in his own composition, it is better to change that point, lest for instance some Boston or other Balaam may start on a tilt of criticism without the aid and companionship of his much-needed ass for guide. If said Boston critic would undertake for once to write a series of articles covering the ground of those in the first number of THE GLOBE, he would find out what "rambling" work was needed for the undertaking. And how absurd of a writer to speak of the "ill-written reviews" in THE GLOBE and immediately perpetrate the following bit of inimitable English—or New England English—upon an admiring world!

"We may acknowledge here the receipt of the two first numbers of the ambitiously named but amateurish *Saturday Review*, a weekly lately spring into being in New York.—*Boston Advertiser*."

In his best days, Mr. Gough used to tell an amusing story of a Boston man with the following joke burning in his cultured brain. It was a conundrum meant to tax to the uttermost the confident learning of his townsmen,—“What town in York State is like the Holy Land?” Even the Boston men gave it up; could not see the point. All their learning availed them nothing. Presently, the creator of the conundrum, his own sides splitting with laughter, remarked that it was “Canandaigua.” Still the Boston men could not see the point, when, somewhat chagrined at his own failure and their stupidity, the conundrumist, declaring that it was a splendid joke, explained that they must leave off the “daigua” and pronounce “Canan” Kānaan.

So in the foregoing quotation from our esteemed Boston cotemporary the readers of THE GLOBE will get at the critic's senseless meaning by leaving the word “may” out of the first line and pronouncing “spring” sprung in the last line. Moreover, he does

not mean the "two first" numbers but the first two numbers. And Boston critics who live in *papier-mâché* houses should not hurl Plymouth rocks around promiscuously.

No man on this earth respects and honors true New England culture more than I respect and honor it—have so respected and honored it for a full generation; and no man on this earth despises its later phases of mere gilt, ginger-bread, horsey-cake culture more than I despise it. And what blind folly could have moved the *Advertiser* to speak of the "ill-nature" of my pleasantry on the Concord philosophy as "a twilight mixture of rose-water and appleskins, plus a thousand platonic flirtations"? A taint of "ill-nature" never entered my thought or life regarding Mr. Alcott, or anything he stood for, sat for or talked about. On the contrary, I was always fond of the dear, good man. Of course, he was never to me the "great man" he appeared to Emerson. My rules for the measurement of great men were and are more exacting than his. The Concord school was just as I have defined it, with perhaps a slight shaking of Graham meal for veil or covering. And I myself have witnessed, East and West, the harmless platonic flirtations—the dear old man! In truth, the editor of THE GLOBE does not feel ill-nature toward any man or school of men.

THE GLOBE has no desire to quarrel with the *Boston Advertiser*, or with any newspaper or woman or man; but, if the *Advertiser* is determined to quarrel with us, THE GLOBE can hardly be expected to come out second best in a contest with such an old, dilettant, shifting, secular, vulnerable, purchasable specimen of modern mammonism as the *Advertiser* is known to be. THE GLOBE has not stood on its head on the top of Bunker Hill Monument these last thirty years, kicking into the stars its pharisaic gratitude that it was born in Boston. THE GLOBE and its editor are both thankful to God that they were not born in Boston. Nevertheless, Boston is a delightful city, and the editor of THE GLOBE admires and loves it in all its better features and ways. The editor of THE GLOBE has no fancy for this sort of banter—has infinitely more serious work on hand; but he can spare a moment now and then to smile upon his foes.

If a generation of the most absolute consecration to truth and the best literature of the world gives a man a right to be heard in a modern literary review, the editor of THE GLOBE has some rights in this line. If any upstart boy-critic in Philadelphia or else-

where questions this consecration, let him speak out like a man, over his own name, and say so, and I will answer him point for point, sharp as heaven's fiercest lightnings, till the world shall at least have data enough on which to decide the question. I am not owned by any Pennsylvania politician, and I have lived on other food than pig-iron and tariff statistics lo these many years.

A word as to the method and tone of my writing. Friends and critics, whose sincerity and kindness toward me I have no reason to doubt, and every reason to believe in, intimate that writing must be easy, and a great pleasure to me. To these and to others interested I here confess that just the opposite is true. Although I have earned a fair living for myself and family, by preaching and writing, during the past twenty-five years, and tens of thousands of people have read much of my work not knowing that it was mine, I still find writing, or rather the preparation for it, a vexing and tiresome slavery. I have not only read and read and studied incessantly these thirty years and more, but I do it still; and, besides this sort of general and special preparation before writing any article, I often walk the Park hills for days, well-nigh disconsolate, without ability to sit down and write one sentence until the right word comes. Then there is apt to be an agony of restlessness until that word is uttered, and along with it whatever thoughts have grouped themselves about its soul, in all recent or earlier experiences. This will also explain what some critics are good enough to praise as vigor and impetuosity, and freshness and fullness of thought, and what others, no doubt honestly enough, speak of as haste and carelessness. I never write until I am so full of my subject and of ideas and facts about it that I could, were I to adopt the old slow methods of careful and deliberate reviewing, write articles that would reach around the zetetic or globular face of the world, very much as these things used to be done.

To the people, therefore, who are expecting THE GLOBE to be another *Edinburgh Review* or another *British Quarterly* I hasten the timely warning, "Don't." Out of the experience and deliberate purposes of a generation I have resolved that a book review or the treatment of a literary topic should have in it all the intensity of style and conviction that a prophet puts into the last burning word that smites him from the altars of heaven. I am consistent, and in due time the critics will understand that. Literature is simply the printed, incarnate, universal *logos*,—word of quenchless

wisdom or no wisdom, as the case may be; and if a man will not awaken all his senses in writing it or reading about it, he may be a pedant, a pedagogue, a literary hack, a crank on spelling by the Worcester or Webster standard, or an enthusiast for this or that method of construction, but still be as unfit to touch true literature as a sensualist is unfit to touch a child, or an habitual liar unfit and unable to speak the truth. My method and tone, therefore, are neither the result of ease nor of youth nor of accident, but the final products of labors and studies that few modern men will dream of attempting, and the result of a deliberate purpose not to be stupid and dull, as is so much of the sleepy stuff that passes for literary reviewing.

My object, first of all, is to utter the clearest possible *truth* regarding world-literature, religion, society, art and politics; to utter this truth in a new and vivacious, pungent, forceful manner, sincere as the sunlight, but not with any needless rhetorical flourish, much less with the average insipidity or drawl of our modern preachment or reviewing. If I am right, the one-eyeglass-dude critics will have to own their blunder by and by; if I am wrong, the same oblivion awaits me as awaits them. Time will settle that. Meanwhile, THE GLOBE has the pleasure of knowing that it has already been read by many hundreds of intelligent gentlemen and ladies who are fond of literary themes but who could not be hired to read an old-fashioned, dry-as-dust book review. Just as true poetry is the uttered soul of heroic action, so true prose literature is the true soul of the universal speech of man. It is really a thing that hacks and quacks know nothing about. It or nothing in existence is inspired, divine. Could I give the readers in detail the various words that have come to me touching several articles in the October-to-December GLOBE, they would duly appreciate these words.

I am quite familiar with other more languid and more treadmill methods of literary labor, whereby a man sits down to his desk each day at a given hour and writes the first ideas that come to him; so making his story, or his editorial, or biography, as the case may be. I have been there. I have not only seen stacks of such work piled up and advertised as the master-work of genius and industry, but myself have often struggled at midnight, with a tired body and brain, in order to write a timely editorial on news from Europe, just arrived by cable. I am not quarreling with this

kind of work: it is often necessary and sometimes useful; but no man able to command his time will long risk his name or his life in such undertakings. I am quite as familiar with those styles of easy clearness and fertility of thought, wherein to write is as easy as to breathe on the summits of beautiful hills. Such times do not come every day. I know perfectly why Carlyle was turgid and powerful; why Emerson was dainty and airy; why Goethe and Shakespeare and Sophocles were full and abundant without being turgid or transcendental: but the angels of such clear ministry do not come to all men alike. Some men can not receive them; and I suppose the gods still have their say in the work of any man not wholly a dunce or a hack in this world.

I am and always have been intensely appreciative of *good work* of all kinds, and, whenever I appear to be severe upon work that seems to me unworthy, it is not that I love to find fault or to be severe, but because my mission on this earth, as far as I have any, is to bear witness to the truth. Mere jokers are engaged in another trade, and I do not expect their praise or approval.*

W. H. THORNE.

TO JESUS.

O kingly Christ, who walked alone with men,
 Who wept salt tears o'er dark Jerusalem
 And all the ignorance of this sad world,
 Who spake no bitter word, nor malice felt,
 And faced inglorious death with love,—
 My heart swells to thee over the ages,
 Great, compassionate and heroic Jew!

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

* P.S.—The fifteenth of the first month in each quarter is THE GLOBE'S day of publication. Unavoidable delays in printing, not likely to occur again, have held this number back nearly fifteen days.—*The Editor.*

THE GLOBE.

NO. III.

APRIL TO JUNE,
1890.

SHAKESPEARE VERSUS BACON.

A STUDY OF COMPARATIVE BIOGRAPHY IN REVIEW OF DONNELLY
AND COMPANY.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" is no longer the screaming advertisement it was two years ago, the question agitated therein is of permanent interest; and most readers of THE GLOBE may be pleased to find it discussed in a more thorough manner than has yet been attempted.

The theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare did not originate with Mr. Donnelly, and will not die with him. Lots of inquisitive English and American people, with a turn for inductive, scientific methods, and little versed in the higher ranges of poetry, have now and again advanced the proposition that Shakespeare simply could not have written the dramas called his; that somebody else must have written them; and that possibly, or even probably, Bacon did write them.

This earlier form of hypothesis grew out of the feeling that a man possessed of so little education as that known to have been enjoyed by Shakespeare positively could not have produced the works called after his name; and, in looking over the Elizabethan age, Francis Bacon seemed to these unpoetic scientists and others the likeliest person in all England to have been equal to the sublime accomplishment.

Mr. Donnelly simply came with what he claimed as positive proof of this long-time moldering and slumbering theory; hence the *furor* produced by his claim. Even in this he was not wholly original. Miss Delia Bacon went mad in trying to prove the same theory. A Mr. Francis Fearon, as quoted by the *London Daily Telegraph* of November 29, 1887, said that "Mr. Donnelly borrowed the theory and words of an essay read by him two and a half years ago before the Bacon Society, and since printed; that many people in the old country, for reasons which presented themselves to their common sense, arrived at the same conclusion long before Mr. Donnelly's speculations; that their arguments do not depend in any degree on those speculations; and, although the latter will probably afford strong confirmatory evidence, the proof is pretty clear without them."

To this favor had Shakespeare come before Donnelly tried and failed. His monuments have not yet been removed from Stratford Church or Westminster Abbey; pretty statues of "the gentle bard" are still seen here and there in the libraries of ladies and gentlemen of credulous poetic culture: but France and Germany—those hot-beds of unfaith and rationalism—are quite ready to tear down the temples of honor long since erected to Shakespeare; and in England and America thousands of reading and thinking people, of all callings and professions, who want to know the truth but are not, perhaps, overly well versed in the comparative biography of the genius of poetry and the genius of inductive philosophy, are perplexed over this problem; and many of them are still inclined to believe what I will here define as Mr. Donnelly's piece of ingenious infamy. For two or three years previous to its publication, Mr. Donnelly's cipher discovery was discussed in many American newspapers, chiefly, however, in a vein of ridicule and contempt; but, after various respectful articles appeared on the subject in the *North American Review* and in English newspapers, and especially after the publication of the discovery, intelligent critics of Shakespeare, and editors of his works, were unable to keep silent. Early in the discussion, Mr. F. A. Marshall, author of the introduction to "The Comedy of Errors" in the "Henry Irving" Shakespeare, sent some earnest words to the London papers in defense of the true poet; and touching the mooted question as to whether Mr. James Spedding, the editor of Bacon's works, was an anti-Shakespearean and a believer in the Baconian authorship of Shakes-

peare, the Rev. W. A. Harrison, of St. Ann's Vicarage, South Lambeth, London, as quoted by the *London Telegraph*, said: "It was Mr. Spedding himself who wrote as follows to Judge Holmes: 'To ask me to believe that . . . [Bacon] . . . was the author of those plays . . . is like asking me to believe that Lord Brougham was the author, not only of Dickens's works, but of Thackeray's and Tennyson's besides. That the author of 'Pickwick' was Charles Dickens I know upon no better authority than that on which I know that the author of 'Hamlet' was a man called William Shakespeare. And in what respect is the one more difficult of belief than the other?' And again: 'If you had fixed upon anybody else rather than Bacon as the true author, anybody of whom I knew nothing, I should have been scarcely less incredulous. But if there were any reason for supposing that the real author was somebody else, I think I am in a position to say that whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon.'"

Of course these are only opinions, and if Mr. Donnelly should eventually prove to be what Mr. Emerson used to call "the man with the fact," he and his fact may yet demolish all the over-zealous devotees of the foremost poet in "all the tides of time."

At least fifteen years previous to this writing, the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, D.D., of Philadelphia, father of the famous Shakespearean scholar, avowed to me his conviction that Shakespeare never could have written the inimitable and immortal works attributed to him. A famous ex-rebel lawyer has recently been quoted to the same effect, and lots of intelligent people think that way. I have turned the question over and over again in my own mind, and have read a great deal in view of it during the last twenty years.

It is no new thing in history for important literary works to be attributed to men who never wrote them. The books of the New Testament are, perhaps, the most striking and well-known instance. On the other hand, the fact that there is very little cotemporary mention of a writer whose works afterwards became famous appears to be no valid argument touching the authenticity of his authorship one way or the other.

In his introduction to the "Old-Time Classics" edition of "Plutarch's Lives," Prof. John S. White, LL.D., says: "It is remarkable that Plutarch never mentions in his writings the names of his great cotemporaries,—Tacitus, Quintilian, Seneca, and both the Plinys, Martial, Suetonius and Juvenal; nor, on the other hand,

would you discover from their writings that such a man as Plutarch ever lived."

In truth, it is getting clearer and clearer every generation that external evidence, or no evidence of this kind, is of far less importance than it was once thought to be; and that, when what I will call the science of comparative psychology is better understood, critics, whose ability and judgment are of any moment, will determine the various problems of mooted authorship simply by internal evidence: that is, the nature and quality of work being known, the type of man or woman that did the work will be easy to define; and in like manner, where two dissimilar kinds of work are attributed to one man, or there is doubt as to whether one or another man was the author, the true critic will determine that matter as conclusively as the comparative zoölogist now builds a true skeleton out of a single bone belonging to some extinct animal species.

By some approach to this accurate comparative literary psychology of the future, I hope here to convince the reader that the William Shakespeare known to fame could have written the works credited to him,—that he alone could have written them and did write them,—and, by the same law and argument, to show that Francis Bacon could not have written them and, as a matter of fact, did not write them; that it would be easier at this moment to believe that Mr. Donnelly was an ingenious story-teller; that his cipher discovery was an invention out of the whole cloth; that Bacon never discovered or used such a cipher for any purpose, or that if he did create and use such a cipher, in any event he never used it in regard to Shakespeare; and, further, that if he both discovered and used the Donnelly cipher, and used it as Mr. Donnelly claims, namely, to assert the Bacon authorship of Shakespeare, it still would be easier to believe that Bacon was a consummate falsifier in this case than that the Shakespeare known to history was the liar and forger this claim would make him, and infinitely easier to believe all that I have said of the untruth and infamy of Donnelly and Bacon together than it would be to believe that the man who wrote the "Novum Organum" also wrote "Tempest," "Hamlet" and "King Lear."

I do not charge or wish to charge the Baconian Shakespearists with untruthfulness, or a lack of culture (of a kind), or that they mean to be unfair or ungenerous toward the fame of the brightest soul that ever touched this world.

I am aware of the fact, as stated in the *London Telegraph*, that, in connection with the efforts Mr. Donnelly has made in England, our previously mentioned Mr. Fearon recently read before the London "Bacon" Society an essay, sent by Colonel Moore of Kansas, on "'Hamlet' compared with Bacon's Philosophical Works." "The point of the writer was to exhibit the resemblances of thought and expression existing in the masterpiece of the drama and in Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' the former being in a number of striking instances the concrete of what in the 'Advancement' was the abstract. It was as if the same mind had thought out the subject as it presented itself to him in its general aspect, and then made use of the stage to develop it before mankind in its reality."

It is difficult to read this expression, "and then made use of the stage," etc., without offering an indignant protest that men of such caliber—colonels or what not—should be read by proxy or otherwise before a Bacon or Shakespeare society, and that reputable London newspapers should give their vague notions a respectable hearing; as if the stage, like rubber shoes, was something to slip on for convenience—something to be used for "fuller expression;" and as if it were or would have been easy, for instance, for Mr. Darwin and Herbert Spencer to have put their theories and speculations in the shape of some new "Hamlet" and "Tempest" if the admirable notion had only occurred to them.

In the name of all the gods and the angels, not to speak of poets, what do such persons as Colonel Moore and Mr. Donnelly know about poetry anyway? Above all, what do they know about Shakespeare poetry; how sublime a thing it is; how ineffably unique a man must be before he can produce a "Hamlet;" or how long and dreary the centuries of evolution must struggle with the destinies of men before even the Almighty can make a man able to write "Hamlet" under any, even the most favorable, forcing and intense, conditions of life? In a word, it is unutterably difficult for the commonplace man either to understand the first impulses of poetic genius or the products that can come only from that kindlier mixing of the eternal sunlight and shadow and agony of a human soul.

Every intelligent reader of books, notably every capable critic of books, knows how constantly men of very different capacities, in quality and degree, do approach one another in the expression of certain phases of truth in any given generation. In fact, it often

happens in prose and verse that similar thoughts and expressions, even to the same words, and lines of poetry, are uttered by wholly different persons, and sometimes in different nations, unconsciously and almost simultaneously. Especially is it true that "great minds often do run in the same channel," as the common proverb goes; still that each soul stamps his own image on the work he does; and that, well studied, this image can not be mistaken.

I have no personal opposition to Bacon. I read and enjoyed the "*Novum Organum*" before I read or to any extent appreciated Shakespeare; but in all that Mr. Donnelly says and in all that Colonel Moore can say on the points they discuss, I see a million reasons to one for believing that Bacon did not write and could not have written any single page of Shakespeare, unless he had copied it or remembered it from some hearing or fragment of the poet's plays. No man can hide his hand. Tennyson, for instance, never could have written "*Rabbi Ben Ezra*," nor could Browning ever have written "*Locksley Hall*;" nor, on the other hand, could Mr. Gladstone, with all his culture and erudition, by any possibility have written either one of those poems.

Mr. James G. Blaine, or Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, or Walt Whitman, or Ignatius Donnelly, or Colonel Moore, no doubt could, any one of them, have written "*Locksley Hall*," "*Rabbi Ben Ezra*" or "*Tempest*," if either had been so inclined. Hacks and quacks can do anything. Still the works of men of genius do manage to hold their own, after a little, even in this age of "*The Democracy of Letters*" and other lies.

Many men of ordinary culture have in the last generation expressed, each in his own style, thoughts that are similar to those expressed in any one of the leading poems of modern times. Still no capable person will mistake a temperance speech of Howard Crosby for Burns's "*Tam O'Shanter*," though the ideas are the same. But Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare were less alike than Howard Crosby and Robert Burns; and the plays of Shakespeare and the works of Bacon, in spirit and as a whole, are less alike than the writings of William Gladstone and Alfred Tennyson in our own times.

Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare were both Englishmen, and cotemporaries during the whole of Shakespeare's life; and for a dozen years or more both lived at the same time and wrote in the city of London.

In all other respects,—in their antecedents for generations; in their parentage and birth; in their religious and social and geographical atmospheres and surroundings; in all their own tastes and habits, as far as known (and they are pretty well and fully known); in their companionships, ambitions, modes of life and work; and hence in their secretest and sacredest individualities, and in the spirit or genius of their productions,—they were as unlike as two great men or little men well could be. But in no case, phase or degree of their lives were they more unlike than are their works as these have come down to us through the centuries of their distinctive fame.

Francis Bacon was born at York House, in the Strand, London, January 22, 1561.

Three years later, in April,—probably April 23, 1564,—William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire.

The one fact is about as well established as the other. It is not my purpose here to go into that line of evidence.

Francis Bacon was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a celebrated lawyer and statesman who for twenty years, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, held the seals as lord keeper. The second wife of Sir Nicholas, and the mother of Francis, was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, formerly tutor to Edward VI. The mother was a severe Puritan, and all the habits, modes of thought, surroundings and tendencies of Bacon's early life were of that heavy, thoughtful, serious, Puritan, statesman-like type that later developed the Eliots and Cromwells and shook the proud soul of England's kingship to death—for a time.

The Bacons were not Puritans of the Pilgrim, or adventurous, or heroic kind: they were safe-side Puritans, and reformers only in the line of their worldly interests, very much after the manner of leading newspaper and other reformers of Philadelphia, New York and Boston in these days. Francis Bacon himself, when a boy, was of such serious, precocious tone and temper and manner that Queen Elizabeth is said to have called him "the young lord keeper;" and all through his life and life-work he was a proud, aspiring, lofty, ambitious, intensely self-conscious, self-seeking and dissatisfied man; brooding on himself and his mission in the world, seeking political preferment and not getting it, writing pamphlets and books that were avowedly meant to reform the laws, to change the entire bent and tendency of the scientific and

philosophical methods of investigation and statement, and to the last hoping and believing—and with infinite and supreme fitness and reason, though with intense egotism—“that, when Sir Edward Coke’s reports and my rules and decisions shall come to posterity, there will be (whatsoever is now thought) question who was the greater lawyer;”—a man intensely conscious of himself, of his native and accomplished greatness, and also just as clearly conscious of the peculiar and serious and scientific and statesman-like character of his mission and his work in this world;—a man, when understood in the light of comparative scientific biography, as little capable of writing a smooth, natural, spontaneous and genial drama or series of dramas as Cromwell would have been incapable of writing the “Mikado” of our own day.

Francis Bacon, from a child, was of delicate health, inclined to be peevish; was never robust or vigorous of body. At the age of thirteen years he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1576 he was entered at Gray’s Inn, on his way to the legal profession; and it is on record that at Gray’s Inn he once took part in the creation or production of a play which has been described as “one of the dullest of masques,” as well it might have been,—no doubt a greater failure than a negro-minstrel comedy by Wendell Phillips would have been just previous to our civil war.

There are things that great lawyers and statesmen and reformers can and do accomplish, some of them infinitely preferable, in their way, to the work of writing even the dramas of Shakespeare. Bacon did much to annihilate the Aristotelian sophistries of scholasticism and to prepare the world for the freedom and culture of these later times. Beyond doubt his was one of the greatest, clearest and completest heads of all the centuries; but he had no genius for the production of the dramas of Shakespeare, which flow like sunshine and beauty over the morning and evening horizons of the ages, and are the supreme delight of the clearest and daintiest and deepest intellectual and pleasurable culture of these free and newer years.

I do not like Bacon or Shakespeare less or more. In education and serious bent I incline to Bacon. In native breath and vital temperament, and love of nature and vigorous life, I incline to Shakespeare. I enjoy their works about equally, in different moods. But, as Mr. Spedding says, if Shakespeare did not write his dramas, whoever else did write them, Bacon did not, and could not have written them if he had been given a million dollars a week

for the accomplishment. And so certain am I of this that, if Mr. Donnelly's cipher discoveries were ten times plainer and more positive than they are, I should still know them to be the trickeries of a contemptible fancy.

Before leaving the Baconian aspect of the subject, it may be well to recall the fact that all his life, till towards its close, Bacon was in financial straits; did not get what was intended for him of the patrimonial estate; did not make his books profitable; borrowed right and left and never had any money: whereas all the records show that the man William Shakespeare, to whom the Shakespearean dramas were credited in his life-time, steadily got ahead financially, grew rich in middle life, and all from the products of his theatrical work. But if Bacon wrote these plays and hired Shakespeare's name, only as the latter was a playwright, how is it that Bacon, who always needed and longed for money even more persistently than he longed for political preferment, never got any of the enormous proceeds of the Shakespeare plays?

Again, it is well to recall the fact that Bacon was not only born in London but was London and city bred throughout; had city tastes and high-strutting, legal-statesman and scientifico-moralizing, wordy, city feelings in all phases of his life and work; was not a part of the rounded hills and blue skies of England, but of its crowded, smoky, formal, high-bred, aristocratic ponderousness: whereas the dramas credited to Shakespeare are throughout as limpid as sunlight and the flow of brooks, the bloom of honeysuckle hedges and primrose banks, and moonlight and star dreams, and love and love—ye gods! what love! And all as if His angels had stolen marches on the art of Elizabethan writing and had themselves written the Shakespeare plays!

No man or woman, city born and bred, has ever, in all the ages of the world, written poetry or prose related to nature as are the dramas of Shakespeare.

John Milton was, perhaps, the greatest city-poet ever born in England; but his angels, spirits, flowers, sunshine, moonlight, loves, are all a sort of chromo-Bacon-and-fog, high-stilt, posing creatures and elements. I doubt if either Milton or Bacon could have told you the shading and texture of an English primrose, or could have defined the difference between the fragrance of the primrose and the cowslip. It is doubtful if they ever knew whether or not the daffodils came before the swallows dared and took "the winds of March with beauty."

No, no: any ingenious man can get up a cipher, and almost any ingenious fool can find a cipher—lots of them—that would attribute the Gospel of John to Robert Ingersoll; but people of spiritual discernment know, all the same, that the brilliant American atheist could not be tempted to do that sort of thing, even for hire. In a word, while there are things that great men can do, there are other things that even the greatest men can not do, even for needed cash.

George Boker was a greater poet than Henry Longfellow, but all the same he could never have written "Evangeline" or "Foot-steps of Angels:" the atmosphere of those poems is too chaste and pure for Mr. Boker's daintiest dreams. Much less could Professor Fiske or Dr. Draper have written "Evangeline."

Turning to Shakespeare himself, how is it? How do his birth and life fit the immortal dramas and poems called by his name?

There are lots of meager and more or less rambling biographical sketches of Shakespeare. The article on Shakespeare in Volume XXI. of the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," written by T. Spencer Baynes, LL.D., Professor of Logic, Rhetoric and Metaphysics in the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, is, as has recently been said in a London paper, the first distinguished attempt to connect the poetry of Shakespeare with the scenery and surroundings of Warwickshire. It is this thought, only in a far more subtle sense, that I have had in mind for many years.

Mr. Spencer Baynes has done well,—well as a professor of logic and rhetoric in St. Andrews could be expected to do,—but he does not write of Warwickshire or of Southwestern England as a man who is, heart and soul, a part of its scenery or history; and it has long been my conviction that only such a man could properly tell the story of Shakespeare's life as it is truly related to the eternal glory of his work and his fame.

I was born within a hundred miles of Shakespeare's Stratford. For the first sixteen years of my life I strolled over the hills and through the valleys of Southern England, dreaming the soul of their beauty and their flowers and twilights into my own soul; and, though my life for a generation has been spent in American cities, I have twice visited the old haunts of my youth, strolling in the same mood as when a boy. I have read and studied Bacon and Shakespeare, along with what else has seemed worth studying in ancient and modern literature, for a full generation; and, though I never expected to do it or to attempt it, I have for many years believed

that such a lucid and loving statement of Shakespeare, as related to his real life and home, could be made, and would be made eventually, as would settle for ever the mooted question as to the authorship of his undying works. I ask the reader's pardon for the presumption of undertaking to break ground on such a work, but may be we can manage to see, eye to eye, along this deep and beautiful pathway that leads to the soul of genius and its home, and the law that connects them with the work of genius and the destiny and meaning of that work in the great, crowded, complex ways of this struggling, boycotting, hypocritical nineteenth century of a world.

Southern Midland England, including Somerset, Gloucester, Wilts and Warwick shires, is known as the garden-spot not only of England but of the world. The hills and skies are as different from the country and atmosphere of London or of Northern England as Connecticut, in its choicest hill-country, is different from the neighborhood and atmosphere of Pittsburg, Pa.

The South of England poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and later, Tennyson—have drunk a rare inspiration from the beauty of the Southern England hills and flowers and skies,—an inspiration as different from that of Milton, or Pope and Dryden, or Browning and Swinburne of our days, as it is possible to conceive.

There is a softness of soul, a tender love of natural beauty, a different molding, to begin with, of the entire being and contour of the southern men. I am not saying that Tennyson, all and all, is a greater poet than Browning. My published estimates of these men will protect me from any such falsehood. Robert Browning very nearly approached the South of England type of poet, but the lines about the lips were not as fine or soft as theirs: he had the contour of the southern hills, but not the tremulous, sensitive receptivity and responsiveness to nature that were in Shakespeare, Coleridge and Wordsworth. He had the midland wit and power, but not the humid, tender beauty of its flowers and skies. The psychologico-poetic criticism of the future will make all this plain. I have *lived* it, and hence know what I say. I am only trying to emphasize the fact that the contour of the Southern England hills, the comparative quietness of its civilization, the beauty of its rivers and skies, have always done a chaste work of unique beauty in forming the souls of South of England poets, of whom Shakespeare was and still remains the intensest, most exalted and most

beautiful; and that the type of man stamped on the face and soul of all the daintiest and loveliest things in Shakespeare's works has never yet come into human history from any other part of England or the world. This is what no man has yet said, simply because his birth and studies have never together inspired him to say it.

But, admitting that there are inimitable marks of natural beauty in Shakespeare's works that could not have been conceived or uttered by a city-bred or northern man, do not the facts of Shakespeare's life, as far as known, destroy the possibility of believing that he could have written the dramas and poems called his in these days? Let us see.

During the years of Bacon's and Shakespeare's lives England was becoming a first-class power in the European world. Her armies and navies were getting the better of the Dutch and Spaniards. She had fought her way through internal strife and libertinism and was now in the death-grapple between Romanism and Protestantism. There were no newspapers to gossip the signs and slanders of the times. The theater was just asserting its separation from and superiority to the old miracle and mystery plays; and, though not yet admitted as a recognized respectable institution inside the city of London, men were just given permission to put up their play-houses at Shoreditch and on the old monastic spot long covered by the Blackfriars. The theater was just then becoming the voice of England's pride and kingship and gossip and glory. The Earls of Leicester and Southampton were already patrons of the drama and held genial relations with the best dramatists and actors. Had Bacon been capable of writing Shakespeare's dramas, he might have become not only a millionaire, but would certainly have become a god in the then upper circles of Merrie England; and he was too shrewd and needy a man to miss either opportunity. But it is not of him, it is of William Shakespeare, I am now speaking.

At the dawn and toward the mid-day of this rising sun of the drama in England, Shakespeare was born and reared in one of the loveliest spots in Britain or the world.

For more than two hundred years previous to his birth, the name of Shakespeare had been known in the midland southern counties, but that is little to our purpose. Other families had been equally well known, and better known. It matters little except as showing that the sunlight and beauty of the region had long been

burning themselves into the family blood; that the gods did not say, Let there be Shakespeare light, and in a spasmodic moment there was Shakespeare light, so to speak, in some grotesque, lying masquerade over Bacon's shoulders, but that the gods had been using the music and beauty of Southern England, and the stirring events of her early wars, to mold their and our child of destiny. It is old Roger Bacon's country, and Cromwell's; and Naseby battle was only a little north and a few years beyond.

Mr. Matthew Arnold called this genial, sentimental, beauty side of Shakespeare's life and work an evidence of his Celtic blood; and if by Celtic he will allow me to name it early Celtic, and purely British,—not Irish; that is, ancient British-Druidic,—and magical in a deeper vein than the shallower Celtic humor of later times, I can heartily agree with him. But Mr. Arnold did not understand Shakespeare.

I am sure that the deepest life in Shakespeare—and, I think, from the mother Arden's side—was Celtic-Druidic, though perhaps the father, John, was Norman or Saxon. At all events, the real William Shakespeare, whether author of Shakespeare's dramas or not, was born in the right spot and at the right moment for the development of the chiefest dramatic poet of the ages. But could he, with his education, have done the work credited to him?

One's birth and one's early schooling are ninety-nine per cent of all the effective education men of great talents and men of genius seem to need or use in this world.

In our own day the greatest men in all lines of literature and statesmanship were very imperfectly and irregularly educated. Emerson and Carlyle and Goethe and Bismarck and Burns are the rarest instances. I have no doubt that the pedants of New England will object to this as applied to Mr. Emerson, but his college training was, perhaps, less thorough and comprehensive, especially in the classics, than the course pursued in the Stratford grammar-school in Shakespeare's day; and Mr. Emerson never had any training worthy the name in the special theologico-philosophical line in which he became famous, except as it was in the mouths and on the lips of all the New England parsons and progressive women in his day. But I must not dwell on extraneous details.

William Shakespeare's father, John, besides being for a time a prosperous merchant in Stratford, and a rising politician,—mayor of

the town, and the like,—is credited as having been a great friend to the strolling companies of actors that in those days visited Stratford several times each year; and this fact is of infinite importance, not as explaining the innate genius of Shakespeare,—father and mother, and English history, and mid-county natural beauties, and God Almighty and his angels, all had a hand in that; but the bias of the father in favor of actors, his love of the drama, and the fact that he was, in his position, a patron of the theater, all have a vivid meaning when we find that as soon as John Shakespeare's worldly affairs went down-hill, his eldest son, William, who had been taken from school to lend a hand in his father's business, did soon, either on account of the deer-stalking or some other episode, turn his eyes toward London and the theater as a means of relieving the family fortunes and of building up his own.

In a word, not only as to time and place, but as to tastes and parentage and early bias, William Shakespeare was being prepared for such dramatic work as the gods and the angels had given him power to perform; whereas by birth and parentage and early bias Francis Bacon never was prepared to do anything of the kind.

Born in the richest natural heart of England, where the old Romans and the British did some of their toughest fighting; where, in later years, and almost in his own times, England was marking the progress of English liberty with midland county blood, and where all the tastes and circumstances of the family pointed to dramatic poetry,—though little understood in Stratford at the time,—our William Shakespeare did, somehow, manage to get a better start toward dramatic work and glory than Francis Bacon or any other living man in all England in those years.

But what of his schooling, his education? Does it in any way fit the splendor of the later years?

The grammar-school at Stratford-upon-Avon, or "the king's new school," as it was called in Shakespeare's time, and which has now long been famous, mainly from the fact that William Shakespeare was once, undoubtedly, a scholar in attendance there, "was an old foundation, dating from the second half of the Fifteenth Century, and connected with the Guild of the Holy Cross; but, having shared the fate of the Guild at the suppression of religious houses, it was restored by Edward VI. in 1553," just eleven years before Shakespeare was born. So a new impetus had been given to generous education in the old town. Beyond any reasonable

doubt, William Shakespeare attended this school from the time he was about seven or eight years old until he was about fifteen, when, tradition says, he was taken away to aid in his father's business, instead of going on to the universities, as was intended for him.

At the Stratford grammar-school, as at all the best English grammar-schools of that period, Latin was well taught, from the first lessons in grammar, through excellent phrase and text books, to Æsop's Fables, to Ovid, Cicero and Virgil. In a word, William Shakespeare, before he was fifteen, could, in all probability, read and write Latin prose with considerable ease,—an accomplishment not too common among the adult scholars, professors and novel-writers of our own times. What little French, Dutch and Italian he knew,—and there is no reason, from the dramas of Shakespeare, to suppose that the writer was a linguist or a classical scholar of any special ability,—he doubtless picked up in early and later life by intercourse with representatives of these nations, then, as now, plenty enough and gossipy enough in the city of London.

If Bacon had written these dramas at all,—an utter impossibility, as we have seen,—especially had he written "Julius Cæsar," he would literally have interlined the paragraphs with Latin. Latin was Bacon's chosen breath, but Shakespeare was never a pedant: the dramas betray no marks of pedantry or exact, extended scholarship in the writer. All is subjected to the flow of nature, and in loyalty to the *dramatis personæ* treated at any given time.

It has, for twenty years or more, been a fixed, clear fact in my mind that as to *education* the writer of Shakespeare's dramas never needed any more of that than from the first has been accredited to the immortal William himself. All my later studies have made this plainer still.

On this point Mr. F. A. Marshall, already mentioned, recently published an excellent word in the *London Telegraph*: "He points out that there is not a fragment of positive or direct evidence in favor of the Donnelly theory, and that Mr. Donnelly asks us to believe that 'the man whom we have long revered as the greatest of poets was a liar, a forger and a mean thief.' He denies that the author of the Shakespearean plays was a classical scholar. 'No one can have studied Shakespeare's plays without seeing that he had no knowledge of Greek classics whatsoever, except from translations; that his knowledge of Latin was very

limited, his knowledge of history equally limited. As to his being a linguist, of Italian he knew absolutely *nil*. I think there is hardly a single Italian word or sentence in the Folio of 1623 which is spelled or written correctly. The knowledge that Shakespeare shows about all subjects connected with philosophy, natural history, music, etc., is just that knowledge which an observant and naturally intelligent man might pick up from the conversation of others, or from books usually obtainable.' "

In a word, the genius of Shakespeare was not scholarship, but nature on fire of human wit and love and admiration, all schooled in the furnaces of necessity, intensity and the brief, genial, gay and serious hours of a gifted play-actor's life.

There are a thousand other dramas as enjoyable as Shakespeare's for the moment of the play, as witty in a kind, and more scholarly, and a thousand pretty farces and light operas of our own times just as perfect in their flow of humor, and adaptation to the stage, and to catch the ears and wits of the audience; but by and by it is found that they are mainly for the hour, Shakespeare for all time. What I wish to emphasize here is that it is not scholarship, or even clever stage adaptation, that makes Shakespeare immortal, but that larger and deeper and richer intellectual and soul relationship to nature and to the deepest experiences and impulses of mankind and womankind. In a word, it is native, poetic strength of intellect, as always, and in this case run by accident or fate or God into the theatrical or dramatic mold, as that was the voicing power and agency of England's lighter intellectual energy at the time. So his schooling was right, as his native bias had been right; and more schooling or more prosperity might have spoiled this child of destiny, for whom the cowslips grew and to whom the stars and moonbeams danced and sang.

The reader understands that I am not here going into any detail of the Shakespeare family biography, but only seizing upon the salient, admitted facts of it to show how they explain the work of the man and at the same time render the Baconian Donnelly theory an utter impossibility and either a very base or very baseless dream.

From the age of fifteen to nineteen or twenty little is known of William Shakespeare. The famous deer-stalking episode falls in this period and is likely enough true, and, if true, important, as another providence in the right direction; making it all look still

more as if the light that led astray was light from heaven, and that the good God, having something in mind for the world better than the old mystery plays, or those of Greene or Marlowe or Ben Jonson, did give his angels charge concerning this impetuous English boy that was to write dramas for all nations and times. Still more to the point is the other fact, falling in this period, that before he was of age William Shakespeare had fallen in love with, or had been fallen in love by, Anne Hathaway, a young woman of his neighborhood, older than himself; (the unfortunate, impetuous, genial, vital, palpitating, heartfelt, modest boy!) and that before he was of age a first child, and again twins, had been born to him. Thus a wife, clearly never overly helpful, or a helpmeet, and three children were all on his hands.

What with John Shakespeare's shattered fortunes, and the rising, impetuous William's decided misfortunes—ye gods, (and the old theatrical bias!) now is your time!—man's extremity being God's opportunity, as the old proverb says. And, dear, scientific Nineteenth Century, be assured that the gods were not asleep or dead then any more than they are now.

