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THE  
GLOBE

A

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY,  
RELIGION, ART AND  
POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY  
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

Author of "Modern Idols," Etc.

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VOLUME III

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1892-93

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*A. F. Simard*

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## P R E F A C E.

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“Being an author of distinction, and a literary man of experience and superior judgment and taste, it is not surprising that Mr. Thorne gives us, every three months, so admirable and comprehensive a review of the several important fields which he has chosen to investigate. The number issued October 1st is brimming over with “good things,” and will be greatly enjoyed by readers who appreciate the best in composition and the noblest thought of the human mind. We have no better Quarterly published in the country than THE GLOBE.”—*Commercial List and Price-Current, Philadelphia.*



# THE GLOBE.

NO. IX.

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## THE VAGARIES OF MODERN THOUGHT.

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WHEN Carlyle, in speaking of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, once asked, with characteristic indignation—"Did the Almighty make his universe by you then?"—he expressed in a line the average attitude of the scientific intelligence of the nineteenth century toward orthodox Christian theology; and when, time and again, he laughed to scorn his own putting of the Darwinian theory, that the human race had grown from "frog-spawn," he uttered, in one word, the whole mind of Christendom toward the gospel of evolution as preached and accepted by the science of our time. Perhaps he was half right, and that both of our received infallible creeds are half wrong.

The very greatest minds of the nineteenth century—Bismarck, Hugo, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Phillips—though as free-minded as angels or devils, and open to all sorts of convictions, would nevertheless have fallen to sleep or to cursing over the best pages in the works of Darwin or Spencer, or they might have read the same to find out what fools these scientific mortals be. Eagles do not like to be caged, are apt to beat their wings or your cages to pieces if you cage them. So "Mother Goose for Old Folks" embraces us all in saying or singing, "Chain up a child, and away he will go." Chains and creeds are for slaves.

The expressed indignation referred to is not peculiar to Carlyle. Mr. Ruskin burns to white heat in dealing with the

scientific botonists who cover the flowers of God's world with a contemptible Latin jargon and call that an explanation of the flora of the earth. Fortunately or unfortunately he finds no more comprehensive satisfaction in the treatises of the mineralogists on diamonds and crystals. My own experience, covering a period of over thirty years of constant and loving intercourse with nature, teaches me that I always get more enjoyment, and a better understanding of the flowers, the mountains, the dawn, and sunset and the stars, the less I encumber myself with or try to apply to these living, burning, ever-changing divinities the dry and sapless nomenclature of so-called scientific literature. There is no true science or poetry but that which feels, touches and pictures the soul and meaning of things.

By latest measurements of the psychoscope—an instrument invented by a demented Englishman formerly serving his country in the Soudan, and used at this moment by our countryman Stanley in his march through Africa, as telephoned to me from a special agent in Hades—one Jonathan Swift had by a large fraction more intellect and honor in his rejected head and soul than were elsewhere to be found in the total British Empire of his day. A careful study of Dr. McCosh and the latest German psychology convinces me that such measurements are not always to be trusted; may, in fact, be wisely enough kicked to dust and spit upon. Still, by the sublime Darwin-Spencer law of the survival of the fittest, Swift appears clearly to have been, though a chained and whining slave, the supreme master of his age.

In "Gulliver's Travels" you will find the best of Spencer and Darwin without their platitudes and scientific conceit. In the "Tale of a Tub" you will find the best of "Sartor Resartus" without any of Carlyle's endless egoism. In Swift's "Draper's Letters" you will find a very lucid estimate of Sir Isaac Newton, minus the theory of gravitation. And in Swift's Irish pamphlet, "A Modern Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor People in Ireland from becoming a Burden on their Parents or Country and for making them Beneficial to the Public," all the Anti-Chinese, Anti-Pauper Labor, High Tariff, vapid master-workmen and other statesmen of our day may find more Christian and helpful philosophy than their com-

bined thinkings, endeavors and laws have yet revealed. In a word, Mr. Swift was as respectful toward the statesmanship, scholarship, science and theology of his day as Mr. Carlyle was toward Mr. Darwin's gospel of frog-spawn in his day.

It is possible that what is known as Swift's infidelity and brutality toward "Stella," and Carlyle's harshness toward his wife, plus his softness toward Lady Ashburton, and Mr. Ruskin's moral weakness or obliquity in allowing his wife such an easy divorce, so entailing all the crimes of the New Testament indicated in such cases, may have blinded or blunted their mental, moral and spiritual vision, and that Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer, plus the entire brood of scientists of lesser names, all of them being the spotless saints we know them to be, and having walked with God from their youth up, have seen his real truth and uttered it for the eternal good of man and to the eternal honor of this generation! There is no doubt that a man's conduct shapes his real creed. He that doeth the will of God knows the doctrine or truth of God, and the other gentleman does not, though he quibble over it till doomsday. Perhaps these men should have tamed their shrews and so have grown really wise.

For my own part, although I was called infidel and atheist for daring to defend Darwin and Spencer in the pulpit as early as 1870, when to defend them meant alike study and some sacrifice, I am inclined to denounce as utter foam and trash the words of any man who would place them and their like morally or mentally above Swift or Ruskin or Carlyle. Of all men your theorizers are fools. I think that an article by General W. T. Sherman on the "Grand Tactics of our Civil War," published in the *Century Magazine*, A. D. 1887, contains more military science, more brain, more eventual teaching power, than you will find in all the rest of the literature of the American Civil War. It was not written by the light of Spencer's Biology or Darwin's Evolution. Were Marathon and Gettysburg won by Mr. Galton's theories of Hereditary Genius or by the principles of Sociology? Were Jesus and Paul the offspring of orthodox creeds? Let us study the salient points of time.

Swear not at all, neither by Spencer nor Dickens; they are only story-tellers, each in his way, mere ventilators of an overcrowded very gaseous age. Many intelligent English and



American families are at this hour, spite of all their geographies, astronomies and high-school and college training, inclined to believe that the earth we live on is not round at all; that, round or flat, it is, after all, the center of the universe; that it is nothing like as old as geologists have dreamed and then proved it to be; that, in fact, it might readily have been made outright, about six thousand years ago and in six literal days.

As for the Newtonian theory of gravitation and all the conclusions of astronomy built thereon, the commonest star-gazer with any free reasoning power in the head of him, knows that Newtonianism is not half true. Other scientists than Newton have long ago proved that, if the Newtonian theory were true, the "solar universe" would have, must have collapsed ages ago. By the accepted law of gravitation the rings of Saturn would centuries ago, have fallen into the arms of that planet embracing him, and have been crushed, of course.

In all ancient and modern superstition it would be difficult to find a stupider belief than that of our modern, scientific, lunar theory of the tides. Idol-worship and the old theories of demonology were the wisdom of sages compared with our lunar gospel of tides. For my own part, I have no doubt that the steam-engine, the telegraph and the telephone are all incarnations of the devil, sent here on purpose to choke and bewilder the human race with mere vanity and smoke, and that foul air known as the teachings of physical science.

The extreme antiquity of our planet is proved to me by nothing half so clearly as by the utter dotage of the leading scientists, statesmen, philosophers and theologians of my own generation. Joseph Cook is the only live man of all this crowd, and everybody knows that he should never have been allowed to escape from the insane asylum in which he was long confined. Our newspaper men are not theorists, and they are many of them, alive and wake to the great issues of the times, but precisely as a lot of rats in their grandfathers' barn; that is, for grain and gain.

If any intelligent man wishes to realize, with overwhelming certainty, into what utter and contemptible depths of imbecility our modern, scientific, practical intellect has fallen, let him make a careful study of the tariff and Free Trade literature produced in and by our American Presidential campaign of 1888.



Take it all, from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, not omitting the able pamphlets of Hon. A. K. McClure on "Free Wool," or of Commodore William M. Singlerly on "Silks," or of Deacon John Calvin Judas Wannamaker on "Cows." They are all learned and honorable men and mostly millionaires. If you are not then convinced of the simple Christian truth of my proposition, read over again Edward Everett Hale's Tom Tory's Tariff Talks on "Jack Knives" and Socinian bribes.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor did not die any too soon. I apprehend that the common sense of the nineteenth century would soon have mobbed him for a charlatan, if heaven's own Balaam's ass had not in a timely moment sent him into his own chosen regions of dreams.

If you wish to know what a man of science, gold-ridden, may become, read carefully Mr. Proctor's latest articles in the Sunday issues of the Philadelphia *Times* and *Press* during the spring and summer of 1888. If you say it is hardly fair to judge a man by his newspaper science, I agree with you; and, to avoid the trouble of referring to newspaper files, here are a few sentences taken almost at random from the "Mysteries of Time and Space," published in 1883, pages 225-227, on Dangers from Comets :

"When we consider, however, how vastly the comet of 1843 has been exceeded in volume and *presumably* in mass by other known comets, and the wide range of disparity in splendor among comets already observed (showing that *probably* even the largest observed *may* be but small compared with some comets which exist but have not yet been seen), we see that the kind of danger shown by the motions of the comet of 1843 to be real enough *may*, in the case of other and much larger comets, be not only real but great. Such a comet, for instance, as that of 1811, which, though it never approached the sun within 90,000,000 miles, yet displayed greater splendor and greater cometic development than comets which have all but grazed the solar surface, would be a very dangerous visitor, if its course *chanced* to be so directed as to carry it straight toward the sun. And there *may* well be comets as far exceeding that of 1811 as this exceeded the comet of 1843, while the course of any comet *may* well *chance* to be so directed as to

carry it straight toward the very center of the sun instead of passing grazingly by his orb as did the comet of 1843. Of course the *chance* of a very large comet visiting the solar system on just such a course is exceedingly minute. Still the event is altogether *possible*." All things are possible with God—and with quacks.

Here, in the midst and body of accepted scientific "shot rubbish," in less than half a page, are ten chances, maybes and possibles, all to say what any fool knows, namely, that there may be something in nature a deuced sight more dangerous than anything we have ever seen, and *if* that thing should come and hit us, there might be a regular Sullivan knock-out, unless, like Mr. Charles Mitchell, the solar system had, meanwhile, learned how to dodge.

Again, and on the same theme, our scientific vagary-maker adds, "If any sun among the millions, the tens, nay, the hundreds of millions visible in the telescope, *should* sustain the direct impact of a very large comet and *should* thereby for a short time increase greatly in heat and luster, that sun would, during that time, be visible without telescopic aid. *Probably* even the faintest star, which the most powerful telescope can just show us, would become visible to the naked eye during such an outburst of light and heat."

On the margin of page 227, just opposite this last paragraph I find the following in pencil: "More propably the naked eye and foolish tongue would both be closed and hushed in quiet enough and humble silence before such an impact and outburst." But when a man harnesses the stars to rhetoric and rides like a young American millionaire with his first team and spurs, what can you expect but nonsense? Even the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, fawning and sickly as it is, comes nearer to real facts in its praises of hack politicians and its Saturday editorials on "Squinting as a Fine Art"—and the "Morals of Modern Pigsties." Yet I hold in common with the newspapers that hired him that Mr. Proctor was one of the livest and best informed scientists of our time.

The best pages of Darwin and Spencer are no nearer to fact than these vagaries I have quoted; and as for the outpourings of their imitators in the so-called scientific journals, they are mere flingings of hash that has already been plucked by vultures and dogs.

The most ordinary observations of common sense are sufficient to convince any intelligent person that nearly all departments of theoretical and practical science are quite as full of guesses and vagaries as is Mr. Proctor's cometology of spots and star-gleams. If you have the toothache and consult three dentists instead of one, each man will make a different diagnosis, prognosis, and be ready to apply at least three methods of repair, any one of which may or may not be a success. Nature is intricate, they will tell you, and so many unknown causes and conditions enter alike into the wounding and the cure of a man. "Is there any law of cure?" This question was often put to me, years ago, by a famous doctor now dead. Does not science teach that nature's laws are unvarying, inexorable? Certainly, with one breath, and with the next proceeds to alter nature at every pore. I am not ridiculing these "wonders of science." They are, doubtless, the best men have been able to produce with such heads and facts as have been at their disposal. Each separate diagnosis is, no doubt, a proof of the independence and individuality of modern civilized minds; and, perhaps, civilization is about to reach the same conclusions in science, morals and theology that certain modern schools of art have reached, viz: that nothing is really a matter of real truth or beauty, but only that which seems like truth or beauty, say, to the eyes and minds of clowns.

I am convinced, however, that theology as I learned it in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, nearly thirty years ago, was even then a progressive and liberal science compared with the unsettled vagaries taught as dental and medical science in our days. The famous Yankee tricks of guessing and whittling have, in fact, invaded all our institutions of learning, filling the heads of millions of scientists and pedants with the flimsiest conceits in the place of such knowledge as was clear enough in many corners of this world before our modern habit of guessing and swearing by it as God's truth became popular and worshiped as a scientific God.

The other day a learned professor of physiology, an old friend of mine, in conversation with me, was ridiculing the entire Hebrew cosmogony—"The idea that some God made this world in six days and formed a man out of the dust of the ground—the idea!" People at all familiar with my course of



life and teaching know that I have never been accused of ultra-orthodoxy; but, on the other hand, I have found, from the final demands of reason applied to any crisis of human belief and human history and applied also to the facts of nature as far as I have been able to trace them, that the spirit of the Hebrew cosmogony *is true*, and that the spirit of Christianity *is true*; and, above all things, I have never been able, quietly, to endure the vapid harangues of mere untaught worldlings, like Ingersoll and the scientists, when they have undertaken to blaze away against the "mistakes of Moses," the "crudeness of Jesus," and the "bigotries of Paul."

In the present instance I said to my friend In God's name, did you or any of your professors or ancestors make this world in six days or sixty millions of days? Plainly some being or thing, stronger and wiser than you or I, made the world; and as to the time taken in the operation, do you know how long it took to complete the business? Does Mr. Ingersoll know? Does any man know? For that matter, I said, there appear to be many reasons for believing that a God of sufficient dimensions might have done the business in six literal days. "Certainly," said my friend, "God might have done it, but did he?" My answer was that I did not feel obliged to say that he did or to define the God that did it; nor were we, any of us, obliged to receive John Calvin's or Mr. Ingersoll's or Mr. Gladstone's dictum on that phase of the question. But that the Almighty and omniscient Spirit or Soul of the universe did make this planet out of various old mud and bones I had no doubt, and that the same Almighty did make man out of the dust or common elements of this world, and did, in his own way, breathe into or charge man with life, breath, soul—perhaps even with a peculiar life or soul above the vegetable and animal kingdom—I had no doubt.

"Certainly," said my friend, "but he did not take up the dust in his hands and pat it and pet it and puff at it a little as a sculptor does his clay—except the puffing—and so make a man."

My answer again was, I am not saying how God did it. Because the Puritans were mostly Boors, who understood only prose and Puritan bigotry, that is no reason why I should be robbed of the glowing poetry of the Hebrew cosmogony or of

the divine and eternal spiritual truth it was meant to convey.

"Certainly not," said my friend; "call it poetry with a truth and I am with you." Well, well, scholars all know that the allegories of the Bible—of any and all bibles—have never been taken literally except by bigots and children.

Must a man deny God because a few thousand half-taught priests and clergymen have misunderstood and chained up the soul and meaning of the Hebrew Genesis and the Christian redemption? Is not the world here? And its sin and sorrow, are they not here? And is not the spirit of Jesus the one and only scientific principle yet discovered for the healing and cure of sin and the proper elevation of the human race?

So I found, as I have often found before, that when you face a scientist with a fact, he will dodge like a politician. In fact, for a generation it has been growing clearer and clearer to me that men of untought and insincere theories and beliefs, no matter how thick and strong and wilful their lower jaws, will play snake and chameleon in sight of a clear ray of the sun, as our admired friend, Mr. Shakespeare, puts it, between Hamlet and Polonius:

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

I have never found any science or man of science that was at heart more settled, especially in anything and everything relating to anthropology, theology and the like, than was old Polonius, then already far on the road toward becoming food for maggots.

When I ask my friend, the famous professor of oral and cranial statics, what happens to the blood and nerves and muscles and bones and skin and soul of a man's face and head when he falls asleep, or what is the simple physical condition of sleep as compared with the condition of wakefulness, he usually does not know. He intimates, cautiously, that there is apparently, or supposed to be, a less rapid or forceful tendency of blood to the head, but that the matter of sleep is not per-



fectly understood. I knew as much from boyhood. Plainly Isaiah and Daniel knew as much of the physical aspects of the subject two thousand years ago, and knew a great deal more of the spiritual aspects of sleep than my friend, the professor, knows or has ever taken pains to learn from them or elsewhere.

In the place of physical knowledge, such as, it seems to me, a modern professor of oral and cranial science ought to possess and be able to convey, I am treated to a lot of ten-times diluted talk about Plato, the ego and non-ego, or a psychic performance in the dark, and a pack of rat-hole nonsense on spiritism—stuff that I had choked over a score of years before my friend of the oral science turned away from the art of money-making for an hour to study the modern freaks of ghosts or the ancient moonshine of Mr. Plato. I want to find an oral and cranial scientist who has actually studied the physical make-up and moods of the human head, waking and sleeping.

Any clown can cut up a cat and put its dead tail, or a single hair of it, under a microscope, or gaze at the sun through a telescope, and talk wisely about its spots, which, for ought the clown knows, may be spots millions of miles away from the sun—not on or in the sun at all—mere fly-specks on the clown's own eyeballs, or on the lenses of his instrument, or a few shreds of Elijah's garment still floating somewhere between the earth and the sun. Nothing lies like a telescope or a microscope, except, perhaps, tariff statistics, the records of seances or a thorough-going Calvinistic deacon.

If a man takes a brisk walk of four or five miles in good air he may find that there is a distribution of human blood, less in the head and more in the feet, very like that in the condition of sleep. But even a professor of oral and cranial science would admit, if pressed, that there may be a difference between walking and sleeping, though some persons have walked in their sleep. Alas! science and theology and almost every mortal thing but the newspapers are full of vanity and vexation of spirit—that is, of protoplasm and clothes.

And as for our creed-Christianity and Sunday religion, is a man religious because he believes, or professes to believe, in a so-called orthodox creed? or does a man keep the Sabbath, in

any worthy sense, because he goes to church on Sunday and either preaches lies from a pulpit or listens to lies from the pews? But even this is a better interpretation of the business than our kindly Mr. Longfellow fastened on the pulpits of early American Unitarianism with its parsons "leering at their neighbors' wives." I believe in religion and science, not like M. J. Savage, but in a deeper way, and most of these questions were settled by me on my own account, through agony and bloody sweat, twenty odd years ago, when, for the truth's sake, I gave up my bread and butter with my orthodox pulpit, and not because any man or woman asked or dared to ask such sacrifice of me. To me it is an old, old story, but I find that young men and so-called wise men are still sharpening these old saws.

In all the records of science there is not, to this hour, one clear fact which proves beyond reasonable doubt that this world, in its present shape, is over six thousand years old; much less is there any clear fact that proves the human race to be older than this. I am inclined to think that man is older, and that the world in its present shape may be six million years old. I could not love or venerate the human race or the earth more than I do if I believed each to be a baby of three months or a relic of ten millions of ages. I am not objecting, either, to the isms of orthodoxy or the doctrines of modern science, but to the unwarrantable and stubborn conceit of both parties for insisting that I must believe either of their theories or be considered a heretic or a fool.

No man knows the age of the world or of our grandfathers. A quarter of a century ago, before entering the orthodox ministry, I had studied Hugh Miller, Sir Charles Lyell, the Duke of Argyle and Professor Hitchcock, hence know or used to know all about the different formations and strata of the so-called crust of our globe and the different ages of historic and prehistoric man. And if I did not know them and wanted to parade the old formnæ, they are ready on my desk in the latest magazine articles and encyclopedias.

Were we present when the old eternal glaciers broke and floated southward to be melted in God's new sunlight and leave our rich hills and valleys and rocks and granite boulders behind them? Were we present when the oldest Elohim made

their burning nests in the hearts of this planet and shook its mountains and rivers into fixedness and shining motion? Let a man play with his fancy about such old dreams; or, if he prefers it, let him chain his fancy to the Bible, to the rock of ages, and sleep himself to rest in this mad world, without noting its perpetual jars and crimes.

In my own time, earthquakes have occurred that have very much changed the face of the world, and that have taken more souls and bodies of men to hell, a real hell, than all the distilleries in the State of Illinois; but no silly woman circulates a pledge against earthquakes, or attempts to cure that appetite of nature by high license or high fences. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. Let bigoted scientists and bigoted quacks go to the rear, and leave this earth to the enjoyment of railroads and millionaires. They know how to water the poor man's whisky so it won't hurt him, and call it protection all the while.

My friend, John Darly, in one of the wisest books ever written—a book so wise, in fact, that I have never found anyone, save the proofreader and myself, who has had the patience to read it—solves the riddle of man and the earth by this pretty formula—"That things (all things, of course) are to the senses what, for the time, to the senses they seem to be." This seems to be very lucid. Walking in the twilight or moonlight, nay, even in the broad sunlight, an old plucked-up, recumbent root of a tree will, to the senses, often appear like a jackass or a camel or an elephant. On nearer approach, and seen in the light of reason and experience—the only true guides of the senses—our root will appear for just what it is. So will every human crank, in due time.

In my youth I knew an excellent little gentleman, fond of beer and fond of an evening walk, who, on returning to his home one night afoot, saw at the end of a shaded lane and right across the footpath what to his senses, for the time and in their then sharpened condition, seemed like a donkey, browsing—perhaps meditating on Darwinism, and wondering why its foot was not prehensile—standing there, stolid, in my gentleman's way. At first he spoke kindly to the brute—said, "Move away, bossy!"—a second thought suggesting to his senses that the beast might be a calf or a cow; but the animal did not



move; and, as man has the right of way in the world before all cattle, the gentleman, grown rathy, kicked and cursed the creature before him, struck it with clenched fists, and then, discovering by bitter experience that the wretch was a stone stile, climbed it with lame feet and bleeding hands, cursing his own folly and kicking himself as best he could.

John Darly never had such an experience, or he would have known that things are very seldom to the senses what for the time being to the senses they seem to be. But perhaps he only meant to say that things seem what they seem. That would be profound philosophy.

"Trust her not!  
She's fooling thee."

Into such vagaries have our scientifico-philosophical writers fallen in these days. Men can no longer dream like Plato and Philo but they must materialize like Swedenborg and Alcott, putting hats on their angels, and red apples in their mouths.

Within a few days of this writing, a very learned gentleman, an ex-Presbyterian clergyman, now a millionaire retired merchant and public lecturer on the sanctities and ecstasies of modern, easy-divorce methods, assured me in conversation that he had already formulated and had dictated to his latest and best-looking private typewriter a premium—possible of old clothes—to be given to the man or woman who would furnish the best essay in proof of the assumptive theorem, or altruism, as it seemed to him, that the highest doctrines of morality could be taught without any connection with or dependence on any form or practice of religion

And when I assured him that he was sailing in a split baloon at the mercy of transient and fickle winds, regardless of history and the eternal fact that all the morality we knew or possessed—he and myself and the rest of mankind—we had derived from religious beliefs and practices, based on the sight of our faith in the fact that history and the world and the universe seemed to be run by a moral order, rooted in the eternal wisdom of some perfect being or Being; that this thing daily felt and seen in and by dogs and apes, rising higher in man, had risen into all the faiths and ethics of the world, and that a man could not now, with all this as fruit in his own soul, act as if he knew nothing about it without acting like a fool—he readily admit-

ted that he too was "a *theist*, a very earnest *theist*," believing, like Comte, of course, especially in the Divinity of Woman—  
 "Dear, deluding woman."

But this man is fat and rich, has his second and third wife—all living, but divorced, of course—and he goes to the riding school at the age of sixty years, and enjoys life, ethics and religion included, of course; to such vagaries has scientific Protestantism risen or fallen—as you please.

A distant acquaintance of mine, a leading "Liberal" divine, rector or pastor of a leading Liberal church in the second city of the Union, has, in these very days and years, the massive stone pillars on the outside of his church placarded with printed signs to the effect that no religious books are admitted to the school library. He might have added that no hint of religion ever got into his Sunday sermons; but that would have been going too far. What could this man do? He had no religion himself, no eloquence; congregation had less, but lots of money and lots of scandals and lots of empty pews. Something had to be done, so he fell on the "no-religion" basis of running a church—to the devil and the dogs.

I tell this true story because this man and his church are typical of tens of thousands of Christian men and Christian churches in the world at this hour—all of them without God and without hope in the world, except to rent pews, raise the preacher's salary, and have a good time. The preachers and the people are not wicked. They are as good as I am, perhaps, but they have been stuffed with Calvinized and Wesleyized Moody-and-Sankey east wind until many things seem to their senses, for the time, to be what in reality they are not; but I will trust the stupidest real priest, Catholic or Protestant, sooner—far sooner—than I will trust my very-much-divorced, riding-school, sixty-year-old, ex-clerical millionaire. And as for Mr. Ingersoll and the ghost-mongers, may the Lord soon take them to His arms and—grind them to powder.

When I ask my old friend, the Imperial Geologist, Dean of the Universe, and heir to one of the best heads and hearts I have ever known (not to speak of his fortune), for one single fact that shall convince me of the extreme age of the world, he smiles at my ignorance and refers me in a confident sort of way to the Neanderthal skull and to other recent excavations.



When I read his books and the latest articles on this theme, or visit our museums, I find pictures of relics or actual relics in the shape of arrow-heads of flint, stone hatchets and the like, as pointing to a primitive, primal, missing-link sort of man. But this is mere nonsense. With my own eyes on Western American prairies I have seen

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds and hears Him on the wind,"

or who used to do so until his senses were cursed by very bad Christian whisky—I have seen these noble red men use tools as primitive as stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads. Mr. Du Chaillu will tell you of primitive men in Africa who, in ignorance, beat the missing-link gentlemen as the skull of a fine gorilla beats that of many an African; still, with primeval man before their eyes and noses, your savants and scientists must find him in a peat bog or an old filled slot of an ancient stone quarry, or in the entomed nucleus of an old earthquake, and find a clay pipe, too, from one to five thousand years old, before they will believe that the human race was anywhere less civilized than it is in New York or Boston in these very hours.

In one sense I agree with them. I think that a primal savage scalping himself with a stone hatchet, and the son of such, bearing offerings of love or fear to his father's funeral pyre, a hero—either of them—and a saint, a gentleman, a sage, compared with our well-dressed modern savages who profess to believe that the votes or writings of thieves and prostitutes can save a nation, and that such are the voice of God.

In one sense we must go back into the tombs to find the real springs and roots and flowers of modern civilization.

I know several Christian millionaires in Philadelphia whose heads are harder and smaller than the Neanderthal skull. They are cannibals, too; have grown fat and rich by eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the poor. These are your missing links, if science would but apply to them its microscope and scalpel. But science is afraid; religion is afraid.

In happy contrast with much of this vapid vagary of modern thought, here are a few lines from Matthew Arnold, broad and profound enough to have been written by "the Son of Man in his glory:"

"The true meaning of religion is not simply morality, but

morality touched by emotion. And this new elevation and inspiration of morality is well marked by the word righteousness." (Not new, however, but very old, still—).

"If some one now asks, 'But what is this application of emotion to morality, and by what marks may we know it?' we can quite easily satisfy him—not, indeed, by any disquisition of our own, but in a much better way—by example." "By the dispensation of Providence to mankind," says Quintilian; "goodness gives men most pleasure." That is morality. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That is morality touched with emotion, or religion. "Hold off from sensuality," says Cicero, "for if you have given yourself up to it, you will find yourself unable to think of anything else." That is morality. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says Jesus, "for they shall see God." That is religion. "We all want to live honestly, but cannot," says the Greek maxim-maker. That is morality. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" says Paul. That is religion. "Would thou wert of as good conversation in deed as in word!" is morality. "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven!" is religion. "Live as you were meant to live!" is morality. "Lay hold on eternal life!" is religion.

But you cannot get modern philosophers and scientists sixty-year-old, rich, riding-school ex-preachers, Platonic dentists, water-cure knaves, phrenological clowns, millionaire tariff-ridden deacons who believe that "Jesus died and paid it all," and that now there is nothing left for them to do but to lie and make money—you cannot get such people to read such stuff or understand the difference between morality and religion or between lying and stealing and a vicarious atonement. In truth, religion is morality touched with a certain kind of emotion.

My rich friends assure me that poverty blinds the human vision and makes men cranks; that Jesus and Paul never built a house for themselves, much less a Grand Depot for shot rubbish, assignations or other purposes. I find, however, that Jesus and Paul have built millions of houses and thousands of temples, and are at this hour of more practical value to civiliza-

tion than all the ballot-boxes and scientists in Christendom and the world. And those dear sipping-dove people who imagine that Mr. Arnold was a poet, first of all, and that his reputation will stand or fall on his poetry, have evidently never learned the meaning and value of true and exalted criticism in this world.

I doubt if Shakespeare could have written the foregoing distinctions. But Shakespeare or Goethe or Dante or Sophocles or Homer could have sung the stars to sleep while Mr. Arnold was hunting in despair for a single poetic impulse or inspiration. In truth, modern criticism is as full of childish vagaries as are modern science and philosophy and religion; for instance, the recent foolery over the loafer jargon of the late Walt Whitman.

I gladly admit that, in what one may call the literature of mechanics and mechanism, modern thought and modern mechanic art have risen to broad and beautiful discriminations and clearnesses. I have read scores of books and articles on modern machinery, ancient and modern building and architecture, on human and animal anatomy and functional specificism, which in fineness of word-data and illustrative detail are almost equal to the older fineness of faculty with which the ancients did the things which we moderns describe; and I never weary in my admiration of the intricacies of cotton and carpet looms, locomotives, machinists' and dentists' tools. Man has grown so smart and keen and fine with his calculus and steel finger-tips that I am not surprised that Carl Vogt and Descartes have taken him and the human race for a simple machine run from protoplasm by the "hangman's whip" to such heights as our Shakespeares and Goethes and Hugos have attained.

Modern men are so cunning and acute in inventing and using tools to pick the golden chestnuts out of their neighbors' pockets, I am not surprised that Huxley, Wallace, Darwin and Co. have taken them for first consins to the apes, having a better hand, but a poorer foot, all things considered.

But there is an element in the simplest atom, in the faintest speck or drop of plasma, in the finest hair-tip of an ape's tail, as in Robert Ingersoll's majestic brain, that no machinery or law of machinery or science or scientist has yet explained.

It is not science or modern thought, religion or mechanics



that I am opposing, but the cursed conceits and vagaries of these new dreamers and dreams; and if on this head you quote me the old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself!" I reply very frankly that long years ago I wrote the prescription and compounded the medicine for all that—have been taking it myself for many years, and will administer it to you in due time; but, here, I am only pointing out where the average modern shoe pinches, and how your piles of carrion are not rose-beds, and that your science is by no means the new word of God you take it to be.

In truth, to talk of your real new ethics of God's word is like playing with leeches or chewing poison vines. It takes quite a pull, sometimes, through fearful neighborhoods, to reach any fine point of elevation and extended outlook. Mountaineers understand this. And all real educators or reformers know how slow and tedious is the work of making saints and philosophers out of Adamite or Darwinian men. Mere stablemen, horse-car drivers, grip-men, conductors, clerks, reporters, newspaper editors and dry goods millionaires, all attain to sainthood and wisdom as easily as they make money. There is another kind and another way.

It is not poverty, but the coarse horse-play moral and intellectual ignorance of the nineteenth century that will bury its holiest and sublimest sunsets in smoke and blood.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York City, not long since pointed out the marvelous salvations wrought by science in the last thirty years. To my certain knowledge the water and milk we drink, the bread and meat we eat, and the clothes we wear, in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, are all coarser and poorer and dearer than they were on an average in any English or American village thirty years ago. New York and London and Paris, the supreme centers of scientific and practical wealth and culture, have grown in vice and corruption and disease more in the last thirty years than ever before in a century, and are, with Berlin, St. Petersburg and Vienna, rapidly becoming the pest-centers that will swamp this earth in war and slime. Recent statistics prove this, if you need proof beyond my word.

The locomotive and telegraph and telephone have not added one finer moral or intellectual breath to the culture of the

human race. A hundred years hence, as now already to my vision, a Krupp gun of the hugest dimensions will appear as only an uglier relic of barbarism than an Indian stone hatchet, barbed arrow or scalping-knife.

To my sight Herbert Spencer's volumes of Biology and Sociology contain more trash than the works of Dickens or Plato. True criticism simply waits for a new psychology, as De Quincey put it long ago. I have supplied this in Cosmotheism.

To this hour no scientist can explain a hail-stone, where or how it is formed, or an earthquake, by what force it comes or goes. Science knows all about the sun and moon, but no man has been farther down this little planet than a coal-mine to tell us whether it is heaven or hell below. Science does not know whether the nebular theory as to the origin of our world or other worlds is true or false. Like the theory of evolution it probably hints at a truth very imperfectly understood.

Science does not know whether the heart of the earth is cold or hot, and the arguments used as to varying temperature in different localities, at depths anywhere from three to three thousand feet below the earth's surface, are, so far, as contradictory and silly as the arguments of women and children. Science is afraid to measure a dozen degrees on the 40th parallel south and compare the measurement with a dozen degrees on the 40th parallel north, lest its total theories regarding the shape of the earth should prove to be lies.

Science has not one royal fact touching the great antiquity of the earth; and its arguments, based (1) on the comparative slowness of geological changes of the earth's crust in the eras known to man, (2) on the supposed rate of cooling of the earth's crust, (3) on the estimates of tidal retardation, (4) as to the eras and powers of the sun's heat and the relation of this heat to the earth, are all as light as air and utterly untrustworthy.

Before our very eyes at times the softest, most beautiful, most complex and most vital of living things in all nature are turned into coldest and hardest rock flint, a petrified crystal, a mineral which modern science, in its supreme conceit, may properly enough define as "an inorganic body distinguished by a more or less definite chemical composition." A few mo-



ments ago it was a living, breathing man; a radiant, sun-clothed, loving woman—an angel, a god. Perhaps it is still a mineral god.

Give me power to control and use half the forces I have observed as everlastingly active in my own lifetime, and I will make a world or a solar system for you in six literal days.

The God I worship could make it in six hours. I do not know how long the world was in making, but only that the assertions and arguments of geology are mostly verbiage, moonshine and lighter than the old arguments for the immortality of the human soul.

I too can remember when an old leaf or bone in a rock whispered its eternities to my willing mind. I know now that the thing might have been done in a night, while Mr. Spencer or Julius Cæsar or our father Noah was sleeping off the effects of his wine.

There is no *inertia*; everything in the universe is in motion. There is no *vacuum*; every inch of infinite space is filled. Your scientific air-pumps only empty your scientists' brains. The fact that when small bodies—say pebbles or potatoes—are thrown into the air, they fall and are arrested by the floor or the earth, is not explained by the law of gravitation or by the earth's attraction, but by the relative composition, weight and density of the objects and the unknown forces and laws of motion. Millions of lighter and many larger and heavier bodies than potatoes float and will float in the earth's atmosphere. There is no uniformity of air pressure per square inch or square mile upon the surface of the earth. The pressure differs as the weight differs, and the weight differs as per moisture, density, cleanness, dirtiness and the relative presence or absence of certain so-called gases, and again by the relative motion of particles in the air at any given moment or hour. When you fire the boiler of a locomotive, heat water, create motion and steam, move wheels, belts, create friction, evolve electricity, store it, sell it, make money, you have created nothing, discovered nothing, but simply used, in a base, irreverent mood, the old stored intelligence and latent heat and force of nature. You are thieves unless you pay the eternal intelligence for all this with tithes and gratitude and love. Moody-and-Sankey froth and tariff-taxes and ballet-boxes and bribes will not take the place of reverence, truth and justice in this world.

The latest text-books on physical geography, geology, chemistry and physiology, used in your scientific modern schools and colleges, public and private, are sapless, godless, lifeless lies, unworthy the respect of human reason, and are making mere parrots and beavers of the human race. You cannot understand the phenomena of an atom or a dead leaf, much less of a shining flower or star, or the burning, wasting, dying heart of man, without all the while seeing, loving, admitting, revering, worshiping the Eternal Life which by its relative presence or absence sustains and governs all these things. It was wise in the ancients to teach children handicraft, filial obedience, reverence for superiors—the greater and purer the more reverence due. That education produced the best power of modern civilization. Modern education laughs at the old pedantry and thinks that gas and machinery will take the place of it all. These things should ye have done and not have left the others undone. I am an infidel and an atheist, alike from your scientific and ultra-Christian standpoint, and I am not looking for an eternal heaven of Sunday enjoyment; but I live for truth and virtue and God and the future, while Christians all around me are feeding on and living for lies, appetite, gold and present enjoyment, regardless of truth and regardless of God. Which is atheism?

After all our spectroscopes and instantaneous photography, science is still color-blind, and cannot explain the heart or color of a rose, the prick of a thorn. And as for moral truth and salvation, the very gods seem to be blinding men's eyes toward all that, until some new saviour, with his new word, shall burn through the blindness and die once more that men may live and see. Perhaps that saviour has come, has uttered his word of saving truth, and is dying for you even now.

The latest vagary of modern thought is *The New World*, a new "quarterly review of religion, ethics and theology," edited and to be run by a lot of esoteric, New England and Old England hack professors and a hack literary editor of Boston—all excellent gentlemen for the sort of work they have so far been addicted to; but as to whether they can run a decent or a successful quarterly review for two or five years remains to be seen.

The first number was much heralded in advance. Dr. Ab-

bott, Beecher's successor, and a recent lecturer before the Lowell Institute on "The Evolution of Christianity," is the leading spirit of the review; and evolution, as applied to "religion, ethics and theology," and so far as the chained intellects of these professors can see that, is to be the leading plank in *The New World* platform.

These men are, everyone of them, just where the editor of THE GLOBE was twenty odd years ago. By-and-by they will understand that their ideas of evolution do not explain the Apostle Paul or Jesus Christ, or a single Sabbath sunrise, or the power of these on a darkened world—do not even explain the darkened world. And twenty years hence everyone of these gentlemen will have come to *Cosmotheism* or *Catholicism* in pure and simple repentance and absolute obedience to Christ in one or the other of these systems, or they will have gone over to Frothinghamism, Ingersollism and the godless devil of modern mammonism, who, I fear, is largely their master at the present hour.

W. H. THORNE.

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## LIFE.

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O LIFE, thou waitest not upon our moods,  
But ever rolling onward, like the sea,  
Thy subtle, sentient waves of destiny,  
As sunbeams, playing in the summer woods,  
Do touch, and lift to light, or leave behind,  
Our wayward thoughts, our little dreams of ease,  
Our countless fancies, that would pose and please,  
And so hast flitted, time, aye, out of mind;  
Yet, if we see thy face, and grasp thy hand,  
And view with reverence thy benignant eyes,  
Nor night nor death between our hearts shall stand,  
Or shut the glory of thy radiant skies  
From our illumined minds; so ever bind  
About our lives the life that never dies.

W. H. THORNE.



## COSMOTHEISM VERSUS CATHOLICISM.

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WHEN I delivered my lectures on the Science of Religion, in 1877, and when I wrote the chapters on "Cosmotheism," which constitute Number 8 of *THE GLOBE*, my views and feelings were less in sympathy and harmony with orthodox Christianity than they have been during the last three years. Various misfortunes and afflictions that came into my life in the years 1888-89 led me to re-examine the fundamental claims of Christianity in a spirit unbiased by the studies that led me out of the ministry twenty years earlier. *THE GLOBE* itself, founded October, 1889, was largely the result of a final conviction that it was my duty, in some sense, to re-enter the Christian ministry, and preach, as I had never preached, in *THE GLOBE* and elsewhere, the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was my simple purpose to apply the ideal standard of Christian culture as expounded in the New Testament, to our so-called modern culture, in all lines; primarily to modern literature and modern politics, which, as was clear to all men, had fallen largely into the hands of the devil and his angels.

How far I have succeeded in doing this, or even in breaking ground in this direction, God in heaven only knows. But time will show that there are not wanting evidences that something has been accomplished toward the end in view, and all studious readers of *THE GLOBE*—newspaper critics and others—have seen and admitted this from the first; to use the language of the *North Dakota Churchman*, *THE GLOBE* has been, in all fundamental essentials, "indubitably Christian." It is my belief that, when Cosmotheism is fully understood, all true men and women will see that it, too, is profoundly and gladly Christian. Nevertheless, it is not orthodox in any true, historic sense. No man is more clearly conscious of that than I am, and I am writing this review to show wherein and why it is unorthodox, and, finally, to test my own mind and the reader's as to what the future of our belief shall be. Here, the ques-



tion naturally suggests itself: Can a man or a book be Christian that is not strictly orthodox?

In general, I agree with a recent writer in the *Standard of the Cross*, when he said, "but Unitarianism is not Christianity," and, of course, the remark applies equally to all forms of unorthodox, so-called "Liberalism." Nevertheless, from Arius to Emerson, some of the purest Christian saints have been Pantheists, Unitarians, and only half believers in our total orthodox creeds.

In my own experience of over thirty years, since arriving at the age of manhood, the most saintly persons I have known have been, in some sense, unorthodox. Lucretia Mott, the famous anti-slavery Quaker preacher and reformer, of Philadelphia, and universally acknowledged to have been one of the purest, sweetest and saintliest saints that ever breathed, was a Hicksite—that is, a Unitarian Christian heretic. The Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D., also of Philadelphia, a Unitarian minister, and for many years, in many ways, a co-laborer with the divine Lucretia, was, and still lives at this writing, one of the truest Christians I have ever known. An elder in the orthodox church in Philadelphia, where I first made profession of Christianity, and one of the most saintly men I have ever met, was a believer in the annihilation of the "wicked," also a believer in the personal, second coming of Christ—so unorthodox. One of the purest saints in Philadelphia at this hour is a Hicksite Quaker Preacher. Matthew Arnold was not orthodox, but who ever doubted his Christianity? Bishop Brooks is not orthodox, but where will you find a nobler Christian? Dr. Peabody and Prof. J. H. Allen, of Boston and Cambridge, are Unitarians; but in what orthodox communion will you find truer specimens of pure Christianity?

I do not wish or intend to hide behind any of these men, and so excuse any phase of my own doubt or unbelief. I am sure, with Tennyson, that

"There is more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half your creeds;"

yet my respect for orthodoxy is such, my familiarity with scores and hundreds of saintly persons of orthodox faith so vivid, and my growing belief in its power so unutterable, that in all honesty I am forced to confess my conviction that had

the heterodox men and the one woman named been born and brought up in the Catholic Church—given the natures they had to start with—they would, in each case, have become more saintly still, and have been of infinitely greater service to their fellow-men. This is a practical review of Cosmotheism and other rationalistic tendencies and forms of belief as compared with Christian Catholicism.

Of Cosmotheism itself there is no need that I speak at length. Many years ago I felt bound to write it, and, having promised to publish it in *THE GLOBE*, I felt bound to do so. It already seems to me as something I wrote in a pre-existent state. It no longer seems to be a part of my present life, and I am satisfied that it was published just about one hundred years before its time.

It is clear, and ever more clear to me, that the balance of the present and the whole of the next century belong to Christ and to his true Catholic Church. But if, after the two thousand years of Christian preaching and victory, the ends of that preaching shall be attained, as I believe they will be then attained—and if then the thousand years of world-wide peace shall have come, when the eternal and victorious Son of God shall deliver up the world's spiritual kingdom to God, even the Father and God shall be all in all, consciously and lovingly, the wide world over—then, I say, Cosmotheism may be accepted and understood. Meanwile, I am gladly and perfectly sure that whatever is good and true in it will live when the nations existing to-day are dead and gone to dust and finest air, and that whatever is false and evil in it will itself have become windblown into everlasting and proper oblivion. But the gentlemen and ladies who take Cosmotheism for an ordinary word in this world are slightly mistaken, that is all.

Readers of *THE GLOBE* will be interested to learn what certain scholarly readers have thought of Cosmotheism.

Hon. Edward E. Cothran, Esq., a gifted lawyer and a brilliant writer, of San Jose, California, wrote me in substance: "Barring certain personal allusions, Cosmotheism is the ablest statement of rational religious belief that I have ever read. . . . But it will be thousands of years before even the intelligent portions of the human race can accept its teachings."

I think that it will be just about one hundred years, and for reasons already given.

Professor J. H. Allen, of Cambridge, Mass., editor of the *Unitarian Review*, wrote me in substance: "Cosmotheism may become the religious doctrine, but never the religion of the world." But Mr. Allen, plainly, did not fully take in the chapters on the *Evolution of Character* and the *Evolution of Jesus*, which chapters were the practical, spiritual, and in many ways the ablest, subtlest, most original and far reaching work in the book.

The Rev. M. J. Savage, a Unitarian minister in Boston, and a man of some fame among "Liberal Christians," wrote me: "I have read your *GLOBE* of January (that is Cosmotheism) with great interest. . . . For nineteen years I have been preaching the Immanent God, salvation by character, under the law of cause and effect, and the immortal life;" and this has a very pretty Unitarian sound; but Mr. Savage does not go on to say where and how and of whom he learned his lesson a little over nineteen years ago; and the poor man—blind as a bat in his Unitarian and Boston conceit and vanity—does not see that he never yet has learned the difference between the Divine Immanence as a doctrine or theory and as a fact of human consciousness; that is, he has never learned the difference between the Unitarian, sing-song rehash of the Divine Immanence and the consciousness of Jesus when he said, "I and the Father are one."

Cosmotheism preaches the Divine Immanence out of the undying God-consciousness of its author, and the salvation by character that it preaches is alone the salvation by the character of the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth—the Eternal Son of God—whereas the salvation by character, preached by Mr. Savage, is salvation by character as defined and run after in the latest Boston benevolent fad of the day. And the two—my good friend, Mr. Savage, and my good friends of *THE GLOBE*—are as unlike as Jesus was and will forever in all history remain unlike the benevolent and rascally Judas that betrayed Him.

Unitarianism will not do; so-called orthodox Congregationalism will not do; no form of New England ecclesiasticism, as tested by the laws of God and of human history, will ever do; Presbyterianism, with or without infant damnation in its moribund creed, will not do; High or Low Church Protestant Epis-



copy, forever running into high-stilted and low-grade American Churchism, and with an everlasting tendency to Broad-Churchism and unbelief, will not do; and it is needless to speak of the mere gross physicism of Methodism, the crass, untaught coarseness of the Baptists, the little provincialism of Quakerism, or the silly, ærated tweedledum and tweedledee of Swedenborgianism. All these tend to heterodoxy, as an unfortunate woman tends to hell.

As I have said in previous numbers of THE GLOBE, the future belongs to Cosmotheism or to Catholicism, perhaps to a mixture of the two in some higher divine consciousness in the life and death and martyrdom of some new Son of God and Man.

Having quoted so much in some sense favorable to Cosmotheism, I will now refer to certain arguments which seem to favor the fundamental, orthodox and Catholic conceptions of God and the Universe, as opposed to the fundamental ideas of Cosmotheism.

*First.*—The Scriptural argument. The strongest words in the Old Testament bearing on this point are (Gen. 1 : 1): "In the beginning, God (or, as Cosmotheism reads it, the gods) *created* the heavens and the earth" Orthodox Catholicism, of course, reads the term "created" here as the absolute making of *something* out of nothing. Thus the Vatican Council, following the Fourth Lateran Council, says: "This one God, of His own goodness and Almighty power, . . . at the very beginning of time, made out of nothing both kinds of creatures, spiritual and corporal" (Sess. III, C. 1). And again: "If anyone doth not confess that the world and all things contained therein, both spiritual and material, have been, as to their whole substance, produced *out of nothing* by God, let him be anathema." (Can. 5).

The strongest words in the New Testament favoring the Catholic view are (Rom. 11 : 36), "Of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things." Again, the words, in Eph. 4 : 6, "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and in all," are relied upon by Catholic orthodoxy as teaching in plain English that there was a time when Almighty God, who is simple Being, without essence or body, and different from all other being or beings, existed alone in an infinity and an eternity



that were blank, save only the invisible existence of this Almighty and Eternal, uncreated God—the absolute Maker and Master of all created beings and things.

I need not say that these beautiful and rootal passages can be read as reverently and intelligently in harmony with Cosmotheism as they can be read in harmony with orthodox Catholicism; and, in fact, I am here inclined to sink my own sight and reason and to emphasize the possible and probable wisdom of the concensus of the consecrated masters and teachers of the Church of Rome.

The main force of the Scriptural argument is based upon the idea that the Scriptures are heaven-inspired, and the main force favoring the special wisdom of the Catholic interpretation is in the belief that the Catholic Church is the inspired vehicle of the interpretation of God and Christ and the Scriptures to a lost and darkened world. But the Scriptures themselves, as the selected best words of the race—as the survival of the fittest, after many a bloody battle—have a value apart from all our notions of supernatural inspiration; and the interpretations of the Catholic Church, altogether apart from one's belief or no belief in their supernatural and infallible relation to God in Christ Jesus, have a value as the utterances of men trained and consecrated for and to the study and interpretation of the Scriptures, and especially as these interpretations are the declarations of the picked or chosen and ablest men of the great Catholic organization.

And it is for all these reasons that I am inclined, more and more each year, to question and doubt, if not to deny, my own rational sight in favor of the sight of the united, picked and strongest servants of the Church, as this sight has been over and over again recorded during the past eighteen hundred years.

*Second.*—The argument from the philosophers. The Apostle Paul spoke as a philosopher when (Rom. 1 : 20) he said: "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen. . . . His eternal power and Godhead." This seems to imply a God separate from and above nature, existent prior to nature, and nature's true Creator. But, of course, the passage can be read in perfect harmony with the primal idea of Cosmotheism, that is, of the unity and eternity of God

and nature in one, everlasting, evolving harmony. But I will keep to the advocacy of the orthodox idea.

Back of and above all mere idol-worship, and the mythologies out of which this idol-worship sprang, in all times and nations, the philosophic minds of all races of men, from the earliest times, have found through nature a "Great Spirit," as of the American Indian's highest worship. A "Great Spirit," the Creator of all things "visible and invisible," as our own Prayer Books have it—a Great Spirit, at once the unseen chief of all human tribes, Master and Maker, not only of the world, but of the happy hunting-grounds beyond the stars.

More than five thousand years ago the philosophers of Egypt had found this same supreme, uncreated Creator of all things; and in their quieter meditative worship they rose above the worship of the ancestor, above the worship of all the minor deities of their own mythologies, and with a reverence that would now fall like the dew of heaven upon a modern Boston man—were he capable of feeling it—those old Egyptian philosophers revered the unknown eternal God; and it was always a God existing independent of nature, before nature and superior to its laws, as far as they had then defined any of these notions.

The same was true of the philosophic minds of all the Greek nations. Beyond and above their ecclesiastical, many-faced deities, there dwelt in the dream-lands and spaces of their faith or fancy, the one supreme and uncreated spiritual Deity, the antitype and comprehensible Being, of which or of whom Zeus and all their lesser gods were but faint and sensual intimations. Socrates was not alone in questioning the validity of the worship paid to or through the many-formed ceremonies of the popular Greek mythology. To the philosophic minds of Greece, the god that the carved and graven Zeus stood for was the uncreated, all-seeing, all-controlling, all-father; not only a god of Almighty power, but a god with the tender, parental side, which later shown forth in ineffable immortal splendor in the consciousness and life and death of Jesus Christ the supreme Son of the living God. So to the philosophic Roman, the seen Jupiter was but a faint image of the unseen Deity that the foreseen and worshiped god stood for.

Among the ancient Persians and Hindoos, in fact through-

out the Assyrian and Asiatic races, the philosophic Trinitarianism of Brahminism was hardly less complete and scholarly two thousand years ago than is the orthodox Catholic theology of our own Christian times. And the supreme, divine soul of Brahminism was the omniscient, all-powerful, all-creative, uncreated, subtle master-being of the universe; much as the Jehovah of the Hebrew has grown to be in the orthodox theology of our times. Gautama simply dropped the being and dwelt in the essence. And in all these philosophic conceptions of the uncreated, supreme Deity of the universe, there was, in the main, the feeling that this supreme God was superior to and above nature—the Creator, in some sense, of all created things and beings.

I have dwelt upon these thoughts in order to put in its most favorable light our modern orthodox conception of the one Almighty, Omniscient God—the Creator out of nothing of all things visible and invisible—knowing all the while that they seem to militate against the primal ideas of my own Cosmotheism

Finally, on this head, Herbert Spencer is the typical modern philosopher. He clung to the dust of the earth and his own verbosity, or to the laws of this dust, as long as he could; but finally, through some unacknowledged inspiration, he, like Darwin in his later years, came to recognize and admit that back of and above all phenomena, and all that assinine physical science could say about the concern, there was and forever had been and forever would be an "*infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed.*" I have left this infidel testimony till the last, because it is the strongest, apparently, in confirmation of the orthodox Christian idea as opposed to my own Cosmotheistic idea. In truth, Herbert Spencer's words—born evidently out of a weary nausea of his own cheap and endless clap-trap of philosophy—are so nearly like the beautiful and Catholic words of the Apostle Paul that they seem to seal as true the orthodox Catholic doctrine.

Of course I can read the words of Paul, in Romans, and the words of Herbert Spencer in perfect harmony with the primal principles and ideas of Cosmotheism—when through every possible phase of questioning on this head before I dared to write or publish Cosmotheism—but in the minds of the writers in



each case the words seem to imply a belief in an Almighty God, an "Eternal Energy"—which is only another way of putting it—pre-existent to nature, above nature; the Creator of nature; and so the testimony of ancient and modern rational and mental philosophy seems to favor the orthodox Catholic idea concerning God and His relation to the created universe and to world-wide human and natural history.

Against all this I simply put my own sight of the "unity and eternity of the universe—God in it and it in God, from everlasting to everlasting, worlds without end;" and I am so reverent of the orthodox Catholic idea, so satisfied of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and so convinced of the Divine mission and ministry and wisdom of the Catholic Church, that I almost hope the Holy Spirit may lead me to see and accept its teaching in preference to my own.

*Third.*—There is still another and a newer argument in favor of orthodox Catholicism, here named, perhaps, for the first time in human literature. I shall call it the scientific argument. The latest deductions of science—so called—admit and teach that in all material substances there is a potential life, formless as far as known; this, by the way, is a teaching of science—new within these last twenty years. Another step, and science assures us that any and all material substances, reduced to their last analysis by any known and imagined process of fire disintegration or pressure, are simply converted into points of force. Therefore the universe, under sufficient destructive agencies, might be reduced to a simple point of force. And the presumption is that this potential life, or this point of force—which, of course, to a seeing mind are one and the same—is separate from or separable from matter; in some sense superior to it; may exist without it; and if these so-called scientific deductions and assumptions are true, they would seem to argue against the essential and eternal unity of mind and matter, and would seem to be favorable to the orthodox idea of a self-existent, immortal, spiritual God, superior to matter and is true Creator.

Of course, I see how all these deductions and assumptions of science, so called, can be interpreted in harmony with the primal principles of Cosmotheism; in fact, I have good reason to believe that they were stolen originally out of the creed of



Cosmotheism; but I am here giving the orthodox view all the advantage that it would naturally claim for itself.

To me, of course, the point of force to which all matter may be reduced and the potential life which science finds in all matter are but sparks of that eternal, total and absolute life of Immortal Wisdom and Immortal Love, which I see to be at the heart of all beings and things, and which I call God, in ever-manifold, quenchless and ineffable evolution, till the Church and the Kingdom of God are attained in the flesh in all worlds. But, again, I say, that my reverence for Catholic orthodoxy is so profound, my absolute knowledge of its divine, infallible and glorious ministering to the human soul, to all kinds and grades of human souls, so perfect and so convincing, that I almost wish that I and my children had been born under the influence of its altars and in the simple bondage of its perfect faith in the crucified and Divine Saviour.

I have no quarrel with Protestantism. I was born and brought up in the Church of England, and I love it to this day as reverently as its most devoted bishops can love it. I was led into a profession of my faith in Christ through the simple services of the First Independent (now the Chambers) Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia, and by its aid studied for the Presbyterian ministry. And when, through pursuing the studies of the critical literature of thirty years ago, I could no longer preach the doctrines of Calvinism, and felt that I must quit its ministry, I received nothing but tenderest kindness on the part of my fellow-ministers and on the part of my own people. But the very fact that Protestantism has made bundles and bundles of creeds, to which its ministers are constantly proving disloyal, is itself a confession and absolute proof of the essential weakness of all Protestant churches. *Protestantism cannot hold its ministry loyal to Christ or even to God Almighty;* and for this reason, though it has been beautiful in its kindness to me, and often beautiful in its ministry to me, I now see that it is doomed.

The revised Prayer Book and the revised Confession of Faith, and the rest, are not as Christ-like or God-like as they were before revision; and the total revising is only Professor Briggs and Bishop Brooks and Heber Newton and Bob Ingersoll Liberalism, on to atheism, and goody-goody old-fashioned

Mr. Seneca ten-times-one-is-ten-Yankee, safe and sober and selfish morality, so called.

And, again, I say to all seekers after God and true religion: it must be for you, and for all men, either Cosmotheism or Catholicism or atheism, and repeated evolution into annihilation or everlasting damnation. For the present, I think it is Christ and Catholicism, and I am more than willing that it should be so. "Choose you this day whom *you* will serve."

In this article I have only touched upon the primal ideas of Cosmotheism as compared with the primal ideas of Catholicism. But these first principles govern the entire philosophy of the belief and its application to men and nations. If the true God is the soul of the universe, and all beings and things are, as to their essential soul, His offspring, the philosophy of the evolution of that soul in nature and in human history, in the salvation and damnation of men particularly, will be wholly different from what they all are, or will be in a universe, or a world made out of nothing by the fiat of a God, separate from and above the universe, of different nature of our own, and whose interest in our lives is that of an alien monarch ruling over alien and rebellious subjects. May the Holy Spirit lead us into all truth!

The possible weakness of Cosmotheism is in its last chapter—on the Mortality of Man—where, instead of arguing from the unity of the universe, that man, being the chiefest incarnation of the Divine life, not only had the immortality of the common life, of the grasses and the flowers, but a higher spiritual immortality, indestructible as God Himself, I argued from the standpoint of physical science and the human understanding the mortality of man; whereas it is only the physical *form* or present embodiment of the Divine Spirit in man that is mortal, that is changeable; while that spark which he inherits from the Almighty, from the gods and the ages, from the cultures, crowns and crosses of the past—that source of love and will, which wills to die for truth, to love the lovely and the beautiful and the true, and to cherish these though all hell joins in scorn—*that*, clothed with a new diviner, more ethereal, spiritual form, lives forever, and is forever the redeeming, glorifying principle of all existence.

W. H. THORNE.

## SOCIAL VICES IN AMERICAN COLONIES.

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THE following article, under the title of "The Iniquity of Sodom," appears as an editorial in the *New York Churchman* for March 26th of the present year, and it is so full alike of a seeming appreciation of virtue and of verdant ignorance, or of subtle hypocrisy, that I have deemed it worthy of a place and of comment in THE GLOBE.

"The miserable disclosures of social life in American colonies abroad, which, in quick succession, have recently been published, ought not to be passed by in silence. Not all the revelations of slum depravity can have a tithe of the corrupting power of these domestic scandals in 'high life.'

"The former are the vices of the dregs of humanity, under conditions fatally unfavorable to purity. The latter are the crimes of the inheritors of the nation's best blood and breeding, and of all the advantages that the highest civilization can bestow. The ascensive power of evil is very slight. Its coarseness disgusts and offends those who are in any degree lifted above its manifestations in the lower strata of society. But its development in gross forms of sensuality, among the favorites of fortune and the heirs of honored names, strikes down through every layer, distributing mildew and fungus, like rain upon a broken thatched hay-stack. Of no crime is this more true than of wicked lewdness in high places. It befouls pure minds that could not be contaminated by squalid vice. It weakens the defenses of the innocent and breaks down the scruples of the timid. It sets a fashion that is sure to find followers by the sheer contagion of example, and it arouses suspicions that might smite down the innocent with guilty. The purity of American women has been the proud boast of American men, and the respectful wonder of aliens. 'Can you trust your men in such a case?' was asked of a young American in an English drawing-room, where the unconventionality of American maidens was under discussion.

"'We can trust our young girls in such a case, and always,' was his quiet and dignified reply. Only the other day, the London *Spectator* said, 'Whatever may be the shortcomings of



the United States, its social life is wonderfully free from those dark shadows which disfigure the domestic life of older countries.' We believe most sincerely that American womanhood deserves all such praise, and more. But we cannot be insensible to such demonstrations of the corrupting force of wealth, luxury and idleness, as the last few weeks have furnished. It was not a moment too soon that the rector of Trinity parish, New York, addressing the 'Sons of the Revolution,' last Washington's Birthday, drew the picture of Janet Livingstone, watching alone, at her window by the Hudson, for the boat that was bringing her husband's body back for burial in St. Paul's Chapel forty-three years after he had fallen, slain, under the walls of Quebec—'And when they go to seek her, they find her stretched insensible on the floor.' This after fifty years of faithful waiting for reunion with the lost! . . . Where be the fribbles of our gay society? Where be they who say there can be no happiness in married life? Where be the fashionable women, who must have men to dally with in the absence of their husbands, and who, in the hour of marriage, reflect with pleasure that if things do not turn out to their minds, divorce will soon and easily set them free?' Or as Ezekiel prophesied against Jerusalem, 'Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughter. . . . As I live, saith the Lord God, Sodom thy sister hath not done as thou hast done, . . . neither hath Samaria committed half thy sins.' The perversion of privilege, opportunity, obligation, enhances guilt with all the aggravation of a breach of trust. The whole country feels itself disgraced by these scandalous reports of its citizens abroad, and is disposed to mete out retribution with 'many stripes.'"

It is a great deal better to begin at home, and I respectfully submit that either the writer of this article does not know enough of the average life of American women in particular, or of their lives as compared with the lives of the women of other nations and countries, or else he knows too much to allow of his speaking on the subject with such emphasis in a so-called religious newspaper. If one were allowed to suppose that the writer was a young clergyman of exceptional purity, just escaped from a theological seminary, one might smile at the eloquence of the youth and pity him for the revelations that are yet to dawn upon his untutored and inexperienced life and mind. But there is a maturity and a deliberation about this utterance that seem to lift it out of the sphere of verdancy. One is, therefore, almost obliged to conclude that the writer is



a hypocrite or an arrant knave, who has written his little piece to please the women and to help on the advertising of this very worldly religious paper. I am not saying that this is so. I would much rather believe the first part of my proposition.

I had a mother whose memory for more than a generation I have honored next to heaven. I have daughters whose virtue is dearer to me than my own life, and God forbid that I should ever say or write a word that would cast a shadow upon the virtuous lives of any women, or that would make this virtue seem scarcer than it really is; and hence I will not venture an opinion as to the comparative numbers of virtuous and unvirtuous women in America. That is not my sphere, and I have never yet seen a woman so far fallen in vice that I would not give her my kindest sympathy and any aid in my power; but on the two points emphasized in this article in the *Churchman*, I have very violent opinions and mean to express them.

*First.*—It is an outrage, a libelous and cowardly outrage, to publish an editorial in a New York so-called religious newspaper, which reflects in a wholesale way upon a lack of virtue and the prevailing vices of our American colonies abroad, while it assumes that the American colonies, right under the nose and eyes of the *Churchman*, in New York, are not only less given to social vice, but are a lot of choice fruits of the virtues of the world. And this is not only libelous and cowardly, it is simply a lie, a bare-faced, contemptible, white-washing lie. American people abroad, whether in groups and colonies, as artists or travelers, are as virtuous as average American people at home; and I appeal to the common sense and common instincts of justice and fair play in the minds and hearts of men and women everywhere to sustain me in this assertion.

People in American colonies abroad are naturally thrown closer together in their social intercourse than the same people would be were they scattered through their various social circles in different places at home; and this closeness of intercourse breeds familiarity of action and manners, just such as are practiced in family circles and social "sets" at home. So these colonies become very much like traveling theatrical companies—free and easy—and often enough, too often, no doubt, virtue slips the knot of propriety, and flies henceforth on broken wings. But the same is precisely true of the very church

circles wherein the *Churchman's* writer is supposed to worship, and the same is still more frequently true in the thousands of New York social circles not so piously given to virtue or worship as the writer of the *Churchman's* article is supposed to be. And it is simply petty, back-door cowardice to stand in New York and fling stones at the Americans in Rome, or Paris, or London, while sending the *Churchman* as a sort of a valentine to the prostitutes and debauchees residing close by its own structure.

*Second.*—The article is still more vulnerable and false in its estimate of the comparative virtue of American women and the women of other nations. It is all very well to write pretty letters about the freedom and the safe-side virtuous abandon of our American girls. A closer inspection proves all this to be false. The supposed safe-side abandon of the average American girl, at home and abroad, has not only ruined more American girls and American boys and young men than any other one influence on earth at this hour—not excepting whisky—it has also entered into and vitiated the old civilizations of other nations. I think it has, in the last twenty years, taken twenty per cent. out of the modest virtues of the young women of Europe, and that it has done more to produce the very state of things the writer in the *Churchman* complains of than has any one influence escaping from our boasted American civilization.

It is always pleasant for a man of the world to meet a free-unconventional girl or young woman. But it is always infinitely more gratifying for any respectable man to meet a young girl, or a young woman, whose modesty at least keeps pace with her good sense and her average information. In truth, an old-fashioned modest girl, anywhere under thirty, is as refreshing to a refined man in these days as the first performance of "Black Crook" in this country was, no doubt, refreshing to the old voluptuous admirers of mere animal and cotton-padded anatomy. In fact, men's respect for the average fast American society girl is but a shade above their respect for the ballet-girl of the stage. Personally, I have neither praise nor dispraise for the virtuous abandon of the average American girl. But it is folly to place either her manners or her character above the manners and character of the girls trained by other standards and in days gone by.

After an observation of pretty close and wide circles of acquaintance for the last forty years, I believe exactly what I have said, and on the special point advocated by the *Churchman*, quoting from the London *Spectator*—usually a well-informed and temperate and conservative paper—I am sure that the *Spectator* and the *Churchman* are both wrong, and I think they are both deliberately and hypocritically wrong.

American women are no better or more virtuous, though smarter on the surface and a little less reliable, perhaps, than English women, or French women, or German women, or Italian women, or Spanish women, or than Chinese or Japanese women, and it is a piece of homespun, verdant, or hypocritic vanity and flunkysism to claim or maintain any such nonsense.

I am not saying or intending to say anything against American women, virtuous or otherwise. It is not my vocation to judge, slander or denounce any class or nationality of women. For that matter I perfectly agree with the Saviour, that thousands of publicans and harlots—even of our own days—are surer of the Kingdom of Heaven than the pious and conceited prudes and deacons and editors who often sit in judgment on them. But I believe in being *equally just and charitable to all women, of whatever race or nation*. And it is paltry narrowness, ignorance and vice of the worst kind to pander to the vanity of a class already so full of it that it is difficult for a modest man to face it without swearing. No doubt such *Churchman* editorials help the subscription list and the advertising columns; and as the *Churchman* is a very fashionable and a very worldly religious newspaper, all these pretty subterfuges of virtue must be gone into and encouraged. You must pat the home-libertine on the back, especially if he be a heavy advertiser. He likes it, and his wife likes it, though she bite her lips in shame in some foreign land, in order to be absent from her home-praised libertine lord. Such praise is good for business; and "that's what we are all after;" but to call such stuff religious truth is a parody on Calvary and Almighty God.

W. H. THORNE.



## LOVE'S COMING.

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O LOVE, thou comest not when thou art bid,  
But like the lightning's flash, the storm at sea,  
The Holy Spirit's breath of destiny,  
Thou art most mighty where thou art most hid ;  
Thou creepest softly 'neath the unborn lid  
Of living, sleeping, conscious infancy ;  
And, in thine unbid, subtle constancy,  
Undoest what the hates and haters did :  
Thou cam'st to-day, in blushes of the morn,  
In tender thoughts by kindred spirits sent,  
And so thou conquerest all care, all scorn ;  
Nor wilt thou be denied, or ever bent  
From the fair paths of thy sweet pilgrimage  
O'er crowns and crosses, aye, from age to age.

W. H. THORNE.

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## TENNYSON'S TWO VOICES.

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I SUPPOSE all intelligent readers of Tennyson are agreed that as "Locksley Hall" gives us the heart and sentiment of the poet, broken, scattered—gone to burning flame of indignation, if you will—with "the far-off interest of tears," simply enough gathered in the closing stanzas—

"Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,  
Cramming all the blast before it—in its breast a thunderbolt—  
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail or fire or snow ;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward as I go—"

no longer "all the current of my being" setting toward "Cousin Amy," but now what there is left of, it turning quite away from "Cousin Amy"—in fact, already turned quite against her and her sensual choice—so "The Two Voices"—a much deeper and more elaborate piece of work—gives us the real mind



and philosophy of the man. And the two together are clear enough instances, vivid enough expressions—first, of the painful, eternal struggle going on in this world between the heart of truth and culture on the one hand, and the thing called a heart, of selfishness and sensuality, on the other. Second, of that still deeper and harder fight, to be fought sooner or later by every human being that would rise one inch out of the mire of common brutehood, viz.: the battle between one's own natural darkness, unilluminated, mere physical blindness, and the countless blessed lights that press on us, even in this much slandered world—ever pressing from countless stars and suns and flowers and friends, and larger, nobler, more heroic natures than our own; or, if you like it better, the fight between what we call highest and lowest in each individual human being. No settling of the mere question of bread; no solving of the mere question of dogma—touching what men call the origin of evil and its cure and crown—but touching the ever more practical question of one's own clearness of being and purpose, of one's own faith in one's self; of true self-respect or self-contempt, and inward, eternal, self-despising—the deepest hell of existence yet known or knowable in the boundless realms of human being or human dreaming and imagination.

We cannot count suicides by the number of those who drown themselves, hang themselves, take poison, or in any other way put an end to—or, if you will, violently and in an untimely manner, change the current of their lives. These are but few, and comparatively of insignificant account. Nor can we calculate self-slaughter by the number who would take their own lives were they not too cowardly even seriously to try it. The deeper fact of murder is the daily slaughter of the moral nature, the choking of truth or trueness out of the soul, the admitting of equivocation and a lie, and the instant slaying of peace, self-respect, and all directness of vision and being, forever—the loss of a clear look, even into the eyes that love us, and every true feeling for hearts that have died, and others that would die, are dying daily, to save us still. Here is life's breathless, unuttered tragedy, while the powder and feathers and paint and frills, and sickly, simpering smiles and prematurely glazed vision, looks, dull cheerfulness, and the money, we substitute for truth and health and love and God, are drown-

Meantime "the two voices of destiny" behind all this are pressing, ever pressing, with thousand-fold multiplied, winged breath of love and hate, contempt of the God and hope of the angels.

"Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?"

"Is life worth living?" Live it nobly for one shining, golden moment, and quit, forever quit thy craven, cringing, shrinking, lying, fear and shame! So

"To the still small voice I said"

very mildly, not overstrong, no clear, full sight in my sweet, dim, gentle words, but still a fixed ray of heaven's own dawning, stirring me to breathe my quiet reply :

"Let me not cast in endless shade  
What is so wonderfully made."

I am not afraid, not I; but I would not so ruthlessly mar and blast the finest handiwork of nature—mayhap, the image of God.

"To which the voice did urge reply."

Catching me finely in my cowardice and self-deceit, touching me by memory of my own loved faith in a resurrection and a future :

"To-day I saw the dragon fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk ; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings, like gauze they grew ;  
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew,  
A living flash of light he flew."

If life is not worth living in thy present dull, dragon-fly, pent-up, dark wells of practical, æsthetic, sentimental, false and slimy existence—kill thyself; stop thy weak whining and complaining; cut the ropes, burn the bridges, pierce thy weakness; the stars are all shining, the sun is still there. The gods are not dead. If thou art worth it, nature is fertile in inventive recuperation, measureless in power. If thou art worth living, she—thy great, infinite mother, mother of God, yea, God Himself—the indwelling, undying, uncomplaining Energy of all—she will seize thy broken fragments of being, catch thy

very dust as it flies, and make—not a dragon-fly, not a mere hummer and buzzer and black philosopher, but a new creation; not thee—the dark, bitter, sycophant thee, but a nobler, not thee, other than thee—a shining, sunny, angelic, beautiful thee. By thy own faith die, and rise to “heights unknown.”

And from this point, throughout the poem, we shall notice how the devil’s voice—the voice of despair and the voice of physical nature and science—has in each case the better of the argument; just so far and so long as the poet, the spirit of hope and life and beauty, confines itself merely to argument, based on any received theory or creed of life extant at this hour of the world. And that it is only as the genius of the spiritual, the singer of hope rises into its own ethereal sphere and sings its true sight clearly, sweetly, as the skylark sings its song, and as the rose flings its fragrance on the winds; only then that the high soul of poesy becomes the true echo of infinite, ineffable light—unanswerable, strong, peaceful, restful and pure as the breath of the mountain amid a cloudless sky. First, the poet answers in the language of the extinct school of the biblical Hugh Miller geologist; perhaps in the real spirit of the true line of creation or evolution in this world :

. . . “ When first the world began,  
Young nature thro’ five cycles ran,  
And in the sixth she moulded man.

“ She gave him mind, the lordliest  
Proportion, and, above the rest,  
Dominion in the head and breast.”

I am not only wonderfully made, I am, as the head of creation, altogether too great and of too great importance to take my own life; but the subtle voice detects the weakness of this argument, and in a moment, and with biting sarcasm replies :

“ Think you this mould of hopes and fears  
Could find no statelier than his peers  
In yonder hundred million spheres ?”

\* \* \* \*

“ Tho’ thou wert scattered to the wind,  
Yet is there *plenty* of the kind.”

Your greatness is only comparative, and judged by this standard, there is no special reason why you should continue to



live. Nor, we confess, is the next argument of greater weight. What if

"No compound of this earthly ball  
Is like another, all in all."

And there is much keenness and force in the bitter reply:

"Good soul, suppose I grant it thee,  
Who'll weep for thy deficiency?"

"Or will one dream be less intense  
When thy peculiar difference  
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

Each perceives the defeat of hope, the victory of physical sense, and the dark voice is not slow to clinch the argument and sieze the advantage—

"Thou art so steeped in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be."

And nothing is clearer all along these lines than that Tennyson, though in nature and hope and circumstance a conservative poet of hope and the spiritual, was, nevertheless, possessed with the rationalism rampant in his youth, and only quietly gathering its laurels and laying foundations for the future in these later years. The lover of life and its apologist next pleads that existence should not be voluntarily darkened; some "happier chance" may spring into the day—

"Some turn this sickness yet might take."

But the dark voice is now quick and alert—

. . . . "What drug can make  
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

Well might the dreamer weep; thus pressed to the wall, every subterfuge pierced by the cruel logic of sense: and only out of the weeping—burning, blessed tears, that bring a soul to a sense of truth and itself again—only through these do we get the first real word of poetic power.

"I wept, tho' I should *die*, I know  
That all about the thorn will blow  
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

"And men thro' novel spheres of thought,  
Still moving after truth long sought,  
*Will* learn new things when I am not."

And this is the only true argument for life. Get away from all

self-pleading, all self-enlargement, all self-importance—with true self-renunciation life only begins. He that loses his life finds it. I must live my little day, not because nature would miss me were I not, but I, being here, am a coward to consider flight. I must live, not because nature needs me, but having made me, I myself need my own bravest thoughts of warfare to make myself worthy the nature out of which I came and of which I am a part. I must live, because, whether I live or not,

"The fresh rose from yonder thorn  
Gives back the bending heavens in dew;"

and because, as a poet of the hour, I am a coward to think of not breathing its aching and shining moments through. What if

. . . . "gray, prime  
Make thy grass hoar with early rime?"

What if

"The highest mounted mind, he said,  
Still sees the sacred morning spread  
The silent summit overhead?"

Suppose that thirty seasons do not render plain

"Those lovely lights that still remain  
Just breaking over land and main."

That is no reason for the sophistry which follows:

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let  
Thy feet millenniums hence be set  
In midst of knowledge, dread'd not yet."

And it is not true that the man who meets life bravely

. . . "has not gained a real height  
Because the scale is infinite."

That is a real height which, for any one moment of existence, enables me to look back and down on a conquered baseness or a conquered lie. It is, in fact, in one sense, a moment of infinite joy and gain. But there is much provoking logic in the following:

"Twere better not to breathe or speak,  
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,  
And *seem* to find, but still to seek.

"Moreover, but to *seem* to find,  
Ask what thou lackest, thought resigned,  
A healthy frame, a quiet mind?"

And this weakens the dreamer and brings him to a personal fallacy again,

“ I said, when I am gone away,  
 ‘ He dared not tarry, ’ men will say,  
 Doing dishonor to my clay.”

And though this has, perhaps, been the argument that has kept many a man from taking his own life, the voice of the rationalist seizes it here most unmercifully, shows its cowardly quality, and tears it to shreds:

“ This is more vile, he made reply,  
 To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,  
 Than once from dread of pain to die.

“ Sick art thou—a divided will,  
 Still heaping on the fear of ill,  
 The fear of men, a coward still.

“ Do men love *thee*? Art thou so bound  
 To men, that how thy name may sound  
 Will vex thee lying underground?

“ The memory of the withered leaf  
 In endless time is scarce more brief  
 Than of the garnered autumn sheaf.

“ Go, vexed spirit, sleep in trust!  
 The right ear that is filled with dust  
 Hears little of the false or just.”

This is keener than a two-edged sword, cutting to the very core of sham, and the craven fear of men. Yet in the last little lines there is deep and tragic fallacy: What if

“ The right ear, that is filled with dust,  
 Hears little of the false or just?”

The right and left ears that are *not* filled with dust do hear more than a little of the false and just; and no matter how they shirk it, the sounds of such are forever penetrating to the most callous depths, even of the shallowest souls. But finding it hard to pluck resolves from this wide waste of emptiness, and scornful pride, the poet swings back to youth; longs for the tenderness and breadth of soul and boldness of tongue that were his when he paused and sang among the tents of battle—before one's own battle had come, one's own heart had got



broken, one's own head sadly mixed with life's conflicting rays,  
while one was yet

"Waiting to strive the happy strife,  
To war with falsehood to the knife,  
And not to lose the good of life."

While, in fact, one did not know the frailty of "Cousin Amy's" heart, and had no real experience of the craven cowardice of the sensual soul of man, while yet the strife was the "happy strife" of poet merely—not at all "to the knife," and such arguments as

. . . "What drug can make  
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

Alas! youth comes not back, but the probing voice comes back, and says in a word, "Cease all that sentimental dreaming"—

. . . "Thy dream was good  
While thou abodest in the bud ;  
It was the stirring of the blood.

"If nature put not forth her power,  
About the *opening* of the flower,  
Who is it that could live an hour ?

"Then comes the check, the change, the fall ;  
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall,—  
There is one remedy for all."

Go, hang thyself!

"For every worm beneath the moon  
Draws different threads, and late or soon  
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

"Cry, faint not ; either Truth is born  
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn  
Or in the gateways of the morn.,'

Thank heaven, sometimes in the gateways of the morn! and that many a thickest, blackest, cloudy sky has broken in ineffable splendor over eyes not yet dull by sinning, much less dim by deceiving, or dark in death. Let us not anticipate: the quick voice admits that

"Sometimes a little corner shines,  
As over rainy mist inclines  
A gleaming crag with belts of pines."

But even this slight admission is gauged and qualified—

- " I will go forward, sayest thou,  
I shall not fail to find her now;  
Look up, the fold is on her brow.
- " If straight thy track, or if oblique,  
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike  
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;
- " And owning but a little more  
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,  
Calling thyself a little lower
- " Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!  
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?  
There is one remedy for all"—

A sufficient dose of laudanum. Now the "dull, one-sided voice presses a little too far; the vision is sharper than the purpose is pure, and this overpressure of logic and mere mental advantage drives the spiritual soul away from all thought of self once more, and we have those sublime lines that have gone out into all the earth, center, soul and perennial numbers of so many countless millions of other lines in prose and verse, since these were written. For the poet, the seer, is ever in advance of science, ever in advance of men's philosophy and rationalism, so called. Admitting his own misery, without admitting the force of the dark adviser's reasoning as regards the deserts and proper end of his own misery—admitting, too, that

. . . "Age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a war of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds;"

that his own achievement and the general confusion and low selfishness of the race will not bear close scrutiny, still he grandly proclaims the eternal gospel of—yes, yes—who shall own it?—

- " I cannot hide that some have striven,  
Achieving calm, to whom was given  
The joy that mixes man with heaven:
- " Who, rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream;
- " But heard, by secret transport led,  
Ev'n in the charnels of the dead,  
The murmur of the fountain-head."

And though the sullen answer did slide betwixt, apparently evading, it really does not evade, but gives the true and

only divine and rational explanation of every martyr and martyr vision yet evolved from the quenchless germs and countless wrecks of time:

" Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd,  
The elements were kindlier mix'd."

Still, even in this, keen as it is, there is an unintended, perhaps unconscious fallacy. The fact that the elements were kindlier mixed in some cases, are always in some cases, is really the only—all-sufficient ground for seeing that the grounds of hope *were* fixed. In a word, here is redemption by nature, that is the Mixer of the elements in all natures is—yes, yes, who shall name him? Who shall question?—See only the eternal truth here unconsciously hinted that the everlasting Maker and Mixer is, is *thereby* the sole redeemer of men. By blood?—O yes, only by blood—mixed and re-mixed in those

" Which did accomplish their desire,  
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,  
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire."

Then there is more weak reasoning on the part of the spiritual voice, to the effect that to take one's life may be but the undoing of one riddle to find a hundred new ones. In a word, cowardice again; and in reply to this there is much sophistry, with beautiful touches concerning the peace and quietness of the faces of the dead, all good enough if we were only faces, but as we are at least memories, not from "sheer forgetfulness," but "trailing clouds of glory," clouds of shame—ever—ever backward, onward—at least this, or more. What if the child grows up to honor or to shame, and I heed it not, cold in my grave. The child heeds the grave; heeds me; and though my hands be folded on the breast, never so still, there is, there are, heavens! there are forever many other things expressed than

" Long disquiet merged in rest."

And here the real poet bursts into glory, seizes the old quenchless life of nature, ever-welling, perpetual, clear, all joyous, undying—strong, fresh as ever—each new morning where, though all creeds and tongues may fail—



" If all be dark, vague voice, I said,  
 These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,  
 Nor canst thou show the dead *are dead*.

" The sap dries up; the plant declines.  
 A deeper tale my heart divines."

Then, again, there is much after the old argument, thus, because a man names the name immortal, therefore he is immortal, but this will not hold; proves too much, proves nothing; and the poet is strong only as he keeps to the really spiritual. Again the rationalist has the best of the argument—

" Where wert thou when thy father play'd  
 In his free field, and pastime made,  
 A merry boy in sun and shade? "

And though the poet tries to evade the logic, he is bound to admit, practically, that

. . . " thou might'st defend,  
 The thesis, which thy words intend—  
 That to begin implies to end."

Yet he still argues, though weakly, that as we forgot the first year of infancy, which existed beyond question, so we may have forgotten a pre-existence, such as the old myths and some modern poets and philosophers have hinted might have been ours. But no "might-have-been" will ever meet the case. Whatever there is to rest upon must be positive and clear, and there is a slight approach to this in the following lines:

" Moreover, something is or seems,  
 That touches me with mystic gleams,  
 Like glimpses of forgotten dreams,"

Yes, and no wonder—

" The still voice laughed. ' I talk,' said he,  
 ' Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee  
 Thy pain is a reality.' "

What follows is proof at once of the weakness and strength of the poet. Had he appealed to his own experience, to the experience of every brave soul that has ever suffered and has not succumbed, he might have pictured the "far-off interest of tears." The health that comes from fighting and conquering pain—the splendid moments, God-ful—worth ages of whining and regret, compensation for countless ills—that in every noble effort to suppress and eradicate pain, sin, death, is life

and joy and glory; clearness and rest, not at all unknown to many and many of the children of men, and that those moments, that rest, are not only in themselves enough compensation for all earth's bitterness, but that they do besides all that saturate universal nature with their special immortality—the only undying God-like force we know of in all the limitless range of being. This the poet did not do, could not do. What he did do was sweet and soft and pure as the angel breath of a still morning amid roses and eternal bloom of flowers.

" I ceased, and sat as one forlorn;  
Then said the voice in quiet scorn,  
' Behold, it is the sabbath morn ! ' "

Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost! Sarcasm! Language of the devil, applied to one of the stillest, beautifullest thoughts and hours that human souls have ever participated in and shared—the still hum of a Sabbath morning—never mind whence or how it came—what its sanctity, or authority. I can tell thee it came down out of heaven, from the spirit of heaven, long ago, is bound to stay, its authority being in its own force of peace and love and good-will to men. And, as usual, the devil overshot the mark, and through his grim darkness a thousand rays strike in.

" And I arose, and I released  
The casement, and the light increased  
With freshness in the dawning east."

One midnight, on the pathless prairie, my companion and I halted by an old Dutch hovel, and asked directions for the nearest road leading toward our home, thirty miles away. How the stars sparkled, how the wind nipped, how quick and clear and sharp all our words cut, and vanished through the air: "Take the first section-line to the left, and drive toward the dawn; first road turn to the right; it leads to home," said the pioneer. We looked at the stars—they are always true—took our bearing; the horses sniffed the night air lightly, and in two hours and thirty minutes we were at home.

But who will sing the horse—the burden-bearing, heroic, self-denying helper, that bears us homeward? Who will sing the soul that makes him true? Tender, gentle, let thy words be—no affirmer, no denier. Come, great poet of the future, and sing us the helper, the song of the soul of honor.

"Like soften'd airs that blowing, steal,  
When men begin to uncongeal,  
The sweet church-bells began to peal.

—  
"On to God's house the people prest,  
Passing the place where each must rest,  
Each entered like a welcome guest.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I blessed them, and they wandered on,  
I spoke, but answer came there none;  
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

"A second voice was at mine ear;  
A little whisper, silver-clear—  
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'"

That is all ; the verses continue, but there is not another word. Tennyson knew no other. We have already hinted at another possible word—yea, let us say, actual word—to us, at least. But the treble is always strained a little in reaching the highest notes—possible at any moment—is always liable to break the voice and lose somewhat of its power. There have been more than murmurs—are, to-day. And whoso will, may hear a third voice even now, saying: "The victory is in the deed."

Nearly five years after the foregoing was written (though never published till now) it became my duty to notice one of Tennyson's later works, in a leading Philadelphia daily newspaper. I add the notice here, alike as giving the two voices of the youth and age of the poet, and my own estimate of Tennyson's later work. As usual, I am not in touch with the hacks who dabble with this beautiful genius of English poetry.

Various extracts from Lord Tennyson's new volume, "Tiresias and Other Poems," have already been published, and in many quarters hasty comments, based on these and other extracts, have been made. The total outcome of these comments would be that while in the new volume Tennyson has done some things quite equal to some of the best things done in his earlier years, there is nothing that especially lifts him beyond the reputation of those years—perhaps nothing that would make an independent reputation. But only those who have tried in their declining years to retain the fire of youth and add to this the wisdom of experience know how difficult a business that is.



Tennyson has done this in the new volume published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York. Never in any of his earlier poems has he treated the great social problem that is now being made the pet scheme of advanced novels with half the force, completeness and splendor with which it is treated in the third poem of this book, called "The Wreck," beginning:

"Hide me, mother! my fathers belong'd to the church of old,  
 I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient fold,  
 I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves,  
 My brain is full of the crash of wrecks and the roar of waves,  
 My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name,  
 I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of shame,  
 I am roused by the wail of a child, and awake to a livid light,  
 And a gaster face than ever has haunted a grave by night,  
 I would hide from the storm without, I would flee from the storm within,  
 I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his sin,  
 I was the tempter, mother, and mine is the deeper fall;  
 I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all."

Then, with a wonderfully sustained beauty, with infinite delicacy and with absolute loyalty to nature and law, the story of a woman who deserted her husband and child and sailed the seas of a supreme love till a wreck took her lover away and revealed her soul beneath and deeper than her love—splendid and ministry-full as that had been—is told, till the woman finds that her deserted child died the same night her lover died, and that word of the child's death comes to her addressed in her maiden name—no longer a mother or wife, and the sudden splendor of love faded into shame. In truth, the book is a sort of complementary completion of all that was lacking in Tennyson's earlier life and works. Its pretty dedication to Robert Browning, while between the two there was a conscious or unconscious world-recognized rivalry for a generation, has already been noticed. It may be regarded as a return for Mr. Browning's dedication of his own volume of 1872—"To Alfred Tennyson; in poetry, illustrious and consummate; in friendship, noble and sincere."

The longest poem of the number, "Balin and Balan," is meant for an introduction to "Merlin and Vivien," and there is a beautiful short poem, written as a preface for "My Brother's Sonnets:"

"Midnight—in no midsummer tune  
The breakers lash the shores;  
The cuckoo of a joyless June  
Is calling out of doors.

"And thou hast vanish'd from thine own  
To that which looks like rest;  
True brother, only to be known  
By those who love thee best."

"The Dead Prophet" is a still stronger poem, and one of the strongest Tennyson has ever written:

"Dead, who had served his time,  
Was one of the people's kings;  
Had labored in lifting them out of slime,  
And showing them souls have wings!

"Dumb on the winter heath he lay.  
His friends had stripped him bare,  
And rolled his nakedness every way,  
That all the crowd might stare."

All of which appears to have reference to events that have taken place in the poet's own city of London within the last few years. The word to freedom is what all the lesser poets have been trying to say about it for the last quarter of a century and have not fully succeeded:

"O thou so fair in summers gone,  
While yet thy fresh and virgin soul  
Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon,  
The glittering capitol;

"So fair in Southern sunshine bathed,  
But scarce of such majestic mien  
As here with forehead vapor-swathed  
In meadows ever green;

\* \* \* \* \*

"How long thine ever growing mind  
Hath still'd the blast and strewn the wave,  
Tho' some of late would raise a wind  
To sing thee to thy grave.

"Men loud against all forms of power—  
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues—  
Expecting all things in an hour—  
Brass mouths and iron lungs."

So love and passion in their deepest and maturest utterances are traced with lightning clearness. Religion, as incar-

nate faith in God and duty, is made a theme of adoration and a place of rest. The social problem is probed and heaven's eternal daylight let through it. Liberty is crowned with beautiful song, and the dialect poems are stronger in their several lines than anything Tennyson has ever done before.

W. H. THORNE.

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## SWINBURNE'S ROUNDELS.

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EXPERIENCE teaches those who have wit enough to be taught that the rarest and most delicate thoughts and emotions of choice and refined natures are also at times the thoughts and experiences of ordinary mankind. The test of genius is that it can put these experiences into words that are neither commonplace, mawkish nor sentimental. Hence it is that the words of the gifted are, in the long run, the most popular words, known and read of all men. They are what the silent, voiceless millions would say of their lives if they could. This is the poet's mission, to give voice and echo to the sacredness of life, to the beauties of the world which are too deep and exquisite for utterance by common tongue or pen; to touch even the heart of the brute creation; to interpret the wind and the sea and the singing of the birds.

People absorbed in the mere chit-chat of the world's accidents and daily trade do not remember what another and real world lives within and about them until some poet mirrors that existence in the waters of life with words that are brighter than the rays of the sun. Then for a rare moment we bow our heads and dream very old dreams and see visions that are richer than sunsets and fairer than flowers. Before any man attempts to criticise a poet he should at least have tried to utter some such grief or rapture as the poet sings. Let him try to write a dedication, for instance, of some book to his mother, or grandfather or a friend. Let him read the nameless cant that usually finds its way into the dedicatory pages of even superior books, and then turn to Swinburne's dedication lines. Even Shakespeare was awkward at dedication; Robert Browning fails here; Carlyle and Emerson were too wise to attempt it. But here is the way Swinburne dedicates his Roundels to Christina G. Rossetti:

" Songs light as these may sound, though deep and strong,  
 The heart spake through them, scarce should hope to please,  
 Ears tuned to strains of loftier thoughts than throng  
 Songs light as these.

" Yet grace may set their sometimes doubt at ease,  
 Nor need their too rash reverence fear to wrong  
 The shrine it serves at and the hope it sees.

" For childlike loves and laughters thence prolong,  
 Notes that bid enter, fearless as the breeze,  
 Even to the shrine of holiest-hearted song,  
 Songs light as these."

There really is no need of this self-disparagement, nor is there any reason to believe that Mr. Swinburne is in the slightest degree oblivious to the deep and tender merits of these songs. The lightness is mainly in the form and limitations of the roundel itself. It is a much more difficult form of composition than the sonnet, and the art is in not allowing the exactness and the lightness of the measure to dwarf or limit the thought. But few English poets have attempted the roundel. The airy measure needs quick, tripping thoughts, and such complete mastery over the English language, especially over its apt uses of its Saxon monosyllables, as none but Browning and Swinburne have attained since the days of Shakespeare. In these roundels there are more thoughts to the line and less circumlocution than are to be found elsewhere in the language, except it be in some of Browning's best poems. As compared with Mr. Swinburne's past work, the roundels are more concise, more artistic, clearer thoughted, less sensuous, less affected, prettier and finer in every way; and the book seems to be another illustration of the old truth, not only that a man must have touched life in all its phases, fallen in its darkness and felt its pangs, but that he must have grown indifferent to these—that is, must have sunk himself heart and soul out of sight before pure art will own him as its own. So Swinburne has found that mere poetic or other toying with raven tresses is not the soul of life or art or music; that the eternal undertones of truth, its flashes and echoes, are the things that endure. What is a roundel? Let Mr. Swinburne reply:

" A Roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere,  
 With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
 That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear  
 A roundel is wrought.



" Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught.  
 Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—  
 That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

" As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear,  
 Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain caught,  
 So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,  
 A roundel is wrought."

In these roundels Mr. Swinburne confines himself rigidly to eleven lines, though the lines in some poems are longer than in others. But he adheres to the measure chosen with the same exactitude that the stars move in their courses. People without an ear for such music, people without the requisite wit or culture to appreciate the skill and genius required to do such work as this and to fill a volume with it, need not quarrel with Swinburne or with those that appreciate him. There is a very old law that settles questions of taste as absolutely as death ends all speculation. That a man has the head, the pluck, the patience to do such work in an age like this marks him as one of the few whom the fates have chosen to carry our voices over to the future. The roundels are beyond praise.

As a protest against the verbosity of the age, as a protest against its mere dreamy, indefinite, meaningless twaddle and pipings of the stuff too often called poetry, and supremely as a protest against the clap-trap, tramp poetry of a later school, that is too lazy to work its clumsy lines into any shape but the careless grotesque, the roundels of Swinburne deserve a sort of worship mixed with the admiration they are sure to win. No, you cannot judge such a man or his life by any ordinary standards that the average world pretends to apply to its own musings and ways. The poet must be judged by the blood that is in him and by the songs he sings. Would we get a glimpse of what Mr. Swinburne at forty thinks of Mr. Swinburne at twenty-five or thirty, perhaps the following roundel will serve a double turn:

" A time is for mourning, a season for grief to sigh;  
 But were we not fools and blind, by day to devote us  
 As thralls to the darkness, unseen on the sun-dawn's eye?"

These are not mere poems of passion, of sentiment or mere showings of public life. They are fine revelations of life's deepest and perpetual subtleties, straggles, conquests. The range

of subjects treated is altogether larger than in anything heretofore attempted by Mr. Swinburne. As now and then single songs have reached the ear of the world we have simply been impressed as with something rare—as by one of Patti's songs or the richest rosebud of the year. This impression is intensified by a perusal of the volume, and, besides, one gets the conviction that the poet is reaching the full compass of life and of his own mind. As illustrating one new departure in this wider range we may quote two or three roundels on

## A BABY'S DEATH.

\* \* \* \* \*

## II.

The little feet that never trod  
 Earth, never strayed in the field or street,  
 What hand leads upward back to God  
 The little feet ?

A rose in June's most honied heat,  
 When life makes keen the kindling sod,  
 Was not so soft and warm and sweet.

Their pilgrimage's period  
 A few swift moons have seen complete  
 Since mother's hands first clasped and shod  
 The little feet.

## III.

The little hands that never sought  
 Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,  
 What gift has death, God's servant, brought  
 The little hands ?

We ask; but love's self silent stands,  
 Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought  
 To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this, perchance, though love know naught,  
 Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,  
 Where hands of guiding angels caught  
 The little hands.

## IV.

The little eyes that never knew  
 Light other than of dawning skies,  
 What new life now lights up anew  
 The little eyes ?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
 Such light as never heaven let through  
 To lighten earth from Paradise ?

No storm, we know, may change the blue,  
 Soft heaven that haply death descries ;  
 No tears, like these in ours, bedew  
 The little eyes.

There is in this something of the faith and the simplicity of Wordsworth, but the softest breathings are firm as steel. One need not bother about what Swinburne "believes," as we say in the ordinary parlance of men. What he has written he has written, as Pilate said once on a time, and lines so writ remain forever. No modern poet, except Richard Realf, has touched these sacred shadings of the inner, hidden, highest life of man with half the skill and clearness that Swinburne's Roundels reveal. If this praise seems fulsome, read them for a hundred years, then come back and read them again. But here, with a pearl from the ocean, we will leave the Roundels to win their own way :

## AT SEA.

"Farewell and adieu!" was the burden prevailing  
 Long since in the chant of a home-faring crew ;  
 And the heart in us echoes, with laughing or wailing,—  
 Farewell and adieu !

Each year that we live shall we sing it anew,  
 With a water untraveled before us for sailing  
 And a water behind us that wrecks may bestrew.

The stars of the past and the beacons are failing,  
 The heavens and the waters are hoarier of hue,  
 But the heart in us chants, not all unavailing,—  
 Farewell and adieu !

W. H. THORNE.

## LOVE'S MEETING.

---

AND what if I should meet thee some bright day,  
As once before, beside the sunlit sea,  
When, as by magic, thou didst sit by me,  
And every wave and pulse-beat seemed to say  
That never—since in Eden Eve did play  
With her fair lord, and on the flowery lea  
Did lose her heart—came to mortals such free  
Bounding of the waves of love:—Dear! I pray,  
That should we meet again, or near or far,  
On this dear earth, while yet the flowers bloom,  
Or in the spaces past the farthest star,  
That thou wouldst stay by me, and end the gloom  
Of my thrice-bless'd but lonely, broken life,  
And be my own, in peace, that ends all strife.

W. H. THORNE.

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## WHAT OF OUR WHITE SLAVES?

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WHITE SLAVES, OR THE OPPRESSION OF THE WORTHY POOR. BY  
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D. BOSTON: LEE & SHEP-  
ARD, PUBLISHERS, 1892.

As I was on my way from Boston to New York, *via* the Fall River Line, early in November, 1891, just as the above-named volume was fresh from the press, I met a gentleman from Philadelphia, whom I had known for many years, and who for a generation has been at the head of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia—an establishment where hundreds of girls and young women are constantly employed. I had already marked several passages in Mr. Bank's book, which I had resolved to review, and, knowing the business position of my friend, and likewise having the utmost confidence in his sincerity and his humanity, I called his attention to the



book and especially to the passages I had marked ; then left him alone with the "White Slaves" and took a stroll through the cabins. On my return I said, "Well, what do you think of it?" He replied, "Mr. Thorne, those statements are not true." But I said, "Mr. Banks has made personal investigations, has proclaimed the statements as facts from his pulpit, and now publishes them in book form; it seems to me they must be true." Still my friend asserted that the statements could not be true, and went on to show that such things could not be tolerated in a civilized age, and so he continued to believe the average employer was as guileless and innocent as himself.

It was a happy instance of the faith of one good man in the goodness of a great many bad men and women, toward whom one does not like to apply so harsh a term. I think I reminded my friend of a certain elopement that took place, less than twenty years ago, between the foreman of one of his own departments, a married man, and a certain good-looking girl in the establishment. I could have proved to him that his own establishment had often been made a place of assignation; that lots of his young men helped his young women to eke out their meagre salaries, and did not take notes at sixty or ninety days in return for their favors. I did tell him of an instance where a certain young lady of my acquaintance went to one of the largest retail stores in the city of Philadelphia, and, on asking the "forelady of the art department for employment, was offered a position at \$4.50 a week, and who, on assuring the "forelady" that she could not live on that, was asked plainly by the forelady, "Have you no gentleman friend to help you?"

In truth, the man who lives in these days without knowing that our large manufacturing establishments, where young men and young women are promiscuously employed, and our large and small retail stores, where a like arrangement prevails, are constantly made places of assignation, where girls lose their honor and men waste their money in courses of shame, is either so willfully or innocently blind that he ought to be sent up higher or down lower without needless delay. I would except my friend always.

As to the kind of "sweating" establishments complained of by the Rev. Mr. Banks, they have been shown up by specialists in our great daily newspapers, in Boston, New York and Phila-

delphia, time and again during the last fifteen years. But they seem to be very much like exposed mediums—the more you expose them, the more the rascals and the strumpets thrive. The difference between Mr. Bank's exposure of the sweaters and the princely merchants of assignation and the exposures of the newspapers is that Mr. Banks appears to be in earnest, aroused by a sense of offended justice and moral indignation; has Christ and Christianity back of him, and means good for humanity; while the newspaper accounts are supposed to be gotten up as the latest sensations of the hour.

At all events, Mr. Banks and the Boston publishing house that undertook to bring his book before the world are to be congratulated alike on their courage and on their success. For, at this writing, March 10, 1892, it is plain to observing eyes that the book in question has had not a little to do with inspiring recent movements set on foot for the bettering of the worthy poor of Boston by the new Bishop of Boston, and it will hardly be doubted that 'Mr. Banks' sermons and his book have had great influence in forcing congress to take the steps recently taken relative to investigating the sweating establishments. I am not here saying that these mushroom efforts of the new Bishop of Boston, or these immaculate committees of investigation movements set on foot by the American Congress, will have any lasting effects for good. I was not born yesterday. I have seen the devil in many shapes these last forty years, and he is not downed by such weapons. Still every man must work in his own way and live up to the light or the darkness that is in him.

Among other things, Mr. Banks charges that women are employed in Boston to "make 'pants' at ten cents a pair," "knee pants" at sixteen to eighteen cents a dozen pair, others at twelve cents a pair, fine cloth pants at thirteen cents a pair; that Italian women are employed to make United States postal uniform "pants" at "*nine and a half cents a pair*;" and being a Methodist, with excellent ability of enlarging upon these damnable facts, and appealing to people's sympathies, Mr. Banks found it easy to show his hearers and his readers how women, trying to support themselves and sometimes their children on such wages, are constantly driven to despair and often to the devil and to death; and all this not in isolated cases, but as a

daily and general rule in pious, benevolent, humane, progressive, humanitarian and almost celestial and advanced, cultured Boston in these very days.

Going from the sweaters to another form of Boston advancement, Mr. Banks gives facts to show that good-looking, attractive young girls, seeking employment in Boston, are regularly approached by merchants employing such girls, with propositions looking to any reasonable remuneration, provided only the young girls will hold their honor at the disposal of their employers; that is, accept them or their "gentlemen friends."

Going to still another phase of modern Christian, that is, liberal and advanced Christian solicitude for the poor, Mr. Banks goes on to show what corruption takes the place of true charity in the provisions made for the food and comfort of the inmates of certain poor-houses. In a word, the book is a fearful arraignment of the Boston civilization of "our day."

To a man who has been hammering at this straw-stuffed scarecrow, called "Boston culture," as I have been hammering at it in *THE GLOBE* and elsewhere these many years, Mr. Banks' revelations, right out of the heart of the hell itself, come as to one who says, "I told you so!"

*THE GLOBE*, however, wants to be fair, not only to Mr. Banks and his publishers, but to such leading business men as have been brought under the lash of suspicion by Mr. Banks' exposures. In truth, *THE GLOBE* means to be fair toward and to speak the simple and charitable truth to all sorts and conditions of men and women everywhere. It is not fair to hold employers of large numbers of men and women responsible for the conduct and relations of all those men and women. A great many things go on in every large and small establishment that the proper heads of the establishment are not cognizant of and are not to be blamed for. And leading and prominent men in all professions often do things that are not common to their class of men, and for which the class ought not to be suspected.

Very many preachers take advantage of their intimate and superior position in the family circles of their flocks to the mortal injury, not only of the lambs, but to the sheep of the flock; nevertheless it would be very unfair to write a book which implied that this sin was common to the profession.

Very many physicians abuse the close relations into which



they are called among the families of their patients to the bodily, mental, moral and spiritual ruin of members of those families; and it is said that this crime and criminal habit of the doctors is increasing fearfully in our times; but it would be criminally unjust to this noble profession to write a book which would imply that the doctors, in general, were conscienceless scoundrels.

If the Rev. Dr. Banks were to make a specialist's investigation of the movements of all the people that attend his church, or of all the carryings-on of the boys and girls who attend his Sunday-school, he would probably find that his church and Sunday-school were often made places of ruinous assignation; and the wrong in all this is not to be charged to the place of business, or to the clerical or the medical profession, much less to the church or the Sunday-school, but to that vile, unspiritual, unfilial, fast, unscrupulous, hardened, brazen method and manner of life so much affected by all classes and ages of men and women and children in our day, and for which Protestant preachers and strong-minded reform women, and praying and lying and srealng deacons, and the devil and his angels, generally, are to blame, and yet are, apparently, all unconscious of their blame in our mammonite gospel day.

There are things also to be said that in some measure excuse the sweating system of which, and of some of its results, Mr. Banks so justly and so eloquently complains. The sweating system which leads to the starvation and ruin of so many women and children in our leading cities—for, of course, Boston is not any worse than the rest—is the universal system of our American civilization. For the building of our ships of war, for the building of our State-houses, for the building of our own private houses, we give, or profess to give, the work to the lowest "responsible" bidder; and the whole system, in every contract made with the government as with individuals, proves that we have fallen on times wherein no man can trust his fellow-man, and in every instance of such work there are corruptions and wrongs done, alike to the rich and the "worthy" poor, that are as iniquitous in their way as the worst wrongs complained of in the Rev. Dr. Bank's eloquent appeals. Yet if the trustees of Mr. Bank's church were about to build a church for their able minister, or even to



build a fence around the temple, they would let out the work to the lowest bidder; and said lowest bidder would, a thousand to one, cheat the trustees, stain his own soul, by lying to the Holy Ghost—putting in hemlock for pine—and also cheat his own “worthy poor workmen,” by screwing them down to the lowest possible wages.

The wrong is not in the Jew-sweater—the wrong is in the corrupt, the selfish and the accursed civilization of our times; and the only hope for relief, and the only way out, is not to scrub at the outside of the cup and platter; not to appeal to committees of Congress—that is, to set a rogue to catch a rascal and compound his crime—not in building here and there better houses for the “worthy poor,” but in setting ourselves an example of lives not given to rascally greed of gain, and in setting, ourselves, examples of lives devoted to truth and justice, and tenderness and kindness, and in trying to persuade men that it is not Bunker Hill, or William Penn, or Chauncey Depew, or modern culture, but the Cross of Jesus Christ, *applied* to modern times, that is to save us from the hells we all most richly deserve.

On page 164 of his book Mr. Banks says, in speaking of some of the homes of the “worthy poor:” “On some of the walls of these living rooms the cockroaches and bed-bugs swarm in abundance, literally by hundreds,” etc., and, of course, the owners of these tenements and the Board of Health of Boston are tacitly held responsible. God forbid that I should detract one iota from the true power of Mr. Bank’s work, or palliate or mollify the real blame attaching to the men or women—and often enough they are women—who rent mere rat-holes of houses to the worthy poor, and expect said poor to turn them into homes; nor would I lessen to a hair’s-breadth the culpability of those men who are hired by the cities to look after the health of the people, and who draw their pay and neglect their duty; but it is hardly fair to hold owners of houses or the Board of Health responsible for the cockroaches and bed-bugs.

Cleanliness is not only next to Godliness, but is far superior to most species of Godliness I have been permitted to encounter in a wide experience of over fifty years. Cleanliness and tidiness are not the rule in modern American well-

to-do houses. Slovenliness and incompetency are the rule, from kitchen to garret, in at least fifty per cent. of the city homes of our better classes, not to speak at all of our worthy poor. It is one of the reacting crimes and evils of mannishness, independent, termagant, screaming loudness of our modern "women's rights" movement, "so called," that a good housekeeper or homekeeper is as scarce as a good servant in these advanced days.

I have seen houses and rooms that were the homes of our "worthy poor," who earned no higher wages than those described by Mr. Banks, which houses and rooms were, nevertheless, kept so sweet and clean, from floor to ceiling, that, though I am somewhat fastidious, I would have eaten off the floors of these rooms and houses. On the other hand, I have seen the houses—the so-called homes of professional and refined gentlemen—houses carpeted from lower to upper floors with Brussels carpet, and furnished with furniture by no means old—I have seen such homes swarming with as many black and brown cockroaches and bed-bugs as Mr. Banks saw in his worst tenements in Boston, and that, too, where the mistress of the houses had fairly good health, and lusty daughters to help them keep things clean.

In truth, cleanliness, like truthfulness, is either born in the blood, or taught with more pains than our modern normal or other school teachers are willing to give to the subject.

On page 312 Mr. Banks says: "If some of these money kings, who have made their millions by the oppression of the poor, in mines, and mills, and factories, were suddenly called to face the bones of the dead who have gone to their graves from weary, unrequited slavery, in order for their financial triumph, they would stand back aghast at the price of their own success." And I call this excellent nineteenth-century gospel preaching. But Mr. Banks mistakes the timber in his money kings. Instead of standing back aghast they would put their hands in their pockets, contentedly smoke their imported cigars—made doubly dear by tariff robbery—and say, "Poor devils, what would have become of them if we had not given them employment!" And there is some philosophy in that position. In a word, as I have said: Wanamakerism, though bad enough, is not at all bad, and the way to help such

men is to live lives so opposite to their own that the rascals may, perchance, be conquered by admiration of your Christ-like heroism. As for scaring them or appealing to their sympathy, you may as well try to scare the devil himself or to appeal to his sympathy. Why perdition and its master feed on human wrecks; and these money kings—the legitimate children of perdition—why should they not likewise gloat over the wrecks that their lusts and their greed of gain have destroyed?

What Boston needs is repentance for a million sins. But it must first learn that it has sinned. No Boston man believes this. Go on, Mr. Banks, and God bless you! By-and-by even Bishop Brooks may learn a thing or two from you that his beautiful humanitarianism has hid from his eyes.

W. H. THORNE.

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## THE SPIRITUALIZATION OF THOUGHT, ETC.

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IN OUR day there is among utter Philistines a cant of religion that is more shallow, damnable and disgusting than all the barefaced atheism of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll combined. For aught I know, priests and ministers of the gospel may be charging me and THE GLOBE with this very thing. But to his own master every man standeth or falleth. I know whom I have believed, and why I am preaching in these pages the gospel of eternal truth. This opening was suggested by reading the following mawkish, pious and utterly shallow, false and accursed paragraph from the new "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Magazine*. I give the utterance—head, name and all—as I found it in a Philadelphia newspaper. It is plainly a puff. "And to him that hath is always given."

Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's* for April.

Mr. Howells has not only thought himself, but he has forced his readers to think, of the relation of literature to life, of its seriousness as an occupation, of the moral element that cannot be counterfeited and mawkish sentimentality. From his pulpit he has truly been a preacher of the spiritual of thought, in words that must have gone hard sometimes with the "naturalist" he happened to be praising. It is not necessarily the test of one's service to his age that his sentiments have been agreed



with. To win that honor one would only need to ascertain the prevailing sentiment and utter it. Mr. Howells has sought the truth as it appeared to him. His successor would like simply to say to him, as his hand is on the door, that deep affection goes out to him for his sweet spirit and sincerity, and profound admiration for the charm, the grace, the exquisite literary art that nowhere else in these days, in our tongue, has been so marked and sustained as in his study.

This stuff is so false to the facts alike of Mr. Howells' work and to all religious and literary history that it is nothing short of an infernal shame to find a man so ignorant of the true meaning of the "spiritualization of thought" and of comparative literary art, in such a responsible position as is held by a writer of one of the literary departments of *Harper's Magazine*.

For over thirty years I have held *Harper's Magazine* as one of the best family magazines published in the English language. I refer, of course, not to its editorial departments, but to the general judgment shown in providing sound and sensible reading in its reading pages. In the editorial department Mr. Curtis has very often said things that were truly literary in spirit, sound in sense, and excellent for their own inherent teaching. But after Mr. Howells entered the editorial department of Harper's there was a lamentable decline, alike in power, good taste and general workmanship. Mr. Howells is less capable as an editorial writer or critic than he is as a story-teller, and he is a very poor story-teller—a slovenly, careless, and altogether a makeshift sort of literary man. And it is to the eternal disgrace of our age that it has taken up such a poor hack and made a pet of him.

As for "the spiritualization of thought," the expression itself—so far as it has any meaning in these days—is so profound and wrapped in such profound mystery and sorrow and death, that it is simple blasphemy and sacrilege for such chaps as W. D. Howells and C. D. Warner to take the phrase upon their Philistine and uncultured and unconsecrated lips, or to profane the pages of an excellent magazine with such nonsensical and contemptible hypocrisy. I am perfectly aware that I am using very strong language; but this thing of calling the devil a saint, and every dog-hole of a literary corner a pulpit, and putting such blatherskite, mammonite apes as a Carnegie into real pulpits, has gone so far in these days that some-



body must call the devil by his own name and be done with it.

With the exception of Nathaniel Hawthorne, George William Curtis was the most gifted of that little band of old-time Brook Farm literary young lights who undertook "the spiritualization" of American thought by means of dung-forks and onion planting—long, long ago. As time went on the young men drifted into various positions, more to their taste and muscle. Mr. Curtis found one of the most enviable positions held by any American writer during the last generation. And he has done excellent hack-work in that position; as good work as any mere moralist could do as the hireling of a great publishing house, whose first business always was to make money. And I believe that, in addition to his writing for the Harper periodicals, Mr. Curtis has, at times, if not regularly, presided as a sort of pious, Unitarian secular philosophical priest, or parson, at the liberal Christian chapel, near his residence, on Long Island; so that, every way, his opportunity for "the spiritualization of thought" has been unusual and tremendous; but I here assert, and I am willing to hold my life subject to proof of the truth of the assertion, that the poorest, the most ignorant, that is, the least scholarly and gifted parish priest, occupying the least wealthy, the most benighted, ignorant and least important parish in the whole State of New York, these last thirty years, has done incalculably, infinitely more toward "the spiritualization of modern thought" than has been done in the same period by Curtis and Howells and Warner combined.

The truth is, there was something radically wrong with the old New England barnyard breed, from which came the eggs out of which the Curtises and Longfellows and Warners were hatched; and the Howells, the younger Hawthorne, the Fawcetts and the like—who laugh at the "New England conscience," and make sport of the "grace of God"—are a God-forsaken, unspiritual, and hence unspiritualizing set. The old roosters had grown to strut and crow beyond their true quality before Curtis was born, and the old hens had lost the vitality of true motherhood in their attempts to out-argue the parsons and to get to heaven their own way. And you cannot find a genuine New England woman to-day but thinks she knows more about religion than any parson, priest or pope in Christ-

endom. In choosing their editors, the Harpers, being men of the world, are not supposed to know these things; but the gods are not asleep, even in New England history, and in due time they will show, and I will show, that the very things our modern New England men despise, or affect to despise, in the old New England history were the only things worth remembering in that history. And again, I say, the breed had become speckled and crossed. There was hardly a clear, solid-color feather in all the barn-yards when the Brook Farm broods began to pick for themselves.

Curtis began wrong, Longfellow began wrong as regards those divine forces in history that spiritualize and redeem thought or life. Curtis, in his "Potiphar Papers," made his best points by ridiculing a cream-cheese, or soft-soap, worldly clergyman; Longfellow made one of his earliest strong points by picturing the parson as leering at his neighbor's wife, from the vantage point of the pulpit. These are floating chips which show the flow of the stream. Both were appeals to the carnal and worst elements in human nature. I am not saying there were no such clergymen as those caricatured. I have already said that the entire breed had got off-color; but even in New England, where there have been more worldly clergymen in the last two hundred years than there were in the Roman Catholic Church in all the world in the sixteen previous centuries, there were, in Curtis' youth, have been ever since, and are to-day, hundreds of even Protestant preachers, not to speak of the more truly ordained and consecrated priests, who carry around in their vest-pockets, and in their quiet and modest hearts, more spiritualizing power in one year, and expend it gladly out of their poverty wherever needed, than the entire Curtis and Longfellow and Howells and Warner brood have ever dreamed of in all their easy-going and well-paid and padded lives.

For my own part, although I have lived in the United States for nearly forty years, and have been a law-abiding citizen of this country for nearly thirty years, I was brought up in a little Somersetshire English village, miles removed from any railroad, minus telegraphs and telephones, without a public school; yet, I am ready to take my oath at this hour, that the curate of the village church—an Irishman—the men and women whose

day-schools I attended, and the men and women teachers in the Sunday-school, in which I went from the lowest to the highest class before I was fifteen years old, were a more thoroughly cultured, and by a million diameters, a more spiritual and spiritualizing company of people than gods and men and angels, with all the Diogenes lanterns and modern electric lights and detective agencies to aid them, can find in Mr. Curtis' Brighton chapel, or in Mr. M. J. Savage's Boston church at this late day and hour of New England culture gone to screaming its own spiritual asininity all over the world.

In order to spiritualize thought a man must himself be spiritual. And in order to be spiritual he must have the gift of the grace of God in Christ Jesus—must have taken up his cross of truth and consecration, and have followed it with the silent heroism of the Saviour, until he holds it dearer than "Easy Chairs" or "Study-Windows"—must, in fact, have given his life to pure spiritual truth and duty in God and in His Son. To pretend that Curtis, Howells, Warren & Co. have done this, is simply ignorant, unblushing impudence.

The word Mr. Warner should have used is the word I have used in these later paragraphs. What he meant was the *spiritualizing* of modern thought. But a small man always uses the biggest word he can find to express the usually dim and undefined hallucinations he has in what he calls his thought or his mind. But it is all the same to such people. They understand an easy chair or a seance, but!— Yes!— but!—

Mr. Curtis, Mr. Howells and Mr. Warner are all honorable men in their way. I would not slander them or libel them for the world. They are excellent American gentlemen, of a type quite familiar in thousands of younger men in recent days. They are all going straight to their own heaven by the limited express, in easy chairs, cigars and wine included in the original fare, and when they get there, they will find thousands of their own real quality; but, as for the "spiritualization" business, unless I have given nearly forty years to the study of that in vain, these gentlemen will find it necessary to begin afresh, take the A-B-C lessons they were too proud to take here, and by-and-by, perchance, they may be baptised with the only baptism in this universe that has ever given spiritual life or the power of imparting it to any human soul.



To the smallest of puppy-dogs with such skim milk, Mr. Warner! Cultivate your own chosen ground. Pick your own well-protected strawberry patch, and let the "spiritualization business" alone.

W. H. THORNE.

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## POSITIVE RELIGION.

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POSITIVE RELIGION: ESSAYS, FRAGMENTS AND HINTS. BY JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS, 1891.

THE author of this admirable book is a typical Unitarian of the last generation, and of a school now rapidly dying away. Professor Allen has, perhaps, less real insight into what constitutes "Positive Religion" than has the Rev. Dr. Peabody of the same general school; less enthusiasm of Jesus than has the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness of the same general school. But he and the men of his generation, including the generation just preceding, are the men that have made Unitarianism respectable in this nation. They are men of character and men of truthfulness, even if they have not the true essential faith and sight that enthuse and inspire the soul with true and positive religion. They mean religion if they do not attain it; and, unfortunately, that is far more than can be said of the newer generation, represented by such men as Savage and Ames, of Boston, and those who fraternize with them in various parts of the country.

As a prelude and explanatory note, Mr. Allen's title-page has the following New Testament words: "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

As still further prelude "To the Reader," we have Psalm 126: 6, thus rendered:

"Who goeth forth and reapeth, bearing seed  
Of precious truth, shall doubtless come again,  
Bringing his sheaves with joy. A purer creed  
Shall bless the waiting hearts of brother men;  
And thou, a child of God, if faithful now,  
Shalt wear the crown of life upon thy brow."

All this certainly sounds very much like "Positive Religion," and it comes from the true source of all the highest and purest positive religion that has ever illuminated this world;



that is, from the Spirit of God as recorded in the clearest word of God man has ever uttered or found; and if Professor Allen keeps up to these key-notes, he will do well. In my article on "*The Vagaries of Modern Thought*," in this number, I have quoted some very pertinent words from Matthew Arnold's "*Literature and Dogma*," touching the true distinction between religion and morality. These the studious reader may examine along with this criticism, as throwing some needed light on the question which serves as title for this article and on the subject of Professor Allen's book. Meanwhile, let us follow so good an opening.

On page nine, in his Preface, Professor Allen says—speaking of himself as of a third person: "Respecting the significance of his title, he may be allowed here to say a single word. The long habit of regarding religion as a thing of opinion, of emotion, or of ceremony, has tended greatly to blind men to it as an element in their own experience, or as a force, mighty and even passionate in the world's affairs. And it appears to him that any word, however feebly spoken, or any hint, however imperfectly conveyed, which recognizes first of all that positive quality in it—independent of party, race, age or creed—is a step towards the revival of it as a power—wholesome, invigorating and inspiring in the lives of men."

In truth, this portion of Professor Allen's Preface clearly defines the object and scope of the book. In passing, however, it is but fair to the oldest Church of Christendom to say that in no true or full sense can Professor Allen's words be applied to it. The Catholic Church, though exacting as to belief, has always been a Church as full of good works and of the "force," passionate and powerful in the world, that Dr. Allen seems to be seeking. The author, however, would hardly agree, at first sight, with this statement, and his thrust at orthodox Protestantism is so merited that I for one am not inclined to debate or contest his assertion, though, in honesty, it must be said that orthodox Protestantism, also—in spite of its miserable doctrines, as emphasized by Luther and elaborated by Calvin and made grotesque in our day by Moody and Sankey—has been, and is to-day, a positive, passionate, working force for good in all the practical affairs of modern life.

Compare, for instance, the practical work of Bishop Brooks

of the Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Banks, of the Methodist Church, with the practical work of the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale and the work of the Rev. M. J. Savage. Does any sane man, with sense enough to judge between real and wooden nutmegs, question for one moment which pair are doing the most passionate, practical and spiritual work in Boston for the present and future generations of its inhabitants? I simply want to forestall and meet in advance the Unitarian fallacy that, because they dabble in Lyceums and quasi-scientific quackery for the elevation of the race to a greater extent than respectable orthodox preachers and people are apt to do, therefore they are more practical than their neighbors. To believe in Works and to preach practical religion is not necessarily practicing practical religion; and it may not be half as good or passionate and powerful as a force in society as to preach Faith and practice, from the deepest resources of the human soul, the pure religion of Jesus in one's daily walk and conversation and life.