Not only did the primal bias, caught by the father's side,—perhaps on the father's knees, in the improvised barn-house theater at Stratford,—now come to his aid; not only did the father's losses and the boy's trouble with pompous, aristocratic, shallow-pated Lucy become impellings, sent of Heaven to drive William elsewhere; not only were the unhelpful wife, older than himself,—a burden too heavy for any young man,—and the three babies, bringing William to his senses and urging him away from Stratford to larger and darker experiences: history records the facts, to be given here in rapid succession, that, in those very years, of the three companies of actors that visited Stratford in the year 1587, when William Shakespeare was twenty-two years old, one, namely, Lord Leicester's, had in it three of Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen,—Burbage, Heminge and Greene,—who were possibly, even probably, considering the facts mentioned already and long before, among his own cronies; for, having the father he had, and being situated as William Shakespeare was, his youthful companions were beyond doubt the brightest and most adventurous young fellows of the town,—young men of the higher middle classes, and given to adventures now and then. Any man that knows an English small town or large village understands this, and understands what a keenness of companionship the old times meant for such boys.

In a word, while William Shakespeare mused in Stratford over the declining parental fortunes and his own little complex destiny, and saw no way out of it by Stratford methods, or the butcher's or glover's calling, the boys came back to Stratford in all the magnetic glow of theatrical adornment and success; and the Fates said "Go," and William went—to what ends all the world now knows.

There is no record of the date that William Shakespeare left his Stratford home and the bugaboos that were vexing him; probably somewhere between or about 1585-87. "But for the five years between 1587-92 we have no direct knowledge of Shakespeare's movements at all." All the probabilities, however, point to London; that he went there direct from Stratford, perhaps with reasons enough for keeping quiet at the time; that he visited Stratford once a year; always held it as his home; that in London he was from the start in some connection with the theaters there, quite likely at first, as tradition says, in the capacity of looking after gentlemen's horses, but not as a groom or lackey, unless hunger forced it. Every boy or man of English blood, with anything like as good quality in it as was in Shakespeare's, knows that William was never a mere horse-holder or groom for any length of time or from choice, or from any other necessity than that of food, and then rather than beg or steal.

I know the kind of mid-county blood that was in this boy and man, and I can see the proud, burdened young fellow biting his lips in humiliation while he holds the horses, but all the time planning to hire other boys to do that and himself to do greater things. I consider the horse-holding story probably true, but by no means necessarily true, and in no way, true or false, as any disgrace or glory to the boy or man.

In London he probably was, and particularly about the Shoreditch Theater, along in the years from 1587 to 1592 and onward. Even admitting that Shakespeare boys, as they were called, were hired by the young Shakespeare to look after gentlemen's horses while the gentlemen were in the theater, it does not prove that Shakespeare ever did that work himself: only that, as a "super" among the actors, or already one of the stock-company, he at the same time had an eye to business, as in fact his Stratford necessities demanded that he should have, then and always. As looking and pointing in the Shakespeare direction, it is well to say here that from the start the Shoreditch theatrical group was dominated

by James Burbage, a Stratford boy and man, and later by his son Richard, "the Garrick of the Elizabethan stage," and by and by friend and partner of William Shakespeare, as well as a leading actor of Shakespeare's leading characters.

As early as 1575, James Burbage leased the piece of land at Shoreditch and erected the theater which became famous as the first in the limits of the city of London. It was all as if the Fates were beckoning William Shakespeare away from Stratford and his elder wife, Anne Hathaway, and tempting him to London and the theater by the fanciest of dreams. But let us quit the sphere of conjecture: I like it less than any man. There are shining facts just ahead.

In the summer of 1592, Robert Greene, formerly of Stratford, lately and for a long time playwright in London, was nearing his end. Greene had done good work—as good, in his restricted sphere, as has been done by any man since; but his was not the largest sphere. He was to the Elizabethan drama what Poe and Longfellow and Whittier may be to Twentieth-Century American poetry.

Not the least of Mr. Greene's merits—and I shall not name his natural failings—was his quick and keen sense of work that plainly, on the face of it, and to begin with, was superior to his own; and, like the genuine, limited, literary, Edgar Fawcett sort of gentleman he was, he no sooner saw work better than his own, and in his own line, than he grew burning mad, vented his wrath in envy, and then, like a wise man, died in September, 1592, having first detected the rising star of the English stage.

In the summer of 1592, Mr. Greene, in his "Groat's-Worth of Wit," published by his friend Chettle a few weeks after Greene's death, among much abuse of ungrateful actors in general, said: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautiful in our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in the country."

I call that a shining fact, worth volumes of your ancient and modern pedantic, facile, smooth-tongue, whitewash biography or autobiography. It is to me a revelation of the already recognized power of Shakespeare, and also of his real, vivid, quietly splendid but deeply aggressive soul.

What brought this piece of splendid spleen from the dying lips of Robert Greene in that immortal summer of 1592? Oh that mine enemy had written a book! is capable of more than one meaning. But why did Greene, when facing death,—in the face of which the toughest men and the ruggedest are known to grow gentle,—utter such bitter words toward Shakespeare, who, a thousand to one, never did him any wrong? Why do the heathen rage? Why do the Donnellys and Walt Whitmans make fools of themselves and imagine vain things as soon as they approach a man of Shakespeare's girth and build? Why did not the dying Robert Greene fire his spleen at one Francis Johannes Factotum Bacon? He had already, before 1592, been member of Parliament for Melcombe, in Dorsetshire; in 1584 was clerk by appointment of Star Chamber; in 1589 had written seriously and heavily on the condition of parties in the Church and on the reform of philosophy, and all the while was in intense straits for money; was confidential adviser of the impetuous Essex in 1588, and was again in Parliament, this time for Middlesex, in 1593;—a genuine Johannes Factotum certainly, and a fool besides, if to all these he had even now engaged Shakespeare to lend his name to plays written by the member for Middlesex, and in such a way that Shakespeare should get all the glory and all the cash. "Good friends, for Jesus' sake forbear" these purile, infamous, uncultured and contemptible Donnelly absurdities, and read your Shakespeare in the sunlight of the facts and the elder days.

Why did Robert Greene rage in the summer of 1592? Reader, recall the fact that in the spring and early summer of 1592, according to all testimony, the three parts of "Henry VI.," as revised or written throughout by Shakespeare, and acted in the city of London, in the play-house at Newington, had been a *furor* of success. Ten thousand spectators had witnessed it in a few months. There was nothing but a plain placarded board for scenery and stage effect, but the enthusiasm was new, deep and intense, as when some god has spoken a new word to the world.

Mr. Greene parodies the line from the third part of "Henry VI." Already William Shakespeare had become an envied actor, if not a superior one; already he had become a skillful adapter and writer of plays, and, though not of his best, still plays that had in them the music and fire of a new youth and a new joy for this king-burdened, cant-ridden world. A Johannes Factotum certainly, this

William Shakespeare had already become: but "good-night and good-by," Mr. Greene; you have done, all unconsciously, one of the best strokes of work the world has needed for many a year; you have identified at a critical moment the foremost man in all the tides of time.

Mr. Greene's envious and red-hot words seem to indicate not only that in 1592 William Shakespeare had become a good all-round man in the theater,—a good actor, a successful adapter of plays and an author with qualities different from and larger than those of his predecessors,—but quite as clearly that the rising man was not an ideal, modest genius of the kind modern American and English sentimentalists get up—by proxy—and profess to delight in (I mean men who are so smart that they have no idea of their own superiority, and are perfectly unconscious of their own powers). Reader, that stuff is all bare-faced nonsense. A man of superior intellect knows his grade to a hair's breadth, as clearly as the athlete knows how high he can jump or what weight he can lift with one hand or with two hands. The unconscious geniuses only grow in Boston, and are little felt outside of New England.

No doubt Robert Greene's expressions, "supposes he is able to *bombast* out a blank verse," etc., and "is, in his own *conceit*, the only Shake-scene in the country," are exaggerations as touching the real character of Shakespeare. Envious hate always draws its rival in black exaggeration. But the words do undoubtedly squint at the truth. William Shakespeare was no milk-sop; was beyond question conscious of his innate, bounding, passionate powers, and could not wholly disguise that consciousness from his enemies; did no doubt at times blaze out in some flights of eloquence, intense, clothed with rich imagery—stormed like a caged god, if you please: and of course the rhetoricians among his rivals especially took this for bombast and conceit. Every word of Greene's in this sentence, however, is worth its weight in finest gold. Under the veil of envy and dying hate, it reveals the soul and lineaments of the supremest man of our modern centuries. Self-assertive, in a legitimate way, he doubtless was at times, but not a sycophant, not a liar, or a deceiver, or a seller of his name and honor to Francis Bacon, who all the time was, according to Donnelly and Company, the real Factotum in the case. Every vestige of sunlight that ever touched the life of William Shakespeare proves him to have been a true and honest man. But how can

hireling, mere modern mammonite nobodies understand the difference between an honest and a dishonest man ?

William Shakespeare was no saint, especially according to modern Puritan Sabbath-keeping and temperance-pledge and total-abstinence notions. I have refrained so far from touching the character side of the man, but here let me say that Donnelly and Company's arguments as to the immorality of our William will not do. In all essential principles of character and conduct of life he was a man upright, and in all ways a better man than Francis Bacon. But *tempus fugit*. Note that while in the years stretching from 1588 to 1594 Francis Bacon was such a man as we have seen, doing such work as we have seen, and doing strong and characteristic work from the start, in and out of Parliament, William Shakespeare was slowly and by tedious, tentative, progressive labor developing the first and lightest period of his life-work, and as yet had not conquered that master-hand by whose magic he later caught and still holds the ear and heart of the world.

During this first period of six or seven years in London, by aid of his Stratford friends, by the various companionships he had formed about the theater,—notably, as is now generally admitted, by the friendship of John Florio, an accomplished teacher of French and Italian in the city of London during this period, and, like Shakespeare himself, a sort of *protégé* of the Earl of Southampton,—above all, by his own south-midland county persistent wit and latent powers, well applied, Shakespeare had kept up his early Latin, dabbled a little in French and Italian (Greek he never knew and seldom touched), learned to be a good actor, a good adapter and reviser of plays, and had done so much toward the real authorship of the three parts of "Henry VI." that they were called his, and before 1594, or soon after, had produced "Titus Andronicus," "Love's Labor Lost," "The Comedy of Errors" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Now the marvelous and all-convincing fact about these plays is that to this day, and before one knows the history of Shakespeare, they strike the reader as the work of a beginner, not in their lack of stage adaptation, or anything of that sort, but as immature of thought compared with the plays that are more famous and powerful; therefore leaving a doubt in the reader's mind as to whether these earlier plays are Shakespeare's or not.

This experience, I say, has been repeated for several generations

among thinking, acute men who did not know the facts of the poet's life as they are known to-day. The plays of this first period are, as has been pointed out by Shakespearean scholars, more in the line of Italian and English models—less absolutely individual; have more crazy-quilt patchwork in them; in a word, show the signs of their inevitable and mixed origin; are simply touches that show what sublime unuttered art lingered as yet unexpressed in the "upstart's" head and hands. I call this circumstantial evidence scarcely less convincing of the Shakespearean authorship of these plays than is Mr. Greene's vindictive criticism a proof of Shakespeare's evident power; and I think that either one alone is enough to obliterate the whole contemptible Donnelly effusion. During this period Shakespeare was a genial, successful, satisfied and self-satisfied, buoyant, aggressive, light-hearted, aspiring and rising theatrical man about the town of London; and the plays of this period denote just such a soul as their producer and molder.

Meanwhile Bacon was one of the most complaining, dissatisfied, half-sick, conscious-of-poverty, but serious, heavy, capable and determined philosophico-deep-thinking and deep-scheming of men, without one tendency in him to produce comedies or plays of any kind for any man or nation of men.

From 1594 to the close of the century, Francis Bacon—though as an able lawyer he had secured recognition as one of the learned counsel of Queen Elizabeth, who, however, never trusted him—was all the while as dissatisfied a person as previously. During 1594-95 he was making most desperate efforts, by all personal and friendly importunity, to secure the appointments, first as attorney-general of England and second as solicitor. Coke got the one and Sergeant Fleming the other, and still Bacon was in no condition to write Shakespeare plays.

During 1595-96 Bacon was so poor, though great and honored, that he received as a gift from Burghly and Puckering a piece of land for a homestead—land near Twickenham Park, and worth about £1,800.

In 1597 he published his essays, including "Colours of Good and Evil" and "Meditationes Sacræ," all of which, with other matter,—speeches, imploring letters, legal decisions, and the like,—had been employing his splendid but heavy powers, while our mid-county "Factotum" had been doing such work as the world well knows.

Bacon's marriage with a wealthy widow, Lady Hatton, clearly to improve his finances, did not make him happy or give the mood found in the Shakespeare plays of the period; and in 1598 the great man—in many respects the greatest man England ever produced—was arrested for debt. During 1599, 1600 and 1601 Bacon was sadly enough mixed up with the troubles between England's "virgin queen" and the famous Essex, one of her paramours; and the great man was still in no mood to write Shakespeare or other immortal dramas.

During the same period, say from 1593 to 1600, the world was treated to the first sketches of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," and probably "Richard III.," more certainly "Richard II.;" the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V.;" "Midsummer Night's Dream," "All's Well That Ends Well" and "The Merchant of Venice;" "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," the most brilliant and bewitching series of sun and star fire, and violet-and-love-scented scintillations, that ever shot out of the intense, joyous, all-victorious, conscious mind and soul of man.

Good friends, Francis Bacon, with all his admitted powers, plus all the heavy-weight lawyers, statesmen and bishops of London, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, aided by a million cipher discoveries of Donnelly and Company, *could not* have written that brilliant series of plays.

Whoever else did it, these gentlemen did not and could not. All the gods and devils in the universe could not have touched their heavy intellects to such fine, flowing, limpid thoughts and plays.

During these years Shakespeare had grown as much at home in the theater as an eagle on the mountain; had become part owner, with Richard Burbage, of the Blackfriars and the New Globe theaters, in both of which these brilliant dramas were produced, and recognized by everybody as Shakespeare's, who had, in 1597,—the very year that Bacon was poor enough to accept a piece of land as a gift,—purchased the now famous New Place at Stratford; was everywhere on the high-road of satisfied prosperity: and, as the plays mentioned were then and have ever since been well-nigh universally credited to him, no amount of slipshod cipher business can or ought to rob him of the glory that attaches to his name. Meanwhile I have little or *no* doubt that during these years the rising

and splendid fellow had discovered, or had been discovered by, the fascinating "dark lady" recently identified by the Rev. W. A. Harrison and Mr. Tom Taylor, or by some other dark lady quick enough, then as always, to see a god and spoil him; that Shakespeare was, during this period or a part of it, passionately, and for the first and only time in his life, in love with a woman other than Anne Hathaway Shakespeare; and that said woman, having spoiled William Shakespeare, and being naturally inclined that way, did prove false to him, as he and she deserved, and gave her charms to some other man, who, as compared with Shakespeare, was as a beast to an angel.

I think the "Sonnets," "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece" and the plays of this period all prove some such intense, exhilarating, wild, abandoned piece of brilliant mischief; for all of which our regrets—but no stones, if you please. There are glass windows in most of our houses—yea, in every one of them.

From about 1600 to 1616—the latter the memorable year of Shakespeare's death—Francis Bacon was at his old work, only heavier than ever.

When Queen Elizabeth died, in 1603, Bacon found himself "as one awaked out of sleep." "The canvassing world had gone and the deserving world had come," in his own words. But King James did not at once lift Francis Bacon into any dramatic mood. In July, 1603, he received the dignity of knighthood along with three hundred other fortunates. Before 1604 Bacon had sent to the king his two pamphlets, one on the "Union," the other on "Measures for the Pacification of the Church;" and in 1604 he published his "Apology." In 1607 he favored his friends with the first draft or drafts of his "Cogitata et Visa." In 1609 he wrote his "In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ," his "De Sapientia Veterum," and completed his "Redargutis Philosophiarum," or a treatise on the idols of the theater—not, however, the idols of Blackfriars or the Globe, as scholars know and the curious can readily learn. Meanwhile Bacon was busy in Parliament, and busier still seeking his own official promotion. Not until 1613, however, could he even get to be attorney-general; and at last, in 1616, by splendid legal services and persistent intrigues, he had outwitted and practically dethroned Coke; and in 1617 "the great seal was bestowed upon Bacon, with the title of lord keeper." At last "the young lord keeper," by compliment of Elizabeth, had

become real lord keeper at the age of fifty-seven years, in no single one of which was he in any mood to write any one scene of the Shakespearean plays.

But William Shakespeare died in April, 1616, and we must leave Bacon to Donnelly and glance at the last period of the real poet's life. To this period belong "Hamlet," as we have it, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Measure for Measure," and toward the last "A Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline" and "Tempest;" all of them, in one phase or another, showing the supreme maturity of human power; terrible rages of human passion—left behind, if you please; a sad, deep undertone of victory, but perhaps unworthy the soul that had won it; an utter mastery over all phases of human life, from the holiest to the gayest; an equal mastery over stage effects and adaptation: and as for poetry, pure and simple, which is only another word for the human, musical voicing of the beauty and life of nature and the loves and hates of man, I had, years ago, marked with ink or pencil in "Tempest" alone more pure poetic lines than can be found in the entire writings of any poet of modern times.

Did Francis Bacon do this? Bacon was great enough but never poetic enough, never forgetful enough of himself to enter fully into the experiences of any other man, much less to portray them, far less still to portray them dramatically, like gay flashes of lightning and sunshine among all the summer flowers. During the years of this last period William Shakespeare had purchased other properties in Stratford. In 1602 he acquired 107 acres of arable land, and later added 20 acres of pasture land; in 1605 "bought the unexpired lease of tithes, great and small, in Stratford and two adjoining hamlets, so increasing his annual income by what would be about £350 a year." In March, 1613, he bought a dwelling-house, with some land attached to it, near St. Paul's Cathedral; and, if they are persistent detectives, Mr. Tom Taylor and the Rev. W. A. Harrison may yet learn that this as yet not understood purchase had a bearing on their fascinating "*dark lady*."

Meanwhile death had made rapid work in the Shakespeare family, but I must not trace that here. Excuses enough there were, however, for any sentiment looking toward London. Shakespeare, though honest and clear and honorable as the day, had his faults;

and finally, in April, 1616, two of his later cronies and fellow-poets, —Drayton and Ben Jonson,—went down to Stratford to dine with him. A few days later the great poet suddenly died, and was buried in Stratford Church; and the monument bearing the epitaph—now under Donnelly discussion—was placed over his grave, but when or by whom nobody knows.

For ten years longer Bacon continued with herculean labor the work God had made him to do; confessed to the crime of bribetaking in his high office, but claimed that the gifts did not alter his decisions or corrupt his judgment, which I am inclined to believe: but at no period of these last ten years of his life is there a loophole of escape for any connection of his with the creation of the Shakespeare plays.

In 1623, edited by J. Heminge and H. Condell, the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works was published, nobody else claiming or dreaming of claiming them. This was three years before Bacon's death, and while he was as much as ever in need of money.

Ben Jonson, who knew William Shakespeare well, said of him: "I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." But did Ben Jonson love and honor a man who, besides amounting to nothing as a theater-hack, had for years been palming Bacon's work off as his own? Did Ben Jonson so love and honor a common, base, perjured, false-hearted scoundrel, or can we imagine that the wide-awake world of those days was all asleep or dead-drunk during the twenty odd years that William Shakespeare lived and worked in London, and did or claimed to have done these damnable or these unutterably splendid things?

People may be such fools in Kansas to-day, but different men lived in London in Shakespeare's time.

The theme is immensely fascinating in twenty paths that I have strenuously refrained from following, wishing to keep only to the salient points and main facts of the contrast and the story.

In conclusion, my position is that, by all the known facts and arguments,—the antecedents, birth, training, circumstances and history of Shakespeare's life,—his accredited life-work fits the case and story of his being; whereas that work no more fits Bacon's being and story than an absolute lie fits an absolute truth of any kind.

ABOUT ROBERT INGERSOLL.

ABOUT twenty years ago a young man in Peoria published "An Oration on the Gods." Reduced to simplest terms, it was an endeavor to demonstrate, by abundant quotations, that, without exception, gods have been contemptible, and that enormous superstitions and abuses have been associated with their worship. Any classical scholar could show that such an extravagant generalization is both illogical and deceptive; but, taken as a whole, it has not been successfully refuted. The publication commanded such a wide and sympathetic reading that the writer, seeing his opportunity, entered at once upon a career. Under different titles, elaborated, spangled or differentiated, that oration has been recited probably hundreds of times to profitable houses. Whatever the label, the form of the original package could always be discerned. The eccentricities of spice did not disguise the basis of the *olla-podrida*. The theme of the tune was the same whether played backwards, forwards or sidewise, and however brilliant its variations.

The apparent object of the oration was to discredit the Bible record as a whole, the popular religion as a consequence, and the very idea of religion by way of inference.

For this enterprise intellectual ability of a high order was not needed. Anybody could re-thrash the old straw so well pounded by Paine and subsequently tossed about in a feebler way in the *Boston Investigator* and numerous spiritualistic papers; but Mr. Ingersoll entered upon his task equipped with a logical dexterity and powers of wit and sarcasm not exhibited in the same line since Voltaire. With an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he set up the straw in the shape of the traditional God of Christendom, and he thrashed it, not with a flail, but with a whip of scorpions, cunningly contrived to wound and cruelly entreat, on the back-stroke, those who came to the rescue. They were well stung for their pains. Perhaps it served them right.

For three good reasons I do not propose for such a cause to come within range of such a weapon. I am no match for the high

priest of secularism-run-mad. My name would have little weight with those who estimate argument by the avoirdupois of reputation, and I have no interest in the god of straw. Too many have already permitted this man of Gath to provoke them, while cursing them by his gods, into the indiscretion of suffering him to choose his own ground and weapons after proclaiming the challenge. I wait, with patient confidence, some elect stripling who will easily discomfit this Philistine by lodging a shot in his perceptives.

It is a matter of surprise that no vigorous and well-sustained attack has come from the camp of rational religion, the only quarter which easily commands his position. To be sure, his hostile demonstrations have generally been directed elsewhere; but, since he is usually regarded as the foe of religion as well as of orthodoxy, this hesitancy is probably due further to the sensitiveness which leads a man of scholarly habits to shrink from a fusillade of mockery by one exceptionally endowed to provoke the guffaw of groundlings. It is true, although uncomplimentary, that few able men would care to dull their weapons on such an adversary. An unerring shot may not be willing to wade in a swamp and be stung by mosquitoes to capture a bird of prey.

In the mean time silence is justly construed as a confession of defeat. Who is to know that the argument does not affect the main question, the trustworthiness of the religious instincts, if no competent critic undertakes the demonstration?

I will not undertake this, for reasons already given. My end is attained if I succeed merely in pointing out vulnerable points in the highly polished but second-hand armor of this able but overconfident champion. Mr. Ingersoll has shrewdly confined the controversy to superficial questions, and has generally been favored with the antagonism of opponents who defend views of Scripture which the best orthodox scholars declare untenable. The rationalist attitude is that of Elihu, who recognized that Job's critics "found no answer" although they condemned him. That whole chapter of Job is singularly relevant, but only one quotation need be made: "He hath not directed his words against me; neither will I answer him with your speeches." Discussion, however, is still in order.

Mr. Ingersoll, with all his alertness and brilliancy, is not qualified by natural temperament, scholarly training nor mental

endowment for the serious, profound and dispassionate consideration of a question which lies at the very basis of man's spiritual constitution. He persistently disparages the clergy, yet his gifts will not excuse his monumental conceit in assuming to know by intuition more concerning a subject than any of the thousands who have made it a life-study. Bring what railing accusations he may against dignities, the constant cultivation of the spiritual nature qualifies a man to perceive deeper truths than are discovered by badinage at the bar or sifting of evidence. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Eternal truths may be hid from a flippant scorner that are revealed to babes. If, therefore, a man, made confident by secular adulation, insists that a thing can not be, merely because he can not see why, it is in order to reply as did the Harvard professor to the sophomore who demurred when his able essay was disfigured by corrections: "That you do not 'SEE WHY' is your misfortune. It does not argue my incompetence."

I would not intimate that Mr. Ingersoll is of small capacity or inferior ability. He is a man of great talent and wonderful resources; eloquent in speech, witty in retort; a clear thinker and an able reasoner: but those gifts do not qualify him as an oracle in all mysteries and all knowledge. The best gifts may be misapplied. I disparage not him but his aim and his methods in one province of research.

What are his methods? Always those of an attorney manœuvering for an advantage, rather than those of the disinterested seeker after truth. His antagonists are witnesses for the defense, under severe cross-examination. "Is that your signature?" "How do you reconcile these two entries?" "You say this document could not be forged, and yet I see that it is dated A.D. 100, while the parchment bears the private stamp of a manufacturer who lived two hundred years later." He bewilders the jury with such data, when the question at issue is less one of records than one of present spiritual experience.

The analogy in court practice holds in regard to manner as well as method. Some of his personalities in the *North American Review* are as small credit to polite literature as they are to their author. A contributor should be forbidden such discourtesy. We may not indorse the theology of a doctor of divinity, who, in dignified, kindly and in some respects forcible papers, endeavors to refute the skeptic's audacious statements, but we must condemn

disrespect towards one whose years of consecrated service establish a claim to consideration, even if previous friendly relations had not encouraged the expectation of more magnanimity than Joab showed to his old companion, Amasa, after his pleasant greeting.

Mr. Ingersoll is not a theological or religious critic. His treatment is too superficial to be dignified as criticism. It is hardly more than an exhibition, mingled with pyrotechnics, of the scientific, mathematical, logical and moral defects of the Bible, of the paradoxes of Calvinism and of the inconsistencies of modern creeds. Here is abundance of room and excuse for activity of his kind, but can he seriously believe that religion is identical with ancient errors, and must go down with them?

His admirers do so believe, because they are followers, not reasoners. He might be mortified to learn that the lighter parts of his discourse, and especially his startling similes and cruel sarcasm, command his audience far more than his appeals to moral conviction or intellectual protest. The enthusiasm of his retainers is in inverse ratio to their mental capacity.

He might insist that his attacks are directed solely against theological absurdities, but they are directed in such a way as to bring not only superstitions but the beauty of holiness into disfavor. The great sanctities of life are, unfortunately, involved with the delusions, and he seems not to value them enough to study his steps. He says "I don't know" with a cadence that sounds like "I don't care." What positive constructive work has he accomplished? Very little, if any. So far as he has succeeded, by his brilliant wit and audacious ridicule, in bringing to the bar of public opinion falsities which have for ages been palmed off as God's truth, he is to be commended. A venturesome pioneer with a strong arm and rude instruments and blazing brands is needed for rough, destructive work, which those less hardy and belligerent could not do; but has he even built a booth of branches for the men who follow him? I trow not. Can he, then, be actuated by earnest love of truth and unselfish philanthropy? 'Twere a shame to use the fire of genius to boil a private pot. Great talents are great vices when selfishly employed.

The central questions of religion—God's existence, the perfection of his attributes, the existence of a soul, the probability or possibility of a future life, the beneficence of religious conviction,

the duty of holiness—I do not know that he has thoughtfully discussed; nor am I sorry, for he would dazzle our eyes with his lantern instead of turning its rays upon the path. I know he sometimes utters a beautiful moral sentiment, and makes an honest confession of ignorance; yet all these, and even that concession of a Supreme possibility, interjected in his oration on the gods when delivered in Boston Music Hall, after it had been ten years in print, can not remedy or atone for the mischief he has done.

Is there a faculty for the positive, direct and trustworthy apprehension of religious truth, capable of development, and distinct from the faculty which erects logical processes on such truth or analyzes them when erected? At least by indirection the oracle of Peoria has persuaded thoughtless thousands to say "Nay." Tens of thousands, wiser, holier and more disinterested, think "Yea." There are no witnesses.

P. S.—I got a copy of the *North American Review* for March to see if Ingersoll's "Why I am an Agnostic" necessitated any modification of my assertion that the current runs in the same shallow channel as at the beginning. I find no reason for hedging. This paper proves that he is in one way agnostic enough, but does not explain why he fancies he is. His definition of theism is absurd, and a shrewd writer could drive a yoke of oxen through his first sentence: "The Christian religion rests on miracles."

He discusses the threadbare question of Bible inspiration (as usual) for three pages, returns to miracles considered as proofs and provable, and makes no allusion, from first to last, to agnosticism. He attempts to show why miracles and Scripture records are incredible. This is not scholarly argument, but is "caviare to the general."

NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

Templeton, Mass.

THE second number of THE GLOBE more than fulfills the promise of the first. Certainly there is not a dull page in it. Mr. Thorne indulges, now and then, in extravagances of statement and denunciation, that to our mind weaken the force of his able and brilliant paper on Divorce, which in its main contention commands our very cordial sympathy.—*Standard of the Cross, Philadelphia.*

CREED REFORM AND CHRISTIAN UNION.

A GENERAL REVIEW OF RECENT MOVEMENTS LOOKING TO A REFORM OF THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM.

MANY readers of *THE GLOBE* are aware that this is an old story with me. I gave up my Presbyterian pulpit and my bread and butter more than twenty years ago simply because of such partial variance with the Confession of Faith as many Presbyterian ministers now wink at while holding to their bread and butter with both hands. That is their business. During the past twenty years, many Presbyterian ministers have withdrawn from that ministry on account of doctrinal differences more or less important than those which led me to take the step so long ago; but, while many earnest men have left the Presbyterian and other orthodox ministries during the past twenty years, these pioneers in the way of loyalty to honest convictions are trifling in numbers compared with thousands of orthodox ministers who, while holding to their livings, have long since ceased to believe in or to preach the doctrines contained in their creeds. No wonder the pulpit has lost its influence over the minds of men.

I am neither commending nor condemning this spirit of change, or this laxity, or this cowardice. It is clear to me now that very much of modern so-called liberalism in theology comes of laxity of the moral sense, and represents a divergence from the spirit of Jesus and of Paul, rather than a closer adherence to the true Christian spirit or faith. On the other hand, it is almost everywhere true that the preachers in this generation who are most loyal to, and loudest in their defense of, ultra orthodoxy are the shallowest and hardest, the most rhetorical and the least spiritual and charitable of all men. In a word, to all appearances, they are the least Christ-like men in the modern Protestant pulpit. One must not judge their personal lives, though they are for ever ready to sit in judgment upon other people. But certainly appearances are against them in and out of the pulpit.

Intelligent readers of history know very well that this tendency to break away from orthodox creeds is no new thing in Christendom. Orthodox creeds seem always to have been made in order to drive all true men away from them. The mistake and the crime was in ever making an orthodox creed by which a man's loyalty to Christ or fitness for church membership was to be judged and determined. Paul and Peter and John and James all differed on the primal doctrines or exponent words of Christianity; that is, each man emphasized the phase of the Christ doctrine or spirit which, at the moment of his recorded or reputed utterance, seemed clearest and most important to him. In another mood, each man would have defined his faith or belief differently; and hence the folly of pinning a creed to the utterances or supposed utterances of any or all of the so-called apostles of Jesus. Cut to the quick: this age knows very well that able and earnest thinkers to-day have the same right to formulate their belief that Paul or Peter had; and it is this fundamental principle of eternal Christian liberty alone that can save any of the churches from disunion and practical annihilation in the near future. In fact, nearly all the Protestant churches are now divided, and the spirit of Christ is dead in them. But the admission of the principle of Christian liberty here defined would practically annihilate all existing creeds and, as to doctrine, make way for the church of the future. In all probability that is what is coming about; but the stay-at-homes for the sake of their bread and butter and coffee little dream to what end their present creed-tinkering is tending. Some of us have borne the heat and burden of the day these many years; have stood the proud man's scorn and the rich man's contumely; have suffered the loss of all things, even the love and confidence of our own blood, rather than play the hypocrite and so be found among the tinkers of modern creeds. To us these men, in their eleventh hour dickering on the doctrines of election, eternal hell, etc., are a pitiable crew, unworthy the ship they are hurrying to destruction.

It is not in the scope of this article to go over the old creeds and the creed-makers. The whole subject was worn threadbare to this writer a quarter of a century ago. The modern world does not understand it; never will understand it. Revolutions that will sweep the modern world to death will come and go before the modern world cuts its eye-teeth on the old creeds and creed-makers; and then the new heavens and the new earth of Christen-

dom will appear, when to be a Christian will be to be Christ-like in character and life, regardless of any and all creeds. But this, again, is not so simple and easy as the common or the uncommon infidel is apt to dream. The danger is that in rejecting orthodoxy you reject Jesus, and that is fatal to all spiritual life.

We can not, however, have any true comprehension of the creed-tinkering of modern orthodox Protestantism without viewing this Protestantism in its true relation to the ancient Roman Catholic and the Greek (now the Russian) churches. In general, the first phase of Christianity, as to doctrine and polity, was simply apostolic: but the strongest and greatest apostle of early Christendom, unordained and unsanctioned of anybody but God Almighty and his own conscience, was so independent of this apostolic authority that he never touched it more than once or twice; and it certainly never had any influence on his teachings or on his life. In a word, even in apostolic times true men obeyed their own light. Peter went his way and Paul his, as they and others had a perfect right to do. "He that is not against us is for us," said Jesus; and, in the sweet, broad catholicity of his nature, he was willing to have any man cast out a devil, whether the deed were done in the name of Jesus or not. The other exorcist had the same right that Jesus or Paul had. Paul was of this same spirit and mold. It was not a matter of circumcision or uncircumcision, but a new creation: it was not a matter of baptism of water by sprinkling or immersion, but a baptism of the spirit and of the heart. Faith and creeds and knowledge, all would vanish; but charity was eternal: the spirit of Christ would never die. It was the last supreme birth of the world. So the much-talked-of apostolic age was not apostolic to one-millionth the extent that modern scholarship would have us believe. The apostles were as quarrelsome as modern Presbyterians. They did as they were moved to do individually, and consulted only as a matter of practical convenience. In a sense, the apostolic age was congregational, and yet not congregational in the modern sense; for the apostle that preached the individual churches into existence always had a sort of apostolic, fatherly care over his special circle of churches; and the modern style of Congregational deacon would have gone the way of Ananias if he had then raised his head.

So, in the next age, came a mixture of the presbyterial and the episcopal order of things: the successors of apostolic presbyters

became *pastors* in fuller charge. It was natural and proper; and, again, the pastors of larger towns and churches, and the brighter and often the more favored and popular, sometimes the more scheming and adroit, presbyters became—were elected by other presbyters—bishops or overseers of certain circles of churches (dioceses, as we call them now). This, again, was natural and right. So, also, was the next step and tendency to elect some one man—some leading bishop—as an archbishop, and, finally, pape or pope, or father of all the churches; and the Papacy is simply the natural evolution of order in the Christian Church,—the inevitable result of needed monarchical power.

It is a folly to attribute this order or its final development to any special commands of Jesus. It grew as by law of nature, and had and has a perfect right to exist on that ground, but on that ground alone.

Thus we have, in outline, all the germs of all the sects of modern times. As a matter of fact, Episcopacy, as represented by the Russian (Greek) Church of our own time, is older and more apostolic than Romanism; and, as to polity, our modern Anglicanism, with all its branches, is but a fragment of the older Greek communion. As a matter of fact, however, the Papacy is a much stronger and wiser form of church government if it would only be content with its spiritual power alone; and certainly it is as Christian and as reputable as any branch of modern Protestantism. In truth, the assumptions of Protestantism that it alone is the true church of Christ, that Rome is Antichrist, that the Greek Church is a sort of antiquated fossil, and that only Calvinism and Lutherism and Wesleyism and Roger Williamsism and Priestleyism constitute true Christianity,—these assumptions are simply laughable, by reason of their ignorance alike of history and of the spirit of the divine founder of Christianity.

In the first number of *THE GLOBE* I called attention to the fact that Rome had practically yielded its ancient power of the papacy by delegating to a college of American cardinals, archbishops, bishops, etc., the supreme Roman authority touching all matters pertaining to American Roman Catholic churches. Since the issue of that number, a great Roman Catholic convention, expressive of this American idea, gathered in Baltimore, Md., and—folly of follies!—allowed Daniel Dougherty, Esq., formerly of Philadelphia, to stand up and declare his ignorance alike of human

history and the spirit of the Lord Jesus. It is not true that Roman Catholics were the only Christians who suffered persecution at the hands of early New England Puritanism, as Mr. Dougherty was reported to have said; and, in saying that this was the "damned spot that would not down," the rhetorical lawyer simply proved that he was as wrong at heart as he was in head touching Romanism and Puritanism and Christianity. Rome, however, is dickering for popular favor as earnestly as is modern Protestantism; and, as it is much the wiser of the two, it will be more apt to win. Still later than the Baltimore convention, expressive of this idea, European dispatches to American newspapers indicated that the Pope was scattering papal honors in Russia; so trying to handicap the growing power of the Greek Church through the vanity of the Czar. Conversions of whole nations have been made by less excusable methods; but the Pope of Rome will never be universal father of Christendom, and no orthodox creed, as now accepted, will ever be the Christian creed of the future.

In the Anglican (Episcopal) Church, the High Church is beyond doubt, as to tradition, the most orthodox and, as usual, the most conceited and dogmatic of that communion, while the Evangelical (Low) Church is the more apostolic and, apparently, the more Christ-like in its spiritual work. The Reformed Episcopal Church has been aptly nicknamed the "Deformed" Episcopal Church, and appears to be only a pandering to the so-called "liberal" spirit of the times. In a word, it has driven the old reverence of the Church of England out of doors, and is putting in the place of this lots of paint and gaudy architecture, and many things that can be purchased with noise and gold. So-called Evangelical Episcopalians, however, are almost as anxious to revise the Prayer-Book as Presbyterians are to reform their Confession of Faith. The great Methodist and Baptist bodies, though admittedly orthodox, have so far escaped the hardnesses of Calvinism on the one side and the skim-milk tendencies of Armenianism on the other. Mental culture and creed culture are not their special ideals, but a so-called practical Christianity. Orthodox Quakerism, in its modern dwindling of power, in its insipidities of thought, shows how the purest and sweetest of motives and of faiths weaken and die without ordinances and creeds. Hicksite Quakerism and modern Unitarianism, with whatever is left of certain phases of Free Religion, Agnosticism and the Ethical

Culture craze, all prove that, except the branches abide in the vine, they do not bear fruit; that transplanting of the branches is a very difficult and dainty business, apparently requiring as much heroic martyr-blood as gave Jesus his cross and crown. A church without ordinances can not live.

If, therefore, the ultimate outcome of creed reform is to be the liberty of modern Unitarianism and so-called ethical culture societies, it is clear to this writer, and long has been clear, that the game is not worth the powder; that it were better the whole world were ultra Romanists to-morrow. Whatever is good and worth keeping in modern Protestantism, in its creeds or ordinances, existed alike in the Roman Catholic and Greek communions centuries before modern Protestantism was born; and modern Protestant creeds are but a rehash of the older Catholic creeds. Roman Catholicism erred in emphasizing the doctrine of indulgencies for the sake of gain, and so gave Luther and the Reformers an excuse for founding Protestantism. Modern Protestant orthodoxy has erred just as greatly in over-emphasizing, exaggerating and utterly misunderstanding the doctrine (so called) of justification by faith alone. The germs of both teachings are in the Scriptures and have a still deeper source in human nature. No creed-tinkering will right these things. A purely new view of Scripture will right them, and make all things new. This is the broad light in which I, without prejudice for or against any Christian or sect of Christians, have been studying creed reform and Christianity these last twenty years.

The Bible, as understood by modern Protestantism, certainly does teach all—even the most obnoxious—doctrines of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and of the Episcopal Prayer-Book, including salvation through baptism, election and the certain damnation of the non-elect; and it is perfectly absurd for new and raw men like Prof. R. E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, or for any modern men, to hint that the divines who made the Confession of Faith were not men of great culture and learning. They were men of great culture and learning; and, what is more, they were men of sincere hearts and true convictions; and their Confession does represent in every feature doctrines that can readily be found in the Bible or deduced therefrom. Plainly, the thing to do, therefore, is not to tinker with the creeds—Roman Catholic, Greek, Anglican, Presbyterian or other—but to get another and a deeper view of the evolution and meaning and true

force of the Bible and the Bible writers themselves. This the orthodox creed-thinkers can not get and will never give. This, however, has already been found, and the outcome must be a return to Rome or a new union of all Christians on a purely new and rational Christian creed, not made for slavery but for men, and to aid the human soul.

That Jesus was and still remains the most beautiful, worshipful evolution of the divine or God-spirit in human nature will be clear enough to the whole world by and by ; and, with this as basis and starting-point, there is no reason why the Romanist and Calvinist of the near future should not see eye to eye and work hand in hand as brothers of the same true church of God and man. I am perfectly sure that such union is coming, and that the creed has already been made and uttered that is doing and will still do the work ; but I am in no hurry either to repeat that creed or choke men into its acceptance. I only refer to it here as an intimation to all modern orthodox creed-menders that the work which will eventually supercede all their work has already been done.

How far the world is from this contemplated union, and yet how possibly near to it, may be gathered from certain hints recently uttered by representative Christian men. Within a twelve-month, Archbishop Ryan was reported as saying, during an address delivered in Philadelphia, that, though looking upon all Protestantism as an error and under a certain condemnation, such men as Mr. George W. Childs made him feel that there was some good in Protestantism, and some hope that some of its members would be saved. How much this is to be discounted by the fact that Mr. Childs is a millionaire and said to be a very benevolent man is hard to tell. Mr. Childs is no doubt a good man, but there are thousands of better men and better Protestants and better Christians, all as poor as Jesus himself ; and, if there is hope for Mr. Childs, there may be hope for some of the rest of us. At all events, Rome is not the ultra-exclusive affair that some men suppose.

At an excited and an extended meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, held December 9, 1889, for the purpose of considering a proposition to revise the Confession of Faith, "George Junkin, in response to a call for his views, declared at great length that, under the ecclesiastical laws, the overtures were illegal,

and added: 'In regard to the statement concerning the Pope of Rome, I believe that he is Antichrist; yet I believe that there are thousands of Catholics who will go to heaven and be received in open arms by Peter. What shall we say when the present Pope sends over here, as he has done last fall, to establish a system of idolatry by paying honor to St. Joseph?' What shall we say? Simply this: that Mr. Junkin's speech was a clear proof of the fundamental error of Protestantism in admitting laymen to any share in such ecclesiastical assemblies. The man may be an excellent lawyer, but he and Daniel Dougherty together, when speaking of religion or theology, are like a pair of mad steers in a fern-house. American Romanism made a great mistake when, in weak imitation of Protestantism, it admitted Mr. Dougherty to such a position; and Protestantism has been dragged into a thousand worldly gutters by admitting such men as Mr. Junkin into prominent ecclesiastical positions. Let these men mind their own business; keep to their own sphere. The sayings, the spirit, the laws of Jesus are as far removed from the laws and courts of Pennsylvania as highest heaven is far removed from the deepest of all hells. Philadelphia is quite a distance from Rome, and it was perfectly safe for Mr. Junkin, at this distance, to denounce the Pope as Antichrist, though the absurdity of it is more apparent than the same element in the average jokes of a circus-clown. But as a Philadelphia lawyer Mr. Junkin could hardly be expected to consign all Catholics to John Calvin's old-fashioned, eternal hell. That would not be business. We are such stuff as cupidity is made of, and our little lives are rounded by our clientage. So even through trade is a possible Christian union seen.

It is an old story that Father Taylor, once a Methodist missionary in Boston, said that, though Emerson knew nothing of Christianity, he was too good a man to go anywhere but to heaven when he died. So little touches of nature make the whole world kin, even in Philadelphia and Boston.

The great Episcopal convention that met last fall in New York City, and various presbyteries meeting at different points throughout the State of New York during the past six months, faced the question of creed or Prayer-Book revision with a freedom that would have startled out of their graves men like old Dr. Spring and the Presbyterians who a half-century ago refused to ordain Albert Barnes, if the myth of the resurrection of the body had not

already well-nigh vanished into thinnest air. In the Western States orthodox preachers and people are far more liberal (so called) than they are in the East, and the idea of the Pope being Antichrist would never occur to them provided he voted the right ticket.

What I wish to say is that, while all this creed revision and Prayer-Book revision is necessary in order that the gentlemen engaged therein may be prepared for something better,—they or their children,—the work itself is comparatively useless, and that Christian union, or any improvement in the spirit of Christendom, or in moral and social life, is not coming that way. Neither is such Christian union or improvement coming by the extension or “reform” of the ballot-box, or by any political machinery or trickery. Neither is it coming by any trades-unions, anti-poverty societies, Henry George land-grabbing clubs, or through any increase of ignorance or talk, but through the new words of a new Christ and a new creation; that is, through a true second advent, not here to be explained.

In a word, the source and soul and life-spring of the Christian union that all churches are hungering for, creed reforming, and praying for, will come through a broader and more reverent and loving view of the evolution of the God-spirit, alike in all sacred books and in all holy lives; and the natural-supernatural life of Jesus will be the key and crown of this union of the future; that is, it will come by purely historic induction and the good old grace of God.

W. H. T.

THE GLOBE, conducted by William Henry Thorne, author of “Modern Idols,” represents, so far as we can see, the somewhat unclassified Robert Browningism of the author of “Modern Idols.” The second number is largely done by himself, and is a protest, in the Ruskin style, against the deceit, hypocrisy and hollow sentiment of modern society. It is all done in Mr. Thorne’s own way, and whether it will do any good or not depends upon whether he will ever succeed in making his way agree with that of any considerable number of people who agree with him not only as to what is to be aimed at, but as to methods for reaching the common end.—*The New York Independent*.

IF an opinion may be formed of THE GLOBE from the first two numbers, success awaits it. The editor, William Henry Thorne, writes a liberal share of the papers. Nothing can surpass his direct and intense style. Not a weak sentence. Not a doubtful phrase.

The present number of THE GLOBE has an article on Divorce, than which, among the many papers by our ablest writers, no one is stronger.—*The Atlanta Journal*.

GAIL HAMILTON'S "ITALY AND THE POPE."

The editor of the *North American Review* for February, 1890, announced "a vivacious paper—from a woman's point of view—on 'Italy and the Pope,' by Gail Hamilton" (otherwise known as Miss Abigail Dodge). I have read the paper with interest, a little surprise and some amusement.

As to its "vivacity," it is marked by a certain vivacity of inception, apathy of progress, and prematurity of decay. The above italics will explain its incoherence of matter, startling suppositions without proofs,—“the cause concealed, the effect notorious,”—all of which will pass for strong reason with unthinking minds, ever ready to condemn what they do not understand.

Miss Dodge, like many other writers not of the Roman Catholic faith, comes to us prepossessed by the high authority of the secular press and bigoted historians. Hence it is not strange that she regards everything Catholic with a preconceived neutrality, or with the eyes of prejudice.

It is at once evident to the Catholic reader that whatever heights she may have attained in political polemics, Miss Dodge comes to us not by any means crammed for ecclesiastical discussion.

It is with certain qualities as with certain senses: those who are entirely deprived of them can neither appreciate nor comprehend them.

It is only natural that a writer who confines himself to histories mulcted of justice and truth should fail utterly—and oftentimes ludicrously—to comprehend the spirit of the Church.

"As difficult as sitting on the moon
To guess the earth."

The author of the paper in question is "like a child, which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and—complains of cold!" The most clement apology to be made for her I have found in a paper from her own pen, entitled

"Catholicism and Public Schools," in the *North American Review* of November, 1888. She prefaces her sketch thus:—

"I am speaking entirely from a point of sight of a Protestant,—a Protestant not only by every trait and tincture of heredity, but by every conviction of reason,—a Protestant to whom some of the assumptions of the Roman Church seem not only unwarrantable but well-nigh intolerable."

Now, then. "Italy and the Pope" opens with a *coup de théâtre*. The curtain rises upon two striking figures,—the King of the entire Catholic world and the King of Italy. Miss Dodge accords precedence to the latter. I trust that she will pardon me for reversing the order. "Humbert stands at the helm, watchful, gracious, constant, calm."

"Leo is borne along just as inevitably as Humbert, and just as rapidly, but struggling, plunging, flinging (?) against the current with vain and vociferous violence." The alliteration of this statement admits of no question, whatever misgivings we may have about facts, or the Holy Father's proficiency in swimming.

"Leo XIII. is a spoiled child, hurling down his toys with petulant willfulness because fate will not re-instate him in the Thirteenth Century." The secret of his wish to retrograde is not given.

The second scene is even more impressive. The Pope is to celebrate Mass in St. Peter's for the first time in eighteen years. We like to see Mass spelled with a capital, *en passant*, since Mass is a renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary.

Miss Dodge is there, impatiently waiting, greatly annoyed by the delay of the princely celebrant. After a long while, however, "the great bronze doors opened wide, and, far, approaching, thrilled a strain of music, enchanting to such a degree" as to cause the writer to forget certain notable decorations of St. Peter's. Among these were "the yard-high mosaics in which the words of Christ have been painted for eternity, and only painted right, read always wrong" (which applies, *ad unguem*, to the Protestant reading of Catholic truths). She forgets also "the Papal Peter and his keys, standing ever ready to lock God-given reason and unlock a man-made heaven."

This is hardly a surprise. Since the memorable day on which a friend told me that *Dr. Peter was a Protestant*, nothing, at least of this sort, has much surprised me.

Bitterly disappointed because, pending a delicious prelude of

silver clarions from the dome of St. Peter's, she fully expected to behold our Saviour himself, "every sacred association vanished on the instant of beholding" only the Vicar of Christ upon earth.

It is consoling to learn that "the revolution has been most generous to the vanquishing order. Italy could have but one head, and that head must be for the taxable, tangible world, and not for the intangible (she does not say intaxable), spiritual world."

She has, after the custom of the premature newspaper reporter, already composed the obituary of Leo XIII., and founded a "new republic" as easily as the Brazilians.

After reminding us of certain inestimable privileges accorded to the Papal Court by the Law of Guarantees of '71, she continues: "I can not see that the Pope is restrained from the exercise of any important function of the holy office *except that of burning Bruno.*"

Here we have the first symptoms of hysteria, and the attack continues through the entire article.

"The Pope," we learn, "is not a prisoner at all, though he chooses to call himself so. It is pure childishness, constructive dishonesty and bad policy to style himself a prisoner when he can really go where he likes, and he remains in the Vatican solely because he is fond of it."

This is much the argument used by a hyper-sensitive spinster who wishes it distinctly understood henceforth and for ever that she is an unappropriated blessing not from necessity but from choice. But who believes us when we make this bold assertion?

If, perchance, the paper under discussion should be read to Leo XIII., he will quote at Miss Dodge the famous Meredithian couplet:—

"Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars
If they keep us behind prison-windows."

"The Pope," we are told, "is at once a devout and a professional Catholic. Queen Margaret of Italy is a devout Catholic, while Humbert is a *moderate* Catholic." What is a moderate Catholic?

It is a Catholic who just clears the law, so to speak.

When a moderate Catholic, be he prince or pauper, has become so apathetic that he does not even clear the law, the portals of the Church are flung wide: he is at perfect liberty to scale the walls and practice his moderate religion *al fresco*, with others of his kind.

There is an old Breton proverb: "He who does not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks."

An Italian noble tells Miss Dodge that "the men in Italy do not go much to confession. They have no time. The king goes once a year or so." "Once a year" is clearing the law.

"Or so" might tip the balance either way. I know not into which side of the scale the noble meant to drop it.

Victor Emanuel had "no time" also. But it was rumored that, when death approached, the ambassador dispatched by his old friend Pope Pius IX. was admitted, albeit unaided by Cavour, and his services not despised by the dying king, who had been a "moderate Catholic."

All moderate Catholics hope for the same chance. I heard the "bravery of the unrepentant thief" lauded the other day; yet even the moderate Catholics prefer to imitate the penitent thief, in extremes.

That latest inspiration of the fermenting Piedmontese, Bruno, is having its little hour. To-day, a king; to-morrow, nothing.

Miss Dodge will have it that the Holy Father "sulks," refuses to be comforted, "*because he can not burn Bruno,*" an irreligious charlatan.

This thunderbolt of rash judgment is implused (if I may coin a word) the next moment thus: "I do not suppose that benignant-faced old man would really burn a fly; but it is difficult, otherwise, to conjecture why he weeps."

It certainly does take a woman to stand Logic on her head.

About Bruno. It is pitiful—too pitiful to be amusing—to observe how men will become the dupes of their fancies by affecting to discover motives and analogies the most unconnected imaginable with the objects themselves.

When one learns that Bruno taught, among other things, that all religions are false; that Christ was an impostor and the inventor of impostures; that there is no punishment for sin; that the soul is a product of nature, not a creation of God; that it passes from one animal into another, and is the same in man as in beast,—it is easy to understand the joy of Swinburne at Bruno's resurrection—Swinburne, an apostle of what Southey denominated as the "Satanic school of poets." It is easy, also, to understand the admiration evinced for Bruno by Col. Ingersoll, whose latest utterances upon "The Improved Man" are of a stripe with Bruno's classic sayings.

If Miss Dodge will read the article entitled "Brunolatry" in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (June, 1889), she will find much to her

own enlightenment, if not to the glory of the above-mentioned "reformer," so called. It is better sometimes *not* to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their homes, a certain English author tells us. Everything that patience and prudence could suggest was done by the Church to wean Bruno from insubordination and error. Then the Church decided, "to a vicious dog, a short chain." But as to his being burned, there is large doubt; and even so, Protestant historians bungle matters sadly in discussing the action of the Church and the action of the State.

However, I am rather inclined to think that the Holy Father, prostrate upon the floor, was doing penance, and praying for an elevation of the moral tone of Italy, not "weeping because he could not burn Bruno," as Miss Dodge suspects.

She gives a covert accusation of toadyism, next, on the part of the Pope; and one must needs smile at the idea of a giant condescending to a pigmy.

She says "the Pope might as well have fallen in with the procession to Bruno's statue as easily as to the Queen's Jubilee." She taunts the ruler of Catholic Christendom with inconsistency in "having sent one of his chief officers to congratulate the Queen *on her fifty years of revolt.*"

Sending congratulations to Victoria is one thing; taking part in a procession, in memory of the fat and fickle Henry, for instance, is another.

As some Catholic put it recently: Suppose a lawless element in Washington should erect a statue to the traitor Benedict Arnold, and, thirty thousand in line, march past the White House.

Is it probable that the president would enjoy such a demonstration, a direct insult to him and to all loyal citizens?

It is safe to say that he would take a run over to Lakewood instead of prostrating himself upon the carpet, to gnash his teeth and rend his beard because Arnold escaped to England before he could lay hands on him, or because the distinction of helping André off with his traitorous boots was denied him.

Then Miss Dodge worries because Catholic Christendom takes the Holy Father literally when he tells them of his being a prisoner, when there he has "not only a palace but a series of palaces," comprising, according to Lady Murray's actual count, 15,000 rooms, while 1,600 persons are required to keep up the style of the Vatican, etc.

"It is dishonest," she sobs, "to call himself a prisoner. Devout persons in remote corners of the Catholic world to-day are cherishing a wisp of straw as a part of the hard bed to which the Holy Father is reduced!"

Must royalty sleep upon feathers if it really prefers straw for reasons occult to an unmortified person?

Only recently Leo XIII., the Visible Head of the Roman Catholic Church, and Queen Victoria, Visible Head of the Church of England, celebrated an anniversary memorable to each. I subjoin a few words upon those two occasions which appeared in the secular press from the pen of Mary E. Blake, an intelligent Catholic writer:—

"Her Majesty has doubtless a perfect legal right to bury her treasures where she pleases. She may even have the moral right to roll them up in lavender, and bequeath them, with the rest of her temporal possessions, to the direct descendants of her august line, with stone walls and supercilious lackeys to keep them from the eyes of the world. But how poor and paltry the action looks when compared with that of the anointed ruler who shared with her the glory of fifty years of service!

"To the Pope of Rome also came jubilee and thanksgiving: His people over the earth laid before him gifts and rendered him homage. The wealth and skill of the world were strained to the uttermost to do him reverence. What use does he make of it all? Does he, like Victoria, greedily fill the marble halls of the Vatican with the splendor which is undoubtedly his? Or does some nobler understanding of the duty of power rest with him—some clearer consideration of the divine right of kings to show humanity the royal virtues of kindness, of generosity, of unselfishness? The daily press has already given us the answer.

"The Pope gave to the churches of Rome whatever treasures were fitted to add beauty to the service of God; to the museums whatever could train to delight and perfection the artistic sense of his people; and to the charitable institutions throughout Italy the millions of money which the millions of his people had provided for him."

Miss Dodge affirms that "the Roman world is learning to do very well without a Pope it never sees."

Statistics prove that the American Catholic world has flourished remarkably also, and it never sees the Pope.

If Miss Dodge will not consult Catholic writers, past or present, Guizot and Rauke, though opponents of the Church, could enlighten her upon the Papacy, which subject they have studied as an historic fact at least.

But these subtle questions are more intelligently treated by those writers who have purchased knowledge by the coin of experience. An eminent ecclesiastic in a Catholic periodical of recent issue says: "The Pope is the head of an immense and living organism, necessary just as much as a similar organism is necessary for the preservation of civil society. Spiritual rule does not mean the government of souls in the abstract, or hovering about like angels; but it means a rule of men with bodies and senses, and every kind of human interest in matters which, it is true, relate directly but not exclusively to their souls."

It was the introduction of the interviews of the deceitful Pole with the Holy Father which gave me something of a shock. If Miss Dodge had friends at court, she certainly had not a friend at the papal court. She encountered some deserters and got such information as might have been expected from such a tainted source. That venal element of the aristocracy is not peculiar to Italy, however, as recent developments have shown. She allows readers of the displeasing Polish episode to infer that she approved rather than condemned the sentiments of the Pole, else why was it introduced?

A courteous and refined host was not harmed by the ungrateful flings of a vulgar visitor who sadly needed a whetstone for the sharpening of his wit. And now we come to her meeting with the young monk of Chatreuse. "He was a brawny six-footer, broad-shouldered,—a great, placid ox of a creature," etc., etc.

We have heard all sorts of adjectives, complimentary and otherwise,—largely otherwise,—heaped upon the monks who treat visitors with unflinching kindness and hospitality; but, if I may be permitted a little classic pun, I think Miss Dodge has given us the *bos* adjective thus far.

With Miss Dodge is a nameless nymph whom the ox regarded with "no hostility," she avers,— "a nymph whose "youth, straightforward simplicity, directness, earnest and intelligent vivacity" seemed to awaken a passing interest even in the ox, on whose head there was not a single bump of thought; not a ray of reflection in his large, dark eyes; not a line of introspection in his healthy, handsome face."

It is the misfortune of that class of tourists who have the fatal gift of heaven,—a sensitive soul,—and who are therefore more keenly alive to defects than to positive merits, to return to their native sod emotionally withered.

If a monk be fat and healthy-looking, he eats too much. If diaphanously inclined, he's one of those idiots who starves himself doing penance for his sins. The nymph asks him a leading question: "How do you occupy yourselves all day long?"—"We lead *la vie contemplative*."

Whereat Miss Dodge indulges in much gentle raillery of this sort: "*Bless his heart! So does a cow.*"

Then her imagination becomes a divining-rod. The monk knows nothing—nothing whatever—about the historic ground upon which they stand, beyond a few dates.

Miss Dodge knows it all, and forthwith gives us a specimen of lucubratory erudition from the guide-book, very florid, very amusing; and "the great, placid ox of a creature" stands by and hears it all for the first time. Ah, my American tourist! do not for one instant dream that the young monk was not, in his turn, noting your absence of certain desirable bumps,—your absence of lines denoting introspection of the right sort.

Is there anything ridiculous about a life of contemplation?

Does Miss Dodge know the meaning of *la vie contemplative*?

I think not. Here is a beautiful definition given by Cardinal Manning:—

"Meditation is the patient thought of wisdom musing upon divine things."

Prayer and action are so akin that their double action need never interfere the one with the other.

The venerable scholar above quoted lives *la vie contemplative*. This fact did not prevent him from going forth among the turbulent multitudes in London, recently, and saying gently, "Peace;" and it was still.

That brave young martyr who is this very hour on her way to devote her life to the lepers of Molokai lived also *la vie contemplative*, nor will she cease to do so, no matter how arduous her duties there.

Tennyson gives us an exquisite poem of St. Simon Stylites, that "sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud," as he beautifully describes him; and, while we linger over its beauty, someone smites

the gracious silence with a refined criticism upon the uncleanness of the Saint. There must always be someone to give weight to smoke, to ridicule the incidental at the expense of the substantial. Old Ben Jonson was more respectful; had more reverence in his nature.

"I never read," he exclaims, "of a hermit, but, in imagination, I kiss his feet; nor of a monastery, but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."

I had just been reading the noble utterances of a cultivated traveler who made monasteries and monks the objects of twenty years' close studies,—the Count de Montalembert, whose "Monks of the West" is such a delight and a mine of information. To come down to the flings of Miss Dodge in her undignified treatment of the same subjects was like hearing a beginner upon a melodeon after emerging from a majestic cathedral at whose noble organ sat a master.

How vastly different is her style from Châteaubriand or Mrs. Jameson in writing of religious institutions! I have known instances wherein the flowers of Miss Dodge's wit were whiter and more abundant.

Be very sure there were thoughts of wisdom in the mind of the "great, placid ox of a creature" undreamed of in her worldly philosophy.

"Far better, in its place, the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph, strayed, should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

The eminent scholars whose giant intellects were the only lights in the darkness of ages; whose thoughts were the glorious torches that lighted souls through the dark and winding corridors of centuries; who have bequeathed to us a matchless, luminous literature, all lived *la vie contemplative*.

Bossuet, Bourdaloue, de Maistre as well, and still more modern writers of to-day who are "adding honor to ancestral honors,"—have they not lived a life of meditation?

Rather than read St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, the great St. Bernard, St. Tersea, St. Thomas Aquinas, and countless other illustrious authors, Miss Dodge, and many more from whom we look for better things, prefer to consult writers whose intellects

have scarcely taken the first step in the career of knowledge, yet fancy they already know everything; "pretending to know all things, except the *nescio*—'I know not'" (St. Bernard's reproof to Abelard).

The writings of those master-minds who wrote for the glory of God and not for human praise is—

"Knowledge ordained to live (although the fate
Of much that went before it was to die),
And be called ignorance by such as wait
Till the next drift comes by."

In her paper earlier mentioned, upon "Catholicism and the Public Schools," there were some excellent and memorable things. I quote one:—

"It would be better if Protestants would learn the meaning, the use and the weight of words, because it is in the line of right thinking and true culture."

KATE VANNAH.

Gardiner, Me.

THE GLOBE promises to be a distinctively worthy addition to American periodical literature that is eminently valuable and worthy of great popularity. Let us trust it will meet the success that it merits.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE fault of too many of our modern reviews and magazines is that of being impersonal, conventional and diletantish, where they are not frankly partisan. We find a breezy and refreshing change in the hearty, aggressive and often defiant tone of THE GLOBE, a new quarterly sent us from Philadelphia, edited and almost wholly written by William Henry Thorne. Mr. Thorne is a man of theological as well as literary antecedents, and writes of "The Infamy and Blasphemy of Divorce," "Saint Paul and Modern Skepticism," and "Jonathan Edwards and New England Willfulness" with the same hearty conviction with which he handles certain points of Browning criticism and "the republican outrage in Brazil." Pitched in such a key, this new enterprise in journalism will certainly catch the public ear, and has set itself a hard task to keep equal with itself.—*The Unitarian Review, Boston.*

EMMA LAZARUS'S "THE POEMS OF ISRAEL."

TWO VOLUMES, 12MO. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON
AND NEW YORK, 1889.

FOR nearly twenty years I have longed for opportunity and ability to say some adequate word in praise of this gifted and inspired woman. Perhaps the delay has been providential. In this generation it is hardly safe for a man to praise a woman until she is dead and no longer in need of praise.

While I was young in the ministry, the poems of Emma Lazarus smote my nerves much as a strong south wind from the sea might smite the strings of a harp finely strung and suspended in the air. After a generation of exacting and critical work, much of which has had a tendency to banish the angels of poetry and faith out of my blood, I find that these poems of the Hebrew maiden have not lost a shadow of their charm for me; that the contact between the spirit which breathes in them and my own spirit is as vivid and vital as ever; that the old music re-awakens at her touch, making all nature for the hour wholly divine.

I can not recall that I ever had a desire to meet or become acquainted with Emma Lazarus. My recollection on that head is that I had always thought of her as an angel, in a sense—above me, and out of my sphere, for the time. I had, however, very distinctly formed an image of her in my mind, photographed, beyond question, by the real soul of her as it permeated her songs; and the marvel to me now is, and was, especially last year, when I first saw her portrait in Volume I. of these books, that the real face answers fully and beautifully to my old vision of her, except that the lips are a little fuller and hardly as delicate as I had dreamed. This, however, may only be a weakness in the well-executed engraving before me, in which, to close inspection, the inner, finer lines of the mouth are a phantom of ineffable, sweet sadness, mated only by the full and tender light of her eyes. Indeed, the whole face is one of quiet but immortal power, worth, I take it, if she had only lived and breathed without writing a word,—worth all the termagant faces that have crowded the lands of the Ama-

zons, caroused at Sorosis and screamed for the ballot and for lawful pantaloons.

What is still more surprising to me is that this very face, though unknown to me, has once and again, in real life, met my own, winning from my eyes the homage that chastened beauty always inspires.

"Born July 22, 1849; Died November 19, 1887." This is the simple announcement which precedes a somewhat fanciful but loving biographical sketch of Emma Lazarus in these volumes,—sketch written originally for the *Century Magazine*. Thirty-eight years of beautiful aspiration; a little over twenty years of faltering, imperfect utterance of the old melody of eternal righteousness, most harps on which have been hung on the willows for some generations now; a beautiful, undying inspiration for ages yet to come, as echo of all this; and a translation among such seraphs as God only knows.

Let Ingersollism, secular education, pettifogging divorce vipers, *Banner of Light* ghosts and a universe of ballot-box, termagant female speech-makers match such a life in a million years! Let them only dare to try, and so, in truth only so, will their dull eyes be opened. There are reforms and reforms in this world, but there is no known reform that will take the place of the inspiration which comes alone from the Holy Spirit of God. Like all beautiful modern souls, Emma Lazarus was enamored of the dreams of Greek mythology; and, like most of them, she tried her hand at imitation. No light, no full utterance in that line. A man can not well take in or express his visions of Sir Launfall, much less of Apollo, Aphrodite or Daphne, while planning speeches on how to manufacture wooden nutmegs, protect them by high-tariff laws and sell them for real at exorbitant prices to—greenhorns. Ours is a classic age only in—Mr. Howells's fiction. Emma Lazarus was still less made to adorn the epicurean skirts that Fanny Osgood had patched with considerable skill. No doubt Sappho was a bright girl, and Walt Whitman might have smiled upon her if he had been living in her day, and could ever have opened his eyes long enough to look at anything but his own coarse personality. So the Gilders might have given him immortal praise. Emma Lazarus was made of finer stuff than these, and the heart-blood in her had, for thousands of generations, thrilled to a finer law than the best Greek ever knew. All are not Israel that are of Israel. To me this new voice in our hyena wilderness

is a Hebrew of the Hebrews,—as touching the law, an inspired, new prophetess of the Eternal. When budding into womanhood she fell under the influence of Emerson and New England Transcendentalism; became acquainted with the Emersons; was beautifully welcomed by them, as she and they all deserved: but she took more to Concord on her own lips and in those rich Hebrew eyes than all Concord, including Mr. and Miss Alcott, had to give her in return.

I am only touching these points to say more earnestly that, like the rest of us, she simply fought her way through all this to a clearer utterance of her own burning word; that this word was from first to last the prophet's word,—the newest and holiest voice of Israel to these godless days,—a voice compared with which that of Disraeli, trumpet-toned, while plucking India for Victoria, or of the Rothschilds, gold-crowned, while financiering the world, and all the voices of poor rabbis, called "radical" and "liberal" in our time, are the merest babblings and chatterings of apes in the wayside woods of infidelity and crime.

I am not writing or intending to write a biography of this woman: I desire simply to emphasize her claims upon the hearts of such readers of *THE GLOBE* as may, so far, have missed or undervalued her power. I intended to do this for the second number of *THE GLOBE*, but Mr. Cothran's article on Richard Realf came to take the place I always wish to give to some choice spirit that has blessed the world.

A few selections, with the slightest of words to weave them together, will best serve the purpose I have in mind. Whether Emma Lazarus touched nature, art, philosophy, history or the religious instinct, she immediately touched the soul of it; wrought music into it; and so, being a born poet, wreathed the world with smiles. This at random:—

Gray earth, gray mist, gray sky :
 Through vapors hurrying by,
 Larger than wont, on high
 Floats the hornèd, yellow moon
 Chill airs are faintly stirred,
 And far away is heard,
 Of some fresh-awakened bird,
 The querulous, shrill tone.

* * * *

Sweet, empty sky of June without a stain,
 Faint, gray-blue dewy mists on far-off hills,

Warm, yellow sunlight flooding mead and plain,
 That each dark copse and hollow overfills;
 The rippling laugh of unseen, rain-fed rills,
 Weeds delicate-flowered, white and pink and gold,
 A murmur and a singing manifold.

Always a murmur with her singing, if you please; this, however, only proving her closer kinship with the radiant, eternal soul of nature, which ever murmurs while it sings. Always, too, some slight faltering, if you please, as in the last two stanzas of the first quotation; never the full and perfect flow of her abundant soul: but, if Emerson or Lowell or Holmes, who are taken for poets in Boston, had, any one of them, or all of them together, —kneaded into one and shaken in the sunlight for ages,—ever had eyes and lips to see and speak of nature in such words, all New England, even to its shoe and shoddy factories, would be on its knees in worship of these excellent gentlemen at this very hour. But Emma Lazarus was not of New England birth, and so she is to be "admired, not followed"—like the rest of us, if you please; and as for worship, most New Englanders are still a company of ladies and gentlemen "without a religion but seeking a new one." Let us help them to find it. As good Mrs. Browning said, "Ever by symbols and slow degrees, Art, child-like, climbs to the dear Lord's knees." Poetry, this, too, to the core; but we run it in prose to avoid all rivalry here. By still slower degrees does true religion cover the heart of the world. The world would have art to-day—classic art, if you please; but there never was true art without religion. Next to nature, Emma Lazarus touched the classic side of life. One touch she called "Admetus," and dedicated "To my friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson." Here is the first verse:—

He who could beard the lion in his lair,
 To bind him for a girl, and tame the boar,
 And drive these beasts before his chariot,
 Might wed Alcestis. For her low brow's sake,
 Her hair's soft undulations of warm gold,
 Her eyes' clear color and pure virgin mouth,
 Though many would draw bow or shiver spear,
 Yet none dared meet the intolerable eye,
 Or lipless tusk, of lion or of boar.
 This heard Admetus, King of Thessaly,
 Whose broad, fat pastures spread their ample fields
 Down to the sheer edge of Amphrysus' stream,

Who laughed, disdainful, at the father's pride
That set such value on one milk-faced child.

So the old Greek mythology is wrought into English verse by a Hebrew prophetess,—a strange enough combination, if one will linger a moment to consider how things came to such a pass. But what I have to note here is that this maiden's classic lines are as good as Milton's,—better far than the work of any American poet in this line,—and still are so elaborate in what I will call their beastly realism that they well-nigh miss the soul of the old allegory. A million Greeks would face a boar where one would face his own lust and down it. The ideal Admetus, the ideal Gaudama tried, and so became kings of maidens and of men. But Emma Lazarus herself was our Alcestis, and no modern Admetus won her. Still, Amélie Rives and Ella Wheeler and Jennie June were won—were they? Hush! the age is classic and ideal.

I had not intended to touch another line revealing this woman's sight of nature, but the first few verses of "Phantasies" ("after Robert Schumann"), showing how the German world element had moved her, are too tempting.

Rest, beauty, stillness; not a waif of cloud
From gray-blue east sheer to the yellow west—
No film of mist the utmost slopes to shroud.
The earth lies grave, by quiet airs caressed,
And shepherdeth her shadows, but each stream,
Free to the sky, is by that glow possessed,
And traileth with the splendors of a dream
Athwart the dusky land. Uplift thine eyes
Unbroken by a vapor or a gleam.

These things are all beautiful, but man is ever the greatest study of woman as well as of man, and this Hebrew maiden was no child. Would we talk of *Gifts*, of heredity, of evolution, of natural law? Would we be faithless, agnostic, scornful? Rather, let us look again at the Giver of gifts unto men as seen by this new seer of our own days. It is an old story, but it seems to me never so sharply and beautifully told as by the woman I am only trying to praise.

"O World-god, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and Pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mast and sheet,
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,

Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
 Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
 Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-god, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
 His prayer was granted. All the earth became
 Plastic and vocal to his sense: each peak,
 Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
 Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
 The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
 Of the immortal marble, his the play
 Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
 Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
 A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-god, give me power!" the Roman cried.
 His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
 A captive to the chariot of his pride.
 The blood of myriad provinces was drained
 To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
 Invulnerably bulwarked every part
 With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.
 Within the burrowing worm hath gnawed its home,
 A roofless ruin stands where once abode
 The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O Godhead, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.
 His prayer was granted. He became the slave
 Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
 Cursed, hated, spurned and scourged, with none to save.
 The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
 His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
 Beauty he hath foresworn, and wealth and power.
 Seek *him* to-day, and find in every land.
 No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
 Immortal, through the lamp within his hand.

Although we might leave this as touching the climax of the woman's power, I am tempted to quote in full "The Banner of the Jew," and then, with the briefest word on these last two quotations, bid this choice spirit adieu.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
 The glorious Maccabean rage,
 The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
 His five-fold lion-lineage:
 The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
 The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.
 From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
 Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrines

Laid waste where Greeks profaned the law,
 With idol and with pagan sign.
 Mourners in tattered black were there
 With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
 A blast to ope the graves: down poured
 The Maccabean clan, who sang
 Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
 Five heroes lead, and following, see,
 Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
 To blow a blast of shattering power,
 To wake the sleepers high and low,
 And rouse them to the urgent hour!
 No hand for vengeance—but to save,
 A million naked swords should wave.

Oh, deem not dead that martial fire,
 Say not the mystic flame is spent!
 With Moses' law and David's lyre,
 Your ancient strength remains unbent.
 Let but an Ezra rise anew,
 To lift the banner of the Jew!

A rag, a mock at first—ere long,
 When men have bled and women wept,
 To guard its precious folds from wrong,
 Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
 Shall leap to bless it and to save.
 Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

“The Crowing of the Red Cock,” which gives us her Hebrew sight of the Christ problem, is just as intense, soulful and profound; but I must not quote the whole volumes. “The Banner of the Jew” is as real and grand in its way as poor Burns’s “Scots, wha ha’ wi’ Wallace bled,” and the spirit or meaning of it is infinitely finer and deeper. And her four visions of the *gifts* of the nations, in response to clear, uttered or unuttered prayer to their God, are among the broadest, fullest, grandest utterances of ancient or modern world-poetry.

I advise every reader of the English language to procure these volumes and read them night and morning, in the place alike of Ingersoll idiocy, Howells’s fiction and Spurgeon’s and Talmage’s sermons, not to mention Fawcett and the *Police Gazette*.

W. H. T.

A MODERN MOLOCH, AND ITS DESTROYER.

A REVIEW OF CURRENT QUESTIONS TOUCHING POPULAR EDUCATION.

NORSE folk-lore abounds with tales of the exploits and mischiefs of an evil divinity whose spiteful deeds at last provoked the vengeance of the gods in Asgard. As a penalty, he was bound with chains in a deep and dismal cavern, where a serpent, suspended above his head, discharged its venom, drop by drop, upon his unprotected face. To alleviate his torment, his wife was allowed to sit by his side and catch the falling drops of venom in a cup; but as often as she carried it away to empty it the fiery drops again descended on him, causing him to howl with horror and contort his body with such violence that the whole earth shook.

The deserved fate of Loki seems to have been turned, by some malignant destiny, upon the beneficent spirit of the American public, or at least upon the New England portion of it. The serpent, whose sinuous folds are ever before the eyes of this fettered deity, is the Roman Catholic hierarchy; and the periodic howl of horror, with contortions that convulse the pillared firmament, is due to the envenomed drops of Jesuit hostility to the system of public schools. The cry of terror has been raised by the religious press under such startling editorial captions as "Breakers Ahead!" Pulpit and platform have rung out violent alarms, and the tumultuous echoes have scarcely died away of a commotion which has shaken "the Hub of the Universe" with seething indignation and frenzied speech and turbulent assemblies, and ballots underscored with the blatant resolve that no Roman Catholic nor weak-kneed Protestant should serve on a Boston school board.

But it is just possible that this public school question has two sides to it, blasphemous as the suggestion may seem; and, now that the ballot-box has again intercepted the dreaded venom of Rome long enough to calm the paroxysm of terror, a bit of rational discussion, in a spirit that does not shrink from looking the problem squarely in the face, is one of the plainest duties of the

hour. Of empty and excited alarms about Roman hostility to our public schools we have had more than enough. The patient public have had a surfeit of pretended information about Jesuit plots and plans against the school system, from the lips and pens of mechanical vaticinators who seem ignorant of what all the world knows,—that the Roman hierarchy is open and honest in its avowal of enmity to the said system; and now, perhaps, the same public are ready to welcome a little information and calm reason in reference to the public schools themselves.

If our schools are worth anything, they are worthy of the most judicial and painstaking criticism; yet all criticism of them is traditionally adjudged insane or treasonable. The public school system is implicated so inseparably with the subtlest vital functions of the nation's life that patriotic citizens are not disposed to tolerate a word about it that is not saturated with encomium and steeped in unsuspecting confidence. It has been aptly called "the stomach of the nation;" and the gratuitous information that the functions of the stomach are seriously deranged is apt to be esteemed impertinent. It smacks too much of pills and the cupidity of the patent-medicine vender. Yet all true social criticism is as friendly as it is unwelcome. "The truths we least like to hear are those which it is most for our advantage to know."

With public schools, as such, there can be no quarrel; but the administration of the schools makes a difference. The wisdom or necessity of education for her citizens, at the expense of the State, admits of no question; but what is meant by "education," and the kind of education furnished, are matters that might better be inquired into.

The thing that goes by the name of "Education" is the most overshadowing and remorseless idol in this land. For at least a generation it has received the most extravagant, and oftentimes the most unintelligent, homage ever paid to any created thing by a civilized people. It has been proclaimed, with unvarying emphasis, as the only thing that could avert the fate of all former republics. Every Macaulay, who has ventured to predict a horde of domestic Huns and Vandals that will overwhelm us, has been triumphantly silenced by Brougham's assertion that the schoolmaster is abroad and will take care that no incipient barbarian be left to menace or disturb our peace and social order.

Well, the schoolmaster has had his way. Popular "Education"

has had the floor undisputed for a time whereto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Everything, without exception or question, that has been asked for it in its interest and behoof has been granted with cheerful and unsparing liberality. And lo! a chorus of alarmed and threatening voices raises the warning note that already the barbarians are abundantly in sight and surging up around our very doors. Peripatetic "alliances," misnamed "Evangelical," nervously inquire of each other what they must do to be saved from the ignorant and anarchic "masses," how the "dangerous classes" are to be "reached," and what the Church must do to get the ear of "the masses," those multitudes of average individuals whom we all, for so many years, have been so expensively educating into model citizenship.

Of course poor Gradgrind has told us that the dangerous classes are foreigners "not yet assimilated," and all that. But Mr. Hewitt has proven, amid unanimous applause and approval, that not more than one in ten of our foreign-born citizens is a socialist, a criminal or a dangerous person; and that the other nine, who are well-disposed and desirable citizens, may be safely trusted to take care of that one. And, until we cease to believe Mr. Hewitt's assertion, we may calmly tolerate the platitudinizations of Gradgrind without wasting a breath in reply. "But," says Gradgrind, "the point is not that the masses are socialistic or criminal: they are irreligious. One-third of the population never attend church. The portentous danger is not their socialism or their crime so much as their irreligion!" Precisely. That *is* the point. And "education," after all, is not all-sufficient, although Gradgrind has told us, and still tells us, that it is "the only hope of the Republic."