In a word, there has grown up in our day, among liberal Christians and pagans, a cant of practical religion, under the general names of humanity, helpfulness, brotherhood, the universal goodness and a lot of Boston dry-rot, that never has been a positive, religious force in Boston or elsewhere, and never will be; and "Creed-Christianity," as the despised kind of Protestant orthodoxy was long ago nicknamed in the great, practical, but uncultured West, may, after all, be more positive as a passionate religious force in the world than that no creed, no emotion, no love, no enthusiasm, gaping, conceited, cold-hearted and godless thing called Liberalism, Free Religion, etc., etc., in our times. This is only to caution the studious and yet not over-critical reader against being led away with the popular Unitarian phraseology of the age.

In his first essay, Professor Allen goes very daintily over the old story that religious life is a growth from small beginnings, like plant growth, and the growth of other natural objects. Then using Matthew Arnold's favorite term—the Eternal—in the place of God, Dr. Allen indicates that religion is coming "*face to face with the Eternal*;" and he tells an excellent story—good enough for a stirring revival meeting—to show how an unfortunate young woman in New York one

night suddenly found herself face to face with the Eternal, fell on her knees upon the cold pavement, and—by the Grace of God—these last words being my own, from the Bible—resolved to be a Christian, and kept her resolve.

But in telling and in finishing this story the Professor seems to me to show the muddled and imperfect view that all Unitarians seem to have of this matter. Religion, for instance, is not coming face to face with the Eternal; that is, lots of sinners, Socinian and others, come now and then pretty nearly face to face with the Eternal; but where one is smitten with a deep sense of sin and acts as the unfortunate New York woman is said to have acted, a thousand dodge the Eternal, put the business off till a more convenient season, and gradually find that the Eternal is only an *ism*, a name, a new force of cant, and not at all an inward, momentary, living consciousness of God, that dominates for good the whole passionately religious life. If I am not mistaken, this latter is just what ninety per cent. of all modern Unitarian preachers and people have been doing the last fifty years and are doing still, but so unconsciously that they will neither believe me nor thank me for telling them so.

Naturally, being a Unitarian, and hence a Congregationalist, Dr. Allen reasons (page 21) that religions "do not tend to grow together, but apart. A greater familiarity with the workings of the Catholic Church these eighteen hundred years would change the Professor's ideas on this head; but it is dreadfully difficult for a genuine New Englander to look an inch beyond the Puritan nose of modern Protestantism. Dr. Allen's book is sweet and lovely as a treatise on modern ethics; but it is my duty as a reviewer, and supremely as a teacher of the religion of Jesus, to point out wherein I think the book is lacking as regards "Positive Religion." All that Professor Allen has said worth saying in his first essay is good old Biblical orthodox teaching. In the Scriptures the religious life is represented as first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Again, the path of the just is pictured as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and again, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." In a word, the Bible teaches more natural law in the supernatural world and more explicitly the



growth of the grace of God in the human soul, when once it has come "face to face with the Eternal" and has yielded to its claims, than both Professors Drummond and Allen together have taught in modern times; and the beauty and truth of it all is that all that these men really know about the matter they have learned from the Bible, directly or indirectly, through its influence on the culture and life of modern times.

For prelude to his second essay, Professor Allen quotes the famous old Biblical words: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," the general subject of the essay being Religion as experience; and here again we have a true religious opening, proving among other things that the Professor, like so many of his fellows, has at heart a true though dim apprehension of what religion has been in other men in other times. But the moment our author gets away from the Bible and attempts to define religion from his own consciousness, or from his own or his fellows' present experiences, he drops, like a shot bird, from this zenith of the religious faith and fervor of the Old Testament into the sand-pits and washed-ashore sea-foam of Boston transcendentalism; tells an excellent story of Beethoven's apprehension of fate as related to his creations of music; confuses religious faith and life with pagan consciousness of art, and proves to every soul who has religion, and knows its secret and peculiar power, that he, the Professor, though an excellent, scholarly and lovely man, has it not, and does not understand what it is. Religion is not "fate knocking at the door." Religion is a state of grace, found by yielding soul and body to the knocking of Jesus Christ at the door; and there is apt to be as much difference between these knockings and their results as there was between the preaching of Paul and that disgusting and damnable blasphemy of Andrew Carnegie's preaching in a Unitarian church in New York City a few weeks ago. But you cannot get a Unitarian to see this, because our modern mammon god has blinded his eyes.

Further along in this same essay (page 35) Professor Allen says: "Religion, as we have practically to deal with it, as a power in men's lives, is at bottom *the effort of the soul to find inward peace* in a world of sin, sorrow, pain and death, where to so many life is an unexplained and unrelenting tragedy; while Ethics is in substance *the effort of the soul directed outward,*



to subdue existing wrong, want, or suffering, or to attain some nobler pattern of individual or social life." And I call that one of the weakest and most contradictory definitions that could possibly be given of religion in these days, by any sane, sincere and good man, such as Professor Allen undoubtedly is.

If I recollect it was one of the most unlearned and unintellectual of the apostles of Jesus who said, in substance, "Pure religion and undefiled before God is to protect the unprotected and the fatherless and keep one's self unspotted from the world;" and I think the Apostle James understood religion better than Professor Allen. When Jacob—though he had been the cunning, Yankee-like-Jew traitor and supplanter of his brother—climbed the bars of darkness to the ladder of light, saw the stars gleam and the angels beyond, and vowed in his passionate clinging, God-fearing and God-loving faith, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," I think he had a better understanding of religion, "as we have practically to deal with it," than Professor Allen at this hour.

When the spirit of the Eternal, impregnating and inflaming the soul of Isaiah with a passionate power not his own, lifted him into a consciousness of the supreme consecration of the human soul—realized only in Jesus of Nazareth—led him to cry, "To do thy will, O God, I come!" I think he had a better understanding of religion, "as we have practically to deal with it," than Professor Allen has at this hour. And when Jesus Christ said: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God—the Eternal—with all thy heart and mind and soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and "Whosoever will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow *me*; and "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake sha'l find it;" and "Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would ask a favor of thee turn not thou away;" and "If thou wouldst be perfect," and really know what true religion is, "as we have practically to deal with it," "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow *me*;" and "Be ye perfect, even as your Father—the Eternal—in heaven, is perfect." I think, I say, that when Jesus Christ used these words, and presently died for them, he knew a great deal more about practical religion, "as we have to deal with it," than Professor Allen knows at this hour; and I am sure that if these wiseacre Uni-

tarians would give less attention to their own transcendental and apple-skin moonshine and give more attention to the teachings of Jesus and try honestly for one hour to follow his teachings and example, they would learn more about religion in that hour than they will learn from Emerson and Noyes and Eliot and Hedge and Allen and Savage and Ames and May and Frothingham and Conway, and last, and least, that mammonite slave—Andrew Carnegie—in a million life-times.

I could go on repeating texts from every book in the Bible, showing that the writers had a very clear notion of religion; and I could go on and give the recorded experiences of thousands of ignorant as well as of learned followers of, and believers in Jesus, to prove that religion, "as we have practically to deal with it," in our times and in our nation, does not exist in any human soul apart from that soul's close relationship with Jesus Christ, obedience to Jesus Christ, and, in some sense, through the sacraments and graces of His Church on earth. But I am not here going into the theological or ecclesiastical phase of "Positive Religion." I am simply trying to indicate to Professor Allen and readers of *THE GLOBE* that positive religion is a very simple thing, if they have pluck or grace enough to seek it and live it. But I am as sick of the cant of orthodox hypocrites and disguised demons as I am of the cant of Unitarianism.

It would be unfair to Professor Allen and unjust to his book to close this notice with a sentence which implied that this book was mainly given to cant. It is not. It is a sincere book, a lovely book, and a genuinely modest and learned book. Nevertheless, its best words are its preludes, nearly if not all taken from the Bible, and when Professor Allen leaves these to give us his own expositions of "Positive Religion," he falls immediately, and in every case, into the sphere of *ethics*, as generally understood in our times, or into the sphere of comparative theology, spite of his own determination to avoid this sphere. Nevertheless, the book is charming, and every student ought to read it.

When Jesus said: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through thy truth," I think he understood more about positive religion and a high personal culture than any Unitarian preacher or professor of ancient or modern

times. And when Paul said "Charity suffereth long and is kind, endureth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things," and, "Charity never faileth," I think he stood in the central soul of the positive religion of all times, ages, nations and conditions of men, and preached the only religion—that is, the religion of God—in Christ Jesus, that we had better have any practical relations with in these late days of the revelations of his immortal laws and his immortal love.

I suppose that positive religion, put in modern phrase, is love of the Highest, worship of the Highest, service of the Highest, though you, yourself, should go in rags or to the gallows and to hell. What thou lovest with all thy heart represents the realm into which thou art born, or born again; the realm to which thou dost aspire; the realm unto which thou mayest attain, and the realm in which alone thou canst find true enjoyment and peace.

There is realm of the flesh, of selfishness, pride, sensuality, crime, and many love it, aspire to and attain it. There is a realm of hard, horse-sense, fair dealing, so as to keep out of prison. There is a realm of art in literature, painting, sculpture, music, and many aspire to it, but do not love it well enough to sink and conquer the realm of the flesh to attain it. There is a realm of pure taste in social and domestic life, and few there be that dream of it. There is a realm of justice and truth, of trueness and cleanness of life; a realm of unselfish, self-denying heroism for truth and for the good of others, including one's own highest good. There is a realm of mercy, of wide and deep and tender, enduring, loving, faithfulness to friend and foe, under all hardness and injustice and insult and falsehood. There is a realm in which, and through these last-mentioned, the human spirit finds and walks with the Eternal and in the Eternal; perceives the beautiful Providence of the Eternal in all life, in all things; worships the Eternal as the highest beauty and the highest good, and the highest infinite love, and the object of love, and loves and worships and serves even unto death; and any sane and sober man in Boston or elsewhere knows which of these realms of life he loves and dwells in or aspires unto; and only those who, having entered this seven-fold realm of life, have pressed, in love and duty, toward the pearly golden gates of the last—the new Jerusalem of the spirit of divine

consecration—know anything about positive religion, or have any right to talk about it.

The rest need to go to the confessional; name, confess, forsake, hate and depart from their sins, and try, by the grace of Christ, to win the realms of glory; and, if I am not mistaken, that is the path that all Harvard and Boston—including the Hasty-Pudding Club—will have to take, or go to John Calvin's old-fashioned hell, at least for a while.

W. H. THORNE.

## LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

Dost thou remember, love, the fair, far hour.  
 When, on the hillside, thou didst sit by me,  
 Enfolded with the strong arm of the sea,  
 As day was losing its majestic power;  
 The near hills glowing in a golden shower  
 Of sun and twilight; when, love, as from thee  
 To me, yet not to me, thou said'st "Dear?"—Free,  
 Sweet, incarnate spirit of each flower  
 Of all the ages! dost thou mind that day?  
 As it were taking angel wings to fly  
 Into the realms of love, where spirits die  
 For life immortal. O my dearest! say  
 Thou dost remember! and each wave, each star  
 Is crowned for me a victor in love's war.

W. H. THORNE.



## OUR ANTI-FOREIGN LEGISLATION.

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THE other day I cut the following broad and beautiful humanitarian item from a New England exchange; and it is so characteristic of our modern liberal and cosmopolitan American spirit and legislation that it seemed to me worth reproducing in THE GLOBE:

"A committee of steamboat men will appeal to the United States district attorney, asking that employment of Canadians on the lake steamers at Milwaukee be prohibited."

By-and-by, I doubt not, committees of various professions of American citizens, male or female, will appeal to the proper authorities to prevent Canadians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or Europeans, Asiatics or Africans of any class from even looking at this country when they come here as tourists and lavish their money upon our needy steamboat and other citizens. By-and-by American artists will appeal to Congress to build a massive fence around Niagara and the Rocky Mountains, so that none but American artists can be admitted, even on ticket, to see the glories of this God-given land. By-and-by committees of loafing, impecunious and useless American bachelors will appeal to the proper legal authorities to prevent American heiresses from marrying European gentlemen. And by-and-by T. V. Powderly & Co., representing the lowest, purchasable, mouthing, lazy, incapable, ignorant and contemptible foreign elements in this country, will petition Congress to prevent any mechanics from working in America unless they are the slaves of said T. V. Powderly & Co.; that is, slaves of the lowest, basest and most ignorant and selfish masters that ever held whip over any class of slaves in this afflicted world.

I never expect to find words severe enough to express the pity and contempt I feel for every single act of anti-foreign legislation that has passed any of our Congresses during the last twenty years; and were it not for the fact that I know how surely every wrong law rights itself by-and-by, through working its own destruction, I should use what influence I have with the Nihilists and Anarchists to denounce and repudiate all laws

made by such foolish and cowardly Congresses as have passed these anti-foreign laws during the last twenty years. As it is, I obey all laws, and urge all men to obey all the laws of the land in which they live, but I do my little best to spread such intelligence as will make such damnable laws impossible in the next generation.

A few years ago and our forefathers were all foreigners; even now the parents of many of the recreant children who are urging anti-foreign legislation are foreigners; worse still, many of the rascals who are screaming and voting and even legislating against foreigners are foreigners themselves, only lately escaped from the poorhouses and mud hovels of the old world, while they are screaming against their fathers and their own blood. It is perfectly true to-day, as was said of the early witch-hanging Puritans, that there is something in the American atmosphere which dries the finer sap out of the foreign blood and leaves it gritty, but soulless, conscienceless and often too hellish to be classified. And I think that in its incipency, begetting, pregnancy, birth-history and influence, the whole brood of our anti-foreign legislation is hag-mothered and hell-born, and hence is sure only to produce confusion, fratricide, revolution, and hence speedy reformation and change.

The land owned and controlled by the United States to-day is as capable of sustaining and employing 500,000,000 of human beings as it is capable of sustaining and employing the 60,000,000 now inhabiting this country. The great central valley of this God-given and God-blessed land, lying between the glorious ranges of the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains, is capable of sustaining and employing at least 300,000,000 human beings, and seventy-five per cent. of this beautiful God-given valley is now and for hundreds of years has been crying unto God to send men to till it and pluck its treasures from its bosom for their comfort and their joy. And at least ninety per cent. of the men who are clamoring for anti-foreign legislation are too ignorant, selfish and lazy to study the resources of this land, or the meaning of the facts I have here stated.

In all the thousands and tens of thousands of miles of our ocean, river and lake shipping frontage there is, at this day, after four hundred years of our occupation, hardly one decent wharf for a ship to tie to. Our architecture is in the hands of

hacks and spoilers. Our manufacturing establishments are run to make things to sell and not to wear, but to wear out as soon as possible. Our churches and pulpits are simply cowards' corners for hypocrites and slaves; our legislation is "done by fools at the dictation of knaves;" and the Hon. James G. Blaine's recent and politic attempts at certain limited reciprocities of trade between this land and other lands are the only intelligent squintings even at decent international action that we have taken since the days American loyalists tried to keep the Philistines from kicking over the traces that held us to the principles of the world-wide honesty and human decency.

We need a hundred thousand Chinese in this country to-day, if only for decent servants and laundry-work, and to teach the loafing, sidewalk, political and other tramps of our boasted civilization what true industry and true economy really are worth in this world. What need we to bother about the opium the heathen may chew, make, or sell to our clowns who are weak enough to accept the stuff? If half these well-dressed American clowns were opiumized to death, or drowned next week, and their places all filled by industrious Chinese, polite and hard-working and economizing Italians, and even pauper-Russian-but-willing-to-work Jews, this land would be the better of the trade inside of a hundred years. In a word, the hard-headed, narrow provincialism of our modern American civilization and legislation is leading us by very old and familiar paths to certain, sure, deep and everlasting damnation. I would it were not so.

We are the smartest people on the earth to-day, but in a narrow, petty and small way; and with all our smartness we are the most slovenly, wasteful, spendthrift people on the earth to-day; and with all our reading and all our millionfold, hydra-headed newspaper and pulpit social intelligence, we do not seem to have learned that spendthriftism and waste, in all times, lead to self-destruction and want and shame; and we do not seem capable of learning that all disloyalty to duty, all un-filial, unconscientious thought or life leads as by laws of lightning to hells deeper than John Calvin or his contemptible and now amended Confession of Faith ever believed in. I tell you that you simply *cannot save* "American civilization" on the anti-foreign basis the bastards of American civilization are running it to-day



## EMPEROR WILLIAM'S EDUCATION BILL.

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THE German political and social problem grows more complex every day, and it will continue to do so until the great European world-battle is fought, and then the entire political, social and religious condition of Europe will be changed. It is easy to say that the Emperor William is queer; has strange notions, and that his sore ear, or other physical ailment, bothers him. Of what king or queen or woman on earth could not these commonplaces be hazarded without going far from the truth. And it is comparatively easy to see that the atheists and the so-called free-thinkers of Germany oppose the present educational bill because, in their stone-blindness, they do not want their children to receive any religious instruction at all.

It is also easy to see that the Catholics are opposed to granting equal religious privileges of school instruction to Jews, Unitarians, Methodists, and the like, in whose religious teachings they have and can have no faith. It is also comparatively easy to see why many sober-minded and deep-thinking men are opposed to all bills of the sort, because they have seen, again and again, the disastrous results of the State's undertaking to manage the religious instruction of the children and youth of any nation. But it is not so easy for the average newspaper or other writer to see how this hodge-podge of the devil's own mischief has come about in modern Germany, or to understand that something radical has to be done with and for the religious instruction of the youth of Germany (and of other nations for that matter), or else that Germany and its emperor are doomed to hell.

Ever since the days of Frederick the Great, and even from the days of his father, the tendency of education in Prussia, and for the last quarter of a century in all Germany, has been not only secular and godless, as is our own American public school education, but the Prussian and German education has been dastardly and exclusively military. I am speaking of the central spirit of it—the true inwardness and prevailing tendency of it. This has been not to make men good citizens, much less good Christians, but simply good fighters, good sol-



diers—colonels, generals and the like. And the whole of Bismarck's great influence for a quarter of a century was given to encourage this passion for and this preparation for and this dependence upon the war-power of the nation; not to develop or depend upon its spiritual energy or its fulfillment of its obligations to truth and to Almighty God.

Whatsoever a man or a nation soweth that will he or it also reap. Germany, headed by Prussia, is by all odds the best drilled fighting camp on earth at this hour. In order to attain this thing—and I am not saying it was unwise or unnecessary to attain it for the hour, but in order to attain it—Bismarck, especially, had to and did not hesitate to oppress the Catholic party—to clip and cut its power over the education of the German youth. He even went so far as to try to bring all German-born children—even those especially consecrated to the Church and its priesthood—under the dominion of his military educational slavery; wanted to make soldiers, or possible soldiers, of the young priests—to usurp utterly the spiritual as he had killed the educational and temporal power of the Church; in a word, as I have said elsewhere, he attempted “to cut out the heart of the Church.”

In gathering the harvests of their conduct, men and nations always experience reactions of hate against and toward the devil's arguments that led them into their snares. Bismarck repented of his folly toward the Church during the last few years of his power; but it was too late. Like our own Mr. Blaine, Bismarck had served the devil of monopoly in his line until it was too late for his policy of reciprocity toward the Church to do him any good. He had sowed his seed in other fields; had gathered his shekels, his honey, his crops, and was never to reap harvests from his later policy toward the Church; was, in a word, a ruined man, as every man is who gives his manhood to the devil, and sneaks in at the back door of his old age with some scheme of reciprocity toward honor and truth and worship and the claims of the Eternal.

In a word, the Emperor William is born to the nausea of Bismarckism. He is as fond of his army as was Frederick the Great; but he has, thank heaven, other blood in him than his great grandfather had, and has had other teachers than the mere Yankee, sharp-witted Voltaire. Again, in a word, the

Emperor William, having been otherwise born and educated, perceives clearly enough that there are problems right under his own nose that he cannot solve by armies ten times as strong as those now at his beck and call. Choke your spiritual faculty; cut out the heart of the Church; crucify your Christ on Calvary or elsewhere; the Holy Ghost of this faculty, this Church, this Christ, will rise to haunt and pluck you out of, or drive you headlong into deeper and deeper hells. The Emperor William sees this ghost; cannot down it, and would give it as hostage an educational bill. It will not work; but it will work better than atheism. It will take as long to woo back the wounded spirit of the Church as it took to drive it out of German education. It will take just as long to woo it back in France and the United States, but I am talking now of Germany. And nothing but revolutions of blood and iron and death will restore it in either case.

Of course I am aware that Germany has her numerous and her popular universities, and could readily give their number and the numbers of students attending each and all of them the present year; and that these universities teach science and philosophy, and "religion" or theology, and that Germany is something besides a war-camp. I am not going into that; I am speaking only of the prevailing genius and habit of the country, and what these have led to; how deep the horrible malady is, and what fearful processes of cure, besides educational bills, there are ahead for Germany—and for the rest of us, by-and-by.

The following are said to be the prickly points in the troublesome educational bill:

"Paragraph 14—In the organization of primary schools the question of religious confession shall be acted upon. Children shall receive instruction from a teacher of their own creed. New primary schools shall only be instituted on a confessional basis. The existing schools will remain in their present condition.

"Paragraph 15—If the number of children attending a school not of their confession exceed thirty the erection of a separate school may be ordered. If the number exceed sixty it shall be compulsory.

"Paragraph 16—Religious instruction will be imparted according to the teachings of the religious body in which the pupil belongs.

" Paragraph 17—No child belonging to any religious body recognized by the State shall remain without religious instruction from a teacher of his own professed creed. Children who belong to a religious body may be admitted to the instruction of another religion only by request of their parents or guardians. If the number of children of various confessions present in one school exceed fifteen, the authorities shall be required, if possible, to impart religious instruction to them. Children who do not belong to any religious body recognized by the State must take part in the religious instruction of the school."

The aim is to force some sort of religious instruction, so called, upon every Prussian-born child. As if the thing were possible; as if it did not take a power, high as heaven and deeper than hell, to force religious instruction upon any child, and as if Prussia had not offended that power beyond easy repair. The educational bill is simply an Imperial and National attempt at repentance toward God and His Church. It is a good move, but it will take a million such, bathed in human blood, to undo the wrongs that have been done and to put the nation again in touch with the true and only religious instruction under the sun.

W. H. THORNE.

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## SOUVENIRS OF A DIPLOMAT.

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"Your tale, sir, would cure deafness."—*Shakespeare.*

PERSONS who wish to have another convincing proof that truth cleverly told is far more fascinating than fiction, should by all means read the Chevalier de Bacourt's "Souvenirs of a Diplomat," a volume of private letters from America, during the administrations of Presidents Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler, while the Chevalier was Minister from France to this country. A happy memoir of the author, by the Comtesse de Mirabeau, precedes the letters, which, with some singular and amusing errors, have been sharply translated from the French and are now published in this country.

M. de Bacourt was uncle to the Comtesse de Mirabeau, and when she found these letters among his papers they seemed to her to "describe the United States so well, such as it was forty years ago," that she thought it her duty to publish them.



It was a happy thought. The book will afford the keenest amusement to thousands of Americans as well as to thousands of English and French. As though republican institutions in this country have not gone quite as completely to the dogs as M. de Bacourt and his niece in these pages would imply, and, in fact, though some people think we are doing finely with our venture, still it will not hurt us at all to see how some of our idols and their manners were viewed by other eyes a generation ago.

As a reason for publishing these letters and as a sort of summary of their contents, the Comtesse, in her preface and memoir, says, of our "great and glorious" country: "There is nothing to sympathize with, nothing to inspire confidence, nothing to admire. One sees the representatives of the nation insulting each other and fighting with fists and knives in the streets and other public places—even in the halls of Congress; the Minister of Foreign Affairs gets drunk at a dinner given by the President of the United States to the Diplomatic Corps. Their manners are entirely without refinement and with no rules to govern them." All this, with infinite detail and spicy accompaniment, is set down in M. de Bacourt's letters. The author was an experienced diplomat when he came to this country, in 1840. In the opinion of his niece and M. de Talleyrand, "his intellect was of a superior order and his judgment sound." His book proves that his observation was quick and and that he wrote very entertaining letters.

M. de Bacourt left Paris in the early part of May, 1840, touched at London to see M. Guizot, and sailed from Bristol June 4. On the 20th of the same month he wrote from New York that it was delightful to sleep in a bed again after fifteen nights' confinement in a kind of coffin. He was not able to quiet his spirits, however, in New York, and could not banish a feeling of deep sadness and regret or get over the conviction and instinct that the world he had left was the best. He was not in robust health, and he was homesick during the most of his stay. New York wore to him the aspect of a town sacrificed to trade—there was not a monument or a well-built house that was not spoiled by something narrow and of bad taste.

He dined at a restaurant in New York and thought the dinner detestable and very dear. He went over into New Jersey



and dined with Mr. James King, of the firm of Prime, Ward & King, New York—Mr. King and the friends he invited being among the most aristocratic people of the city—Mr. Astor among them; but M. de Bacourt could not get over the impression that they were all like Englishmen, of second and third rate. “They try to be elegant, but you see that it is not their everyday manner, and they feel embarrassed.”

The only real pleasure he found in New York was to witness the deep impression M. de Talleyrand had made on the best people of the country. It never seemed to occur to M. de Bacourt that he was here to make any profound impression himself, but only to receive impressions and sneer a little, and occasionally he was crowded with some very silly yarns, which he told, as of a girl in New York “whose antecedents were bad, but who married and continued in the same course,” and who brought suit against her father for libeling her.

On June 27, M. de Bacourt found himself in Philadelphia. He did not like his accommodations here much better than in New York. The hotels impressed him with an external air of cleanliness and elegance, but they were wanting in necessary comforts; furniture handsome enough, but no easy chair or night table. “If you ask for them, you receive a brutal answer to the effect there are none, and that nobody ever uses such things.” The police were not numerous or very efficient in 1840. In many public places hung the old signs, “Beware of pickpockets,” and M. de Bacourt was well scared. Writing from this city he says: “Then don’t forget that all Americans chew tobacco and spit continually around them, and it is difficult to keep out of this filth.”

But our city seemed to him quieter and less engrossed in trade than New York. And he had been told that this city was the scientific capital of the country, and that society was more agreeable here than in other places. He had engaged rooms at the old Union Hotel; expected to find everything comfortable, but actually had to write on his knees, there being no table. Fanny Elssler—of whom more presently—was here at the same time and stopping at the same hotel. M. de Bacourt was “much pleased” with her dancing, but was amused to see the hall crowded and to hear the furious applause, far exceeding London or Paris. “Quakers wildly excited over the dancer, Fanny Elssler.”

At this hotel M. de Bacourt called on Mademoiselle Elssler. She was gracious, but she did not "bear close inspection—her smile spoiled by very bad teeth." Then, also, our diplomat "paid a visit to Madame Pageot, a tall, thin American woman, with an enormous waist and protruding bad teeth. Her husband married her some years ago on account of her great beauty." "I made my acquaintance and took my leave of her at the same time." Then he went to the Independence Hall and saw "a wooden statue of Washington" Went to Washington and Franklin Squares, and attended church here on Sunday. He thought the service very well done in Philadelphia, and the music less secular than in the New York churches. If it had not been for his bad health, he would have been still better pleased here. But Fanny Elssler helped him amazingly.

From Philadelphia M. de Bacourt went to Baltimore, June 29, and had some excellent talk with the Archbishop. From Baltimore he went to Washington, and, under date of July 2, says: "This time I write to you from my capital; or I should say better from my penitentiary." In Washington the broad streets, the absence of trees, the scorching heat, the mosquitoes, the mud in the streets, and the hogs and cows by day and night, and the statesmen with their feet on the backs of chairs, and their spitting everywhere, were too much for our Frenchman. He could not get used to it. The home of his predecessor did not suit M. de Bacourt. There were no furniture dealers to suit him. He could neither buy nor rent furniture.

He found two Frenchmen in Washington who furnished meals and lodging. One of them had a good house, but, having made his fortune, was "insolent, negligent and dirty." The other house was small and badly furnished, but preferable on account of civility and poverty of the proprietor. He made an arrangement with a livery-stable keeper to furnish him with a carriage and horses. The bargain was completed, but, next morning, the liveryman announced that he could not be counted on, unless one-third more than the price agreed upon was paid, and so wrote: "In this country they take back their word without ceremony. No contract is respected unless it is signed." In Washington, among other celebrities, he met the Minister of Russia, M. Bodisco, whom he had known in Stockholm, eighteen years previously. "I left him," he says, "with

gray hair, and I find him with black, curly hair and whiskers and mustache dyed. At 60 years of age he had just married an American girl of 16! Great good may it do him!"

In Washington he went with M. Pageot to Mr. Forsyth's, "the Palmerston of this country, who has the reputation of being very stiff, impolite and cynical." July 3, 1840, M. de Bacourt paid his respects to President Van Buren at the White House. The Secretary of State, who ought to have taken the diplomat, did not arrive in time. On this occasion the President wore a plain black coat and gray trousers and boots, and this entirely consoled M. de Bacourt for not having his own uniform, which had not yet arrived. The President received him very kindly, and here is a characteristic bit of comment: "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Van Buren is called the American Talleyrand. This must flatter him, for in talking to me of the dear Prince he repeated at least ten times, '*wonderful man.*' Mr. Van Buren is acknowledged to be a very able man, but more in what concerns his personal affairs than in the direction of the affairs of the country."

M. de Bacourt went to the House of Representatives, and what shocked him most "was the sound of continual spitting. They all spit—everywhere and on anything. The President is the only one I have seen who is exempt from this vice. Mr. Van Buren, the son of an innkeeper, and himself even trained to the family calling, has acquired to an astonishing degree the ways of the world. He is a man of polished manners. His politeness is perfect; it is the perfect *imitation* of a *gentleman.*" At a dinner given by M. Bodisco, M. de Bacourt was seated between "Mrs. Forsyth, who talked to him in English, and her daughter, Mrs. Shaaff, who spoke French, both talking at the same time"—"the table loaded with china, glass and bronzes, of no value and in bad taste, spread out for ornament, not use. The guests laughed at their host in the most open manner, and everyone pitied the unhappy child who had become the wife of this villainous old man," with his whiskers and mustache both dyed.

M. de Bacourt is better at social gossip than at statesmanship. In Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, either by accident or otherwise, he was constantly meeting Fanny Elssler and the Chevalier Wickoff; and he understood



all that was going on in that direction. The second time M. de Bacourt saw Fanny dance in Washington he was more than amused. "She danced ravishingly." Next day Fanny went to see him, but he was out. July 18 he writes: "I have just returned from a visit to Fanny Elssler, who has engaged a kind of duenna, whom she could dispense with very well, for the poor girl's reputation is too far gone to be benefited by a guardian. . . . Just imagine—she was presented formally to the President, and to all the Cabinet assembled to receive her. This strikes me as the height of the ridiculous. . . . I went this morning to say good-by to Fanny Elssler, who is going to Baltimore. She told me all about her love affairs. M. de la Valette is her favored lover, but he is at Pau just now. I think he was wrong in letting her go without him. Before leaving he had recommended her to an American, who was a friend of his—Mr. Wickoff—who accompanied her to America and follows her everywhere. She spoke to me of La Valette as her lover and Mr. Wickoff as her friend. I took all that for what it was worth." At all events, this puts a new phase or two on that well-worn story. July 26, M. de Bacourt left Washington for Baltimore, where Fanny Elssler gave an entertainment, and now "they say that this lovely creature has married M. Wickoff. It will be an excellent match for her; it is true he is a bastard, but he has 60,000 francs a year. I arrived here early and leave to-morrow." And I am jealous of Wickoff and, in a bachelor's way, in love with Fanny.

July 28 M. de Bacourt was in New York City again. Went out to walk about the streets. "Met a procession of a thousand Democrats, yelling furiously and obstructing the streets. Escaped toward the Battery to enjoy the sunset, and there saw several men dressed like gentlemen—all the men are equally well dressed here—engaging in a free fight, tearing each other's hair and fighting like porters." He "hurried away from the brutal spectacle," despaired of American Democracy. Here is a very different ray of light: "The more intimately I am thrown with the Americans the more difficult I find it to judge them. The American of the North—he who is called Yankee—has the English type, together with the cunning and skill of the Jew, making the Yankee a being apart. The Yankees are English at heart, spite of the contempt they profess for them. The



South sympathizes more with the French, but are less civilized. In my opinion, the West will be called upon to play the principal role in the United States. Some years from now they will dominate the two other sections." So M. de Bacourt had larger insight now and then. In New York, August 11, Mr. Wickoff called on our diplomat to say that Fanny Elssler wished to see him. "I went and found her having herself painted." From New York he wrote: "I have seen Madame Jerome Bonaparte—Miss Patterson—a large, fat woman. She looks like a plaster model in a studio enlarged."

In September, 1840, M. de Bacourt was in Boston. He thought things much better there than in other places. But in this book Harvard College is called Howard College, and Bunker Hill is called Bunker's Hise. Of course, these are only typographical errors. Same month he was back in Philadelphia again; was now and again at Madame Cigogne's house, which was elegant, and the society select; and it seemed very curious to him to see a mistress of a boarding school holding such a position. He found that the Philadelphia ladies gathered at Madame Cigogne's were "not at all prudish." He thought our old market on High Street superb, but he could not get used to seeing "well-dressed men carrying vegetables in a handkerchief in one hand and a leg of mutton in the other.

On the whole, he liked Philadelphia better than any other place in this country. He visited our cemeteries, the Alms-house and House of Refuge, and of the latter wrote home that "they reform boys and girls under eighteen years old with great success." In Washington, again, in October, he was disgusted with the shabby condition in which he found Mount Vernon, and has some sound sense on the genius of Washington. He liked Van Buren and was sorry for his defeat. In commenting on the successful Whig party ("which is called that of the aristocracy—my God, what aristocracy!") he predicted that it would split as soon as it came into power; and he is not at all complimentary to "the Hero of Tippecanoe." In fact, the Whig victory appeared to convince him afresh that constitutional institutions were "only a special phase of human folly."

M. de Bacourt had his opinion of Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, whom he invited to dinner, and who sent a regret just as the party were sitting down to dinner, after waiting more than

a quarter of an hour for him. In December, 1840, our diplomat made the acquaintance of Mr. Calhoun, who is described in this book as "the leader of a party called *Multifiers*," Of Miss Mason, the acknowledged beauty of Washington at that day, he says she was a "tall, light blonde, of regular features, but dressed like a doll, such as you see at the fairs in the provinces sold at thirty-five cents."

January 21, 1841, M. de Bacourt dined with the Austrian Minister, and met "the celebrated Mr. Webster," whom he describes as "pompous to the last degree and ill at ease." "As to Mr. Clay, he is of another type—that of a gentleman farmer." And Mrs. General Gaines "is a little woman, frightfully ugly, with a red face covered with blotches." Again, at the White House, now March 10, 1841, he saw Mr. Webster, who, "as new Secretary of State, was very awkward in his functions." Plainly, Mr. Webster was not a favorite. October 12, was again in Philadelphia, and went to see the house M. de Talleyrand lived in while here. "It is on North Third Street, facing the City Hotel."

January 12, M. de Bacourt dined with President Tyler and "forty men—no women; was placed between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Webster. The latter forgot his contraband dignity, with which he usually conceals his sad mediocrity. The Madeira wine, of which he drank entirely too much, made him not only amiable—I mean in the American sense—but most tenderly affectionate. He took my arms with both hands and said: 'My dear Bacourt, I am so glad to see you to-night—more so than I have felt at any other time; I do not know why! Perhaps I have not been as friendly with you as I ought to have been, but, if you are willing, we will become bosom friends. You will find me a good companion; come and see me every day, without ceremony—it will give me great pleasure, my dear Bacourt, for, really, I think you are charming'—this with a drunken stammer and with hiccoughs, which made it very disagreeable to be near this Minister of Foreign Affairs." And our great Webster so described! M. Bacourt was no better pleased at leaving when all the American ladies declared it too bad that he should go "without taking an American wife." And this "gives you an idea of American taste" thirty-three years ago. "Keep yourselves from idols." W. H. THORNE.

## LOVE'S DIVINITY.

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O LOVE, thou art divine in any mood ;  
In far creations of the worlds, the stars,  
Whose silver beams and flowers are as bars  
Of blessed light to souls misunderstood ;  
In kisses, crowns and crosses that have stood  
The raging winds, the hateful blasts and scars,  
And subtle falsehood that forever mars  
The chaste peace of souls, have done naught but good ;  
And when thou shinest in a maiden's eyes,  
And tremblest in her quivering lips would speak  
The deathless blessing they both give and seek,  
Thou art as rose at daydawn in the skies ;  
Thou art an angel in thine own disguise,  
And art the life of life that never dies.

W. H. THORNE.

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## MARTIN LUTHER.

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“ Who loves not wine, women and song,  
Remains a fool his whole life long.”

ON the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth one-half the Christian world was ringing with his praises, building statues to his memory, and revering him as a prophet and reformer, while the other half, as in the days of Leo X, persisted in describing and despising him as the great apostate of the sixteenth century—a man who “gave the widest scope to sensuality by decking it in a flimsy cloak of sentimentality and calling it a religion.” It is in this contrast, revealing the comparative crudeness and contradiction of historic judgments and showing a great wrong to be righted somewhere and somehow, that the real interest in Luther's life is to be found. In the nature of things there must be a standard of human character, at once broader and deeper and truer than that of any sectarian judgment, and beyond question that will be eventually applied to Luther as to all men. It is only fitting that once in a hundred years at least something should be done to set up this standard and sweep the dust and cobwebs out of the world's and out of Luther's way.



It is little to the point to say that Luther is the same as Luder or Lothair, and that Martin's ancestors were a family of hardy peasants, dwelling on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the old Electorate of Saxony, or that Martin was the first-born of seven children, or that Hans, his father, was a successful miner, who managed in the course of a rugged life to make himself the possessor of a house and two mills. But for future purposes of scientific biography it is important to note that Martin's father came of a violent race, and that Hans himself fled to Eisleben "after slaying a fellow-man;" was a genuine hater of monks and monasteries; was, in fact, a pagan, into whose blood the forced conversion of Germany had not yet found the gentlest of ministries. Martin was a chip of the old block; impatient of restraint; unappreciative of discipline, a robust, natural boy and man, in no way ready to put on the mildly supernatural, except when scared into it in some unexpected way.

It was at Eisleben, November, 1483, that Martin first saw the light of day. That he was a tough knot to mold is shown by the fact that in later life he thought his parents had treated him too harshly in his boyhood. Soon after Martin's birth the family moved to Mansfield, a few miles from Eisleben, where the young Luther went to school, and being of a violent turn got lots of floggings—flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, it is said. Himself, certainly, not saved by faith alone. From Mansfield he was sent to still better schools at Madgeburg and Eisenach, and from the latter to Erfurt University, where he was to prepare for the practice of law. Returning to Erfurt from a visit home in 1505, age 22, Martin was frightened by a flash of lightning, prayed to Holy Anna, Mother of the Virgin, and vowed to become a monk. Next day repented of his vow, lest his father, Hans, should be displeased. This was very typical of all that came afterward. At Erfurt he had found professors imbued with the doctrines of Wickliffe and Huss, and had already seen a complete printed Bible. True to his vow, Luther applied for admission and entered the Augustinian convent, renouncing his insignia as master, and resisting the entreaties of his father. At the convent he had a turbid time of it. The flesh would not down. He often passed from the depths of despair to the heights of presumption, but finally

got it well fixed in his mind that he was justified by the merits of Christ alone and, by the force of this conviction, one of the elect.

On the 2d of May, 1507, Luther was ordained a priest, and for a time traveled from village to village and said mass. About the year 1509 he went to the University at Wittenberg, to lecture on philosophy. And here again the untamed nature of the man asserted itself. He hated the Aristotelian philosophy and the whole system of the schoolmen. His lectures were brilliant attacks on the very philosophy he was called to teach, and he soon became popular, especially with the anti-Church people of the beer-drinking town. Germany had never been heartily attached to the Holy See, and it is now everywhere seen that in Luther's day the country was ripe for what Catholics call a Pagan revival and what Protestants call the great Reformation.

Toward the close of the year 1517 John Tetzl, a Dominican friar, reached Juterback, a town within a few miles of Wittenberg, and preached as missionary in the Jubilee, granted by Leo X. in which the alms were to be devoted to the erection of St. Peter's, at Rome. Crowds gathered to hear Tetzl. Luther felt the fight rising in him, and announced that he would preach on indulgences. In his sermon he denied that anything beyond contrition was needed for the remission of sin—in a word, opposed the long-settled doctrine of the Church on that point—and when Tetzl replied, showing that he stood on Catholic ground, Luther retorted, with natural vehemence: "I laugh at your words as I do at the braying of an ass; instead of water, I recommend to you the juice of the grape, and instead of fire, inhale, my friend, the smell of a roast goose. I am at Wittenberg. I, Doctor Martin Luther, make it known to all inquisitors of the faith, bullies and rock-splitters, that I enjoy here abundant hospitality, an open house, a well-supplied table, and marked attention, thanks to the liberality of our Duke and Prince, the Elector of Saxony."

From that time on, though he tried to be orthodox, and in his best moments wanted to be loyal to the Pope, he really leaned on the Elector of Saxony and tacitly admitted his paganism by putting the temporal above the spiritual power. His enemies do not find it difficult to show that, swayed by these motives, Luther often played a double game.

On October 31 of this same year, 1517, Luther, being then 34 years old, fixed ninety-five theses on the door of Wittenberg Church, calling in question the Papal theory of indulgences and the Pope's right to sell them. Luther was still a Catholic priest, and in view of the prospect of having to answer to the Pope for his objectionable teachings, he wrote Leo X, among other things: "Wherefore, most blessed Father, I offer myself prostrate at the feet of thy Holiness, with all that I am and have; quicken, slay, call, recall, approve, reprove, as shall please thee, I recognize thy voice as that of Christ, abiding and speaking in thee. If I deserve death, I do not refuse to die." But for all that it is clear that Luther took the best care of his life, and at the notable Diet of Worms he knew very well that he was safe under the protection of the Elector of Saxony. When he appeared before Cardinal Cajetan, the legate presented two errors that Luther had taught: First, "that the merits of Christ are not the treasure of indulgences;" second, "that faith alone is sufficient for justification." Luther tried to modify his expressions, but could not retract, and really the battle of Christendom is still fighting itself out over the gulf that Luther made. The Universities of Basle, Freiburg, Louvain and Paris, to which he had appealed, condemned him; and on June 15, 1520, Leo X issued the famous bull which condemned his writings, and excommunicated him, if he did not retract before the lapse of sixty days. He did not retract.

In setting out to form Protestantism Luther soon found that the doctrines he preached were interpreted by other teachers in a manner utterly opposed to his notions. Of these in general he said that they ought to be choked like mad dogs. Toward the Jews he was inclined to show little less mercy. In fact, he only changed masters. He admitted that he did away with the mass at the compulsion of the civil power. And when, finally, at the Diet of Augsburg, Protestantism was called upon to formulate its faith, it is claimed that Luther sank to a secondary place.

With all charity and without condemnation, it can be said that from the outset Luther found his human nature too much for him. In his blunt, honest way he had frequently declared that man could not live without woman. He had encouraged monks, priests and nuns to marry. And when Spolatinus once



urged *him* to marry he replied that he had had four wives and that they had married three away from him, and that he held the fourth only with the left hand. While the civil power was endeavoring to build up what he had leveled and make religion a part of the State police, Luther lived in comparative retirement with the nun, Catharine Bora, whom he had married in 1525, and the family that grew up around them, studying and working, relaxing to enjoy music or potations with his friends, pouring out the strange medley of table-talk, which his admirers noted down and preserved for the amazement of future ages.

His translation of the Bible into German was really the greatest work of his life. It gave a new impulse to the native language and literature. But when Luther came to apply his independent judgment to the Scriptures, he made sad havoc with the notion of their infallibility. Of the Pentateuch he said: "We have no wish either to see or hear Moses." He wished that the book of Esther did not exist, and it is not surprising that he considered the epistle to St. James "an epistle of straw." He felt an aversion for the Apocalypse, and considered that feeling sufficient ground for rejecting the book. It was jolly courageous, boastful soul, with a heap more of Bismarck and beer in him than of humility or the Sermon on the Mount, and the day of finally reckoning up the results of his strong life has not yet fully come. In his pluck, good sense and loyalty to conviction, he was, no doubt, worthy of much of the honor he has won; but as between Lutherianism, pure and simple, and historic Catholicism, philosophers and the future will have lots to say on both sides.

W. H. THORNE.

## GLOBE NOTES.

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READERS of THE GLOBE have grown to expect unusual plainness of speech in this department of the review; and I look upon it as an indication of the inherent soundness of a good fraction of the human heart that so many compliments have come to me from all parts of the country, touching this part of my work. I aim here especially to speak the unvarnished truth, but still to deal fairly with all classes of subjects and men. Time and again I have received letters, sometimes from friends

and acquaintances, but just as frequently from utter strangers, saying that they always read THE GLOBE Notes first, and so whet their appetites for the other parts of the magazine.

I think that one of the most complimentary and at the same time one of the truest things written me since THE GLOBE was founded came from a very able and scholarly New England clergyman, more than a year ago. He said, in substance: "I notice that the *Arena* is trying to form a department after the manner of your GLOBE Notes, but the stuff seems all the more emasculated from the fact that it is so plainly an attempt at imitation," bearing about the relation to GLOBE Notes that a heap of cast-out rotten apples bear to a couple of baskets of sound Bellflowers or Baldwins.

I could go on multiplying this sort of comment till the pages allotted to GLOBE Notes were filled, but it is better now and then to give ear to the words of our enemies. THE GLOBE No. 8, called forth more general comment and brought me more personal letters of appreciation than any previous number; but as I have referred to several of these in the article *Cosmotheism versus Catholicism*, and as there were no GLOBE Notes in No. 8, I have been saving two or three able critiques of No. 7 for a passing comment in No. 9.

The shortest article in THE GLOBE No. 7 was the one on Mr. Lowell—not more than a page, I think, distinctly on Lowell—yet that poor page, written just before THE GLOBE was going to press, seemed to anger and delight more people than all the rest of the magazine. As I was a good deal in New England after the issue of No. 7, I had to meet considerable of this in a personal way; but to my surprise very many cultured New England people said to me, in substance: "Do you know, Mr. Thorne, we have long thought just about what you said of Mr. Lowell, but hardly dared to think it, much less to utter such sentiments." Such is the soul "Emancipation of Massachusetts" and other sections of the Puritan Commonwealths. Since this was written the *New England Magazine*, in the only department it has that is worth reading, has taken very much THE GLOBE's position regarding the poets of New England.

Of course, such journals as the *New York Critic*, run by nursery-maids, and the *Boston Literary World*, run by parties who, for a dozen years, have been trying to ape the *London Athenæum*, without brains or culture enough in a year to fill one

single weekly issue of the London journal—of course, such papers, whose life-blood and business it is to write Normal-school book reviews in sickly praise of contemptible publications and to draw their pay for this kitten-like purring—of course, I say, such papers, whose standards of literature are dictated to them by the advertising managers of the large publishing houses, or learned at the dinners of the Boston Hasty-Pudding Club, or at the soroses of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe & Co.—(I mean no disrespect to this worthy lady)—such papers—whose editors do not know enough of the higher literature of the world to detect a fifth-class verse-maker when they meet him or her—had and have only gushing praise for James Russell Lowell as at least one of the “Great Poets of America.”

But, in the name of God Almighty’s truth, America has no great poets, except, perhaps, Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox and a few other school-girls, and never will have till its moral and spiritual and intellectual standards of culture are higher and purer than they are to-day.

Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier and Richard Realf were great poets in the making, but they were all practically murdered before they were born, and slowly tortured to death afterward by the sweet, appreciative genius of our American civilization, which—G. W. Childs-like—always waits for a genius to die, helps to kick and stab him to death, and then, like the godless, accursed Jews of old, proceeds to build a monument over his grave. Of the three poets mentioned, Realf was by all odds the greatest, and he was an Englishman, who died a dozen deaths to save this nation from the curse of its old pet—African slavery—before he was hounded to death by its other and newer pet—respectable prostitution.

I frankly admit that the severe criticisms of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Bancroft in *THE GLOBE* No. 7, though true, and expressing my profound and long-built-up convictions, were the opposite extreme of truth, in contrast with the fulsome plaudits constantly flung at the feet of these industrious, mediocre gentlemen by the popular writers of the day. And I put the severe truth, as strongly as possible, to sharpen the contrast and bring the groundlings up a notch or two in their own consciousness, if that were possible.

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A great many persons have at one time and another in one



way and another, during these last two years, expressed to me no little anxiety as to the general prosperity and continuance of *THE GLOBE*. And I suppose I am somewhat responsible for this feeling of uncertainty, because I have, at different times, suggested that my own health was precarious, and also that *THE GLOBE* had not, so far, any gold mine or millionaire bank account to fall back upon. But even modern reviews and reviewers do not live by bread alone.

I was brought to my senses regarding the folly of provoking this uncertainty when, early last February, I received a letter from an ex-Presbyterian clergyman, of Philadelphia, refusing to renew his subscription, on the ground that he did not consider it any compliment to me to encourage a forlorn hope. If I did not feel perfectly sure of my ground, of course I should not quote or refer to such a letter. In truth, the absurdity and falsehood of the gentleman's refusal prompted me at once to write him in reply—not in solicitation—that so far from being a forlorn hope *THE GLOBE* would live and be a blessing of God to countless thousands of human souls, when he and his teachings in favor of easy divorce, mortality without religion, and life without God or Christ Jesus would all have become forgotten dust and ashes, blown hellward by the natural winds of new forms of atheism yet to be. I have no doubt that he will continue to read *THE GLOBE*, and I think, more than likely that he will double his subscription for this year. And I say right here to all those anxious, gossiping persons who are forever minding other people's business more than their own, that if they and the thousands of others like them who read *THE GLOBE* and enjoy it, and confessedly profit by it, would only up and pay their subscriptions like honest men and women, that would be a great deal better for their morals and for the comfort of the editor and proprietor of *THE GLOBE* than for them to gossip and wonder whether it will succeed or not.

On this direct question I have to say that *THE GLOBE* has succeeded from the start. From the month of October, 1889, when, without capital and in poor health, and with a thousand odds against me in the very city where I founded *THE GLOBE*, it has paid its own expenses, and besides, of course, by my untold labors, has earned for me a modest living.

No other magazine in the United States has ever done this the first year or the first two years. *THE GLOBE* to-day is read

by more thousands of intelligent people than any other high-class review in the country. Its subscription list is constantly increasing, slowly, but surely. It is known and appreciated as thoroughly in California and Maine as it is in Pennsylvania. It is an expensive magazine, and a large share of its earnings—that is of my earnings—goes to pay the printers and to meet the thousand and one expenses that publishers of magazines are only too familiar with.

The Boston Public Library, the Chicago Public Library, the Milwaukee Public Library, the Denver Public Library, the Library of the British Museum, London, the Union League and the Art Club of Philadelphia are among the many representative libraries and public resorts of thinking men and women that have subscribed for THE GLOBE from its first number until now; and scores of other leading libraries and public institutions of a similar character in the United States and in Great Britain have received THE GLOBE from the start as a gift from me, and are constantly writing me cards of thanks for and appreciation of THE GLOBE; they give it a good place; have its numbers bound into volumes, etc., but are not yet quite ready to subscribe, and new subscriptions are coming from libraries as well as from individuals.

Again, I say, there is no magazine in the United States that has ever done such work; and the only reason under heaven that such syndicate scribblers as Mr. Bok, of Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia chick who scratches for the *Literary World* do not say more about THE GLOBE and its prosperity than they do say about the enormous expenditures of *Scribner's*, *The Forum*, *The Cosmopolitan*, etc., and the Walt Whitman bosh in *Lippincott's*, is that THE GLOBE has no padded bank account on which to draw for the benefit of such scribblers. But the world takes all things for their true value by-and-by, and there is no immediate danger that the old-fashioned ditty of

“Dickery, dickery dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck one, and the mouse ran down—  
Dickery, dickery dock.”

I say that, spite of the cant and clap-trap of newspaper syndicates, all needed to meet the craving for cant and clap-trap in the popular mind, and spite of the fact that mammon rules the roost and that few people seek truth in these days, there are

still many intelligent persons in this world who know a hawk from a hand-saw, a man of thought and power from a hack reporter, escaped from his calling and gone to editing a journal for servant-maids and sickly, sentimental women, and they are not likely to mistake the "dickery-dickery-dock" business, for Sermons on the Mount, or for literature in any serious sense of the word.

I have nothing against Mr. Bok, except that he, and the stuff he writes, and the hacks he praises, and the people he panders to, were ever born or allowed to be thought of as literary people, in any sense whatever. I do not know the gentleman personally, and never want to, unless he should "tack a thought, and mend." Mr. Bok has come into these GLOBE Notes, at all, only because of certain figures of his, in a recent syndicate letter, relative to the great expenditures and losses incident to founding a magazine in these days. The losses are, as he puts them, pretty nearly; and I could give the history of other magazines, now paying well enough, through good supplies of garbage, but on which the losses, from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year, were continued through a series of twelve or fifteen years; but these losses are the result of one of two things—either of ignorance and spendthriftism on the part of the business management, or incompetency on the part of the editorial management, or of both. The editor of THE GLOBE had, many years ago, more experiences of both lines than Mr. Bok is likely to attain in a dozen years; and hence, having put my experience and my best work and best thought, without stint, into THE GLOBE, it has succeeded without great losses and without great capital back of it.

Every now and then I hear men say that you cannot start a business of any kind in these days without enormous capital back of you. The Hon. Postmaster-General of the United States, a Mr. Curtis himself, the head of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, could give Mr. Bok points in refutation of that lie, if they were so inclined. But men have grown to dissociate poverty and power, though they were of old, and are still, the twin lever and fulcrum that move the world. Recent occurrences seem to have made it worth while for me to say again that the editor of THE GLOBE is also sole owner and proprietor of THE GLOBE.

As THE GLOBE has undertaken to fight atheism, mammonism, falsehood, ignorance and incompetency in all departments



of Church, State, literature and social life, it can hardly expect to go unscathed. But, so far, it has held its own and prospered, as I have said. Send in your subscriptions—that is the way to insure THE GLOBE'S continued prosperity.

While visiting friends at Northeast Harbor, Mount Desert, Me., last autumn, I was invited to preach in the Congregational Church in the town of Mount Desert, and, after "supplying the pulpit" two Sundays, was asked to settle as minister of the church for one year—to preach morning and evening. I accepted the invitation. Soon the Union Congregational Church at Northeast Harbor invited me to preach for them Sunday afternoons. The towns are six miles apart, and either from a severe cold contracted in driving from one parish to the other, late in November, or from overwork with preaching and entire charge of THE GLOBE, my health broke so seriously that I have had to discontinue preaching indefinitely, and intend, for the present, as heretofore, to give my whole time and strength to the work of editing and managing THE GLOBE. These facts, together with printers' delays, kept the last GLOBE back at least a month, have caused the delay in issue of the present number, and may delay the issue of No. 10. Send in your subscriptions—that will make things easier and surer every way.

Of the present issue, "The Vagaries of Modern Thought," and the articles on Tennyson, Swinburne, Souvenirs of a Diplomat, and Luther, were written from four to nine years ago. All the rest of the number was written during March of the present year. As far as there is any difference of attitude in these articles toward theological and ecclesiastical questions, the papers, written this year more nearly represent my attitude of recent years. Toward religion itself I never change.

W. H. THORNE.

*March 31, 1892.*

# THE GLOBE.

NO. X.

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OCTOBER, 1892.

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## GLIMPSES OF WORLD LITERATURE.

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LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE, BY THOMAS CARLYLE.  
EDITED, WITH PREFACE AND NOTES, BY PROFESSOR J. REAY  
GREENE. NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1892.

SPITE of its many faults and imperfections, this voice from the dead may be considered the ablest book that has appeared in the English language during the past ten years. Thus for once, I am in harmony with the many-voiced average reviewer, for everywhere Carlyle's *History of Literature* has been heralded as the wisest of all his books. This it is not, nor is it the best of his books in any sense. In fact, the lectures, as they were originally delivered, were so inadequate, so insufficient, according to the author's own later estimates, that this, and not the reason given in Professor Greene's Preface, is the true reason why these lectures were never published during Carlyle's lifetime.

Not only were the original lectures very inadequate, but to call them at this date a history of literature, is to stretch the title far beyond the original intent of their great author. They were never meant for anything but lectures on the history of literature; talks, so to speak, on the salient points of world literature; and in this light alone they should be judged. Thus viewed, and notwithstanding the palpable fact that the lectures as now printed are in no exact sense a transcript of Carlyle's exact thoughts or words, the book, as it stands, is one of the best books of the century, and

if one wishes to get the intellectual altitude of Carlyle as compared with that of any other Englishman, Frenchman, or German dabbling in world literature during the year 1838, he has but to study this book in comparison with any other history of literature of that period. And now that Carlyle is dead, and all the world, except a few disgruntled women and a few patchwork-men, has forgotten and forgiven his dyspepsia, and the miserable life his wife drove him to, the great and inimitable genius of the man finds a new, world-wide, roseate adoration. I should be the last to question this. I do not question it. I simply wish to speak the truth in regard to this book, and to suggest to critics in general and the world at large that should they ever again find anything in modern life and literature half as great and worthy as Carlyle, they had better drop their contemptible sneering and fault-finding and worship a little, as becomes the underlings of this world. If responses should arise from this to the effect that I had better mind my own gospel, my reply is, that the world knows my estimate of Carlyle. I do not need to prove my love or admiration. Indeed, I am writing this notice mainly to explain and guard against the overexpectation raised by the average critic, to point out the true merits of the book, and especially to call attention to the remarkable value of the notes of the editor.

Professor Greene touches upon these points in his Preface, but in a manner not wholly satisfactory. He says, "Carlyle's *French Revolution*, acknowledged to be one of the best and most individual of his books, is not so much a history of that great chain of events as an apt selection of striking episodes, together with a running comment on other histories, and on the lessons which revolutions should teach. The same may be said of the lectures before us. They do not constitute a manual," etc. So we are led to suppose that the *French Revolution* is the most characteristic of Carlyle's books, and that, in certain senses, "the same may be said of the lectures before us." But all this requires conditioning and elucidating.

All well-informed readers know that the manuscript of the *French Revolution*, as Carlyle first wrote it, was loaned to J. S. Mill for perusal, that he intrusted it to his Platonic Mrs. Taylor, that she left it where her servant could readily find it and use it for kindling paper, that Bridget did so use it, and that it was burned; one of the rarest bundles of waste paper ever maliciously



or foolishly burnt in this world; hence, that the *French Revolution*, as we have it, is, so to speak, a recollection of tongues of flame that had already spent themselves; a piece of work done, as it were, at white heat of unutterable madness; a series of inimitable, quick etchings of episodes, never again to be described as they were described, in due order and relationship, in Carlyle's first master-strokes on this theme.

If any man has ever had a choice manuscript destroyed, before even a first proof had been gotten from the printers, and then has tried to do his first work over again, he will know what a blow and what a blasphemy Carlyle endured at the hands of J. S. Mill and Co., and he will also understand that the *French Revolution* is not the most individual of Carlyle's books. With all his intensity and his tendency to concentrate on great points of his subject, and to wander for illustrations to all regions of the universe, Carlyle was thorough when he undertook to be so.

*Sartor Resartus* is the most individual of his books, and every reader knows how elaborate this is of the finest points that illustrate his theme. Again, his *Frederick the Great* is the most characteristic of his *historic* works, and everybody knows how full it is of needed and careful detail. Read any of his literary essays and you will see how minuté the man was in his estimates of literary men and their work. In truth, these lectures on literature are only, to a very small extent, characteristic of Carlyle, and they are not in any sense to be compared with his *French Revolution*, even as it stands to-day. With all its misfortunes, his *French Revolution* is a masterpiece of flash-light composition—a prose poem, so to speak, written in blood and tears—unshed tears. His lectures on literature, as we have them, are the least individual and the least characteristic of all his work. In fact, they bear evidence of the truth, that even as they were delivered, they were more stilted and perfunctory, and given more with the view of earning money than anything else we have from his tongue or pen. But, spite of all this, they are characteristic of Carlyle, for the greatness of mind revealed in them, for the comprehensive grasp of the vast relationships of the themes treated, and here and there for stupendous sentences, where Mr. Anstey caught not only the thought, but the words and the spirit of their great author.

Many readers may like these lectures better by reason of the comparative absence of the commanding individuality of Carlyle;

but that is another question, and with these points as a guard against error, we may go on with our notice.

In truth, these lectures on literature bear about the relation to a true history of literature that Max Müller's lectures on the *Science of Religion* bear to the true science of religion. They are a set of random facts, gathered from the great central lights of the subject and flung, as it were, on the skies by the telescopic vision of a gifted soul. A true history of literature must get at its world-sources in Egyptian, Asiatic, Arabic, and Hebrew genius; show the relation of these to the Greek and Roman and modern European epochs, which Carlyle barely glances at, and reproduce the spirit of it all in some modern work, greater than any it describes or reveals. For it takes a god to know a god, and it takes a world-genius to understand and treat world-literature.

I am not speaking of a Manual. Any hack can make a manual of the whole affair, from the first laconic speeches in Eden to Carnegie's last twaddle in our so-called standard reviews. Carlyle's lectures are neither such a history nor a manual. We have manuals enough, but the great prose poem of the growth and march of the literature of the world remains unwritten. Beside it, when written, the little affairs of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and the rest, will simply take their places as conversational epochs in the third, fourth or fifth acts of the great world-drama of the on-marching of God's incarnate word, which is the soul and crown of all literatures, past, present, and to come.

In the place of this, Carlyle's lectures begin with a glance at the "first great spirits of our western world," aptly enough saying that we must find out what they thought before we can understand what they did. Books show us this. And on the fifth page we are already at Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his handful of immortal Greeks held unnumbered hosts of Persians at bay, and died. "But Europe was ever afterward superior to Persia." And it is for such thoughts, caught by Carlyle, from the genius of the books he had read, that these lectures are invaluable.