Verily, it is time that all this outworn cant and twaddle about education should cease, and that the real work of genuine education should be in some worthy manner begun. In all these years of sophomoric declamation upon the benefits of education and its saving efficacy in popular governments, it has never occurred to any of the wordy sophomores to state, or even to inquire definitely, what they mean by education, and what the popular idea of it is. But all this can be stated very simply. By education in these days is meant, on the one hand, the stuffing of the mind with a hodge-podge of undigested, incoherent fact and information; and, on the other hand, the sharpening of the intelligence and the strengthen-

ing of the mere understanding, to the neglect of the high behests of character, and of the interests of a thoroughly developed manhood. Its products are not character, but conceit; not stability, but smartness; not godlike men and divine women, but politicians who would circumvent God, and sentimental atheistic casuists who would argue his eternal verities out of existence. It is the golden image which the gilded mammonism and inflated pride of the time have set up, with the command that all the people shall bow down and worship. Nay, rather it is the abomination of Chemosh, in the fires of whose insatiable demands their children are being annually offered by the hecatomb; and in return it is expected to furnish the gaudy paraphernalia of our modern Vanity Fair. It is intended to turn out men who are always on the make, and women who are always on show. There is no thought of God in it, nor of devotion to his truth. If its methods are confessedly "narrow and mechanical," let it be likewise acknowledged that its results are meretricious and superficial.

The specific counts in this indictment are not far to seek. What sort of practical preparation for the sober realities of life, for the active strain and competition of the world's work, has been acquired by the pale-cheeked, white-handed son of a mechanic or day-laborer from his fifteen years of free-school life, spent in studying all the ologies? Of what value are the few formulas he has committed in his trigonometry, his meager collection of Greek roots and the chemical definitions he has conned without experiments? He is largely unfitted for productive labor by an acquired distaste for honorable toil. About one in every twenty of him is a physical wreck from St. Vitus'-dance or other nervous disorganization induced by overwork. The chances are five to eighteen that he is near-sighted or weak-eyed or color-blind. His undeveloped mind has been crammed day after day with the dry and dull details of a dozen difficult subjects until his equally undeveloped body has broken down under the burdensome "educational" lumber and routine. "English as She is Taught" is the soberest and saddest volume that has seen the light in many a day.

As for the female pupils, if there are any legitimate conditions in modern life better calculated to disqualify the average girl for the duties and responsibilities of home, and to excite dissatisfaction with her lot in life, together with an idle contempt for domestic activities, than the atmosphere and training of the average town

and city school, it would be interesting to know what those conditions are. There are no *poor* girls in the public schools above the intermediate grade, if dress is any indication. The poorest are gotten up with as many furbelows as the richest; and the taste for competition in the display of dress, with the show of luxurious living developed among the poor from this source, has wrecked the happiness and the dawning prosperity of more homes through ruinous extravagance than can be known or numbered. What sort of encouragement is offered to the homely virtues of industry, frugality and prudence, and especially to the womanly, domestic traits of meekness, patience and love, in an atmosphere of mind and example reeking with the exhilarating scents of vain display and of contempt for the daily economies and common duties of life?

Yet all individual and social welfare is absolutely dependent on the cultivation and the exercise of these fundamental elements of character; and the State has no more right to assume that these virtues will be effectually inculcated in the home than she has to take for granted that "the three R's" will be efficiently taught there. But it might as well be admitted, first as last, that the current popular ideal of education utterly ignores the value and requirements of character, whether in its higher or its lower, its individual or its corporate, phases. And our educational machinery will not become a distinct and positive force in the production of character until the public conscience shall come to recognize and value character as the supreme force in life. That the cultivation of character is not an end proposed by our public school system, and therefore not an end realized by it, goes without saying. Numberless men and women of highest character have been taught in our public schools, but they got their character elsewhere than in those schools, and in a measure despite their influence. I have lived at various times in five widely separated states. My calling has necessitated a very close familiarity with the conditions of village life, and the character of village schools in all of them; yet I have never known a village where I could cheerfully send one of my little children to the common schools. The moral atmosphere is too debilitating, not to say pestilential. I once made this statement in an association of clergymen, and it was echoed, with but one exception, by all the members present. I was not surprised. The degradation of juvenile character, the growth of pro-

fanity, obscenity, rude turbulence and vulgar disrespect, from the promiscuous mingling of children in all stages and degrees of culture, no-culture and debasement, with no countervailing or corrective influence in the school, is more than can be readily imagined by one not familiar with the facts. But most clergymen are familiar with the facts.

And the remedy? There is no remedy in sight; certainly not in state normal-schools, given over to the idolatry of method, and driveling on in endless refinements of drill, to the utter oblivion alike of principles and of their application, and neither making any account of the teacher's individuality nor showing him how to touch and inspire the individuality of the pupil. The normal-school is but the brain of the idol.

No more can be hoped for from religion in the schools. Religion must still be resolutely ignored. "Education" is the talismanic cure-all for every evil disease that can attack the republican body politic, and religion can have nothing to do with education *because education has nothing to do with character*. This last is the suppressed premise to be read between the lines of all the wordy and high-sounding enthymemes we hear about the saving virtue of intelligence in a republic, and the evils of uniting Church and State. Character is left out of education, therefore God is ruled out of school. Let us have done with that lying apology that our schools are godless because Rome has made them godless. If the people of this land had valued godly schools, or wanted them, Rome nor no power on earth or in hell could have made our schools godless. Our schools are godless because godlike men are at a discount in our public aims. And no wonder; for character is conceived to be the product, not of education but of religion; and religion is synonymous with emotional revivalism. Character, such as it is, is supposed to result from an explosive or convulsive crisis in emotional experience called "conversion." Of course, then, we, the Christian public, need not concern ourselves about the relation of education to character. Churches and their "revivals" will take care of character with no help or oversight from the State. Revivalism is the antithesis of Christian education, and its prevalence as the normal method of the religious life and growth presupposes either the virtual absence of religious training or the belief in its utter insufficiency. The two methods are mutually exclusive. If Christian nurture in the apostolic conception of it were universal,

revivalism in the current usage of the word would be impossible. And, until the Christian public shall come into a more worthy idea of the true nature and method of the spiritual life, the introduction of religious forces as a factor in our educational processes must remain impracticable. But how could the affair be managed, anyway? The churches claim a monopoly of right and authority to teach Christianity. Rome consistently goes farther than Protestant bodies, in claiming the exclusive right to teach on any subject, because religion is related to all subjects, and all teaching has its bearing upon religious character. Christianity is so entangled with ecclesiasticism that it can never become a factor in school life so long as a multitude of churches exist, each claiming the exclusive right to teach and interpret it. Even were there but one church in the nation, it could never be admitted to a share of State authority as a teacher of youth. The hateful tyrannies engendered in the past by the delegation of State authority to the Church, the bloody autocracies of Rome and Geneva, the twin despotisms of Strafford and Laud, the abominations of Presbyterian supremacy in Scotland and of Puritan absolutism in Massachusetts, the blood and the anguish of uncounted generations caused by priestly oppression, have made it for ever impossible in the future that teachers of religion should be entrusted with the sanctions of State authority in any department of human life.

The State has, indeed, no interest in church catechisms, but she has an interest in Christian character. She has, therefore, tried to look out for the ends of character by giving school instruction upon the principles of morality. But, unfortunately, abstract ethics has never yet produced any great amount of concrete virtue, and it never will. The same is true of theological abstractions. And this is an added reason why the churches should never be allowed to direct the teaching of religion in the schools. They would simply put forth a system of abstractions as the substance of Christianity,—the existence of God, future rewards and punishments, a theory of atonement, etc. But character can never be promoted in humanity by the inculcation anywhere of such metaphysical and abstract dogmas along traditionally simulated lines of scientific method. Christ alone is Christianity; and to teach metaphysical dogmas instead of Christianity can never be productive of anything but harm. In the personality of Christ, and in that only, there is a rock of spiritual fact that can never crum-

ble. In the production of character it is the living personality, the quickening spirit, the concrete example and influence only that can work with telling and lasting effect. The only kindling and creative force in the domain of character is character; the only stimulating and inspiring agency in the realm of spirit is spirit.

Hence, if the nation is to be saved, church monopoly of Christianity must be disregarded; the spirit and example of Jesus of Nazareth must be held up and communicated by the teacher in the school as well as by the parent in the home and the priest in the church; his life and character and words must be studied in a way to touch the reverence and enkindle the enthusiastic affection of the pupils; the personal and sympathetic forces of the Spirit must be breathed into the abstract principles of right and virtue by revealing them as impersonated in his superlatively great and glowing example; God and his glory must be made a living fact by means of the concrete character of the Christ, which will happen only when the teacher shall reflect in character and influence the spirit and example of Christ through all the living intercourse of daily contact and relation to the taught. Thus and thus only will the glorious and beneficent results of a moral training that is at the same time spiritual, if not technically religious, insure the safety and confirm the hopes of the Republic. And this will come whensoever our Protestantism shall be converted from its metaphysics and its mammonism, its hypocrisy and its priestcraft, to Christ.

Precisely at this point does the papal power maintain its great advantage over all antagonists in the school controversy: it offers a concrete religion instead of a system of dead abstractions. But the concrete reality it offers is the authority of the Church instead of the personal Christ. Rome seemingly makes a most reasonable demand when she sues for schools where religion shall be taught, on the ground that Christianity is the only real and enduring basis of individual character and public security. She submits that paganized schools will soon lead to a pagan civilization, with all its loathesomeness of moral degradation. So reasonable is this, and so manifestly true, that, were it not for the papal interpretation of Christianity, with the principles and aims of the Roman hierarchy avowedly lying back of the demand, there could be no question. The Roman position and claims have, therefore, this vast strategic advantage: every defect in our public school system, every fact or

tendency discreditable to the moral value of our educational methods and administration, gives emphasis and point to Rome's demand.

Therefore does the finger of destiny point unerringly to Rome as the swift destroyer of this Moloch of our time—this debased and debasing ideal of education. Roman hostility to public schools will compel an advance to a higher conception of the nature and ends of education, and a consequent transformation of educational methods in order to their justification and permanence. If Rome were wise enough to base her demand for Christian training in the schools on its necessity in the sphere of individual and corporate character, she would be master of the situation, and might well direct our destinies. As it is, she will be nothing more than an unmeaning iconoclast. Her positive and selfish aims will certainly be thwarted. But a higher resultant will emerge from the contact of the forces which are now arraying themselves for conflict on this question, and a loftier goal will be reached than either side has now in view. Christianity has been too long divorced from thought and training, as it has been from life; and, now that it promises to become once more a living principle in men's business and bosoms, we may also hope that it will one day be a vital force in the institutions that mold the men themselves. If the outcome of the approaching shock and turmoil of opinion shall be a more wise and systematic organization of all educational forces, moral, intellectual and spiritual, in orderly and homogeneous relation for the production of a higher type of individual and public character, we can well afford to undergo the labors and the dangers of the strife.

PRESTON BARR.

Lee, Mass.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE is a writer who certainly has the courage of his convictions, whose style is always vigorous and racy, and whose thought is certainly unconventional and not at all confined to what the average man says or thinks. We wish we could as cordially commend Mr. Thorne's judgment as we can praise his literary and logical ability. He is to be enjoyed rather than to be followed. No one can mistake his opinions, or fail to be entertained, if not convinced by them.—*The Boston Herald.*

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

SOME SOCIAL STUDIES. BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. BOSTON :
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 1889.

HERE is a book so chaste and sweet in its spirit and individuality that an angel might have written it, so clean and pure in literary tone that only a scholar could have written it, and yet so unsophisticated, credulous, self-satisfied, and full of cant and contradiction, that one could wish the author had been strapped for fifty years to some papal grindstone, or tied to a good old-fashioned Puritan cart-tail and dragged through the streets, without flogging, if so he might, perchance, have gotten more real insight into human life and the human soul—that is, into the real problems of American society.

The title itself is a very limited one—very exasperating and unsatisfying to the minds of any persons for whom it is worth while to write serious books at all. There are no problems in American society that have not been problems in all civilized society since the world began, and there is no new way of solving them. Mr. Crooker plainly belongs to that species of American religious teachers who, like the tariff and pig-iron people of Pennsylvania, preach and talk and vote on the theory that America is a separate and complete sort of pet asteroid of the sun, and that up and down, yea and nay, do not mean the same things in Boston, or Madison, Wis., that they meant in Athens and Babylon two thousand five hundred years ago. This is only a reflection upon Mr. Crooker's title and attitude. In the body of his book he is far broader than his title. Like every sensible American, he goes abroad for most of his important facts, and his spirit is as cosmopolitan as it is chaste and pure; yet the attitude of his title follows him, as it follows, in one shape or another, the entire school to which he belongs, and forces them all to be, though unconsciously, mere retailers of words, while, with the liberty and culture they enjoy, they ought to be prophets of God.

We open to the preface and to the same old story found in Matthew Arnold's prefaces a quarter of a century ago: "It is evident that a profound change is passing over the world of modern thought;" and, were we inclined to be irreverent, we should say, Blank your world of modern thought! Out with it! Where is it? Let us have it. What do you mean by it? Give us *one* modern thought for a starter, and do not everlastingly talk about a world or the world of it. Ninety-nine per cent of it is mere rehash, simply the conceit of modern thought. But let us have it. Let us follow Mr. Crooker. He is a worthy representative of all the men of his way of modern thinking. Laymen and outsiders, with ears and eyes, who have been in the habit of attending the so-called "liberal" religious conventions—Unitarian and other—these last twenty years, will find in Mr. Crooker the cream of that entire business; and people who have not been in the habit of attending such conventions, but are curious to know how the world of modern thought expects to redeem and glorify humanity, will find in Mr. Crooker an excellent guide, not to redemption but to *modern thought*. Verily, "the student is one whose chief aim is rational development" and more: "the true student lives to discover truth; he grows by learning; he tents by the unknown, to win it to his kingdom. . . . The true student rates material luxuries below the luxuries of thinking; . . . turns from the fleeting show of equipage and costume to that theater of ideal forms,—the imperishable Beauty which inspired Plato, the transcendent Holiness which ravished Isaiah," etc. And the thing for this reviewer to say of all this beautiful idealism is, *first*, Plainly Mr. Crooker has been with Jesus, and learned of him and of his disciples to a certain extent,—not to the fullest extent,—and has no idea of crediting that greatest of idealists with the inspiration so gained; *second*, Mr. Crooker has, without sufficient warrant, reason or explanation, used the term student for the term thinker in picturing his ideal modern gentleman. The term student, in English and American oral and written speech, is usually confined to the younger man while yet on his way to the beautiful dreamland of Mr. Crooker's imagination; and the term thinker is usually applied to the fine fellow he has in mind. Both terms, like that of culture, have become hackneyed in modern fifth-rate literature; and perhaps Mr. Crooker's choice of student for thinker was made to keep his fine phrases consistent with the time of youth, during which such

dreams are dreamed. Thinker, however, is the more select term. The real thinker is altogether a more select person than the student as included in Mr. Crooker's amplification of this idea; *third*, Our author's confusion of his ideal students is far deeper and more serious than this confusion of terms. Plato, for all we know of him at this distance,—and, beyond question, distance lends enchantment to him and to all these old scholars,—was, or seems to have been, nearer to Mr. Crooker's actual ideal than most men. Socrates, however, was much nearer the higher grade of an ideal "student," even as sketched by Mr. Crooker; and, when we find Isaiah's transcendent holiness placed side by side, as if simply on equal terms, with Plato's imperishable beauty, we see, on the other hand, that Mr. Crooker has been with Emerson and unlearned, in favor of Plato, all that he had learned from his grandmothers in favor of Jesus and Isaiah and Paul. Herein is the worm-eaten heart of the kernel of modern thought (so called).

"The true student"—rather, the true thinker—knows very well that, in their comparative attitude toward world-wide, immortal, "*rational development*," there was and remains as great a difference between Isaiah and Plato in their day and generation as there was between Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett in their day and generation. I meant to make the comparison between Phillips and Emerson; but, while Emerson was a pretty shrewd Yankee, with a clear blue eye decidedly to windward, there was in him, by virtue of his Puritan ancestry, more of the element of the true thinker or prophet than there ever was in Plato. So, leaving the comparison as between Phillips and Edward Everett, we have a fairly good approach to the transcendent beauty gentleman and the transcendent holiness man in modern times. Why am I enlarging upon this comparison? Simply to show, by this comparative confusion of ideals, that Mr. Crooker and all the schools of men he so lucidly stands for in the world of modern thought do not either know or appreciate the difference between the student as Emerson, the student as Everett and the student as Phillips in their actual being or in their actual relation to the true and the highest "*rational development*" of mankind; that there was, however, and still remains, a difference broad as heaven and deep as hell. I do not forget that Mr. Crooker speaks of Plato as the representative of imperishable beauty and of Isaiah as the representative of transcendent holiness. What I detect, and have long

detected, in all this kind of talk is that it does not perceive the radical difference, in actual history, between the processes, consecrations and victories of the *rational* development of an Isaiah and a Plato. And I wish to make Mr. Crooker's book the text for emphasizing the eternal difference between these men and their like and all that they stand for and accomplish in all human development. Plato was a philosopher; Isaiah was a prophet—that is, a thinker whose pole-star was conscience, duty, martyrdom, and salvation and atonement thereby. Emerson was a philosopher, with a touch of Puritan orthodoxy in his blood, but essentially a dreamer, and a talker of dreams. Phillips was a prophet—that is, a thinker whose pole-star again was conscience, duty, martyrdom, and salvation thereby. And what I have to add is that this alone is either imperishable beauty or transcendent holiness; that the world of modern thought, in its conceit of rational development, science, culture and the like, does not know this or care the snap of its finger about it; and, on account of this ignorance of the eternal law of essential beauty and holiness, I, while admitting all its fine qualities, pity and despise the world of modern thought as a world of selfishness and dreams. It is not too radical for me: it is simply too stupid and short-sighted.

To bring this thought still clearer to its focus, to its concrete value, let us take other lines from Mr. Crooker's world of modern thought. "The student, as we have been told by an eloquent voice now silent, is one set apart for the study of perfection, whose function is to realize that spiritual freedom which no civil constitution can confer and no ballot can express. . . . The true student is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes in public and illustrious thoughts. He sits in some watch-tower of the universe and interprets the course of the stars," etc. This is all beautiful, and the chapter, if one would not be critical, if one did not see its lapses from nature and history, is beautiful to its close; but throughout there is this confusion between the *mere* student, say of spiders' legs, as in Darwin and Spencer, the *real* student, say of spiders' legs and *more*, as in Browning, Ruskin, Emerson, and the *real, real* student, or thinker, prophet and redeemer, as say in Phillips and Carlyle, in Paul and Jesus and Isaiah of old. The one set of men in both lines are men who live by their thinking, and live well and take things easy; the others live for their thoughts, and mostly die for them

that others may live by them: and to them only, O ye worldlings of modern thought! should ye bow if the Eternal would but open your eyes again.

The world of modern thought, vulture-like, pounces upon such men,—the men who do the real thinking, dying and redeeming for the world of modern thought,—calls them cranks, enthusiasts, dreamers, *doctrinaires*, cynics, pessimists, dyspeptics, and does with them what it wills,—spits upon them, ridicules them, crucifies them as of old, and takes to itself the credit for the rational and other evolution brought about by their death. In due time, not here and now, I will show that the Isaiahs and the Pauls and the Christs of history are differentiated from the Platos and the Emersons of history by a certain quality of blood and nerve and being, a certain contour of the head, a certain physiognomy of eternal, divine generation and regeneration; and that only through the natural-supernatural evolution of this nerve of martyrdom, this sight of God, has the world of modern thought or the world of ancient thought attained any true "*rational development*" worthy the name. A plague upon the mere chattering of your apes in the woods of philosophy! The world has won its rational development, its freedom, through the Christs that have died for us, and are still dying every day. You may laugh at the doctrine of atonement, but it is taking you daily to heaven or hell—to eternal heaven or eternal hell. This is what Mr. Crooker does not see, and hence he credits the philosophers with a glory not their own. If he were alone in this blindness, he and his book would not be worth minding; but he represents a whole school of philosophers,—mere secular, sophomoric admirers of "*imperishable beauty*" (so called),—who are usurping the places that belong alone to the true priests and prophets of God and the human soul. I do not here class Mr. Crooker or his fellows with the mere scoffing secularists of the Ingersoll species; nor the philosophical secularists of the Messrs. Buckle and Draper species; nor with the professional secularists represented by John Darby and Ike Marvel; nor with the novelistic society-saviours represented by Howells, James, Fawcett and Company; much less with the army of journalistic redeemers of society. Mr. Crooker and his book are better than these. They are all in large measure unmindful alike of the true laws of imperishable beauty and of transcendent holiness. Like the fatted and golden calves of mammon, they are, in the main,

working for hire, and get the wages they seek, like the rest of us. It is because Mr. Crooker and his book stand apart from all these, and represent a certain seriousness of effort to look into and solve the problems of modern society, that we are giving him our attention. His aim is good. My complaint is that by his confusion of heroes and terms he covers the true ideal of the thinker and hides from the eyes he would instruct the real faces of the true prophets of the human soul. Chapter II., on "Scientific Charity," is full of the same fallacy. Our scientific charity is the second Moloch of modern conceit. We rob God and the poor to get rich, and then fling at their feet the shreds of our embezzlements and call it benevolence—even charity—yea, scientific charity.

Mr. Crooker is not wholly blind to these inconsistencies. He sees that something deeper is needed than the work of building houses of refuge and colleges of learning out of funds contributed by millionaires who have grown wealthy on the income from houses of prostitution; but, like all dreamers, he imagines some Missouri Compromise bill may be patched up between heaven and hell so the gulf will not be impassable. Page 79: "To use the words of Von Voght, the most effectual means of preventing misery is the better education of the children." Public-school secular education, of course,—this is true scientific charity. And then follows a lot of shop-rubbish wisdom as to how they have been doing these things in Europe and elsewhere for the last fifty or a hundred years, but not a word of the latest news from these very centers to the effect that their free education and their scientific charities are simply making smarter paupers and thieves and murderers than were developed by any old method; hence, as has been clear all along to the true thinker, that these blessings, like Prussian military education, are simply making demons, not men, much less saints, out of modern civilization. The only way to educate better children is to beget better children; and this can be done only by being better yourselves. If you fling at me this saying, How is it in your own case? Physician, heal thyself, I say to you, Wait till the clouds roll by. I am preaching true scientific charity in the face of Mr. Crooker's twaddle of the same. If I have not tried to live my gospel, hang me for a knave, like yourselves. There is no discharge in the war on cant upon which *THE GLOBE* has entered. It is your defeat—the defeat of a thousand things in which you have trusted—or my destruction; perhaps your defeat through my destruction—that is, by the good old way.

Chapter III., on "The Root of the Temperance Problem," though containing much information and good writing, and though in spots approaching the true solution of its "problem," is full of the same incompleteness of view—of actual wrong sight. Buddha, Confucius and Jesus were no temperance cranks. Like all sensible men, both by example and precept, they advised against drunkenness or the use of liquor to excess, and themselves drank wine and encouraged its drinking at times. "And those who sigh for the good old times" need not "forget such facts as these: The father of Jonathan Edwards, himself a minister, bought of one of his own neighbors over eighty barrels of cider-brandy, which he sold in small quantities to his parishioners—in a little country town—during one year; while a hundred years ago New England church-members often drank half a pint of wine apiece at communion!" I think the Quaker method of no communion a decided improvement on the old Puritan half-pint method. I am confident that the Roman Catholic method is better than either, and all scholars know that this was instituted as a reform of the abuse of the Puritan method in apostolic times. On the other hand, it is clear to me that there often might have been more true religious fervor in a good half-pint of Father Edwards's cider-brandy than in whole hogsheads of Dr. Talmage's or Dr. E. E. Hale's printed sermons; in a word, that Brother Crooker misses the mark he is aiming for. He comes nearer the truth, however, on pages 134 and 135, where "the only effectual way, then, to stop intemperance is to regenerate the heart." But does Mr. Crooker know any better what he is talking about on that head—that is, the heart? Did he ever try to regenerate a human heart? Did he ever put himself wholly in the hands of Jesus and ask God to help in the delicate undertaking? Regenerate the heart! Alas! that is the one business that Jesus and the prophets stand for, the one business the modern Church ought to stand for; but how can a man paddle a canoe who has never balanced himself in a shell-boat or a common scow? No, no: adhere to your "modern thought" or take Jesus and the Almighty at their word and obey them utterly—utterly, though you die. Nothing could well excel the sophistry of Mr. Crooker's essay on the temperance problem. Were our forefathers all drunkards? Did Mr. Crooker ever hear of General Grant or Senator Edmunds, etc.? Did he ever dine with the Boston Hasty-Pudding Club?

The climax of this book is reached in the essay on "The Political Conscience." It opens: "Edmund Burke marked a new era in political history by demanding a more strict and thorough application of morality to governmental affairs than it had been thought necessary for statesmen to profess or politicians to practice. His biographer, John Morely,—England's rising statesman,—well says of him," etc. Never mind "England's rising statesman" for the present. What did Burke's rhetoric amount to? Rather, what did Jew Beaconsfield's political trickery, chicanery and shrewdness amount to? What have Gladstone and Morely and Parnell combinations amounted to in the way of enthroning or generating a political conscience worthy the name? Ask the grand old man at this hour what he means by the political conscience and, unless he is too busy writing a conscientious review of some "philosophical" novel, say another "Robert Elsmere," he will put his pious hand upon Brother Talmage's shoulder and assure you that it means such an application of all the known forces of partisan warfare as will defeat the Tories and Unionists and get the Gladstone-Irish crew into power again at the next election. Lay down your Edmund Burke and take up the *London Daily Times* and *Daily News* for a year, Mr. Crooker, together with your New Testament, if you want to know what the political conscience of England stands for and is doing in these late hours.

It is perfectly true, as pointed out by Mr. Crooker (pages 184, 185), that "the supreme forces in a nation's life are its love of justice and its hatred of oppression." But these forces are eternally in the hearts and hands of martyrs and saviours. Take our own national history for example. A hundred years ago the supreme forces among us were concrete in the few fanatic Quakers and Covenanter Presbyterians, who saw that Christ, expressed algebraically to this favored land, was thus: Christ = the abolition of American slavery; or, the cross \times by the gospel = liberty for the slave. The political conscience of this land, meanwhile, took its half-pint of cider-brandy—more or less—at regular communion, paid its pew-rents, stuffed ballot-boxes by open or secret American or Australian methods,—no difference,—paraded its religion in pious speeches on inauguration days and other great occasions, and at heart said that the Quakers and Covenanters and the cross might go to the Devil. The thing to be noted here is that at the proper time it was the political conscience, to the tune of millions of

agony and millions of money, and not the Quakers or the cross, that went to the Devil at all. Fling aside your cant, Mr. Crooker, and face the facts of this universe; or, if you will close your eyes, close your lips also, and set a million other foolish scribblers a good example.

Ask Prince Bismarck what he understands by the political conscience and he will tell you that twenty years ago it meant to browbeat liberal Germany,—its conscience included,—and the Pope, and Austria and France, and the universe, into submission to Krupp guns and Prussian discipline. Ask him what it means to-day and he will tell you it means as gracefully as possible to play second fiddle to his enemies, and to recite with complacency Wolsey's great speech to the lesser Cromwell. Ask good, pious Victoria what the political conscience means and she will tell you, to steal, to steal, to steal, in India, Africa, Australia, Canada, and of every poor Englishman that breathes, but to do it in such Christian fashion that the victim will consider himself favored.

Page 185: "Of this I am profoundly convinced: that the political conscience (as now existing) must give place to a truer and nobler political sentiment and ideal." So am I, Mr. Crooker; but why put the thing in such high-flown language? Why propose a lot of transcendental, Socinian philosophy about civil service reform and the like when you remember, or ought to remember, the raw materials you have to deal with? Mr. Crooker is not blind to certain facts. For instance (page 189), he frankly states that "the spoils system makes our national election a struggle for a \$100,000,000 prize." He does not emphasize the fact that in recent years the party that has tipped the scales on the heavier side of a million dollars for prize-money has won the national election, though not always permitted to enjoy the spoils. And he, like good, dear, innocent George William Curtis, expects to change all this by "civil service reform," competitive examinations and the like. What fools these philosophers be!

Ask James G. Blaine and Company, of Mr. Harrison's cabinet, what they know about the political conscience and they will tell you that, after the blocks of fives and the security of the \$100,000,000 prize for spoils, it means the running of the entire machinery of this greatest nation on the earth so that it shall minister to one's own private ends. Have done with cant, Mr. Crooker, and persuade Brother Hale and Brother Collyer and all your friends to

have done with it. One man "in earnest," real earnest, will send God's lightnings through all your sophistries and bring you "to the foot of the cross" again by and by, where you will learn that "ten times one" is sometimes a good deal more, and at other times a good deal less, than "ten."

Ask the Rev. E. E. Hale what the political conscience really means and he will tell you it means the protection of an inferior American jack-knife, and such advertising of it that it shall sell for more and pass for better than a much superior jack-knife made in Canada, England or Germany. And will any known civil service reform or secret ballot change the disease in that kind of blood, not to speak of the unwashed masses, male and female?

My dear Mr. Crooker, the trouble is not in the "spoils system:" it is in the milk you get in the nursery, and earlier; in the meat you eat, the water you drink, the air you breathe, the lies that are told—unconsciously, of course.

Mr. Crooker's next chapter, and the last I shall notice, is on instruction in our public schools; and, as the Rev. Preston Barr says in this number of *THE GLOBE* the best word, next to Goethe's, that I have ever read on that theme, I shall leave the reader undisturbed to peruse his meditations. It is not a question of the Bible in the public schools, or of God in the Constitution, but a question of truth in the human heart, and how to get it there and keep it there, as a "working hypothesis" in "modern thought" and "American society;" and the problem of the hour is not the secret ballot system, nor the civil service system, nor even divorce, but simply, Will you learn to speak the truth, or be damned by regular, old-fashioned, New Testament methods until each man finds his place in some future mixed-up transmigration of souls? And no amount of fine talk or fine writing or fine dressing, no amount of wealth, no old or new ballot system, can change or shift this problem, or prevent the consequences of falsehood and lust from reaching and destroying our churches, our political machinery, our popular education, our society and our own deluded souls.

W. H. T.

NOTES ON COSMIC AFFINITIES.

THERE is hard, practical truth in the phantasies of the dreamer; there is terrible reality in the wildest delirium; no fancy nor imagination nor so-called illusion ever flowed through a lucid or disordered brain in utter falsehood. Every component part of a mythological god or demon exists in nature; the idols, angels and monsters of theology, art and poetry are simply an ideal or extravagant grouping of entities. Heaven, Hell, Paradise, Purgatory, Nirvana, Happy Hunting-ground, Utopia, and all other conceptions of the ultimate state of mankind, are not without a modicum of truth. But how rare is the union of clear insight and independent thought! Nearly all our distinctions are coarse and barbarous, recognizing the dull show of things and glancing blindly by their secret essences. The poet wants accuracy, the scientist lacks art, the mystic is deficient in logic, the materialist is without intuition. Groping darkly among the relations and analogies of facts suggested by little more than a cave-dweller's experience, we forthwith endeavor to draw and limit within certain arbitrary lines the immense circles of truth. As well might the hold of a vessel be expected to displace the waters of the ocean, or the eagle to hide the Himalayas beneath its wings!

It is not so difficult to embrace the outward, material world, but the inner, esoteric existences baffle and escape us. We discern the effect but do not find the cause. Everything wears a mask. Isis is never unveiled. Thus it is that we go about loaded with old clanking chains of opinion, mistaken for knowledge. When shall we strive to hold direct communion with the soul of things? Many long centuries find unripe memories of Plato, Buddha, Confucius and Jesus. Historians fail to explain the sublime clairvoyance of Napoleon, the rapture of Swedenborg, the ecstasy of the Maid of Orleans, the inspiration of Shakespeare, the seership of Emerson, the calm wisdom and knowledge of Goethe. Who has discovered how the serpent, dog, cricket or dove knows when

and where its mate died ten miles away? With these British Museums, magnificent libraries, famous schools and noble professorships; with all this science, literature, music, invention and art, what is revealed of the mysteries of color, sex, magnetism and spirit? Dear little Puck is ever laughing in his sleeve at us all!

When I feel a mighty current flowing from the immense invisible ocean, I know that my choicest words are but small buckets dipping from the sacred brine. This outward, sensuous existence, this matter in its countless forms and phases, is a sort of quicksilver on the Glass of Infinity, mirroring shadows of the Sovereign Ghost. We feel the phantom glory but can not force its coming or compel its departure. We are its still, wondering or ecstatic prisoners; and if, anon, we strive to learn the character of our Jailor, we are left dumb and trembling in the dark cell of ignorance and doubt. God does not lose himself in mortal states. A poem or symphony shows very well how Jehovah, upon occasion, opens and shuts the door of human life. Beautiful, impalpable, hovering like a halo around the head of an angel, does there flit a divine spirit over great poetry and music,—a mysterious grandeur and might that seem, for a time, to make the solid mountains dissolve, the green sea melt into air, the blue atmosphere pass away into ether and all the tangible universe of matter take on the majestic wings of the Infinite and Eternal!

The high ideals are almost invariably concealed by their possessors and allowed to wander lonesome and unhappy, like churchyard sprites and "sheeted ghosts." Men are afraid of the imps of scorn that guard the utterance of their secret convictions, and generally surrender to tame methods or ignoble conventionalities. So long has man been taught to believe himself surrounded by an unfathomable mystery that he often accepts narrow and foolish limitations to his knowledge, failing to even apprehend the imperial flights of the few elect and inspired spirits of the world. But vainly by any artifice or law shall it be sought to imprison an aspiring soul. As Buddha gave his body to the tigress, as Christ yielded hands and feet to the cross, as Socrates quaffed the hemlock,—the first for re-incarnation, the second for resurrection, the third for immortality,—so, evermore, does the great man know that his true self must, late or soon, rise superior to pain and death—beyond all harm.

The natural condition of sheep to browse, of swine to grovel on

a level with their feet, is to be respected among the lowly purposes of Creation; but how distant is the affinity between these animals and those glad birds that soar away from earth, giving forth their pure music in the wide, invisible heavens! A poor Tartar on the far-off border-land of Siberia is also entitled to devout consideration; but how much nobler is the mental privilege to observe the high estate of a Victor Hugo! Alas that the most exalted minds should be the least understood! Popular ideas, true or false, are old and unoriginal. While the world is full of eccentric or fanatical persons whose notions or deeds expose them to pity or constraint, it should not, because of these, be forgotten that there is a wild, speculative genius—a zealous and untamable dreamer—a mystic discoverer of truth—whose mission is that of a creator and feeder of thought; that he is one foreordained to walk alone, unseen by plodding humanity, on fire with the love of imperishable beauty and the rapturous visions of a sublimer life; and that, though he hunger for bread, he can not journey the common way and produce corn, pork, cotton, wheat and gold. There is, perhaps, not more than one soul in a generation who can triumph over the first and lowest necessities of the body and receive divine illumination. Yet, is there not much fasting and prayer, and innumerable morbid essays, toward this end? The average man can not transcend his environment and the mandates of heredity. For him the theories of “foreordination,” “fate” and “evolution,” in a certain sense, are palpably true. Nor can it be denied that the general tenor of human lives is predetermined from the womb as surely as is the nature of a bird, fish, reptile or beast from the egg. It does not, therefore, without most potent reason, become us to impede the utterance of any man, lest we shut out our own light. Away with the fear that your fair edifice of science, government or religion will crumble into ruin if someone question its foundations! Do not believe that the chemist or astronomer can harm your faith in truth and love; accept both anatomy and metaphysics as aids in a solution of the mysterious soul; dissect and preach, reason and trust.

* * * * *

What is called time and space, subjective and objective, real and ideal, are relative conditions or manifestations of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute. Our limitations, our petty analogies, our illusions of the senses, our lack of seership, cause the vast majority of

mankind to accept the Universe in *fractions*, variously termed gods, Heaven, Hell, Nirvana, Paradise, Purgatory, Spirit, Matter, Force, etc., etc. The parts are mistaken for the whole. Nature, if partially observed, will justify the views of either the materialist or transcendentalist: here, in her coarse, tangible being; there, in her fine, impalpable essence; yonder, in her radiant spheres, islanded in blue immensity, as distinguished from the mystic power that holds them in an imperious sway; anear, in her flora and fauna as contrasted with the subtle cause of their life, forms, attributes and functions. The divine intuitionists of the old *Upanishads* triumphed over this natural error of the human mind and resolved these cosmic affinities into one Sublime Integer, teaching that Brahm is All in One and One in All.

The physical organ of sight, contracted to a narrow circle of exercise, neither enlarged to telescopic grandeur nor refined to microscopic beauty, is too often in conflict with internal vision. Hence it is that the Indian, the naturalist, the astronomer, the poet, accustomed to clearer discernment of Nature, is for ever arriving at spiritual conditions, seeking to harmonize the visible and invisible worlds into one translucent reality. It is because of this perpetual struggle for the adjustment of facts to their basic unit of truth, and of our inability to meet the majestic demands consequent upon universal relationship, that we are restless, sad and preyed upon by the fear of evil and death. O soul athirst for truth, know that one life is not designed to satisfy thee; reason can not meet thy noble aspiration for never-ending omniscience and glory; nothing mortal can follow thy beautiful visions of all that is holy and will not pass away; thou art a phonograph of Deity, whose wondrous tones are beyond the memories of this world!

All men have within themselves a deathless and mysterious sphinx, silent though it be for evermore. Discount the past as a treacherous legend, doubt the future as a will-o'-the-wisp; yet will there come to your spirit to-day, without any expectation whatever, a sense of endless beatitude, an august panorama of divinity. Let me be freed of unbelief and vanity of logic. Let me listen to the Invisible Orchestra and behold the Art-Galleries of Paradise. Let me not tremble to cross that dark Rubicon, where Cæsar and Virgil, Homer and Euclid, meet on common ground; where Shakespeare and Napoleon have no tastes apart.

Let me not fear to journey to the land where music and art, poetry and mathematics, thought and action, are one.

The eternal soul never gains, never loses. There is, in the absolute sense, neither progress nor retrogression, although it may otherwise appear through the shadows of phenomena and time. All things, all thoughts, seem to revolve in cycles. The innumerable photographs made by the spirit, the sublime memories of humanity, are all, in their turns, covered with dust and merged in the Infinite; but none of them is ever lost. No more does one geological period, succeeding another, leave its enduring inscriptions in the heart of the earth than spirit its invisible history. Thought is an entity, memory its record, and likewise a reality. The history of an atom or a thought is coeval with eternity. Do we realize how we are continually deceived by the destruction of forms? that the two indispensable poles of animal and plant organization are life and death? There is everlasting transmutation: the animal was plant, the plant was mineral; the first will be the second and the third again; the tropics have been the polar regions, the frigid zone has been the torrid; there is constant intercourse among the celestial and terrestrial planets.

No organism, plant or animal, no form of mineral, is ever found in a state of complete life or death. The life manifested in man's complex nervous system nightly dissembles certain attributes of death, while the simplest inorganic rock, however durable, is always intimating, in its chemical mutations, a kind of life. Electricity, magnetism, force, motion, the endless affinities of chemicals, and decomposition itself, are each a species of life, and show that the Prime-Mover, in the subtlest disguise, is everywhere at all times.

The food we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the sunlight we imbibe, drawn from the elements, have their correspondence in that Spiritual Reservoir from which our thoughts and sentiments are obtained. There is ceaseless transmigration. The thoughts which compose our spirits are as old as the atoms which constitute our bodies, and are for ever coming and going like the material elements. Yet none need fear that either atom or individual loses its true identity, for both are indestructible as the whole Cosmos.

Regarded in the faint light of time and finiteness, there is sad confusion everywhere, and truth and justice are oftentimes seen as

evil phantoms mocking our suffering or luring us to despair ; but, peering beyond the superficial and limited, the soul is soon convinced that all things, whether in creation or destruction, are at last fairly adjusted. When I eat my succulent vegetables, they might say to me : " We shall some day eat you too, meal for meal ; and our digestion shall be sweet and perfect air, blossom, sunshine and dew."

There is incessant pain in the hearts of men because every loved one and every cherished project must pass away ; there is to-day the same old sorrow for perished forms and vanished gods as when Memnon's lips first seemed to open with the dawn. The pyramids, Coliseum and Parthenon will molder into common dust before men cease their pathetic toil over temples and monuments " in sacred memory of the dead." Poor is the belief in the immortality of marble and granite ! Weak was the faith of Christendom when it found nothing better than crusades for a tomb from which Jesus had, ages since, risen in transcendent beauty and power !

All history proves that churches, factions, schools, symbols, creeds, emblems and organizations are indispensable to the masses ; that few are strong enough to look Nature straight in the eye. Babel's tower was not altogether fiction. Mankind still think to build a burnished stairway to heaven, and count each step a saintly gift.

We are strangely impelled to accept something of truth, although no one can always draw an exact line between verity and falsehood, inspiration and superstition. We are conscious or unconscious of a given entity from the necessary laws of diverse being. An increased knowledge of anatomy will give us greater charity ; for this science plainly teaches that every creature, human or otherwise, is unable to violate the fundamental principles of its existence. The poor reptile, prone on the earth ; the cruel hyena in the wilderness ; the lethargic alligator in the swamp ; the red-mouthed shark in the sea ; the ravenous eagle on the crag ; the keen-eyed condor in the ether ; the insidious parasite in the vitals ; the whirring insect of the tropics ; the walrus or the bear, buried in polar ice and snow ; the nightingale, trilling in her bower from the intoxication of the moon,—every manifestation of life, from protoplasm to man, must act, feel or think within the limits of its kind.

Creation is, at bottom, inexplicable. We may distinguish the personal and atomic but we can not separate them from the impersonal and universal. Where the one is lost in mystery the other begins. "The last analysis can never be concluded," for infinity looms dim and nameless before both microscope and telescope. There are, perhaps, no simple elements; and all that the astronomer beholds in the heavens may yet be discovered by the chemist in an atom. The drop of water melts through the ocean, the ocean melts through the drop. All limits each, each limits all. A second of time is necessary to eternity, eternity is necessary to a second. In the ultimate and highest state there is neither cause nor effect, neither creation nor annihilation, neither personal nor impersonal, neither good nor evil, neither life nor death, after the manner humanity is wont to regard them. Such is the Holy Silence in which the acid and alkali of matter are resolved in eternal neutrality; in which the visible and invisible, the terrestrial and celestial, the active and passive, the subjective and objective, are a beautiful Entirety.

San José, Cal.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

THE IMMORTALS.

THERE is a hidden lore, a mystic shrine,
 Within whose halo, evermore divine,
 Immortal and serene, or near or far,
 The mighty spirits of the ages are,
 Veiled by shadows of the rainbow's light,
 Throned on the luminous stars of night,—
 The wizard angels of a phantom host,
 Weird and enchanting as a moonbeam's ghost,
 The soul of a flower, the heart of a shell;
 Dim as a dream, fine as a poet's spell;
 Oft heard in the mournful voice of a dove
 Or the soundless, beautiful music of love.
 Their thoughts and deeds are one in potency
 With the Nameless Rule of Eternity.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

GLOBE NOTES.

WITH the first issue of *THE GLOBE* I received various propositions from parties in New York to furnish me with all the notices of it that appeared in the newspapers. These offers I refused, not because I was not interested to learn what the critics said of me, but because, in my then shattered health, I felt unequal to the worry incident to that sort of irritation. The few dozen notices that I have, therefore, out of hundreds that have been published, have been sent to me by friends who were directly interested in my undertaking. I have already given a few clippings from some of them, on previous pages of this number. It has occurred to me that the readers of *THE GLOBE* might be still further interested by a few selections from many private letters that have been sent to me touching the quality of its work and the effect of this upon their own minds. I quote from these letters only such words as bear directly upon *THE GLOBE*, having concluded that the mutual encouragement to be gained thereby justifies the liberty taken.

Soon after the issue of the first number, I wrote to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whittaker, of this city, asking him to contribute an article on "Creed Reform and Christian Union," being anxious to secure a calmer and more deliberate view of that matter than I have given in this issue or am able to give at present. The portion of his reply bearing upon what I here have in view was as follows:—

DIocese of PENNSYLVANIA.

EPISCOPAL ROOMS, 1102 WALNUT STREET.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. THORNE,—To one who writes as easily and as well as you do, what you have asked of me seems an easy thing; but for me, writing, as I do, very slowly, and often painfully, it is a hard thing.

So I wrote on the subject myself—wrote the article for the second number, but it was crowded out of that and appears in this number, by no means filling the place that a word from Bishop Whit-

taker would have filled, and yet having points of value that no extant bishop of any church would have given to the subject.

The following word from Mr. Caleb C. Roberts, a well-known retired merchant of Philadelphia, gives the reader an idea of the impression THE GLOBE is making upon the healthy, solid, sensible business-men of the country. I had sent Mr. Roberts, among hundreds of others, a specimen copy of Number 1, with an invitation to subscribe. His subscription came with this comment:—

I was much pleased with the initial number of THE GLOBE, and read it through very carefully. You say you hope the future numbers will be stronger than the first. I don't see how that can well be.

I could multiply this kind of comment from representative men of various denominations and professions in Philadelphia alone, but I wish to give the reader a word or two from persons outside the city of Philadelphia. According to comments already given, the second number of THE GLOBE "more than fulfilled the promise of the first;" and the readers who have not yet made up their minds what to make of THE GLOBE, or whether to subscribe for it or not, may perhaps find inspiration of the right sort in some of these notices.

Among the many letters that have given me sustaining power in the work I have undertaken, the following from Rev. Preston Barr, an Episcopal minister of Lee, Mass., has in it clearly more of earnest power than I have any right to keep all to myself. What such words have been to me in the past few months Heaven only knows:—

LEE, MASS., Feb. 12, 1890.

MR. W. H. THORNE,

112 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you for the copy of THE GLOBE which you or your publishers have been kind enough to send me.

The article on divorce, the reviews of Jonathan Edwards, of Realf and Boker, and of St. Paul, have been wonderfully stimulating reading. In the midst of the conventional twaddle and hollow din that proceeds from the calm vacuity of the current periodical literature, clad in the dignity of dullness, it is inspiring to hear the voice of a prophet who believes that God and truth are realities, that there is a divine side to this human life we live, and who has the calm courage to assert these things out of his own human consciousness and experience of life as the ultimate and only certification of the truth.

Mr. Barr writes the article on "A Modern Moloch," in the present number of *THE GLOBE*, and expresses my own thoughts so exactly and so much better than I could have expressed them that I begin to think there may be a touch of Providence in *THE GLOBE* after all. In mentioning these facts, I leave out a thousand details that would be of acute interest to the readers were it proper to give the same.

The following word from Miss Kate Vannah, author and critic, and writer of the article on Gail Hamilton in this number, represents another phase of comment, of keen interest to me and no doubt to others:—

GARDINER, ME., *Feb. 12, 1890.*

MY DEAR MR. THORNE,—Your magazine Number 2 contains *the* best article on "The Infamy and Blasphemy of Divorce" that I have ever read. Being a Roman Catholic, I, of course, can not so heartily say "Amen" to your dissertation about Leo XIII., in Number 1. Let me congratulate you upon the possession of such laudable sentiments regarding that monster, Divorce, and compliment your manner of expressing your ideas.

Very truly yours,

KATE VANNAH.

The following word from a well-known minister of Cambridge, Mass., will also tell its own valuable story:—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *Feb. 14, 1890.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your favor of February 12th. It is refreshing and spirited. God bless you for daring to speak the truth of your heart among the host of pious time-servers at the present day!

Very cordially yours,

ALPHEUS S. NICKERSON.

In Number 4 of *THE GLOBE* I intend to publish in full several lengthy communications in the same general line of comment; and I will close this number with a word from Mr. Cothran, the gifted author of the article on Richard Realf, in Number 2, and of the article on "Cosmic Affinities," in the present number:—

SAN JOSÉ, CAL., *Feb. 14, 1890.*

MR. W. H. THORNE, EDITOR "THE GLOBE."

MY DEAR SIR,—Ten copies of *THE GLOBE*, Number 2, received, for which accept my thanks. I am greatly pleased with the review from beginning to end, and wish for it all good fortune.

Very truly,

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

THE DEAD.

ONE of them sleeps in the west, on the hills,
 'Neath the prairie-flowers he loved so well;
 And night and morning a radiance fills
 The air above him; and meadow and dell
 Awake to music, and songs shall inspire
 The wide, wide world with new and pure desire:
 As the lark in song, higher and higher;
 As the sun at dawn fills the east with fire,
 And thence all the earth and all heaven fills;
 So sleeps he, sweetly, on the snow-crowned hills.

Two of them sleep in the east, on the hills,
 Where the crocuses and violets grow;
 Where the smoke of the city falls and fills
 All hearts and spaces; where the rivers flow
 Through the grinding noises of busy men—
 Through the shrieks of steam whistles, loud and shrill;
 But above it all, every now and then,
 Their faces and voices, like stars, so still
 And steadfast, rise again: nor tongue, nor pen,
 May name *their* sleep, on the violet hills.

The rest of them, dead unto truth and love;
 Dead to the voice of duty, heaven's dove
 Of hallowed peace, in saddest fright all flown
 Beyond the deluge of death,—God's ark blown
 By winds of hate and hell: nor dawning peace,
 Nor reconciliation, nor release,
 Nor resurrection, until the day
 God's tender angel rolls the stone away,
 And brings us face to face, Immortal Love
 And Truth, with Thee, in Edens far above.

NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

W. H. THORNE.

THE SPHINX.

O cold, dumb spirit of the Sphinx divine!
 Let thy sad heart but melt in burning speech:
 The sages kneel before thy holy shrine
 For all that wisdom and calm silence teach.
 Victor of death, prophet of life! What time,
 For what races wert thou destined to preach,
 Slave of Eternity, lone and sublime?

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

THE GLOBE.

NO. IV.

SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER,
1890.

CARNEGIE, BELLAMY AND COMPANY.

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH. BY ANDREW CARNEGIE. NEW YORK:
JENKINS & McCOWAN, 1890.

LOOKING BACKWARD. BY EDWARD BELLAMY. TWO HUNDRED AND
FIFTIETH THOUSAND. BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON,
MIFFLIN & Co., 1890.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM? BY W. D. P. BLISS. BOSTON:
1890.

I AM very glad that Andrew Carnegie has at last taken his place among the prophets, not that I believe a word he says—this notice will make that plain enough—but because his “Gospel of Wealth” places the modern rich man in true light; stands him out, as it were, in the glare of his eternal conceit; dignifies the Mammonism of the day with the honors of the term “gospel,” and so gives those of us who believe its teachings to be a lie a chance and an excuse for saying why we think so. This opportunity becomes a duty all the more imperative upon THE GLOBE because the “Gospel of Wealth,” as noted, Articles I and II, appeared originally in the *North American Review*—the only magazine in this country from which we had a right to expect better things—and has been enthusiastically indorsed by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

I have associated Mr. Bellamy's now famous book, “Looking

Backward," with Mr. Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth," not under any delusion that the two publications, outwardly, nominally or consciously to their authors, mean the same thing. I am aware that Mr. Carnegie's pamphlet is an open assumption, alike in its title and in its claims, that wealth deserves the name of gospel, and is destined to save the world, while Mr. Bellamy's book is an open confession that wealth is a crime and a lie, and a failure in the matter of saving or governing the world. Nevertheless it is perfectly clear to a mind that looks through the names and shadows to the realities of things that an abundance of *credits*, supplied to citizens by a paternal government, means about the same thing as an abundance of greenbacks supplied by a paternal government, and that, as to its saving quality, Mr. Bellamy's beautiful credit system, run by the counting-rooms of the nations of the future, is precisely the same thing as Mr. Carnegie's beautiful benevolences run by the living millionaires of the future. In a word, at heart these two gospels are the same. They expect to save the world either by wealth or the sham of wealth, plus some improved machinery. My belief is that both gospels are a delusion, a snare, a falsehood, fathered and promulgated by the devil, the father of lies, and that, could they both be united to-morrow, and put into effect next week, and brought to perfection and realization during the next ten years, the entire world would be, at the end of those ten years, more godless, sensual, conceited, false-hearted, untrue, debased, selfish, pitiable and contemptible than it is to-day. And it is because I believe this in the very center of my soul, have long believed it, and have believed that the Church, Romanist and Protestant, was culpable and criminal for having forgotten the teachings of its Master, and partially accepted the gospel of wealth in their place, that I have either the audacity or the courage to attack this "Gospel of Wealth" with all the power that God has given me.

I do not wonder that, toward the close of his second article, and with undisguised sarcasm for the churches and the Bible, Mr. Carnegie says:

"Time was when the words concerning the rich man entering the kingdom of heaven were regarded as a hard saying. To-day, when all questions are probed to the bottom and the standards of faith receive the most liberal interpretations, the startling verse has been relegated to the rear, to await the next kindly revision as

one of those things which cannot be quite understood, but which, meanwhile—it is carefully to be noted—are not to be understood literally.”

Oh, Church of Christ!—long ago mortgaged to kings and millionaires—how long will you continue to pander to such Mammonite masters, and forget the poverty of Him who, by his simple love and wisdom, has conquered the world? Before closing this article I hope to show that the saying of Jesus, quoted by prophet Carnegie, is to be taken literally, and to show also that Mr. Carnegie is the latest terrible example of the fearful truthfulness of Christ's words.

So let me introduce Mr. Carnegie's next paragraph: “But is it so very improbable that the next stage of thought is to restore the doctrine in all its pristine purity and force, as being in perfect harmony with sound ideas upon the subject of wealth and poverty, the rich and the poor, and the contrasts everywhere seen and deplored? In Christ's day, it is evident, reformers were against the wealthy. It is none the less evident that we are fast recurring to that position to-day; and there will be nothing to surprise the student of sociological development if society should soon approve the text which has caused so much anxiety: ‘It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.’ Even if the needle were the small casement at the gates, the words betoken serious difficulty for the rich. It will be but a step for the theologian from the doctrine that he who dies rich dies disgraced to that which brings upon the man punishment or deprivation hereafter.

“The ‘Gospel of Wealth’ but echoes Christ's words. It calls upon the millionaire to sell all that he hath, and give it in the highest and best form to the poor by administering his estate himself for the good of his fellows, before he is called upon to lie down and rest upon the bosom of Mother Earth. So doing, he will approach his end, no longer the ignoble hoarder of useless millions; poor, very poor indeed, in money, but rich, very rich, twenty times a millionaire still, in the affection, gratitude and admiration of his fellow-men, and—sweeter far—soothed and sustained by the still, small voice within, which, whispering, tells him that, because he has lived, perhaps one small part of the great world has been bettered just a little. This much is sure: against such riches as these no bar will be found at the gates of Paradise.”

So closes Mr. Carnegie's second article on the "Gospel of Wealth," approved by Mr. Gladstone, and praised by the late Allen Thorndyke Rice, formerly editor of the *North American Review*. In a word, the "Gospel of Wealth" but echoes Christ's words, and millionaires of the Carnegie type are to go into Paradise in jolly groups, with flying colors, in special, Pullman palace and dining-room cars, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, expense no object, unlimited champagne, imported cigars bought at high tariff figures, etc., etc., while the families of their scarcely less deluded workmen are on strikes by tens of thousands, crying for bread, and cursing God Almighty and his prophets of the Carnegie type to the utmost of their weakened lungs. Who would not be a millionaire or a Knight of Labor in this glorious nineteenth century?

It is not true that Christ and the reformers of his day "were against the wealthy." No reformers or true teachers of any day "were against the wealthy." I am not "against the wealthy," but I would keep them in their place, as the Democrats used to say of the negroes. Christ simply read the facts of human nature clearly; saw what his blinded priests of these days do not see, that wealth, naturally, as a rule, made a man a lover of wealth; or a lover of luxury, a lover of ease; a lover of himself, self-dependent, not dependent on God; and hence that it was difficult for such a man to see or enter into the kingdom of God, which ever was a kingdom seen only by the mercy of heaven, and which ever was and ever will be a kingdom of martyrdom with corresponding glories. Mr. Carnegie's words are simply the words of an ignorant, unconverted, unenlightened, blasphemous millionaire, who never ought to have been allowed to preach any gospel whatever until he had fulfilled the simplest conditions of the only true gospel that has ever been preached in this world. And Mr. W. E. Gladstone, considering all the pious and other advantages he has enjoyed all his life, ought to be ashamed of himself for indorsing Mr. Carnegie or his "Gospel." And Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice was a fortunate man to die when he did without waiting to share in the fruits of a good many gospels that he admitted to the pages of the *North American Review* during his enterprising editorial management of the same. Ingersollism, battenning on the imbecility of the pulpit, was bad enough; but Carnegieism, with its miserable travesty on the immortal words of Christ, is a disgrace to the better judgment of modern literature.

Do I really understand Mr. Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth"? Oh, yes; here it is condensed, page 36, article Number II: "The only point required by the 'Gospel of Wealth' is that the surplus which accrues from time to time in the hands of a man should be administered by him in his own lifetime for that purpose which is seen by him, as trustee, to be best for the good of the people. To leave at death what he cannot take away, and place upon others the burden of the work which it was his own duty to perform, is to do nothing worthy. This requires no sacrifice, nor any sense of duty to his fellows."

And what is there in this that I so seriously object to? There is not anything in this that I so seriously object to, except that it is dignified with the title of gospel, and openly put in the place of the plain teachings of Christ as the gospel that is to send millionaires and their lackeys to Paradise by the limited express, well supplied with all modern conveniences. Nor would I object to this feature of it or to this Carnegie method of getting to Paradise if the thing were true. But it is an abominable lie. Men never saw or entered the kingdom of God by the Carnegie method, and they never will. And I do not say this in defense of Christ, as God, or as one-third of God, or as a divine authority, but simply because I, too, having watched these things closely for a generation, know that Christ was true, and that Carnegie is false as perdition.

I have no doubt he is an excellent gentleman in his own sphere and way. From my earliest childhood I have known and admired such men, alike for their business capacity and personal refinement, and the likes of Mr. Carnegie have been uniformly and universally kind to me personally. But let them mind their own business, keep to their own sphere. Judas was a conscientious penitent compared with the Carnegies of our time. It is not that Christ is against the wealthy, but that, for their own sakes, he is bound to shake such nonsense out of their pockets, and teach them to trust in higher and deeper things.

But is this my whole objection to the "Gospel of Wealth"? I answer, this objection alone is enough to damn it forever; but it is not my whole objection to Mr. Carnegie's gospel. If Mr. Carnegie had been asked by a reporter of a daily newspaper whether he thought that a rich man had better spend his surplus in charity during his lifetime or leave it for others to spend after his death, and had expressed his preference, even his strong preference, for

the former method, I should have been the last person in the world to raise an objection to his opinion—first, because every man has a right to his own crotchets; second, because I agree with him in the main; third, because the opinion and the practice it favors are both as old as the hills; have ten thousand times ten thousand of the daily works and blessings of the Almighty for an example; and there is nothing worth combating in the simple opinion so expressed, though tens of thousands of reasons might be urged for the opposite opinion and practice favoring the great accumulation of wealth during the whole life, and then leaving it *en masse* at death for such distribution as the millionaire might prefer. I simply should not consider such a question worth debating, except among school-boys. But Mr. Carnegie not only dignifies this stale old notion with the term “Gospel of Wealth,” as if it were something new, something he had suffered and died to give birth to, but he casts a slur of insult upon all rich men who have differed with him and who may still differ with him in opinion and practice.

“To leave at death what we cannot take away,” etc., “requires no sacrifice nor any sense of duty,” etc. Again, page 21, quoting Article I: “The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced.” It is first the prophetic conceit of the Carnegie, and, second, his invidious conceit of comparison. The first I have touched already. The second is based on the false assumption—first, that to give in the Carnegie method always requires some great sacrifice; second, that trustees of a dead millionaire or other rich man will not administer his surplus, after his death, as well as he himself might have administered it during his own lifetime. Here again I do not consider the question worthy of debate. The Almighty has not made me a divider of the surplus wealth of rich men. I have never lived on the profits of other men’s labors, nor on the profits of other men’s investments, but on my own labors. I have chosen poverty, not as a necessity, but as a good, and am perfectly sure, for that matter, that the entire Carnegie bubble only needs a stiff breeze to blow it to the winds of heaven or the other place. I am not an admirer of the management of the estate of Stephen Girard in Philadelphia. It has been riddled time and again, and will still be riddled, as it deserves; but does any intelligent, sane man suppose for a moment that the Cooper Union of New York was ever more effective in its helpfulness to the needy than Girard College because Peter Cooper used to patter around there, and dabble in its financial manipulation?

Stuff and nonsense! The "Gospel of Wealth" is simply a high-flown rhetorical piece of modern bombast, meant only to exalt beyond his measure or degree the excellent gentleman who wrote it, but who ought to have been better employed. It is not that I am against Carnegie, but, for his own sake, would have him doing the thing he only babbles about in his so-called "Gospel."

It is all very well to found more universities, to build new observatories, and increase the number of free libraries; but if the professors, teachers and authors who run these places are men with false ideas of God, of truth, of duty, of the stars and of human history, as is mostly the case—Gladstone, Rice and Carnegie, for example—in our day, where is the profit to those who are taught therein and thereby? Mr. Carnegie himself is a burning answer to this question. If he had ever been properly taught the Gospel of Christ, would he ever have written the "Gospel of Wealth"? Like Judas, he would have hung himself first. I am not blaming Carnegie: I am blaming the received Protestantism that has made Carnegie possible in our times. In fact, I am not blaming this; that is not my mission. I am simply trying to say, in the face of all the successful culture of my day, that Carnegieism and all that it stands for is a contemptible, pitiable falsehood, from which the gods and angels and even the quacks of our modern arena are averting their faces even now, at your very doors.

At the right time I will show my fellow-men that whatever of saving work has been done in this world in the past has been done by POOR MEN, from Socrates to Christ to John Brown—all of them murdered by the *elite* of their own times; that poverty is divine and needs no Anti-poverty Society, no despicable Mammonism of the Carnegie type, to send it to whatever of heaven the race can yet attain. From my soul, I pity the editors whose perceptions are so flattened that they cannot see or understand these things. I have no quarrel with the *North American*, nor with any other review. If the extant reviews had seen their duty to this age, THE GLOBE would never have been founded. The only word I ever had from Mr. Rice was of the kindest, and was written only a few weeks before his death. I am forced to make these personal allusions, because men seem to think that my strong language implies personal dislike here and there. There is no personal dislike about it. I have no personal dislike toward any human being. The work of some of my best friends has been rebuked in THE GLOBE;

and when I fail, as they have failed, I hope they will rebuke me in language ten thousand times stronger than my own. While society is organized as at present, and as it has been for a good while past, wherein cash payment is the only payment recognized, it is plain to see the importance of money and the moneyed man. Still, the moral principles underlying all life are stronger than money or the millionaire; and at no distant day it will be plain enough to school-children that wealth gotten by imposture forever works evil, no matter how or by whom administered, and until the gods are avenged; also that character, which is the incarnation of truth and justice in each human soul—that character, not wealth, is the saving principle in society, and that poor men have always had more of this than rich men, that poverty may be divine. Nevertheless, the average poor of our day are as debased as the rich, and as wrong-headed, or more so. It is not a question of poverty or wealth, but of truth or falsehood everywhere.

If Mr. Carnegie will divide his surplus by any accepted principles of justice with the men he has employed these many years, he will at once cease writing such trash as his "Gospel of Wealth," and he will also very soon cease to have any surplus. If he wishes to know anything about a real gospel, really wants to find out how easy it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, let him do *exactly* what Jesus advised another rich man to do long ago; and until he has done something like this, let him stop his stupid, babbling travesty on the words of the poorest, the saddest, the greatest, the sublimest man that ever breathed. In the language of modern Democratic culture, "Let him put up or shut up." Only he that doeth the will of the Eternal knoweth the mind of the Eternal. Men may buy their way into orthodox heavens, here and beyond the stars, but only those who follow Jesus know anything of the kingdom he died to found.

The newspapers are authority for the statement that during the year preceding the announcement of his "Gospel of Wealth" Mr. Carnegie made a million dollars out of his various manufacturing establishments, and in the same period reduced the wages of his slaves at least ten per cent. This is his way of selling all that he has and giving it to the poor. This is only echoing the words of Christ, soothing the pillow of death, etc. Such men can well afford to wink at the words of Christ—until Christ's day comes.

It is not alone when viewed in the light of true Christianity or

true morality that Mr. Carnegie's gospel turns out to be a common falsehood. The article is as false to history as it is to religion and morality. It is mere high-sounding fiction from beginning to end; and were it not for the fact that our magazine editors are nearly all sold to the devil, one would marvel at the blindness which led Mr. Thorndyke Rice to accept this diatribe of Mammon as a gospel at all. Its first statements are as untrue as the last, which I have already quoted. Mr. Gladstone's praise is explicable only on the philosophy that "if you tickle me I'll tickle you." But no true gospel was ever born that way. These are the first lines of the new Carnegie logos:

"The problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship. The conditions of human life have not only been changed, but revolutionized, within the past few hundred years. In former days there was little difference between the dwelling, dress, food and environment of the chief and those of his retainers. The Indians are to-day where civilized man then was. When visiting the Sioux, I was led to the wigwam of the chief. It was like the others in external appearance, and even within the difference was trifling between it and those of the poorest of his braves."

So because the Pittsburgh manufacturer has been on a visit to the Sioux, he presumes to be authority on the history and customs of civilization; and even the late editor of the *North American Review*, caught with Carnegie glamour, did not see that the whole point of this statement is lost from the fact that its comparison is between civilization and savagery, so called—not between the customs of civilized people one thousand or two thousand years ago and the same sort of people now. As a matter of fact, for instance, there was about the same difference between the dwellings of Solomon and Cicero and *their* slaves that there is to-day between Carnegie and his slaves; and "the ties of brotherhood" have never been aided by such flagrant injustice or such pitiable rhetoric; and Mr. Carnegie will learn this in due time.

I am not quarreling with the law of competition, so called: I am too familiar with the vagaries and imbecilities of the cranks who are forever quarreling with it. The law of competition is the soul of nature and of human life and endeavor; the mainspring of existence. Controlled by justice, touched by the love of God,

it has produced not only millionaires and thieves and murderers, but the prophets and saviours of the world. The fittest survive in several lines, but this is something that Carnegie & Co. know nothing about, and hence dream that the problem of the age is, how to divide their Mammonite surplus so as to keep it, or the credit of it, all to themselves. The devil will settle that, and Mr. Carnegie, too, at the proper time. I am only preaching the old Nemesis, the Christian judgment day, in new light.

The great deception, quackery, charlatanism, of our times is not in materializing spiritualism, long ago rightly named ultra-brutalism; nor in Socialism, communism, faith cures; not even in ballot-boxism, but in the fact that the millionaire knaves of the nation are the superintendents of its Sabbath-schools, the manufacturers of its laws, and the masters of its sanctuaries.

“LOOKING BACKWARD.”

Mr. Bellamy's now famous book, though quite as full of absurdities as the Carnegie pamphlet, is of better spirit, and therefore deserves to be more kindly handled. The crowning absurdity of “Looking Backward” is in the assumption that out of the present order of things, in this nation, or in any other nation extant at this time, there could be evolved inside of a hundred years, with or without revolution, a government that it would be safe, wise and possible to intrust with the financial, commercial and social management of human affairs. This absurdity could never have been committed by any man who had not already fallen into the mire of trusting mechanical appliances rather than moral and spiritual forces in the eternal work of human reform or regeneration; and at heart both terms mean the same thing. Mr. Bellamy is only a type of his generation in believing that in scrubbing the outside of the platter you will, by some hook or crook, get at the inside and make it clean. But it can't be done, all the same. Society and government are as their intigers are, and it is only by redeeming the intigers that you will get a redeemed or an enduring government or society. Mr. Bellamy expects to reap his field by simply knocking away the fences and letting all sorts of wild asses in, and he expects to make sane industrious donkeys out of them all by giving equal credits for fodder. It is a delightful scheme—for donkeys. Every government on the face of the earth to-day is a blundering, wasteful, despicable despotism; our own not the

least despotic because a plutocracy. But these governments are the best we can have till individual men and women in greater numbers learn obedience to the higher laws of the soul—I mean obedience to the simple laws of Jesus Christ.

The second great absurdity of Mr. Bellamy's book is in supposing that, if government credit-slips or papers were substituted for money, and each man and woman allowed equal wages or credit—that is, payment according to need, not according to amount or quality of labor rendered—this equality of credit would hold for more than a day. Men would find ways to trade in credits precisely as they now find ways to trade in gold and silver and railroad and government stocks, bonds and margins; and the Jay Goulds would be Jay Goulds still, and the Walt Whitmans would be Walt Whitmans still. There is no known or discoverable credit system that will change the cupidities or the bestialities of individual men. For nearly nineteen hundred years there have been laws in existence that will change all this the moment they are applied; but these fine gentlemen mock at Christ's laws as antiquated or inapplicable to our times, and are going about to find an easy, democratic way to honor, chastity, honesty, truth and charity. Mr. Bellamy's suggestion that all workers should be paid alike is itself a New Testament idea, familiar to all who have read the story of the husbandman who sent men into his vineyard, and gave to each worker a penny. I am not quarreling with Mr. Bellamy's idea of paying men and women according to their needs—sane and insane, halt and lame and blind. I think that, as far and as fast as pure Christianity is conquering individual lives, the tendency is to realize this ideal; and it is because of these true and tender touches in Mr. Bellamy's book—touches plainly learned at the feet of Jesus, though not credited to him—that "Looking Backward" disarms severe criticism, and holds the reader's heart and mind.

Total abstinence and anti-tobacco reformers even of our own day cannot, of course, approve the habits of Mr. Bellamy's late twentieth century folks in their indulgences in wine and cigars. But perhaps Mr. Bellamy was afraid Mr. Howells would laugh at him as a coffee-drinking reformer unless he held on to wine. I am neither a temperance reformer nor an anti-tobacco crank, but I am quite sure that both vulgarities will go thousands of years before "the pretty state of things" described in "Looking Backward" will be realized. Again, the vanity of the book is terrible in assuming

that a well-to-do young fellow of the nineteenth century could sleep for a hundred years, and on waking find himself on terms of equality with such twentieth century people as Dr. Leete and his charming daughter Edith. But "love" is a fearful leveler, not only in novels. Here, in fact, we touch the core and value of Mr. Bellamy's book. It is rather a clumsy and yet rather a dainty love story; and the publishers, who have during the last twenty years printed several stories of the look-ahead kind in the *Atlantic Monthly*—presumably without enormous sales—deserved the great success that "Looking Backward" has won. It were easy to run a dozen stage-coaches abreast through the gaps in the philosophy of the following paragraph:

"Poverty with servitude had been the result, for the mass of humanity, of attempting to solve the problem of maintenance from the individual standpoint; but no sooner had the nation become the sole capitalist and employer than not alone did plenty replace poverty, but the last vestige of serfdom of man to man disappeared from earth." But who wants to quarrel with a man when he admits that "as in the old society the generous, the tender-hearted had been placed at a disadvantage by the possession of those qualities, so in the new society the cold-hearted, the greedy and self-seeking find themselves out of joint with the world"? Plainly the picture is of our next ideal millennium. Remember, Dives, that thou in thy lifetime hadest thy "good things," and likewise Lazarus evil things. Now, etc. But how will Mr. Bellamy get his government that will put the Astors and Vanderbilts in back seats? Will M. Quay & Co. be on the executive committee for the choosing of Mr. Bellamy's new Congress? And would not the government issue duplicate credits at election times, and find some way to inveigle such simple-hearted people as Dr. Leete and Mr. Bellamy? No, no! Give the devil his ducats or credits; they are all he has or will have. Poverty is stronger than wealth in a long pull, and is not a curse at all. Selfishness and lying are a curse everywhere.

All sorts of communism have been tried on this earth, and have failed, because men became greater loafers and liars than they were under existing systems of competitive labor. Bellamyism is simply the cheap and easy way to character that has never gotten there. Character is made of sterner stuff than government credits; and in the face of all this twaddle of Carnegie, Bellamy & Co., I

seem to hear a strong, clear, but kindly voice again saying, "Offspring of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Try to flee. I dare you. Lift your wings. You cannot: your coat-tails are loaded with gold, or credits—all the same.

Page 292: "Do you ask what we look for when unnumbered generations shall have passed away? I answer, the way stretches far before us; but the end is lost in light. For two-fold is the return of man to God, 'who is our home'—the return of the individual by the way of death, and the return of the race by the fulfillment of the evolution, when the divine secret hidden in the germ shall be perfectly unfolded. With a tear for the dark past, turn we then to the dazzling future, and, veiling our eyes, press forward. The long and weary winter of the race is ended. Its summer has begun" (thermometer over 90° in the shade during this very writing). "Humanity has burst the chrysalis. The heavens are before it." But many a yawning hell first, if you please. Meanwhile excellent and earnest liberal ministers, not pessimists or cranks, but sober men, born and reared in Boston, where this book emanated, write me that they are ashamed of the city of their birth, and credit the degradation of the "hub" to an oversupply of foreign oil.

For nearly a hundred years Boston has been returning to God by the way of the evolution of cant, instead of by the way of repentance toward God and faith in his Eternal Son. During the same period, especially during the past generation, New York and Philadelphia and all our lesser cities and country places have differed from Boston only in this, that they have not pretended to return to God at all, but have openly set up the golden calf of Mammon, and worshiped it night and day. My gospel is that it is only by the individual return of man to God in a life of conscious obedience to his laws that the Bellamy dream can be realized, and that, just in proportion as that return is made, men need less and care less about governments at all, for Christ shall be their king, and they will deal fairly one with another, and walk in mercy and truth; and healthy competition will aid and not hinder this far-off consummation of things. Yet Bellamyism is a tremendous advance on Carnegieism, inasmuch as it sees the need of some vital change in the present order of things.

"CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM."

While this article was in course of preparation, Mr. Bliss' little pamphlet was handed to me; and while there are many things in it which indicate that the man is right at heart—that is, in general impulse—the pamphlet, as a whole, proves that he is very much afflicted with Bellamyism under another name; wants co-operation instead of competition; thinks John Bright was a saint, and Rochdale a sort of earthly paradise, wherein the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" got a new illustration in our day. I should be slow to quarrel with Mr. Bliss; but I advise him and all who may read his pamphlet to strike out or burn the whole of it except the three lines near the bottom of page 13—"Oh, my Italy," cried Savonarola, 'nothing can save thee but Christ;' and Christian socialists of every land and every age repeat the same." So does every Roman Catholic priest more effectually than they, and without the cant of modern "evolution" or "co-operation;" and if you want to know how far removed all this is from Andrew Carnegieism or from John Brightism, try it for a year—try it for a single hour. Yield your theories and your surplus, and follow Christ, just for one hour, and see how the kingdom of heaven breaks over your cant-closed eyes.

W. H. THORNE.

 IN THE TOILS: A COMPLETE STORY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Feb. 21, 1890.*

MR. W. H. THORNE, Editor of THE GLOBE.

TRUSTING the subject of my letter will waken your sympathy, and that you will have the goodness to help with a few words, I intrude upon your time. I have read your article on "Divorce" in THE GLOBE. It has been a help to me—a great help. I am longing now to know if *you* consider *me* to blame in the following which I experienced last summer.

I met a gentleman, refined and educated—a physician. At our second meeting he told me he was divorced from his wife; that

she had been such a character it was impossible to live with her. She was also violent-tempered, and had assaulted him. So he saw some worse thing would happen if they remained together. This he told me by degrees—not all at once. Very soon after he declared himself as my lover. I had never really thought of divorce and what rights remained to divorced persons. I am young, and had no occasion to study the subject. I only knew that my mother, now dead, and the Episcopal Church, to which I belong, considered it wrong for divorced persons to marry. I told him this, and that I feared it was wrong, but must at least have time to think. He at last said if only we could be friends, and read and work together for an hour every day (we were writing a work together), he would be content. He would not urge his claims as a lover lest he lose me as a friend. But soon he did go back to the old subject, and at last I agreed to be engaged to him, and let him write to me as a lover would when he was absent. Twice he kissed me, but I protested against that. We were not very happy, because I was always telling him we were wrong to think of marriage, and he ought to go away. But once when he asked if his coming was a nuisance, and I *wanted* him to go, I said *no*; only I knew he ought to go. His reasoning all the time was that we were congenial and our talents such that we could work better together than apart. It was not only as sentimental or passionate lovers, but as intellectual companions that we were happy together. This was indeed true. We did indeed seem intended to work together, each supplying what was lacking in the other. One day when he was out of town came a letter to me from the woman who was his wife—a dreadful letter, in which she showed a violent and vulgar temper. I learned then that the divorce was not a settled thing, but about to be granted; that she had found some of my letters in his office.

He came to me in great distress and said it would be but a few weeks before he was free. And he overcame all my objections to continuing the engagement, though I told him then that I *felt sure* we ought not to be engaged. He said I had no right to put the narrow ideas of the world, society or church to separate us when we were intended for each other. I promised to study the subject; and if *he* could continue to love me without seeing me for even six months, then I would let him talk of our marriage. So we parted. Soon began a series of postal cards from his wife, saying she

hated us both, and would make us all the trouble she could. I was obliged finally to get a lawyer-friend to write to her, and then she stopped her letters. I had made up my mind then that it would be a sin to marry him, yet I took advice from disinterested friends, who told me it would be wicked to marry him, and I ought to give him up entirely.

I wrote to him then, and after a while he answered, asking if it could be God's will that I should leave him to go to ruin? that he was so tired of trying to keep up alone he could go no further; that it was cruel, and would be to the losing of his soul and body both to forsake him after letting him have those few weeks of happiness.

I heard no more from him, and am well-nigh distracted with the thought that I am to be blamed for hesitating and letting him hope, then giving him up. I have no one whose opinion I can *respect really* in this trouble. You seem to be cool and well balanced in your opinions. Will you not have the humanity to tell me clearly whether, and *how far*, I have acted wrongly? Anything will be better than this dreadful doubt and questioning day and night, in silence. I *tried* at the time to do right. I did really, and at first saw no wrong in being engaged to him. One other thing: I *promised* the woman in a letter I would not write to him any more; and then, when I found she had *stolen* my letters, and that they were divorced, I did write to him, and she found it out, and then sent the postal cards. So in *her* sight I am deceitful, and have cast a shadow on my religious profession. I *did* intend not to write to him when I promised her, but his persuasions were too much for me when I *knew* her through *others* to be unworthy of regard in the matter. She *is really* wicked.

Forgive this long intrusion, and have pity on my ignorance and unhappiness, will you not?

Truly and respectfully,

FRANCES MAY.*

* See GLOBE NOTES touching this article.

THE CRAZE OF CHRISTIAN ENGELHART AND OTHERS.

THE CRAZE OF CHRISTIAN ENGELHART. BY HENRY FAULKNER DARNELL. ONE VOLUME, 12MO. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 1890.