The two lectures on the Greeks are a running commentary, alike on their geographical and atmospheric surroundings, their mythology and national characteristics, their literary men and their literature; but out of the lightning flashes, through cloudy enough translations, one gets more light on Greek literature and life than he will find elsewhere in any dozen lectures or chapters

on the theme. The whole picture is utterly unsatisfactory. Still one is grateful for it, as for a burst of sunshine on a stormy day. At least the outlying Greek landscape is clearer henceforth, if not wholly clear in all its literary details. From Homer to Pythagoras, to Æschylus, to Sophocles, to Socrates; and regarding each there are many remarks which open vistas into the Greek genius and show us why their words and their works remain to this day the glory of the world. You may not agree with all that Carlyle says of these men, and you may regret deeply enough that he says little or nothing of other Greeks you have learned to admire; and you are not bound to accept his word as gospel on any point mentioned; but you will not fail to have your own senses awakened, your own vision broadened, and a more intelligent and intelligible view of Greek literature and life with you after reading these chapters.

Of Æschylus and Sophocles he says, "Æschylus had found Greek tragedy in a cart, under the charge of Thespis—a man of great consideration in his day, but of whom nothing remains to us—and he made it into the regular drama. Sophocles completed the work. He was of a more cultivated and chastened mind than Æschylus. He translated it into a choral peal of melody. Æschylus only excels in his grand bursts of feeling. The *Antigone* of Sophocles is the finest thing of the kind ever sketched by man."

Of Socrates he said, "I have a great desire to admire Socrates, but I confess that his writings (sayings) seem to me to be made up of a number of very wire-drawn notions about virtue. There is no conclusion in him. There is no word of life in Socrates." Of Plato there is hardly a word. In truth, one wonders if what Carlyle is reported to have said of Socrates was not really said of Plato. After this "the nation became more and more sophistical." Zeno and the Stoics, Epicurus and his famed Academy are not even named, and the Greeks having lost their genius for Homeric poetry, for invention, for war, for the drama, for art, and having taken merely to philosophy, having ceased to live, and fallen into that inane sea-foam where men only speculate how the thing is done, they waited for their conqueror and practically ceased to be.

But one lecture is given to the Romans, and their literature is treated as a part of the first literary period; and while this is well enough as far as Roman literature is related to Greek, these



periods, as marked out by Carlyle, will not do for a larger and more thorough view of world-literature. In truth, there are but two periods of literature or of life—B. C. and A. D. The thought of the race converges toward or diverges from the cross of Christ. Roman history and literature are barely touched, not even sketched; but the touches are so luminous that the light they leave surpasses the light of many long histories. And here again one is so grateful for what is named, that one ceases to complain of the fact that so much of importance is not named at all. In “the poems of Virgil and Horace, we see the Roman character of a still strength.” There is hardly a word of Cicero. Seneca is duly despised, and the lecture is most notable for its quotations from Tacitus, showing the light in which the early Christians were held among the Romans during the years of their decline and fall. This is now an old story, but Carlyle proved alike the deep, though doubting Christianity of his own heart, and his genius for seizing the salient and living points of history when he emphasized those words of Tacitus. They are, indeed, the key-note to a true understanding of all Roman history and literature. They were mere borrowers of the artistic from the Greeks, and never had an eye for the true soul or spirit of literature, art, or religion. Hence their grotesque and bungling fall. Having no heart or faith for dealing with the Roman-Christian problem, or for showing how Roman failure, through vice, became Christian victory through a virtue new and chaste and beautiful as day in a darkened world, the fourth lecture, or the first of the second period, is a strange medley of wise and unwise sayings—mostly wise—regarding the northern invasions, the early Christian Primacy of Rome; and very soon we are at Pope Hildebrand, about the year 1070, and in another page or two of very general comment we are done with that world-famous era, which made the nations of the old world into the seed-fields of modern literature and modern Christendom. Literature there was in that great period, but not of the kind that Carlyle knew how to handle. So “in our next lecture we shall come to Dante,” and feel more at home. Meanwhile the wide world has crossed its Rubicon. A new Thermopylæ has been fought, where one man died in agony amid the jeerings of the world, but conquered by immortal love; and a new story must be told. In round figures, nearly two thousand years have passed. Italy is born on Roman soil. Italy is

the child of Christianity. Men have grown weary of Greek philosophy and logic, of Roman jurisprudence and tyranny. The nations are learning sincerity once more, and on a higher plane. In the place of Homer and Sophocles and Phidias, we now have Dante, Raphael, Michelangelo; and the real conflict of the future is not over some prostitute of the camp-fires; the new battle is deeper—of the human soul—its struggle for heaven and away from hell; and the new art is of Madonnas whose faces shall tell of chastities and virtues undreamed of in Greek art or poetry. The world is swinging into its larger grooves of change, and larger men must sing its songs. The new men, spite of themselves, are a new creation—the beacon lights of the New Jerusalem of God.

Carlyle is just as inadequate in the Italian as he was in the Greek and Roman eras; but many beautiful things are said of Dante, many wise things of the peoples that went to form the Italian nations out of which Dante came; and yet it seems to me that this lecture in no sense tells an adequate story, either of Dante or his great poem. Of Tasso and Petrarch there is hardly a word, and of the great redemptive world-meaning of this new era there is scarcely a hint looking toward any comprehension of it at all. Carlyle was great, but a greater than he is needed to expound the complete literature of the world.

Lecture VI continues the second period and deals with the Spanish nation. Here again Carlyle pursues the method of episode, and the kodak is turned mainly upon Cervantes, with side lights bearing on many phases of the Spanish people. Here is a typical sentence, taken almost at random: "The Spaniards had less breadth of genius than the Italians, but they had, on the other hand, a lofty, sustained enthusiasm, in a higher degree than the Italians, with a tinge of what we call romance, a dash of Oriental exaggeration, and a tenacious vigor in prosecuting their objects." Spanish history bears this out, proves its truth. Cervantes himself, is he not a royal illustration—though often in rags—of this insight of the great Scotchman. And Don Quixote was always one of Carlyle's pet books. He sums up their literary men as follows: "Cervantes, Calderon, and Lope, and Cervantes is far above the other two." He also praises their spirit of discovery; but, on the whole, one is forced to the conviction that Carlyle, perhaps by reason of his poor, limited Scotch Calvinism, never fully understood either the meaning of Italian or of Spanish history or literature. There was

a soul in it all—as in Spanish adventure—that he could not see and could not praise, as it deserves to be praised. Being a Protestant of the Protestants, he—like so many other modern writers—seemed to feel that he must save himself for what has been called the Reformation; which, rightly seen, even in literature, was but a lopping off of the richer, fruit-bearing branches of the human soul—a foul plucking of the tree of life. It was the Church of Christ that made Dante, and Raphael, and Michaelangelo, and Cervantes possible. It was the Church of Christ that later evolved the great masters of music and of song. And what might it not have done for the literature and life of Germany, France and England, had these remained loyal to the faith. Indeed, the Shakesperean era was due to Catholic civilization.

Lecture VII treats of the Germans—a “white-complexioned, quiet people, living at the mouth of the Elbe”—and the Reformation. Here Carlyle is more in his element, and many beautiful rays of light are thrown across the faces and the genius of this remarkable people, now practically masters of the physical world. But Luther is overpraised and Erasmus is underrated, though Erasmus was by far the stronger literary man of the two. Still Carlyle gets somewhere near the negative side of the catastrophies of these years when he says, page 131: “There was no Pope Hildebrand then, ready to sacrifice life itself to the end that he might make the Church the highest thing in the world.” There were souls enough in the Church at that day, as always, ready to die for the truths she held; but sometimes it takes the martyrdom of a great, commanding spirit to meet the divine demands, to keep the Church from suffering, truth from harm and the race from annihilation. The Reformation came and with it such literature as we all know. But it is stretching Schiller’s beautiful, though poetical saying: “Genius is ever a secret to itself; a strong man is he that is unconscious of his own strength”—it is stretching this altogether beyond its legitimate meaning to apply it to a man like Luther: a great, ponderous, physical, self-willed, proud, overfed priest, before he turned reformer; a man who, when once the grace that gave him a little germ of humility, had turned that germ into pride of opposition and leadership, could but fight for his own ideas rather than for the completer ideas of the Church; a man, too, I find, who kept on the safe side of martyrdom and shielded himself well behind the material powers. I do not find the spirit of Jesus, or of Paul



in this great floundering genius of the Reformation; and, as far as his own soul was concerned, I think he had much better have kept on with his simple duties as priest and preacher of the Catholic Church. But a new settling time of the human race had come, and the Church herself had to enlarge her heart and arms and meet many a new phase of the intellectual and the immoral and rebellious mind and heart of man.

Carlyle never saw this in its true light, hence he misses the splendor of the whole Christian period, from Cæsar to Cromwell—in whom he began to see what seemed to him certain forces of the soul of Christendom at work again. Still this chapter on the Germans is luminous of many points the reader will find dull enough in most other German histories of the period. But Luther has had enough fulsome flattery, and it is time the world got at the true dimensions of the man.

Lecture VIII continues the second period and deals with the English, that is, "the Germans gone mad," as Mr. Hamlet might be inclined to say. Here there are fresh glances at the Teutonic race, in order to get out of it the Saxons and Normans who invaded England, and either whipped or mingled with the ancient Celtic British until our Shakespearean and Elizabethan eras came into being. In this chapter there are many characteristic sayings, full of light and power, such as the reader will not find elsewhere, and, perhaps, Milton, as having too much consciousness of his genius, is not sufficiently appreciated. Milton always suffers from being the English author next greatest to Shakespeare, with whom, therefore, he is apt to be compared; but there is no comparison. Shakespeare stands alone in all the world, without an intellectual rival in the realms of poetry. Milton was essentially a Puritan preacher, and his great poems are to Protestantism what Dante's are to Catholicism. Nothing is gained, no true light on either man, by comparing Milton with Shakespeare.

Lecture IX was devoted to the French, and treated of their skepticism, from Rabelais to Rousseau. Of this lecture no record exists. Fortunately Carlyle has dealt at length with this theme in his treatment of Voltaire, and in his "Miscellanies" the reader can find many things he will miss in this connection.

Lecture X brings us to English eighteenth centuryism; to Johnson, Hume, Sterne, Swift—the greatest of them all—and to Whitfield. There are many narrow prejudices here; but the great

leading thoughts of the lecture are true to history; indeed, are a part of the thing we call history; for history is but the past as pictured by the pens of its ablest men.

Lecture XI treats of the consummation of Skepticism, shows how the mildew of its virus rotted the faith of the French, had much to do with the horrors of the French Revolution, and, leaping with killing contagion into Germany, produced Wertherism, or the first love-sick efforts of Goethe, *et al.* But Carlyle finds a healthy element in the German mind, that could not rest in this maudlin sentimentalism, and touches the works of Goethe, that looked like the dawning of a new day in modern literature.

In Lecture XII Carlyle comes to Goethe and his work, in earnest, and being touched to love and admiration through contact with a genius in some way greater than his own, this last lecture of the series is in many things the best of them all. Through it he comes to Goethe's best thoughts on Christianity, as the worship of sorrow, and seems to realize—as indeed he realized all through his life—that there was a divine depth of mystery, of love, of death, of sorrow and redemption for man in all this that neither Calvinism nor diluted Puritanism, called "Emersonism," had fathomed. Goethe learned it of his fair saint—she of the Catholic sisterhood, and these of the source of all good. On all this subject Carlyle stood through his life as a man storm-tossed on an old wreck at sea; cloud-surrounded, beaten with the waves almost to madness, but with sunbursts of splendor breaking upon his face now and then; a rock between the two oceans of unbelief and faith immortal; unable, unwilling by nature and God's protection, to yield to the tides that swept thousands to death at his side, but still unable, by reason of early and later training, to see the perfect truth of the Church of God.

The world is greatly indebted to Mr. Anstey for having taken such copious notes of these lectures as to make their reproduction possible at this late day, and the world is still more indebted to Professor Greene for the careful work bestowed on the editing of the lectures; and if they are not all that could be desired, they are still a treasure one seldom finds.

I had intended to devote considerable space in this notice to Professor Greene's notes. They occupy between fifty and sixty pages at the end of the volume, and they are the most scholarly, the most sensible, the most cultured, the most discriminating words I

have ever read in connection with any of Carlyle's writings. Indeed, these notes make me regret profoundly that Carlyle had not found Professor Greene in his lifetime, and that he, instead of Froude, had not been chosen to edit the letters and life of this great man.

W. H. THORNE.

*August 2, 1892.*

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## TIPS.

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THERE was a time, within the memory of men whose whiskers are not yet badly frost-bitten, when the offer of extra money to an American, after he had already been paid for a service, would have been viewed as an insult. It was not that he was apt to be wealthy or that the money would have been unacceptable, if it had been earned. It was an honest and manly pride that forbade him to take it, because the gift smacked of charity and condescension. Within recent years, however, the extensive incoming of foreigners to fill our smaller social offices has encouraged and even established the custom of "tipping." This evil practice would never have obtained a hold were it not for the generosity and carelessness of our people. A smug, obsequious waiter, wriggling his fingers about your plate or lingering significantly beside your table; a barber fussing over your moustache; a hall-boy brushing your clothes with a fury of needless industry; a salesman trying to charm you with his conversation and urbanity; a shop-girl casting a sidelong glance at you as she counts your change, coin by coin, into your palm—a person of this sort has a dime tossed within his reach, exactly as we fling a bone to a dog, not because we like him, or feel indebted to him, but because it is easy to do so, and easy thus to be rid of him.

Those who set the habit little thought of the burden they were laying on the rest of the community. Once used to demanding fees, their recipients are bound to continue the custom, and it is not every man who can afford to pay them without suffering for it. The rich man, who can afford it, gets an unfair amount of attention; the poor man, though he has paid exactly the same for his goods, gets proportionally less. Landlords and bosses are the ones to whom we have a right to look for the break-up of "tipping." If they pay their employés enough to live on, they can and should



command them to accept nothing from customers, and when this is done, the humbler guest, feeling himself on a commercial equality with the others, may safely reserve his fee. In Europe, where waiters pay for their places, and where members of the nobility seem to be partly dependent on the sixpence accruing from the exhibition of their bed-chambers and family portraits, fees are regulated by an established scale that observes some relation between the service and the gratuity. The evil, therefore, though more general, is less oppressive. In America it is oppressive because there is no excuse for it, and no limit to it; because service is grudgingly and impudently given if the fee is not in sight, and because the custom is undemocratic and un-American.

This "tipping" business has a broader significance than that of petty injustice and personal plunder. It shows how we may become affected in wrong ways by the influx of an unwelcome class of people from countries whose attitude is that of habitual mendicacy. They do not ask for work until they have first asked for money. They commend their patriotism to us, poke their bonnets under our noses and say: "How much are you giving?" Like the daughters of the horse-leech, their incessant cry is, "Give!" If these patriots settle in America they expect to be furnished with the places of small labor and large reward that their countrymen have been able to open for them. They look on this nation as a munificent almsgiver, and they come here for "tips."

The fact that an evil, and strictly European, custom can be ingrafted here in a wondrously short time, should give us pause, for there are other evil customs as likely to be adopted if a righteous firmness is not exercised. A "tip," whether it be a nickel for a waiter or a seat in Congress for a saloon-keeper, is unearned, and is a dishonest gain, that a real man will refuse to accept. The pity of it is, that little swindles are apt to be tolerated because of their insignificance; but from little dishonesties to big ones is a probable progression. Setting aside all questions of discrimination and inconvenience, should we, on moral grounds, tolerate the European custom of the "tip"?

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

## FRESH BREEZES FROM BEHRING SEA.

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THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY. BY GENERAL B. F. BUTLER AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, MAY, 1892.

IT would be difficult to find two articles so characteristic, on the one hand, of Yankee shrewdness and unprincipled smartness, and on the other, of English light-weight, dilettanti literaryism, as the productions named above. General Butler, like all his tribe, from Samuel Adams to this day, writes without any regard for truth, without any desire to get at or state the bottom facts in the case; indeed, with a brazen, unconcealed purpose to evade the truth, to put a false and plausible assumption in the place of truth, and then, proceeding on the assumption that England is all in the wrong in this matter, as in everything else, this famous—one might almost say infamous—old Yankee proceeds to show how easy it would be for the United States to put the British Empire in their pocket and wipe the gutters of Boston with the rest of the universe.

Over and over again THE GLOBE has stated, not to its own profit, that New England never could bear the truth, or endure any man or woman who uttered it or even had a love for it. This article of Butler's is fresh proof that whatever distant inklings toward the truth the early Puritans and pilgrims might have had—and I have always held that they had such—have been lost through the moral obliquity of New England during the last two hundred years, until now her representative sons and daughters will put falsehood for truth, light for darkness, vice for virtue, and smile at their smartness with a sort of squint-eye shrewdness, dreaming all the while that neither God nor man sees or notices these things any more. God and men, however, do notice these things, and it is just such exhibitions of smart villainy as this article of Butler's that prove afresh the godless and unprincipled smartness of our American civilization, and prove also the truth of the long time Catholic assertion, that if you shut God out of your public schools you will shut morality out of your halls of legislation, out of your

churches, so-called, out of your literature, and out of your lives. But who cares? Have we not our Winchester rifles, our wooden nutmegs, our silver dollars, our Lowell and Holmes' poetry, our great big eagle, our spoons from New Orleans, and our *North American Review*—all devoted to the devil and his angels! and will they not carry us through? We shall see.

And poor Lorne! the Marquis! son-in-law to the Empress of India!—for the *North American Review* must have big names to float its windy pages—begins his article on the Behring Sea, much in imitation of the opening of Carlyle's *Cromwell*, as if he were about to write a new epic of our western north lands and seas, and only struggles faintly toward the truth near the end of his article, out of breath, as it were, like a spent swimmer panting toward the shore. And this is the sort of thing that passes for high-class review literature in the United States, and which Mr. Mountebank Stead, in his slim-waisted, so-called *Review of Reviews*, has neither the brains nor the courage nor the culture to detect or expose. Verily, the prophecies of the clowns, that the age is lacking in literary genius, seem to be fulfilled.

The real questions between England and the United States, in the Behring Sea controversy, were and remain, *First*, to what extent is England claiming, and to what extent is the Government of the United States refusing, rights in Behring Sea that are not usually claimed or refused in ocean waters? *Second*, to what extent is England claiming, and to what extent is the Government of the United States refusing, rights in the Behring Sea that England did not claim and exercise while Alaska was a Russian possession, and that Russia admitted and did not refuse?

The first phase of this international question, as here stated, General Butler passes in silence, doubtless holding, in the spirit of the Revolutionists of 1776, that Americans have certain inalienable rights, based on the eternal laws of humanity, etc., that have never been claimed by or granted to other human beings. Perhaps, however, the international right of fishing—for sprats or seals—in the waters of the oceans, is one of those "musty" questions the General refers to in his first paragraph as requiring no attention in the present controversy. Unless I am much mistaken, however, the arbitrating powers that now have charge of the matter will make a clear definition on this point, and will make that definition the basis of all specific Alaskan claims and difficulties



as between England and Russia in years past, and between England and the United States to-day. In a word, I venture the prediction, that the arbitrating powers will go into these "musty" questions relating to "our national rights and our title to property that we claim," and that said powers will begin by convincing themselves, *first*, that the United States have no other rights in the waters of the seas than are usually claimed by and granted to other nations; *second*, that as the right to fish in the open seas is a right claimed by and granted to all nations and men, the arbitrating powers will conclude that, as Behring Sea is a part of the waters of the common oceans of the world, the English and the British Canadians, in common with Yankees, Indians, Esquimaux and Chinamen, have a right to catch tadpoles or seals in Behring Sea if they are so inclined, and if they find the fishing profitable; that is on general principles of the eternal and inalienable rights of man, so-called, and unless there have been international or other mutual agreements between the parties most interested in the neighboring seas that may happen to be under discussion.

Instead of going into this phase of the specific question at all, General Butler settles it by one sweep of his august hand in the second paragraph of his article, as follows: "All claims to the lands and waters on this continent have been obtained through the right of discovery and occupation." This is a singularly stupid, disjointed, vulnerable and lying statement, and yet one in the main that we need not bother with, because it has little or no bearing upon the question at issue. The statement, however, was meant to be very wise or very knavish, or both; but, unfortunately, knavery and wisdom do not go well together, even in modern politics and modern literature.

It would be nearer the truth to say that all claims to the lands and waters on this continent have been obtained through wholesale robbery and murder. But I do not propose to go into the question of the validity or morality of the claims to "the lands and waters on this continent"—that would involve a very "musty" research into the early Spanish, English, French, Dutch, Swedish, and finally, our American claims—a very musty and a very devilish problem when looked into by any open eyes; but if you choose to squint at the "eternal principles of humanity," and conclude after all that they only mean all the red men, black men, and silver

spoons you can choke and grab and mortgage and sell, in order to put *North American Review* money into your rascally pocket, you can write all the articles you please without truth or honor in them, but you will be apt to find an arbitration and Nemesis somewhere that will knock your Yankee notions into everlasting contempt.

As regards the present difficulty between England and the United States, nobody questions the "claims to the lands and waters on this continent," and therefore the General's bombast is as wide of the mark as a Yankee's unprincipled statement of fundamental principles is always sure to be. These two lines hold the key to the General's article, and it is worth while to lay them out and bury them as they deserve. If they have any meaning or value in the present case, they mean, by implication at least, that all the lands and waters on this continent belong to the Yankee and his heirs. But by far the greater part of the lands and waters of this continent are still in the unquestioned possession of the Spanish, the Brazilian-Spanish, and the English, and the true inwardness of the General's grotesque claim would only be admitted by a man intoxicated with bad morality or bad whisky. It is to be feared that General Butler has long been suffering from the double malady.

Poor old wretch! It is a pity he did not die years ago. For more than twenty years I defended him, as opportunity offered, against all the attacks of his enemies. I believed that, like Fremont, during the war, he was pursued by the jealousy of West Point generals and hack politicians. I believe so still, and on any question relating to his real ability as a soldier or a lawyer I would gladly defend him still. But we can admit neither the tyranny of the General nor the pettifogging methods of the contemptible attorney in the broad literary discussion of international questions, and it goes without saying, that Butler is by nature and practice unable to rise above the withering influence of these two lines of character and action. But let us leave the old man to the fates and the furies that are soon to try him, and return "to the lands and waters on this continent." The General evidently forgot, for the moment, that the United States did not and do not constitute the whole of this continent; and what he meant to say in this high-flown Sam-Adams burlesque sentence was, simply, that the United States owned their own territory—an assertion

which no Englishman, Irishman, Dutchman, Spaniard or Negro would question for a moment. If it has any sense at all, "the lands and waters on this continent" cannot mean more than that; and as there is no question of rights of national ownership in land, "the waters on this continent," that is "in" the territory of the United States, can only have reference to waters embraced within the territory of the United States—that is, our lakes, rivers, etc., and as many miles of adjacent sea water as shall be internationally or mutually agreed upon.

Now, as no waters *within* the territory of the United States have been invaded, or the rights of the United States questioned to them, the General's two-line bombastic sentence, strictly examined, is as foolish, fool-hardy and contemptible as the Declaration of Independence itself.

So we come to the second phases of the question, viz.: Behring Sea being a part of the salt water seas of the world, and the "eternal rights" of man being granted therein, what specific agreements have existed between the nations with territory adjacent to Behring Sea relative to their mutual rights of fishing or sealing in its waters; and how many miles of sea adjacent to the lands of these nations have been claimed as the peculiar property of said nations?

As far as it is possible for a depraved old Yankee to approach the truth on any subject, General Butler approaches this phase of the question in the following words: "Through these, more than a hundred years ago, Russia came into possession of the Aleutian Islands and the territory now called Alaska, and exercised exclusive jurisdiction, unquestioned, against all the world, until she transferred her said possessions and appertaining rights thereto, to the United States."

Now, as far as this sentence has reference to the Aleutian Islands and the territory now called Alaska, nobody questions the truth of the General's assertion; but as far as it has reference, *literally*, to these islands and this territory, "it has nothing to do with the case." England neither claims these islands nor this territory. It is a question of fishing in Behring Sea, you old knave, and not a question of ownership in land, at all! Stick to the question! Don't dodge the crowd, tip the colored woman and get your stateroom by purchasing a darky woman with lucre; but stand in line with us men, and get your stateroom, or go



without. The General will understand. You may dodge or fool the editor of the *North American Review*—that is an easy task. You may, perhaps, purchase him with a tip—Carnegie like—and get your windy trash in its pages, and put money in all your pockets; but you cannot dodge the editor of THE GLOBE, or escape the damnation of hell!

As far as the General's sentence has any reference to the present issue it means, and was meant to mean, that fishing for seals in Behring Sea was one of the unquestioned, exclusive rights of jurisdiction that Russia had held against all the world during these more than a hundred years, etc. And as far as it means this it is a barefaced, unblushing, contemptible lie; that is, as far as the statement has any bearing upon the question under discussion it is either consciously or unconsciously false to the core and false in every particular. Yet it sounds well, and no doubt was very convincing to the groundling readers of the *North American Review*.

After a few other sentences in this same tone of irrelevant, ignorant, unblushing bravado, going over again the oft-repeated newspaper accounts of the discussion between Lord Salisbury and President Harrison, regarding the continuance of the so-called *modus vivendi*, or the mutual agreement to stop fishing for seals in Behring Sea until the arbitrating powers had been fixed upon and had given their decision—in which discussion Lord Salisbury was plainly in the wrong—the General, exactly in the spirit of the hack politician he naturally is, reviews the "musty" Alabama and other claims, points out the eternal shortcomings of England—and, God knows, they abound—and then proceeds to show how easily the United States could swallow the British Empire—if our mouth were only big enough.

And really, in the whole article there is not an intelligent, honest thought that even squints toward an honest understanding or elucidating of the true Behring Sea controversy. With all this Yankee bombast, relative to the comparative prowess of England and the United States, I have here nothing to do. Either Butler knew nothing about the real Behring Sea controversy, or, like a skulking pettifogger, afraid of the truth, he willfully evaded the truth and tried to put his brazen assumption in the place thereof.

What is this truth? This question brings us back to the General's grave assertion relative to the exclusive, unquestioned rights of Russia during these last one hundred years, etc. Fully to

answer this question and prove the utter falsehood of the only true meaning in the General's statement, we must pass over unnoticed much of the pretty stuff of the Marquis of Lorne:—"A strange north-land, a weird north water is that Alaskan region, that part of the Pacific called the Behring Sea, on the American side," etc.—intimating, however, as we go along, that the Marquis is clearly up in his geography; knows at least that Behring Sea is a part of the Pacific Ocean, and, with all his dilettanteism, is not fool enough or rascal enough to assume, or pretend to assume, that Behring Sea is a part of "the water and land *on* this continent"—that is a part of the water *in* the territory of the United States.

Beyond a doubt England, in these days, is almost as wholly lost to the consciousness of, and to the power and claims of, simple truth as is the "musty" Yankee from Lowell; but there is still a part of the old north-land love of fair play in the blood of the average Englishman, and it will out, now and then, both with and against his will. So the Marquis, unintentionally as it were, reveals a needed truth in the first dilettante sentence of his article.

Behring Sea is a part of the Pacific Ocean, you knave of the New Orleans silver spoons and of Yankee shrewdness!—write that down, spell it out, coax it into your old bald head and remember it the next time you are hired to write lies for a standard American Review;—and, being a part of the Pacific Ocean, will naturally be subject to the international laws applying to the waters of the oceans, until by mutual or international consent other laws are made and applied to the waters of Behring Sea.

A little further on the Marquis—again in a sort of unimportant style—remarks the simple truth on this point, that "every distinguished lawyer in the United States backs the opinion that there can be no warrant for the barring of the open sea, and for the exclusive power of fishing or of hunting therein." The second predicate, and the logical conclusion, are very simple, viz.: As Behring Sea is a part of the open sea, therefore a nation has no right to bar its waters against the act of fishing therein. But what does Butler care for logic or the truth? "Damn the truth! Damn their souls! It is their money we want!" as a good Yankee deacon remarked to me many years ago, when I was pastor of a church where the poor seemed inclined to come and hear the word of God. O, my friends! if you think that I am angry, or that I am fighting the whirlwind in these earnest sayings of THE GLOBE, God will reveal even this to you by and by.

It is just a certain degree of the absence of truth in a nation that brings certain damnation and destruction to that nation. What do I care about Behring Sea? What do I care about a few seals more or less, in or out of Behring Sea? Let hack statesmen like Blaine, and hack politicians like Butler, and pretty marquises like Lorne, dilate on seals, etc. I am not interested. The seals have gone from the coast of Maine, the buffaloes have gone from the western plains; also the deer, the antelope; even prairie chicken and wild turkeys are scarce where they used to abound. The seals will probably go from Behring Sea; and what is it to me whether England or America gets most of the skins? I am more anxious about our own skins. In a word, I would not touch this matter in THE GLOBE were it simply a question of seals or seal skins.

But I am interested in the capacity of a nation to speak truth or falsehood. I am interested when I see the so-called high-class Review literature of the nation sold to lying and to lies, and it is to expose this phase of the Behring Sea controversy that I have touched the question at all.

Here again, let us test General Butler's assertion regarding Russia's unquestioned rights, by a few lucid words toward the end of the article of the Marquis of Lorne—and it is Greek against Greek, for the Marquis fires Mr. Adams and other Americans right in the teeth of the old man from Lowell. "Mr. Adams, in 1822, wrote: 'The pretensions of the Russian Government extend to an exclusive territorial jurisdiction, from the forty-fifth degree of north latitude on the Asiatic coast to the latitude of fifty-one north on the west coast of the American continent, and they assume the right of interdicting the navigation and the fishing of all other nations to the extent of one hundred miles from the whole of the coast.'"

These are the claims referred to by Butler as unquestioned, and held by Russia against all the world. Yet as far back as 1822 Mr. Adams wrote: "*The United States can admit no part of these claims,*" and never did admit them. Nor did England ever admit them, and America and England were the only two nations interested; yet this old scallawag from Lowell declares that Russia held these claims *unquestioned* and against all the world. I am here proving my previous assertion, that this old man lied—ignorantly or deliberately, I care not which.



Listen still further to Mr. Adams: "A little later" than 1822 he again said: "The right of navigation and of fishing in the Pacific Ocean, even upon the Asiatic coast, north of latitude forty-five degrees, can as little be interdicted to the United States as that of traffic with the natives of North America." The Marquis quotes President Angell and Governor Boutwell, as late as 1872, to the same effect, and these are the "musty" facts that prove the statements of the Lowell man to be false to the core.

And here is a statement that settles the whole question: "British seamen in the last century hunted and fished in Behring Sea. The right was insisted on by Great Britain in the convention made with Russia in 1825, in connection with matters affecting this very sea. The first article declared: 'It is agreed that the respective subjects of the high contracting parties shall not be troubled or molested in any part of the ocean called the Pacific Ocean, either in navigating the same, in fishing therein, or in landing at such parts of the coast as shall not have been already occupied.' Great Britain always declared that the Pacific Ocean embraced Behring Sea, and that Russia could not close it. And in 1887 an American Government official, in contending that the seizure by Russia of an American vessel was illegal, notes that the Russian code of prize laws of 1869 limits the jurisdictional waters of Russia to *three miles from the shore.*"

Finally the Marquis says: "Nobody doubts that seals landing on islands or mainland shores, or swimming in waters within the three-mile limit of the coast, are the property of the land-owners." Hence, as I said, the statements of Butler are utterly false; have nothing to do with the case; were only meant as an insolent bluff or an ignorant blind; and either the old pettefogger did not know what he was talking about, or he deliberately misstated the position, misstated the facts, evaded the truth, and depended upon simple ignorance or falsehood to carry his barefaced inaccuracy through. And yet this article of Butler's is able, scholarly, respectable and plausible, compared with nine-tenths of the rot that finds a welcome in the pages of the *North American Review*, the *Forum* and the *Arena*, not to speak of that wrung-out wash-tub affair called a *Review of Reviews*, edited by Stead, who Miss Willard is said to be about to bring to the United States for a sort of parade show, as the greatest friend to the cause of woman in the wide, wide world. I should say the cause of woman, whatever

that may be, was in very bad shape if a man like Stead is recognized as its foremost champion.

Now, on to Richmond! On to New Orleans! On to Behring Sea! Lie all you can, steal all you can, and by and by even your Ingersolls of the future will prove to you what foolish old falsifiers these Butlers be.

But they will hardly show that certain average numbers of that sort produce civil wars, Homestead and Carnegie riots, etc., and sure as heaven, produce more undying misery than any committee of Congress can relieve or suppress, except by the simple application of the Gospel of the Son of God.

In a word, by all the international laws, conventions and agreements of the past, British seamen have a right to fish or catch seals anywhere in Behring Sea, as long as they keep three miles from shore. If any British or other fisherman catches or kills seals within three miles of the shores of Alaska, the American Government has a right to deal with such fisherman as with any other violator of the laws, privileges, and rights of the United States. Shoot him on the spot, seize him, try him, or what not. My mission in the case is to insist upon it, that only as you learn truth and justice in your individual lives, will you escape wars and revolutions unto the end.

W. H. THORNE.

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## “BETTER DAYS, OR A MILLIONAIRE OF TOMORROW.”

BY THOMAS FITCH AND ANNA M. FITCH.

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### I.

HEROES and hero-worship may have gone out of fashion since Carlyle was transferred to another sphere to continue there his sovereign leadership. Good things often lose their vogue, but are never lost, even in this fickle world.

If I read history aright, a few strong souls are the mirrors wherein all that is perpetuate in human existence can be seen. Homer, Plato and Demosthenes are Greece; Virgil, Cæsar and Cicero are Rome; Napoleon, Molière, Hugo and Voltaire are

France; Goethe, Schiller, Luther, Bismarck and the great Frederick are Germany; Calderon, Cervantes and Castelar are Spain; Peter the Great and Tolstoi are Russia; Shakespeare, Cromwell, Newton, Tennyson and Darwin are England; Confucius is China; Buddha and Mohammed are Asia; Jesus will yet be the globe.

Noble are thought and action, sublime the thinker and doer. To know the great ones of earth—those who set up the standards, those who are the teachers, those who create the ideals and bequeath the inspirations—is a matter of supreme import. Genius, ah, God! how men have hated, cursed, crucified and loved it! What is there so fascinating, so sorrowful, so beautiful, so holy in time's endless maze? Gold is a pebble of the people, silver is sand of the desert, riches are a wild waste of waters beside this eternal fountain flowing from the Infinite! Incomparable value! Priceless gift!

## II.

The book, "Better Days, or a Millionaire of To-Morrow," just published in several of the cities of the Union, is as unique as its authors are original. But the work is now committed to public censorship and must take care of itself according to its worth.

It is of the man, the orator, not the writer, Thomas Fitch, that I wish to specify certain things. A more gifted or mysterious character has probably never been known in the West than this "silver-tongued" adept. The public knowledge of this eccentric man on the Pacific coast and in many parts of the East is varied and rich, while the silent romance of his existence transcends the limits of apparent possibility. Always more or less in politics, from the age of California pioneers to the recent National Republican Convention, but once in office, and then a Congressman from Nevada, it is not surprising that James G. Blaine should recognize Mr. Fitch in his "Twenty Years of Congress." Nevertheless, the following language from one of America's foremost statesmen does, in a measure, strike one with astonishment:

"Thomas Fitch, of Nevada, was one of the noticeable figures on the Republican side of the House. Born and educated in New York, he was an editor in Wisconsin, a merchant in Missouri, a miner on the Pacific slope, an editor in San Francisco, a member of the California Legislature, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of Nevada, reporter of the Supreme Court of that State, elected to Congress—all before he was thirty years of age. The singular variety of his career could hardly be paralleled outside of



the United States. If his industry had been equal to his natural gifts he would have been one of the first orators in the country." Vol. II., page 434.

Close observation of the life of Mr. Fitch for more than ten years entitles me to the opinion that the above passage, so far as it is complimentary, is true and just; but to the extent that it arraigns its subject for a lack of industry, is somewhat inadvertent, since it is often impossible to measure the activity of a thinker. Physically, Mr. Fitch is doubtless an indolent man, but it would be contrary to all known mental laws to presume that his golden periods, such as lately excited the editorial admiration of the *Boston Herald*, are not the result of great internal labor and intense spiritual concentration. Surely the indisposition of the historian Gibbon for bodily activity, the utter aversion of Blackstone to physical exercise, and the downright indolence of Patrick Henry, would not be advanced in subtraction of their marvelous endowments? The sublime restlessness of a Napoleon, Gladstone or Blaine is beautifully contradicted by the serene calm of an Emerson, Swedenborg or Tennyson, and it is no easy thing to lay down a law at once perfectly fair to the noble achievements of practical energy and the intangible splendor of the dreamer's speculative world.

In this connection let us note a sentence, taken at random, from one of Mr. Fitch's orations, delivered during the last National campaign: "Time stands with his hand on the dial of the universe and deals out the days and months and years impartially to each and all. If righteously employed, one brief life may veil this troubled world with a halo of imperishable glory; but if left uncounted and unheeded, they pass us by and are lost in the night of the unreturning past." But man is greater than his work; in the brain of the inventor are first whirled the wheels of invention, in the mind of the statesman the welfare of a country first rests, behind the visible products of thought lies the invisible essence of mind, the poet is the unseen Atlas of the sphere of his poem, the artist is the concealed perspective of his sketch, the musician is the impalpable soul of his song, and the orator enfolds his oration. Whoever accepts these views, will find the life of the Western orator more entertaining than fiction, of more absorbing interest than the forged facts of any imaginative literature.

Mr. Fitch comes of an old English family, his grandfather hav-

ing been Governor of Colonial Connecticut in 1765, during the reign of George III. His personal appearance is striking and commanding. A tall, heavy man, with luminous brown eyes, high and broad forehead, large mouth, full lips, round face, small aristocratic hands and feet; of greater stature than Henry Ward Beecher, and smaller than Col. Ingersoll, resembling both in many points of physiognomy. The face, as a whole, is indicative of extreme and vivid sensibility, fluctuating in expressions of sanguine bravery and melancholy doubt. The most careless observer of the "silver-tongued" will be impressed with the notion that he stands in the presence of a lone and powerful individuality—a strange combination of good practical sense and mystical philosophy. Where in 'America, this modern Demosthenes and Lotus-eater has not traveled, resided, spoken, practiced law or transacted business of some kind, must certainly be only that part of the country known as "No Man's Land."

The period at which Mr. Blaine finds reason to remark that "the singular variety of his career could hardly be paralleled outside of the United States" is, one might say, the mere prologue of the long and entertaining drama. Beginning where Mr. Blaine concluded his observation of Mr. Fitch as Congressman from Nevada, at the age of thirty, the latter is next found courageously facing the weapons of a professional duelist on the border of California and Nevada and patiently enduring the painful consequence of a mutual error. Recovering perfect health, he emigrated to Utah, to perform an unpopular and arduous duty as the retained attorney of Brigham Young. Here it is doubtless proper to state that the paid counsel was never in sympathy with the abhorrent domestic relations of the Mormons, having, prior to his residence in Salt Lake, married a beautiful and talented lady, with whom he still lives happily. Remaining with the Prophet for something over a year, the eloquent Gypsy once more "folds his tent and silently steals away;" presently, like another dreamful Egyptian, he beholds the sunrise on the Sahara desert, muses in the shadow of the Pyramids, sees the caravan's sinuous trail and invokes the riddle of the Sphinx. From Africa and Asia to Europe and Australia, thence to South and Central America, to the Sandwich Islands and north to British Columbia, is a general statement of his restless flight about fifteen years ago.

Returning to California and Nevada, the sign, "Thos. Fitch,

Attorney and Counselor at Law," has since then adorned the streets of over five hundred mining camps, towns and cities in the West. Like the master-poet of this Union, Joaquin Miller, Mr. Fitch has always been a tireless rover; but unlike the great singer, who after receiving the plaudits of the elite of mankind made him a solitary hermitage among the hills, Mr. Fitch has at last gone to that dreary wilderness of humanity known as Chicago, later to New York City, not yet at rest on "beds of amaranth and moly."

Somewhat peculiar is this man Fitch. Not a hero exactly, nor entitled to hero-worship; but, withal, a new and distinct person—a being apart, whether he travel, write, or ravish multitudes by word of mouth. It can be truly said of him, "He hath a lightly moved and all-conceiving spirit," except that he seems totally wanting in that terrible invective, that withering mockery, which makes an enemy look mean and loathsome. The adder does not lurk under the flowers of his language; his golden shafts of wit are not tipped with poison; in the mellow fruits of his thought no Dead-Sea apples ever grow. His wit and humor, like Sydney Smith's, are pure and refined, yet of magical potency to thrill and entrance his auditors. His imagination is lofty and oriental. Many of his figures and periods are simply magnificent, coming from his lips like solemn hymns from a cathedral choir, moving like the resistless majesty of the ocean or dropping like the splendor of falling stars. I have seen him keep several thousand persons in a state of passionate attention and wild excitement for three full hours, himself, meanwhile, calm and imperturbable—an incarnation of the secret thoughts and feelings of all his listeners. On such occasions, the great orator is a matchless picture of inspiration and power.

Thus has this strange, potent soul impressed countless minds; and so magically has he idealized the forms of speech, that, barring his sure fame as a writer, his memory and efforts as a public speaker are destined for transfiguration in the country's permanent literature.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.



## PRAYERS TO THE VIRGIN AND THE SAINTS.

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It is not the purpose of this article to enter into the question of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, nor even to touch the dogma of the miraculous and supernatural conception of Christ; nor, indeed, to dwell in any official sense upon the dogma of Catholic teaching regarding prayers to the Virgin, or "the worship of Mary, or Mariolatry," as Protestants and infidels, in their ignorance, speak of the beautiful custom of the Catholic Church. I have a far humbler task in view, viz.: to show, out of the common experience of the human heart, that what Catholics have woven into the beautiful and regular symbolism of the Church, all human souls, in stress and trouble, are liable to do, as of their own natural volition; hence, that the Catholic habit of praying to the Virgin, as indeed its various method of worship, is but a supernatural and well-ordered and directed use and education of a deep, latent, God-implanted instinct and force of the human soul.

In the early autumn of 1872, as I was returning from Liverpool to New York, in the steamship "Greece," of the National Line, after what then seemed to me three months of the deepest, indignant sorrow that a human being could be called to bear, and when we were about one thousand miles west of mid-ocean, we were caught in the worst storm I have ever experienced in my five trips across the Atlantic—a storm compared with which all other storms by land or sea seem to me as little bird quarrels, or the patter of the rain-drops on the roof during an ordinary thunder-shower—a storm, during which for three mortal hours the heavens seemed to be doing their utmost to lash the sea into fury, and the sea, in its madness, seemed to be doing its utmost to drag the wild, vexed and troubled heavens into its own raving bosom.

The ship was very crowded with passengers—some six hundred in all, if I remember correctly—so that hammocks had to be swung in portions of the ship. I was a late-comer, and fortunately had a hammock instead of a berth or state-room; and I advise the general use of hammocks for all steamship companies. The hammock swings to the motion of the ship, keeps its level, and keeps the sleeper in more perfect comfort than can be otherwise attained

on a ship in motion, especially on a ship in a wild and mad commotion.

I had retired early, as was my habit, and had fallen sound asleep before any especial signs of very rough weather had developed themselves; but between 11.30 o'clock and midnight I was awakened by repeated sensations as of great thuds, and when sufficiently awakened to be intelligently conscious, I felt sure the ship was striking against a rock in mid-ocean. On opening my eyes and ears, this impression was confirmed by the general consternation prevailing among the passengers. On inquiring what was the matter, my fellow-passengers said we were wrecked; a terrible storm was raging; the ship was given up for lost, etc., etc.

I felt strong from my sleep, and said I would go on deck and see the storm. My fellow-travelers begged me not to venture, but I felt no fear and was eager to see the sea at its worst. So I climbed to the hatchways and cautiously crept out on deck. It was a fearful night. The storm was just then reaching its height. The wheelman had abandoned the wheel and the wheelhouse; the engines had been stopped as useless in such a sea; every moment the hurricane was tearing the sails to ribbons, amid noises compared with which the worst thunder-storms of earth are martial music; the spars were being swept from the masts, and for a moment I shrank back in partial fear. But I clung to the iron grating above the sky-lights and along by the smoke-stack, and made my way to a favorite spot under the look-out bridge, and between the ladder leading to this bridge and the doorway leading to the room of one of the officers of the ship. I had no sooner reached this spot and gotten a firm hold on the ladder with one hand and a heavy brass ring in the door with the other hand, than the first officer—Spencer, I think, was his name—as he was making his way to the hatchway, turned his dark lantern in my face and shouted "Go below!" I was muffled up so that he did not know me at first, and instead of obeying I shouted back—for though our faces almost touched, shouting was the only way of being heard—I shouted, "It is Mr. Thorne, Mr. Spencer; I have just come up from my hammock on purpose to see this storm; I want to write about it." He replied, "Mr. Thorne, we are caught in a regular cyclone; never saw it worse in my life; but it will be worse inside of an hour. I advise you to go below, but I will not force you." "Very well," I said, "I will risk it." He then left

me, soon reached the hatchway and disappeared; and then, for two or more hours, I was alone on the deck of that steamship—the ship herself seeming hardly more than a helpless log, drifted and beaten, hither and thither, by the mad and seething mountainous waves.

My theology at the time was intensely Unitarian, and I fear I had to some extent fallen into the speculative and formal method of praying usual to people of that faith. But the storm soon converted me.

For a long time, perhaps for half an hour, I maintained my hold on the ladder with one hand and the ring with the other. I was on the lee, or lower side of the ship; for having fallen a prey to the winds and waves, she seemed to be driving before the storm with her deck most of the while at an angle of forty-five degrees. Occasionally she would right a little; but when the great waves and winds beat against her windward side, the deck of the lee side, at the bulwarks, was often under the waves. At such moments great waves came over the windward side, deluging the decks with what seemed like burning water, for the conflict and agitation of the sea were so great that phosphoric beads of fire floated thick on the deck, and made it look like a ship on fire. At these times I was covered, washed and lost for a moment in the great waves, and as I would crouch toward a sitting position as the lee decks neared the sea, and as the sea seemed about to engulf me and the ship also, I was so beaten by the winds and waves as to be almost senseless, and my eyes, ears and mouth seemed full of the warm, salt, pitchy and angry water.

I thought, however, that it was only a question of grit and of time; that I would hold on, and if the ship went down I should be no worse off than the hundreds of frightened souls below. But in a moment, and no doubt when I was most confident of my own strength, I was just barely conscious that my hands had lost their hold, with a millionth part of the resistance ordinarily felt when a child loosens its baby hold on a man's strong hand. A moment later—perhaps several moments, I never knew—I found myself floating on the deck in the angry waters; found that my head was bleeding; that one of my legs was bruised and lame; but I crawled back to my old place and considered how to make a stronger hold. I had not then the strength or courage to go below; but my senses seemed clearer than ever, and I was now thoroughly aroused to my danger.



What did I do? I wound or twined my feet and legs about that strong ladder; wound my arms about it also; clasped it and clung to it as if it were fastened to me; and then looked up through the storm and darkness and prayed to God Almighty; to Jesus Christ, regardless of creeds; to the Holy Spirit; to the Virgin Mary; to such of the saints as I then knew; even to the spirits of my own father and mother; and prayed and prayed, and hung on as if by supernatural power; and about 2.30 A.M., when the fearful storm had somewhat abated, I crept toward the hatchway, pounded on it with my feet till it was opened, when I slid down into the cabin, where the floors were flooded, cabin doors standing open, men and women wandering about, half clad and half crazy; many of them injured nearly as badly as myself, and I saw that the whole ship's crew and passengers were a cowed and conquered, helpless company of human beings, powerless and prayerful, all dependent on the mercy of heaven and the waves. Heaven showed us mercy and we were saved.

Why relate this horrible story? Simply to show that a Protestant of the Protestants, when pressed by the fates or the furies, will come at once to Catholic ground and pray to the Virgin or the saints like the humblest worshiper of us all.

How do we know that the Virgin and the saints to whom we pray, hear our prayers? I might answer in the same spirit that prompts this inquiry and ask, How do we know that God himself hears our prayers? What do we know of the relation of matter to spirit; or how a purely Spiritual Being can hear the words of our natural lips, or feel the longings of our silent but yearning and praying hearts? So I might go on and ask more questions on these points than all the philosophers that have ever lived could answer wisely; or I might myself presume to answer all these questionings according to the natural and supernatural light that has come to me during the last generation of almost perpetual questioning the heart and tongue of nature on these and kindred themes. And all that, though seeming wise, would defeat the object of this article and prolong it beyond the reader's patience and mine. Let me then keep to the simple theme of the text.

A venerable priest, who has been most patient with me in the transition questionings of the past three or four months, assures me that all Catholics, in praying to the Virgin or to the saints,

firmly believe that God himself, in His omnipotent love, conveys our messages to the Virgin and the saints—so showing that Catholics do not assume the omniscience or divine power of the Virgin or the saints at all. And if some critical person should still persist that if God has to convey our prayers to the Virgin and to the saints in order that they may convey them back again to God, or pray in other and, mayhap, more effective strains for us mortals here, is there not a needless circumlocution? The answer is already partly given in the purely rational supposition of a higher and purer faith on the part of the Virgin and the saints, and still further answered in the fact that it is the faithful, trusting attitude of prayer that brings and keeps the soul nearer and nearer to God; and that if there is a bond of human sympathy leading our souls upward, through the blessed Virgin, through the saints and martyrs, through the memories of the heroic dead of our own blood, shall we not use this beautiful human sympathy in the sacredest, holiest, and sweetest of all human attitudes, that of humble, trusting, believing, pleading, earnest prayer for those we love on earth, and for the sanctifying of our own souls? In a word, the nearness and beauty of human sympathy between the world's best who have died, yet conquered death by their love and virtue; the nearness of human sympathy between these and our own praying hearts, is of itself sufficient argument for our clinging to them and praying to them in our richest moments here; and it would be next to blasphemy of heaven and its eternal laws to hint that the sympathy and intercession of such souls for us would be unavailing before the throne of God. In truth, it would be denying one of the sublimest and deepest and most beautiful laws of the natural and spiritual universe, to assume that the spiritual influence of the best, redeemed and glorified souls of the race, had lost its power with God, or that they had not more power in heaven than those of us who are still struggling with adversity and darkness and temptation, and our bodily needs here on this cross of Christ-crowned and beautiful world.

A foolish Protestant woman said to me, three or four years ago, in her vulgar hatred of Catholics, "The idea of praying to the Virgin Mary! The idea! As if she had more influence with God than I have!" And yet, my friends, if we think for a moment that this same Virgin Mary was the mother of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, even by orthodox Protestants is worshiped as God, can we

imagine for a moment that such a mother of such a God—the love-liest incarnation of the Supreme Love, or God of Love, of the universe—can we imagine that such a mother of such a God would or could in the economies of a spiritual universe—ruled by the simplest laws of the survival and rule of the fittest and greatest—can we imagine that such a mother of such a God would simply have a common woman's influence in the star-spaces of the heavenly kingdoms of the human soul? The thought is preposterous, and too absurd and too contrary to all the laws of the relative forces of the universe, and too contrary to the common-sense of mankind to be entertained for an hour, that is, by any human being to whom the truth of the person and power and place and glory of the Blessed Virgin had once been revealed.

I might appeal to the tender sympathy of worship that this habit of prayer to and adoration of the Virgin has brought into the devotions of Christendom; but I am not in the habit of appealing to the esthetics of religion for my arguments or in my dealings with mankind. I recognize that in some sense the love of God, the heart of God, the sacred heart of Christ, as pure and tender, incarnate love, is at the center of and that it rules the universe in sweetest mercy; and so from this might show that the adoration of the Virgin, as the mother of this spotless love on earth, had not only a place in reason, but in the glowing heart of mankind. But I love to dwell on the arguments that neither men nor devils can gainsay, viz., the arguments based upon eternal laws and the common-sense of mankind, and by these laws prayers to the Virgin and adoration of the Virgin are as reasonable as the clearest laws of mathematics or the love of children for their parents here in this world.

But do prayers to the Virgin and worship of the Virgin, and of the saints, constitute veneration of the Virgin and of the saints? And are Catholics idolaters, as Protestants constantly aver—not only worshiping the Virgin and the saints, but the images of these? Perhaps I had better not touch the subject of images in this article, though every Catholic child knows that they are used only as we all use photographs of our loved ones, to bring us nearer and quicker to the faces of our loves. But to the question. Here, again, the best answer is that all Catholics are taught in their childhood the difference between the veneration paid to the saints and the devotion paid to the Virgin—the plain and simple difference



between these in emotion and utterance, and that higher and more exalted and exclusive and supreme *worship* and adoration paid to God alone.

A reference to Article VI of Cosmotheism, in *THE GLOBE*, No. 8, will prove to any reasonable being that I, at all events, ought not to object to the veneration of the Virgin or the saints. Of course I do not refer to Cosmotheism here to defend it. I wrote it when I had no more thought of becoming a Catholic than I had of becoming God himself, and whatever there is in it contrary to the true Catholicism of the Church, I here and now voluntarily renounce, without ever having been asked to do so. But in said article the reader will find, among other notions, that "while worship of superior by inferior beings is lawful and elevating, the true worship is that of the eternal spirit of God alone." Hence, as the Virgin was, must have been, one of the superior souls of the race, queen of the hearts of the race—the supreme mother of the Supreme God of the race—surely veneration and, mayhap, worship, tender as the worship of God himself, may be, must be, will be, forever given to this Queen—mother of earth and of heaven.

Again, all readers of modern critical history and philosophy know that the habit of the human race for countless ages has been to worship its ancestors; so that the best of modern philosophic scholars, alike with Cosmotheism, trace the origin of all natural religions to parental and ancestral worship, growing by degrees into hero-worship, or the worship of the bravest and wisest and noblest of ancestors; so on to the highest natural worship of mankind. But if this be true—and its general truthfulness no intelligent scholar can deny—then, surely, in this great supernatural religion of Christianity, where God himself deigned to be born of a woman into our human mould and meaning, surely the woman of whom this God was born should stand highest in the great pantheon of the natural and supernatural adorations of the world.

In a word, as I said in *THE GLOBE*, No. 7, it looks not any longer to me like Rome *or* Reason, but Rome *and* Reason—in a word, that the Catholic Church is at once the New Jerusalem of the heart and *mind* of God and of mankind.

Yet I do not wonder that Protestants oppose and ridicule this veneration of, and these prayers to, the Virgin. The whole system of Protestant orthodox theology and worship is beautifully loyal to the apparent discrimination of the Scriptures in favor of wor-

ship to be paid to God alone; and as they do not know of the exact distinctions between veneration and worship herein referred to, and as much of their teaching and learning is in ignorant prejudice against the Catholic Church, they come naturally by the prejudice indicated. The distinctions I have made make this matter plain, and the philosophy of history, and the laws of nature and the universe, justify the Catholic habit and position.

Again, I should be the last man, and I will be the last man on earth, to treat this Protestant prejudice with anything but the kindest of charity.

For more than a dozen years I had frequently attended Catholic services, as elsewhere indicated. I had been inspired, almost glorified, by its devotional music; had been brought back to renewed and trusting faith by its altar services; had felt time and again that, logically, I ought to be in its membership, as it was to me the dearest and most perfect Church of God in Christ on this earth; and yet up to within two or three months the prayers and responses to the Virgin always offended me, as a sort of slight to the Saviour and to Almighty God. And it was not until during the month of May of this year, while worshiping in the beautiful chapel of the Dominican Sisters at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, that the words of the priest and the responses of the audience—"Hail, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb"—came to my ears as the words of the angel announcing to Mary the first great mystery of the world's redemption. Then, however, immediately, I said to my soul, "If those words were addressed to Mary by an angel of God, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, even before she had become the mother of our Lord, and before all the blessed, world-wide, notable victories that have attended her God-son's life on this earth, surely *I*, a believer in all worship of superior by inferior beings, surely I can use these words," and I have used them daily from that hour to this.

Again, Comtism, or Positivism, so-called, which, under the unspiritual clap-trap reign of Mr. Harrison, in London, claims to be a sort of an advanced religion of advanced minds, has from the first exalted our common womanhood to the position of an object—in fact the object to be worshiped in this world—and I was one of the first to point out the absurdity of this position, after reading Comt, some twenty-five years ago; but if this is the last resort of the modern exalted understanding, surely Catholics may be ex-

cused for fostering a tender veneration toward the supremest woman and the supremest mother of the human race. If we may worship common womanhood with all its frailties, surely we may adore the best of it in the Mother of the Redeemer of our redeemed souls.

There is still another thought, the outgrowth of modern culture, that should appeal to our reason in justification of the beautiful veneration and devotion offered by the Catholic Church to the Virgin mother of redemption, the thought, viz., that this adoration seems to have been the groundwork of what in modern parlance is called the elevation of woman in modern society. I am not an enthusiastic advocate of this latter position, that women are finding an exceptional elevation in modern society. As I read the history of Egypt, Asia, Israel, Greece, Rome, and the modern nations of Europe, it seems to me that good and wise and gifted women were as numerous, in proportion to population, in the old nations, as they are in our own nations of modern times; and good women and wise women were, alone, ever worthy of being honored or elevated. We are honoring and elevating many that are neither good nor wise in our day. But apart from this there seems to be some ground of verity in the suggestion that few women figured as heroines in the literature of the old times. Homer sang only of men and the deeds of men, it is true in defense of a beautiful woman; and the wife of Ulysses is something of a heroine; and I doubt not, the wives and mothers of the heroes of Thermopylæ were noble women. Indeed, my own view is, that in all nations the women were always relatively, and in their way and sphere, as gifted as the men, and duly honored. And the Scriptures are full of touches that reveal true and faithful and gifted women, from the days of Ruth to Esther, to Mary, the mother of God; but in secular literature we hardly have a lovable heroine till Virgil, the esthetic poet of Rome, gives us his Dido.

In truth the genius of the whole earth was changing in Virgil's day. The visions of the old prophets were breaking through the clouded skies of human perception, and were soon to dawn upon the darkened face of mankind. Soon a Virgin was to be with child—a child whose sweetness, inherited as well from the mother as held by right of eternal divinity, was slowly but surely, as a supreme vision of God, to brighten and lighten and glorify the face of the world.

Still our world-literature waited for its fairest heroines, and it was not until after the Middle Ages—so often and so foolishly called



“the Dark Ages”—it was not until after the days of feudalism and gallantry, out of which the veneration of the Virgin and the explanation of it were fully developed, that our Dantes, our Shakespeares, our Goethes, our Raphaels, and the rest, painted and sang for us the heroines whose loves and beauties and fidelities have captured the admiration of the world.

I hold that without the previous exaltation of Mary—the mother of redemption, mother of saints and all that is most angelic in modern motherhood, wifehood and womanhood—this beautiful exaltation of woman in modern literature and modern life never had been. In a word, by the subtlest laws of human history, that is by the law of God, by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, his Virgin mother is rightful Queen of our modern exaltation of womanhood, hence worthy the loving veneration of the world.

W. H. THORNE.

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## MY HEART'S DESIRE.

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FLY, Hassan, steed of swiftness,  
 Across the desert sands !  
 So moveless, to my longing,  
 The date-palm's shadow stands !  
 And still the heat of mid-day  
 Thrills my impatient hands :  
 Yet, Sunset on her blazing lyre  
 Has swept the chords of heart's desire.

Unpressed the silken cushions  
 Lie by the fountain's rim,  
 While weeps the tinkling water  
 Its jeweled tears for him :  
 My lips are sweet with perfume,  
 Mine eyes with passion dim,—  
 Ah, hasten, love ! thy glance of fire  
 Mates with the flame of heart's desire !

As from the Prophet's tower  
 Echoes the call to prayer,  
 The western gleam grows narrow,  
 A scimitar laid bare,—  
 And look ! a snowy caftan  
 Cuts through the twilight air !  
 The scarlet of my cheek leaps higher  
 To touch thy lips, my heart's desire !

## THE MEDITATIVE POETS.

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PERHAPS there is no surer test of genius than its power to sway the minds of men. That eloquence is a failure which wrings from the hearer only soft approval—a meed of slender admiration amounts to little more—but the fiery impulse that sweeps over the multitude, making all of one mind, crushing prejudice, bowing stubborn wills, forcing conviction, however unwelcome, this proves the orator's mastery over his fellows. "The king's heart," saith the Scripture, "is in the hands of the Lord, as the rivers of water. He turneth it whithersoever he will." The man who possesses this dominating force in any measure, even the smallest, has a spiritual gift, strangely approaching the Divine.

Years ago, in the days of the Rebellion, I had the pleasure of hearing Wendell Phillips lecture in Boston. He handled the topics of the time, in his own way, dealing out censure of Secretary Stanton, criticisms on the course of Lincoln himself, denunciations of the profitable jobbery jeopardizing the promised success of the campaign, and, in short, bitter complaints on every side. Some of these seemed groundless, but many well based, as his hearers knew. Nothing more unpopular could have been devised. The nation's love for Lincoln, its instinctive trust in him, were too strong in that or any audience, for human attack. Yet the grace of oratory never had fuller triumph. The vast throng listened spell-bound, and applauded in their own despite; recognizing the moral grandeur of the man as paramount, be his attitude what it might on any single topic. The silver tongue, the entrancing charm, worked their will—though against odds—simply tremendous. I did not myself comprehend how great a scene I had witnessed, until it was over. As the human tide surged out upon the streets a reaction came. Bitter words rose from every quarter. "These people are irritated," I observed to my companion. He smiled at my Kennebec innocence. "Yes; but for all that," he explained, "if Phillips would speak again in this hall, to-morrow night, these very people would come again to listen."