THE immense popularity of the works of the late E. P. Roe, the spread and echoes of "Robert Elsmere," the still increasing circles of "Looking Backward," all prove beyond question, to observing minds, that the tastes of the novel-reading classes are changing. I never could get through one of Roe's novels. They were and are more wordy than Dickens' without the excuse of human sentiment that rendered the English novelist enchanting. I read "Robert Elsmere," under protest of my own self-respect, because I found a woman trying to handle, in a novel, themes that she did not understand, and to settle issues for which and to which I had given my own life; and I read "Looking Backward," after several futile attempts to get interested, under protest of my conscience, because I saw, from the start, that the writer was attempting to daub with untempered mortar the frightful rifts and breaks in a building which I long ago knew had to be rebuilt from its foundation-stones. Much in the same mood I read "The Craze of Christian Engelhart," though, from the first, with a feeling that the author's aim was higher and his sight clearer than any of his predecessors named.

If this last book, however, had been the first of its class I should not have thought it of sufficient merit for a special review in THE GLOBE. It is not the work of a genius, but of a clever and fluent writer, with wit enough to read the demands of the age, and with ability to meet those demands on rather a commonplace scale, but still in good and pure heart and in pure and entertaining language. I notice the book to say, first, that it and the others named ought to teach the entire Howells and James and Fawcett fraternity that the scepter of the future is departing from their recreant hands;

that life, even commonplace, American life, is not the mere dressed-up sentimental babble they have made of it; that even in New York one of their novels well understood is merely a scab on the body of society; and that, commonplace as much of our modern life admittedly is, and deserving of the everlasting rebukes it will certainly find, still it is not as wholly sapless as these sapless men have painted it; and even if it were so, almost wholly so, the work of a true artist is to select the few exceptions to the commonplace and, at least by contrast, kindle the nobler, latent impulses of the human soul. The painter who paints only the gutter is himself of the gutter and bound to find his own place in due time. Second, the purpose of this notice is to say that though the books named, including the last, come nowhere near the great masterpieces of fiction, even in modern German, French, English and American lines, they are an immense advance upon the Howells and Fawcett frog-spawn, and are worthy of notice because they recognize the eternal truth that the human conscience, the soul's faith in or sight of God, and the questions of belief and responsibility rising out of these are alike the dominating impulses of human lives, and weld the master-strokes that rule the nations. No representative of the sentimental hacks ever drank hemlock, died on Calvary, or was hung for conscience' sake. They all think the game of authorship is only another phase of whist, a flirtation perhaps, or even a despicable mockery of the grace of God by which alone their own poor heads are allowed to swell with wine for one little day. None of these hacks have ever done me any harm. They have simply fed the world with chaff, and called it grain; with oleomargarine, and called it butter; with falsehood, and called it truth; and what little strength is left in me is pledged to do battle with the father of lies, and every one of his children, myself not excepted, so far as there is any leaning his way.

In a word, I welcome "The Craze of Christian Engelhart," and bid it God-speed, not that I think it tells the whole truth of life, but as a vast advance on the fiction that deals only or mainly with life's vulgar lies. In the first place, the craze of Christian Engelhart was no craze; is not a craze in the mind of any sane man, and thousands of sane and noble men and women have held the convictions he held. Rehabilitation, reincarnation is, in some sense, an undeniable, everlasting truth of history and human experience.

THE *GLOBE* hopes to do not a little toward making that plain, sooner or later. This admitted, the key-note of Mr. Darnell's beautiful story becomes a false note, and sets the whole book out of pitch and tune with the broadest and deepest human experience. It was no crime for Engelhart to pursue knowledge in this line of investigation; it was no crime for Prof. Wilderhaft to pursue the same line of investigation or to encourage the younger man in his pursuit. Here is the weakness of the book, in exaggerating into a crime—to be followed with all sorts of self and other upbraiding—what was a perfectly legitimate line of investigation, possibly, yet to be made of vast service to the world. It is perfectly true that to do the will of heaven—that is, of our noblest and best impulses of Christian love—is a far nobler thing than to speculate on this or that ism of religion or philosophy; but it is not necessary to paint legitimate speculative investigation as a crime in order to bring out or make ineffably beautiful the higher truth of Christian duty as aimed at in this book. Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. Cæsar has his rights, his claims, as well as the Almighty. Reason has its claims no less than conscience. These things ought ye to have done, and not have left the others undone.

Coming events do cast their shadows before them on certain receptive mental retinas. There is a mental photography and a subtle phonography by which thought combinations and total arrangements, made thousands of miles away from the soul that catches their impress, are nevertheless conveyed to that soul as a mirage is borne on the air. Mind-reading is a fact far above the heads of the quacks who practice it. All this has been clear enough to me for more than twenty years past. Time and again I have verified it in my own experience; and I think the old commonplace expression that coming events do cast their shadows is a better explanation of the fact than is to be gotten out of any extant theory of reincarnation; still it is just as clear to me that reincarnation is also one of the simplest and most beautiful truths of our daily lives. Verily I say unto you, Elijah has already come, and ye did with him what ye would. Reincarnation is even now approaching one of the supremest rebirths of all the centuries of man. Engelhart and Dr. Wilderhaft, as portrayed in this book, were simply the half-taught, half-blind disciples of a truth yet to stagger the world; and to put such men in the ranks of criminals

is a blunder of the shallowest and callowest orthodoxy. Christ is not honored, God is not served, by calling white black because it *seems* black to our creed-bound eyes.

So while I welcome Mr. Darnell's story as an advance on the tales of conscienceless hacks, and welcome its spirit and purpose, and admit its realistic simplicity and beauty, and commend its love-making and its healthy atmosphere of refinement, I denounce its exaggerated moral censure of a thing as wrong which never was wrong. We are not only such stuff as dreams are made of, but we ourselves are made of dreams; trailing clouds of glory do we come, have ever come. The atoms and forces that form us are and ever have been eternal. We all come forth from the bosom of the Father. We are rekindlings of an old eternal fire; the heated or cooling vapors of an old eternal sea; retouched dewdrops that have shone in millions of dawns before our day; nevertheless, but infinitely and eternally, all the more ought we, thus heralded, filled and crowned with glory, to be the children, the loyal, loving children of the everlasting God of love. W. H. T.

JOHN MILTON ON SHAKESPEARE.

MANY good reasons have been given to show that Shakespeare, and not Bacon, was the creator of the greatest dramas in the English language; but in my judgment very important evidence in that direction has been overlooked. Mere authority, it must be admitted, is often valueless. Still, in a case of obscurity or doubt, where the only proof of a fact rests in the writings of deceased authors, it is wise to carefully weigh such testimony before determining just what one will accept or reject. So far as I know, there is no dispute that John Milton was born in 1608; that Shakespeare died some eight years thereafter, and that Lord Bacon passed away in 1626. The epic poet, being eight years of age when the "thousand-souled" expired, and eighteen at the time the ex-Lord High Chancellor tendered his last resignation on earth, was, it can be fairly said, so located in "the tides of time" as to be able to form a good contemporary judgment of these two ever-enduring

men. Furthermore, Milton was a true scholar, a lover of genius and the first writer of his generation. The blind poet was not ignorant of the luminous thoughts of the radiant and catholic spirit that flashed almost before him through the dark night of existence, leaving forever the glory of an immeasurable dawn.

Listen to this sonnet, written in 1630 by Milton, and found in all complete editions of his poetical works :

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones
 The labor of an age in piléd stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a stary-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marvel with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

These beautiful words were written shortly after their author had rounded his majority—when his heart was full of holy enthusiasm for the pure and exalted things of life—when justice and truth were supreme monitors of his soul—and years in advance of that time, when old, soured, poverty-stricken and sightless, the purple vintage in memory's jeweled cup was drained unto the acrid lees. A bare glance at this eulogy will show that its inspiration rose out of some plan or attempt to erect a monument in memory of the great dramatist, and that Milton made the matter an occasion for a loving and powerful expression of his lifelong admiration of the divine and immortal one. Mark also the fact that the sonnet quoted was composed only four years succeeding the death of Lord Bacon and fourteen after Shakespeare's demise.

Here it is proper to invite the reader to examine the poem "L'Allegro," in which the following lines are found :

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Johnson's learnéd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native word-notes wild.

These lines are simply confirmatory of the high opinion Milton had of the wondrous plays, and need no special comment.

Now, let it be remembered that Milton was fifteen years of age in 1623, when Heminge and Condell edited "the great folio edition," the copies of which were "perfect of their limbs and absolute in their numbers, as Shakespeare conceived them"—that this is the edition wherein Mr. Donnelly believes he has discovered Lord Bacon's handiwork. Milton had three years to scan this book, fresh from the press, prior to Bacon's death; and were it not ridiculous, it would be sad to reflect that the man whose genius had a vision of "Paradise Regained" lost to sight the foremost angel of his time.

Every relevant or important argument in "The Great Cryptogram" might, two centuries hence, be invoked with tolerable coherency to show that John Tyndall and Edwin Arnold, Swinburne and Ruskin, George Eliot and Ouida, Joaquin Miller and Ralph Waldo Emerson were four instead of eight persons, so far as their respective authorships are concerned. It would be possible to so warp and strain the mind in the creation of a system of ciphers that one could show from the Upanishads or New Testament that Buddha and Christ were one and the same personality. Mr. Donnelly anticipates this last objection, but in my opinion fails to meet it.

The authorship of "The Tempest" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," apart from the authority of contemporary writers like Ben Jonson or others, closely related in time, is largely a spiritual question to which the dramas themselves offer the only answer.

The jurisdiction of algebra and arithmetic is not unlimited. The geometry of Plato and Spinoza, grand as it is, never unveiled the shining face of Deity. We do not learn from mathematics that fire will burn; that there are love and hope, pleasure and pain; that we are children of lofty imaginings and sublime inspirations, beckoned ever onward to a holy destiny.

I therefore submit that Milton, by virtue of his learning, natural intuition and contemporary life, had perfect knowledge to whom and what he addressed his sonnet in 1630. Milton was too great a poet and too honest a man—his nature was too fine for him to have been innocent of the distinct personalities and diverse labors of Shakespeare and Bacon. No true poet ever yet confounded the works of two such individualities—the one profound, erudite,

logical and clear; the other, deep, subtle, inspirational, overflowing with oceanic passion and thought and dreams of unutterable beauty. Bacon looms in the realm of philosophy like a veritable Chimborazo—cold in snow, far-off in lone and passionless grandeur—Shakespeare rises like Mount Everest, the fire of the globe in its vitals, the kingdom of flowers and golden ore at its feet, reaching its head in eternal majesty beyond the eagle's wing to the very throne of God.

San José, California.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

COUNT KRASINSKI AND POLISH DESTINY.

In all human history there is hardly a more puzzling or suggestive episode than the rise, decline and fall of the Polish nation. And as Count Krasinski, better known as the "Unknown Poet" of Poland, always looked upon his own life as typical of the life of his fatherland, and as he clearly intended that his work as a whole, and especially "The Undivine Comedy," should portray and explain the life and destiny of Poland, it has long seemed to me that the poet and his splendid productions should be more generally read and appreciated by the American and English people.

In his beautiful chapter, "Under the Drachenfels"—"Our Fathers Have Told Us," page 30—Mr. Ruskin rather strongly intimates that of the things that have transpired "beyond the Vistula nobody knows, nor needs to know;" and I, of all men, would be the last to cavil with him. At heart his critical limitation is right, here and almost invariably; but, as I read history, the people on the Dnieper, the Don and the Dwina were as interesting in their native savagery as were the native Thames and Severn people, or the old-time dwellers on the Danube, the Rhine and the Seine. All alike, as well as those of us now clinging to the Delaware, the Hudson, the Charles, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Yellowstone, owe much to Jerusalem, Rome and Athens, and they, again, to the Nile, the Ganges and the Euphrates.

The Poles and Russians were a little late in discovering that the

true auroras of the mind came from the south, and were in themselves richer than any northern lights their eyes had ever seen. But Clovis and the Gauls were not made beautiful Christians in a day; and I suppose that to this hour Copernicus may hold his own compared with any saint or savant the Gallic, Roman, British, Saxon or Norman race has produced or known.

I share Mr. Ruskin's aversion to all those loud, "free personages," whose sole vocation in this world seems to be the destruction of art they themselves could or can in nowise produce. Taken to the finer arenas of dainty individual lives, I, perhaps, have less sympathy with the people "beyond the Vistula" than he has; but in this land and century we will give even Peter the Great his due, if we can only find it among the thousand shadows of him in modern life.

Count Krasinski was a gentleman born and bred, a poet by rare instincts, fed and nurtured through southern European culture; and Poland, all in all, was as pure and exalted in its individual and national life, in its aspirations toward science, education, art, poetry, freedom, as were Greece and Rome of old, or as were Russia and Prussia to the east and west of her in her own day; but the day happened, or by predestination and "Providence Divine" was a day when the kingdoms of men and the kingdom of God suffered many a violence, and when the violent conquered, or thought they conquered, by force; and the God of battles turned his back, or seemed to turn it, on the uplifted hands and cries of the Polish kingdoms and peoples while the arms of the Prussian and Russian were strengthened. So the united kingdom, almost empire, of Poland was broken like a storm-cloud, and scattered on the winds.

Out of this wreck came many things of value, among them our poet Krasinski, and his intense, sometimes lurid, but beautiful dreams.

Our ethnologists are wise and know many things, but they do not know—to this day no man knows—where the Poles came from. My own opinion, though not the one most favored by recent scholarship, is that they were originally a southern Slavic people, perhaps from Northern Italy or the Danubian regions, driven northward by the old southern wars, and that in their new northern habitations they never wholly conquered themselves or their geographical and climatic surroundings; hence, by degrees, became

an easy prey to the old Brandenburgers on the west, and to the Lithuanians and White Russians on the east, with other Norse elements from the farther east and farther west, flocking, as ever, like hungry vultures to the spots where there were the most carcasses to devour.

There simply are no reliable and particular historic data to point out. There are lots of guessings, lots of theories. In support of the theory named, it may be of interest to remark in general that the history of Poland has been and is to this day the history of all Southern European and Asiatic peoples when they have either sought, been driven to, or have in any way invaded or impinged upon their northern neighbors and northern lands: on the other hand, that the history of Poland has never been, and is not to this day, the history of any Norse tribes, when, either from predatory or other motives, they have drifted from their native haunts and moorings and have settled on their neighbors' estates.

Not only in Norway and Sweden, but all along the northern tracts, from the North Sea to the Ural Mountains, the Norsemen hold their old haunts, and, under one name and another, have in the past conquered and molded Great Britain and France, later all Germany as now practically under Prussian sway; and the same elements, unconquered and clearly unconquerable by any material forces or implements of war, are at this hour masters of our entire Western Hemisphere, practically dominating Spain, Italy, Greece, all Austria-Hungary, Turkey in Europe and Asia, Persia, India and Southern China.

So I conclude that the Poles, as known to modern history, were not natives of the great northern plains that gave them their modern name, would not have been conquered if they had been native there, and were not emigrant Norsemen, but of a sweeter and milder and more yielding nature, and from some of the old southern lands. The one subtle, counteracting, saving element, if you please, in all this stretch of modern history, is the element that has not borne arms, that flew on the wings of love and moral heroism from Nazareth to Jerusalem, to Rome, and northward all along the shores of the Mediterranean to Gaul, to Britain and the Norselands; finally to Germany, Poland, Russia, and that now, through British and Russian greed and ambition, is still working its way, quietly as light in the darkness, over all the old Asiatic nations, also among ourselves, and over all the islands of all the seas. Ni-

hilism at heart is not Nihilism, but omnipotence and omniscience combined with love.

How this latter victory was won, what sort of life, in a man or a nation, it takes to fight in this quieter war, what sort of share Poland has had in it and is still to have, and just exactly how Krasinski himself and his immortal poems are related to this deeper, undying, and, in the end, ever victorious battle, is the theme of these poems. The work of true criticism is to discover how far they are true or false to the highest ideals and needs of the most exalted poetry and the most exalted, conquering spheres of moral and spiritual life.

I must not trace the history of Poland in any detail. That would be tedious to the general reader, foreign to my purpose, and would occupy time and space needed for the light I wish to throw on the heights and depths of individual and national Polish life and poetry, which, well seen, is the highest and clearest outcome of all life.

I suppose that the "Sermon on the Mount" and Paul's chapter on "Charity" are the deepest and sublimest prose poems in existence, and it seems to have been some such thought as this that Krasinski had in mind. Did Poland realize his ideal? Did she die to live again and walk with the Eternal, because her heart was pure? These are the heights our poet would climb. This the problem he would solve. Men call it mysticism. We must give a glimpse at Polish history. Up to 1100 A.D. Polish history and literature are largely mythological. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the Latin language, Roman culture and the Christian religion were molding the scattered Slavic tribes into one historic Poland.

Between the years 1548 and 1572, Poland, under Sigismund II (in Polish Zygmunt), reached its golden era as to extent of dominion. It then stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea, almost from the Oder to the Don; included the entire valley of the Dnieper from its outlet in the Black Sea through all its tributaries, east and west, to where its sources almost touch the springs of the Dwina; embraced the whole valley of the Dwina; followed the coast of the Baltic from the Gulf of Riga southwestward to Dantzic; skirted Prussian Pomerania and Brandenburg, covering the Vistula country, and going west till it touched the Oder at old Glogau, and southeast again, at times dominating a part of Silesia

and Galicia, touching the Dniester, and pressing on toward Odessa, of modern fame.

This was a kingdom far larger than the modern German Empire; took in the choice regions of northeastern modern Prussia, and ruled all the country now known as Western Russia. It had already moved its capital from the famous Gnesen to Cracow, and was now contemplating a more cosmopolitan migration to Warsaw, because, being a part of Moscovia, it was neither Polish nor Lithuanian. At a national diet held at Wola, near Warsaw, after Sigismund's death, "it was resolved not to allow the sword to settle any religious differences." This was three hundred years ago. In truth, at that hour Poland was the advance guard of modern Christian nations. A hundred years earlier Poland had called itself a "Republic;" had, or thought it had, splendid eras of liberty in its hands, and at all events celebrated its advanced civilization in many splendid banquets, after the most approved and gorgeous methods of modern times. As early as 1455 a curtailed edition of the Bible had been done into the Polish language for Queen Sophia; and from that day to our own times Poland has had no lack of scholars, poets, Orthodox and Liberal-Socinian theologians, and of course has done its share of mutual persecution, according as Romanism, Hussitism or Socinianism held the upper hand. In fact, one Simon Budny issued a revised Polish Socinian Bible at Nieswies in 1570, and no doubt meant to Arianize and unhinge and unorthodox the world, at least three hundred years before our own New Testament of Dr. Noyes, and much else that has not yet turned Rome and the Tiber back into the primal mud of the Nile or ground them into those fine points of force which Plymouth Rock will, no doubt, one day become.

Such was Poland and such her feeling after national and spiritual life from two to four hundred years ago. To-day Poland does not exist. There are now but the old signs of her on modern maps. Her patriotism was of the intense sort, after the manner of the Irish of these and earlier times. The Poles never understood practical politics as managed by Bismarck or Matthew Quay. Her religion was of very varying quality and quantity, but quite up to the average religion of the best Christian countries of the world in her day. Her culture was as eclectic as that of New York in our days. Her form of government was a hybrid mongrel, running all the way from a tendency to absolute mon-

archy to that of an absolute aristocracy, in which the king was a puppet in the hands of the nobles. Freedom and liberty, according to our modern definition of these things, as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, Poland had not—neither have we. But I must not write Polish or American history. I am anxious to touch the times when Krasinski dawned upon this chaos of ism and kingcraft, to see how he plucked his idea of Polish glory from the past, and Polish martyrdom—as if she were to be the saviour of modern nations—from his own current times, and to find, if we can, the chord and discord in the poet's and the nation's dream.

Copernicus was born at Thorn, February 19th, 1473, in the era of Sigismund I, educated at Thorn and at the University of Cracow; and the wide world to this time is the better for this man's exalted genius. Such men do not spring up out of darkness. They grow and come to light amid facts that mark the highest tides of time. From the days of his youth to 1600 "Poland was the great land of Eastern Europe." Some men trace her decay to poverty of good laws; others to the despicable character of her kings; others to the overreaching tyranny of her nobles; others to the fact that Socinian heterodoxy was for a time given such full play; others to the fact that after the appearance and increasing power of the Jesuits in Poland, from 1564 onward, the true spirit of religious and other human liberty began to die an inevitable death.

It seems to me that Poland possessed and struggled with all these sources of weakness and power about as other nations have struggled with them, and have not become extinct thereby, and that the real cause of disintegration was an insufficiency of national, homogeneous cohesion. By the accidents of royal weddings as much as by any accidents of war, and more than by any statesmanship, Poland became great in territory. But Thorn and Dantzic and all Western Poland were always more German—North-German, almost Norsemanlike—than they were Polish; and all Lithuania was always more Russian—Norse again, of a certain darker type, that is, Muscovite—than it was Polish; so the central Polish elements about Cracow and Warsaw, superior as they were in many ways, were as unlike the countries east and west of them as Alexander and Cæsar were both unlike the distant lands embraced in their respective empires. In a word, Poland was not Polish enough; was not either Norse enough or hard enough—some men

would call it gritty enough—to hold her own in face of the Prussian Fredericks and the Russian Peters, Pauls and Alexanders that came in her way. Poland was, however, more moral, refined and cultured than they.

True, that is only the surface, scientific, intellectual solution; only explains the phenomena, as scholars call these things. There is a deeper story in the birth and death of all nations, supremely a deeper story in the death of Poland, and it is this that Krasinski grapples with and pictures in lines that glow like great sunsets in stormiest skies.

Sigismund Krasinski, the future "Unknown Poet" of Poland, was born at Paris in 1812—born at Paris because Poland was already broken on the wheels of destiny, and Count Vincent Krasinski, our poet's father, had joined his fortunes with those of the conquering Napoleon of 1806 and the dawning years of our century, and was at that time in Paris far from home. Sigismund also died in Paris in 1859—died there because, while the father had shifted his loyalty from Napoleon to the Russian Czar, Sigismund had become a great poet, had found that loyalty to father and wife and child and soul and poetic dreams of truth and martyrdom had somehow to be harmonized with loyalty to the Russian Czar also, and because, through ill-health, he was at last unable to obey the Czar's imperative commands and return to St. Petersburg to die.

Sigismund is named for the kings that represent the golden era of Polish history, the era of Copernicus and many rays of a new divine light for mankind. Sigismund was a Polander, heart and soul, believed in the essential virtue and glory of his nation; but on February 26th, 1832, when he was twenty years old, Poland, after what conflict the world well knows, was declared a Russian province. Between 1832 and 1864 there was probably more bitter, Gethsemane heartburn in Poland than in any other quarter of the known world, not excepting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the hell-fires kindled by its burning from 1861 to 1864. And while we were settling our little troubles at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the kingdom of Poland—famous in culture and history when our homesteads were as yet ruled by red men—was being parceled out into six Russian governments; no longer a Polish province; the Polish language choked out of the hearts, throats and lips that loved it; the Russian language ordered to be used in all public Polish documents; and the University of Warsaw, founded by

Poland, and where Copernicus learned the motions of his own stars, was being, as it since has been, Russified to the last degree.

The bulk of the agony had come and passed before Sigismund Krasinski went up higher to sing his new song to whoso hath ears for such music. Do we wonder that in the face of Prussian hardness and in the vise of Russian cruelty, and in view of the past glory of his fatherland and its passing agony, he caught the Christian idea of martyrdom, and applied it alike to Poland and his own intense wandering, tender, tremulous beating heart and life?

The following paragraph from his "Psalms of the Future" tells the whole burning story of "The Undivine Comedy:":

"Holy Spirit, who hast taught us that the most sublime power on earth is the power of *self-sacrifice*, that the most mighty of arguments is virtue, grant that through love we may win the nations to the end whereto we aspire!"

Modern critics of a purely surface culture call this mysticism, and tell us that Sigismund Krasinski was supremely the poet of mysticism. But this is no true and scholarly use of the word. His mysticism was simply a larger, deeper sight of the facts of history. He was a poet-prophet, that was all.

Mr. Emerson was something of a mystic, but we have caught the fine tricks of his beautiful phrases. Milton was still more of a mystic, or tried to be, dealing largely with angels and archangels, devils and the like, but we do not find much difficulty with the personalities of his very material dreams. Swedenborg was still more of a mystic, a real mystic, I should say, but there are many plain people now who chat over his hells and heavens and general celestial hallucinations with the familiarity of children at home. Jacob Boehme was a mystic, and Plato was a mystic, and a quarter of a century ago many very smart American people thought that Garrison and Phillips were the craziest dreamers out of the asylums of the damned. Why all this? Simply to intimate that the man who applies ready-made clothing and Boston ideas to the refined folks known as spirits or celestials may be a mystic, but that the man, poet, philosopher or reformer, who simply applies moral and Christian laws to actual human phenomena in Poland or in Charleston, S. C., is not a mystic, but a lucid interpreter of human events, viewed from the only standpoint and in the only light by which they can be understood.

The Abolitionists were not mystics. They were the only sane

people in the United States in the year of our Lord 1861. Krasinski was not a mystic. He was a Pole—the one supremest poet of his nation, as time will show. He stood apart from the crowd, apart from the factions, apart from Berlin and apart from St. Petersburg all he could; saw the hard ignorance of the nobility that had brought ruin into Poland; saw the madness of the anarchists that would save Poland by vengeance and without any real saving, staying or conserving power; saw that alike under the disguise of government on the one hand, and religion on the other, the life-blood of his fatherland was running away, and saw no deliverer or way of deliverance: so said it is martyrdom. Poland is better than Russia or Prussia, and for that very reason must die for them and the world. "He that loseth his life shall save it." Said, further, the central truth of a Christian soul, the truth that lifts it above doubt and dogma and sin, is also the ruling truth among the nations; applies alike to national life as to individual life, and must so apply till men are good enough to learn and practice deceit no more, war no more, but will practice virtue instead.

This, if I read it aright, after many years of repeated readings, is Krasinski's strong and simple meaning. It is not mysticism, but a beautiful truth, applicable alike at Warsaw, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, San Francisco and Peking.

In a word, Krasinski saw the deliberate murdering and quartering of his fatherland done by upstart men and nations, who happened to be stronger for the time than was his fatherland, and being a Christian poet, instead of singing "Arms and the man," like Homer and Virgil, or the mere "Inferno" of materialism in the church and out of it, like Dante, or a sham "Paradise Lost," like Milton, or crime of society, calling it crystal and sunshine and moonlight, like Goethe, he tried to catch the divine meaning of the dying, of the weaker nation for the stronger, as Paul and the apostles had tried to catch it in the individual moral spheres of human life eighteen centuries earlier in history. He applied the moral law and the idea of Christian, vicarious martyrdom to national life, and tried to sing the song of ruin, of national self-sacrifice and death and all, while his own harp hung on the willows in strange lands. The mysticism is in applying moral or other spiritual law to national life. Mr. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Wendell Phillips could tell us how difficult that was if they were alive and so inclined. Messrs. Grant and Hayes, and Garfield

and Cleveland hardly understood the business, I should judge. But it should not be called mysticism on that account.

Plainly the old Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Persian, the modern African, Indo-Asiatic and American Indian have all suffered, and are still suffering martyrdom, that the Norse, English, Gallic and new American might live in better style and have better times. Does any sane man suppose that Mr. Darwin's hack phrase, "the survival of the fittest," explains all this? Certainly not, as the phrase is generally understood. But if we find that the fittest thing in Greece to survive was her literature and art, and the fittest thing in Rome her literature and laws—in a word, if we find that the fittest thing to survive in the dying nations was and is the impersonal, immaterial, cultured soul of it, and that this is often best kept by killing the people that helped to evolve it, and handing it on to the keeping and for the help of others—then we get a new idea of the survival of the fittest. See how a murdered carpenter may, by sheer force of honesty, win and rule a world, and so have new songs on our lips forevermore.

Russia has had no scholars like Copernicus, no patriots like the Kosciuskos, no poets like Kochanowski, Mickiewicz, Stowacki and Krasinski. In the American city where I am writing at this hour I can find you single Polish paintings with more real art in them than all Russia has yet known; but when the Poles turned their culture to the uses of luxury, the gods said, go! and the border bands of the Russians became their drivers and taskmasters on, on to Siberia and death. But poetry and art remain. Bring in your sentiment; the gods still have their way. Wisdom is ever justified of her children. No Russian can kill culture or patriotism or truth or the immortal laws of God. Even Bismarck could not, cannot do that.

Count Krasinski was intensely Christian, but, unlike Count Tolstoi, better known to modern readers, he did not busy himself with criticisms and dogmas. The age of true criticism had hardly come in the days of his prime. But, seizing the central Christian idea of love, of salvation by love—Divine love—incarnate in the human soul and life, and seeing that this way was always the way of martyrdom, he pictured himself and his nation as on the heights of dying love for the higher elevation of other men and nations, mayhap for their own future resurrection, in which, in a material sense, and not in the ethereal or art sense, as I have named it, he clearly believed.

With him, however, all poetry, all art, all patriotism, all life, was brought to the test of this one supreme central idea—what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the “secret of Jesus” and his power. Beauty was not in poetry or in art, in painting or sculpture or history, except as these were loyal to the master power of Christian love, if need be of Christian martyrdom. In sheer fondness for Poland he doubtless clothed her seeming destiny with a glory of chastity too pure for the facts. Still, in the detail of the “Undivine Comedy,” as in all his poems, coarseness, hypocrisy, lying in all spheres are clearly detected; and no man saw or sees more lucidly than he saw that creeds and ballot-boxes and sentiment and all kinds of secularism were as impotent as were kingcraft and popular vengeance and brutality to save this floundering, pig-headed world.

I think the main fault of the “Undivine Comedy and Other Poems,” by Krasinski—a volume published in this country by the Lippincotts, 1875—was that there was too much of it: the translator—Mrs. Martha Walker Cook—though dead before her work was published, will some day be duly honored for her loving devotion to this book; but it has always seemed to me that had the histories and explanatory matter been condensed into the space of an ordinary introduction or magazine article the book might have won its way. It was overburdened with intricate explanation, and so has never conquered the American heart as, in course of time, it is bound to do.

Years ago I had marked paragraph after paragraph to be quoted some time, in some such article as this, if the time ever came for its writing; but now, with these old marks face to face with new readings, I find it difficult to quote a little without quoting more than space would allow.

As an illustration of Krasinski's style, there is perhaps nothing more characteristic in all his works than the following lines from the “Invocation” to poetry preceding the opening of the “Undivine Comedy:”

Stars circle round thy head; and at thy feet
Surges the sea, upon whose hurrying waves
A rainbow glides before thee, cleaving the clouds!
Whate'er thou look'st upon is thine! Coasts, ships,
Men, mountains, cities, all belong to thee!
Master of Heaven as earth, it seems as naught
Could equal thee in glory.

The fatal limitations and still more fatal tendencies of certain kinds of poetry are then touched, but for all that its ultimate unutterable blessings and beauty are maintained. So the undivine comedy of modern life opens or seems to open every day and hour with flowers around it, angels and stars above it, as if the eternal Eden must surely be near.

Through page after page the marriage problem, the social problem, the national problem are all discussed among princes, counts and reformers, held back or forced onward by their winged and unseen demons or angels, until Pancras, leader of all man's material forces—laws, reforms, aims, victories—in utter blindness and impotency, sees naught of all his conquests, but beholds the once conquered Galilean now risen and victor of the world.

Through all this the industrious reader will trace an idealized history of Poland, its final victory placed in some future hour of resurrection; also an idealized epitome of the poet's own spiritual and poetic history, its meaning being that only by martyrdom of common worldly aims could the true poetic itself be attained, and only by bitter suffering could the poetic rise to highest poetic work: to art and more than art—that is, art glorified by love and death—and that through these alone does the risen Galilean rule in the human soul, in the nations, in the world. It is a dream that has yet to be realized by all men, and by all nations of men.

In the lower and general ranges of Krasinski's poetic philosophy it is the old, old story that "ever by symbols and slow degrees art, child-like, climbs to the dear lord's knees;" and the still older dream of being made and of making things "perfect through suffering." In a broad, national sense, Krasinski seems to put the Poles where Paul put the Hebrews—aside, or under a cloud—cut off—till the fullness of the Gentile nations should be brought in.

In each case, in the idea of national vicariousness—though beyond doubt representing one of the deepest and most beautiful, though in these flippant times one of the most ignored truths of history—the one element of perfection in order to any validity of vicariousness is sadly lacking.

The Hebrew race was by no means a perfected, concentrated angel. The Polish peoples, omitting, and, in fact, mostly including, their bishops, priests, parsons, poets and statesmen, were a very ordinary and worldly set of people; not ideal, vicarious martyrs—according to good Presbyterian orthodox demands for such ma-

terials. Krasinski himself was in the main a petted and spoiled, though a persecuted and suspected patriot and man. Alas! there is nothing perfect in nature or history. The sun and the flowers have their spots and stains, and no man or nation can play the vicarious saviour if utter spotlessness be made the condition of such exalted mission in this world.

In this light Krasinski might have overestimated the claims of poetry, art, Poland and his own silent martyrdom. But the idea itself is as true as it is sublime and divine.

A good portion of the modern world cherishes the dream that there was once a perfect offering of a human life on the altar of the demands of Eternal righteousness. A keener memory recalls the fact that from this ideal man's own lips fell the words, There is none perfect but the Eternal. There is none good but one: that is God. So perhaps our modern soul-dreams and Krasinski's fine poetic dreams need a new interpreter.

Say that every voluntary act of martyrdom is beautifully and eternally vicarious in the measure of its inherent purity and wisdom, and all the world's undivine comedies are clothed with a new beauty and do rise again to bless the martyr and his slayer through every inch of space, through every atom of matter and moment of eternal time.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ARE AMERICAN CITIES IN A MORAL DECLINE ?

OLD Judge Rogers, of Boston, reported the following as the invariable plan of a certain clergyman's sermons: "First, there is nothing of the kind; second, there are some things which seem like it; third, we know nothing at all about it."

THE *GLOBE* invitation to contribute a paper on "The Moral Decline of American Cities"—suggested by a confession of mine that *Boston* is in a moral decline—furnishes my first opportunity to use this unique plan.

Our first duty is to inquire, "Are these things so"? An American humorist says that it is better to know a few things way

through than a great many "that ain't so." That simple rule could have saved the world infinite controversy. The inquiry why a live fish adds nothing to the weight of a pail of water was a great perplexity to scientists until some unimaginative skeptic announced that the weight was increased. So, too, the Normal School problem—"Which is correct, 13×17 IS 231, or 13×17 ARE 231"?—will provoke discussion until some Gradgrind who worships facts blurts out, " 13×17 is NOT 231."

In the same category I put the question as originally proposed, and reply, there is nothing of the kind, although some things seem like it. We are too easily misled by our instincts. If one may trust the Jeremiahs, the whole history of man has been one of degeneracy. Every age has lamented vanished excellence. The poets of classical antiquity cried, "O tempora, O mores;" the Jews in Solomon's Augustan age inquired, "Why were the former days better than these;" and Seneca, in the time of Paul, said, "The corruption of the present age has been the common complaint of all ages." In 1356, Sir John Mandeville wrote, "In our time it may be spoken more truly than of olde that Vertue is gone, the Church is under foote, the Clergie is in errour, the Devill raigeth, and Simonie beareth the sway."

Even within the period of our national history the records do not sustain the croakers. Romancers have enveloped the days of the Revolution with glamour, but contemporaneous papers prove that hordes of Tories and speculators embarrassed the government, while leading officials were mercenary, jealous and treacherous. Among my treasures is a manuscript thanksgiving sermon, preached in 1781, after the surrender of Cornwallis, and which describes the situation as I represent it. Other ancient papers and church and town records prove beyond dispute that the tone of social morality was lower than at present. Our ancestors were men and women like ourselves. Their simple habits came from necessity. They were not all superior to unrighteous thrift, and they indulged in luxuries so far as they were attainable. If they did not embezzle hundreds of thousands, was it not equally true that there were not hundreds of thousands to embezzle?

Americans are a virtuous people compared with those of any age or country. This century eclipses all others in its moral and intellectual attainments, as well as in the splendor of its scientific achievements. Even with all the outcry concerning irre-

ligion and infidelity, there is doubtless more religion, although there may be less profession. Men have more leisure and more freedom to follow and more money to indulge their impulses; hence a coarse or flippant scorner may draw crowds in thickly-settled districts, yet these are a handful compared with the crowds who are not thus drawn. The magnificent charities of our cities are not transient paroxysms, but illustrate and express the growing tendency of human brotherhood. Each year our laws become wiser, fairer and more humane, our literature more pure and courageous, our churches more tolerant and sincere. How, then, can one who has read the dark annals of governmental cruelty, treachery and iniquity, royal baseness, ecclesiastical profligacy, Smith-fields and inquisitions, and witnessed in his own day the inception of prison reforms and sanitary commissions, the emancipation of slaves and the multiplication of institutions of learning, continue to amuse himself with that figment—degeneracy?

Our delusion comes in part from intellectual limitation. The mind's canvas is too small for so grand a picture. The hand before the eye eclipses the mountain. Within fifty years there has been a phenomenal multiplication of the means and methods of public intelligence. The daily record of two hemispheres is in our hands before breakfast, especially the record of iniquities. The story of benevolence is actually more voluminous, but is less noticeable because not sensational. There is much and great wickedness, and we are kept informed of it. There is more and greater beneficence, of which we do not hear. The relative proportion of the former to the latter has been larger than at present, but the fact is not made apparent.

I am not apologizing nor extenuating. The vices of our native land are many and glaring, and so evidently increasing in some quarters that the good citizen and patriot is disheartened, but I must register the conviction that favorable conditions for the fulfillment of man's destiny exist in this land. He is not a divine miscalculation, needing repeated correction. The mills of God still grind, though slowly. Our own grist is not ready for delivery. We must take what others brought yesterday, and others will come for ours to-morrow. Civilization has saved all that is worth saving. NOW IS THE SUM OF THE PAST PLUS ONE. The iron heel of Progress tramples a few grains while he is sowing handfuls, but even these may at last spring up like the new harvests now gather-

ing from the rubbish of Troy, Rome, Babylon and Memphis. The best of to-day not only outvalues but includes the best of antiquity.

“ Whatever of true life there was in thee
 Leaps in our age's veins.
 Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery
 And shake thine idle chains;
 To thee thy dross is clinging,
 For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
 Thy poets still are singing.”

Why prate of lost arts when we cross a continent in five days, talk through a slender filament of iron, and stereotype and place on file our own voices?

There are conspicuous evils in the social life and public administration of our great cities which the most sanguine optimist cannot deny. There is apparently more flaunting iniquity, more official corruption, more corporate vice, more pride of wealth, more parvenu display, more unbridled indulgence in proportion to the population, than there was fifty years ago.

A large measure of this decadence is the inevitable demoralization which follows exceptional prosperity. Increase of power and privilege out of proportion to increase of self-discipline is pernicious. Never before nor elsewhere has a man been able to command so many conveniences and luxuries for the same number of hours of labor. Never were fortunes so quickly accumulated. Lacking that constraint of difficulty which strengthens noble qualities, man surrenders to circumstances which beget easy morals. The fashion of extravagance becomes epidemic, and weak natures fall a prey to the world, the flesh, and the devil.

It would be interesting to examine this suggestive general thought in detail; but I shall leave it, because I think it represents only a minority aspect of the question under consideration. There is still sufficient iron in the average American lot and ozone enough in the atmosphere to tone and purify our blood.

Stated without circumlocution, our cities are suffering from ALIENISM—an indirect result of the concentration of commerce and manufactures in populous centers.

However much we may moralize against the increase of cities at the expense of agricultural districts, the tendency is in compliance

with inexorable laws of labor. The city grows merely because it furnishes employment. It is true that the manufacture of articles representing value in small compass can be profitably conducted in villages, but the margin of profit is now so small that distance from a market generally decrees success or failure. It follows inevitably that immigrants landing on our shores will make their homes where they can find work, and that employers will hire them because they work for small wages. Hence the growth of cities implies the growth of their foreign element. This condition feeds itself. However necessary manufactures may be to national prosperity, a manufacturing population is intellectually, socially and morally inferior, and it reaches its lowest grade in those lines where intelligence is in small demand. Many mechanical processes require only a brief training of the hand, for which the unlettered are sufficiently competent, since there is no longer demand for shoemakers or watchmakers, but heelers, lasters, polishers, tenders. The subdivision of labor and the introduction of machinery have annihilated skill. Ambitious young men of good education and good family seek congenial employment in commerce or in the professions. Foreigners crowd the trades.

After a district becomes noisy, smoky and dirty, it is undesirable for residence. Merchants and well-paid clerks seek pleasant and healthful homes in the suburbs, while the operative, even when not less sensitive to city discomforts, must remain near to his work. In the meantime, the retail trades are transformed: the bright children of foreigners become cash-boys, clerks, salesmen, and finally proprietors. Gradually the signs come to bear foreign names, different from those which figure on the old tombstones. The directories exhibit solid pages of single names representing foreign blood; the city government falls into the same hands. These several conditions continue to attract the immigrant and repel the native born: natural selection and unrestricted immigration have their perfect work—the city is alienized.

I incur the reproach of intolerance by thus stating facts patent to every observer, but I am not bidding for popular favor. Let me now increase my offense by endeavoring to show why this foreign influence, amounting in some cases to preponderance, is morally harmful to the cities, and through them to the States.

When I use the word foreign, I do not forget that we are all of foreign descent, but several generations of residence in the physical, educational and moral atmosphere of America have transformed

the stock. Our institutions have produced a distinctively American type of manhood, and it is not mere vanity to insist that it is an advanced type, vastly superior to the average immigrant, if not to any people in the world. I also make allowance for exceptional men of culture, who have come to us because they were already American in all essential respects; but when the Cunard line lands several thousands in a week, how many will be peers of such exceptional men or of the average native American?

What can we expect when men who have been trained under hardship, ignorance and oppression, and accustomed to unjust conditions which endow a select class with enormous privileges, irrespective of worth or service rendered, are intrusted with a voice in affairs which they never can be made to understand? Is it bigoted to insist that when they cannot cast an intelligent ballot their influence will be evil? The growing conviction of wise observers and sincere patriots that our immigration and naturalization laws are too indulgent is at last, but too late, finding expression at Washington.

A ballot should express a preference based upon judgment; but what judgment can the unlettered or unreading man form with regard to a candidate for office beyond the fact that he is pleasing and plausible, or is indorsed by certain leaders? What can he know of his fitness to make laws or to decide questions of finance, education or commerce? Carlyle very appropriately scoffs at the idea of "getting at men's brains by counting their noses."

Emerson said of immigrants: "There they go—to school." Very true; but alas for the intelligence which, influenced by cupidity or other base motive, installs the learner as a teacher. It is a blessed thing to escape the depressing air of despotism, with its immoral pressure of a hundred-weight to the inch, and it is a blessed thing for children to be born in this free land; but the license which newly-attained freedom mistakes for liberty is not a blessed thing, and we who are to the manor born are pardonable if we regard the perversion of our cherished institutions with apprehension, not to say resentment. We concede that a man is a citizen of the planet and may elect his residence; but we love liberty and wish to see it perpetuated, not perverted.

Under present conditions, the evils I suggest can hardly be avoided. The necessary democratic fiction that one man is as good as another endows a majority, even if ignorant and blind, with the ability to carry measures and perpetuate abuses that a wiser mi-

nority helplessly deplores. I have no fear that mediævalism will ultimately defeat modern liberty, nor any belief that it is doing so on the whole. I am only diagnosing what the physician calls "a local disturbance," which will surely affect the whole if not treated with heroic remedies. Truth and right can cope with falsehood and wrong, even on unfavorable terms, but wrongs never righted themselves, and are always aggravated if they are not resisted. There is a limit to our capacity for healthy assimilation of alien blood, and that limit has been reached and passed in our great commercial and manufacturing centers. The enormous immigration of recent years might be disposed of without much disturbance if it could at once be scattered broadcast, but the spirit of clan, re-enforced by the demands of business, prevents this.

If it be true that American conditions of life are superior to European, and if it be true that ignorant foreigners intrusted with power will perpetuate their own customs, how can they fail to affect unfavorably the quarters where they are in majority? In 1885 foreigners and their children made about eighty per cent. of the population of Chicago. At the same time this element was about sixty-five per cent. in Boston. Is there no menace in such figures? In 1854 the total immigration to the United States was 330,000. In 1873 it was 450,000. In 1879 it fell below 200,000. In 1882 it reached nearly 800,000. Then it fell off, but was approaching this figure in 1886. The following table is also suggestive.

Ratio of foreign born to native born in 1880 :

In Rhode Island,	26.8 per cent.
" Massachusetts,	24.9 "
" New York,	23.8 "
" Michigan,	23.7 "
" Connecticut,	20.9 "
" Nevada,	41 "

These statistics are startling; but the following, although not bearing immediately on my topic, are full of prophecy in view of recent political tendencies in the West.

Number of foreign born in 1,000 in 1880 :

In Arizona,	658
" California,	512
" Dakota,	621
" Nevada,	701
" Utah,	440
" Wyoming,	392

Percentage of Irish :

In Rhode Island,	12.8 per cent.
“ Massachusetts,	12.7 “
“ Connecticut,	11.2 “
“ New York,	9.8 “
“ New Jersey,	8.2 “

Our total Irish born in 1880 was 1,854,571. The figures of the new census, which are not yet accessible, will, of course, modify all these estimates; *e.g.*, the foreign-born population of New York is now over half a million.

The Massachusetts census for 1885 gives statistics which suggest the metropolitan situation and tendency elsewhere in Atlantic States. We had seventeen cities with populations of over twenty thousand. The collective population of these was 994,734, or about half of the State. Of this, the population of NATIVE PARENTAGE WAS only 285,818, or about thirty-three per cent.

At this time the population of Boston was 390,393, of whom 133,295, or 34.14 per cent., were foreign born. Such figures are very impressive when we reflect that the population described by a radius of eight miles, with Boston for a center, was 29.57 per cent., or, with a radius of twelve miles, was 37.68 per cent. of the whole State. Between 1875 and 1885 the proportion of the native-born population decreased one and one-third per cent.

Nor must we let that expression “native born” mislead us, for the children of the foreign born are far from being perfectly American in their spirit and sympathies, especially since attendance at parochial schools has been vigorously enforced. Is it not a well-established fact that the dangerous classes in our cities are largely recruited from the hoodlum element, and that the worst features of their politics are contributed, not so much by naturalized citizens as by their children? They have the “little learning” which is “a dangerous thing.” Those who have studied the effects of our rebellion may have observed illustrations of the truth that three generations are required to initiate and accomplish any great social revolution and remove all tendency to reaction. The first generation remains bitterly and incorrigibly partisan. The second shares the traditions, prejudices and resentments, and, in some measure, the spirit of the first. The third, born into the new order, has no memories, grievances nor resentments. Such facts must be taken into account when estimating the forces of alienism. The chil-

dren of foreigners are trained under home, and possibly school, influences which are foreign, and, being thus a compromise of two civilizations, are liable, like all compromises, to suffer from the evils of both old and new, and, in the matter of advantages, lose their hold on one side before getting a firm grip on the other. The third generation is purely American.

This brings us to a matter which cannot now be discussed at length, but should not be passed without mention. Among the evils I have in mind are the convivial habits of the old world and the exceptional facilities in this country for indulging them. For fifty years the tendency of native Americans has been in the direction of abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors. On the face of American statistics there has apparently been an enormous increase of the drinking habit, but this increase has not kept pace with our national growth. It has been most manifest in the alienized districts. As a result of this increase, unscrupulous rings have secured political power. Not long ago the city committee of the dominant party in Boston had a majority of liquor dealers, and the Common Council was almost wholly constituted of representatives of this business. A lobby of three wholesalers attended all the meetings and dictated municipal action. The police were completely terrorized, for complaint against notorious law-breakers was a warrant for dismissal. At last the interests of public safety compelled the Legislature to create a non-partisan commission that has removed the police from politics, an act that is characterized in party resolutions as oppressive. But the city contains about one-fifth of the population of the State, and exercises such a wide influence outside of its limits that the practical question was whether two-thirds of the State should consent to misrule in the other third.

I am not familiar with Chicago statistics, but every intelligent reader is aware of the notorious political corruption in that city. Can it be a mere coincidence that it surpasses all other cities in the proportion of foreign inhabitants? A correspondent stated recently that of twenty-one committees in the Common Council only one had a native American chairman. This is probably not a fair sample of the national complexion of that board, but rather an exhibition of what has been called "Inverted Knownothingism." When the attempt was first made in Boston to elect an Irish mayor, the plan failed. An old citizen, who had held many offices of

honor, expressed his satisfaction, and was answered, "You may crow all you wish now, but we've only been a little premature. You've got to come to it." The next year this mayor was elected.

That the political ascendancy of the Irish element was not due to a proportionate increase in numbers is proved by the fact that the total foreign population of Suffolk County in 1865, 1875 and 1885 was respectively 32.12 per cent., 33.43 per cent. and 33.51 per cent. of the whole. Even if we double these proportions to allow for the probable political sympathies of the second generation, we must remember that other foreign nations are numerously represented, and that some are unfriendly to the Irish. In the decade from 1875 to 1885, when Irish political influence increased abnormally, their increase in population was only 4.29 per cent.; the city grew much more rapidly. Allow also for the fact that of Italian males only 15 per cent., of the Canadian French only 10 per cent., of the Germans 59 per cent., and even of the Irish only 64 per cent. become naturalized, and you have the singular spectacle of a race very largely in the minority electing their mayor for three successive years, coming into control in the School Board, almost monopolizing police appointments and filling a majority of the city offices. This is the state of affairs stigmatized as Inverted Know-nothingism. It is easily accounted for. Their vote is solidified by the liquor interest, which is largely in their hands, by their abnormal spirit of clan and by the political activity of the Catholic Church. They vote almost *en masse*, and political managers tempt their suffrage by an undue representation on municipal tickets.

At the risk of seeming ungracious and bigoted, I would also express my conviction that the direct or indirect influence of the Roman Church in politics is mischievous. It has been a mighty power for the advancement of civilization and for the conservation of social order in ages when all government was despotic. It supplanted the hideous pantheons of pagan gods and established a plane on which king and peasant must meet as equals, but all this was accomplished by the exercise of authority. In a republic, however, where the ultimate aim is the attainment of the greatest possible liberty compatible with public welfare, and where voluntary coöperation is the ideal of public duty, everything that expresses permanence and centralization of authority, and especially of that not delegated by suffrage, is an intrusion and anachronism. There are patriotic Romanists who are in full sympathy with our

institutions, but they are unconsciously inconsistent, for the Papacy has never abated its claim that the individual is subordinate to the institution. It must therefore stand in perpetual antagonism to democracy, which insists upon the adaptation and conformity of all institutions to the public will and weal. We owe our prosperity largely to our emancipation from despotic traditions. Any attempt to reinstate them is harmful.

Will any protest against the term despotic? A revolt of alienism against democracy, led by the Roman Church, is even now pending in Wisconsin. That it is certain of defeat does not disguise its animus. That it is blind and unwise only reveals the character of the hostility. The Catholic Church has never learned to make a wise and fair use of any real or fancied supremacy. Its exorbitance and intolerance invariably lead to revolt and reaction. This was recently the case in Boston, when a Catholic majority dominated the School Board. At the dictation of ecclesiastics, a text-book which, in a brief foot-note and with no unfriendly comment, made a statement concerning indulgences based on the best Catholic authorities, was discarded and another substituted which accommodated Catholic sensitiveness at the expense of historical verity. To-day but two Catholics remain on the Board. A similar reaction has changed the complexion of the Common Council and Board of Aldermen, and this Democratic city has twice elected a Republican mayor.

I am no alarmist. I am confident that we have nothing to fear, nationally, from Romanism, because OUR ENORMOUS IMMIGRATION HAS BEEN PROTESTANT BY A LARGE AND INCREASING MAJORITY FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. I only mention this as one of the factors of local disturbance, a very serious one in some quarters, as under the Tweed *regime* in New York, when Catholic influence was subsidized by corrupt real estate transfers at the city expense.

I recall the modest cathedral I passed on my way to school, nearly forty years ago, and compare the many churches in this State now eclipsing it in size and cost, but such things do not disturb me. Different Catholic authorities claim a national constituency varying from five to eight millions, but these figures are estimates, not statistics, and are made for political effect. The new national census will make surprising revelations on this point. The sect has made no relative gain—quite the reverse. Even if the most extravagant claim were conceded, it would make a showing

of only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., compared with 14 per cent. which has been allowed in past years. That church is wise—shall I say desperately so?—in enforcing parochial teaching, for nothing else can ever check the apostasy of the second generation, and even that will not prevent the total loss of the third. The conflict between this church and the free school is irrepressible and unfortunate, but there can be but one issue: mediævalism in all phases must go to the wall.

The moral of the facts I have cited should be evident. The degeneracy of our cities is not a process of natural evolution, is not degeneracy, but purely accidental—not a diseased but a parasitic growth. It is as inevitable as it is deplorable, and has not attained its full dimensions in some quarters; but, prophetic as it may be of misrule and disaster, it is transient, and is sure to be eliminated by the steady, progressive and wholesome triumph of the principles upon which American life is founded. The beginnings of a healthy reaction are already visible in State legislation, and in the increasing impetus of an impulse of national self-protection, which finds expression in Chinese exclusion measures, and in action looking to the more vigorous enforcement of regulations concerning pauper immigration, which official laxity has suffered to fall into neglect, and urging greater stringency in naturalization laws.

The sixty-five million of to-day will be one hundred and thirty million in 1915, and the foreign element will then be so small as to be insignificant, even if the present rate of immigration continues. It will be liable to decrease, except in the event of a general European war, but even then no one race will predominate sufficiently to be a menace to our welfare. Indeed, by the year 1900, the expression "American degeneracy" will be proved a solecism.

NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.*

* See *GLOBE NOTES* touching this article.

NEWTON'S MUHLENBERG.

DR. MUHLENBERG. BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.
BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1890.

AT the first breath I must confess that in handling and reading this book I became conscious of a certain dainty, penetrating and pervading magnetism, compared with which I can recall nothing so beautiful, except for a few moments last June, when for the first time I was introduced to and allowed to examine the pet violins of the late, but still famous, Ole Bull. I am constantly trying to bring home the truth that genius never dies; that spirit, whether in its last analysis, personal or impersonal, is immortal. It is this that shines in the face of martyrs, prophets, poets, singers of the soul's songs, and in all the faces, voices and echoes of their interpreters. Modern wiseacres are attempting to show that hypnotism is not a magnetism, etc. :

"Not by vain disputes and wrangles
Wilt thou fathom the concealed."

It is an old truth that in the presence of certain living persons we are captivated, thrilled, lifted into heavens of conscious and unconscious beauty, or depressed with burdens of guilt and shame; in a word, magnetized, electrified, the one soul of the universe passing through its own minor atoms in some kindred soul, giving to us that touch of nature which not only makes the whole world kin, but demonstrates certain special kinships, as yet all not understood. But that books should do this, that violins and things we call dead or inanimate should do this, is something still less accounted for in our modern philosophy. In due time THE GLOBE hopes to make this as plain as Mr. Quay's way of "getting there." At present we have only a few kindly words for Mr. Newton's "Muhlenberg," as the last illustration of the subtle ways of the old spirit of the Brahman's song. For the universal soul is the same, and choice echoes of it, in human form, always become stars or

flowers or songs or some rich rays in the dawns and sunsets of the world.

Mr. Newton's "Muhlenberg" is a beautiful book—beautiful in the spirit of its subject, as it again was a beautiful new voicing of a heart and life the wide world will soon name divine—beautiful again in the catholic, human, genial sunshine of the new biographer—beautiful still as aiming for the furtherance of a dream of Christian union, which, while it will never be realized in the manner aimed at by Muhlenberg or Newton, will as certainly come, in a wider sense than they have dreamed of—certainly, as we follow on to know the Lord, and (that) his going forth is sure as the morning, and (that) he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter rain that saturates the ground. Heaven help us all, and prepare us for that day. It will not be especially noted for its Inter-ecclesiastical Congress at Saratoga or elsewhere, but for things no tongue yet has named.

This book itself is one of the forerunners of that day. It is also one of the new illustrations of the fact stated by Matthew Arnold, that the future statement of religion would be a literary one; not distinctively theological, that is, or ecclesiastical, but literary, out of the heart of the best spiritual, prophetic logos or word culture of our times. There was always a vast difference between the priest and the prophet, the altar man and the seer. Dr. Newton's book will help to make this plainer among other things. It is, in its way, a work of genius, not by any means of the highest, intensest, creative, everlastingly painstaking and hard-working genius, but the genius not only of refinement, of pure-heartedness, but also of the happiest artistic touches here and there—touches that reveal in rose-tints alike the character of Muhlenberg and of Newton as well. For, disguise it as we will, we all of us write or paint or sing only ourselves, and a man's word is his own soul's resistless revelation. Thus the opening of Chapter I is a stroke of genius that could have happened only to a son born of one of the happiest "Story Tellers" that ever lived. I do not mean to credit Dr. W. W. Newton's genius to his father Richard. The new doctor of divinity has a daintier art than his father ever knew—an art compared with which that of his more widely known brother Heber is a clumsy bungling of unspiritual, unartistic, long-haired, dry-rot mechanism. In a word, the present biographer has a spirit and a style all his own, and it is very pretty, very lovable, if you do not ask too much or

seek the vistas of eternal blue where a little sunset-coloring was intended. The opening of Chapter III is another touch of this genial art. The opening of Chapter V repeats the happy cloudlet, until United States history and Tennyson poetry and Cambridge and Prof. Seeley insight are all used to tell the Muhlenberg story. This is very clever work. It is light literature teaching religion. It is Newton art; the same precisely as found in his "Savonarola" and other earlier biographical sketches. One might point out scores of apt quotations from other noted authors, all going to show the happy extent of Mr. Newton's reading, and his art of using other men's thoughts to tell his own story. Best of all, Muhlenberg's own words are brought in—not exactly woven in. There is the weakness: Mr. Newton has not had time to weave. He has read widely, and he knows Muhlenberg well; does not know so well the greater tides of life that round the Muhlenberg eddies, and, above all, has not taken time to master in his own soul's speech the full literary expression of his theme. He constantly overestimates Muhlenberg. The work is very pretty, but fearfully incomplete—here and there slovenly, forgetful of its own previous assertions, and forever dropping into the commonplace language of mere popular Christian sympathy. This is not good biography. It is painting a picture, not a man. Muhlenberg is seen, but not as distinctly as even Mr. Newton was capable of revealing him. This is a sin.

On page 9 of Preface we find the following acknowledgment:

"This book has made been—(a misprint for been made)—possible through the co-operation of my friend the Rev. Preston Barr, whose judgment, aid and most helpful criticism have been invaluable factors in its creation." This is a very strong acknowledgment of aid from Mr. Barr. How much work it is meant to cover is not revealed, and need not be. But some of Mr. Barr's good work is already known to the readers of *THE GLOBE*, and how much more incomplete Mr. Newton's "Muhlenberg" would have been without Mr. Barr's aid can readily be guessed. As it is, for instance, we find, page 1 of Preface, that Muhlenberg "passed in his time for a prophet and a dreamer," etc. Again, on the very next two pages, "The men of his day said that he was a dreamer," etc.; again, pages 181 and 182, "He passed in the days of his own generation as a visionary, a dreamer," etc.

This is not careful work. It is the work of a man who makes

books out of everyday popular language, not out of the freshly-kindled sparks of his own aroused mind. It is a part of the hack literature of the day. For what it is, however, in its more beautiful features, we give the book hearty welcome, and bid it God-speed. Perhaps there is a providence in its incompleteness. Muhlenberg was a good man, not a great man; and Mr. Newton's book will appeal to the good rather than to the strong.

W. H. T.

“THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PREACHING. BY A. J. F. BEHREND, D.D., PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y. NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1890.

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY. LECTURES GIVEN TO THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, JUNE, 1889, BY REV. W. P. TILDEN. BOSTON: GEO. H. ELLIS, 1890.

PREACHING is a divine function; and it is not less but more truly divine for being operated through the human soul and by means of audible speech. It is not discussion, it is not denunciation, it is not philosophical elucidation; much less is it rhetorical declamation or sensational entertainment. The preacher was not intended to be a clever theological debater, an adept at brilliant sentence making, or an expert in the art of tickling itching ears by curious word-mongering. He is sent to do one thing preëminently; viz., to bear witness. His function is to voice the testimony of the human consciousness to the eternal, the immortal, the invisible verity. The words which the unchangeable Infinite has whispered in his ear he is to proclaim upon the housetop. What he himself has seen of the imperishable beauty, to that he may testify, but to nothing else. The vision of the excellent glory which his own eyes have obtained, that he must make clear to other eyes than his, but nothing more. He may not gossip in mere hearsay as a retailer of second-hand truth. The thing which he has not seen he must not try to say. He cannot testify credibly to that which he does not know. He cannot bear witness to what others have seen; he can report his own vision only. He is a prophet; that is, one who speaks for another. Therefore he must know that other, or he can-

not express his mind. All hearsay evidence is ruled out of court. The message must be living, direct, and fresh from the unfailing Source.

This is the view of the preaching function stated and exemplified in the New Testament. "And I, brethren," says St. Paul to the Corinthians, "when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, *declaring unto you the testimony of God.*" This is the best definition of preaching, both negatively and positively, that was ever formulated. The tricks of the rhetorician, the nice arts of clever speech, are as alien from the true form of preaching as are the methods of philosophical disquisition. "Excellency of speech," the tawdry rags of rhetorical display, these have no more place nor room in the form of preaching than the "wisdom" of this world has in its substance. To file words, to adorn sentences, to point and polish periods while engaged in the simple work of giving testimony, can have no effect but to discredit the testimony or detract from its force; and to indulge in fine rhetoric when bearing witness to the character and work of God is nothing short of sacrilege. It is of a piece with the elocutionary graces and pulpit mannerisms, "practiced at the glass," which provoked the scathing satire of Cowper. The servant of God whose soul is rapt with the vision of the eternal and invisible glory will naturally clothe his account of that excellence and his message from that Infinite in words of native dignity and power. He may not be fluent, but he will be eloquent. He may even utter his message in broken sentences, but his style will be noble and his words will have an irresistible force and penetration. His earnestness will clothe the commonest words with a radiance all its own; the deep fire of his personal conviction will mold them to a grace which no oratorical art can supply. The style of the preacher whose soul is intent on the truth he sees cannot be mean nor ignoble: the style of him whose soul is intent on his style cannot be other than mean and mawkish and disgusting.

On the same low plane of vainglorious futility must be reckoned that "wisdom" of philosophical method by which the preacher often cavils with the supposed doubts and denials of men, and seeks to argue them into the kingdom of God. "The wisdom of this world" had been preached for a good many ages by such methods before St. Paul laughed at it and declared that God had made it foolish. Verily, God had made it foolish. There is noth-

ing more vivid or powerful in literature than the dialectic of Socrates and the wit of Aristophanes which uncovered the pedantic foolishness of the Greek sophists and held it up to the everlasting ridicule and inextinguishable laughter of gods and men. The formal pedantry of the Greek sophists was, indeed, ridiculous; but the ambitious preacher who, in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus, turns the pulpit into a "coward's castle" for the assault of science or of theology, or who makes it a theater for enacting the roaring farce of "reconciling science and theology," is guilty of a conceit, and perpetrates a sacrilege that is too contemptible ever to merit the mockery of a second Aristophanes or the merciless dissection of a modern son of Sophroniscus. His work is a miserable abortion that does not deserve embalmment even in the pungent spicery of genius, but will pass into the blockhead's heaven of eternal oblivion.

The essence of the sermon is not argument but assertion; its vital element is not syllogism but allocution. It bears witness to a fact, and demands of men what they will do with the fact. The business of the preacher is not to prove a proposition and maintain it against all comers, but "*by manifestation of the truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God;*" and the one element essential to the proper manifestation of the truth is the element of personal conviction. The man who is convinced himself will convince others. He who really believes will utter a testimony that must kindle the faith of other souls. The ultimate and only certification of truth is the testimony of the human consciousness. Faith in the veracity of the human consciousness is the ultimate ground of all certitude. He who simply reports his own consciousness, who is true to his inmost conviction, who proclaims the recognitions of eternal and invisible verities made by his own conscious intelligence, wields the mightiest power of persuasion, and will command the widest respect as well as the deepest and readiest assent.

All this, to the Greek mind, to the sophistical intellect, to the mere formal understanding, is simply foolishness; nevertheless, after that the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Preaching, like philosophies and institutions, is to be judged by its fruits. Its practical power to help and strengthen men in the moral struggles of life is the test of its value and the measure of its efficiency. The

effect of preaching is that by means of it men are saved. Through the instrumentality of the living word lives are saved from ruin, souls are rescued from degradation, human characters are lifted out of the slough of lust or the quicksand of selfishness. By the lightning current of truth, conveyed through the faithful testimony of a true soul from the unseen forces of the Eternal Spirit, the fetters of evil habit are molten from the slavish will and a new man walks forth in the majesty of moral freedom to rejoice in the beauty of holiness.

This is the loftiest, the noblest and the highest function of the human soul—that it should bear witness to the truth. To this end the Son of God was born; for this cause came He into the world. And every son of God, who with tongue of flame and burning word, in faithful witness to the Father of Spirits and the Lord of souls, brings faith and hope to one despairing life, walks the earth in a splendor that outshines the gold and precious stones of kings. The man who with beaming eye and trembling lip and gentle touch whispers a word of testimony to the infinite Love, the un-failing forgiveness, the boundless, compassionate sympathy that pervades and rules the universe, and so brings comfort and strength to a single sorrowing, wounded soul—that man wields a power with which the vulgar sword of the mightiest conquerer is incommensurable.

It is the knowledge of God that saves men. But this is a knowledge which "the wisdom of this world" cannot teach. It is not to be got by logical deduction or philosophic speculation. Like all other knowledge, it rests upon a testimony which must first be believed—the testimony of the human consciousness. It is the preacher's business to voice that testimony. Having himself received the witness, having first believed and therefore known the truth of the testimony, he is to utter it, that others may believe and likewise know. There is nothing for which men hunger so intensely as for a truth to believe—a fact to know. They are creatures of faith. Belief is the essence of their humanity—the core of their being. There is nothing so contagious among them as faith. They instinctively recognize and yield to the voice of overmastering conviction. The great masters and leaders of the race have always been its greatest believers, and always will be. So the voice of interior conviction, testifying to the reality of things unseen, will always be heard and obeyed with gladness. The preaching func-

tion will never become obsolete whilst human souls continue in this earth. For things unseen and eternal will always need a living witness. The mass of mankind, and especially the young, do not perceive that righteousness alone is blessedness; that self-sacrifice is better and stronger than self-indulgence and self-seeking; that patient submission is nobler than forcible resistance; that love is the supreme, all-conquering force in life and in the eternity of God. They need to be told these things, and told them by one who believes in their infinite importance, their imperishable beauty, their unconquerable power as manifested in the cross of Jesus. The cross of Christ is the substance of the preacher's testimony because it is the perfect manifestation of the unseen—the supreme expression to the world of the character and will of God.

Of course, it is understood that the preacher must do other things besides testifying to the truth, but this is his primary function, his chief business. He must teach, reprove, exhort. But these duties are subsidiary to his great work of bearing witness. They serve but to illustrate the substance of his testimony and apply it to the daily life of men, whilst every channel of his activity and influence will be pervaded by the underlying earnestness of the faithful and true witness.

With this clear and definite conception of the preacher's office, we know what to do with the time-worn assertion that the pulpit has lost its power, and with the traditional explanation of that loss in the statement that the pulpit is no longer the educational necessity it once was. The rise of the press, the diffusion of knowledge, the growth of intelligence and independent thought, have made men independent of the pulpit, they tell us, by the taking away of its chief function. The newspaper, the magazine and the school have doubtless grown to great estate since the days when the two Sunday sermons were each three hours in length, but the human soul meanwhile has not grown obsolete. And so long as human souls shall live and love and sin and suffer in the earth, so long will there be the deep, immitigable hunger after God that will require and welcome the living word of testimony to the unseen things of the spirit. The human soul can never be satisfied with the ministry of leaden type and printer's ink. It demands the personal love and care of a living spirit; it craves the witness of a loftier human soul that has seen within the veil and can tell of

the glorious reality as well as of the deep mystery that lies beyond. When it comes to the matter of faith and hope and love, of life and death and immortality, of righteousness, self-control and judgment to come, of evil and its consequences, of forgiveness and its cost—in all that vast domain of spiritual life that sweeps off into the infinite, men prefer the word of a man to that of a magazine; they will believe the witness of the friend who loves and watches for them rather than the word of the clever paragrapher or of the prosaic divinity who solves the problems of the universe once a month in the leading review. It is a very large assertion, this, that the pulpit has lost its power; but *if* it has, the reason is that it has ceased to be a witness—has ceased to declare the testimony of Jesus.

There are, indeed, signs in abundance that the popular ideal of the preacher and his work is vastly below the standard set in the New Testament. The first and most flaming indication of the kind is the abomination known as "candidating" among the clergy of Protestant denominations. The saddest and the most disgraceful fact in modern Christendom is this, that the people have not only taken in hand to say who shall and who shall not declare the testimony of God, but also to set the ministerial standard to which he must conform. They have taken it upon them to judge, to criticise, to applaud and condemn the messengers of the Most High. As a result, the uniform standard of judgment in every such case is strictly Pagan and not Christian. The question with reference to every "candidate" is not whether he can bear a credible witness to the truth that he knows, but whether he is popular, whether he can *draw*, whether he will build up the parish and swell the pew rentals. They do not ask, "Has he any real insight at all into the unfathomable mystery; does he voice the authority of the living Christ?" but, "What Doctor in Divinity stands sponsor for him; what theological seminary has pronounced him safe; and, especially, what religious newspaper has declared him a successful man?" If there is any question at all with reference to his message, it concerns the manner of it and not the substance—his voice, his delivery, his manner in prayer, his personal appearance—with special emphasis upon the latter. The Apostle Paul, with his small, perhaps deformed, figure, his broken, halting speech, his diseased eyes and feeble health, and clad in that old cloak that he left once with Carpus at Troas, would not even be granted a hear-

ing now by any parish in Christendom—but then, he, with his queer tastes, would prefer to be a missionary to the heathen. The whole aim and striving in parish matters is after the things that are seen and perishable—the costly edifice, the gorgeous music, the swollen numbers, the overflowing exchequer, the heavy column of statistics, the guilds, auxiliaries and what not. It is the old story of a wicked and adulterous generation seeking after a sign; but the sign of Jonas the Prophet, the sign of life out of death, of triumph through failure, of gain through loss, the only sign that a true prophet will give them—that sign they will not receive. The supreme qualification which they demand in a minister is the ability to draw. In the words of Marion Harland, he must be “a cross between a mustard plaster and a corkscrew.” He must have all the graces of the rhetorician, all the imagination of the poet, all the mental acumen of the philosopher. He must pour forth rivers of intoxicating sentiment to slake the parching throats of decaying and fevered emotion. He must hew out huge blocks of curious thought to feed the insatiable maw of exacting intellect. For it is supposed that the “unattached population,” the “unchurched masses” who do not go to church for good form’s sake, can be drawn thither by the prospect of an hour’s entertainment from the fine chattering of a pulpit orator, precisely as the circus-clown attracts the frivolous and vulgar worldling by his low buffoonery and his paint. But more than all this, the clergyman must be a first-class business head, an enterprising, pushing schemer, a skillful manipulator of parish machinery, an accomplished and fascinating “society man.” This latter is indispensable in the “fashionable churches.” They must have a leader “to the manor born,” of a family illustrious in the ranks of wealth, and trained in all the ways and requirements of the fashionable few: Fishermen and publicans, whom Christ preferred (Judas being the only high-born apostle) as heralds of his Gospel, are disqualified by their birth for bearing it to Fifth Avenue and Beacon Street. As a result, the people never find their ideal clergyman; and scarce one clergyman in fifty remains a score of years in a parish. The people are restive, censorious, dissatisfied; the clergy are discouraged, restless, ambitious, with no abiding place.

The clergy themselves are chiefly to blame for this humiliating state of things. If they themselves were striving after the attainment of a higher ideal, if they had a higher estimate of their sacred

office, they would teach the people better. But not so. Like people like priest. They do not believe in their commission; they never gird themselves with the divineness of their function. I once sat in an organized assembly of clergymen and heard the presiding officer announce that the customary preacher, chosen the preceding year to preach on the occasion in question, was abroad, and his alternate too ill to be present; and that, as there had been no authority vested in him or in any one else to choose another, *there would be no sermon*. Think of that! A gathering of more than a hundred ministers of God confessing that not one of them had any authority to declare the testimony of God to those who were present!! Well, I suppose they hadn't. If they had possessed the authority—the unction of the Holy One—they would have believed it and exercised it. The only message delivered that day was that they had no authority to deliver any, and I for one believed their testimony. Imagine St. Paul meeting his clergy at Ephesus or Corinth and gravely telling them that, owing to peculiar combinations of circumstances, there was no authority in him or in them to declare the counsel of God in that assembly!! But the assembly in question took measures to prevent the recurrence of like circumstances by authorizing a committee to appoint another preacher under like circumstances again. So on future occasions, should the gospel of the grace of God be left without any other authority, it can at least have a decent opportunity to plead the authority of committee.

All of which ecclesiastical fudging does not accomplish much toward accrediting the Gospel. Either it has an inherent authority direct from God, its author, or it has not. If it has, then all obstructive attempts of convention and committee, even by means of ordination, apostolic or other, when employed as a fetter to restrain the liberty of prophesying, are but so many petty endeavors to place the Holy Spirit of God under an ecclesiastical embargo, such as the same Spirit has never found it difficult to break, and never will. If it has not, then no votes nor resolutions, nor laying on of human hands, can ever give it such. Let the sacraments, especially the Eucharist, be reserved for the administration of ordained hands, if needful as a guarantee of Church order; but let not the “testimony of God” be restricted in its declaration to the number of the learned who alone are admitted to ordination. This would be a method genuinely apostolic. St. Paul him-

self received no apostolic ordination. No human hands gave him authority to preach the Word; yet his credentials were not challenged in the council at Jerusalem. Those, likewise, who were "scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen," men of Cyprus and Cyrene who came to Antioch, had not received ordination at all except directly from the Holy Ghost. Yet their work was honored by the Apostles and by "the church which was at Jerusalem."

But let us not be too impatient of this restraint and chariness in reference to the divine testimony in an age when men are wholly uncertain what the thing is to which they must bear witness. The marvel is that there should be any message at all proclaimed in an epoch shaken with such dubitation and denial of all that is invisible and heavenly, and with the most hurried, resounding and eager pursuit of everything material and outward. There is universal and adoring faith in the devil that rules the American ballot-box, whose name is legion; but no tidings are sought from the infinities, and no deep-toned spiritual voice is heard sounding down from the region of exhaustless harmony, quickening with its plangent notes the pulse of deathless aspiration, and thrilling the universal heart with an omnipotent enthusiasm. Men have made up their minds there is no Unseen, none at least that is worthy of any sacrifice; how then can they receive the word of a Prophet of the Unseen? how believe that any such exists? They are just now engaged in the time-honored business of stoning a supposed prophet, because, with clairvoyant insight and photographic realism, he proclaims the moral consequences of abused and violated marriage. Now if he had but portrayed *physical* consequences and hygienic effects—what honors would he not have won! But then the prophets never know nor care which side of their bread is buttered. Seer and poet alike have long ago been banished from our own literature. This nine-days Russian wonder, with its sudden and melancholy ending, but signifies how barren and hungry we are. No world-poet sings to us any more with words and tones divine. Even if one is born who gives early promise of streams from unknown seas to refresh our parched and dusty spirits, the fountain of his inspiration is dried up by the sirocco blasts from the desert of our groveling materialism before his life has been half lived out. Happy for us if poets in future, warned by the mournful fate of Bryant, do not resolutely decline to be born. The

muse is dead, and the critic who is unwilling to emulate the heroism of Smelfungus Redivivus and abdicate his function, has no employment left him but the ungracious one of seizing the occasion of her funeral to lecture the sordid mortals who have slain her.

Our reward is nowise richer if we seek for help and inspiration in departments of literature other than the poetic. "Poetry having ceased to be read, or published, or written" in verse, there is still less of it extant in prose. The most labored and pretentious literature of the time, that having the sincerest attempt toward music and truth, has yet no upward look. Its gaze is resolutely downward, narrowly scanning its own form, microscopically examining the human cuticle, painfully reproducing with minute mechanical photography every blotch and pimple. This it calls realism. "The ideal" is scouted as the absurd, the unprofitable. Yet amid the rattling adjustments of plates and cameras, the smearing of acids and mounting of card-board, we detect a sigh, a tone of weariness and cynicism, relieved only by a momentary enthusiasm when the artist catches sight of a work suggesting the free coloring and majestic touch of genius. The implements of his craft are dropped in amazement as he looks and exclaims, "This is not the description of life, this is life itself;" and forthwith the untamed Russ, the offspring of autocracy, is incontinently dubbed "incomparably the greatest novelist that ever lived." To such pass has literature—the cream of faculty, the organ of aspiration—in this democracy, come!

There is no lack of messages, of distinct and well-articulated evangels, despite the absorbing devotion of our mammonism, the confused and jangling din and eager hurry of our sordid occupation. Of all our eras since that of the missing link, this is the fruitfulest in conflicting, windy and tumultuous gospels—Gospel of Wealth, Gospel of Socialism, Gospel of Culture, Gospel of Secular Education, Light of Science as opposed to Lights of the Church—one's head reels at the bare enumeration. Each has its organs, its apostles, its costly institutions, its elaborate machinery of propagandism. The new Gospel of Wealth, like that old and obsolescent Gospel of Poverty and Sacrifice, claims the earth as its field, and all the arms of industry, all the ingenuity of human brains, all the enthusiasm of human hearts—the bodies, souls and spirits of the race of man—for its propagation. What the Gospel of Culture, with its supercilious exactions, demands and costs we know;

and now there comes the sumptuous catalogue of the newest costly university devoted to the work of trimming the lamp and beating the oil for the Light of Science, one of the professors in which is heralded as the author of an exhaustive essay on "The Supernumerary Leg in a Male Frog"—fit companion for the author of a solemn paper in the leading English Review on "Leftleggedness." Those various gospels doubtless have their value and attraction. The Gospel of Wealth may be a very pleasant gospel, but since the days of Demas it has not been very effectual to the saving of them that believe in it. The Batrachian evangel of the Supernumerary Leg may be very curious and interesting—a gospel after Prof. Huxley's own heart—but its declaration and testimony, like his, are scarce worth listening to. The world is certainly in need of no new gospel—she hears a score of them preached to her every day: what she needs is a faithful and true witness to the old one—the only one among them all that fails to get itself, in any worthy way, believed.

And now, what sort of witness is the Christian ministry bearing before the world in rebuttal of all this jarring, contradictory and worthless testimony? Much that is certainly no weightier. Testimony to the verity of Noah's flood and Jonah's fish! Testimony to the articulation of Balaam's ass!! Testimony to the chemical transmutation of Lot's wife!!! The following is a specimen cited by Prof. Huxley from a sermon by Canon Liddon:*

"For Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus Christ set the seal of His infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. He found the Hebrew Canon as we have it in our hand to-day, and He treated it as an authority which was above discussion. Nay more: He went out of his way—if we may reverently speak thus—to sanction not a few portions of it which modern skepticism rejects. When He would warn His hearers against the dangers of spiritual relapse, He bids them remember 'Lot's wife.†' When He would point out how worldly engagements may blind the soul to a coming judgment, He reminds them how men ate, and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the Flood came and de-

* "The Worth of the Old Testament," a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Second Sunday in Advent, December 8th, 1889, by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Second edition, revised and with a new preface, 1890.