The great artist imposes upon others his own mood of mind, in the same potent way. The "Angelus" of Millet, for example, beauti-

ful in tone and composition to be sure, yet in these points not outranking other works of art, becomes great through this overmastering influence. Its soft twilight falls on us like a touch of peace, its reverence dominates our willfulness; we seem to hear its distant chimes, "the bells in heaven, ringing over the river," our money-making schemes, our cheap worldliness, retire abashed, and we bow our heads in sudden subjugation.

The works of the meditative poets hold us with a similar enchantment. They lead into woodland paths of sober reflectiveness, calm as nature herself is calm. Their tone is not melancholy, but steadfast and serious. It stands related to other equally poetic strains of passion and power, as pale blue to scarlet, holding the opposite end of the scale.

As Goethe voices the Welt-Geist of his own and all time, and Byron the mighty swell of the French Revolution, so these, also, have a message of eternal import. The real strength of such writers, among whom we may number Goldsmith, Gray, Thomson and Cowper—Wordsworth being *facile princeps*—lies in their power of dealing poetically with philosophic thought. The intuitive insight, the swift-winged instinct of poetry, naturally at odds with the cool, dispassionate methods of philosophy, are made to coalesce with the latter, working to the same end; and this, through the supreme perception that both are parts of the same Divine harmony, the same essential truth being attained by opposite processes. Wordsworth indicates this in his beautiful sonnet upon "Ships at Sea." His favorite craft steers "due north," drawn toward the silent, icy pole—the center of uncomprehended verities.

His philosophy, too, has the merit of being clearly expressed, an advantage poetry may well lend to metaphysics.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

And old Diogenes, peeping from his tub, did he not, in that strange object-lesson, practically say the same to the listeners of his time? It is the philosopher's altitude, and must be such in all ages.

By reason of his calm, observant habits, Wordsworth was able to watch the sequence of his own mental processes and map them out distinctly. He turns the camera upon his own mind and photographs its workings, conducting the process with the same accuracy which he brings to bear on sky or mountain.



"For I have learned  
 To look on Nature not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
*The still, sad music of humanity—*  
 Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
*A presence that disturbs me with the joy*  
*Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime*  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and the mind of man:  
 A motion and a spirit that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things."

Again, in the same poem, composed "near Tinturn Abbey," he describes a similar experience:

"Though absent long,  
 These forms of beauty have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye."

"I have owed to them  
 In hours of weariness *sensations sweet,*  
 Felt in the blood and felt along the heart;  
 And passing even into my purer mind  
 With *tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,*  
*Of unremembered pleasure;* such, perhaps,  
 As may have had no trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift  
 Of aspect more sublime; that *blessed mood,*  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood  
 In which th' affections gently lead us on—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, *we are laid asleep*  
*In body, and become a living soul:*  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony and the deep power of joy  
 We see into the life of things."

In his tiny poem on "Echoes," he gives us a touch worthy of

note, having strong flavor of that loftier vision, which is spiritual insight.

“ We have  
Answers and we know not whence ;  
Echoes from beyond the grave,  
Recognized intelligence.  
“ Such within ourselves we hear  
Ofttimes ; ours, though sent from far ;  
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,  
For of God—of God they are !”

Though pre-eminently the poet of Nature, in his loving interpretation of her moods, Wordsworth attempts few detailed descriptions of actual scenery. His strength lies in beautiful touches which seem to drop in, here and there, by pure accident. They come in single lines or even phrases of a word or so. Such are the ones De Quincy notes, that of the cataract “ frozen into silence ” by its remoteness, and that wherein the bard describes a distant patch of tillage as “ a spot of stationary sunshine.” In praising Lucy, he suddenly gives us a conception that is simply exquisite :

“ And beauty, born of murmuring sound,  
Shall pass into her face.”

These lines evidently occur to him in the general tide of composition. He does not bring them from afar, to be inserted in telling places ; nor is his style anywhere indicative of other than natural methods of work. The elaboration of Thomson, the studied finish of Gray are none of his. Yet, with all three of these men, the sweet rural charm of England—its moist climate, its hills and fells dripping with dew, its daisies and whiteness of scented hawthorn—is felt through every verse they write. A soft woodland fragrance, a glimmer of dancing waterfalls, late calm of russet leafage, or a pathos of great, setting suns, tint and tone their thought. Truly, the poet outranks the painter and musician, who speak to eye and ear, and may therefore fail of response. His empire is of the soul. And therein he wields direct authority.

Thomson far excels Wordsworth in actuality of detail. In what the critics of to-day call “ realism ” he is unsurpassed. The spiritual touch may be somewhat lacking,—

“ The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet’s dream ;”

but, when it becomes a question of fact, his fidelity in minute de-

scription challenges admiration, like the work of the old Dutch painters. Nor does he disappoint us in the qualities of warmth and vividness. Perhaps few passages are comparable to his lines depicting a summer dawn :

"The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East."

And so on, the context being too familiar for citation.

Cowper differs from the other writers of this group in his choice of subjects, though the finish and music of his verse, together with its contemplative tone, show that he belongs among them. To many people, indeed, "the Seasons are a task and the Task out of season." Yet these are none the less admirers of William Cowper, caught by the rollicking measure of "John Gilpin," or touched by the heart-break of "The Castaway." In a certain tenderness of feeling Cowper yields to none, though Wordsworth, too, through the harmonies of Nature, hears continuously "the still, sad music of humanity." It seems strange to imagine so lofty a poet versifying the childish persistence of the little maid, who said, "O master! we are seven." Yet these plain subjects seem to attract him beyond measure. Now and then he is successful with them, as in the example given; but far more frequently his lack of dramatic power and his theories, which hamper him at every turn, lead him to deal with them in a singular fashion, both feeble and unpoetic. To idealize a subject like "The Idiot Boy" is frankly impossible. Art has its own limits, and in overstepping these even the giant intellect must falter.

Goldsmith, who has far more *bonhomie* and knowledge of mankind, gives us character-touches marked by fine native simplicity—for what Wordsworth aims at he actually attains; yet he, also, plainly thinks that dramatic force is out of place save in a tale or play.

The exquisite polish of Gray's verse-work, like that of antique statuary, our impatient modern world will hardly see reproduced. Time gave the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" its slow, profound perfection, and the lapse of time only deepens our admiration of it. Poems have been written and poems forgotten—alack, how many!—since Gray wandered up and down under the Oxford elms.

To be sure, a coldness, as of marble, inheres in his productions,



and some minds recoil from their purity and precision; yet this cannot fairly be called a blemish, being essential to their structure, nay, to their actual being. As he meditates on his great theme—whose significance remains the same through the ages, since we never outgrow Death's fearful kingship—the hurrying world stops, its clock stands still, as if by his mandate, while, with the poet, it forecasts "the inevitable hour." Into the whirl of business, into its tumult of money-getting, the "Elegy" strikes like a deep-tolling bell, and Mammon himself bows abashed. Whatever may come or go, this poet and this theme have won an audience.

As a group, these meditative poets impress us by what may be termed a beautiful reasonableness. They persuade us with grave argument, charm us with poetic flights, holding us with firm mental clasp, their main characteristic being, as we have said, a slow, intense pondering on the great issues of life, and the greater transformation of death. At times, they rush into sudden enthusiasms or firefly touches of fancy, as in Wordsworth's dancing "Daffodils"—a lovely instance of the lightness possible even to the heavy thinker—yet the problems of destiny, man's relations Godward, the combinations and vicissitudes of life in their pressure upon the soul, and the latter in its final triumph or defeat—these are the themes that dwarf all others. They drive lesser topics into the child's play-ground of triviality, themselves demanding for due consideration all possible outlay of time, together with the soul-rest of an unperturbed spirit.

Such men of meditation are the poets for us—and for the ages. And the reason is not far to seek. Even in practical concerns, the mere affairs of every day, we dare not take counsel of the brilliant man, the frivolous man, or the enthusiast. We know better. It is plain, even to us, that the storm-tossed bark can take no soundings. We seek out, at any cost, the tranquil friend, whose words are wisdom. In poetic matters the same instinct guides us. It tells us that light and spiritual guidance are not in the gift of fiery natures. For who would dream, in his maddest moods, of Shelley or Burns or Swinburne, as safe or able pioneers in the higher realms of thought? Who would trust them to solve problems, wholly unapproachable save in the stillness of a Divine Presence?

The graver men treat these reverently, yet with a strange,

luminous intelligence. They have walked hand-in-hand with them, as it were, for scores of years. The great deeps of poetry, its corresponding heights, peopled with visions of the absolute and supreme, the secrets of the universe, including that essential beauty thereof, which, even to the poet, only eternity shall fully reveal—these all lie unfolded like a map of the stars before their wondering vision. For the great poet is filled with awe and steps softly by virtue of his very greatness. To the bowed head comes a touch of sainthood, and its laurels are woven of pure light.

The republication of Wordsworth's Sonnets, with Abbey's lovely illustrations, in one of our leading periodicals, would seem to indicate a higher general regard, of late, for these writers and their thoughtful work. Our younger authors, too, might do far worse than to consider the beauty of "Gray's Elegy" with reference to the patient poetic art behind it. Amid the hurried verse of to-day, rushed into print headlong, heedless of imperfections which care might save, is there not much to be learned from these ancient, calmer, and slower-moving poets? The comet, to be sure, has its orbit; but the planets and sun-centers have also theirs. Nor can we doubt which are the greater.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

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## A TOUCH OF NATURE.

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THOU gatherest the waters up from the rivers and the oceans,  
 Into the cloud-spaces,  
 And Thou scatterest them again upon the dry and thirsty ground;  
 Thou cuttest the heavens into pieces with Thy lightnings,  
 And makest ways of light for the rains to flow.  
 Thou changest the blue sky into darkness,  
 And coverest the heavens with black clouds,  
 Out of which Thy thunders roll in sounds of grandeur  
 Louder than all the noises and music of the world.  
 Thou whisperest to the rain-breeze, and all is still.

Thou touchest the springs of the sunbeams,  
 And all heaven, all earth is aglow, with mellow, golden light,  
 And again and again Thy beautiful bow of promise  
 Circles the cloud, the earth and the skies.

Thou callest away the sunbeams, and Thy soft twilight,  
 Like a veil of rich blessing, envelopes the world:

Far and near, on the night-air, the voice of the cricket,  
 The tree-frog, the bleatings of lambs and their mothers responding,  
 And Thine own sweet voices, through the stillness,  
 Come from far motions of the stars.

Oh, how still the night is !  
 Oh, how sweet the peace is !  
 Well may we wonder,  
 While rolls the thunder,  
 How strong Thine arm is,  
 And how Thou holdest  
 The world and the stars.

W. H. THORNE.

## TO LESLIE.

Ah, darling babe! infant in form alone,  
 Dear little sailor from dim seas unknown,  
 Where wert thou in a million ages past—  
 Beautiful pilgrim of the starry vast?  
 In thy luminous eyes I clearly see  
 Mystical shadows of eternity.  
 And though bewildered in the dream of time,  
 Thou shalt awake to memories sublime—  
 Gazing in rapture on that shining goal,  
 Whence come the far sweet visions of the soul.

*San José, Cal.*

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

SUBMIT to the decrees of fate,  
 Be neither downcast nor elate,  
 On the vast sea thou art a wave—  
 One Power, thy cradle and thy grave.

*San José, Cal.*

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

## A GOD OF JUDGMENT.

THE whirring loom, the engine's breath,  
 The toiler's patient sigh,  
 Have found surcease; swift peace, like death,  
 Falls from the sky;  
 And, piercing through the purple sunset,  
 Rings the poor man's cry:



“O Lord of Hosts, how long! how long  
 Wilt Thy great wrath delay?  
 This heaped-up gold, the greed and wrong  
 Thou seest, to-day:  
 Make answer, God, most merciful,  
 For Thy poor, who pray!”

Therefore, the living Church, whose song  
 Can not ascend to die,  
 Finds echo none; the seraph throng  
 Shiver, on high,  
 As, clanging through their dwelling-place,  
 Sweeps the poor man's cry!

O saddened hearts, the Father hears!  
 He holds the scales to-day.  
 Be calm! He weighs the heaped-up years:  
 Trust, though He slay!—  
 Ruler of the dawn and sunset,  
 Yea, Thou wilt repay!

*Gardiner, Maine.*

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

## AN IDEAL SCHOOL.

ST. CLARA'S ACADEMY, situated on the southern slope of Sinsinawa Mound, in the extreme southwestern corner of Wisconsin, is as well known in the great Mississippi Valley as the Girl's Normal School is well known in Philadelphia, the Cooper Union in New York, or the Old South Church to the pious people of Boston. And in hundreds of those delightful coteries of refined and well-educated women to be found throughout our Western States—women possessing all the charm of manner characteristic of the ladies of the old days, together with a warmth of sunshine and sincerity in their faces, unknown to the ladies of the old days, there are many graduates of St. Clara's who will tell you with unfeigned enthusiasm that the Academy well deserves its enviable fame.

Sinsinawa Mound, which was famous as one of the highest points of land in the State, long before St. Clara's Academy was founded, is a singularly beautiful geological formation, some four miles due west of the Mississippi River; by road about six miles from Dubuque, Iowa, and about 600 feet above the waters of the Mississippi. On its summit, in these days, is a great wooden

cross, built of solid timber, about ten by ten inches square, and resting on solid masonry. In the upper arms of this cross, the famous woodpeckers, with a fine taste, have built their nests. On the summit there is also a large, covered reservoir, into which, by the latest appliances of machinery, water is pumped from a well 500 feet deep, and thence supplied through pipes to all the buildings of the Academy. The Mound proper, which is about half a mile wide and long, is an ancient upheaval of limestone rock, and there is an old tradition that the bases of it rest on the shores of a hidden lake. Indeed, old settlers point out a neglected waterway, which, it is said, used to lead into the enchanted waters that are supposed to underlie this famous Mound.

I am somewhat given to careful examinations of natural objects, and I can assure Protestants that there is no secret way to this covered sea, and that heretics, minors or adults, are not waylaid at dead of night by the Sisters or their farm-hands, and forced headlong into these dark waters, either for Catholic baptism or to death. Indeed, the whole place, its conduct and surroundings, are all so much nearer to my ideal of heaven than any other place I have found on this earth, that I would, were I able, send my own children there, for the highest possible education, and I could sincerely commend the place as in all respects fit for the training even of angels, if there were such need. But I must not forestall my story.

From the sides of the Mound, stone is quarried for the buildings of the Academy, and from the lower lands—all a part of the Convent grounds—clay is procured, and bricks are made for any new buildings that are needed. The Mound has been famous for its fine oak groves for nearly a hundred years; and though about thirty years ago the largest of the trees were cut down, its sides and summit are still covered with a splendid growth of black oak, white oak, and pin oak, with ash and walnut, and with a fine undergrowth of hazel. Over the summit and over the sides of the Mound flocks of sheep and quite a little herd of cattle, horses, colts and hogs, all belonging to the Convent, and all under the management of a competent farmer, roam and feed.

The Mound is also quite a strolling ground for the nuns and the scholars in attendance at the Academy. And to me, also, during the months of May, June and July, of this year, it was often a beautiful strolling ground; a place of rest, a health-giving, soul-

inspiring, wonderful Mountain of God, from the summit of which were granted to me visions of the beautiful pathways of eternal splendor that open into the star spaces, the far lands, the dim celestial heights of peace and gladness, beyond the utmost flight of our work-a-day dreams.

In common language, you can see into the three States of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, from Sinsinawa Mound, and you can see from twenty to forty miles over a beautiful country, northward, eastward, and southward, where the great "Father of Waters" cuts its way through the hills as the lightnings cut the clouds, and passes in its might on to Burlington, Keokuk, Quincy, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the shining sea. It is a beautiful and famous hill, set there in the strong and growing boundaries of one of the most favored States of the Union; and on its southern slope, as I said, is St. Clara's Academy, chief home and central house in this country of the Nuns or Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic; a teaching sisterhood of the Catholic Church; a gifted, cultured, consecrated, and every way superior, chaste, industrious and accomplished body of women and ladies, whose lives, and the work of whose lives, are among the richest blessings Heaven is bestowing on this continent in these perplexing times.

From a sort of Memorial book, styled "*Centennial Records of the Women of Wisconsin*," I gather the following historic data: St. Clara's Academy was founded at Benton, twelve miles northeast of Sinsinawa, in 1846, by Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, a native of Milan, Italy, where he was born in 1806, the only son of an old and wealthy family of bankers of that place—one of the many thousands of heroic pioneers from the old world, who have made this new world of ours beautiful and glorious, by the noble lives they have given to its crude but advancing civilization.

*Father Samuel*, for such was the plain honor to which the old settlers of the Northwest—already hinting at our gift of abbreviating things—had reduced the name of the young Italian priest, was clearly a noble soul, upon whose history I could dwell long and fondly were that desirable. He gladly left the warm home lights of Milan to penetrate the dark wilds of American savagery; wanted to civilize and Christianize the Indians, much in the early spirit of Columbus, Isabella and the Quakers, never dreaming that the only possible good Indian was a dead Indian, or that the only way to save him was to give him whisky and kill him. Never-



theless, after working on the Indian for some years, I am told, Father Samuel concluded that the white settlers of the Northwest were more hopeful subjects, though even to this day it often seems a choice of Hercules. At all events, the young priest, with a zeal worthy of his Master and his Church, gave his beautiful life to the Northwest, in its crudest days; founded missions, built churches, started schools, spent his own patrimony free as water—what else dare a Christian do?—collected other means as by magic of his own persuasive benevolence, and died, doubtless much misunderstood on this earth, but perfectly understood and duly welcomed by the angels of Heaven.

In plain language, and here we must watch our dates a little and get well over from Benton to Sinsinawa—in truth, from Sinsinawa to Benton, first of all. For the oldest of the present group of St. Clara's buildings, the limestone old college, appears to have been built in 1845, by Father Samuel, of course, and as a Dominican school and college for boys and young men, Father Samuel having purchased the Mound estate from one General Jones, a near friend, still living in Dubuque, Iowa. Then in 1846, the next year, St. Clara's was founded at Benton, incorporated in 1852, and placed by Father Samuel under the charge of the Dominican Sisters; and the Dominican sisterhood finding itself more in demand in the early Northwest than the Dominican brotherhood, "for men must work while women must weep" and teach; and above all, the Dominican sisterhood finding in those early days a woman with an equal and very superior genius for piety, teaching, organizing and financiering, gradually became the more numerous, if not the more useful, organization.

It would be unjust and uncatholic to make any actual distinction as to comparative usefulness of these two branches of one and practically the same special group of workers. And when one traces the lives and life-work of the Dominican Fathers of the Northwest, from Father Samuel, of the early days, to Father Walker, present Chaplain of St. Clara's, to Father Daly, Father Splinter, Father Lilly, now of Washington, D. C., and many others who were educated at Sinsinawa in the old days, and later at St. Joseph's, in Ohio, and recalls what they have done under God, to convert sinners, and build up the present great churches and Catholic centers of the Northwest; and how some of the bravest of them laid down their lives in nursing the sick, during the great

epidemics at Memphis and elsewhere; and with what zeal and learning they are to-day upholding the glory of the ancient Order, out of which the famous but unfortunate Bruno fell, one would be slow to make any comparison unfavorable to the Order in America, even in one's extreme appreciation of the beautiful work the noble women of the sisterhood have done. And certainly such is not the purpose of this article; but I am writing of St. Clara's, and not of St. Joseph's and the men. History records that the Dominican Fathers fell behindhand with their finances at the old Sinsinawa Academy, sold the place to a company of Dubuque merchants, and that the Master-General of the Order in Rome, desiring to concentrate the abilities of the American Dominican Priests on preaching, and having for a time suspended the college or teaching labors, the Sisters of Benton, seeing the advantages of the choice situation of Sinsinawa Mound, purchased the estate at a cost of \$10,000, in 1867, and henceforth our article concerns itself with St. Clara's and the Dominican sisterhood.

St. Clara's prospered at Benton, has steadily prospered at Sinsinawa Mound, and from present appearances intends to go on prospering and blessing the world while the world stands or rolls, and no matter which theory on this so-called scientists swear by. In moving to Sinsinawa the Sisters did not leave Benton. They simply divided forces; held Benton for their Novitiate, later made it a Mission, and chose Sinsinawa as the main and central home for themselves—the home of St. Clara's and the seed-ground from which their beautiful lives should radiate, and to which they might return for home labor or for rest, and for final rest.

The year 1865 was a great year for St. Clara's, as for many other American interests. The war ended, opening the heart of the nation to the victories of peace; Lincoln was assassinated in a theater, on the evening of Good Friday of that year, and a new and short-lived kind of hero-worship was so opened to our people. To me also the year 1865 brings memories of unutterable tenderness, sadness and joyous victory.

Father Samuel, in many ways the original and characteristic genius of the Dominican spirit and piety in America, died that year, fell asleep and ascended on high; and in 1867, Sister Mary Emily Power, imbued with the spirit and genius and power and gifts and heroism of Father Samuel and the Master of all spiritual gifts, was chosen Mother-General of this Dominican sisterhood.

For the sake of my sisters and friends in the Protestant Church—many of them brave and gifted women—I would that I felt free to speak of this good woman with half the praise her noble, beautiful, accomplished and successful life deserves. In the first place, Mother Emily is a truly religious soul, of rare natural gifts, of simple but accomplished manners, thoroughly educated, practical, cool, deliberate and purposeful, yet capable of the quickest and strongest emotions and enthusiasms; a thorough financier, far-reaching in all her plans, but no dreamer; of clear sight, of a most tender, loving and motherly heart and disposition toward all the Sisters of her Order, toward all the children of St. Clara's, and of pure charity for all sorts and conditions of human beings; above all, a sensible woman, and every way familiar with the questions and signs of the times; quick to see, appreciate and reward gifts in others; and it is not remarkable that the Sisters of the Order and the children of the school have learned to love her better than themselves or their own. I do not know that she will pardon me for saying these things of her, for with all her gifts and accomplishments, that rarest of all gifts among the able women of our day—a childlike modesty—crowns them all. Small of stature and of delicate frame, Mother Emily reminds me more of Lucretia Mott—the once famous Pennsylvania Quakeress—than of any other woman I have ever seen.

Facts speak for themselves. In 1865 the Dominican Sisters in this country numbered thirty-one. To-day they number about four hundred, and have twenty-seven branch-houses in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Nebraska, and Washington, D. C.

In 1876 the number of scholars taught in their different departments of work was estimated at about five thousand, fully half of whom were boys. To-day the number of scholars taught each year by the Dominican Sisters, in the various parochial and public schools of these centers, is about ten thousand.

Teaching is the special vocation of these Sisters, though the rules of the Order allow them to act as Sisters of Charity, or nurses, in time of need. Of the entire sisterhood there are usually from seventy-five to a hundred at Sinsinawa, and some are going and returning from their various missions at all seasons of the year. Of course, those remaining at home are not all teachers, nor all engaged in teaching. Many are postulants and novices, and are themselves scholars, not only in a religious sense, but scholars in



the various branches of the higher education taught at St. Clara's; others are cooks and helpers in the various departments of labor incident to so large an institution. Obedience to the Superior is their absolute law, but the aim of the entire organization, as indeed it has long seemed to me to be the aim of the entire Catholic Church, is to get the best possible work for God and His truth out of each individual soul.

The present Mother Superior and many of the teachers of St. Clara's are ladies of the finest personal culture, and the largest and broadest educational attainments, and all of them breathe in their manners and words such a spirit of Christian resignation, joy and refinement as are seldom seen.

The two strong points of the Academy are: *First*, its thoroughness in all the branches of a common English and classical education, including science, so-called, together with a perfect thoroughness in the modern languages, in music, art and fine needlework; *Second*, and to me the most important of all, its chaste and beautiful, its solemn and devout religious exercises. Protestants are not obliged to attend these, but they are usually won by them, and eternally blessed by them.

It is understood that St. Clara's is now, and always has been, an academy for girls and young ladies; the boys referred to as under the care of the Dominican Sisters, being in the various public and parochial schools, where these Sisters are at times engaged. The number of pupils at St. Clara's averages about one hundred; one-fourth of these are usually Protestants.

The regular course of study covers four years, but many scholars are entered young and remain five and six years—the longer the better—others, having neither the time nor the means to spare for the regular course in order to graduate, take special courses, in special departments, and of course remain as long or as short a time as their parents or guardians elect.

The atmosphere, the temptations, the encouragements of St. Clara's are all toward virtue, piety, a thorough education, health, and a genuine enjoyment of nature and the arts, of music, painting and embroidery. I could write an interesting article on any of these branches as taught at St. Clara's, showing the grade of excellence attained there, as compared with other institutions throughout the country, and the grade of ability demanded to teach these branches as they are taught at St. Clara's.

In its general course of study it is simply on a par with the best public and private academies throughout New England and the country at large. In the fact that it is under the entire direction of a body of noble women, whose lives are given to the cultivation of knowledge and virtue, whose vocation is itself chastity and obedience to the highest types of divine humanity, hence making the teaching of morals, religion and manners a supreme necessity, St. Clara's seems to me the one ideal academy I have ever visited.

Dr. Sears, who was many years ago editor and owner of the *National Quarterly Review*, once gave Provost Stillé, of the University of Pennsylvania, a dreadful overhauling, because the Provost would not admit him, the Doctor, to the University examinations. Of course Dr. Sears knew that the University was, in those days, run mainly for gain, to build up the reputations of incompetent professors, and bolster into society and lucrative positions the half-taught stults whose names adorned its catalogues.

So far from refusing the admission of experts to its examinations, St. Clara's welcomes them, invites them, not only from neighboring cities, but from distant parts of the country.

It was my privilege, during the month of June of the present year, to attend as many of these examinations as I was able to attend; and had I space I could write an interesting article on each examination, in each of the leading branches taught at the Academy, but that might not interest the general reader; and I will only say that in the branches of literature, history and mathematics the young ladies, not only of the graduating class—each one of whom was an accomplished scholar—but the pupils of the next lower classes, evinced a familiarity with these studies altogether beyond what I had dreamed of finding among them. And as to music, vocal and instrumental, the performances of several of the young ladies were so excellent as to remove their work beyond the grade of amateur execution. And in two or three instances there was such musical genius as to insure professional triumph for the future. I could name these pupils, but it would seem indelicate and invidious. Above all, St. Clara's is as healthy as the mountains or the sea.

In a word, as to situation, general management, and accomplished results—results every new year and every new day being accomplished—St. Clara's seems to me the most favored and most com-

mendable institution of the kind that I have ever known. The article, "Time's Symphony," in this number of *THE GLOBE*, was read as an essay by one of the graduating class of the present year—a young lady whose accomplishments in music should insure for her a brilliant career. In truth the commencement exercises this year, in spite of fearfully stormy weather, were a dream of beautiful enjoyment.

It has not seemed to me worth while to attempt a description of the buildings of the Academy, unless there were illustrations to accompany the description. In truth, St. Clara's, like all genuine American institutions, is constantly growing, and the Sisters are just now about erecting an addition in the way of a brick building, sixty by one hundred feet, and four stories in height. Starting with this new building on the west, or the left on approaching the Academy from the front gate, the next to the east on the right is about sixty by one hundred and fifty feet, in the center of which, on the third floor, is the beautiful chapel of the sisterhood. Still east of this is the old stone structure, first built by Father Samuel, in 1844-45; next, to the east, is a large frame building, known as the Exhibition Hall, with a seating capacity of over 2,000; next is a church, unused at present; next the Priests' or "Fathers' House," where this article came into being; next the farm-house, the barn, etc. These buildings, of course, do not all join. There are everywhere beautiful breathing spaces. A fine vegetable garden is in the rear of the farm-house, and the grounds in front of and around the academy are adorned and shaded by some splendid evergreens, and by oak, ash, cottonwood and maple trees.

Finally, while visiting Sinsinawa, I was constantly and joyously confirmed in a belief I have long held and taught, viz., that neither Democracy nor Woman's Suffrage is necessary to the highest conceivable development of woman; that, on the contrary, women under a monarchical form of government, and without any voting voice in politics, always have risen, and always will continue to rise, and with less friction and incidental debasement, into the very highest positions of culture, power, usefulness, blessing and happiness.

Everybody knows that the genius of the Catholic Church is utterly monarchical. The Sisterhood of St. Dominic, not satisfied with the ordinary vows of self-sacrifice that any servant of the Church would make, have, for centuries, taken upon themselves



special labors and special sacrifices, all, of course, in voluntary loyalty to the Church and its authority, and all in order that, being more like the great Master of the Church, they may so be able to teach better, to suffer more patiently, to endure hardships, to serve God, and souls in need, especially in need of thorough and yet pious education.

I am rather familiar with the accomplishments of the best women in these days who have advocated Woman's Suffrage, and who fancy that woman never, till now, had her proper place in the world. I gladly admit that many of them are bright and gifted, and earnest women, who have done good and will do good. They are naturally and supernaturally good and noble, many of them; and I am pretty familiar with what modern women of this class have done in literature, in political agitation, in the temperance movement, in business and commercial life; still I am bound to say, without prejudice against any one woman or class of women, and without preference for any one woman or class of women, that I never have seen a company of women who so nearly realized my ideal of the supreme, the blessed, the beautiful, the angelic ideal of womanhood and its ineffable ministry, as these are all realized by the Sisterhood of the Third Order of St. Dominic, with American headquarters at Sinsinawa Mound. May the Eternal ever bless them and give them prosperity, victory and peace!

As an article of this kind is very unusual in *THE GLOBE*, it is proper to state that the article was written without any contract, bargain or understanding with the Sisters in control of St. Clara's, or with any person representing them, and without any expectation on my part that they would subscribe or contribute one dollar toward or for *THE GLOBE*, though I have no doubt they will eventually do so. In a word, the article was written purely and solely out of my appreciation of the beauties of the place, the merits of the institution and the kind hospitality shown me by the Sisters while I was visiting their chaplain, during the summer months of the present year.

W. H. THORNE.

*August 3, 1892.*

## TIME'S SYMPHONY.

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IN every life come moments when a retrospective glance is cast through the vista of years, enveloped with such exquisite delicacy by memory's rosy-hued veil.

To-day—perhaps for the first time in our short existence—we turn with tender longings to the past—that past so filled with the murmuring music of happy childhood. Unconsciously our lips frame the petition, “O grant that this harmony may never wander into discord, but day by day grow fuller, stronger, sweeter, till it blends itself into the music of eternity!”

In our quiet convent home only the chords of happiness have been struck, with here and there a little trill of pain. Remote from the allurements and attractions of the world, surrounded with the beautiful and the good, our hearts have been moulded after noble casts, our thoughts directed into channels which lead to waters crystal clear. Now, when the treasure is slipping from our grasp, we realize that it has been our privilege to enjoy that peace of mind so necessary for the development of our intellectual powers.

As the symphony—the noblest form in which music culminates—shapes itself into a certain number of parts,—the ardent allegro, the sedate andante and the grave minuet,—so does our life resolve itself into fixed intervals.

School-days are but the prelude to life's mighty symphony; the preparation for its conflicts and its conquests. True education does not teach that the world is to be a triumphal march. The sad, sweet minors glide into every composition, yea, often form its chiefest charm. There are trials as well as triumphs for us to meet. It is not the participation in pleasure that brings strength of character, but rather the self-denials, the patience in adversity and affliction.

Time, the director of all symphonies, has undertaken the guidance of life's musical epic. The dawn of womanhood is the opening movement of our symphony.

As the first rosy flush steals o'er the eastern sky, a faint, sweet note, like the shadow of a sound, falls on the ear. Time is dawning;

no haste, no rush, no hurry is upon the earth. Nature raises her lovely head and looks abroad on all her works, smiling as her eyes behold her own bright treasures. But this glimpse of paradise is not for long; the world is waking up,—the world with its sorrow and discord. Yet even as the discord makes itself felt, the sweet tones strengthen amid the witcheries of morning and finally pour themselves forth in a brilliant song of triumph. The music has taken a distinctive form. Oh! there is a sweetness and a calmness in this broad allegro for which in the succeeding strains we search in vain.

Through the tranquil period of girlhood a voice, soft and low, whispers:

“Live to some purpose; make thy life  
A gift of use to thee;  
A joy, a good, a golden hope—  
A heavenly argosy.”

The future, bright with smiling promises, lies before us. There pulsates upon our ear the waves of that sweet allegro, and bathed in the sound the spirit dreams dreams. All things good are possible. Those melodious strains stir no strife; only impulses to rise; to do our best deeds for the world and ourselves; to lend a helping hand where help is needed. The ideals which are deep-rooted in the human heart are the keynote upon which the succeeding parts of the symphony depend. If the leading note be false, our life will be out of tune, and our symphony—so far as earthly joys affect us—a discord. We are startled from our reverie. Time wields his baton and lo! the second part—the andante of life—is ushered in. The strong, full chords now borne to us reveal but a partially executed design, and in their tones is conveyed a warning. Our thoughts must be of the present, and life, inner life, must become more real. The expression of innate joy rushes forth in bursts of euphony; arpeggios of anguish will take their position in the scale of maturity, but again

“Soft and sweet through ether swinging,  
Sound the harmonies of life.”

To the indifferent auditor many of the fairy-like strains of the lighter instruments of life's grand orchestra are lost in the great flood of melody; to the casual observer the highest virtues are often hid beneath a mask of frivolities. “Heard melodies are



sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Who of us can tell of the exquisite phrases which enter our neighbor's symphony? Who of us has heard the tender grace-notes which are his only solace? Yet we know there is something in each heart which defies time or sorrow, that something which is as balm to the deepest wounds. It must be the music of the soul, "the medicine of the breaking heart." As, tone by tone, we reach the climax of our ascending passage, whence all tends toward the finale, so, step by step, does life's movement go on till the topmost height is won; then the shadows lengthen toward the grave.

It is but fitting that the stately minuet should crown life's hymn. Our work is drawing near completion, and we listen and wait for the dying note—the celestial messenger, who hovers o'er us, ready to carry the wave of the last low chord to break upon the shores of a fairer world. Echoes of buried strains rise round us; recollections sweep o'er the mind. The good we have done, the evil we have prevented, the burdens we have lightened, the joy we have lent to others—such deeds combine to make the music of old age the sweetest that can lull the senses to repose. Never again will the sharp, staccato notes of doubt and fear ring out; never again will the cañons of hope and pleasure be ascended; only the lingering vibration of the last diminuendo is left to yield itself to the world of never-ceasing sound. And who can tell if the final note be one of victory or defeat?

MARY R. DENTON.

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## GEORGE W. CURTIS & CO.

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NOTHING could well exceed the fulsome flattery the Republican press and the pin-feather literary people of this country heaped upon George W. Curtis at the time of his death. Rev. Father Hecker, who knew Curtis well during their mutual domicile at Brook Farm, and who was very familiar with his later labors and writings, thought him a "d—— fraud." The real truth lies somewhere between these extreme estimates.

The fact that Curtis became one of that little group of New England men who had the impulse to shut themselves away from the world of mammon, and the desire at least to live a life more

devoted to contemplation and the pursuit of truth than was possible in the world, argues, I think, an early vein of sincerity toward truth and a higher life. That the men who went to Brook Farm were, however, all of them, a quasi-dreaming, half practical—in some sense light-headed, and a very incomplete set of men, individually and as a body,—has long ago been demonstrated beyond need of resurrection.

Emerson did not go, Hawthorne could not be induced to stay, and such men as Parker and Channing, Edward Everett, Theodore Woolsey and the like—none of them afflicted with towering greatness—would have laughed at the idea. But Curtis went, and I think his going was in obedience to one of the best impulses of his life. The whole business was a “fool’s errand.” None of the men had conscience enough to confess and repent of their past sins; none of them had humility enough to obey any voice of authority superior to their own inclinations. In a word, as the great Thad. Stevens said of the body of Congressmen who did not vote for Johnson’s impeachment: “There was not a complete man among them.” Each man had a soft spot, a weak spot in his make-up, and in an emergency of real human worth must be expected to fail.

I have always held that Curtis was one of the brightest of that early group of New England would-be reformers. But they were all reformers who believed in practicing their reform on other men rather than on themselves. They were men, also, who had no conception of the truly religious, reforming and higher moral and spiritual forces then extant in this nation, and which, from the days of the Mathers until now, have been doing a work for the moral and spiritual and national integrity of this land altogether superior to anything Curtis ever knew, and have carried it on far above the heads of the early Puritan and later Unitarian fraternity. Only the youngest of colts, asses, calves, lambs and kittens in literature, morals and religion will credit Curtis or Curtis & Company with influencing for good the higher classes of thought and culture in this country and nation. This is not meant to condemn Curtis, but to check the foam of his would-be worshipers. Well studied, the “Potiphar Papers” will prove the truth of these discriminations.

Again, I think that after he left Brook Farm his association with the Abolitionists proves a certain vein of sincere moral con-

viction and a willingness to adhere to truth and duty, if he only knew where to find them. Among the Abolitionists, however, Curtis was never held as a great man or a leader. He was viewed rather as a dilettante literary person whom the leaders were glad to use for what he was worth; but there was little or no confidence in his staying powers. I remember well the evening he was induced to come to Philadelphia, in 1859, to speak in National Hall. Though but a boy at the time, I had already met Phillips and Garrison, and knew Judge Kelley, and was heart and soul with the Abolition movement. I think Curtis was not consciously a "fraud," but Phillips carried more conscience and culture and mental power in the waste-paper of his overcoat pockets than Curtis ever got into his heart and brain. The man was always a sort of boy and a child; an overfed, over-praised, over-petted, untaught, unconverted, goody-goody, whiskered child.

Again, I think that his opposition to Blaine, later in life, indicates a certain sincerity of conviction toward moral integrity in politics and life. But nothing could prove more conclusively the intellectual limitation of the man, the real ignorance of the man touching the true methods of moral reform, than his womanish, boy-like dependence upon our scheme of civil service reform to attain these ends. In a word, he had an innate tendency toward Christian truth and virtue, born of ancestral ages of Christendom, but he never had the humility or the sense or the freedom or the courage to seek the true sources of grace and guidance in this world.

As a natural result of this lack—a lack born of his provincial birth and education—he, afterawhile, sold what powers he had to the Harpers, and did a very nice literary-politico sort of hack-work which won him the deserved respect of the tens of thousands of our people, critics included, who knew and who know less of literature and morals than Curtis himself; a respectable, quasi-cultured, semi-Christian, unforceful, weathercock sort of reformer gone into so-called popular literature; all of which is so much better than the work of the hack newspaper men who praise him, that they really believe their ignorant estimates of Curtis, and really think that a great man has passed away.

God is good and merciful to us all, and especially merciful to men who even try to follow the best light they have, notwithstanding a better and a purer light is already burning in their



dull and unwilling eyes. Curtis did fairly good literary hack-work, and from first to last the impulse was intended to be good, but it was ill-informed. He was neither a great man, nor in any true sense a Christian man; but as far as a man of Christian ancestry and surroundings—himself fallen from true light and guidance—could be a help to truth and to moral reform, Curtis was such a help; and for all he did in this line he was very well paid. I am not anxious about Curtis. I am trying to make distinctions that may be of service to the hack and other literary men and women of the future, and to all men and women in a degree.

W. H. THORNE.

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## CATHOLICITY AND THE AMERICAN MIND.

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It has been said that Catholics and Protestants live in two different worlds, and this, as you all know, is in some senses true.

The world of clear, coherent faith; of serene insight into the supernatural and the divine, and the world of mere opinion, of individual, private judgment which leads always to difference and indifference, which professes to divorce belief from reason and ends too often in helpless, naked rationalism—these two worlds of men certainly cannot be one and the same. Yet this fact does not necessarily prevent us who dwell in humble but direct communion with Him who is called “Wonderful,” “God,” “The Prince of Peace,” from coming directly into relation with those—our neighbors, acquaintances and friends—who dwell just over the border, in that dazzling but somewhat befogged region which may be termed the Debatable Land, or the Land of Endless Debate.

In fact, we do meet and converse with them every day. We trade and fraternize with them and love them. We can understand perfectly all that they think and feel. But they cannot understand us. There’s the pity. And there, too, is the problem. How shall we lead them to understand us and the simple yet sublime truth to which we are loyal?

At this mere question, as though by a word of magic incantation, the barriers between the two worlds of thought arise and interpose themselves like a solid wall. The wall, however, is only one of mist. It can be penetrated. I have been a Protestant, and now,

happily for me, I am a Catholic—that is, a Christian in the true, uncompromising faith of Christ. Therefore I know something about the two worlds and a good deal about the barriers between them.

It seems to me that the most practical thing I can do is to give you very simply, in the light of my own observation, a few instances of the way in which the non-Catholics of New England regard Catholicity and its adherents.

In the first place, they are brought up with an indescribable dread of it, which they imbibe in childhood with their earliest associations, and before they are even conscious that it is being instilled into them. This indescribable dread—when you come to inquire and try to analyze it—turns out to be also indefinable. It is like the hobgoblin of the nursery. Every one of the scared nurslings is confident the hobgoblin exists and would like to hurt them if he could, but no one of them can explain just *what* he is, or *why* he should wish them harm. The terror of these people has no logical beginning that even the most patient search can trace, and it always, when investigated, falls back upon an absolute defiance of logic.

For example, I have a Congregational friend with whom for years I have discussed every topic that came into our ken exhaustively and with the freest comparison of views, not at all in the manner of dispute, but simply for the profit of candid intellectual interchange. We had often spoken of religion, and many times alluded to the Catholic Church. On this last subject he appeared to have prejudices which I did not share, and I frequently told him so, giving him my reasons, although I did not then dream that I should ever become a Catholic. When, at last, I was received into the Church, it was natural to suppose that he would be the first and the most eager to obtain my views on this, as on all other matters, and I told him I would gladly answer any questions that might occur to him. But, on this one topic he promptly said: "No, we had better agree to disagree. If I thought as you do, I should be where you are, and if you thought as I do you would be where I am." The utter platitude and vacancy of that reply almost paralyzed me. "But," I said, "I know you have certain ideas about the Catholic Church which I never thought were correct, and now that I am in the Church I can show you and assure you that they were entirely wrong." He answered:

“Oh! those who are inside the Church don't always know about it. Several converts in England have just left the Catholic Church.” His inference, of course, was that, since they had abandoned it, *they* were the ones who really understood and knew all about it. But, since they had been inside, and since he held that those inside could not know the truth concerning the Church, how did it happen that these particular apostates thoroughly knew the Church and were to be trusted, while I, as a faithful convert, could not know what I was talking about?

If I had retorted upon him with his own style of argument, I would have said this: “You declare that members of a religious organization, for example, the Catholic Church, do not really know what that organization is, what it means and what it aims at. *You* are a member of a religious organization called the Congregational Church: *therefore* you do not necessarily know what it means. You assume that those who secede from the Catholic Church are the only Catholics who understand that Church. *Therefore* you, who are now a Congregationalist, do not understand your own Church, but if you seceded from it, you would *then* understand it. Hence, no one understands any church unless he is outside of it.”

He would have been convicted by his own absurdity. Yet it is just this sort of absurdity that we have to encounter. To this same friend I remarked, later on, that he had conspicuously avoided talking with me about my faith. He replied: “Oh! you may speak freely about it.” I answered: “Very well. But it isn't likely that I am going to sit down and expound it all to you without inquiry from you. You have always wanted to know what I thought about every other thing. But on this you seem wholly indifferent.” And then he said: “Oh, I never want to talk with a man after he has made up his mind!”

So, then, the conclusion would be that there is no use in an interchange of views when a man has any settled and definite views to express. According to this, the Protestant ideal would be a state of perpetual indecision, a state that might be described as general mindlessness or Universal Absence of Mind.

And yet this friend is a very bright man in all other ways, a man in active business, who is also an author. If I were a Buddhist or a Mahometan, or a Mormon, he would be intensely desirous to hear what I might say in explanation of my tenets. As I am only a Catholic Christian, he throws reason and logic to the winds



in his anxiety to escape the possibility of talking with me about my faith, although he is still perfectly ready to converse on any other subject under heaven without let or hindrance.

In this case, though, as in many others, I recognize a tacit admission of the intense, overwhelming power of Christ's teaching as embodied and presented by His holy Catholic Church to-day. The general Protestant fear of the Church is inherited and traditional, based on long-continued misrepresentation and prejudice. But in the individual Protestant or non-Catholic that fear is especially the dread of a vast idea, an infinite truth, which, if they permit themselves to look into it, may engulf them in its immensity. They recoil at the mere chance of surrendering their small individuality to this immensity of the eternal.

It seems to be as hard for them to acknowledge, sincerely and thoroughly in their hearts, their exact relation to it, as it would be for them to jump off from the edge of the earth. There is a mental attraction of gravitation which holds them down. Yet, in recognizing the vast truths of astronomy, they surrender themselves willingly to the infinite of space. They admit that the whole solar system is visibly progressing through space toward some goal that no one is able to sight by the human eye, or by the telescope, or by private judgment. All this, they concede, is going on according to one great principle, one fixed order of logic and law. Yet when it comes to consideration of the moral and spiritual infinite, which also moves toward a great unseen goal, they cannot bring themselves to admit the same fixity of law and supremacy in one all-embracing truth of religion. In this department—or rather, in this aspect—of the universe, they would persuade themselves, the truth—*i. e.*, the principle of things—need no longer be single and unvarying, but may be several and changeable, according as it is interpreted by different men and groups. It is this inconsistency of theirs that we must first gently make plain to them, before they can comprehend us or grasp Catholic verity. Meanwhile it will continue one of the most perplexing among barriers, because by its very nature it obliges them to shift ground constantly, and try to escape from logic by a variety of excuses or side-issues. Nevertheless, the non-Catholic dread is, at bottom, an admission that Holy Church is the earthly representation or portal of the Divine infinite.

It has also happened to Mrs. Lathrop and myself that Protest-

ant friends, and even simple acquaintances, who never broached the subject before, have written to us—since we became Catholics—asking us to pray for their dead, their departed kindred. Of course they would not dream of petitioning for such prayers in their own churches and denominations. Others have sent to ask our prayers for some member of a family undergoing illness or surgical operations involving great danger. In all the years that we were outside of the Church they never made such a request, although they were as sure of our friendship then as they are now.

This is another and touching evidence of the fact that Protestants feel, if they do not perceive, some peculiar virtue in the Catholic Church. They turn to it instinctively, in these cases, as meeting the needs of the heart and soul with a supreme efficacy not found in their own organizations; a power that they may oppose, yet inwardly realize.

A Presbyterian teacher of high standing, intellectual, accomplished, and of considerable renown, said to me heartily that, in becoming a Catholic, I had taken the noblest and truest attitude a man could take, and that he wished he could do the same. A friend who has suffered much told me that he often went into the Catholic Church—as it was open every day in the week—and simply sat there meditating. He knew nothing of Catholic prayers and could not pray; but he always came out feeling purer, better, and stronger. A lady of Puritan descent wrote to us that the Catholic Church was the only one she could ever join; yet that, if she ever found herself inclining that way, she would instantly buy and read all the books against the Catholic Church that she could obtain. This was another form of tribute to the strength of Catholicity. So, too, was that of a most distinguished scientific man, who said to me that for a year in his youth he had gone to early Mass every day, without ever inquiring or learning anything about the service and sacrifice, but simply because it made him feel “good.” He now—still omitting to inquire—scoffs mildly at the Church; but, with a large experience of Protestant denominations and pastors, he says: “I have known lots of Catholic priests, and they are the best men I ever knew.”

If we look for negative or passive tributes, what better could we ask than these?

They show that the non-Catholic Yankee mind, and in fact the American mind, is in search of a religious truth which it has not yet found. It gropes; it dimly guesses at a revelation from God, present in the world to-day, which it has not been able to lay hold of in evangelical bodies. The American mind, all through the United States, contains a foundation element of strong and earnest religious feeling. Religious reading and aspiration occupy much of its attention. This may be seen from the character of some of our most widely popular novels and other works of current literature; also from the prevalence of meetings and movements based on natural religion, or upon a partial, fragmentary perception of perfect and *supernatural* religion. Great numbers of people—the most American of Americans—from the very beginning of our national history down to the present day, have perceived and loyally accepted the Divine truth of a supernatural and universal religion, as set forth by the one true and Catholic Church. The non-Catholic American mind in general is really ripe for this Divine truth; yet it is clouded still by mists of prejudice, indifference and careless custom.

Now, the parish priest cannot possibly, with his multifarious duties, go forth and attend to the needs of non-Catholics. Of course the church-building is open to them as to all. They may come there and try to learn and try to worship. But, while the temple is crowded with the faithful, the others come rarely or by accident, and do not even understand the simple, holy rite when they do come.

I would suggest that in every parish there should be a small, efficient organization of laymen, who could take charge of the business of explaining Catholicity whenever it is publicly misinterpreted. A local Truth Society would fill the bill; and in our parish we have begun to talk of forming one, or a Columbian Reading Circle, or both. Now, the main practical difficulties of non-Catholics, even when they are convinced of our consistency and that our logic is impregnable, seem to be these two bug-bears: That the Church wishes to overthrow or unfairly capture the public schools, and that it seeks to subvert American institutions.

Millions of Catholics contribute to the support of the public schools under an un-American system of taxation almost without representation, since they are so little represented on the school



boards, and still show their sincerity by voluntarily maintaining schools of their own, besides. Catholics were the first settlers in this country—the bringers of civilization. They were loyal to the American Revolution when many, and perhaps most, Episcopalians and *Methodists* were on the Tory side. Many scores of thousands of Catholics have laid down their lives in war for the upholding of American institutions and liberty. Catholics are absolutely loyal to the constitution, laws, government, and spirit of this Republic to-day, and they prove it in every way that it is possible to offer proof, by act and conduct. Yet all this seems to count for nothing when the prejudices above mentioned come into play. If so brilliant a man as Gladstone, in England, could so misapprehend the Vatican decrees as to imagine they might sap the loyalty of Englishmen, what are we to expect from the ignorant here? It will not do to dismiss them by saying that they are too dense to be enlightened. We must find a way to reach them, and to make them see and know us as we actually are. Am I, whose ardent and steady patriotism no one doubted before, whose family of Puritan origin has produced a line of evangelical ministers and has been solidly American for two hundred and fifty-eight years—am I at once transformed into a disloyal citizen when I become a Catholic? An eminent man said to me: “You have turned your back on your own countrymen.” I replied: “No, sir. I am now the best kind of American there is.” And with entire modesty—for the merit is not mine—I believe this to be true.

For what can make a man so good a citizen as the religion which teaches him the oneness of truth, fidelity to God, to his country, to marriage, to conscience, and applies itself directly every day to strengthening those forces which conserve or purify society and exalt the soul?

It is this that we must bring home to their minds.

And, while the circulation of books and documents is of immense use, there are other means of reaching those who will not read. Not long ago there came to New London one of those scamps who make a living by sensational lectures maligning all that is most sacred to Catholics. People who, all the year round, would never come near us to ask for a plain, candid, intelligent explanation of Catholic faith and practice, flocked to hear this deliberate falsifier. Such a lecture delivered against any other religious body would

have caused a riot, and the riot would have been generally excused by the nature of the insult offered. As it was, we were all indignant and talked of letters to the daily papers—both of which in New London are owned or edited by Catholics—and of a public meeting. But we feared possible disturbance or futile bitterness, and so we remained silent. Now, a local committee of the sort suggested could have held that meeting; with calm, well-considered speeches; could have got the general public there; had the thing fully reported, and so, without hurting any one, could have administered a crushingly gentle rebuke and let loose a great deal of life-giving truth.

Still another point. Secular and national holidays belong just as much to us as they do to all other Americans. Why should not local committees of Catholic laymen call public meetings to celebrate the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and other fitting occasions, when their patriotism would be made apparent along with the high, religious spirit that animates it?

I would have lay Catholics take the initiative in celebrating the New England Forefathers' Day in such manner as to pay tribute to the great merits of the Massachusetts Pilgrims, and at the same time bring out the immense service of other settlers of the United States, notably the Catholic founders of Maryland, who established there the complete sway of religious toleration, while the founders of Massachusetts based their State on intolerance. All this could be done in a friendly way, and would be very instructive.

It would have been a great thing if Catholic laymen all over the country had seized the 1891 anniversary of Columbus's landing as a time for general celebration, and had emphasized the fact that the discoverer of America planted the holy cross here one hundred and twenty-eight years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

The secular daily press would be a powerful agency for the correction of misstatements, for the popular newspaper reaches the eyes of many who would never consent to examine a Catholic book or journal. But, while there are great numbers of Catholics employed on the daily newspapers, they are not their own masters. Under hostile editors they do not enjoy the reputed American privilege of free speech. Everything they write is carefully examined, sifted and cut down where there is the slightest chance that they may be saying anything which will make the Catholic

position clear and place Catholicity in a fair, impartial light. In many newspaper offices it seems to be a maxim that a man who believes nothing is a perfectly safe person to intrust with Catholic matters. It is also held to be a merit in any Protestant writer on the staff to do what he can toward reporting and presenting Protestantism favorably; but for a Catholic to put his convictions into what he writes for the daily columns, or to shed light upon the truth of his religion, is treated as something in the nature of a conspiracy.

The chief organized way in which you can use the secular press now, is for local committees to prepare short letters to the editor in due emergencies, and when such letters are not accepted, pay for them at advertising rates. Many editors will gladly publish them free.

The American people are honest and open-minded, and when once they realize that a large number of their fellow-citizens are asking to be properly heard and understood in this matter, they will not only listen, but will insist upon hearing more.

I know of one daily prayer that has gone up for months past, that the mass of the American people should be led into the one fold of the one Shepherd—the true Church. Why do I pray that the American people should become Catholics? Because it is their natural destiny. The best people on earth ought to be loyal believers in the best religion. Catholic faith, in my opinion, is the only force that can save our national character and national greatness, already threatened by many dangerous elements and tendencies, from the peril of distintegration.

I, too, believe that the next century will see a tidal wave of conversion sweeping the majority of our countrymen into the Holy Catholic Church. At this Epiphany season how shine the words of Isaiah: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy Light is come!" Those words the prophet uttered seven hundred years before the incarnation of Christ, yet he saw the event so clearly that he spoke of it as already present. We American Catholics of to-day do not need a tithe of his prophetic power to declare to our countrymen that their Light is come and will presently bathe the land in splendor.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.



## LINCOLN AND WAR TIMES.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND MEN OF WAR TIMES. BY HON. A. K. McCLURE, LL.D., EDITOR PHILADELPHIA "TIMES." PHILADELPHIA: J. W. KEELER & Co., PUBLISHERS.

OF all men, living or dead, Colonel McClure was probably the most favored and fitted, by training and circumstances, to give an impartial account of the interior politics and military movements of the American civil war. A conservative Whig in politics, with anti-slavery sympathies; holding an important journalistic position, in a State whose pivotal position at the opening of the war, and whose important and critical position throughout the war, was well known to all the men of those times; thoroughly in sympathy with Lincoln in his conservative war measures, and thoroughly opposed to Simon Cameron, then the leading politician of Pennsylvania; trusted of Lincoln as much as Lincoln trusted anybody; in frequent private and important intercourse with Lincoln during the entire period of the war; a wide-awake, long-headed man, with considerable faith in moral principles; of a broad, judicial sort of mind, and with a lucid, rhetorical style of writing, Mr. McClure might have been the great historian of our civil war, if life had not called him to the daily drudgery of editorial work on the Philadelphia *Times*.

As it is, intelligent readers all over the world will find in this book—made up of a series of articles, originally written for and published in the *Times*—more real insight into the character of many leading men of those times, and a clearer explanation of many of the more important events of the war, than can be found elsewhere.

The discriminations of the character of Lincoln are as true and original as they are well written and very readable. The light thrown on the career of Simon Cameron, and the charity displayed toward that old-time political enemy, are clear, noble and commendable.

I think the Colonel has not done justice to Mr. Chase; but Chase was one of my especial pets of the war time, and while I was

not in a position to see the glaring faults and selfishness of the man, Colonel McClure was in such position, and I naturally defer my judgment to his.

If anything, Curtin is overdone, but one can pardon and admire Colonel McClure's enthusiasm for his life-long friend; and the book, spite of its faults of composition, should be read far more widely than Grant's Memoirs or any other book of the war times yet published.

W. H. THORNE.

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## FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

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SECOND childhood, as well as first, leans on a mother's love. A good mother is immortal. Memory preserves her reality when her earthly presence is no more. When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's love was fresh and potent, and he could be hushed to needed sleep by patting him gently on the shoulder and singing to him the familiar lullabies of long ago, after the fashion of that mother, who he fancied was still at hand to care for him.

Of his mother, a plain, quiet, Scotch woman, Thomas Carlyle, who had a very humble origin, invariably spoke with the tenderest love. He called her "his incomparable mother," and no words seemed too emphatic to express his devotion. "Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never indigence in any form, and which has made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me!" Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than were his intellectual attainments to "keep the memory green" of the "Sage of Chelsea."

The three sons of an Eastern queen tried to show their love for their mother by gifts laid upon her grave. The spectators most applauded one who made a libation of his own blood. The offering of a few drops in honor of his mother was counted a great virtue.

"In a spring freshet," says Lamartine, "a river rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home.

Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker-cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it went the mother-bird; unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of an old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart all over the world! Swept away by passion that child might be; it mattered not; though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him—a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.”

In further illustration of parental love, we would speak of a German mother, who often resorted to the graveyard to weep over the graves of her eleven dead children, and who had yet a living son, whose misconduct was the greatest sorrow of her life. One day he ran away from home. The mother's heart followed him in his prodigal flight. She sent a messenger to search for him. To him she said, “If you find my boy sick, or in prison, or in any want, do all that you can for him, and I will repay you.” She charged him to search through the streets and alleys of a great city till he should find him.

Pomponius Atticus, a Roman, pronounced a funeral oration on the death of his mother, and asserted that, though he had resided with her sixty-seven years, he was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between them, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation.

A Massachusetts chaplain, passing over a battle-field during our civil strife, saw a man just dying. His mind was wandering. His spirit was no longer on that bloody field, it was at his home far away. A smile passed over his face—a smile of rare sweetness, as, looking up he said: “Oh, mother! oh, mother! I'm so glad you have come!” And it seemed as if she was there by his side. By and by he said again: “It's cold! It's cold! Won't you pull the blanket over me?” The chaplain stooped down, and pulled the poor fellow's ragged blanket closer to his shivering form. And he smiled again; “That will do, mother; that will do!” And so, turning over, he passed sweetly into rest, and was borne up to the presence of God on the wings of his pious mother's prayers.

Out of one hundred and twenty candidates for the ministry it was found that more than one hundred attributed their religious experience to the example and prayers of their mothers. When



John Wesley was about deciding to go as a missionary to Georgia, he asked the consent of his noble mother, Mrs. Susanna Wesley. She replied: "Had I a hundred sons, I should be glad to see them all engaged in such a blessed work, although I might see them no more in this world."

"Nothing," says H. W. Beecher, "can compare in beauty, and wonder, and admirableness, and divinity itself, to the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women, bringing their children to honor, and virtue, and piety. I tell you, the inside is larger than the outside. The loom is more than the fabric. The thinker is more than thought. The builder is more than the building."

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

## "THE WISDOM OF GOETHE."

"THE WISDOM OF GOETHE" is rather a ponderous title for the delightful medley of criticism, philosophy, citation and comment, by Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. There is a penetrative, refined sight throughout Professor Blackie's work; but for all that there is also a lack of something, a partiality of the critical sense, or an overabundance of charity. The work is dedicated to the "Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, D.D., a large-hearted preacher, a generous theologian, and a healthy-minded poet," with an intimation that it is for guidance in fruitful action and sound thinking. According to most people's ways of thinking, the Rev. Charles Smith, or other gentlemen of his profession, would have to be decidedly generous theologians in order to accept Goethe as a guide to sound thinking. But Professor Blackie himself is a man of wide and generous culture, and his long familiarity with the best models of Greek thought and composition, has made him charitable toward those infelicities of Goethe's life which have led the exacting world to quarrel so constantly with the paganism of his genius and the license of his literary work.

The battle of final estimate as to the wisdom of Goethe is to be fought between these two extremes of modern culture; the one making a pet of ideal morality, the other a pet of genuine art, as expressed in all times and lands by superior intellects, among

whom Goethe confessedly was and is a burning and a shining light. No man can rightly judge the great German who has not thought as freely as he thought, and lived as independently and exaltedly. Professor Blackie has thought through the same channels and questions, but his Scotch birth and training and atmosphere have hung as flaming swords in the way of paths that Goethe trod with the conscious majesty of something almost divine. Professor Blackie admires Goethe; believes in him, but he has to apply salves and cover facts in order to explain away phases of the poet's life, which to a Scotch professor would seem little less than blasphemous and licentious, if they met him in the everyday life of a burly neighbor on the streets of Edinburgh.

The truth is, the world must accept Goethe as he stands, with all the facts attaching to his existence—and which Professor Blackie festoons with pleasant, Platonic fancies—or it must reject Goethe, once for all, as an invader of purity and a violator of confidence, that to common thinking are as sacred as human love. Mr. Lewes had no trouble on this score, for he himself was in altogether a more questionable atmosphere than Goethe had ever been; and besides, with unquestioned breadth of reading, Mr. Lewes had neither the fineness of nature nor lucidity of insight that gave him a right to be the interpreter of Goethe to this generation.

What Emerson and Carlyle have said of Goethe is all admirable in its way, but it is simply snatchy and laudatory in the main, and nowhere comprehensive of the real facts in the case or the issues involved. To this hour Goethe remains an unsolved problem, and it is just possible that a new generation and still a newer one will have to come before the native cleanness, audacity, and brilliancy of the man can all be admitted and reconciled. Professor Blackie's book is a very pretty and kindly attempt in this line—a new beginning and prelude of such final estimate.

The consensus of the human conscience and human intellect that could and did include Solomon and David among the inspired writers of the Old Testament, may rise again some day and speak once more to that in us all which is broader than those creeds and interpretations which too often shut the daylight out of human minds, because said daylight comes or seems to come through eyes that pierce our creeds, and fingers that fling all shams aside. Every man must be judge of what helps him or hinders. Every

man has an instinct for that which he can apply to literature as horse-sense is applied to fresh or mouldy hay. Goethe will not down. Generous-minded theologians are getting his "wise words" dedicated to them, and our children's children, whose eyes are bright enough will snap amid the midnight watches as they are enshrouded with the images of a genius in many respects the most subtle and bewitching the world has ever known.

Professor Blackie begins the preface of his book with this bit of lament: "There is nothing fills me with more sorrow occasionally than to see some foolish people throw away their lives." The implication would seem to be that to the mind of the author Goethe was among this number. But he does not mean that. In fact, Mr. Blackie means quite the reverse of that, and the foolish people are rather those who from any prejudice are unable to rise to the level of such reading as shall see Goethe as he is. Following the preface is a chronological summary of Goethe's life, grouping other prominent events of history that occurred simultaneously with the marked periods of the poet's career. Then follows an estimate of the character of Goethe, beginning with the rather trite expression that "the elements and forces that build up a man's genius and form his atmosphere and his environments are of two kinds, internal and external."

It might be as well to say at once that in Goethe's case, as in all others, a man's genius is a part of his atmosphere—rather say, born with him—and creates his atmosphere; the internal forever, thus controlling the external in character as in all things. Goethe's birth and early life; his little side-glances at Leipzig University training; his early tumbling against Lavater, Basedow and Jacobi are lightly touched, as their merits deserve. Goethe's early religious enthusiasm and his later entire loss of it are mentioned and an unsatisfactory explanation offered. It will not do to say that enthusiasm is a characteristic of youth, and as Goethe grew mature this dropped away. The truth is there is a whole tragedy of existence in that, which some future Shakespeare, dealing with the internal awfulnesses of human splendors, may weave into other *Hamlets* and other *Lears*.

In describing Goethe's intimacy with the Baroness Charlotte von Stein, and his life at Weimar in general, Professor Blackie proves that he has much more charity than familiarity with human nature and the ways of the world. Goethe's "previous



loves were mere girls on the sweet primrose borderland between sixteen and seventeen." The Baroness had been a faithful wife, a good mother, and was now, at thirty years of age, every way attractive. "This was the lady, a beau ideal of fully developed and finely harmonized, chaste womanhood, whose potent graces were destined to pour a healing balm into the heart of Goethe, bleeding as it still was from the recently disturbed relations with Lili, and prepared by nature for the still nobler function of fostering and training the great representative of her country's literature, and affording to him a constant source of spiritual consolation in the trying circumstances of his early career at Weimar." All very pretty, no doubt. But William Penn might have written as near to the real truth of Goethe's Weimar episode and training.

Again, Professor Blackie says: "During the whole weary ten years of what the Germans call his Weimar apprenticeship, his beloved Charlotte, with whom he lived on the most intimate footing—in fact, a sort of recognized member of the family—acted as a wise father confessor to the poet." That will do. In truth, Goethe's existence at Weimar was in no sense a weary period, but one of the most brilliant episodes of petting and spoiling any genius was ever blessed or cursed with. Again, Goethe had no idea, nor has the critical world any idea, that the Baroness von Stein was training his genius. That she did pour a healing balm into his heart for a time, and that she got a great deal more than she had to give, is all as clear as star-fire to those who have been there. And that an entirely new interpretation of spiritual phenomena will have to be accepted before her ministrations to Goethe can be interpreted as spiritual consolation, none but the most liberal-minded or short-sighted person will hardly dream. One does not need to be uncharitable or condemnatory in putting a wholly different interpretation on this little *lapsus naturæ*, of which men and women will gossip and gossip to the end of time.

Sooner or later, critics and the world at large will perhaps have to take Goethe's own estimate of his later relation with Christine Vulpius. For into it, as into the serious business of his life, he put his conscience and his soul, and stood bravely to the last. His life with Christine became a part of his splendid work, and it is understood that she is the heroine of the celebrated "Roman Elegies."

Professor Blackie considers Goethe as a philosopher in comparison with Plato, Spinoza and Leibnitz; quotes and approves Matthew Arnold's estimate of him, as "the greatest poet of the present age, and the greatest critic of all ages," and concludes his own summary by the suggestion that "with the exception of certain human failings here and there, he may well deserve to be studied by our generation, and to be handed down to long generations, as the model of a perfectly wise and virtuous man." But it is a case in which exceptions can hardly prove the rule, and virtue must put on new spectacles or Goethe take a few turns at repentance—which, from all accounts, he was the last to do—before this verdict will be accepted. Professor Blackie's quotations from Goethe's prose and poetry are well selected, and the book has a variety of charms.

W. H. THORNE.

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## PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

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SINCE the last issue of *THE GLOBE* I have seen my way to enter the Catholic Church, and as when I took this step it was with the understanding that I could not enter the Priesthood, though I had hoped to do so, and hence that any honors Rome might have to bestow were beyond my grasp; and as the step was taken with the full consciousness that the clientage and patronage *THE GLOBE* had won, by my independent thought and work, would in all probability greatly diminish in view of this change; my worst enemies, if I have any, and the enemies of truth, which the devil has in large majorities everywhere, can hardly attribute my "conversion" either to motives of ambition or greed of gain.

As to the Church, I am moved to say that in no single instance, up to this writing—June 20, 1892—has any representative or member of it given me the slightest encouragement to expect any financial or other aid that might in any way compensate for the possible losses just indicated, though I doubt not the Church will recognize any service I may be able to render, and will reward it as God designs.

It seems proper still further to state that, as *THE GLOBE* has everywhere been recognized so largely as the organ of my personal

thought, and as my own life—early given to the ministry, though afterward withdrawn from that ministry and its light broken with various darkneses—has always, and especially in THE GLOBE, been looked upon as a life given to the promulgation and defense of religious truth; for to this end was I born, and to this end am I in the world, to bear witness to the truth. It seems proper, I say, in view of these facts, also to state that in the future, whenever THE GLOBE touches questions of theology, it will be held loyal to the Catholic Church, though I have no idea of turning THE GLOBE into a theological quarterly, but intend to make it more truly literary than ever.

I shall welcome to its pages, as of old, opinions differing from my own, provided those opinions are expressed with such ability, and with such respect for abstract truth, as would always have won them a welcome to this Review. In all other respects, and on all other themes, the policy of THE GLOBE and its attitude toward the falsehood, hypocrisy, duplicity, corruption, incompetency, atheism and infidelity of the age will remain absolutely the same, unchanged and unchangeable, while I am its editor and owner.

THE GLOBE was never meant to be, it has not been, and will not be, primarily a review of, or a teacher of, dogma. Its mission is not primarily to elucidate theological and dogmatic history in and by the light of modern scholarship and science, so-called, but to prove, test and let God's eternal daylight in upon the events, revelations, discoveries, sciences, literatures, pretensions, politics and quackery of the present time.

The elucidation and explanation of Catholic dogma has been long and ably attended to in this country by the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, published in Philadelphia, and by the *Catholic World*, published in New York. The sphere for THE GLOBE is to seize upon present events and test them by the old eternal principles of truth and culture; and for this work, perhaps, the editor of THE GLOBE has had exceptional training.

To those who have been admitted to any familiarity with my inner life, during the last fifteen years, and especially to readers of THE GLOBE, the step here indicated will not be a surprise. Up to the age of sixteen I knew little or nothing of Catholics or of the Catholic Church. In the little South of England village, where I was born, we were well content with the services of the Church of England (the Catholic structure of which I never understood till



the moment of this writing), with the Wesleyan chapel, and such services as the Independents held in an old barn, and the occasional shoutings of the Ranters in their meeting-house on the side hill. If I had ever heard of a Catholic or of the Catholic Church up to that time it was in a sort of suppressed breath, as something ghostly, terrible, and of the past; so that when I first came to the United States, in 1855, I was about as ignorant of the Catholic Church as is the average Protestant of to-day, who, never having entered one of its buildings or listened to one of its services, or consulted one of its priests, or read one of its books, continues to hate and abuse the Catholic Church for no other reason than that his or her forefathers—Puritans or what not—hated Catholics, persecuted them, distrusted them, and in every way acted like incarnate fiends in every action that related to Catholics, or, indeed, to any other religious persons not the avowed bond-slaves of the hard and narrow, tyrannical, unreasonable and ignorant prejudices of Puritanism.

Being ignorant of Catholicism in these early years, I did not, of course, pretend to understand, much less to hate, berate and despise it. In this respect I always differed from the average New England and other cultured Protestant Catholic-hater of ancient or modern times. As an illustration of this ignorant hatred, ancient and modern, I quote here the language of a good friend of mine from a letter received by me since I became a member of the Catholic Church, premising only that the writer is one of the most cultured and representative of the New England Protestant literati of these days. This good Puritan friend says:

“You know my opinion of Romanism as a system. I not only distrust it, but view it with horror. Its history is written. . . . From my standpoint the Romanist is to be shunned, and a Romanist you now are. . . . Though I have had some pleasant acquaintances among Papists, I have never allowed one to ripen into friendship. Even as a servant in my household I never employ one. The truth is, they are not to be trusted, and you will find this out for yourself sooner or later. The outside is fair, but delusive. Duplicity is the beginning and end of it all.

“I cannot at all adjust myself to the thought of you in this light. Yet I suppose I must. The honor and honesty and conscience, which I have recognized and admired through all your aberrations, will be gone before you have been a year under their influence,

consciously to yourself, perhaps—if unconsciously, so much the worse. Such moral deterioration is a painful spectacle, to gods and men. . . . I may as well be frank with you for once and all.” Certainly there is a great deal of frankness in this; and a well-known professor and author of Philadelphia writes to me, in substance: “While I have often admired your work, what does it produce? Nothing but thorns, thorns, thorns. . . . Were it possible for you to be a Catholic you would, inside of six months, be telling the Pope that he was an ass.” The professor’s mistake is in supposing that I have no better opinion of the Pope than I have of the professor himself.

Thus the ignorance, impudence, and pitiable vulgarity of so-called refined and cultured people reveal themselves, when for a moment such people are off their hypocritical guard and speak out from the shallow depths of their untaught, untractable, and utterly un-Christian souls, and especially when the Catholic Church is under consideration. Both of these people are of the small circle to whom I felt moved to write personally on the subject. Both of them have been good friends of mine. One of them has subscribed liberally toward the success of *THE GLOBE*, and the other volunteered long ago to aid me financially when I was publishing my book, *Modern Idols*. Both have immense conceit of their accomplishments far beyond the real facts. But my special mission with them here, or rather with the reading world through them, is to say that when people, either by inheritance or by any special gift of money-getting, have felt moved to aid a prophet or a teacher of truth in the utterance of his truth, their acts of aid, no matter how liberal, do not either constitute them prophets, teachers of truth, or masters, or self-chosen advisers of the teachers of truth; much less do such acts make such teacher the slave of such benevolent people. On the contrary, the fact that they are admitted by heaven to the privilege of aiding such a man, ought to make them grateful and humble, alike toward him and toward Almighty God. Such, however, is unfortunately seldom the case. On the contrary, the rascally Judas, who carries the money-bag, is pretty sure to feel that he is boss, even of the Jesus who gives the rascal power to live; nevertheless, one poor man, with God, has often proved himself the true inspiring, yea the one supreme power in this world.

Time and again I am obliged to say in *THE GLOBE*, that I often

by my silence allow miserable knaves to take me for a fool, rather than let them see that I understand the depths of their knavery. But they do not need to write me insulting letters in order to reveal to me their innate vulgarity; and they do not need to write me ecclesiastical, theological and philosophical letters, in order to reveal to me the shallowness alike of their learning and their souls. It is my business to know these things, and I do not discuss them, either with the unwashed or the uninformed.

I never feel any unkindness toward such people, and never resent their attacks. In fact, when they express a desire for my friendship, I constantly admit them as closely as it is possible for Christian charity to strain itself in leading others to the treasures of its own immortal joys.

To me there is nothing terrifying in these Puritan and Quaker prophecies of evil. Even should I find Catholics to be as false and bad as my good friend of the old days predicts, it would hardly now ruffle the temper or patience of one who has found in his own Protestant household the subtlest, falsest, and bitterest enemies, alike of truth and of his own character and soul. And if God has enabled me to treat these with forbearance and kindness, surely he will give me strength to meet any new foes of truth and sincerity that I may, perchance, find among the friends or enemies that are yet to be.

Unfortunately, falsehood, ignorance, duplicity, vulgarity, selfishness, infidelity, vice, corruption and crime, are not the exclusive properties of any race, sect, or clime. They are the common inheritance of our fallen, or Darwinian, humanity. In Chicago they call this sort of thing *Fultonism* or *Swingism*. But of this I satisfied myself long before taking the step here indicated—viz.: that no *good* Catholic could be a bad man or woman, precisely as no *good* Christian can be a bad man or woman; but there are bad Catholics and bad Christians everywhere; people who have only a name to live while they are dead; people who are not even loyal to the simplest external demands of their Church, not to speak of those internal, spiritual, and eternal, and yet supremely reasonable demands, which the spirit of Christ makes upon the love and sonship and purity and fidelity of the human soul.

The weakness and fault of Mr. Emerson and the whole school of transcendental and Unitarian, New England and other ladies and gentlemen, who long ago found themselves without a religion



and going about seeking a new one, were *First*, that in their ruffled-shirt pride they never saw their own sins or the sins of the country and nation. *Second*, that they therefore had no means of curing their own sins or the nation's. Hence, by a law as old as God himself, they have naturally, inevitably drifted into all the weaknesses and conceits of atheism, and a self-contented, independent, Sadducaic, humanitarian, chameleon-like, will-o'-the-wisp moonshine.

Religion is impossible to a man who does not see the Devil—say in himself—as clearly as he sees God Almighty. Religion is impossible to a man who does not see the evil as clearly as the good of this life—the false as well as the true. Let us hope the day may come, in some far future, heaven, even on earth, when we shall see and worship only the good. But that will not be under the present Postmaster-General.

I think it was Cardinal Newman who assured Catholics that they had no conception of the evil and absurd things Protestants believed and thought of them. Unfortunately the converse of this is also true. But what a pitiable sign is all this of the pitiable side of our poor, imperfect, human lives; and could I but touch these lives with the ineffable charity of Christ and his true Church, what a revival of the victories of the apostolic ages might again bless and enlighten and enkindle the world! Perhaps the good friends who now mistrust and abuse me may one day find that the hope of this, and this only, is the key to whatever in my life may seem strange and offensive to them in these and other days.

Lest, however, my readers should conclude that I must have been unfortunate in my friendships, let me say here once for all—adapting the language of the noble, but impulsive, Brutus—I have never had a friend in all my life, but, after awhile he or she was true to me, and on my own terms. I am painfully, yet joyously, aware that my aims in this world are not those of the average man or woman, and that hence they are constantly misunderstanding me, occasionally becoming my enemies; but the sunrise comes at last, and we see eye to eye, without bitterness and some approach to Christian charity.

In happy contrast with the communications already quoted I have a letter from a very gifted clergyman of the Episcopal Church, heartily congratulating me on the step I have taken, adding,

however, as becomes a loyal man in his place, that he never expects to follow. But we never can tell.

I do not feel that this is the place or that this is the time for me to undertake a defense of Catholics or of Catholicism, in reply to the strictures already quoted. I am simply telling the story of my early and present attitude toward Catholicism, with side-glances as we go along.

From the age of 17 or 18 to the age of 28 or 30, that is, during my studies for and early settlement in the new-school Presbyterian ministry, my views of the Catholic Church were those of the average intelligent, liberal-minded Protestant preacher of the period, viz.: that while it was, in some overgrown sense, a branch of the true Christian Church, it had, by its unreasonable claims of authority, its old-time selling out to kings and princes, its persecutions of Protestants, and its exaggeration and travesty of Christian doctrine and life, sold its original birthright; and though it might perhaps be tolerated as a religion for the ignorant and superstitious, it was, in fact, a thing of the past, that ought to be taking itself away; and that, of course, the future of the world belonged to liberal but orthodox Christian Protestantism.

During my last two years in the Presbyterian ministry, however, this view was somewhat modified, though not deeply changed, by near personal contact with two or three cultivated Catholic priests. Then came a period of renewed study of the bases of all Christian doctrine; a period when Matthew Arnold, J. S. Mill, Buckle, Draper, Emerson, Carlyle, Goethe, Voltaire, Renan, Strauss, and many a lesser brood of new lights, had full sway over my mind with this net result, within three years after withdrawing from the Presbyterian ministry, viz., that not Protestantism—not even liberal Christianity—but Romanism or a purely new, natural, supernatural, religious rationalism, would rule the future world; and as I did not believe that Romanism could do so, I proceeded to evolve *Cosmotheism*, as of God in nature, and in all human history, independent of all past religious beliefs, but intended to reconcile all in one supreme religion of the future. The aim of *Cosmotheism* was not primarily to explain the God of Christianity or to honor the Lord Jesus Christ, but giving them their respective places in the great walhalla of religious heroes and deities, to build a religious system out of nature and reason and the natural supernatural light of all ages, greater than all the past, and able to contain it, and to lead the future, worlds without end.

Nearly twenty years have passed since this system entered into and was evolved out of my mind. Much of modern Christian science—Theosophy and Lyman Abbott evolutionism—can trace its origin to the first declaration of Cosmotheism twenty years ago. For at that time, it will be remembered, no man had attempted any such construction; and in all the years that have passed since the first announcement of Cosmotheism, no author has added one rational iota worth preserving in all the books that have been written on the subject. Cosmotheism is *not* Pantheism.

A few years after the first writing of Cosmotheism, and say, from 1872–1874 till within the past year, I was, when in Philadelphia, a frequent attendant at the vesper services, or as I later learned to call them, the services of the Benediction, in the Catholic Cathedral on Logan Square. At first I went to hear the music—especially the organ—because it had been built by the father of some Unitarian ladies who had attended my own preachings; and I soon found myself moved by this music as I never had been moved by any music in Protestant churches. So I continued to go, mainly for a sort of devotional enjoyment. After some years, however, and notably after many and severe trials in my own life, and after much new study along all lines of religious truth, I found myself more moved toward God and peace and duty by the simple services of the Catholic altar than by any Protestant preaching I had ever heard. So the great central fact of the universe, viz., the incarnation of God in Christ, and the next great world-fact of the incarnation of this Christ in the services of the Catholic Church, came back to me as if out of heaven, until Cosmotheism and all other voices of human reason seemed to be but the cryings of a child in the night, until the door was opened to me also; which no man shutteth, and I entered in and found rest and peace.

More than that I cannot at present reveal. To tell how, step by step, through years of exactest thought, through blinding tears, through agonies of yearning for the whole truth and duty—come life come death—and finally through the aid of a venerable priest and the beautiful kindnesses and prayers of a company of Christ's own angels, in a sisterhood of the Church, I saw it as the new Jerusalem of God on earth; the true bride of Christ, the true ark of human safety; the perfect ministry to and voicing of the religious human soul; and how I too was enabled to bend the knee before its altars and partake of its sacraments, would be like tearing one's heart out



and holding it up to public gaze—mayhap for daws to peck at or to be trampled under the feet of swine.

In due time, however, I hope to make all these things so plain and simple in their truth, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, will gladly drop his materialism, his silly philosophy, above all his own pride and conceit, and be obedient to God's truth as it is revealed through Christ in his Church in this bewildering world.

It would seem like premature and presumptive folly for one just entering the portals to describe the glories of the star spaces of love and charity and heavenly peace that may have dawned on his eyes. If I recollect the great Apostle did not attempt to describe the glories of the seventh heaven his rapt vision had beheld. And plainly as I have spoken in *THE GLOBE*, those who know me best know very well that the deepest experiences and visions of my own life have as yet found no printed words; and they will not till the time comes, when I may feel as free and as bound to speak of these things as of the things that now employ my tongue and pen.

Catholicism has taken care of its own reputation these eighteen hundred years, and is in no immediate need of me as an apologist therefor; moreover, my work in this world, whether in or out of the Catholic Priesthood, will remain largely the same, that is, to bear witness, by every simplicity and fidelity of life and by such words as I can utter, to bear witness to the truth of Christ and Christianity, and to lead men's souls to those depths and heights of pure charity and joy that can never be found outside the fold and temple that God himself has framed and made in this beautiful world.

Finally, should I have to meet suspicion, unkindness or even cruelty among Catholics, I know in advance that those evils are not the result of their religion, but of the absence of it, and I know also in advance, that the specific directions of the Sermon on the Mount and the sublime words of the Apostle to the Corinthians, if lived up to, are the only and the sure cure for such evils; that there are no two ways to conquer evil, but only one way; and, by and by, friend and foe alike will understand that I have not entered the Catholic Church expecting to find an easier time or better friends than I have had, but in simple obedience to the voice of duty and of God, and in simple loyalty to what I clearly see to be the highest evolution of God in mankind.

W. H. THORNE.

## GLOBE NOTES.

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IT is now three years since THE GLOBE was founded, and it enters upon its fourth year, dipping its pen in sunlight and bearing to its readers the fragrance and charity of the flowers.

THE GLOBE was founded without a dollar of capital back of it, and when its editor and owner was homeless, friendless and deserted even by his own. To such a pass had thirty years of earnest study and of life constantly devoted to the welfare and happiness of others, plus a temporary loss of faith, brought me when I felt it to be my duty to found a magazine in this country that should show no quarter to falsehood or incompetency, either in the literature, religion, politics, art, statesmanship, or mammonism of the times.

From a date very early in its career, and notwithstanding these facts, THE GLOBE has numbered among its subscribers and friends archbishops, bishops and many prominent clergymen of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, many statesmen, and leading politicians of all parties, and very many representative members of the professions of medicine and the bar. Still THE GLOBE has never been exclusively a magazine for parsons and learned men. On the contrary, wide-awake clerks, proofreaders, salesmen, merchants, and many gifted women, in all parts of the country, have not only subscribed for THE GLOBE, some of them liberally, but they have read it with care and joy, have talked of it to their friends, loaned their copies right and left, and, better still, they have, in scores of instances, written me the most beautiful and encouraging letters regarding their estimate of THE GLOBE, and so have sustained my hands and often kept my broken heart from fainting and failing utterly in the great enterprise undertaken.

In addition to all this, many public libraries, clubs and literary circles, here and abroad, have either subscribed for THE GLOBE, or have gratefully received it as a gift from its impoverished editor and owner. So that at this date I can confidently feel that THE GLOBE has won a circle of from eight to ten thousand careful readers, among all classes of representative people, here and abroad; and it might just as readily have won a hundred thousand actual

subscribers, if I had had the capital or the strength to have worked to this end.

As it is, THE GLOBE has paid its own expenses and made me a modest living from the start, and to-day not only has several trade credits—as good as cash due it—and quite a little stock of back numbers and bound volumes on hand, but in actual labor invested and in plant and good-will secured, represents an investment worth not less than \$20,000.

I do not boast of this; I dare not boast of it. Whatever of strength I have, whatever of good THE GLOBE may have done, or may yet do, I owe it all to the mercy and grace of God, and to the kindnesses, past and present, of a host of beautiful friends.

The present number (10) should be number 12, but ill-health and overwork the last two years have delayed several numbers; still, as all subscribers get their four numbers for their two dollars, and as hundreds read it without paying at all, nobody complains, or has a right to complain.

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Perhaps the most important political event of the year, to date, is the return of Mr. Gladstone and the so-called Liberal party to power in England; yet, in one sense it only means the reaction of a set of fools, who, having grown weary of strolling down one side of the street, turn around and stroll up the other. Such is the real majesty of the ballot-box, such the dignity of modern civilization.

Home Rule for Ireland is still the leading question for the "Grand Old Man," but home rule for Scotland, for Wales and the true final relationship of all the English colonies to the mother government are questions pressing almost as closely upon the attention of English statesmen of the near future; above all—home rule for England herself, that is, some sort of rule that shall lessen the number of paupers and thieves in that most Christian land, and teach the world that there are such things as sincerity, truth and honor, or ought to be, in the millennium of radicalism to which the nations are aspiring.

When Mr. Gladstone was in power before, from 1881 to 1886, it was my privilege to defend much of his policy in England and Egypt in the editorial columns of one of the most influential daily papers in America, and in a previous number of THE GLOBE I have given a note from Mr. Gladstone to me, showing his appre-



ciation of that work. It was at a time when most of our American foreign editorial writers were against Gladstone and seemed to think that the once famous General Gordon knew better than Mr. Gladstone how to treat the natives of tropical Africa. I thought differently, and the sequel has proved that the best thing for England to do with Central Africa is to let it alone for the present. I held that England did wisely—from a financial and commercial standpoint—in holding on to Egypt, regardless of France; but that to attempt to put the whole of Central Africa in her skirt-pockets was a crazy scheme. England already had and has enough irons in the fire.

As regards Mr. Gladstone's original scheme of home rule for Ireland, the moment I read the cable dispatches announcing his purpose of excluding the Irish members from the British Parliament, in case home rule became the law, I said that would kill his scheme; and I wrote him so personally, and it did kill it, as it deserved to be killed. It is too early at this writing to say what will be the merits or demerits of the old man's next scheme of home rule, for at this writing it has not been announced; but Gladstone, with all his splendid abilities as a writer and as a speaker, never was and never will be a broad-minded or a far-seeing man, and it is safe to assume that there will be something or other in the new scheme quite as objectionable as the feature of the old scheme which killed it.

In truth, the Irish politicians of the day are not a gifted race, and they have no respectable leader—probably would not obey such a leader if they had one. Men that can be fooled into following the leadership of such a weathercock and characterless chap as was Charles S. Parnell, are not the sort of men to know or trust the leadership of a truly great man. They are more apt to say, "Crucify him!" and proceed to kick him into the gutters of their own petty contempt. In truth, the politics of England and Ireland are in pretty nearly as bad a shape as the politics of the United States, of France, Italy, Austria, Germany and Russia; and we are all simply heaping up a pile of rubbish, of lies, till the fearful hour when God's avenging angel shall touch the electric spark destined to wrap us all in flames; maybe by cholera, maybe by war.

Will not our conservative sense of the value of property, the conservative sense growing out of the fact of large numbers of property owners mingling in public affairs in these days, prevent

such a catastrophe? Will not radicalism, advanced thought, progressive culture, the sober second thought of pious deacons usually given to lying and money-getting, prevent such a catastrophe? Will the struggling, strangling bodies of a few daring cranks stop the rush and flow of Niagara? What are a hundred shipwrecks with all their precious treasures of lives and merchandise when once the sea is angry? What is an angry sea to the wrath of Almighty God? Do you suppose that Wanamaker or Wanamakerism can subvert the eternal laws of nature?

No, no! Gladstone is near his end. When heifers are already tossing him on their horns, and Christian Englishmen are offering £50 for a strip of said beeve's hide; and this, too, while thousands of able Englishmen and Irishmen, within hailing distance of London, are starving for want of work; and other thousands are drinking themselves into filthy, lustful and shameful graves. And you expect such a civilization to live in the face of heaven, because you call it Christian and republican, and because it is done under the all-protecting arms of the Australian ballot. May the Lord have mercy upon your ignorant and deluded souls!

I tell you we are almost within gun-shot of the world-battle that shall break your Irish home rule, your French, American and Italian republics, your Austrian, German and Russian monarchies, not to speak of the empires of the sick man and the Celestials, into such dust and ashes as demons gloat over, and simply because you have put darkness for light, falsehood for truth, have built your fortresses and your armies out of the blood and oppressions of the poor, and have not heeded the simple words of justice and mercy in your daily dealings with each other, along any of the pathways of the world.

I believe in Gladstone and Home Rule as the immediate best things in and for England and Ireland. But England has abused and plucked Ireland until she has little to rule but her own misery, and that takes a higher faith and a higher civilization than Gladstone has ever known. Any demon soldier-thief, like William the Conqueror or Cromwell, can ride rough-shod over a peace-loving, industrious people, plunder their homes, their churches, and burn their pleading lives; but in the Trust Company of which God Almighty is President, accounts are kept and forces stored that bring the days of reckoning and judgment to all such people and to their children's children in all generations. I therefore expect

little of Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. And as for Henry Labouchere and the reasons why he did not get into Gladstone's cabinet—

“Lack a lack a daisy!  
My father's crazy;  
My mother's gone to bed  
And got a little baby!”

And why should Henry Labouchere, or any man like him, get into Gladstone's cabinet, or any cabinet but his own, and shut himself in, and lock himself in forever and ever? English cabinets are not such tremendous affairs of intellectual and moral vigor that a man of any calibre need be proud of being a member, except for the opportunity it might offer of doing a good stroke of official work where bad strokes are the rule; but the members are usually men of some sense and sobriety, and Henry Labouchere was never anything but a clown.

I should as soon think of chosing Robert Ingersoll to lead a prayer-meeting, or making him secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, as of putting Henry Labouchere into the British cabinet, if it fell to my lot to organize such a machine; and I fancy Mr. Gladstone, being of all things a man of shrewd common horse-sense, took about this view of the case.

Next thing Mr. Stead will be cursing because he is not made viceroy of India, or Female Superintendent of the British Empire! But will such men never learn that the world takes them at their true value and is quite willing they should wear their striped jackets and crack their rude jokes in the rings of its circuses, but nothing more?

The greatest kings and cabinet members of these days are the uncrowned kings—the untitled members—whose intellectual and moral powers make them masters of the minds and hearts of millions; but Labouchere and Stead are not of this stuff, either. They are simply first-class clowns.

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Of our American political situation it is hardly necessary to speak. We are just on the eve of one of our epochs of national ballot-stuffing, and whether Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland is to be the next President will depend no more on an honest vote of the majority of American citizens, than Bob Ingersoll's next atheistic speech will depend on the grace of God. His satanic ma-



jesty, the Devil, has the whole management of the business in both firms, unless I am much mistaken.

Four years ago it was found that Quay, Wanamaker & Co. were better ballot-stuffers, on the whole, than the representatives of Mr. Cleveland. And notwithstanding the fact that Cleveland got a majority of the votes of his countrymen, Quay, Wanamaker & Co. boosted their man into power by the subtle machinery of our famous electoral system. I do not think Quay will be in it to the same extent this year; if so it will not be in the same retail method. And Mr. Harrity, if he is calculating to fight over again the sort of battle his predecessors fought four years ago, will simply "get left," in the forcible parlance of the boys; and I confess that I have not any special confidence in his generalship. Quay, Cameron, Wanamaker & Co. have more brains in a day than W. F. Harrity & Co. will be apt to muster throughout the next campaign. Still, as far as principles are concerned, and as far as it is possible to think of these in politics any more, my sympathies are with the Cleveland men.

I think that free-trade and high tariff are the two extremes of honesty and dishonesty in modern political, commercial and business life; but the Democrats mean free trade only as the old-line Whigs meant anti-slavery—that is, as far as it seems to be politically safe at the present time. I think that utter tariff abolition and utter free trade are the safe and true methods of business—the only justice between man and man, and I am not as yet patient enough with the follies and lies of tariff men to argue with them on the subject. But our politics have little relation to principles, as I said. The next President will probably be elected by fraud and trickery, but so cunningly wrought that Mr. Harrity may never get at the mainspring of the watch that will belate him.

Two years ago, when all the papers were parading Quay as the man who would knock Harrison out and put Blaine in, THE GLOBE said Mr. Quay may make it look as if he were working for Blaine, but he will never really work for him. My reading of the Minneapolis Convention is that Quay & Co. only wanted *First*, to divert enough votes from Harrison to make his nomination impossible; *Second*, to show Blaine that he could not be nominated, and then to unite the Quay and Harrison forces on another man. Quay was beaten, but only for a day; Blaine was thrice beaten, and forever; and he deserved it.

I think that spite of Harrison's hearty nomination, Quay could and would have beaten him in the coming contest, and that without losing his hold upon the vote in Pennsylvania, if he had so chosen, or if Hill had been friendly to Cleveland. As matters stand, I think Quay and Hill have an understanding, based on the principles, so-called, of mutual protection, and that Harrison will be given New York and Pennsylvania, notwithstanding Pattison's and Hill's recent elections, provided Harrison will give such pledges this time as will allow Quay the Pennsylvania and Hill the proper New York patronage for the next four years. I think Harrison has already pledged this. Mr. Peck's early September statistics on the beauties of McKinleyism prove to me an understanding between the Quay elements in Pennsylvania and the Hill elements in New York, and of course they prove afresh what THE GLOBE has so often stated, that nothing can lie like statistics, except perhaps, our modern theories of astronomy. Meanwhile, I fancy that whichever man is elected President, the Postmaster-General—who is the next man nearest to a sort of national reputation—will soon retire to private life. Nevertheless, the Keystone and Spring Garden Banks of the future will not be wrecked by the old methods. While the slow Government experts and readjusters are trying to make rules and banking conditions to prevent stealings by the old methods, the real wreckers—the biggest of whom are still out of prison and unhung—are already practicing new methods of robbery, and the Government wiseacres will again be caught napping, as of old.

Poor Blaine! If I thought he were half as sick as the friends of Harrison represented just before the Presidential nomination, I would hardly say a word that might worry the old sinner in his declining days. But the dignity and importance of truth are of more moment than the fading reputation of any man. Blaine was never anything but a tricky, mediocre school-teacher, gone into politics for gain. His early career in Augusta, Maine, during the war, where bounty moneys were freely appropriated to personal ends, was enough to damn any public man, if honesty were any longer expected of such men. But all that showed no more weakness than his shilly-shally, hide-and-seek, petty methods touching the Presidency during these last ten years. The man is weaker than water. Old Simon Cameron was a political saint beside Blaine; but the Lord deliver us from such saints in

the future! Still I prefer either of them to Wanamaker and the Sunday-school, ultra-Sabbath mockery, and modern whining Puritan crowd. Yet these are our new apostles—Simon, James and John. Select the Judas for yourselves.

In truth, President Harrison's desire to remain in office during the next four years amounts almost to insanity; and as the *Tribune* man would give his two eyes to be Vice-President—though the office is a hollow mockery—and as the *Tribune* man never has stopped and never will stop at trifles on the road to gain his end, and as both these men know perfectly what Wanamaker and Quay did to put Harrison in power, and what they need to win the next election, so-called, Wanamaker may remain in office and Quay get all he wants this time.

Reid and Wanamaker both have lots of money—and it is all they have—and money will be needed and used in the approaching campaign, just as freely as four years ago, but in a different way. Party trading is the order of the day this time. Mr. Harrity and Mr. Hensel are both perfectly familiar with this business, but they are not the bold, aggressive gentlemen in the profession that Quay and Reid are.

Many people think that Wanamaker traded himself to the devil long years ago, and that hundreds of gaunt skeletons of God's eternal justice are already waiting to greet him on the farther shore. Others dream that hosts of angels are constantly patting him on the back and that the shrewd shop-keeper is something of a saint after all. The judgment will decide all that. Some of us know a great deal more than we reveal about it. But, aside from the general oil-and-water mixture of the man, there is little doubt that he traded himself to Blaine more than four years ago in Hamburg, when it looked like Blaine; there is scarcely any doubt that he traded himself to Harrison, through Quay, a little less than four years ago, and that the new firm of Reid, Quay, Wanamaker, Clarkson & Co., having brought Harrison to a sense of their importance, will, if needful, trade this Republic to hell-fire—not in order to make Harrison President—for in simple truth they despise the little granddaddy—but to get what they want for themselves during the next four years.

Wanamaker might have been Governor of Pennsylvania to-day, with a clean sweep on the inside track for the Presidency; but in an unfortunate moment he tried to get ideas for nothing and by



deception, that he ought to have sought openly and have been willing to pay for. He did not get them till his chance had fled.

As a shop-keeper and Sunday-school superintendent—where the mixture of kerosene and water seems to be a shining requisite—John has done well; but as a Postmaster-General he has been a contemptible and pitiable failure. The government envelopes and postage-stamps cost as much as ever, but they are all of a poorer quality than they were five years ago. The man cannot help being shoddy; he was born and bred that way.

He began his public career by a tilt with the Western Union Telegraph Company—meant to make it shoddy too; but now that he was no longer hiring women and children and manikin slaves, his shoddy methods failed, and he was ignominiously defeated. Next he tried to break up the lottery business by a system of postal espionage and by special legislation. But the postal espionage is a far greater and deeper vice than the lottery business; and as long as so-called free and intelligent American citizens want to invest in lotteries, in New Orleans or in Bethany Sunday-school fairs, they will do it. What is Wanamaker himself but a lottery? I hate and despise lotteries, and have an infinite pity and contempt for the fools gulled by them. But I include all lotteries—the Sunday-school and the Wanamaker species no less than the New Orleans breed—and I consider that whole postal battle an expensive, tyrannical, dangerous and contemptible failure.

Then Wanamaker tried to pose as a purifier of world-literature, and protector of the dear, sweet innocence of the American masses, by shutting out Tolstoi's book, the "Kreutzer Sonata." The result was that thousands of the books sold where only scores would have sold if Wanamaker had not dabbled in the sale. He is naturally a great salesman, and in this instance his ability served the people well, for Tolstoi's book taught more virtue and truth in a week than Wanamaker has taught or lived in a lifetime. So the good God makes the wrath and ignorance of official fools to praise Him and the remainder thereof doth He restrain.

A little more than three years ago Wanamaker and one McKean of Philadelphia were represented as booming property at Cape May Point, by giving President Harrison a house there. The President and his family were a little green then, and did not know that Cape May Point was simply a training-school for large-sized Jersey mosquitoes. However, the boom came, and the last thing I

heard of it was that Wanamaker was selling all the property he had there. Again I say, he is a great salesman; he can sell more shoddy goods in a day, and get more money for them—including “postage stamps and petticoats”—than any other man in the United States, but as a public man he is too pitiable for common respect. We shall see.

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Of the present phases of the Labor Question I almost shrink from speaking. The wholesale robberies and oppressions of the tariff barons and capitalists, and the whole millionfold lyings of McKinleyism on the one hand, and the more excusable but none the less fearful blunders and crimes of organized labor, so-called, on the other—particularly in this that when they, the laborers, see fit not to work for certain wages they resolve not to allow other men to work in their places for such wages or for any wages at all, and further proceed to murder, and destroy property in the execution of their maddened and blundering ideas—all this argues a state of moral degradation, of untaught and unteachable, obtuse, selfish, unprincipled, so-called civilization, that can only betoken more fearful times ahead.

Nearly a year and a half ago, in No. 6 of THE GLOBE, in a review of Carnegie's infamous *Gospel of Wealth*, I predicted that inside of two years his twaddle of human brotherhood in the *North American Review*, and his so-called benevolence in presenting a public library to the people of Pittsburgh, could not and would not hide or counteract the influence of the fact that he was then reducing the wages of his workmen below a living point, and scheming still further to reduce their wages in order to gain a greater percentage of profit for himself and his partners, and that inside of two years the dumb, suffering workmen, or slaves, of his establishments would find voice and action that would reveal the tiny, small, little, selfish, unprincipled, grasping, cruel dimensions of this auto-hypocrite, and paint him in the eyes of the world on a canvas not to be misunderstood. I even then had piles of facts back of what I said.

The occurrences at Homestead, during the past few months have been, so to speak, a fearful fulfillment of THE GLOBE's predictions. God forbid that I should glory in any cruelty or in any wanton destruction of life or property. But if capitalists murder justice, labor will murder capitalists and destroy their

property till doomsday, and by and by labor will get at your Major-Generals and Presidents and Kings. I am not hastening this day. Would to God I could prevent it. My poor but earnest words are meant only to prevent it if possible. But I point out to you the only possible way.

Wiseacre men, writing for the popular periodicals and the newspapers, say that up to date there is no known principle of solution for the difficulties between capital and labor; and I have heard priests and preachers and big-class, badge-wearing reformers advocate Government interference to fix a minimum of wages, etc., and generally square the problem by legislation done by a lot of fools at the bidding of other fools and knaves. As well try to keep cattle in poor pasture by fences built of hay.

Legislation in this country has already dabbled ignorantly and altogether too freely with the relations between labor and capital, with foreign emigration, and with a score of matters that it has neither brains to understand nor power to control. Above all things it does not understand, does not try to understand, and has not power to control, the relations existing between labor and capital. It always has been and always will be a matter to be decided between individuals, on the principles of common equity, if they are predominant in the individuals so deciding; or on the principles of common iniquity, if they are the principles predominant in the individuals so deciding; and just *exactly* as the principles of common equity prevail, in all such engagements, just so exactly will peace and prosperity and satisfaction and mutual trust and respect prevail between the contracting parties; and just *exactly* as the principles of common injustice, the principles of iniquity, lying, deception, and the taking of undue advantage prevail between the contracting parties of capital and labor, in any and all spheres, just so exactly will there be distrust, confusion, dissatisfaction, mutual hatred, capital combines to defeat labor, and labor organizations to defeat capital combines, strikes, madness, bloodshed and death. Yet you say you have no principles of solution for the Homestead and other similar troubles the world over in these days; and you think the Sermon on the Mount obsolete, and the Gospel needless, and the Church a sham. I tell you that only as you learn and practice the simple teachings of the Sermon on the Mount—Carnegie, Wanamaker, Blaine *et al.*—can you escape the damnations of Homestead, Buffalo, Coal Creek,



Arizona, and a thousand other damnations, even now creeping like demons at your feet, and soon to grasp your throats; that is, the real damnations of hell.

Seek elsewhere for a solution as long as you please, and when you are in the throes of the world's great judgment-day of revolution, so near at hand, and when from your capitalists' combines and from labor organizations alike, you are calling upon the rocks to fall upon you, and the seas to cover you from the fratricidal, parricidal, and suicidal, and national and international crime and darkness around you, look to me again and I will tell you the same story the prophets, the Saviour, and the saints told you ages ago; but then it will be too late for you, though not for your children who may, perhaps, learn the value of truth through the blood and misery of the war of lies so near at hand.

If Carnegie & Co. had made me arbitrator of the difficulties between themselves and their employés, I would have settled it in twenty-four hours, simply by preaching, not the Gospel of Wealth, but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to Mr. Carnegie, alone, without seeing any one of the men instrumental in fomenting the strike, and the fearful consequences of the same; but the modern pulpit is so generally sold to wealth and filled with trembling mediocre, cowardly men, that a rich man these days thinks he has little to do with preachers or prophets but to make them presents and treat them to cigars. I give you about ten years more to run things on the principles of so-called modern political and industrial economy.

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We have only space in this issue to say farewell to the beautiful spirit of Whittier and the generous heart of Daniel Dougherty.

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While this number has been going through the press, I have received and accepted propositions looking toward a removal of THE GLOBE to Chicago. From this date it will be published by THE GLOBE REVIEW COMPANY; our address will be 716 Title and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill., and I hope that all readers of this issue will be prompt and generous in forwarding their subscriptions.

W. H. THORNE,

THE GLOBE REVIEW, 716 Title and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

# THE GLOBE.

NO. XI:

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JANUARY TO APRIL, 1893.

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## THE STUPIDEST MAN ON EARTH.

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WANAMAKER AS A PHILOSOPHER. HOW A PIOUS DEACON PLAYED WHIST WITH THE DEVIL AND WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME. THE DOWNFALL OF REPUBLICANISM. WILL THE DEMOCRATS STAND ON THEIR FEET OR THEIR HEADS?

The *Chicago Herald* never said a truer thing than in its editorial of Friday, November 11, 1892, when it spoke of John Wanamaker as the stupidest man in the Republican party. As a slave-whip there is considerable crack to Wanamaker. He can even make a good speech to a Sunday-school, provided you never examine what he says. He acts as a capital chaperon to the wives of other politicians less or more favored than himself, and, as I have said now and again in *THE GLOBE*, he is the smartest salesman of shoddy goods to be found this side of those famous séance cabinets, the mountains of the moon. Why are there not mountains in the moon? I do not know. I never was there. Ask Wanamaker, and though he never read a scientific book in all his industrious life, and would never have understood it if he had read it, he will pose like a wise man—of the Philadelphia school, of course—and reply that if the foreign citizens of the United States should say there were no mountains in the moon, that would be a sufficient scientific reason for concluding that the moon was as full of mountains as the Wanamaker establishments are sure to be full of shoddy and sham. He is dreadfully afflicted with foreignphobia.

It was this sort of Wanamaker logic and philosophy that made the *Chicago Herald* man so wise. Eight years ago the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, M. C., gave it as his deliberate conclusion that the Republicans lost the elections because they had not enough votes to win them. That was plain, honest horse-sense, and did credit to the practical philosopher of the Keystone State. Four years ago Mr. Quay had procured an introduction to Wanamaker, through Blaine, and the two together concluded that the way to get enough votes that time was to buy them. We all know who put up the money, as Mr. MacVeagh said in his speech in Chicago; and we all know who did the trading, and what was the result. Last fall these same traders were caught in the act and discharged.

But, the reader may be querying, if Wanamaker was smart enough to play first assistant buyer for Quay & Co., and to figure as the great tradesman of the commerce of the White House, how can you call him the stupidest man on earth?

Ladies and gentlemen, over fifty years of experience have taught me the truth of my good old father's favorite saying: "The fool and his penny are soon parted." Lots of very stupid men are even making money in our day, not to speak of the fools who are spending it. Wanamaker has "made" lots of it; that is, he has wrung it out of the dying heart's blood of the poor. Above all, lots of stupid people of both sexes in these days are spending money and making sharp bargains, spending other people's money, too. It is in fact a dreadfully easy thing to spend other people's money, and just in that way was Harrison's election bought in 1888. Lots of fools could have done it, if they had only been scoundrels enough. Wanamaker, Quay & Co. combined both graces, and so found all the votes they needed; but did it pay?

The right smart trader is the man who makes both ends meet, and a little more. All Wanamaker knows, ever knew, or will know is to make money. Has he made money for himself or the government out of his cabinet position the last four years?

It is generally understood that this pious Philadelphia deacon paid a round one hundred thousand dollars for his cabinet position. His salary per year the last four years has been \$25,000, a more rascally waste than in the most useless pensions ever paid. Still, by the ordinary methods of arithmetic, that would just about make ends meet, but not to Wanamaker's credit—not one cent. And when you add to the \$100,000 said to have been paid for the



postmastership the many taxes that politicians are not only liable to, but obliged to meet, plus a good \$25,000 to help elect Harrison a second term and keep in with the Republican gang, you see that the famous shopkeeper of Philadelphia has simply been gambling with hell and has fallen in, as he deserved.

In exposing Wanamaker's business methods four years ago the New York papers showed pretty plainly that he had the most extensive plans laid all over the United States to use the exceptional advantages of his postal position to further all the branches of his retail trade; of course John blamed it on his more pious brother William, and William blamed it on some clerk, and so the matter was hushed up, precisely as later on Wanamaker's relations with the Keystone Bank robbery were hushed up, on the pious promise that the rascals would never do so again.

I am not speaking of the private lives or characters of these men, but of their public and official careers, and spite of all the subterfuges resorted to, such as silencing the Philadelphia newspapers by liberally advertising in them, and spite of all the acknowledged stupid man's ability for making money, I calculate that Wanamaker's public career has lost him or cost him from two to three hundred thousand dollars. Besides this it has cost him the exposure of those contemptible and pitiable qualities of the hypocrite and brought upon him the consequent and merited execrations of all honorable men. This is what I call playing whist with the devil and getting beaten.

Do you wonder that Wanamaker, when asked to explain what lost the Republicans the election of 1892, went on to say that the *foreign* elements in New York and Chicago did it? And further, "I cannot believe that our people will ever surrender the theory or practice of protection." "Our people!" Think of this mere beaver-smart shopkeeper talking of "our people" as if he owned us all! And "protection" of what? Simply "protection" to and for such ignorant gentlemen as Wanamaker & Co.

When I first landed in Philadelphia, in 1855, the Delaware river from the wharves of Kensington to the beautiful waters of Delaware bay was lined with the ships of an old established commerce. For the last forty years such half-taught stupidities as ex-Pig-Iron Kelly and our almost ex-Postmaster-General have been schooling Philadelphia and Pennsylvania into a belief in the absurd lies of tariff protection; and with what result?

To-day, while the general growth of the American nation has been without a parallel in all human history, the commerce of Philadelphia and the Delaware river is simply a by-word for the laughter of fools. For a while certain iron and coal interests in these centers, protected, so as to enrich their owners and at the same time impoverish and debase their operatives, prospered, and a few men grew rich, while the beautiful and favored city of Penn and the deep and beautiful Delaware river have lost pace with mere snails, have become practically deserted of brains and of progress, have fallen in the rear of all civilization, and are now practically content to be dominated and taught and led, like Siberian slaves, to cheap and shoddy markets by such unstriped-robed clowns as Wanamaker, Quay & Co. And this is "protection," and this is what "our people" are bound not to give up. Stuff and nonsense! Our people have given it up.

Seventy-five years ago Philadelphia was a rich and prosperous city while yet the Chicago river was left to its musk-rats and a stray Indian here and there. To-day Chicago has three beautiful residences to every one in Philadelphia, has three or four hundred thousand more inhabitants, has brain power enough to cough up Wanamakers by the million; and, for all its putrid corruptions, has in it thousands of souls who could give Wanamaker first lessons in piety, morals and trade, and make a man of the wind-blown, over-advertised, uncultured trader, even yet, were he only willing to be taught the true meanings of human trade and human brotherhood.

Protection, as preached by Kelly and Wanamaker, has always meant simply the protection of knaves, and the people of all races, politics and sections of this country have grown just a little tired of this dominion of a mere upstart, political crew.

And that, Mr. Wanamaker, and good friends everywhere, is the meaning of the recent elections.

The victory does not mean that the people have faith in the Democratic party—not yet. It simply means that the people, without regard to race or section, have ceased to have any respect for, or faith or confidence in, such chaps as Wanamaker & Co.

In my experience and travels for over fifty years I have met thousands of foreigners, any one of whom—from the archbishops of the church to the skilled foreign mechanics who have taught Americans all the skill they know—had more creative, useful and

helpful brain power, as needed in the development of this great nation, than a half a dozen such smart traders as this puffed-up, over-rated, shoddy deacon from Philadelphia. Verily the *Herald* was right when it called Wanamaker the stupidest man of the once honorable and useful Republican party.

As I have pointed out again and again in *THE GLOBE*, we were all foreigners a few years ago, and the only natives here were the more or less noble, but not very industrious red men. In fact, *foreigners*, from Christopher Columbus to William Penn, to Alexander Hamilton, to Phil. Sheridan, to the humblest Irish Catholic priest in this great and marvelous age of sin, have made this nation what it is to-day.

Recently a precocious child in Chicago remarked that the meaning of "Yankee" was a person born without the consent of his or her parents. There is a fearful truth underlying this wit, and perhaps the child's saying explains alike Wanamaker's dislike of foreigners and the everywhere-acknowledged unfilial attitude of Yankee children toward their parents. In a word, lack of parental respect and lack of respect for foreigners are akin; they are both, alike, a reversion of the old laws of parental worship, and of hospitality, and are to my mind the deepest signs of the fixed immoral and hellish tendencies of what we call "our people" and "our civilization."

But when Wanamaker has sold himself to such masters as Quay, and put himself under the tuition of such teachers as the gentleman of the White House, who has long been keeping school in his grandfather's hat—in the name of the simplest principles of logic and mathematics, what can you expect but undying stupidity? The postmaster-general's last annual report was a right smart paper, showing among other things that some of Mr. Wanamaker's subordinates are hard workers and good writers. But this famous shopman was always noted for getting good assistants, for pocketing the reputation they made him and giving them as little recognition and as small wages as possible. No wonder there has been a show of saving during the Wanamaker term of office. The man would scrape a flint to save paying full price for a brimstone match. But for all this he cannot hide his unutterable stupidity.



“Ring out the old, ring in the new.” But what will the new men do? From the days of James Buchanan to the last speeches of our now honored Vice-President-elect Stevenson, the Democrats of this nation have been far more famous for the sublime opportunities they have spit upon, trampled under their feet and neglected than for any opportune legislation or heroic party or national action that they have accomplished.

Political corruption and stupidity were never the exclusive properties of the Republican party. Mere sand-lot hoodlumism will not make Mr. Cleveland’s administration a shining success. All that will now be said about the handsome and amiable Mrs. Cleveland and her baby could well be spared out of the history of the next four years. Mere rum-shop democratic bummers need not feel that this is their victory, and that now they are to step in and shout and yell this nation into a new career of glory.

One evening last November, as I was strolling, in company with an excellent Democratic gentleman, along West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, a handsome open carriage, full of noisy, drunken young Democrats, went rolling down the smooth street, and out on the still air floated the shoutings of these Democratic victors, insulting all the pedestrians they passed, or trying to insult them, with the hope, of course, of especially insulting any stray Republican that chanced to be on the streets.

Among other of their leerings and jeerings I noticed this: “What’s the matter with Stevenson? He’s all right!” Poor clowns! Do they expect Democracy to triumph by such drunken shows?

I consider Mr. Cleveland’s letter and speech just before the campaign of four years ago the ablest, the most statesmanlike utterances this nation has heard since the days of our old colonial government, or at least since the days of Washington, and if the Democratic party will adhere to that, live up to it, legislate in its spirit and send the McKinley Bill and all it stands for to everlasting Hades there is nothing to prevent it from holding the reins of power in this nation for the next one hundred years.

But if this Democratic party, moved by rum-shop or other similar influences, merely stands upon its head and kicks its heels in the air and brandishes its shillaly of triumph and does nothing worthy of its opportunity, why Mr. Hill will not get the portion he

has bargained for and the Democrats, four years hence, will have to eat precisely the same sort of old black crow the Republicans are now expecting to live upon.

I wish them all the grace and wisdom they need and all the success they may deserve.

W. H. THORNE.

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## ISABELLA, THE WOMAN AND QUEEN.

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The nineteenth century has been called the Age of Woman. Yet the nineteenth century has no Isabella.

Æsop's fly perched on the axle of the wheel and exclaiming exultantly, "What a dust I do raise!" is only the symbol of a quite universal weakness. The present age always seems the most glorious age, its progress the most wonderful progress, and its importance far greater than the importance of any that have preceded it. So in the glamour of this delusion we almost forget that Woman was a power morally, socially, and intellectually in the fifteenth century as in the nineteenth, that the doors of universities were open to her, that she not only studied but actually taught within their sacred precincts.\* In the university of Salamanca she had a place, and when Isabella, on ascending the throne, set about the acquisition of the Latin tongue, it was to a woman that she turned to be her tutor. Nay, we can go farther back than the fifteenth century and to other parts of the world than Spain. In Italy in the thirteenth century a noble Florentine lady contended for and won the palm of oratory in a public contest in that city with learned doctors from all over the world. Farther back still, in the fourth century, St. Catherine of Alexandria, standing in the great hall of the royal palace in the presence of the emperor and assembled notables of his kingdom, converted by her learning and her wisdom the forty venerable philosophers arrayed against her. Plato and Socrates this modest Christian maiden could quote and she knew by heart the Books of the Sibyls.

The Age of Woman dates not from the nineteenth century, but from the first; is due not to modern civilization, not to modern progress, but to something grander than either—the mainspring of both—the religion of Christ and of his Church.

\* Prescott—Ferd. and Isabella. Vol. II., Page 197.

The greatness of Isabella need not, therefore, be looked upon as something extraordinary and unaccountable. She was merely the logical outcome of the country in which she was born, and the religion in which she was bred—Catholic Spain of the fifteenth century. The life of Isabella might be set forth in two fashions—with the mathematical accuracy of the historian, every date with its accompanying event and every event with its underlying significance; or in the manner of the artist, by a series of pictures, more or less vivid, as skill and circumstances permit. The latter will doubtless prove the more interesting.

To the ambitious biographer there is nothing more distressing than to find that the most important events of life must be told in a bald and commonplace manner. To be born! there is nothing more wonderful, and yet when one says that the wee Castilian maid, afterwards to be dignified by the title of Isabella the Catholic, was born at Madrigal on a spring morning in 1451, one feels that an event of such importance should scarcely be dismissed with such brevity—an event that affected the destiny of Castile, of Europe, and of the undiscovered America.

Isabella's father, a mild-mannered prince more fond of letters than of statecraft, died when she was but four years old, lamenting that he had not been born the son of a mechanic instead of King of Castile. He had been twice married and had had by his first wife one child, a son, who succeeded him, and by his second two children, Isabella and the infant Alonso who in his fifteen years of life gave promise of a noble future.

To understand the character of Isabella it is necessary to at least outline the political condition of the country in which she lived. Spain in the fifteenth century was not one of the great powers of Europe. It was divided into petty states of which Navarre, Aragon and Castile were the most important. Overrun by the Moors and tyrannized by numerous factions of the nobility, it was no wonder that Spain seemed to many a desolated country. "What is the use of building castles in Spain when one must live in France?" wrote St. Francis de Sales to a lady of his acquaintance, because, says the biographer, "there were no castles in Spain in those days." And yet there was a spirit of freedom and of Democracy among its people which no other country of Europe could match. "We who are each of us as good as you," ran the oath of allegiance taken by the Spanish Cortes to a new king,



“and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government if you maintain our rights and liberties, but not otherwise.”

It was over this people that Isabella was to reign. The court of her brother, King Henry of Castile, was a debauched one, the king himself a coward and worse, who drained the already meagre royal treasury by his luxury and extravagances. Fortunately for Isabella, her youth was not destined to be spent amid the glitter and frivolity of the court. Until the age of sixteen she lived in retirement in the little town of Arevalo under the care of her mother. Her hand was first solicited for that very Ferdinand of Aragon who was destined to be her future husband, though not until after many vicissitudes. She was next betrothed to his elder brother Carlos and on his decease was promised by King Henry to Alfonso of Portugal. Isabella was present with her brother at a personal interview with that monarch, but neither threats nor entreaties could induce her to accede to a union so unsuitable from the disparity of their years. The Marquis of Calatrava, a powerful but fierce and licentious nobleman, next pressed his claim, whereupon Isabella shut herself up in her room and abstaining from food and sleep implored Heaven to save her from the dishonor of such a union by her own death if need be, or by that of her enemy. Her prayer was answered. All the preparations for the wedding had been made, the marquis was on his way to Madrid where the ceremony was to be performed, when on the second day of his journey he was stricken with an illness which shortly terminated his life.

Among other suitors for Isabella were the Duke of Gloucester, infamous forever under the title of Richard III., and the Duke of Guienne, brother of Louis XI. of France. They were all of them unsuccessful. For once, old heads and young hearts were in unison. Statecraft as well as youthful preference pointed to Ferdinand of Aragon. The superior advantages of a connection which should be the means of uniting the people of Aragon and Castile were indeed manifest. Yet Isabella was too true a woman to be moved to so important a step by purely political reasons. She dispatched her chaplain to the courts of France and Aragon, and when he returned with the report that the Duke of Guienne was a feeble, effeminate, watery-eyed prince, and that Ferdinand, on the other hand, was possessed of a comely figure, a graceful

demeanor and a spirit that was *up to anything*, Isabella was not slow to decide.

She resolved to give her hand where she felt that she could give her heart. Owing to the intrigues of King Henry and his persistent efforts to thwart the marriage, the lovers were obliged to resort to subterfuge. Disguised as a mule-driver Ferdinand set out at dead of night from the court of Aragon accompanied by a half dozen of his followers, supposed to be merchants, while to divert the attention of the Castilians, another cavalcade proceeded in a different direction with all the ostentation of a public embassy from the court of Aragon to King Henry. Ferdinand waited on the table, took care of the mules and in every way acted as servant to his companions. In this guise, with no other disaster save that of leaving at an inn the purse which contained the funds for the expedition, Ferdinand arrived late at night at one of Isabella's strongholds, cold, faint and exhausted. On knocking at the gate, the travelers were saluted with a large stone rolled down from the battlements which came within a few inches of Ferdinand's head and would doubtless have put an end once and for all to his romantic enterprise. Expostulations were followed by explanations; when the voice of the prince was recognized by friends within great was the rejoicing, and trumpets proclaimed the arrival of the adventurous bridegroom. Arrangements were at once made for a meeting between the royal pair. Ferdinand, accompanied by only four of his attendants, was admitted into the neighboring city of Valladolid where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo and conducted to the apartment of his mistress. Courtly parasites had urged Isabella to require some act of homage from Ferdinand in token of the inferiority of the crown of Aragon to that of Castile, but with true womanly dignity she refused to do so. She never forgot that she was a woman, even though a queen, and would not allow a sign of inferiority from one who was to be her husband.

The interview lasted two hours. Ferdinand was at this time eighteen years of age, Isabella a year older. His complexion was fair, though bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his eye quick and bright, his forehead ample and inclining to baldness. He was active of frame, vigorous of muscle, invigorated by the toils of war and exercises of chivalry, and one of the best horsemen in the kingdom. His voice was sharp and decisive save when he wished

to carry a point, then his manners were courteous, even insinuating.

Isabella was a little above the middle size, her blue eyes beamed with intelligence, her hair was light, inclining to red, her manners dignified and modest.

The preliminaries of the marriage were adjusted, but so great was the poverty of the parties that they had to borrow money to defray the expenses of the ceremony. But in spite of all opposition, in spite of such humiliating obstacles, Ferdinand and Isabella were married on Oct. 19, 1469, in the presence of the Archbishop of Toledo, the admiral of Castile and all of the nobility that espoused the cause of the youthful pair.