† St. Luke xvii. 32.

stroyed them all.* If He would put His finger on a fact in past Jewish history which, by its admitted reality, would warrant belief in His own coming resurrection, He pointed to Jonah's being three days and three nights in the whale's belly"† (p. 23).

The preacher then makes the following use and application of this testimony to the case of those who hold that Jesus, in these allusions, was "using *ad hominem* arguments, or 'accommodating' his better knowledge to popular ignorance," or that he shared that ignorance:

"But they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as the value of the sacred literature of His countrymen, He can be safely trusted about anything else. The trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His Divine authority" (p. 25).

Alas! it is the unspeakable, bat-eyed folly of such testimony as this that gives occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, and furnishes a pretext for the wooden mouthings and scribbled futilities of a Huxley, and for the coarse, disgusting horse-laugh blasphemy of Bob Ingersoll. The blatant assertion that the testimony of Jesus to His own moral consciousness and spiritual intuition is of no more value or importance, and is no more to be trusted as a witness to the Unseen than His allusions to primitive legends as proof of their historic verity, betrays a degree of blindness to the things of the Spirit such as even the mole-eyed vision of Ingersoll, with all his disingenuous mockeries, can scarce be said to match; and the ministers of Christ who indulge in such dogmatism as this are doing what in them lies to discredit the spiritual glory of the Master that sent them.

Of witness borne by sects and councils to the authority and truth of human creeds; of the hubbub raised in many quarters about Probation, Infant Salvation or Damnation, Preterition; of kid-gloved speculation about preaching the Gospel to dead heathen, we pause not here to speak. This boundless, all-devouring noise of theological logomachy, this dinning, whirling rage of innumer-

* St. Luke xvii. 27.

† St. Matt. xii. 40.

able polemic vortices—what signifies it but a widespread, nigh universal conflict and disagreement of testimony, a deep-seated, ineradicable suspicion that no substance of reality, to which witness can be borne, has anywise been grasped? There is no longer an immovable conviction of the Invisible, no positive, unfailling certitude, no inward, imperishable, all-conquering force that can withstand the assault and collapse of things outward, superior to all chances and shocks of external condition. The raiment is esteemed as more than the body; and now that the dress of creed and formal statement is torn off, shipped away and rudely thrust aside for change of fashion, the body of belief is found to be quite dissolved, and men's hearts are failing them for fear. Witness to Christ and His Cross as a perennial fountain of strength and light in the darkling life of man has fallen quite obsolete; belief in the Cross as the road to resurrection, to immortal, invisible, eternal power, as the necessary expiration of unfaith and wayward worship of the Seen and Perishable, has grown quiescent, silent, ineffectual, ready to expire; what wonder, then, that out of the "stunning hub-bub" and confused conflict of tongues there should ever and anon emerge the subterranean growl of savage pessimisms, like the smothered grumbling from the mills of blind, endungeoned, grinding Samsons, portending ultimate and irretrievable overthrow! This is itself but the symptom of returning sanity, of eventual recovery and restoration to the soundness of faith and saving hope. The forces of the human soul are not inert, inactive, balanced in eternal equipoise. The empyrean of the spirit is not the Dead Sea atmosphere of moveless torpor. Strife and struggle are its native elements of life. The sultry pressure of coarse, low, vaporous content, the mephitic exhalations of materialism, the stifling inanities of doubt, must be dispersed and lifted by shock and storm and upheaval. But these once over, we expect the sunlight and ozone that stream in on us from the regions of the upper air.

Whether such time be near or distant in the future, the two books, with title-pages here transcribed, afford us little means of judging. They have been selected, not specifically for purposes of criticism, but rather as showing the present-day status and use of the highest spiritual function. These two volumes of lectures by representatives of sects that habitually exalt and magnify the preacher's office, are both occupied, the one exclusively, the other mainly, with the theory of preaching. In this fact there is much

suggestiveness. There is little light given as to the substance, and less to the method, of true preaching; there is much keen, penetrating, subtle analysis of the essence of preaching, of its aim, its effect, and how and why that effect is produced. Concerning the correctness of that analysis no question need here be raised. Our interest lies deeper, and with questions much more practical and fundamental. "The Philosophy of Preaching"! There we have it in a nutshell. Preaching is now a thing that "listens to itself," has a theory of itself, gazes intently upon its own function and mechanism, dissects and examines itself with curious introspective surgery; which, to the mind of Carlyle was, in any department of mind or life, the symptom of disease, of stoppage and weakness. As to that, no judgment is here given. But if unconsciousness be synonymous with health and power, then the preaching of this age, as indicated, represented by these two authorities, is weak and morbid enough. It matters not that the true "philosophy" and secret of preaching have been arrived at. If the function itself has been suspended or impaired by the logician's scalpel, then preaching might better remain foolishness—a thing unclassified, unanalyzed, concerning which no theory has been formulated. Let us see how this is. On page 76 Dr. Behrends declares: "They [the hearers] must be persuaded, and to persuade them he [the preacher] must first himself be persuaded. He must speak of his own knowledge. The force of his appeal lies in the energy of his personal conviction. He is preëminently and exclusively a witness. He must be a seer." Beautiful theory! admirable statement! consummate philosophy! Yet on page 32 he had said, "I am not surè that it would be wise to give the doctrine of an earthly probation a different theological turn," etc.; and on page 121 he confesses, "For myself I believe in a personal devil, though I frankly own that I do not know what to make of Balaam and Jonah; but I am not prepared to say that a man cannot be saved unless he believes in Satan"! If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle? In heaven's name, O preacher, lecturer, or what not, "tell us of what you believe, but keep your doubts to yourself, for we have enough of our own." Let us have no ifs and buts; give us release from such phrases as "I am not sure but;" "I know not what to make of;" omit your testimony to the devil, if it is *not* absolutely essential to salvation, to "a reconstructed manhood." There is the same underlying unconscious

contradiction, the same anxious, qualifying, hesitating attitude throughout, showing that the lecturer, with his sharpest analysis, his clear and able statement, his admirable temper and beautiful spirit, is yet after all a halting, trembling, dubitating child of his age, and no "seer" nor prophet at all. His is a book to be commended in every phase of it except the crucial and decisive one of ability to kindle inspiration. Of this there is none. The two introductory chapters are weak and unworthy of the book. They are occupied with an elaborate inquiry into the aim of preaching, which he, with Henry Ward Beecher, finds to be a "Reconstructed Manhood." Yet on pages 101 and 102 we get glimpses of a higher and truer conception of its aim as a witness to the truth. "It is only indirectly and mediately that you can convince any man. . . . Leave the truth to do its own work. If you have brought him face to face with God, you may retire." Precisely. Reconstructed manhood is the *result* of preaching, the aim of which must always be to bear faithful and true witness; to bring the man face to face with God. Had Dr. Behrends been clear as to this, the first two lectures would have remained unwritten, and the book throughout would have been much stronger. There are eight lectures, of which the two on the Personal Element and the Ethical Element in Preaching are altogether excellent. He touches bed-rock in the latter where he says, page 83, "You can have no psychology which does not assume the veracity of consciousness," but he fails to see the spiritual implications of the statement. But the lecture on the "Biblical Element in Preaching" contains the soundest wisdom and the most wholesome moderation. His theory of Holy Scripture and its function is succinctly stated in the lecture on the "Ethical Element in Preaching." "The doctrine of an inspired Bible, for instance, . . . reposes at last upon the perception of an ethical fact. . . . Your primary affirmation is that the writers were credible witnesses. They did not lie; they could not have been deceived." There ought to be devout and universal thankfulness to God that, in an age of letter-worship beyond example, one man should be found with insight to perceive and courage to announce this calm truth. Yes, the Bible is simply the testimony of the highest souls to God, to the supreme spiritual fact and truth, or, rather, it is God's testimony to Himself through those souls.

With the general scope of the Rev. Mr. Tilden's book we have

no present concern. Its lectures on "Pastoral Work," on "Sunday-schools and Guilds," on "Pulpit Services," on "Usages and Duties," etc., are sane, practical, minute in counsel. Doubtless they are wise and well, and will have their use. But our inquiry is restricted exclusively to the preaching function; and there is in this book a single chapter on preaching, and significantly entitled "The Object of Preaching." Here there is precisely the same confusion and mistake as in the book of Dr. Behrends. The view of that object here stated is identical with his, only not announced in Mr. Beecher's terse and expressive phrase, "A Reconstructed Manhood." Its grand object is said (page 37) to be "to lift man to a higher plane of thought and life, to quicken and stimulate his religious nature," and so on through a number of clauses.

And was that really the "great commission" which Christ gave His disciples? Did He tell them to go into all the world and reconstruct manhood, "to lift man to a higher plane," and the rest? Not a bit of it. He commanded them to "preach the Gospel," to proclaim the truth, to "be witnesses unto Him . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "For this cause came I into the world," said He, "that I should bear witness to the truth;" and "as the Father has sent Me, even so send I you." Who is the preacher, forsooth, that he should undertake to reconstruct manhood? That is a business that belongs to the Holy Spirit of the Omnipotent God, and the preacher might better leave that Spirit to attend to it, whilst he goes on with his proper work of bearing witness; which, if he faithfully do, the *result* will be that the infinite Spirit will honor his testimony by using it, how we know not, in bringing about a "Reconstructed Manhood." But that result is no part of the preacher's concern. His one aim is to declare the truth—the testimony of Jesus—and leave the result, with prayer and longing, to God's infinite power and love. This has been the aim of every preacher whose word has been a means of saving power with men anywhere. No other aim has ever been thought of until this moonstruck time brought in the notion of a Reconstructed Manhood and much else that must be nameless here. And the men of the time have all the while a dim, dreamy sense of how egregiously false and blundering this conception is. Dr. Behrends, as we have seen, admits that "it is only indirectly and mediately that you can convince any man," and that "illumination is . . . the primary function of . . . the Holy Spirit."

Likewise in this book appears one feeble scintillation of the same truth, in the solitary sentence, p. 51, "The preacher is but a voice," and then all dies down again into obscurity. And the source of all this dim Stygian darkness, the seal of all the blindness and folly and confused groping of these and countless other volumes, as well as of the ineffectual preaching, thinking and acting of this jarring and discordant era, is correctly set forth in p. 47 of Mr. Tilden's book, thus: "We do not truly believe the glorious truths God has revealed to us."

Well, there is a gain, a hope, even in such poor knowledge as this. Better to know what our malady is than ignorantly to boast that our moribund "system is in high order." We have found in these books a few faint streaks and glimmerings of dawning faith; and from these coy glintings of a light that is not wholly of this earth we draw our encouragement: our gratulation and our confidence are in the unfailing knowledge of a light which can never be utterly drowned in obscurity, and which, from out the grim smoke and Tartarean uproar of this suffocating period, will triumphantly arise and ultimately shine.

PRESTON BARR.

Lee, Mass.

THE TOLSTOI SCARE.

THE KREUTZER SONATA. BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI. BOSTON, MASS.:
 BENJ. R. TUCKER, PUBLISHER, 1890.

I WAS among the first American critics to detect and declare Tolstoi's genius and power as seen in his "My Religion." That was before Mr. Howells had discovered him, and made capital out of that discovery. In many ways Mr. Howells is the fortunate Americus who gets a continent named after him for straggling into port long after the Columbus in the case has found the way and died for it. But I am to speak of Tolstoi.

In the last few years I had read "War and Peace," only in snatches; Tolstoi's "Autobiography" I had studied with more care, and had read a great deal about him. Just as the average critic, however, began to praise him, and the average infidel and the

average female novel reader began to delight in him, I found myself growing out of conceit with the man, and feared that he might be losing the sight and power I had detected in "My Religion," and that he, too, might become a hack or a popular author. This was my attitude toward Tolstoi when, last May, the Rev. W. W. Newton showed me some manuscript of his forthcoming book on Tolstoi; and when Mr. Newton expressed such hero-worship toward the Count as, considering the essential differences in the men, he was capable of, and spoke with deep joy of his visit to Tolstoi the previous year, I found myself out of tune with Mr. Newton's enthusiasm. Later, in July, I glanced over the Rev. F. Bird's thin sketch of "The Lapse of Tolstoi," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for August, and immediately sent it to Rev. Mr. Barr, of Lee, Mass., as he was aiding Mr. Newton in the Tolstoi book about as he aided him in his "Muhlenberg."

I still had no thought of writing on Tolstoi for the present; did not think the time had come for that, and should not have done so had not the immaculate Postal Department of the United States offered its insult to one of the noblest and purest men of this age by suppressing, or pretending to suppress, the book I have named above, and that everybody is now talking about.

The action of our Postal Department in this case would be simply ludicrous and laughable were not the case itself infinitely too serious for laughter. For the fact that a government, many of whose Presidents, from Washington to Cleveland, have been famous for their *liaisons*, and many of whose leading statesmen, from Franklin to men whose names for their wives' sakes I will not name, have been ashamed of the birth-days of their first children—the fact, I say, that such a government, though admittedly the best and purest in the world, should undertake to suppress a book written by Tolstoi, and plainly written and wisely written to advance the moral and spiritual life of the world, is so stupendous a fact that it is altogether too serious for laughter. If Mr. Wanamaker had hired an assassin to crucify or poison in secret the most Christ-like man to be found in the world to-day, he would not, in my judgment, have done a more culpable thing than he has done in trying to suppress this new gospel according to Tolstoi. But were not the critics condemning it? Who? What critics? Do I call the men who compare Browning with Walt Whitman *critics*? In the name of God, what do such men know of poetry or of chastity?

Do I call the hacks who boom certain books and certain authors for lucre or for social invitations *critics*? Do I consider Edmund Gosse and W. D. Howells, or the Gilders, male or female, *critics*? They are people without either brains, or experience, or independence enough to form a literary judgment. I am not advised upon whose literary judgment the Postal Department relied before resolving to suppress this book, but I would wager my life that the party or parties never did a noble stroke of literary work on this earth. The truth is we are all in the hands of upstart knaves and children; and we dream that it is all pure Christianity and the advancement of civilization. I take it for granted that Mr. Wanamaker has acted conscientiously in this case; and if I thought otherwise, the law compelling me to return good for evil would oblige me to say the best word for this man that I could possibly say.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" is so named from the fact that this piece of Beethoven's became the central temptation between the wife of the hero of the story and an amateur musician, whose intimacy led the outraged and jealous husband to murder his wife and then to tell the "Kreutzer Sonata" story. It goes without saying that the story is well told—strongly told. Tolstoi is a master with his pen. I am sorry he has chosen to put his prophet's fire in the shape of stories; but that is his business; perhaps it is his only way. There are little infelicities in the translation; milder words might have been used here and there, and oversensitive ears less offended. But what I have to say about this book is, *first*, the conversations in it are precisely the conversations that are carried on among well-bred people, and among the lower classes as well, in all the civilized countries of the world at this hour. There are exceptional prudes everywhere who, however, unfortunately, are, as a rule, the most vulgar people alive. *Second*, the facts related in this book are the same facts that are related in far more revolting detail *every day* in the daily newspapers of all civilized nations at this hour. The only difference is that, told by Tolstoi, these facts are told with a power of sincerity, hence of clearness, that the average reporter neither understands nor commands, so that, as to its language, except the one or two infelicities of the translation already suggested, the only difference between the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the London *Daily News*, the New York *World*, or any other daily newspaper, is that the story of the "Kreutzer Sonata"

is told with all the vividness and intensity that genius always gives to its work. *Third*, the thing that marks an infinite difference between the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the daily newspaper is that Tolstoi tells his story—the true story of daily life—in order to preach over it the eternal gospel of Christ, while the newspapers and the average novels tell the same story for sensational effects and for money, and in a way to hide the gospel of Christ and to make it appear unnecessary. I have read every word of the "Kreutzer Sonata," and it has been one of my duties for years to read and comment on the news of the daily papers, and I take my oath that the difference just named is the sole difference between Tolstoi's last story and the best newspapers published in Russia, France, England and the United States to-day.

I am not saying that all these newspapers should not be suppressed. I am inclined to think that they and ninety per cent. of their manufacturers and readers might be suppressed to-morrow, much to the welfare and comfort of the ten per cent. remnant remaining. But with all our scientific and other skill in this century we cannot, it seems, kill one man without bungling him to death in a disgraceful manner, and of course it would be a fearful business to undertake the annihilation of ninety per cent. of the race, plus the newspapers. Let both grow together until the next natural harvest of death; but, in the name of eternal justice and truth, and sincerity and consistency, I here protest against singling out the best book in the world at this hour for our special suppression. I do not expect that my protest in THE GLOBE will change the action of the government at Washington. As a matter of fact, the action of our Postal Department will only increase tenfold the readers of the Tolstoi story; and lots of men are already suggesting that some wicked partner of the Postmaster-General might have set him on to this high moral crusade, in order to make a greater demand for the "Kreutzer Sonata." We all know that such knavery is practiced and considered smart in the daily business of life, leading, of course, always leading, to such hells as are grown familiar in our times.

Having marked the difference between the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the daily newspapers, let me make a still further distinction. The book called "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, was suppressed a few years ago. There is this difference between "Leaves of Grass" and the "Kreutzer Sonata:" "Leaves of Grass" was

bestial, nakedly, baldly so, without a redeeming feature either of beauty, of chastity, or of morality. It stands, and ever will stand, for the lowest grade of poetic, unredeemed and irredeemable mere physical sensuality, even of the paralyzed, diseased and debased species; whereas the Tolstoi book simply takes such common, brutal rot as made "Leaves of Grass" possible, and such rot as makes our newspapers possible and our own lives despicable, and shows the sin of it all, the curse of it all, and the only *cure* of it all yet known to gods or men. The "Kreutzer Sonata" is simply the gospel of Jesus, according to Tolstoi, applied to modern society, and I do not wonder that our government could not stand it. But other works are at hand that it will be less able to stand.

It is folly to pretend that this book would corrupt the morals of our youth. The morals of our youth *are* corrupted, and this book simply tells you what you all know; what your children know; but it also tells you how to prevent or stay the prevailing moral and social corruption, and it is this that you do not want to know. The great mockery of the age is this pretended fastidiousness, which professes to be Christian while fathered and fostered by the devil, the father of lies. The "Kreutzer Sonata" simply states the facts, and, as clearly as Tolstoi can, points out the cure; but how can even a prophet preach a pure gospel in days like these? How *can* we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Can Mr. Wanamaker suppress Almighty God? Let him try.

If the "Kreutzer Sonata" were such a book as Mr. Wanamaker supposed it to be when he undertook to suppress it, I would be one of the first to condemn the book and commend his action; or were it a mere crank's book, of the Fowler and Wells species, on physiology and social evil, I could rejoice at its annihilation. But the "Kreutzer Sonata" is not a corrupt or a corrupting book; on the contrary, it is a book of the purest and most exalted spirit and aims, and it cannot fail of doing incalculable and indescribable good. It is the burning word of a prophet, and no man or nation on earth can suppress it.

W. H. THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

THIS number of THE GLOBE has been delayed until September in order to complete the first volume with the present year and begin the second volume with the new year. In future THE GLOBE will be published monthly instead of quarterly, and will be sold at 25 cents a number or \$3 a year, postage paid. The next number will issue about December 20th, and will be known as the January number, 1891.

In this connection I urge all persons who have received sample copies of THE GLOBE to consider whether it is not their duty to subscribe for a periodical that is at once so reasonable in price and, confessedly, in its advocacy of the purest principles of society and the purest standards of art and literature, a very decided advance upon any magazine existing at the present time.

I ask only that persons receiving THE GLOBE, either as sample copies or as editor's copies, will treat it with the honorable candor THE GLOBE applies to all men and women, and books and questions of the day. If you cannot subscribe yourselves, ask others to subscribe. It is so THE GLOBE expects to succeed.

If THE GLOBE has stirred your minds or souls to clearer thoughts and nobler impulses in life, know that this stirring in your hearts and lives is only an echo of deeper and long-continued struggles in my own mind and life. I have not created THE GLOBE to get rich, but to proclaim truths that I believe to be vital to the sanity and safety of society, and yet truths that are mainly ridiculed or misunderstood in the popular literature of the day; hence I appeal for such conscientious remuneration as you may be able to offer. I am not begging or even soliciting your subscriptions. I am simply reminding you that if you have been blessed it is your duty to recognize the fact and aid me in the work I have undertaken.

The subscriptions already voluntarily sent to me, and the letters of encouragement sent me from representative men and women in all parts of this country, and the encouragement given me by leading advertisers, who almost always avoid new publications,

are all beyond anything I dreamed of when I resolved that it was my duty to found this review. From the first it has more than paid its own way. Publishers of magazines know what work has been done to accomplish this; and though I have not yet been paid in cash for the toil I have put into THE GLOBE, I have been paid a thousandfold in the blessings, congratulations and friendships of some of the best people that God and the past centuries have yet evolved.

A lot of "Round Robbin" literary hacks and bankrupt pirates of literature get together now and then and air their coarse ignorances by assuring their constituents that quarterlies are of the past, etc.; that monthlies and weeklies are the present voicings of the culture of the age; and so they are in their way, and the gods and the devils always claim and get their own. So THE GLOBE has resolved to be a monthly and do as the Romans do. THE GLOBE intends to have all the freshness of the best weeklies with all the elaborateness of the best quarterlies, and at the same time to advance such standards of truth and criticism as the world has never known before. "High claims these, requiring a genius to meet them," as a New Orleans critic said of the claims in the first number of THE GLOBE, but THE GLOBE has already proofs abundant, as published in Number 2, that the claims then made have been fulfilled so far. I am neither proud of this, nor do I mean to be egotistic about it. It is not I. I could not help it. I had to do it; and I am simply inexpressibly grateful to those who have aided and encouraged me in any way, even by their poor silence or by their still poorer vituperation.

As indicating that THE GLOBE's pretensions have been realized so far, De Lancy Crittenden, Esq., one of the coolest and clearest-headed men of the New York bar, wrote me last July: "The task was herculean, but your prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter." Edward E. Cothran, Esq., the brilliant lawyer and poet of San José, California, wrote me last May that he thought "Number 3 of THE GLOBE was perhaps the ablest number of any review ever published;" and I confess frankly that any lesser praise than this fails to meet what I know to be the facts in the case. The *Boston Herald* of May 13th very kindly said: "THE GLOBE is as vigorous in its third number as it was in its first issue, . . . discusses the same class of topics . . . in exceedingly racy and vigorous English, and in a way to command admiration." Meanwhile the *Atlanta Journal*,

the North Dakota (Bismarck) *Churchman* and other journals published copious but carefully selected extracts from Number 3; and the *Churchman* said of it: "THE GLOBE at once takes high rank among the best magazines of the day. The papers are all admirable, trenchant in style, and on the side of manly faith and enlightened Christian civilization." The Dayton (Ohio) *Herald*, in its notice of Number 3, said: "The first article, 'Shakespeare *versus* Bacon,' is beautifully written, concisely argumentative, and abounds in historical mention. The subject is convincingly handled, and everybody should read it. Mr. Thorne is a writer of force and beauty. The magazine is replete with literary merit of high standing." And the Toledo *Blade*: "This new periodical already has taken a high place in American periodical literature, and is eminently valuable and worthy of great popularity." And the Lowell (Mass.) *Citizen* defined my own aim and purpose exactly when in its notice of Number 3 it said: "The spirit of the magazine is to combat the rationalistic tendency of the age while advocating a broad and liberal standard of religion." Still, I am moved to say, THE GLOBE is the farthest remove from a religious magazine in any sense yet realized by mankind. It has as little regard for the vapid rhetoric of Andrew Carnegie as it has for the religious teachings of De Witt Talmage or the blasphemy of Robert Ingersoll.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, in its notice of Number 3, kindly suggested that if THE GLOBE proved a failure the editor would have only himself to blame. Exactly; but THE GLOBE has no idea of proving a failure, and for its success the editor has mainly himself and God Almighty to blame. On the whole, considering how utterly outspoken THE GLOBE has been, how unblest it is with fortune, how novel and radical it is and plainly means to be with the vices of modern life, it is a marvel that the newspapers all over the country have noticed it so kindly; and I here say to my brethren, one and all, and once for all, that no matter how I differ with them, in fact—because I am perfectly conscious of a very radical difference with them—I feel the most unbounded gratitude for their kindly criticisms. Here and there, where fashionable newspaper editors are under the dominion of a society itself ruled by bastards or the fathers of bastards, THE GLOBE has not been kindly received. That is not strange. The editor of THE GLOBE is no longer a boy. He does not expect to gather grapes from bramble bushes, or figs from thistles. Newspapers in their way

often do noble if unconscious strokes of their own. Under the heading of *Contemporary Biography*, a popular magazine of my own city, last July, contained, among other similar matter, a mud-masque of Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas; and about the same time, as if all unconscious of the vile draping just flung over the Senator by a kindred spirit, the *Philadelphia Times* happened to contain this charming paragraph: "There is a fine old Bourbon tone in the organ outcry against Bishop Potter's 'pessimism.' Pessimist is the organ's name for one who believes in a public conscience to which an appeal can be made against blind subservience to party. The man who scoffs at such an appeal, who declares with *Senator Ingalls* that the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount have no application to politics, and who treats his fellowmen as dependents to be driven or chattels to be bought—he is not a pessimist; he is a practical politician after the organ's own heart." So there are ever checks and counter-checks for all the mud-veiling and ballot-box stuffing and guarding in this poor nineteenth century.

The only newspaper in the country that seems to have utterly lost its head, gone stark-mad, and torn its hair over THE GLOBE, is Mr. Frank Hatton's new organ, the *Washington Post*; and if the editor of THE GLOBE were to speak with half the candor of Mr. Frank Hatton and his various subsidy tariff organs that the *Post* has used in regard to THE GLOBE, the readers of THE GLOBE would probably understand why Mr. Hatton raved like a lunatic over my article on "Divorce" in Number 2 of THE GLOBE. But I am not in the vindictive business, whatever men may think to the contrary; and the Hon. Frank Hatton is too small an issue if I were in that business. Mr. Hatton seems heartbroken over the fact that Mr. Thorne was not born in the Middle Ages, which, in common with other ignoramuses, Mr. Hatton calls the "Dark Ages;" and he seems unable to reconcile himself to the fact that Mr. Thorne is not at the head of some old-style Inquisition, with power to burn, etc., etc., according to modern clap-trap about all that. And Mr. Thorne here deliberately admits that, were he at the head of a modern Inquisition, or were he, say, first officer to the Czar of Russia, he would burn, on sight, all such vampires as Hatton, or send them to freeze to death in the coldest regions of farthest Siberia. But Mr. Thorne is in no hurry or rage. He is perfectly sure that the entire Hatton brood of politicians and citizens will be burned soon enough, and he is neither anxious to hew the logs nor

set the match to the coming funereal fires. His work is quite other than that, if Mr. Hatton and the blind vampire brood could only see.

As a rule, I do not intend to take any exception to statements made by authors in articles that I have accepted and published in *THE GLOBE*; but Mr. G. O. Seilhamer's statement of belief that "there are a hundred living players who are greater actors than Garrick," *GLOBE*, Number 2, p. 166, appears to be so utterly absurd and so foreign to the facts that I feel in honor bound to say so. I do not need to tell the readers of *THE GLOBE* that I am an admirer of Mr. Seilhamer's work. The article in question I consider one of the very best that has appeared in *THE GLOBE*; but the radical trouble with Mr. Seilhamer seems to be that his poor modern theory of democracy and his long and careful study of the petty details of the petty lives of insignificant actors have made him color-blind to some of the greater intellectual representatives of the stage and of other professions.

It simply is not true that "there are a hundred living players who are greater actors than Garrick." How do I know this? How do I know that there are not a hundred living Americans who are greater men than Julius Cæsar? Perhaps Mr. Seilhamer thinks there are. As a matter of fact, greatness in all professions is determined by the quantity, quality, culture and accomplishment of a man's intellect; and history, ancient or contemporary, gets at this by weighing a man's work, and measuring the place and the kind of place it fills in the world. There are, perhaps, a hundred living players who can entertain average American audiences as well as Garrick could do it, were he alive and willing. Mr. Wilson's gags and stale jokes run more nights and better than Edwin Booth in Hamlet; but, all the same, there are only two living actors known to American audiences that any sane man will compare with Booth in real dramatic power. I refer to Salvini and Rossi. The first of these is not as great as Booth; the second, I think, is greater; and Mr. Irving may lead the second best men of the world. Garrick was as great as Edwin Booth. Now trot out his one hundred living peers.

The article by Mr. Seaver in this number of *THE GLOBE* grew out of an extended communication from him to me, in which, after various comments on Number 1 of *THE GLOBE*, he incidentally confessed that the present moral status of Boston made him

ashamed of the city of his birth; whereupon I invited him to write an article for THE GLOBE on the "Moral Decline of Boston and its Cure." To this, after due consideration, he said he would make the article general, and write on the "Moral Decline of Modern Cities." I readily assented to this, though it was not what I had asked for or wanted. Later Mr. Seaver wrote me that he feared the contemplated article might not suit THE GLOBE man, and intimated that things were not so bad as they seemed; that the foreigners were to blame, etc.; and I thought he seemed disinclined to paint the picture he had in mind. I then urged him to write the ablest article in his power, to give his mind and hand free and full swing, to express his *own* convictions fearlessly, without stint; and, whether THE GLOBE man agreed with him or not, THE GLOBE would publish his article and be grateful to him for writing it; at the same time I frankly told him that if he had found the foreigner to blame for our modern corruption, I thought he had seen a very short way beneath the surface of modern life, but to go ahead by all means.

The article now before THE GLOBE readers is the result. I do not agree with it. I believe that it is false in its premises and conclusions; that it is an insult to the foreign population of the United States—that is, to about twenty millions of our people—counting the second and third generations of foreigners, according to Mr. Seaver's method. And THE GLOBE expects to show at no distant day that the foreign cry is a weak and a false cry; further, that whether or not the present moral condition of our cities is more deplorable than in former times, it is such as to invite the most fearful judgments of heaven, some of which have come already, and others of which are very near at hand.

I am grateful to Mr. Seaver for his article, and here thank him for it publicly, as I have already thanked him in a private letter; but I am grateful for the article, not because it pictures the truth of the moral status of modern life, but because it represents very ably and clearly what the so-called liberal and ultra-self-respecting elements of New England really think of the foreign elements of the United States. And I cannot, even here and now, refrain from saying that, in my judgment, all our modern newspaper and other talk about Chicago as being more immoral than the other great cities of this nation, while worthy the after-tea tattle of a lot of demented old women, is utterly unworthy the literature of scholarly, sane and thinking men.

Spite of the apparent naturalness of the communication I have called "In the Toils," in this number, and particularly on account of its moral oblivion to its own ethic contradictions, I believed from the first that it was a trap, written or dictated by some clever man to draw out an opinion from me, under the pressure of sympathy, that would be contradictory to the principles advocated in my article on "Divorce;" but I answered the communication as if I thought it wholly sincere, and as I would have answered my own child, had she written me for advice on the same subject. I often allow a knave to take me for a fool rather than let him see that I know him to be a knave.

My answer, in substance, was, first, that any man who would ask a woman to violate her conscience in order to save his soul had no soul worth saving to begin with. Second, that no matter how great, or how wronged, or how precious a soul a man might have, it never could be saved or really benefited that way. Third, that if the writer wished and intended to preserve her self-respect, she must adhere to the dictates of her own conscience, which, plainly enough in the letter, told her to let the man in question alone. Fourth, however, that lots of people had played at the game she was involved in, had tried to save each other by that sort of social freedom, had married against their consciences, and had been what they and the world called happy, but that, in my judgment, those very people were, in a sense, morally and eternally damned. Fifth, that if she desired any further word from me she would have—as a test of honesty—to reveal her identity. The name I have published with the article is not the name signed by the writer of it.

In simple honesty and in simple gratitude THE GLOBE is, and from the first has been, silently consecrated to the religion of Jesus, the Christ of the Eternal, and to all that the holiest spirit of truth has revealed or may yet reveal concerning him and his work in this world; to such new versions and interpretations of the Scriptures and classics of all nations as men in general are hardly prepared for, and to such radical reforms in the secular and religious education of all classes of children and adults as the secular educationists of these days do not conceive of; and THE GLOBE is perfectly sure that through such changes alone as it has in mind will the truth of God, the purity of society and the more than Christian union of the future be realized.

The editor of THE GLOBE is regretfully conscious that each

number has contained typographical and other errors. The spelling, in places, is almost as various as it is in our standard dictionaries: that is because some writers have insisted upon the Worcester method, while the printing office, as a rule, follows Webster; and the editor of THE GLOBE, being anxious to please all, and feeling that where the doctors differ each man may as well have his own way, has not insisted upon uniformity of method in spelling. He has his preferences, but is not a crank—on spelling. In the article on "Errors and Conceits of Journalism," in Number 1, for Senator Cox read Sunset Cox, as originally written, and so get into harmony with the facts and with the humor that will somehow follow a man after he has gone up higher or down lower, as the case may be.

THE GLOBE has not yet realized my ideal, by a long way; but I hope to make it better and better each year, until whatever passes for literature among us shall have soul and truth and refinement in it again, and until the religion of Jesus shall have more to do with practical politics than the gentlemen who manage these things to-day have ever dreamed of.

The editor of THE GLOBE claims neither infallibility nor perfection on his own account; experience and the words of Christ have taught him the need of exercising infinite charity toward all men; but if he has any mission in this world it is to bear witness to the truth and take the consequences. Please address all communications to

W. H. THORNE,
THE GLOBE,
112 North 12th Street,
Philadelphia.

A VISION.

THE yellow fire of the orient moon
Burned weirdly through a haze of golden smoke,
Tinting the snowy mount and dewy plain
And forest dim like softest rainbow light—
And vast spaces among mighty planets
Were filled with the unfamiliar brightness
Of distant stars, till all the rich heaven
Seemed to uplift and to itself transfuse
In dazzling warmth the spectral world—lifeless,
In a calm intensity of living,
I lay enraptured with Eternity.
It was a tropic night; but nothing stirred
To mar the glory of that deathless dream.
The green eyes of the tiger glass'd in sleep;
The vampire, surfeited, its bloody fangs
Had loosed; the mottled Python coiled in rest—
My soul undid its mortal fastenings
And passed the limits of the ignorant—
Their feeble wise and wretched sensual—
And held converse with the slumberous bee—
Saw the throbbing heart of dumb existence,
The jungled beast, the torpid crocodile,
The condor in his kingly majesty,
The serpent in his robe imperial,
The many-colored bird and insect rare,
Fishes and numberless forms of beauty
Far down upon the sea's translucent floor;
Beheld also the gorgeous butterfly,
In the down of whose immaculate wings
The weary fairies make their little beds.
The poem that the oyster writes in pearl
And the seraphic sphinx, I plainly read.
Though dumb the lark and mute the nightingale,
I yet could hear the song in their shut throats.
Came an influxive essence of the Gods,
And music was no more impalpable—
The fluid visions of this fleeting life
Were firm and vivid as the changeless rock.
I fled from star to star, but found no home;
Strange peoples greeted me—mischievous sprites,

Whose forms could dance upon a needle's point,
 Spirits, like constellations grouped,
 With thoughts sublime that hold in legal sway
 The noiseless wheels of the dim universe.
 These are the vanguard of Infinity—
 And there no breathing creature could survive;
 Where food is thought, and air is holy love
 Aglow with an imperishable joy.
 In all the vastness of those shining realms
 I could not pause, but downward swiftly fell
 Into the shadows of the waning night—
 And gone was the witchery of the world!
 My dream, a treasured ghost of memory,
 Else had passed to nothingness—gone was
 The fairy empire of the mystic moon,
 And I in solitude was left to wait
 The omniscient eye of purple dawn.

San José, California.

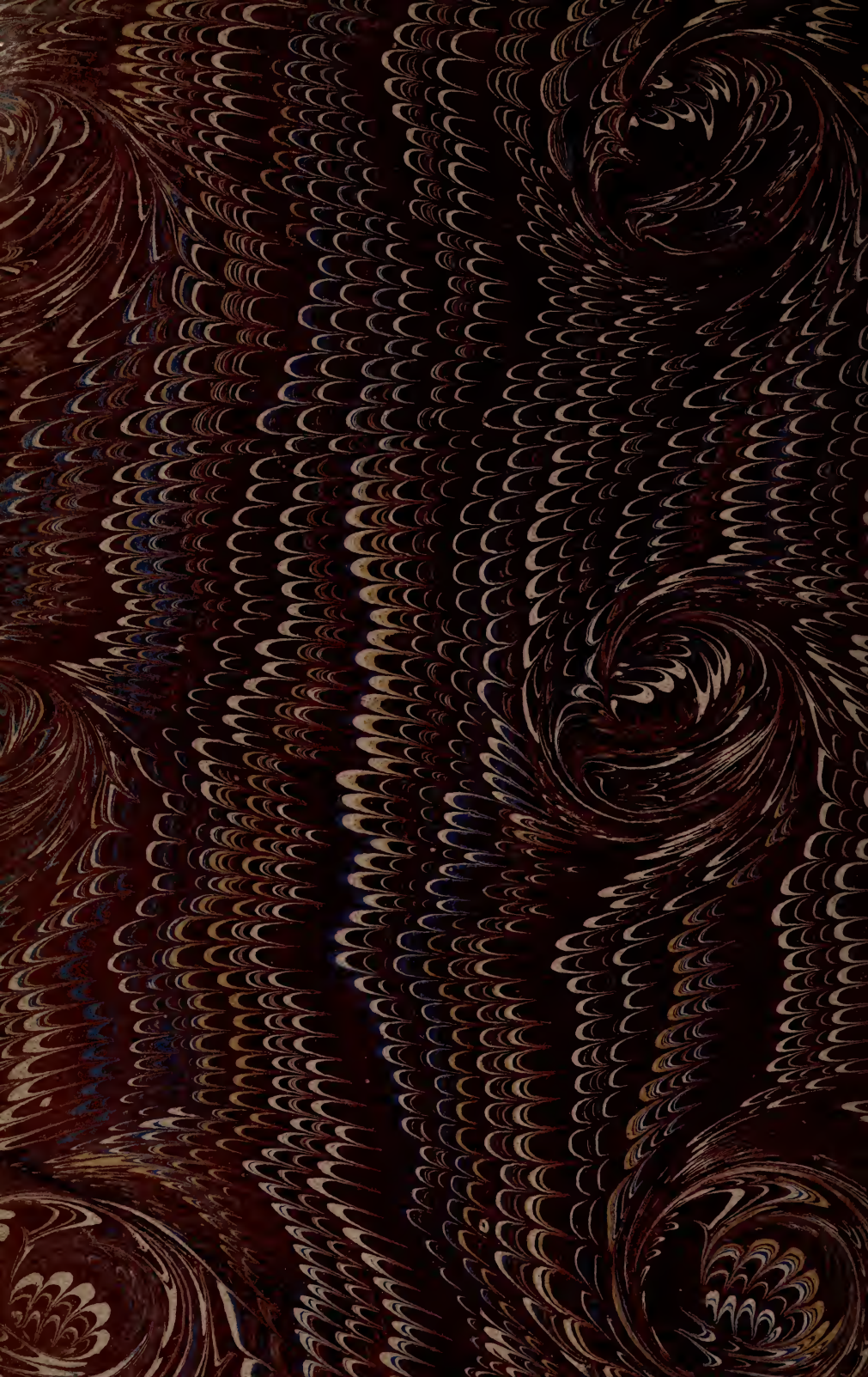
EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

YEARNINGS FOR FREEDOM.

BEYOND the silence of the grave, where death
 Is no more king—beyond this trembling life—
 In voices of divine solemnity,
 I hear thunder-tones of eternity.
 The lightning-flash of the Infinite Eye
 Burns through the darkness of my spirit's sight.
 Why linger here, my soul, in this low state,
 Where nevermore is an enduring peace?
 Why fitful start from sad, convulsive dreams,
 Waking from slumbers of pale agony
 To memories voiceless and sorrowful?

San José, California.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.



GLOBE, The.

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