The first few years of married life were uneventful, but on the death of the king in 1474 and the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella the country was at once plunged into the War of the Succession. The royal pair had refused from the beginning to be put in leading strings by the Archbishop of Toledo, and the haughty prelate, disgusted with treatment to which he had not been accustomed, withdrew from their court and espoused the cause of the unfortunate Joanna, boasting that "he had raised Isabella from the distaff and he would send her back to it again." The death of the King of Aragon at this time called Ferdinand to the throne, thus practically uniting the two crowns. It would be useless to dwell upon this long and stormy period. At one time indeed all parties were so worn out by the war that the King of Portugal, who had been affianced to Joanna, offered to resign all claims to the crown of Castile upon the cession of certain provinces. Ferdinand and his ministers were willing to accede to his proposal, but Isabella proudly replied that "she would not consent to the dismemberment of a single inch of Castile." After a struggle of nearly five years, a treaty was at last arranged, the King of Portugal resigned his pretensions to the throne, Joanna entered a convent and Ferdinand and Isabella, relieved from the pretensions of ambitious rivals, were allowed to turn their attention to the internal welfare of their kingdom.

One of their first acts was to reform the laws, to prohibit the adulteration of money and to gradually lessen the overbearing power of the nobility by the elevation of the Cortes. On certain days of the week the king and queen presided personally at the court of justice, and so prompt and so just were their decisions



that it came to be said that it was more difficult and more costly to transact business with a stripling of a secretary than with the queen and all her ministers.

There are many stories told of Isabella's promptness and heroism in the presence of danger. When news was brought to her of the revolt of the city of Segovia she at once mounted her horse and, accompanied by a handful of her followers, effected an entrance through one of the gates. Riding direct to the citadel where the tumult was at its height, she stationed herself in the courtyard and demanded of the enraged populace the cause of the insurrection.

"Tell me what are your grievances," said she, "and I will do all in my power to redress them; for I am sure that what is for your interest must be also for mine and for that of the whole city."

Such conduct won the respect, admiration and love of her subjects. The insurrection was put down and the mob dispersed shouting, "Long live the Queen."

One of the stumbling blocks of the biographer in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is the Inquisition, that last rock thrown by all Protestant writers at the Church of Rome. Volumes have been written about it—they need not be added to. It is sufficient to say of it that it was primarily a political rather than a religious institution; had its origin partly, it is true, in a misguided zeal, but far more largely in avarice and greed. It was aimed at the Jews, whose position in Spain had long been a humiliating one, the outcasts of society. To hold Isabella responsible for the injustices of the Inquisition would be as absurd as to blame Washington for the evil of slavery, as absurd as to expect in the fifteenth century the enlightenment of the nineteenth. All history is a record of progress—from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, from bondage to freedom.

The history of the Moors in Spain, the recital of the splendors of their stately capital Granada and of its gradual overthrow and the subversion of the Arabian empire in Europe is a more alluring subject. Irving has dwelt upon it in his own picturesque and fascinating style. The Moors were as fierce and terrible in battle as they were luxurious and effeminate in peace. Cordova with its narrow streets that seemed to whisper nightly of strange adventures, its lofty houses with turrets of curiously wrought larch or stone, its white columned mosques and marbled fountains, its airy

halls fragrant with the perfume of the orange, the olive and the pomegranate—all this has a peculiar fascination to the student and the traveler.

In these wars with the Moors, as in all other wars, Ferdinand assumed the command of the army, while Isabella directed the internal arrangements of the kingdom and supplied the sinews of battle. She held herself indeed ever in readiness to go to the front, and in some cases was called upon by her husband to do so when the spirits of the soldiers were flagging and he wished to infuse new ardor into the struggle. She always responded with the greatest alacrity, and it was due to her wisdom that many reforms in camp-life were instituted. She was the first to originate what were then known as "Queen's hospitals,"—tents for the sick and wounded. She was, in the words of Prescott, "the soul of this war," and her ever present motive was zeal for religion. When the army lay encamped before Granada she appeared on the field superbly mounted and, dressed in complete armor, she visited the different quarters and reviewed the troops. Everywhere she aided the king by her wise council, her consummate management and her inalienable purpose.

In 1492 Granada fell and with it the Moslem empire in Spain. The traveler can still see the rocky eminence in the Alpuxarras from which the Moorish king took his last farewell of the scenes of his departed greatness as the gleaming turrets of Granada, crowned with victorious ensigns of Spain, faded in the distance. The spot is called to this day the "Last Sigh of the Moor."

1492 brings us to the most important event in the reign of Isabella, the discovery of America. The story of Columbus is known to every school-boy. How he had vainly importuned his native city of Genoa, had sought the aid of the king of Portugal, all the weary fruitless years that passed waiting at the court of Spain and how finally in direst poverty and despair he sought at the convent of La Rabida for food and drink for himself and his wearied helpless little son—all this there is no need to tell.

The first astronomer who advanced the theory that the stars were worlds like our own was probably met with no more incredulity than the Genoese visionary who, standing in the midst of the Spanish court, pleaded for this land of the western sphere. His learning we are told took them all by surprise, but it convinced few. Isabella alone, who from the first seems to have been favor-

able to him, was won by his enthusiasm, and when there was question of the means necessary to equip the ships, royally declared that she assumed the undertaking for her own crown of Castile and was ready to pawn her jewels if the funds in the treasury were found inadequate. Thus did the belief of a Dominican monk and the unfaltering enthusiasm of a woman prevail over the arguments of men of science and the incredulity of statesmen. No need to tell of that voyage, the three small ships setting out so dauntlessly guided by one who had a dauntless heart.

“Over the wide unknown  
Far to the shores of Ind,  
On through the dark alone,  
Like a feather blown by the wind ;  
Into the west away  
Sped by the breath of God,  
Seeking the clearer day  
Where only his feet have trod.”

Beautiful as are those lines they scarce equal in grandeur and simplicity that sentence of Columbus, written in his log-book: “To-day we sailed westward which was our course.”

Woman’s faith, called until proven woman’s credulity, once more rose triumphant and Isabella has no fairer crown than that woven by her trusted and valiant discoverer. “In the midst of the general incredulity,” wrote Columbus, “the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy; and whilst everyone else in his ignorance was expatiating only on the inconvenience and cost, her highness on the contrary approved it and gave it all the support in her power.”

Religious zeal had dictated the war against the Moors, religious zeal urged Isabella to sanction the seemingly hopeless voyages of Columbus, and when these voyages were crowned with success her first solicitude was the welfare of the benighted and helpless natives. In view of Isabella’s known principles and her many stringent measures, it is a little singular that her attitude on the subject of the slavery of the Indians should ever be questioned.

“When the most pious churchmen and enlightened statesmen of her time,” says Mrs. Jameson, “could not determine whether it was or was not lawful, and according to the Christian religion, to enslave the Indians; when Columbus himself pressed the measure as a political necessity, and condemned to slavery those who offered the slightest opposition to the Spanish invaders, Isabella



settled the matter according to the dictates of her own merciful heart and upright mind. She ordered that all the Indians should be conveyed back to their respective homes, and forbade absolutely all harsh measures toward them on any pretence. Her treatment of Columbus was equally generous. When owing to various mistakes and misunderstandings the reaction set in against him and he was sent to Spain in irons, Isabella indignantly ordered that he be set free at once and herself sent him the money to come in state and honor to her court. He came accordingly "not as one in disgrace but richly dressed, and with all the marks of rank and distinction. Isabella received him in the Alhambra, and when he entered her apartment, she was so overpowered that she burst into tears, and could only extend her hand to him. Columbus himself, who had borne up firmly against the stern conflicts of the world and had endured with a lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men, when he beheld the queen's emotion, could no longer suppress his own; he threw himself at her feet, and for some time was unable to utter a word, for the violence of his tears and sobbings."

It was under her special patronage and protection that he set sail on his fourth voyage of discovery, from which Isabella did not live to see him return.

The uses of suffering! They have often been dwelt upon; possibly they can never be learned by hearsay. As a queen, Isabella attained the greatest glory; as a mother, she was called upon to endure the deepest sorrow. The anguish of a father's or mother's heart at the loss, the ruin of a loved child—that indeed must be something that only those who have felt all its anguish and all its bitterness can ever fathom. While her husband was engaged in his brilliant wars in Italy, and the great captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, was daily adding new glories to the crown of Spain; while the fame of that great prince of the Church, Cardinal Ximenes, was spreading throughout Europe, Isabella's life, clouded by domestic misfortune, began gradually to decline. One after another her children had been taken from her by death and by misfortunes worse than death. Her only son, Don John, died three months after his marriage. Her favorite daughter and namesake lived but a year after her nuptials with the king of Portugal, and their infant son, on whom were founded all the hopes of the succession, survived her but a few months. Isabella's

second daughter, Joanna, married to Philip, prince of the Netherlands, became insane, and there can be no sadder history than that of her youngest child, Dona Catalina, memorable in history as Catherine of Aragon.

These and other misfortunes clouded Isabella's last years. When she felt the end to be not far distant she made deliberate and careful disposition of her affairs. Even on a bed of sickness she followed with interest the concerns of her kingdom, received distinguished foreigners and took part in the direction of affairs.

"I have come to Castile," said Prosper Colonna, on being presented to King Ferdinand, "to behold the woman who from her sick-bed rules the world."

There was no interest in her kingdom, her colonies or her household that she neglected. In her celebrated testament she provided munificently for charities, for marriage portions to poor girls and for the redemption of Christian captives in Barbary. Patriotism and humanity breathed in its every line—she warned her successor to treat with gentleness and consideration the natives of the New World added to Spain; warned them also never to surrender the fortress of Gibraltar.

"By her dying words," says Prescott, "she displayed the same respect for the rights and liberties of the nation that she had shown through life, striving to secure the blessings of her benign administration to the most distant and barbarous regions under her sway."

The woman whom life had not daunted, death could not dismay.

On the 26th of November, 1504, Isabella the Catholic breathed her last in the 54th year of her age and the 30th of her reign. She had ordered that her funeral be of the simplest and the sum saved by this economy be distributed in alms among the poor; that her remains be buried in the Franciscan Monastery in the Alhambra of Granada in a grave level with the ground and trodden down and that her name be engraved on a flat tombstone. "But" she added, "should the king, my lord, prefer a sepulchre in some other place, then my will is that my body be there transported and laid by his side, that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and through the mercy of God may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth."

True queen and true woman she had proved herself through life, true queen and true woman she proved herself in death.

Spain lost its brightest ornament in losing her, the world one of the greatest of its women. In every age women are brave and pure and noble, but none were ever braver, purer or nobler than Isabella, the Catholic Queen of Castile.

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

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## A STUDY OF FACES.

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It is beginning to be understood everywhere that we must look to photography, portraiture, sculpture and the monuments, scarcely less than to written history, for true estimates of the lives of men and nations. And although historically, as to time, Greece was late in coming into the civilization of the world, she was the first to carry to any known perfection the art through which the ideas of this study have been gained. To modern eyes the portrait art of early Egypt and Assyria looks like caricature compared with the still inimitable work of Greece; hence, we begin our study with a few of her master faces.

A glance at the received portraits of Zeus and Socrates indicates either that the philosopher sat for the likeness of the god or the god for that of the philosopher. It is not probable that either one, find it where you may, stands for an actual portrait of any actual man. They do, however, stand for the ideal type of face that all the best Greeks aimed to attain, and that many of them did attain. Greece became the incarnation of art, and glorified herself in forms of beauty that are the highest standards even of the latest crazes in modern art, because she had first developed types of human character breathing their excellences in human faces, which they themselves, and we after them, have called divine.

The physical, mental and moral powers are in finest equipoise and harmony in the phrenology and physiognomy of the Grecian Zens. Michael Angelo's Moses is but an Italian, softened reproduction. The standard pictures of Socrates are a little less bold and magnificent in expression, a little heavier of spirit—as if haggard somewhat by frequent contests with Xanthippe—but otherwise the ideal is the same. In truth, Socrates approaches nearer to real life, and Zeus or Jupiter is more ideal. In the brow



and pose of Hercules, and in the whole expression of face, the moral, intellectual and spiritual are sacrificed for the perfection of physical force and form. It is the god of materialism, and much of our modern life points to his lineaments as its ideal dream and end. No one of these gives us the face of a prophet or a savior of men. Each lacks the intensity and spontaneity of voluntary martyrdom. Make men with heads and hearts like Jupiter or Socrates and martyrs would not be needed. Just in the proportion or measure that the Greeks fell from this ideal they became the petty worldlings that made martyrs necessary. So Socrates died for them, and that not proving efficacious they all died after awhile.

It is a sad but beautiful study to watch how this ideal fades and dwindles through Plato, who in a sense maintains the intellectual strength of Socrates, but loses his master's independence and with it his grandeur of soul and moral heroism; and again through Sophocles, who still holds the intellectual power of the masters but cannot speak it as directly even as Plato; and so must put it into the sublimest dramatic poetry the world knew till our own Shakespeare came.

Fortunately our modern encyclopædias and our works of general history are well supplied with more or less correct likenesses of the able men and women of all historic times and nations. They are reproductions of the best statues and portraits that art has handed down to us, and a careful study of what these men did and were reveals the fact that the faces we have of them tell their real and true story.

It is a little odd, but the accredited face of Solon looks like that of an Egyptian Jew, with hair and beard trimmed, and taken to regular Daniel Webster statesmanship—a wise old person with an eye for the main chance. There is less of the mere vulture in the eyes of Solon than in those of Webster. There is also less abandon in the general network of the features. Still, though older, it is a more modern face than those of the Greeks in their golden eras of art, philosophy and poetry.

The accepted portraits of Homer are wonderful revelations of the true character and powers of the man who wrote the Iliad, for I have no doubt that one man did it in the main. Homer's face is more introspective and dreamy than that of Zeus or Socrates. It has for its blindness a softer, far vision of sentiment, song and

moral heroism ; is less aggressive, less complete than that of Zeus, less set in its reasoning faculties than that of Socrates, but in certain lines of quiet aspiration, speech and glory it outshines them all. There are no new ethics for the making of such faces. The old way of martyrdom is still the newest way. Does the eye offend, pluck it out ; the hand, cut it off ; it is better to be blind and write *Iliads* or a *Paradise Lost*, than having eyes and hands to miss such glorious vocation through concentration on lesser works and ends.

Coming to the faces of the fighting Greeks, there is plainly a fall from the large completeness of their gods, their poets and philosophers—prophets, in the old, true Hebrew sense, they had none ; never had. A long, long story that, and unfortunately we have not the faces of *Isaiah* and *Daniel* and the rest to mark the sharp differences between the Hebrew prophet and the Greek philosopher. The difference was that of simple moral and spiritual concentration, with equal intellectual power. *Solomon* knew all that *Plato* knew and something that *Plato* did not know. It is that difference which marks off the Hebrew race—a long, long story, as we said. *David* knew all that *Gœthe* knew, and more. In common portraiture, their pictures approach nearer than those of any two great poets of the world. Here, too, is a supreme revelation of the true instincts of universal art. Two thousand years apart ; the one a Jew, Semitic, the other a German, Japhetic ; no reliable photograph of *David*, but for two thousand years a face of him cherished in art museums till *Gœthe* comes, lives a similar physical life, of evident similar mental powers, but without the Hebrew's fountain of tears, because without his moral and spiritual perception of the nature of moral evil and the character of that central spiritual energy which rules alike in the flowers, the songs of men and the eternal stars.

It is said of *Gœthe* that he once remarked to a presumptuous priest : “ What have I to do with repentance ? ” And the saying well becomes his self-centred lips. It is a profound question. *David* knew how to answer it and *Gœthe* did not ; that is all.

But we were speaking of the early Greek fighters. The faces of *Miltiades*, *Themistocles* and *Alexander* are familiar to the world. Of the three the hero of *Marathon*, as we should expect, approaches nearest to the ideal face of the poets and the gods. In quieter times *Miltiades* might have been a statesman or one of the

great poets of the world, but nature added the harsher element and Providence turned his fine sentiment into one of the finest deeds ever done by mortal man; and the face of Miltiades tells all this splendid story.

The face of Themistocles is smaller in every way: sharp, industrious, full of resource, but utterly lacking in moral grandeur, and resembles much the finer faces of the fighting men of our own times; not the greatest of our men, but say that of General Meade or General Terry of American fame.

The face of Alcibiades is still that of the handsome Englishman, given to luxury and unrestrained: not lacking in physical courage; capable of stress and nobility at need, but not of voluntary mental or moral labor or endurance; the typical face, everywhere and at all times, of the healthy, well-made and well-fed worldly man. We take them for gods in our times, but the Greeks knew better, and the moral order of the universe will not change to meet our modern whims.

Mr. Ruskin somewhere intimates that Greek sculpture paid almost exclusive attention to the anatomy of the human body, and did not as thoroughly study or understand or express the perfection of the human face. It is true his intention was to show how a Greek statue was of the keenest interest even with its head gone. But the whole thought is plainly wrong. The Greek sculptor studied man in his entirety. Every accepted Greek statue from Zeus to Alexander is as perfect in its face and hair as in its shoulders, body and limbs; and the thoughts I am here expressing, the gleanings of a generation of study, prove how inimitably they caught all the fire and faculties of the human soul and wrought them into the cold marble faces of the dead. The face of Zeno was harder and the face of Epicurus softer than that of Plato, that is all.

The face and form of Demosthenes, though less intellectual than those of Socrates or Plato, approach their ideal and have besides a concentration and set expression toward a certain fixed and limited end that they, the philosophers, never knew or attained.

The face of Alexander is that of a brute; far viler and more cruel than any great face of modern times. Napoleon and Frederick the Great and Wellington were Christian angels besides Alexander, if their faces tell true stories, and all my life convinces



me of the absolute and universal truth of the poet's pretty fancy:

"My face is my fortune,  
Sir, she said."

From the face of Alexander to those of Pompey, Cæsar, Brutus, Anthony, Cicero, Horace and Virgil is a step upward again in the moral scale. All the great Romans had better faces than those of the later Greeks, but from the large moral and mental splendor of Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes and Miltiades to the best of the Romans there is a fall as out of Edens of beauty and glory into kennels of strife and mere Edens of lust, and pleasure and gain.

Here, too, the seeing eye may get a look through vistas of the philosophy of history, and bye-and-bye, perhaps, new glimpses of the being and power of Almighty God.

Pompey had no ignoble face; neither had Napoleon. They are strong faces, set and far-sighted; meant to command, and are largely the typical admiration of our modern life; but neither are they noble faces. There is no moral power in the visage of Pompey; not a shadow of it in the face of Napoleon. Their strength and sight are given to ambition and selfish ends, regardless of human anguish, and so the one found its Cæsar and the other its Wellington.

So Sinai rules the earth until Calvary in some form or other comes to save it evermore.

The face of Cæsar has always seemed to me the strongest of all the fighting men of the world; it lacks the moral grandeur of that of Miltiades, but it is more intellectual and cultured. In modern times, in truth in any and all times, I know of no face to compare with it save that of General Von Moltke's and our own General Sherman's, which, all in all, was the clearest and strongest heroic fighting face in our civil war.

In mere fighting grasp the face of Napoleon more nearly resembles that of Cæsar than does the face of Sherman.

But Sherman was as great a fighter as Napoleon or Cæsar, and he more nearly resembles the Roman's intellectual powers. They are in no sense alike. Their faces are in no sense alike, but the cast of character in the faces of Cæsar, Moltke and Sherman is nearer to likeness than many of us dream.

Cicero has the face of a cultured, cowardly, worldly man, and he might have sat for the picture of half the kings, statesmen,

parsons, priests, philosophers and princely merchants that have filled the world with wars and mammonism from his day down to our own times.

In Brutus and Anthony we have the faces of thousands of our own colonels and generals—German, English and American—in these days. They are all men without any sense of mental or moral grandeur. Fighting or enjoyment is their business, and they do not dream that, retiring, perhaps quietly starving and dying in many a sacred martyrdom in their own midst, are instincts and men striving for the old Greek and Hebrew completeness; adding to it, and to their faces through it, the light of Christian power, and that through this deeper, hid and silent life alone, not through fighting or wealth or pleasure, can the human character be evolved that, if any, must save our modern nations from the fate that fell upon Greece and Rome in their utter decline and fall.

In the faces of Virgil and Horace there is an upward trend. They are Roman; not grand in any sense, but in Virgil is a beautiful sentiment, and in Horace a fine cultured mental power. But Rome was doomed to the faces of its later heroes, and meanwhile other faces of a new and as yet unheard-of human power had dawned upon the world.

It is of little or no moment that critics tell us the portraits of Jesus and his early apostles were and are mere altered copies of various heroic faces of the Roman Pantheon. In truth the new faces were a new moral creation, and either the lives were lived in Judea that stand for these faces or the artists themselves were a new moral creation. Wisdom is justified of her children. History and true criticism know well enough that the faces in question did and do represent actual lives that were lived for the good of the human race, and that the lives of those faces are an advance on all the noblest portraiture of the world.

The best pictures of Jesus are of course mere idealizations of the character found in the New Testament story. But the student perceives, and sooner or later all men will understand, that the best faces of Jesus are in no sense altered reproductions of the face of Jupiter or any of the ancient gods or men. It is a new face crowded with new anguish and glorified with a new sense of kingship and moral and spiritual power and victory. The best portraits of Jesus have all the mental clearness of Socrates and Plato, but closer knit, finer strung, and deeper, deeper in silent,

steady, conscious splendor, a moral and spiritual power that smiles benignly through their anguish at all the warriors and kings of time.

I claim this face for the moral and spiritual heroism of the human race. Out of this it came, and through unutterable human anguish fought its way to sunlight and actual moral victory in actual Hebrew life before any artist dared to catch the rays of it and paint or mould them into the higher beauties and worships of mankind.

What are all our creeds compared with this one God-like, loving, persistent human face and the endless stories it has told and has yet to tell? God with us, certainly; as the old Greek Zeus was in Socrates, so the Hebrew God of Eternal righteousness and love was in Jesus. And as love is stronger than argument so the face of Jesus leads and will conquer the world.

Take any grouping of the faces of Jesus and the early Christian apostles, and you see at a glance that these are what Moses and the prophets would have been if they had known how and had dared. In the face of Jesus, or even of Paul, we see what Socrates and Plato would have risen to if the God of the eternal spiritual life had touched their mental energy with the same spirit of martyrdom and self-abnegation which were the cornerstones and essential essence and starting-point in the lives of Jesus and of Paul.

The new faces are of equal mental power with the best of the Greeks, but instead of going to poetry for their highest expression, as in Homer and Sophocles, they planted the word salvation—that is, a rescuing of the human race from self-destruction—as their later watchword, and so erected new standards for the heroic children of men.

If Egypt, Assyria, India and Eastern Asia had developed and used the art instinct as fully as did the Greeks, modern scholarship would have treasures to guide it in comparing the faces we have named with those of the Pharaohs, Cyrus, Gaudamah, Zoroaster and the philosophers and warriors of their sections of the world.

The portraiture of the monuments is of some help, and on the whole simply tells us that the civilization of Greece and Rome repeated itself in the earlier more southern and eastern nations, each people evolving, according to its blood and thought, the



highest human types in their power, then falling from this and losing their way by physical conquest and defeat—all alike, except in the case of China, which, having had civilization enough to float it through three thousand years or more, we, children of recent barbarians, are to-day shutting out from our shores.

The faces of Jesus and of Paul are the winning faces of history, and, clearly to me, it is because they have in them higher and nobler qualities than are to be found in any other faces of the world.

The face of Mohammed was that of a mere fighter beside these stronger faces of the immortal victims of love—but the face of Mohammed is that of a prophet and a son of truth and justice compared with the faces of many of the Christian kings of his day.

Leo I. the Great, and Gregory I. the Great, were not little men, but they were doctrinaires, hair-splitters, ambitious of power and regardless of the essential truth of martyrdom as compared with the prophet of Islam and his eternal cry, "There is no God but God."

From Paul to Constantine, to Gregory I., the human face had fallen even further than from Homer to Alexander, but not as low, so a mere child of the desert was chosen as the reformer of the morals and truth of the world. Blood tells; conduct tells. Human faces are as the blood that is in them and as the deeds of human lives.

From Gregory I. and Mohammed we are but a step to the faces of modern times. Here again there are no two moral laws for men or nations. We reach or reach toward the moral and spiritual life seen in the faces of Jesus and of Paul or sink to the hack faces of the modern pulpit, bar and stage.

The strongest faces in all modern portraiture are those of Peter the Great and Copernicus, the one being a marvel of concentrated vitality and virility, the other of quiet and supreme intellectual power. The one is the face of a creator, the other of a martyr and redeemer. We must not blame men for fulfilling their destiny. Heaven only knows how many grandchildren Peter the Great has in our time. It is clear to all students that his type of face is the prevailing type of the Russian people. Copernicus has no modern reproductions that I can recall, but the solar system swings in different orbits and by different methods because this man lived and died.

The face of Robert Burns is that of Peter the Great over again, only Burns had a higher forehead and another and clearer light in his matchless eyes. And here is space for your gospels of charity and other dreams.

In his fine admiration for the early beauties of French Christian architecture, Mr. Ruskin claims that there is no civilization east and north of the Vistula and the Danube, but for two hundred years the Pole and the Russian have been doing work that casts in the shade very much of our Western English and American civilization, and work that is art and love victorious compared with the flippant atheism of the France of our days. I have seen Polish Russian faces among the farmers of our Northwestern prairies which are radiant of intellectual and moral splendor compared say with the faces of Gambetta, Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine. The lips of my Northern faces can not speak an English word, can not write Tariff or Free Trade platitudes in English, but they are thinking, working, dying like millions of noble faces and hands have to work and die before their typical deliverer ever comes.

The faces of our modern Anglo and American discoverers—Edison, Morse, Fulton, Arkwright—are hard and little and narrow compared with the noble face of Copernicus, and their works are on an infinitely lower plane.

In the faces of Cromwell and Milton there is an evident surging of the blood again toward the moral power there was in Socrates and Sophocles. Tennyson touches still nearer the clear but limited sphere of Virgil and Horace, in fact excells them.

The face of Browning, though more nearly resembling the faces of the Greeks, is a newer and a stronger type and plainly a new rise toward what may be a still higher than the fine Shakesperian type of face and work for the Saxon race. At all events these faces teach us in new light that only moral and spiritual truth holds the heart of the ages and persists when statesmen and poets and philosophers, not to speak of kings and captains and men of wealth, die and are utterly forgotten. This is the real kingdom of God. The same gospel might be preached through the faces of Augustine, Chrysostom, Savonarola and a thousand saints that have lived and died for truth.

As to the most authentic face of Shakespeare, what a noontide of radiant light is in it! its cares all laid away, as if in mild

unconscious, steady splendor it would shine forever when all the works of men and the worlds of God are broken on the wheels of fate and time.

Do we love art and beauty and music, here they all are in the face of the world's supremest worldly man. Do we love something more than these, look not for it in the face of William Shakespeare.

The faces of our latest German, French, English and American statesmen, philosophers, poets and prophets are all alike preachers of the same old story. Goethe might have been a god, like Jupiter; a martyr, like Socrates, or a prophet like Paul, *if* his lips and eyes had been of as fine a texture as was the moulding of his body and brow. There is a difference between the blood and muscle and life that go to make a fine form and a strong mind, and that finer nerve and spleen that go to give vision and texture and touch and trembling to the human lips and human eyes.

Paul saw more than Goethe, and was not afraid. Only God and duty and death satisfied the ambition of the one, while kings and fine women and poetry seemed, though they did not satisfy, the soul of the other.

In the face of Schiller there is a more palpable leaning toward the moral and spiritual side of life, but no greater moral power than in Goethe, and Schiller's mental grasp is as that of a boy compared with the larger and stronger hold of the greatest German man. Schiller's face and work were and are to the face and work of Goethe what the face and work of Wordsworth were to the face and work of Byron—those of a child-like, good man, to the lineaments of gods that had gone astray.

The received face of Bacon is as self-centred as that of Goethe, but all the lines are harder and sharper, as of a man set to the solving of problems and not to the utterance of visions and dreams, much less of other men's dreams. If Mr. Donnelly had ever studied world portraiture, not to speak of world literature, he never would have invented his cipher or tried to fasten the lie on Shakespeare's fame.

I see in the face of Luther a mere floundering animal compared with the face of Goethe, but the soul of Luther was, for all that, set toward higher ends. The great reformer lacked art and intelligence and had no idea of being a Christian martyr, but there was a heroism for low grade moral truth in him which has covered his weakness from common shame. Next to Goethe the face of Jean



Paul Richter is the noblest of modern German faces, and comes very near again to the face of Burns.

Von Moltke's visage is a reproduction of Cæsar's. It is simply the face of the typical fighter and victor over again, as the face of Bismarck is that of the broad schemer and deep designer over again.

Bismarck's face is the incarnation of all our oldest and best ideas of Satan at his best and worst. It is the typical face of the strongest rascal in the midst of a world of rascals. It is to the faces of modern diplomacy what the face of the once famous James Fisk was and still remains among the faces of modern Christian brokers—that is, the face of the greatest devil of the gang. The face of Bismarck is by no means that of an angel, philosopher, prophet or savior, and the world will find that his work has filled it with more arguments and means for blood and vengeance than has the work of any other modern man.

Germany had to be united, no doubt, and the world has to be united, too, on quite other than Bismarckian lines of human victory and organization; but here we are only catching the lessons our silent heroic lips have to tell. Bismarck's life and face were needed, and so they dawned upon the surprised and shriveled countenances of the mere tricksters and talkers that ruled the German nations and all Europe before Bismarck came. I do not honor or condemn this man's face. I admire it for its masterful cunning ability. Compared with the faces of Disraeli, Gortchakoff and Metternich, not to speak of their thousands of petty imitators, I might even fall down and worship before the massive lines of latent honesty found in Bismarck's lips and eyes. I only wish to point out that, spite of all seeming appearances, these are not the faces that rule the permanent destinies of nations; that finer moral natures do that, and always come in due time.

The faces of Gladstone and John Bright are an appreciable return toward the countenances of Solon and Pericles. They represent a sense of eternal justice and a desire to govern men and nations according to moral ideas, but utterly lack the strength of mind and will to execute their better perceptions with the rigor and persistence displayed by the Bismarcks and Napoleons in executing their viler designs. A thousand modern faces shine with the same lessons, but we touch only the greatest, and mostly the dead.

In front of my desk, while I am writing these lessons of human faces, there hangs a beautiful copy of Titian's *Muse of Dresden*, our modern *Venus*, and, perhaps, the world's most perfect realization of the old dream of "naked and yet not ashamed." I call it one of the chastest faces ever painted by mortal man, and the anatomy need not detain us here. It is not of great, complete, womanly motherhood, as is Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*, but chaste and pure. To the left and right of my Titian are portraits of Carlyle and Emerson; near by are likenesses of Victor Hugo, George Eliot, General Grant, Wendell Phillips, and General Lee; near at hand is a good portrait of Turner, the artist, and two strong, clear impressions of Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*. In sight are faces of Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Browning, and Charlotte Brontë. To me also, as to all lovers of music, the faces of Wagner, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are as well known as the faces of nearest friends. So without break I have a condensed photographic panorama of the soul and soul-work, the struggles and victories of all times and nations. And all these later faces tell the same old eternal story. Every brutality leaves its brutal mark, and every loving martyrdom its shining sun-light on all the faces of the world.

Spite of all seeming to the contrary the French have never applied the highest powers of art to their own persons and lives. They dress and play, and fly at God or the devil with equal velocity, and have never cultured their persons to the laws of art or their lives to the chastest laws of spiritual morality. I do not say that any modern nation has done this to perfection, but France has stood for so much external art of adornment, has wrought so much art into her philosophy and poetry, that we marvel she has not risen to the old Greek thought of making the human body itself and the human face the quintessence of all art, as it must be or fail of true art at all. This comes from a hundred studies of the great face of Victor Hugo, in many phases of it the very greatest face of all modern times; that is, of the last two hundred years. If Hugo had cared for his body as the Greeks cared for theirs; in a word, had modern art been real and not the lie it largely is, he would have been in person, as he is in his work, the nearest of all approaches to the very highest things in Greek philosophy and poetry. Perhaps Hugo is a greater man, every way, than was Sophocles or Plato. Certainly he is an aim at a higher type; for

the old never comes back alone ; is always higher or lower than what went before it. At all events the face of Hugo, as plainly as his work, marks him as one of the half dozen chosen geniuses of song-and-thought-incarnate among the sons of time. It is a more complete face than that of Gœthe or of Sophocles or of Shakespeare, and the faces of all other poets known to me are far weaker than his ; still it has little of the prophet's radiance, though perhaps more of that than any mere poet or writer known to history, and so hints at what the poet prophet of the future must and will inevitably be.

All other French faces, not excepting that of Napoleon, are weak beside it and all Frenchmen may well be proud that their mixed Celtic, Gallic, Frank and Norman blood has evolved itself into such a face with such a record on the eternal pages of history. Voltaire, Montaigne, Musset, are mere captains and colonels beside this god among men. And as for the mere champions of the flesh, famous in modern French fiction and politics, their faces are as poor and narrow as specimens of the flesh as are the faces of Compt, Spinoza, Swedenborg and Calvin, poor and sharp and pitiable among the creed makers and truth destroyers of the world.

So the gallery widens and becomes countless in the mazes of modern fame.

I think that the received portrait of Turner is an eternal refutation of the vile slanders that have followed that lonely man beyond his grave.

I do not claim for it any high moral excellences, but it is in no sense the face of a sensualist, and to my mind is, next to Raphael's, the supremest incarnation of art the world has known since Phidias taught the Greeks how to build temples and make the coldest marble live and breath.

Ruskin's face is simply that of common-place English honesty and fair play taken to art and moral truth and glorified thereby. George Eliot had and has the face of a goddess gone into impenetrable shadows and decline. The face of Charlotte Brontë is that of an angel. Study the faces of Thackeray and Dickens if you want to know why the one is respected and the other at heart despised. Spencer and Mill and Darwin have mere animal faces trained to quickness of wit and reason. They are without moral or spiritual greatness or grandeur and will fade out of history as quickly as they



shone through our distorted lenses and vision to the fame they have enjoyed.

Of the faces of Grant and Lee, I take the common view that Lee was a gentleman first and a fighter afterwards ; Grant a fighter or nothing, and as a fighter pure and simple belongs either to the very first or to the second order of the great generals of all times. There is no discharge in the war once begun by this man's lips and eyes. His lack of any special intellectual or moral qualities was made palpable enough alike by his statesmanship and financial ruin.

Of course I do not mean to intimate that the faces of all persons of high moral and spiritual consecrations and attainments are of similar form or contour with those of the best Greeks and the early Christian heroes—some of the noblest living men and women in our nation today have faces of quite other form than those—but that in all cases, times and nations, moral and spiritual heroism has marked the human face with a certain elevation of tone, a certain splendor of veracity, purity and glory, not otherwise obtained or attainable, and that these characteristics shine with supreme power in the faces of the heroes named.

The faces of Wendell Phillips and Lucretia Mott were new types of heroic beauty, but to my mind the one is the loveliest and wisest as the other is the strongest and noblest face yet evolved on the American continent.

To save the reader's prejudices and patience I will group the hosts of modern portraits thus : In the faces of Emerson and Carlyle and Ruskin, still more notably in those of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott and John Brown, the old philosophico-prophetic rises again in clearer splendor than it has ever risen in this world since Jesus and Paul took the old Hebrew standard and planted it on the heights of Calvary and Olivet and in the burning sun-glow of God's eternal quenchless human love.

Of these latter groups the face of Carlyle is mentally and morally the strongest ; that of Emerson the clearest and mildest ; that of Lucretia Mott the purest and chastest, and I am quite sure that in consecrated moral power the face and life of the great Boston abolitionist stand, next to the face and life of Paul, closest to the face and heart and crown and power of Jesus himself, and so will ever shine among the victor faces of the world. For by an eternal law of nature, the mental powers being equal, the man with the finest dominating moral and spiritual energy consecrated to some

high martyrdom becomes thereby the loved and honored and adored savior of his nation and lives longest among the chosen sons of God.

W. H. THORNE.

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## MODERN THEOSOPHY.

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The old adage that history repeats itself finds a striking illustration in the recent revival of a class of notions and practices which had long ago been relegated, by what most of us would call the enlightened common sense of Christendom, to the realm of shadows. Not only the extravagances of hermetic philosophies; not only magic and sorcery, in their more respectable forms, but the most puerile objects of popular credulity, are finding votaries even in the drawing-rooms of the *élite*, at the very moment when the anthropologist, who perhaps frequents the same salon, is gathering them from the strata of folk-lore in which they are imbedded and studying them with the impartial interest of a collector of fossils.

This rehabilitation of the occult and illicit sciences or pseudo-sciences, whichever they may be, appears to have been very much expedited by a direct infusion into Western thought of the religious and philosophical ideas native to central and southern Asia, which was brought about partly, it is true, by the researches of professional Orientalists, but principally by the far more sympathetic though less scholarly labors of the members and friends of the Theosophical Society of which the late Madame Blavatsky was the foundress and head.

Although the Theosophical Society has spread its ramifications through many parts of Europe and Asia and North America, and has quite a respectable number of adherents, it represents a movement far wider than its membership rolls would indicate. Bodies having similar aims, and representing kindred ideas and habits of thought, are daily becoming more numerous, and though some of them are hostile rather than friendly to the Blavatsky theosophists, they form no less a part of the theosophical movement. The number of those who, though not members of any

of the gnosticising societies, are under the influence of approximately the same order of ideas is even greater than those who are formerly enrolled in the theosophical ranks.

I have advisedly said *gnosticising*; for the theosophical movement is essentially a revival, under new forms, of the gnostic group of creeds, which, like theosophy, arose from an admixture of more or less of Christian doctrine with a stream of oriental thought whose ultimate origin is traceable to the speculations of the Upanishads.

To many this renaissance of the fantastic vagaries of the dark lands and ages appears to be a most startling and inexplicable turn of affairs. Some, it is true, do not realize how mighty has been the reaction. These imagine ideas to be decadent which are really undergoing rapid development and diffusion. They fail to remember that during the whole of the eighteenth century the preternatural phenomena and obscure mystical theories which now receive such wide credence were almost universally laughed at as the utterly absurd and exploded superstitions of an ignorant and credulous past. The nineteenth century, more than any other since the classical renaissance, is an age of preternaturalism, of miracles and prodigies, of magic and necromancy, of the practical and speculative Kabbalah, of false prophets and messiahs and theurgists.

In Boston and Chicago, as well as in London and Paris and Rome, pagan or paganizing teachers and wonder workers find audience and credence among men and women who represent the best of occidental culture and education.

What does it all mean? Is our vaunted intellectual progress a myth, and our supposed emancipation from ancient errors a mere obliviousness to a most important part of our environment, or is there in the old superstitions such a tendency to continual recrudescence that all the light of modern science cannot avail to eliminate them permanently even from the minds of the most intelligent classes? Neither of the alternatives is an agreeable one, but there seems to be no escape from the dilemma.

Thus far, however, the *maior et sanior pars* of the people are not in a position to give a final decision upon the question. The theories and phenomena now thrust more and more upon our attention are so foreign to traditionary habits of thought that it is hard for us to sit in judgment upon them in a calm and unbiased



spirit. And yet such a large number of men of science and other serious persons, many of them materialists or sceptics hitherto, have given in a more or less qualified adhesion to the order of ideas which is so new although so old, that we can scarcely afford to treat the movement with the scornful indifference which it might otherwise seem to merit.

Without attempting to offer a categorical answer to a problem into whose solution the personal equation must so largely enter, it cannot be amiss to take a rapid review of the situation with a view to determining the precise place of theosophy in the history of thought.

After the reason of Europe had thrown off the restraint of the scholastic philosophy from which it had received its training, it began to question and put to the test the whole body of traditional beliefs which until then had, except for dialectic purposes, been taken for granted by every one. The result of this sudden and hasty criticism was to especially discredit those beliefs which were most recondite and least obtrusive and palpable.

The alleged occult sciences were among the chief sufferers. The whole body of phenomena with which they dealt came to be set at naught and ridiculed, together with all miracles and supernatural wonders of every kind, and men began to establish landmarks upon the field of human knowledge beyond which they asseverated that it was impossible to pass. It would probably be truer to say that they began to deny the possibility of the existence of any other order of facts save those within the range of their own vision.

But the further progress of science has been accompanied by such startling revelations of the possibilities of nature, and so many things which would formerly have seemed the most remarkable manifestations of preternatural power have become the commonplaces of our day, that a decided reaction has taken place, not only among the people, but in the scientific world itself, in favor of the practical illimitability of the possibilities of human knowledge and achievement; as far, at least, as our visible planetary environment is concerned. While the universality of law has been more and more emphasized, and supernatural miracles, therefore, unless assigned to a place in the cosmic order by being considered as manifestations of higher laws, are still discredited, there is a growing recognition of the possibility that there may be natural forces and relations far more wonderful than any hitherto

discovered by science, and that the future may hold in store surprises even greater than those of magnetism, electricity and hypnotism.

All this plays directly into the hands of the esoterieists, who have almost always attributed to natural agencies the prodigies they proclaim.

The revolt against theoretic materialism has been accompanied by a similar reaction against the material preoccupations of the European mind. Men have wearied of the clatter of the machine-shop and the hard contact of physical facts, and are longing for the ideal and the interior and spiritual. So a wave of mysticism is passing over Christendom, which finds its expression, not only in the advent of numerous gnosteising sects, but in an abundant outcrop of new devotions in the Catholic Church, in the rise of such delicately sentimental schools of thought as the New England transcendentalism and the New Theism of France, and even in the religious complexion of some of the most fashionable forms of atheism, such as the Comtean positivism of Frederick Harrison and the positivistic monism of Paul Carus. In most of the sects of the theosophic affiliation mysticism is the most prominent feature.

It is absorption into the Absolute, whether That be called God or Parabrahm or Adibuddha or the Unconscious or the Higher Self, which is held up as the goal of all exalted endeavor.

The present tide of mysticism is parallel to that which swept over Europe in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, when men grew weary of the dry disputations of the schools, and the parched spirit asserted its rights against the satiated intellect. The spiritual preoccupations of the later middle ages disappeared after the fall of Constantinople and the invention of printing, and Byzantine scholarship brought about a renewed intellectual activity, differing from the scholastic in this, that it busied itself with learned research instead of with rational analysis and construction. Then there succeeded to each other in a new cycle the theological controversies of the Reformation period, the emotional extremes of Evangelieism, and the philosophies of England, France and Germany. The mystical reaction against scholasticism, the sentimental reaction against dogmatic Protestantism, and the theosophical reaction against the scientific and practical absorptions of our century are closely analagous. The mysticism of the age of

Tauler and Gerson, of the beguards and fraticelli, was followed by the classicism of the Renaissance; and the mysticism of our own age is abutting in a movement equally paganizing. But here the parallelism ceases, for the Renaissance was a sudden change of direction, resulting from an influx of foreign learning, while contemporary Orientalism is a natural outgrowth of an indigenous mysticism, which is merely using the materials made ready to its hand by our own savants, or gathered in portions of Asia owing allegiance to an European crown.

The Renaissance was a broadening of the European mind in the direction of pagan antiquity; the theosophical movement is a broadening of it also in the direction of the existing paganisms of the East; it is the mission of this movement as of that to acquaint us with ideals, habits of thought, forms of expression, and kinds of knowledge far different from those before prevalent among us; and both must be considered as highly beneficial in this particular, however amenable to criticism they may be in any other.

Not only is Theosophy a reaction against scepticism and materialism, and a protest against European provincialism, but it must also be looked upon as a revolt against Christian formalism. Not that formalism is peculiar to the Christian group of religions, for it is probably less prevalent among them than in any of the great non-Christian cults. But even the Christian Churches are, and have been, infected with it, and probably never so much so as during such a devotion to exterior activities as has characterized much of the century now closing. By formalism I mean a state in which there is an obscuring rather than an illumination of the essential aim of religion, the union of the soul with Deity, by formal observances, be they few or many; by theological disputations, by philanthropic and other labors carried on in the name of religion, by the technicalities of accepted religious nomenclature, by a proselyting zeal, by a sentimental or emotional effusion, or by a sterile interior or exterior silence—all of these things are good in themselves, but any of them may be pursued to the neglect of true spiritual aspiration and endeavor, and none are more frequently abused in this manner than the emotional and altruistic reoccupations, which seem to have a specially subtle power of feeding self-deception by a simulation of real religion. Theosophy, like other mystical schools of thought, is a declared enemy of formalism, and undoubtedly tends to awaken men out of spiritual lethargy;



although it seems to be open to the charge of but changing the form of the delusion, and mistaking self-possession for that utter abandonment of self into the hands of the Divine which is demanded.

Its chief value as a reviver of spiritual life and thought results from the fresh vigor it imparts to old ideas by clothing them in a new phraseology. Many of the notions which the theosophical writers claim to have derived directly from Oriental sources, and which they propagate and defend as something entirely foreign to Christian belief, are really integral elements of the historic faith of Christendom, and are now, in the freshness of their new Oriental attire, finding ready credence in the very quarters where they had long ago, in the dusty garb of theological technicalities, been misunderstood and forsworn. Thus it is with the notions of penance, merit, purgatorial purification, virgin worship, saint-worship, and asceticism, all of which, whether they be true or false, are common to the oldest of Christian churches and the newest of the orientalizing sects.

To sum up, it is clear that the theosophical movement is a swinging of the pendulum of thought away from the one extreme of materialism and scepticism towards the other of mysticism and credulity. If the *via media* be the best one, the backward swing must be considered a note of progress.

For the great mass of the people—those, I mean, who have no adequate ground for an independent decision regarding the claims of the new school; who do not yet feel justified either in definitely accepting the teachings and admitting the claims of any form of Theosophy, or, on the other hand, in rejecting its philosophy, and denying the reality of its prodigies—the most tenable position would appear to be one of impartial and yet sympathetic reserve. By this expression I mean that attitude of wholesome incredulity which waits for sufficient evidence before giving in its adhesion, coupled with a perfect readiness to accept any of the new, strange theories, or still stranger facts, which may be able to present credentials satisfactory to the demands of sound and unbiased reason.

Whatever may be the outcome, we can afford to thank those who are enabling us to enter, with some degree of appreciative sympathy, into the thoughts and experiences of distant times and distant nations, and in fact of all times and nations, for such obscure theories and preternatural phenomena have, generally

speaking, occupied a large share of human attention always and everywhere. And if there be in them anything good and true which we have not hitherto possessed, let us be ready to welcome it, even though it may come from the hidden laboratories of proscribed arts, or from the Nazareth of a despised paganism.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

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## THEOSOPHY ON STILTS.

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### THE SEVEN EVOLUTIONS OF MAN.—PARALLELS OF THOUGHT BETWEEN ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

The people who call themselves theosophists and are otherwise designated as Esoteric Buddhists, Pin-feather Buddhists and cranks felt great exultation over Madame Blavatsky's last two volumes, "The Secret Doctrine," issued by the Theosophical Publishing Company, London. The volumes are very beautiful in themselves; true specimens of the best work in English printing and binding; large octavos of some fifteen hundred pages. These pages are crowded with Oriental and modern wisdom; some of it fresh, rare, striking and lucid; some of it old, commonplace and verging very closely to that universal unwisdom which, while professing to see divine light in distant worlds and ages, fails to perceive the same beautiful element in the eyes of love and deeds of martyrdom that glorify our own homes and generations.

Readers at all familiar with the works of Max Muller, Rawlinson, Edwin Arnold, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Johnson and other serious and capable students of Oriental Religious Philosophies, will perceive, and, if candid, will admit that Madame Blavatsky has approached this subject with greater freedom, abandon and affection than has any one of the men to whom we have been looking as guides in this direction. On the other hand, readers with any true perception of the real genius and mission of Judaism and Christianity in this world will as readily perceive and assert that Madame Blavatsky is as ignorant of all this as the famous Balaam once was of the Divine guidance until his own ass, goaded beyond endurance, offered such protest as asses are apt to in such cases.

To paraphrase these fifteen hundred pages or to give a commentary on them all is impossible in a short article, but the reader must get a clear sight of their aim, of the distinctive claims and tenets of modern Theosophy and of the relation of all this to modern science and Christianity.

Theosophy literally interpreted is God-wisdom, or divine wisdom; and it is very indicative of the rash conceit of modern theosophists that they have, with modest complacency, applied this term to themselves. Wisdom is the last thing attained, gained or found by any man; though women are supposed to possess it naturally, and that supposition is, of course, in Madame Blavatsky's favor:

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

Divine wisdom lingers most of all.

"The Secret Doctrine" has for broader title "The Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy," so intimating that the aim of the writer is deliberately as ambitious as the self-applied title of the sect is exalted. For motto these volumes have the old Chaldean legend—"There is no religion higher than truth," and the first volume has for its special subject title, "Cosmogogenesis," or the evolution of the worlds, while the subjectivity of the second volume is "Anthropogenesis," or the evolution of man.

To modify the impression of conceit derived from these ambitious titles and sub-titles, it should be said in fairness to their author that the divine illumination here offered to the world, particularly to the initiated, is not claimed as an original discovery, in the sense that Newton discovered the law of gravitation, or in the sense that more modern scientists have discovered inertia as a full explanation of the ceaseless motion and infinite force of the universe! Madame Blavatsky is modesty itself compared with such claims. Much less does she, and still less do her followers, claim to have conquered this divine wisdom by any heroism, martyrdom or absolute subjection of the physical to the so-called spiritual life in man as some saints and prophets have conquered it or have been honored for having so conquered it. Neither does Madame Blavatsky profess to have received her divine illumination at first hand, direct from the Deity, by special inspiration or revelation, as Christianity supposes its Bible came into being. Madame Blavatsky does not claim to be a seer or discoverer of truth in or directly through these sources and ways. She is more modest than the mocking world imagines. She claims only to have gotten behind the



veils of ancient Eastern, long-lost Aryan Kabalistic and occult—that is figurative and hidden or esoteric-philosophico—religious speculation and first sight of the order and meaning of the genesis and evolution of the universe in general and of man and human history in particular.

Let all who have strength and leisure for it read these excellent books. Every woman of brains ought to read them, for they are an honor to the mental strength, patience and persistence of womanhood, albeit they are likewise a striking proof of the prevailing limitation and biting, narrowing prejudice of the female mind.

In modification of this, however, it should be said that there is far less flutter of skirts in both these volumes than there was in the same author's one volume of "Isis Unveiled," published some nine years ago. Since then Madame Blavatsky has spent much time in the East, laboring earnestly there and elsewhere to find and understand how to use the secret keys supposed to unlock the hid-wisdom of the past, and these books—a marvel of research and synthetic power—are the result. They are not merely an enlargement of "Isis Unveiled." They are really the embodiment of ten years more of study. They are not the writer's complete utterance of occultism as learned from Aryan occultists and all other sources—especially the other sources—but the author expects to add another, perhaps still another, volume, until the "Secret Doctrine" becomes the essence of all the ancient religions to be accepted perhaps as among the "working hypotheses" of the human mind. So far, and in brief, what do these books teach?

First, that as old as the world itself there have been occultists, world adepts, initiated poets, etc., possessing a knowledge of the occult, hid, and the powers it confers on man. Intelligent readers will not fail to see that this is the same doctrine hid in our modern term, genius. The intelligent devout reader will also perceive that it is the same doctrine found in the Old Testament and applied to Daniel and the likes of Daniel. They were men who understood mysteries, etc. Madame Blavatsky calls these wise men of the ancient Eastern nations occultists, that is all.

She further claims that these Eastern occultists had, from the start, a sort of Free Mason secrecy of doctrine, revealed only to the initiated or esoteric, and there is a phase of common truth in this, too. For more than a thousand years the truths of Christian-

ity were treated much in this way as truths known in their fullness to priests only. In these days we blurt out everything in the newspapers, pulpits, magazines, but it was not always so, and here is the core and meaning or common ground of all this palaver about occultism.

No wise man in ancient or modern times speaks more than he is moved to speak to the soul or souls that listen. The esoteric has its root in nature. Jesus Christ was at once the greatest occultist and the plainest-spoken being that ever lived, but Madame Blavatsky seems to have made small effort to get at the key of His occultism. This is the crying fault of all modern cranks.

Second. To these occultists or specially illuminated seers of a primeval human race, existing say any number of trillions of years ago on the oldest or first continents of this globe, there was given or by them acquired or inherited—not exactly clear how—a “primeval revelation,” which was the original “Secret Doctrine, the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world,” that little shreds of this, dust specks of it, so to speak, have floated westward from ancient India by various means and are now found scattered in Christianity, Mohammedanism, etc. But the total is a “Secret Doctrine” still, and when “Dayanand Sarasvati,” the greatest Sanskritist of his day, in India, once heard that Max Muller had spoken lightly of this idea of a primal Eastern revelation, “the holy and learned man laughed” and said: “I might take him to a gupta cave, near Okhee Math, in the Himalayas, where he would soon find out that what crossed the Kalapani (the black waters of the ocean) from India to Europe were only the bits of rejected copies of some passages from our sacred books. There was a primeval revelation and it still exists, nor will it ever be lost to the world, but will reappear,” etc.

Third. And really as scene first in the reopening of the old secrets we have Madame Blavatsky herself—whether sitting or standing, in London or in India, in an easy chair or prone on an elephant’s back, deponent sayeth not—but in the presence of “an archaic manuscript—a collection of palm leaves,” etc., and for “first page” “an immaculate white disk within a dull background. On the following page the same disk, but with a central point,” etc.—very like copies of plates in a thousand books on modern astronomy. The central point is “the mundane egg,” of course, and “the one circle is divine unity, from which all proceeds, whither

all returns." And this doctrine of the unity of soul and forms of souls and worlds in the universal soul is the found secret doctrine; that is, the first and rounded divine circle of it.

If Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott and Mr. Foulke had stayed on this side the sea they might have learned, if in fact they did not learn, all their esoteric Buddhism in the city of Philadelphia, and without the aid of any imaginary ancient charts at all.

Fourth. As a further step toward explanation, "The Occult Catechism" contains the following: "What is it that ever is?" "Space, the eternal anapadaka." "What is it that ever was?" "The germ in the root." "What is it that is ever coming and going?" "The great breath," etc., with lots of another fangled tritheism, hot breath, cool breath, and the like, and true enough in their way, showing how near the ancients and moderns, scientists and religionists were and are together when they keep their tempers and look for truth with open eyes.

Fifth. "Occult science recognizes seven cosmical elements, four entirely (?) physical, and the fifth (ether) semi-material, as it will become visible in the air toward the end of our fourth round, to reign supreme over the others during the whole of the fifth;" that is, the seven elements represent the seven ages of man. Rounds of progress from primal physical giants to the final, finer than etherized light-weight, air-winged races yet to be.

These are the salient points. There are a thousand others, touching with more or less harmony and divergence the advanced scientific or religious teachings of our own times. For instance—spite of Darwin and in aid of Agassiz—occultism teaches:

Sixth. That there were seven original "primal creations or evolutions of man; that the race which was the first to fall into generation was a dark race (Zalmat Gagnadi), which they call the Adami or dark race"; but Adam is not dark, nor even dark red, or full red, as we have all supposed. It is really rose-red, rosy, roseate, the rosy-cheeked, white race, if you please. So we have a strange but intensely interesting mixture of George Smith, Rawlinson and Madame Blavatsky.

Seventh. This earth may be any number of millions of years old. Man appeared on it before the animal races, contrary to modern interpretations of science and genesis. "Man can be shown to have lived in the mid-Tertiary period, and in a geological age when



there did not yet exist one single specimen of the now known species of animals \* \* \* proven by Quatrefages." So, while scoring the scientists at times, Madame Blavatsky takes their thinnest figures as facts when occultism gets a lift thereby.

Eighth. "Meanwhile one task is left incomplete—that of disposing of that most pernicious of all the theological dogmas—the curse under which mankind is said to have suffered ever since the supposed disobedience of Adam and Eve in the bower of Eden." But we are, according to occultists, now toward the end of the fifth era or race round of man, and Madame Blavatsky herself admits and asserts that great mischief has occurred somewhere in the past which changed, for the worse, "physiologically, morally physically and mentally, the whole nature of the fourth race of mankind, until, from the healthy king of animal creation of the third race, man became in the fifth, or our race, a helpless, scrofulous being, and has now become the wealthiest heir on the globe to constitutional and hereditary diseases, the most consciously and intelligently bestial of all animals."

No Calvinist ever painted the picture in blacker colors, and, with a rational interpretation of the beautiful but bitter poetry of Eden, even Dr. Crosby and Madame Blavatsky may yet join in the same revival hymns.

One word about our Indo-Buddhist's motto—Truth is not religion, but the worship of truth is.

W. H. THORNE.

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## THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

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The New England school of poets, as it has been called, has given during the present generation a glory to our American literature hitherto unthought-of. One by one, however, the silence of death has fallen upon those reputed to have enjoyed the widest fame, the most popular name; and the truest Tuscan of them all whose voice was like that of a nightingale among the choristers of the grove, has just ceased to breathe. Few seem left to tell the story of the beautiful genius whose utterances were as perfect as those of the ancient masters of song; while the exquisite structure of his verse was ennobled by sentiments so delicate that they might have been breathed in the ear of a vestal.

This poet, Thomas William Parsons, the son of a well known physician of the same name who came to Boston from Southampton, England, was born in Boston August 18, 1819. He was educated at the Boston Latin school, where he is said to have "drunk in the knowledge and appreciation of the great masters of classical composition which colored and inspired his poetic work." He was early influenced, also, by his father's literary tastes and at the age of seventeen they visited Europe together, spending much time in Italy, and in Rome. His father died in 1854, but not too early to enjoy the appreciation given to his son by the scholars of Boston, Cambridge and England, for his translations of Dante and also for his own poems published that year.

We have not been able to lay a hand upon this first volume, and very few of his poems are dated; but we are certain that the contents of his first volume enter into succeeding ones, in a manner characteristic of him in his other publications, and we therefore speak of them somewhat in the order in which we became acquainted with them. And first, "The Willey House," which found its way, as the true ballad which it is, into various school readers. The story is told with a vividness which will never allow it to be forgotten by the youngest scholar of "a district school," the horror of the catastrophe softened to young and sympathizing hearts by such touches as these:

"Right fond and pleasant in their ways  
The gentle Willey people were;  
I knew them in those peaceful days,  
And Mary—every one knew her—"

while the pretty opening stanza won every child's heart at the beginning:

"Come, children, put your baskets down,  
And let the blushing berries be;  
Sit here and wreath, a laurel crown,  
And if I win it, give it me."

Every word gives us a touch of mountain life, of mountain laurel and the strawberryings among the hills.

Another comes to mind as fixing for us, the moment we had read it, the essential quality of Dr. Parson's verse:

"The handful here that once was Mary's earth,  
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,  
That when she died, all recognized her birth,  
And had their sorrow in serene control.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,  
 Note in these flowers a delicates hue ;  
 Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,  
 Or the bee later linger on the dew,

Know that her spirit to her body lent  
 Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can ;  
 That even her dust, and this her monument,  
 Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man—

Lonely through life, but looking for the day  
 When what is mortal of himself shall sleep ;  
 When human passion shall have passed away,  
 And love no longer be a thing to weep."

Of the claims of the heart of such a man as Dr. Parsons, it would be hard to speak adequately, but we must give a few lines addressed to Bishop Fitzpatrick, his school-fellow, who, he says, was pleased

"To patronize my pen  
 When I turned Horace into English rhyme,  
 And thought myself a poet for the time,  
 In Latin School-days—"

"Son of St. Patrick, John, the best of men,  
 Boston's blest Bishop bids good-by again.  
 Not long ago we parted on the shore  
 And said farewell, nor thought to see him more;  
 That brain so weary, and that heart so worn  
 With many cares!—the parting made us mourn.  
 But he came back—he could not die in Rome,  
 Though well those bones might rest by Peter's Dome.  
 Or Ara Coeli—and the Sacred Stair  
 That climbs the Capitol—or anywhere  
 In that Queen city—sepulchre of kings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, good Fitzpatrick, noble heir of those  
 Who went before thee—Fenwick and Bourdeaux's  
 Gentle Archbishop, Cheverus, and Jussaud—  
 Whom in my boyhood I was blest to know.  
 But the bell moves me. Christian, fare thee well;  
 I loved my Bishop, and I mind his bell."

Here is an exquisite versification :

"Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,  
 Lest one light sign of her foot you may mar;  
 For, where she walks, in the spring, on the sod,  
 There I have noticed most violets are.

\* \* \* \* \*



I think the sun stops, if a moment she stands  
 In the morn, sometimes, at her father's door;  
 And the brook, where she may have dipt her hand,  
 Runs clearer to me than it did before.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Under the mail of ‘I know me pure,’  
 I dare to *dream* of her; and, by day,  
 As oft as I come to her presence, I’m sure  
 Had I one low thought, she would look it away.”

Another gives the moods of the poet, under the title of “A Calm:”

“Because I write not, do not think me dull;  
 Nor call me sullen when I seldom speak;  
 Say not ‘How lazy!’ if there comes a lull  
 In my life’s passage, for a single week;  
 ’Tis not that Love lies dead within my breast;  
 ’Tis not ill humor, dearest, or a pique;  
 But sometimes nothing is the very best  
 That one can say, or think, or do, or plan;  
 God gives his ocean calms, and why not man?”

“The Shadow of the Obelisk” might well give its name to one of his volumes as the closing stanzas we quote will show. The rapid pen strokes which give us modern Rome, pervaded, as it is, with the spirit of the past, show us how this poet whose dainty lines portray existences almost too ideal for our world, have the strength of a master of solemn harmonies under a grand subject.

“Heavenly bright the broad enclosure; but the o’erwhelming silence  
 brought

Stillness to mine own heart’s beating with a moment’s turn of thought,  
 And it startled me to notice I was walking unaware,  
 O’er the Obelisk’s tall shadow on the pavement of the square.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out of Egypt came the trophy, from old empire to the new;  
 Here the eternal apparition met the millions’ daily view.  
 Virgil’s foot has touched it often,—it hath kissed Octavia’s face—  
 Royal chariots have rolled o’er it, in the frenzy of the race,  
 When the strong, the swift, the valiant, mid the thronged arena strove,  
 In the days of good Augustus and the dynasty of Jove.

Herds are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evander’s time;  
 Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian all the towers that sprang sublime.  
 Strange! that what seemed most inconstant should the most abiding  
 prove;

Strange! that what is hourly moving no mutation can remove;  
 Ruined lies the cirque! the chariots long ago have ceased to roll—  
 Even the Obelisk is broken—but the shadow still is whole.”

Dr. Parsons made several visits to Europe, the last in company with the party of Prof. Benjamin Pierce from Cambridge, and had a view of the Eclipse at Syracuse. He married Miss Anna M. Allen of Boston, whose admiration for his genius has given us the magnificent edition of his translation of Dante's *Inferno*, illustrated by Doré, while she was never weary of bringing out exquisite editions of his poems. After her death appeared several tinged with the apprehension or the remembrance of it, from which the following may be selected :

“ Into the noiseless country Annie went,  
 Among the silent people where no sound  
 Of wheel or voice or implement—no roar  
 Of wind or billow moves the tranquil air;

And oft at midnight when my strength is spent  
 And day's delirium in the lull is drowned  
 Of deepening darkness, as I kneel before  
 The palm and cross, comes to my soul this prayer,  
 That partly brings me back to my content,  
 “ Oh that hushed forest!—soon may I be there!”

The last collection published by Dr. Parsons, was the *Circum Præcordia*, or Collects of the Church for every Sunday of the Year. To these were added a few of his latest poems of which we give one:

#### IN ECLIPSE.

“ Prayer strengthens us ; but oft we faint  
 And find no courage even to pray ;  
 Oh, that in Heaven some pitying saint  
 For me might Ave-Mary say !

\* \* \* \*

Before the morning watch I rose—  
 I say before *this* morn's—to kneel,  
 But of my voice the fountain froze,  
 Yea, something round my soul to seal.

And now I know what rosaries mean ;  
 That oftentimes the heart is weak,  
 And cannot in a mood serene  
 Its dumb petition duly speak.

Yet every bead may count with Him  
 Who healed the palsied and the blind,  
 Restored the lame and withered limb  
 And lifted the disordered mind,

As mine was then, who had no might  
 Of utterance with my icy lips,  
 For one, great Shadow veiled the light  
 Till hope itself was in eclipse."

Although translations from Dante appeared in the first volume published by Dr. Parsons, as we have said, in 1854, yet as cantos continued to appear from time to time and thus his friends continued to hope that he might yet complete the three-fold song, we have reserved mention of them for our last sentences. The magnificent edition of *L'Inferno* which we have alluded to, was published in 1867. There was but one voice as to the beauty and melodiousness of this rendering of the great Tuscan, and its truth lies in the rendering of the thought into verse which charms us as Dante's song has for six-hundred years charmed those who have read it in the Tuscan tongue. Of all others, it is the one to place before those who are to be coaxed to the study of Dante. Like Mr. Wilstach, Dr. Parsons believed in the claims of rhyme and rhythm; and while Mr. Wilstach, even under the restraints of these conditions, makes a translation vieing with Mr. Longfellow's in accuracy, Dr. Parsons, in giving a freer translation brings into his verse a marvellous freshness which is a delightful incentive to close study. Almost ten years after the publication of *L'Inferno*, appeared the nine first cantos of *Il Purgatorio*; being strictly speaking *Ante-Purgatorio*, the actual Purgatory not being reached until the tenth canto. The eleventh, fifteenth, seventeenth and even thirtieth, however, we have, and the eleventh from *Paradiso*. It would be vain to attempt to give an idea of his Dantean labors, until all the cantos translated have been arranged, which it is hoped and expected will be done; as there are those near and dear to him in life to whom this labor will be one of veneration. The readiness with which he loaned his translated cantos even before their publication, to ourselves \* to meet some literary emergency,

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SCITUATE HARBOR, March 1, 1877.

"As you are preparing something for the press (it was S. Francis of Assisi of the second series of Patron Saints). I have translated expressly for your article, a beautiful passage from the *Paradiso*, which, by the way, was a question of Lily's suggestion. I may hereafter forward it to the *Catholic World*; to which magazine I am under promise for a contribution; but it could certainly not appear in those pages before May or June, and I do not imagine that its publication there would clash with your own use of it." The passage was from the XIth canto.

Another instance of this most amiable disposition is given, because it is too precious to be lost and we may never have a better opportunity to make it known.



was thoroughly characteristic of a nature as gentle and unselfish as one can ever see. His shyness was never outlived, but with those with whom he was in sympathy he had all the simplicity of one who has never known the world, or who has known it with a singleness of heart which nothing could sophisticate. His "Dante Rooms," as he called them at Beacon Hill Place, made a setting for him as the translator of Dante, altogether unique. The bust of Dante which he had apostrophised, the choicest and most ancient editions which he could command, made the atmosphere in which he could best transmute from one language to another the *tergo rima* of the exile Tuscan. The seclusion, the deadening of the sounds of the city, the very "wisteria" that threw out its branches and purple blooms across his windows, made it the fitting home of a poet in that high sense in which Dr. Parsons certainly was one. Although we cannot at present give an adequate idea of his merits as a translator, we cannot refrain from giving his translation of the XIII Sonnet of *La Vita Nuova*, or New Life by Dante. It is, even in English, under Dr. Parsons' touch, a pearl among jewels, a lily among flowers; a transcendently idealised picture among pictures, of song amid songs.

"So gentle seems my lady, and so pure  
When she greets any one, that scarce the eye  
Such modesty and brightness can endure,  
And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply.

SITUATE BY THE SEA, Nov. 30, 1883.

"At Boston I addressed a line to you by the hand of my scribe, telling you that I would try to find for you the canto you were in quest of. I have translated the Eleventh canto (*Purgatorio*) and took great pains with that passage.

Quando vivea piu glorioso, disse,  
Liberalmento nel Campo di Siena."

"At first I began to fear that I could find every number of the *Catholic World* but that very one. After some search, however, and with my sister's help, I lighted on the desired copy and had just cut the canto (as you see) from the periodical to make light postage, when my sister remarked: 'You must not give away that copy of the canto for you will one day need it, and may not find it easy to obtain another.'

"Considering this, I was about to write to you to return to me, at your convenience and when you should have wholly done with it the extract which I inclose—when lo! all at once, a duplicate copy turned up, carefully put away and duly labeled in Mrs. Parsons' handwriting: "William's Eleventh Canto." It seemed to me almost as if Mrs. Parsons, who was ever so thoughtful of my needs, had foreknown that it would be called for and had anticipated your request. It gratifies me to mention this little accidental instance of her constant forethought, although such instances are of very frequent occurrence. I will not, therefore, dear lady, ask you to return me this copy of the canto."

The passage with which he had taken such great pains, and also his notes upon it, appeared in the article upon Siena, in the second volume of *Pilgrims and Shrines*.

She never heeds when people praise her worth,—  
 Some in their speech, and many with a pen,  
 But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth  
 To show another miracle to men!

And such a pleasure from her presence grows  
 On him who gazeth, while she passeth by—  
 A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows  
 Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose  
 Is woke to worship, and a spirit flows  
 Forth from her face that seems to whisper, "sigh!"

When we remember how little type has been used to set forth the praises of this poet, who took so little care of his own popularity, we need not hesitate to add one more instance of his characteristic simplicity. On our last visit to Boston, Dr. Parsons called upon us at Miss Dana's and brought with him—not a basketful, but—two apples only, of the most delicate tints, from the "Scituate Orchard;" and we subjoin the lines sent to him a while after with a cover on which was painted the Scituate Orchard, beach and lighthouse, by the same "Lily" to whom we owed the translation of a canto.

OCTOBER 6, 1888.

Of apples from Hesperides, youth sings;  
 But here are apples which a Poet brings  
 With his own hand, from orchards by the sea,  
 The sun's full benison on them, for me:  
 Worthy of Virgil and Pamona too;  
 Of scenes mid which their winsome beauty grew;  
 While, as a king's choice sentence comes to mind  
 The fruit of wisdom in my hand I find.

Fair Scituate orchard! drop your luscious store  
 Of paly gold, with carmine dappled o'er;  
 Yet we listen for one Tuscan strain  
 From Scituate's Bard, to cheer the season's wane.

One more token of those traits which mark a poetic soul, claims our pen. It was published in the Atlantic.

SONG.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees—  
 Of sweet degrees,  
 Like those in Jewry heard of old;  
 Nay, love, if thou wouldst wholly please,

Hold in thy hand a harp of gold,  
 And touch the strings with fingers light,  
 But yet with strength as David might—  
 As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love—  
 In songs of love;

No serenades nor wanton airs  
 The deeper soul of music move;  
 Only a solemn measure bears,  
 With rapture that shall never cease,  
 Our spirits to the gates of peace—  
 Gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings—  
 Francesca sings;

My thoughts mount upward; I am dead  
 To every sense of vulgar things,  
 And on celestial highways tread  
 With prophets of the olden time,  
 Those minstrel kings, the men sublime—  
 Great men sublime.

A song which he might have sung with his last breath, his eyes fixed upon the triune world of Dante's chant. Well may we repeat, recalling the noble train of poets that have vanished into the unseen future during the past few years, the truest Tuscan of them all, was Thomas William Parsons.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

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## TENNYSON AND WHITTIER.

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It would seem as if all the great and good men were dying, and that the world itself must be on the verge of ruin simply from lack of the supporting genius of its greatest human souls.

Simply as the memory runs we recall as now among the buried dead, Carlyle, Emerson, Manning, Newman, Browning, Tennyson, Hugo and Renan; not to speak of the lesser lights, Whittier, Lowell and Lanier, all of whom were with us but yesterday singing their beautiful songs in our ears, and pouring forth those streams of eloquent, passionate, logical prose which differs only from poetry in this that it lacks a certain winged touch and the art of measured lines.



Of all these I can only speak in this number of Tennyson and Whittier and of these briefly as it were by comparison and contrast in order to run two contemplated articles into one.

“The world is too much with us.”

Even those of us whose lives are presumably given to culture and thought are pressed so closely by the toeprints of the work-a-day world, made so conscious of its vulgarities, ignorance, falseness and cares, that but little time is left to “cultivate the muses;” and our laurel crowns, and worships of the dead are clipped and cut short by some clown from the circus, some beggar from the gutter with a fine new advertising scheme. So in his ceaseless beneficence, may the good Lord have mercy upon us all. It is so difficult to be a poet in this age that for my own part, I either worship a true poet with tears and gladness or I feel ashamed of my own existence.

Why do not all people feel this way? Alas to talk to people about feeling at all, or worshipping at all, in downright earnest in this mechanic and godless age is to find yourself stared at, suspected of being a crank, and to realize that even priests and parsons are looking for the soft place in your head. Fortunately few of them are phrenologists, and a sincere man may kneel and weep a little without the absolute certainty of being shoved into an insane asylum. So let us linger a while, after the trappings of the funerals and the obituaries over the graves and memories and works of Tennyson and Whittier, two of the choicest chosen spirits of modern times.

I am fully satisfied that only those of truly heroic mould can fully comprehend or appreciate heroic souls; that only the great and noble of purpose can fully know the souls who have wrought these noble purposes into actions and words of flame; that we must have within us latently the elements of poetry in order to comprehend the true poet; and when a man says to me that he has no sense of the poetic, that it is all alike to him, I know in the first place that his soul is lost to culture; that he is morally an animal, and more than likely a beast and a demon at the bottom of his soul.

In view of all this, I am glad to find that the gifted but unfortunate Poe said of Tennyson, over fifty years ago, that he was not only the greatest poet of our time, but one of the few greatest poets of all time. This is and always has been precisely my own

estimate of Tennyson. The early pictures of him, when he was beardless, and a young man, when all the fulness of youth was in the forehead, and all the lines of the mouth, eyes and head were as Phideas' marbles chiseled, clear and sharp and clean, shows that he had the completest head and the most perfect face in all England at that age. Then, as the disappointments and jealousies of life smote him, and as the beard grew, and the temples shrank a little by the wear and tear of years, the lines of the lips closed and hardened a little, and the eyes gave up their dream and looked onward to the work that was before him, the face took the settled, mature and grave expression that all the world knows.

It was this expression that the poor humbug Whitman tried to imitate while he was publishing his untamed, uncultured and long-winded stuff that would-be critics of later years called poetry.

So by the study of physiognomy, of which I simply give touches in the article on human faces in this number—and which has been a life-long study with me, I know that Tennyson was, in fact, the greatest, the completest man in all England in his day.

He had not the great intellectual strength of Carlyle ; he had not the conquered triumphant spiritual power of Manning or Newman, but he had a completer human head, as Shakespeare had before them all, and he had conquered an art of poetic expression, that was, and that will long remain, the most beautiful thing in the English speech of all the ages of mankind. It was this that all would-be poets tried to imitate from Pekin to Dublin; from Boston to San Francisco, and all over the world, and with so much success that after a while mere book reviewers found themselves making sport of Tennyson and praising his imitators as if they were the real children of God and of Song, until he himself had to say with measured scorn :

“And now again they call the flower a weed.”

Such is life. We poison our Socrates, crucify our Lord, slay his apostles, thinking we are doing God service ; make sport of the souls that die daily unto sin and lust to make life beautiful for us, and feel imposed upon if we are asked to pay a fair price for their poems or their prose.

We choose Ingersoll rather, and call ourselves cultured scientists, liberals, and what not, while we are the merest sweepings of the gutters of hell.

It would be an easy and a loving task to quote page after page of those beautiful verses that have become household words in all the refined homes of Christendom. I shall forego the pleasure. Never since English art took upon its lips the language of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, has any man crowded so much soul into a few English words or covered such prairies of English speech with the daintiest tints of heaven and the flowers.

It seems to me that Tennyson never loved the sea, never swam in it, brooded over it, felt all its unutterable undertones, impulses, voices, shadows, monitions, wooings, sighings and ragings, as Swinburne has felt them; but not even Swinburne or Shakespeare ever crowded so much of human emotion, so much might and majesty and yet impotence of the sea into so few lines as Tennyson has done in the ever memorable—

Break, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O, Sea !  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play !  
 O, well for the sailor lad,  
 That he sings in his boat in the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill !  
 But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break  
 At the foot of thy crags, O, Sea !  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

And it all looks so simple, so easy, reads as if he might have gone on doing like that hour after hour all his life, or better, and as if any school girl or school boy could do as well anywhere any time, and as often as he or she pleased. My friends, that is the beauty, and mystery and glory of all highest art. But try it. And in advance, I tell you that to create not to imitate; but to create work of that kind takes and exhausts more human power than you have in all the base-ball and foot-ball college teams of modern Christendom. It is the simplicity and the intensity and the sincerity of all art, as I have been trying to teach these many years, and as my good friend Mr. Harte is now trying to teach in that



least sincere and most artificial of all modern cities, Boston, it is the simplicity, intensity and sincerety of all art that make it true and that are its crown and glory.

Whitman mistook the grotesque haranguings of a clownish libertine for art and poetry, and there are lots of fool critics that do not know any better.

Wordsworth was the master of simplicity in English poetry ; and his work to-day is as fresh as on the day it was born.

Dryden and the classic writers were all *modern* artists.

Shakespeare struck straight out from the soul of him as steam flies from an overful locomotive, or as rain falls from the bursting clouds of heaven. Only fools talk of art for art's sake. Life is art, probe it, touch it, and your hand trembles with a power that wields the stars.

Beauty is art, love it, and your words will soon take on wings ; but the angel neither knows nor loves a loveless mechanic soul. Mere imitators, chaperons and apers of art for art's sake are chattering in all the dense forests of the world. Be a man, a woman, pure and clean of soul, first of all, then any gifts you have will shine as the gifts of God. The Howells and the James and the Holmes of art are the laughing stock of all chosen souls.

Lay down thy Dryden, thy Pope ; again take up thy Shakespeare, and be a man.

Alfred Lord Tennyson carries on the line of the great master poets of England. From Shakespeare to Wordsworth, to Browning to Tennyson, what struggles for mastery in the art of English poetry, and the last named, the Laureate, the petted, the honored, the almost worshiped and now dead Tennyson was well worthy of all the love and glory the English speaking races have poured at his feet and wreathed around his head.

The early and most human aspects of Tennyson's existenece are brought out in Locksly Hall, and a few minor poems of personal pique with men infinitely inferior to himself and utterly unworthy even of his scorn.

In the former poem he could still say of some one woman— young and beautiful if false as night—“All the currents of my being set to thee.” But ere long that dream was conquered and left behind, and plainly domestic love took on the shape of duty, faithfully performed till death. To this earlier period belong also those hellish doubts of divine truth, which came over all England

in Tennyson's early maturity—like troops of countless unseen demons out of the heart of hell.

From that time to this the victims of these demons have called themselves scientists and liberals, led by the Spencers, the Huxleys and Darwins; until, at least in the case of Spencer and Darwin, the leaders themselves fled for refuge to some deeper thoughts of God. But the Buckles and the Leweses and the Mills and their poor hoodwinked women died of the gangrene that tried to creep over the limbs of Tennyson, as evinced in the poem of "The Two Voices" reviewed by me in the *GLOBE* No. 9.

Thank heaven, however, this beautifullest poet of the century, this idol of English culture, fought the demon hand to hand till the

"Still small voice"

of the Spirit of Truth whispered deeply in his ear, in his soul :

"A murmur, be of better cheer."

And henceforth he could see the people go to their Sunday worship without sneering, could even go along with them himself with that humility characteristic of all great souls, could himself worship as purely and perfectly as possible under the guidance and shadow of a broken branch of the Tree of Life.

After this period of doubt, and of the *Two Voices*; and after the great affliction which robbed him of his friend Hallam, and the one manly love of man for man that sent all his emotions into darkness, there came those marvellously clear and unutterably beautiful poems that form the group known as *In Memoriam*, which seem to shine and shine as stars from heaven, as new revelations of the possibilities of English faith, English speech and English human souls.

"And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows."

And what modern soul, battling with sin and doubt and passion, and a thousand temptations has not been aided by

"I hold it true with him who sings  
To our clear harp of divers tones;  
That men may rise on stepping stones,  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

So the poem moves on, so the life moved on till

"The charnel houses of the dead"

had to be content with the regrets, the conquered weakness of this kingly soul, while he himself—as best he could—under the guidance of the English Church went on to Christmas days and New Years of victory to

“Ring out the old, ring in the new;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

And so shall it be, my friends, till the master minds of all this world no less than the humble, the obscure and the poor shall have found

“The Christ that is to be.”

This is a very poor notice, hardly a sketch in faintest outline of a life so full of beauty and victory and song that one might go on forever sifting its beauties and singing its songs as among the sweetest pleasures and worships of the soul.

I have not deemed it worth while in this notice, to give even the barest outline of the historic data of Tennyson's birth and life. It is simply a little tribute to the dead that dies not within us; for of all men, it can be supremely said of great poets, that

“Their works do follow them.”

And I have seen nothing more beautiful in the newspaper accounts of Tennyson than this, that though dead, we do not miss him, for his poems and his presence have so permeated our lives, our very atmosphere, that he seems to be with us still.

After this I feel a reluctance to speak of Whittier. Yet, I have loved him; none more dearly, I think, these last thirty years: a good, limited, circumscribed, provincial, charitable, gifted, New England Quaker man; whose soul and whose ears, spite of the poor limitation of his sect, and spite of the sharp worldliness of New England life, did manage to feel and live for the poetic in this world and to sing many beautiful songs. I think that Whittier was more gifted even than Longfellow, and he is, to my mind, head and shoulders above such mere versifiers as Lowell and Holmes, not to speak of the younger broods of New England poetic cacklers.

In truth, considering his Quaker birth and bringing up, his ear for poetic music is something wonderful. For it is useless to try to get away from the laws of nature, my friends. If your forefathers spread Calvinistic lies your grandchildren will be assinine, braying Ingersolls. If your grandfathers fling the worshipers of art out of the churches, stifle the organs, muffle the singers, whitewash the marble statues of martyrs, and pluck the altars of their adornments,



your grandchildren will, many of them, be deaf mutes, without ear or sense for music, and their poor lean souls will be as ignorant of art as of true worship and highest virtue.

My friend, Mr. Harte, may scold all he pleases in the *GLOBE* at the injustice of the past and present, but the religious and social institutions of the past of Christendom have created ideals of human character by living them that modern democracy, in its gutter robes and in its rude iconoclasm does not comprehend and cannot equal while it holds its present and contemptible lying theories of existence and of justice in this world.

Whittier was a good man and a gifted poet, spite of his ancestry and surroundings, on the one hand, and on the other, as slavery and anti-slavery became the great moral issue in his early days, and as his religion, whatever else it lacked, had completely developed the moral sense on the side of the Sermon on the Mount, and was away ahead of the average orthodoxy and heterodoxy of his day on the points of charity and human rights, his religion helped him mightily in the first and to the latest utterances of his gifted and poetic soul.

Whittier, however, was never an original, creative poet like Poe, or Realf, and in spite of the smoothness of his verses he was never as cultured or finished a poet as Longfellow, and Longfellow, even, as you will find if you study him well, was crude and commonplace and unfinished, even in style and structure as well as immeasurably inferior in thought and power to Alfred Tennyson.

Hence I said that I shrank from speaking of Whittier by the side of Tennyson. It is like sending a very nice and a very superior country boy, well dressed, but conscious of his clothes, to a city party in company with a scion of wealth and fashion just from the university and with all, a man infinitely superior to the country boy in the simplest elements of intellectual and moral power.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Alfred Lord Tennyson and John G. Whittier. If you have any virtue, any intellect, any refinement of soul, any love of truth, of culture, of the sweetest and simplest as well as of highest and purest art, you will love these two gentlemen as long as you live, but when you have mastered the master faces of all ages you will see that the one is the exponent of an immature, crude, raw, material, but hopeful and aggressive civilization, and the other the life fruitage of, all

things considered, the richest, fullest, completest, broadest and most cultured civilization that the white races have ever attained.

Nothing could well be more Whittieresque even of his maturer life than certain portions of his first two published poems, and yet nothing could be more suggestive of Burns and Moore on the one hand and of Wordsworth on the other.

I do not say that Whittier sat down, like the common hacks of these days, and deliberately tried, either in earnest or for fun, to imitate Burns or Wordsworth in these poems; but only this, that plainly those poets and their poems suggested alike the measure, the tone, the style of thought, and, in a word, served as text and inspiration for the New England Quaker young man, and that neither the meaning nor the meter was original with Whittier. The poems, in a word, were echoes, caught by a sensitive ear and reproduced in sweet and simple loyalty of recognition by a sensitive and gifted spirit. This, indeed, is true of the whole school of so-called New England poets. They were all, and they will remain, only American echoes of the superior poems of superior English souls. I am well aware that this is no new discovery. But it is new to have it put so plainly in these days.

Whitman and the mere wild-cat poets have always charged that the New England men were simply English poets over again. Alas, if they had been that they had done well, but they were infinitely less than that, and yet they are so superior to Whitman and the wild-cats that their music has been long accepted as the best this country has yet produced. I give here the first verse of each of Whittier's first two published poems and if you can forget for a moment that Whittier wrote them you will readily hear Moore, Burns and Wordsworth over again, but without the native quality of any one of the three, and with a fearful evidence of bathos toward the end of each stanza.

#### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.

Fond scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,  
 With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—  
 A lasting adieu ! for now, dim in the distance,  
 The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.  
 Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and grey,  
 Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native land ;  
 Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,  
 The forest crown'd hill and the water-wash'd strand.

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## THE DEITY.

1 KINGS, XIX CHAPT. II V.

\* \* \* \* The prophet stood  
 On the dark mount, and saw the tempest cloud  
 Pour the fierce whirlwind from its dark reservoir  
 Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,  
 Torn from the earth, heav'd high its roots where once  
 Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely form,  
 Smote by the tempest, lash'd the mountain's side.  
 —Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer  
 Beheld the scene of desolation—for  
 Th' Eternal Spirit mov'd not in the storm !

It is a little singular, too, that while Whittier sixty years ago and more had adopted the hand-writing that had become almost universal among the so-called literary men of this country, Tennyson was as individual and original in his penmanship as he was in his soul and in his poetry.

A man is either original all over, or an ape all over. The same lines of fate mark the caste of the spirit, the areas of the life and the lines of the forehead as mark the flow of thought in the characters of the written page. Some time I will write an article on character in penmanship; and I am quite willing to announce it in advance, knowing that, though the boys may be very glad of the theme, they have not worked the mine and therefore that the true ore of the company will remain in my hands. Emerson always had character enough to write like a man.

After these earlier tentative effects of unconscious imitation, Whittier came to the broader fields of sentiment as in Maud Muller, and to the deeply religious sentiment as in the poem beginning—

“ Another hand is beckoning us,  
 Another call is given,  
 And glows once more with angel steps,  
 The path which reaches heaven.”

Even in Maud Muller we come to the—

“ Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies,  
 Deeply buried from human eyes ;  
 And in the hereafter angels may  
 Roll the stone from its grave away.”

Along with this broader awakening to the truer themes of poetry came the Quaker awakening to the hellish crime of African-American slavery.



All the world knows that the Quakers and the Covenanter Presbyterians were the van guards of modern Protestantism against this now almost forgotten shadow of hell that hung like a pall of clouds over the conscience and life of this nation for more than a hundred years ; and Whittier was among the first of those young and gifted souls who gave tongue and pen and body and soul to the freeing of the oppressed in this land.

I am not saying it was on the whole a good thing for the negro to be freed. As soon as I could think I was myself an abolitionist, and I cannot go back upon that record, but when I treat the negro problem in these pages I have many facts to give that look as if it was only a question whether we were to keep the negro alive in this land by the kindly institution of slavery or whether we were to gradually crowd him to the wall and disintegrate him by the pressures and frictions of so-called American freedom.

Whittier, however, like all the whole hearted young men of his day, gave his best powers to his poems for the freeing of the slaves. They are now out of date and I have no space to quote them here ; but they remain the noblest and strongest words that were ever uttered by an American on the great moral issue of the human soul. Phillips, of course, is the great master prophet of freedom in this land, in truth, by all odds the greatest American ever born, but Whittier was in his way just as exalted on this theme, and what those more circumspect and very nice gentlemen, Mr. Lowell and Mr. Holmes and Mr. Curtis, had to say or sing thereon were merely a faint refrain of the chorus as in the ballet of some modern famous opera. But when the prima donnas are gone the boys must treat the ballet-girls to flowers and wine ! The poor girls and the poor boys !

On the whole, Whittier was at his best in his so-called religious poems and in " Snow Bound."

In modern hymnology, below the highest grade such as Newman's—

" Lead, Kindly Light " ;

And such hymns as—

" Nearer my God to Thee, "

" Rock of Ages, "

And—

" As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see."

—I say, next below this grade, there is nothing finer than Whittier's—

“The harp at nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The songs the sons of morning sung  
Have never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given  
By all things near and far ;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven  
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up,  
From many a mountain shrine,  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.”

So the thoughts, the doctrines, the practices of the dear Mother Church, the true resting place of all Christian souls, had found a lodgement in the heart of this dear poet, and spite of his Quakerisms he used the symbolism of the Catholic altar to teach his highest lessons of the poetry and prose of nature and of the human soul.

A chosen and gifted spirit, as we said, and one who only needed that peace and that joy which come alone from an unquestioning acceptance of the whole Gospel of Christ and His Church to have made him as full of joy as he was full of hope ; but we must take the best that God can make out of the broken fragments of the Protestantism of the ages, and try ourselves to be better and brighter and truer men.

Finally, it has always seemed to me since *Snow Bound* was finished and published that it was Whittier's most original, most natural and most beautiful poem.

It takes the frozen, hard, limited, snow-hid New England farm-house, out of which have come those streams of energy now peopling this broad land, takes in a word, this one phase of human life, and almost the only one that he was intimately familiar with, and weaving about the cold picture wreath after wreath of beautiful domestic flowers of affection and memory, he turns the whole scene into a living, loving home-life, with its cultured thoughts, its deep questionings and its sturdy courage, if not its immortal rest; and I fancy that of all the truly American poems yet written I would rather have written *Snow Bound* than any other.

And spite of all creeds and their limitations my soul seems to say in parting, to this dear, chosen, arisen soul :

“ And when the sunset gates unbar  
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
 And white against the evening star  
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand ? ”

I am not in the habit of apologizing for my work, because I usually give so much time to its careful preparation that I feel as if I had done somewhere near the best that I could do ; but this article, and, indeed, all the new articles in this number of the *GLOBE*, have been written in my new Chicago office, in the midst of many urging interruptions and a constant stream of unexpected business cares.

Even the quotations in this article are from memory, without stopping to hunt up books to verify my quotations, and if here and there a word is not exactly in accordance with the latest editions the reader may know that I have given the poems to him or to her as they have long sung themselves in my own soul.

W. H. THORNE.

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## THE WORLD PROBLEM AND LITERATURE.

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The World Problem is the Problem of Justice. It is not a new problem, but it seems so to poor blind political economists, legislators, preachers of fashionable gospels and amusers, who are alarmed at seeing its vague outlines swell out into a definite, gigantic portent. They have so long bought bodies and souls for pence, they have so long appeased the cry for bread and God's justice with stones, organized charities and relief committees, that they cannot but think that this is a new madness seizing their usually shadowy monster, giving it a new and terrible life and power of vision. But it is the old, old problem. The Sermon on the Mount is the first and greatest epitome of the World Problem. It has been reduced to a dogma, and is regarded as a Divine idealism wholly impracticable in this world—God's world. It is a problem that from Christ's day to our own has had no place in practical politics, and which can scarcely be said at any time to have entered into the



vital spirit of any great religious organization ; although it has undoubtedly influenced and dominated rare individuals in and out of them. As a matter of fact, religious bodies have usually shirked any genuine consideration of the question, assuming that it came without the spiritual sphere, and have occupied themselves with the learned exposition of theological fog. The trouble is, that religion and vast establishments are seldom compatible ; religion is a divine intuition—a reality, having nothing whatever to do with theological fog ; and establishments are supported by the illusion of privilege and money, which have nothing to do with religion. The world's true ministers do not seek to pour God's truth through the filtering vessels of the rich and powerful. The churches are on an entirely wrong basis ; they try to reconcile God's law of love with the laws of a timocracy ; they endeavor to substitute charity and confession of sin for *Justice*. A sin confessed should be a sin remedied, or the confession is a mere parody of prayer. And charity (of the false eleemosynary kind) is nothing more than iniquity, and the meditation of further iniquity ;—it is a tampering with the conscience in the individual and in the mass ; it is a confession and mock repentance ; it is the most disgusting and noxious of hypocrisies ; it is pitting poor worldly cunning against God's eternal balance ; it is a weak, blasphemous attempt to secure the comforts of existence and outwit the almighty. It is one of the saddest and most ludicrous occupations that men engage in. It does not even deceive thinking men. Before we can obtain justice we must utterly root out the disgraceful iniquity of the practice of so-called philanthropy. We can best reverence God by reverencing our fellows, and "philanthropy" can only become possible and flourish upon the perpetuation of oppression and misery and hatred. There is no divine love in "philanthropy," only a gross assumption of superiority and contempt. Opulence dispensing moneys to institutions should have no monopoly of this word "philanthropy." The word has somehow lost its meaning ; it does not apply to bountiful highwaymanry. We have perverted the word to a base use, and made it a synonym for a contemptible system of subsidy and self-glorification. It means "love of mankind" ; not partial restitution, stewardship, or "paying the piper" ; and it would be well if the churchss and society remembered that fact. Christ was a philanthropist. Dives can never be, and remain dives. A man who destroys young girls pays his procuress, and

the man who preys upon mankind relieves certain individuals, or causes churches and asylums to be built for general relief of all sorts; and so both "philanthropists" circulate money, pay the piper, and absolve their consciences. Christ did not preach "philanthropy"—distortion, injustice and partial restitution for general relief; this does not remedy the specific wrong. The Pharisees contributed largely to "charities," but they were altogether destitute of charity. Wholesale benevolence can never obliterate one item of retail wrong. This sort of philanthropy was not a thing unknown to Christ, but he condemned it by preaching *Justice*. This is the World Problem; and it is a problem that has racked and worn every great and truly religious nature, from the early philosophers to our day, and which, at length, beneath all practical politics and conventional literature, all of which regard it as contraband, dangerous and vulgar, is forcing itself upon the minds of men in every quarter of the civilized world—in every quarter of the Western World, at least. In China and India, highly civilized countries, where the pendulum of opinion on such matters moves even more slowly than in Europe and America, it is doubtless an undreamed-of force. The new spirit in Japan makes its existence possible there in some form in the next century. But in our Western world it is disturbing the old ideals of society and literature, and causing trepidation in the churches. They object to a perfectly practicable philosophy; and diplomatically disapprove of it under many pious disguises, while approving of the principle and spirit that impels it. "Ye are all children of God, rich and poor alike," they say, "but do not disturb the established order of things. Such a proceeding would destroy the churches." Supposing it did, it is reasonable to doubt whether that would destroy religion, whether the obliteration of all human institutions would destroy God. Just as surely as men perpetuate their kind and each generation has a new and distinctive life, by the same law, institutions grow out of each other, and each contributes something to the sum of knowledge of mankind, but no one is imbued with the whole truth. All truth is relative, and institutions, like apples in an orchard, should be plucked in due season, for the world, although it may long cherish and need the tree, cannot eat the apples that were fresh and blooming decades ago. If the apples are not plucked, they will drop naturally with decay. It is

the same with ideas as with the race ; ideas and men are always merging into the new generation. Monarchy in due course naturally gave birth to democracy, not without considerable labor, of course ; and democracy with not a little less pain will in due time bring forth something better. It is very necessary to point out at this time and in these United States that although universal democracy brings us nearer perhaps to the threshold of the world problem, it is by no means a solution of it. In democracy we have gained a theory, and not a condition.

Only the blind can be content with our democracy, for, to begin with, it is democracy in name only—a democracy which virtually denies the obligations of the individual to the community, and the reciprocative obligations of the community to the individual. The World Problem is not assuredly cured with any democratic plaster—or not until the ingredients of it are a little more substantial than at present. The problem goes deeper than politics, into the very traditions and instincts (instincts acquired and handed down by savage ancestors) of the race. In its various manifestations, often apparently opposed, but really working to one end, it is the enforcement of a great spiritual truth ; a call to manhood ; an awakening of the conscience of mankind ; a demand, in the name of God, that men professing to believe in the teachings, and in the Divinity of Christ, should cease to pollute their souls with gains and pleasures derived from the degradation of Christ's brethren. It is called by many names, derided out of practical politics, tabooed in the pulpit, joked out of the newspapers—but what is actually becoming the great shadow over our civilization, threatening its very foundations, the giant unrest which all classes feel stirring in society, let them dine, talk, laugh and write as they will—is this alone, the problem of Absolute Justice. In a more unsettled state of society the necessity of justice was never apparent, and the masses, ignorant, degraded, superstitious and credulous, never investigated that ancient lie—the law of *Meum et Tuum*. The more general diffusion of intelligence, the lifting of the mists of religious superstition, and the consequent decline of monarchical and aristocratical power, are slowly changing all this. Only the most stupendous ignorance of God's laws and the mystery of life can impel men to worship titles and hereditary classes and money. It is the keener perception of religion, which is taking hold of the leaders of men, that is producing



the unrest in modern society. It is not the problem of Charity, Philanthropy, Missions, or any of the things with which society perpetuates wrong and secures itself in its power by throwing a sop to Cerberus—it is the problem of Justice. We have not yet found a solution of it—but we have got thus far. A hundred years ago this would have been sacrilege in every church synod, presbytery and convention, and rant and revolution out of them; to-day outside of politics and the press, every man admits in his assent or dissent that this is the actual problem, sifted down. We have got to the point where we can discuss the question of the difference between statutory and social justice, and God's justice, and this is a great deal. It will take centuries before the world comprehends more than the theory of justice, but we must not be discouraged by the discrepancy between theories and practice. We have all the traditions of centuries of selfishness and greed, under a thousand chameleon forms to oppose, and men are largely made by their circumstances. As boys, we face the World Problem eager for the fight, convinced that the truth must prevail; as men, we are glad to gain the slightest recognition of the truth of theories. To those who quite despair of the future of these United States, because of the survival of brutal autoeracy here, and the introduction of the feudalism of the dollar, I always say one thing. The United States is the only nation in the world which has in its constitution the words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are possessed of certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Here is the theory admitted; and we must fight for theories and for their maintenance, and although we must not be content with mere words, we must perforce not despair of our achievement, but leave performance to posterity and the centuries. As Whittier says,

" Thus with somewhat of the Seer,  
 Must the moral pioneer  
 From the future borrow ;  
 Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
 And, on the midnight's sky of rain  
 Paint the golden morrow !"

The conscience of mankind asserts itself more slowly than the greed of mankind. The social history of the United States may seem to make Jefferson's words a travesty, but we may be sure that

to all thoughtful men these words in every age will make such history a travesty upon the actual and eternal material destituent of mankind. If men could only discover that from birth to death they are all bare, all beggars, we might have a state of civilized society in which there would be no beggars. If men could only learn that they can never possess anything, these poor owners who make life horrible to their brethren might be persuaded to share the provision of God for them and the myriads to come after them. But so few men realize that death must reap them in due time; that for us there is no earthly to-morrow—we live only in the fleeting hour. It is, of course, well that men should not be conscious of ever-impending death. The first hint of democracy must have come from the thought of death. Aristocracies and plutocracies and the mania for accumulating and owning things would be understandable in a world where there was no such reconciling power as death, or in a world in which death came to all at some given moment, and the sun went out forever. But in this world in which there is a sufficiency for all, our intense and savage game for prizes that are not as wonderful as the pebbles on the seashore, and which we cannot possibly *own* does seem a ludicrous tragedy in the light of death. For death every day preaches the gospel of love; the irrevocableness of evil. It is strange that men possessing only one thing, life, are so apt to hazard and to sacrifice it for things they can never possess.

Our civilization is an irony upon the Christianity of every nation in Christendom. I was about to say in the civilized world, but that would not be correct, for Christendom does not comprise all the civilized nations, and it is important that people should appreciate that there is a great gulf between civilization and a common apprehension of ethical values. If one doubts this statement, he had better frequent Wall street for a week and become reconciled to the truth of it. It is a too common error to confound Christianity and civilization as synonyms of each other. Christ and his disciples after him preached his philosophy of true living in a period, and to people, highly civilized. It should be remembered that civilization, as it is usually understood, is but another form of barbarism. Heine, in one of his less joyous moods, points out this fact. Those unfortunate geese who cackle about the duty of patriotism, in election speeches, at mutual admiration banquets, and through the press, should learn that no great evil is merely

local in its consequences. The starving crowds, diseased and demoralized women and children, and the cut-throats of London, Paris and Berlin, reduced by their birth and misery to a moral level below that of savages, are not represented in Parliament, and they do not clamor often in the streets for bread. Society goes about its business and its pleasures and heeds not these poor muddy shadows, which infest certain quarters; but, could moral blindness go farther? The wrongs of these wretches are terribly avenged. Nature is continually working the yeast of mankind, and nature is too cunning at her craft to be defeated in her purpose by the distinctions of societies, fine clothes and imposing houses. The prosperous are indeed morally blind in allowing and encouraging the moral blindness of the hordes, which may one day be animated by a common mad impulse of revenge, and then unfortunately be too blind to perceive that destruction and murder and rapine are not the foundations of reformation and a true civilization. Hunger is a great criminal, but society is the father of it. Wrong perpetuates wrong. Those good folk who disapprove of the men who try to open their eyes to the fact, and its possible terrible consequences, should reflect, that, although men can create and sustain certain conditions, these same conditions inevitably mould men; and the results of these conditions often go so deep into men's souls that only God can know just where moral obligation begins and responsibility ends. And to make the point I wished to bring out—men may place geographical, ethnological and political limits to misery, but if there is one thing in this world which I should imagine puzzles the Almighty, it is this fetish of commercial supremacy and patriotism. God recognizes no such arbitrary distinctions. Starvation and misery in Europe inevitably produce homeless, vagrant throngs in the streets of the New World, and the leaven works slowly and surely, until there must finally come a day of reckoning; Perhaps to thousands it has already *come*, or is coming. A settling of accounts is taking place every day, but the newspapers contain no particulars. How should they? These things are known only to God. The men who make a trade of politics tell us that starvation in Europe is our opportunity, our market, and that our wide expanses of arable land and its wealth of production are only natural and legitimate advantages in commerce, and we may sit like geese and applaud, and dollars may flow into the pockets of certain cliques of men;



but I tell you if starvation can be confined within a geographical definition, the moral and the physical revenges of starvation anywhere can not be so confined. These conditions unfortunately can not be kept distinct and separate; physical starvation in the mass inevitably produces mental and moral starvation, and this must always menace the stability of any society. The revenges I speak of are not to be found specifically recorded in history; they must necessarily escape the observation of men whose Bible is Adam Smith, and who chronicle parliamentary measures and agitations as if there were no souls behind them. These things belong to pathology and psychology and are without the province of history, critics will tell you. But history without philosophy is as useful as a candle-stick without a candle. And at best the greater part of what is called history is either a gravely preposterous record of absurd and unimportant occurrences—usually little more than fulsome biography of kings and statesmen; or a tissue of superfluous lies in condonation of quite superfluous actors.

Some critics will doubtless say that philosophy and the scientific spirit also wrongly obtained a place in art; that art should be something apart from and superior to them. The idea of art being higher than the eternal facts of human life is incredible to me. This sense of slowly working and ever impending change, this new and low momentous unrest goes perhaps deeper than any agitation of the sort that has swept over society before. Other epochs have produced a similar unrest, with many similar superficial manifestations, and have shaken society; but society has reverted to its idols again, and if a change of labels has been effected that has been the utmost done. Then mammon has resumed its sway. These agitations have been born of hunger. The millions of empty stomachs in the dark noisome corners of the world have suddenly and simultaneously communicated a blind impulse, taking the place of reasoning to the will, and the millions have willed to live, instead of somnolently dying without an effort. The unrest in society nowadays springs more from the *apprehension* of empty stomachs to-morrow than the pangs of starvation today. It is born not in the stomachs of the millions. It goes from the head downwards. It is the result of education. Men of the classes to whom education was formerly denied have wrung the right to learn from those who fattened upon their ignorance, and getting religion and philosophy in a new light, without the

bias of social station, rent-rolls, hereditary pride and precedents, they perceive this truth, that of all created animals men are the only ones that die of sheer starvation in the midst of plenty. Then they inquire how this can be. I speak of physical starvation, not because I regard the securing of bread as the whole problem, or a sufficiency as its solution, but because it is the undoubted basis of all starvation—moral, religious and intellectual. The problem which Europe, America and Australasia, the whole Western world, will have to solve, or bear the incubus of through the coming centuries, has its vitality almost as much in the apprehensions of, as in the fact of, starvation. Its root goes deeper into the conscience of the best of mankind. But it is a manifold and not a purely crude starvation: it includes besides the physical, the moral, the religious and the intellectual dormancy and impoverishment, which reduce citizenship to a farce, and put a premium on social highwaymanry.

It has been said of slavery that it "exists by the law of nature." The remark is a witty one, and the facts of human life, in every age, seem to give color to it. But we are not to judge of this question by the facts of every age; we are to deal with it rather by the spiritual facts in the lives of the highest types of men. These show the possibilities of human nature, and these possibilities must be recognized and insisted upon before we can hope to see anything of them in the mass. It certainly does appear as if a common blind impulse were dominating men's minds, for all legislation and all social restrictions and distinctions are for the successful and against the unsuccessful; and only in those extreme cases, which the law calls criminal, is there anything said of morality. And it should be borne in mind that under our competitive system every individual success makes a score of tragedies; every individual success must involve multiphary slavery—and often the succeeding individual himself only binds himself a slave with others who envy and hate him. Such a conservative and judicious writer as Walter Bagehot concedes that "even now, taking the world as a whole, the practice and the theory of it (slavery) are in a triumphant majority."\*

We need not seek piracy and slavery in the China seas alone. To our shame, slavery thrives hideously in all our cities and towns—it is thinly disguised as progress and civilization, "supply and

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\*Essays—The Metaphysical Basis of Toleration.

demand," financial statistics and commercial prosperity and philanthropy, but it degrades our God-made manhood to the level of man-made machinery, and it pollutes our womanhood to something lower.

This bald statement lacks all the horrible color of the facts: but it is no loose affirmation. There are millions of bondsmen and bondswomen in London, Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago—every large city in the civilized world. But unfortunately too many people are lulled into indifferentism by the silence of the great human sub-structure, upon which their calm, comfortable and apparently secure social paradise is erected. These are content with symbols, and these constitute that great respectable class which owns the land, which controls the press, makes our laws and pays men pennies for their souls; and these naturally abominate the so-called revolutionaries, who claim that the law of God is above all statute books, that men are more than laws, social conventions, of more consequence than bales of cotton, more than stock-lists and dividends, more than commercial or national greatness. With all our infinitely complicated social machinery we have really not got beyond a more or less refined survival of the ancient system of patron and client. It exists in every branch of trade and industry, including those of art and letters, today, and perpetuates the two old divisions of society of the ruling, rewarding minority and the helpless serving majority, continually under the threat of starvation, and often reduced to want and misery, while willing to continue the labor of production. Those who live with their eyes open, see men living in superfluity, and men starving in the streets, instead of landlords and bankrupt tenants, or employers and superfluous "labor"?

Our literature, so-called, is afraid to face the problem. The purely literary in literature is usually poor stuff for men and women who read not only with their eyes but with their hearts. All the greatest literary artists have been something more than literary amusers; they have been great moral teachers—Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Browning, Dante, Goethe, Dickens, Emerson, Carlyle, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, George Meredith—all of them are great in literature because they brought to literature the power of illuminating real life, and teaching the perennial lessons of humanity. I give the broadest, deepest significance to the word poetry. I use



it here to mean not only metrical compositions, but all great literature which shows the grandeur of human life, and teaches the true realities. The poets are the only practical people. They alone see the world aright, and they alone deal with the absolutely practical. The mass of men who take no interest in literature because it does not touch reality, are usually so warped in their vision that they cannot recognize reality, living as they do in a world of unrealities and unnatural conditions. The poets escape other men's illusions and live in realities; they would not be poets if they did not. The truth derived from syllogism is indeed truth, but it has not the high and divine nature of the truth that springs from the intuitions of God's highest instruments. The divine intuitions of a true poet are always more valuable to mankind than the labored analogies, parallels and comparisons of the industrious writer absolutely dependent upon historical archives and legal and social precedents. One brilliant generalization of genius sometimes upsets a whole system of metaphysics or political economy. And the literature born thus with only the natural pains of natural birth is not only infinitely more serviceable and true, but on art grounds is more artistic. As Matthew Arnold says: "We must go, after all, to the best poetry for the illumination of philosophy."

I have referred to literature, because, however much its influence may be distorted, minimized and diverted by commercialism and the pandering to a supposed taste for innocuous platitude dipped in sugar, literature is the greatest moral agency in the world, and it must always be wholesome at the core (in the existence of a few real thinkers), and so inevitably assist in the problem of the diminution of absolute injustice, if not in the solution of the problem of justice. It is certain that the modern world will seek of every modern writer of eminence some declaration on this paramount question, and will account him a farce or a plaything in accordance with the largeness and earnestness or narrowness and flippancy of his answer. His first credentials must be of the human sort. If writers of literature with a purpose are not required in this world, in which one-half of mankind is infected with an insane desire to barter its God-given possessions for parchments, meaningless titles, gold, houses, and the power to starve the other half, then we certainly have no room for writers without a purpose. The majority of men go to the poets for a true philosophy of life rather than to the

authors of systems of philosophy; but if the poets have nothing to offer but bricks made without straw, they are only a distraction in a world distracted.

Carlyle has remarked that a poet without Love was a physical and metaphysical impossibility—and it should be noted, by love he did not mean special sensibility to the charms of one woman, but love for his kind. There have been poets susceptible to the former influence who preached oppression in the name of chivalry, political economy, established order of things, and even in God's name. The truest poets of their fellows have usually been those who have most fearlessly rebuked their follies and wickednesses. The poetry that is most permeated with love for mankind was born of indignation. These have been, and are, usually arraigned and flouted as pessimists by the unthinking, and by the thinking but dishonest who find more prosperity in flattering men's brutality than in attempting to awaken their poor drugged consciences. Whittier, for instance, was long regarded as a sour disturber of society—and society which can only cohere healthily through continual disturbance can never forgive that—until it has slowly swung round upon its pivot (an extraordinarily illogical piece of illusory mechanism), and accepted the heresy it revolted at. If society is only in harmony through its slumberous indifference to iniquity and oppression, its cohesion is something akin to that of wet gunpowder in a warm oven—with a good fire growing beneath it. This is the harmony obtaining in the social world today. It is the business of literature to show the cooks, by a series of object lessons, domestic explosions and disintegrations, that pies cannot be cooked in an oven containing wet gunpowder. This is the sort of independent, reckless cooking going on in the political and social kitchen today, and while everybody is aware of the presence of the gunpowder, almost everybody complacently remarks that it is a good thing to raise the pie crust. It is quite probable that in due season these good conservatives will be gratified.

The greatest writers teach men to be human—to look at life for a moment philosophically and see what they lose by the gains of avarice, greed, cruelty and self-worship. Their books educate us in ultimate morality. They keep alight the perennial flame which lights the darkness of the world, and forces men, if only in occasional reflection, to recognize the divine in every one of God's human creatures; and of all artists, these are, and ever will be, the

most needed, to call men to themselves, and to show a world gone mad, in what a dismal miasm it rots, from its own sheer perversity. It is an apparent contradiction to most men, but it is very true, that there are more illusions between the covers of the ledger of a money grubber than in the mind and heart of the man who cares nothing for riches, who loves the world, loves the songs of the birds, the break, break of the sea, the shadows of the woods, the music of the trees, the sounds of the streets, and, above all, trusts and loves his fellows. The whole philosophy of true living is love. And love runs through all the greatest literature, and is to be found especially predominant in the works of the men who are usually arraigned as cynics.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

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## INGERSOLL IN A NEW LIGHT.

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MYTH AND MIRACLE.—IMPRESSIONS OF NATURE ON THE MIND OF MAN.—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE, —BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.—G. E. WILSON, PUBLISHER. CHICAGO.

Were I the editor of an illustrated weekly like *Puck* or *Life*, or of an illustrated juvenile magazine, such as *Lippincott's*, the *Century* or *Harper's*, I would run at least a thousand pictures of R. G. Ingersoll as a jackass, in various characteristic attitudes of that intelligent brute, and then another thousand of R. G. Ingersoll as a cunning old ram butting the various shrubbery and young bushes of our pasture lands, and calling this sport, "Impressions of Nature," etc., "The Conflict Between Science and Religion," etc

And when I had exhausted the subject of Ingersoll as a jackass and as a cute old ram in his single glory, I would run a series of five hundred more pictures of Ingersoll and Talmage as the two champion jackasses of the nineteenth century, each braying at the moon to see which could bray the loudest, and then with squint-eye, knowing looks, backing at each other, kicking like mad, but at such safe distance as to render the joke perfectly harmless.

The illustrations would be very taking, and when a pair of jackasses like Ingersoll and Talmage have received a certain



amount of free advertising, a little more or less does not materially affect their annual income from such assininites as choose to listen to or purchase their twaddle.

I confess myself one of these assininites to the extent of five cents, which I spent one windy day at Washington and Clark streets in Chicago for the purchase of the pamphlet, whose title I have placed at the head of this notice, and I here promise my superiors in the church and my fellow men and women everywhere that I will never be guilty of such a piece of stupidity again. I have always known that Ingersoll was an unmitigated jackass in his theology; but I had given him the credit of possessing some ability of insight into nature and some sense of fairness in dealing with subjects as far as he understood them, and I had always assumed that the newspaper reports of Ingersoll's speeches and pamphlets might not give a perfectly just and lucid report of those speeches and writings. Further, as a Christian bound to charity and always ready to give an atheist, an infidel or a fool in any profession the benefit of a doubt in his favor, I had always felt that perhaps Ingersoll might be a better man and a smarter man than the newspapers and his foes made him out to be.

I find, however, from this pamphlet that Ingersoll is not only an unmitigated jackass but that he is a tricky, balky, cunning, vicious, sly, insincere, maudlin sentimental jackass of the lowest species of that famed animal that has ever come under my notice.

In treating of Col. Ingersoll in this light I do not make or intend to make, or imply any reference to the animal as a social being, as a citizen, or as a lawyer. I leave his personal and his professional life entirely out of view and treat the subject merely and only as he has disported himself in the pages of the pamphlet now before me.

I am well aware that Father Lambert and other Catholic priests have, long ago, published able replies to Col. Ingersoll's speeches. Many years ago, when I was the literary editor of a leading daily newspaper in Philadelphia, it was my duty, and it gave me great pleasure, to notice and commend Father Lambert's able reply to Ingersoll. It was strong and clear enough to annihilate Ingersoll if any serious treatment of the beast could possibly accomplish that object. But it was always a mistake to treat Ingersoll seriously. At best the man is only a clown, and every

dragoman and every person of experience knows that such creatures can not and must not be treated seriously. If you treat a jackass or a clown seriously he will simply wink his north-east eye at the next jackass or clown to indicate your folly and wait his opportunity to kick all seriousness out of your constitution.

I will not therefore offend this animal by approaching him or treating him in a serious mood. The great Goethe said that in order to criticise any author justly, you must enter into the spirit of that author, and treat him from his own standpoint. I find in Ingersoll the spirit of a hearty, amusing, free-eating donkey, and I propose throughout this article to treat the beast according to the spirit of the species he has displayed.

I do not mean any personal disrespect or libel in this. From a boy, when I was once riding a jackass, bareback, and some other boys stinging him with nettles, the beast kicked me into the nearest ditch—I have always had a certain respect for the animal. I am also aware that Ingersoll, having been stung in the blood and in the cradle by the rank nettles of ultra Calvinism, can not well help the braying and high kicking he has been indulging in all his life. I am not writing to condemn the man, but to designate the animal species he clearly belongs to. The jackass is not to be despised. I think it was Mark Twain who defined him as “an amusing cuss.”

In the old versions of the old Testament there used to be a story of one Balaam, a weak-kneed stubborn prophet, who, like many of his class, and from low and selfish purposes, was bent on a course of life, a journey, a pursuit, that the good God plainly did not favor; and as Balaam's own heart and conscience and will were too seared and dull to mind the monitions of duty heaven used the simpler instincts of the ass to speak out the stifled conscientiousness, the shirking and skulking sense of duty in the prophet's soul.

Here was a jackass that was of some service. I have often known of jackasses that were of great service. Indeed, in many ways they are a useful animal, and they are supposed to have considerable intelligence.

My readers will see that in the case of Balaam and his ass I hold that it was the reflex action of Balaam's smothered soul, perhaps betraying itself in various jerkings on the lines and side

spurrings that aroused into utterance the latent intelligence and gift of speech in the jackass.

Heaven only knows, there may be something of this same law and power working to-day, in the utterances of the jackass Ingersoll.

The Calvinistic prophets of the two or three generations preceding Ingersoll not only were stubborn and hardened in their natures, but they went with cold blooded bitterness and savagery, straight against the eternal mercies and goodness of God, and in their mad theology sent the bulk of the human race, innocent infants included to eternal hells of literal brimstone and fire. Psychologically speaking perhaps this is a sufficient reason for all Ingersoll's kicks and antics.

I do not propose to discuss this old theology. I laid it all aside in agonies of prayer and faith long years ago. I am simply referring to the Balaam quality of it, as a possible exciting cause of the modern brayings and kickings, of the animal Ingersoll.

And if there is anything in this, Ingersoll's utterances—assinine as they are, may have a message and a meaning for certain prophets of these days.

The dumb ass, speaking, may even now forbid and condemn the madness of many a pseudo-prophet. But let us take a few glimpses of Mr. Stultus Ingersoll's "Impressions of Nature," etc. According to our pamphlet Col. Ingersoll spoke in Boston of "Myth and Miracle," as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: What, after all, is the object of life? What is the highest possible aim? The highest aim is to accomplish the only good. Happiness is the only good of which man by any possibility can conceive. The object of life is to increase human joy, and the means, intellectual and physical development. The question, then, is: Shall we rely upon superstition or upon growth? Is intellectual development the highway of progress or must we depend on the pit of credulity? Must we rely on belief or credulity, or upon manly virtues, courageous investigation, thought, and intellectual development? For thousands of years men have been talking about religious freedom. I am now contending for the freedom of religion, not religious freedom—for the freedom which is the only real religion. Only a few years ago our poor ancestors tried to account for what they saw. Noticing the running river, the shining star, or the painted flower, they put



a spirit in the river, a spirit in the star, and another in the flower. Something makes this river run, something makes this star shine, something paints the bosom of that flower. They were all spirits. That was the first religion of mankind—fetichism—and in everything that lived, everything that produced an effect upon them, they said, “This is a spirit that lives within.” That is called the lowest phase of religious thought, and yet it is quite the highest phase of religious thought. One by one these little spirits died. One by one nonentities took their places, and last of all we have *one infinite, fetich* that takes the place of all others. Now, what makes the river run? We say the attraction of gravitation, and we know no more about that than we do about this fetich. What makes the tree grow? The principle of life—vital forces. These are simply phrases, simply names of ignorance. Nobody knows what makes the river run, what makes the trees grow, why the flowers burst and bloom—nobody knows why the stars shine, and probably nobody ever will know.

There are two horizons that have never been passed by man—origin and destiny, All human knowledge is confined to the diameter of that circle. All religions rest on supposed facts beyond the circumference of the absolutely known. (Applause.) What next? The next thing that came in the world—the next man—was the mythmaker. He gave to these little spirits human passions; he clothed ghosts in flesh; he warmed that flesh with blood, and in that blood he put desire—motive. And the myths were born, and were only produced through the fact of the impressions that nature makes upon the brain of man. They were every one a natural production, and let me say here to-night that what men call monstrosities are only natural productions. Every religion has grown just as naturally as the grass; every one, as I said before, and it cannot be said too often, has been naturally produced. All the Christs, all the gods and goddesses, all the furies and fairies, all the mingling of the beastly and human, were all produced by the impressions of nature upon the brain of man—by the rise of the sun, the silver dawn, the golden sunset, the birth and death of day, the change of seasons, the lightning, the storm, the beautiful bow—all these produced within the brain of man all myths, and they are all natural productions. (Applause.)”

Ladies and gentlemen readers of the GLOBE, please remember that this is Boston applause, and that in Boston from the days

of Ann Hutchinson to Sam Adams, to Bob Ingersoll, the people have always been ready to crucify the preacher of truth and to applaud the preacher of lies. But these are Mr. Ingersoll's impressions of nature, etc. and we must look into them a little.

First as to Mr. Ingersoll's definition of the "object of life." Since Carlyle said: "Lay down thy Byron, take up thy Goethe; give up happiness and get blessedness;" all New England and old England humanitarians even have ceased to parade happiness as the object of life, even the least religious of modern Unitarian preachers will pretend at least that there is a higher than human happiness to live for, and he will with some dim and far approaches to the divine ideal quote from Parker or Emerson to show that blessedness is higher than happiness and is the only true object of an ideal human life. It is true that when the Sociinian comes to tell you how to get blessedness he bungles and stumbles much as Ingersoll does in his theology and were he as honest as Ingersoll he too would up and say with this great Atheist that happiness after all, was the aim and end of existence. A man can only truly preach what he lives. But Mr. Ingersoll would doubtless attribute Carlyle's advice to his dyspepsia and having winked his north-east eye to bring down the house would still go on flying as high and braying as loud as ever.

Mr. Socrates appears to be a great favorite with Ingersoll. I have done quite a little worship at that shrine myself in days gone by and never expect to lose my love or admiration for the famous old Greek. But did Socrates live for happiness? Every school boy knows that he died a martyr for something higher than happiness, which I am not yet ready to define.

Our heroic abolitionists of the last generation—Lundy, Lovejoy, Garrison, Phillips, Lucrecia Mott are among the ideals of Ingersoll's imagination as they are of mine. Did any one of them live for happiness, or make happiness the end of his aims? Even Ingersoll's own Calvinistic parents—upon whom it is understood much of the braying infidelity of the son is blamed—did they live for happiness, or for the health and blessing and consciences and truth hoped for in the lives of their children?

In truth my good friends, no man or woman ever lived on this earth whose life was worth living but had some higher motive for living and suffering than is set forth by the braying of this great man, Ingersoll; and I think that any modern Boston audience so

stupid and godless as to applaud such stuff ought to be treated precisely as the forefathers of these applauding people treated Quakers and Episcopalians between two and three hundred years ago; that is, they ought to be tied to a cart's tail and whipped through the streets of Boston, and the ass Ingersoll ought to be made to pull the cart along.

I speak, not for any church but simply the conviction of my own individual soul.

Every Christian, supremely every Catholic Christian *knows* that there is a higher than happiness to live for, knows that the only true essence and meaning of life are found when one ceases to live for happiness and lives for virtue, truth, purity, justice, honesty, honor, chastity and charity until the quenchless and eternal beatitude of the soul is reached in that martyrdom of falsehood and hell and selfishness and Ingersollism which alone is spiritual victory and immortal life.

*Second.* This man Ingersoll says: "The question then is shall we rely upon superstition or growth, etc." Whereas the question really is, you poor blatherskite, braying donkey, whether you and those like you will ever understand the true meaning of *growth*, from the faintest plasmic speck of the divine in man till you reach the God-man, Christ Jesus in all his majesty and power. As if this cant of intellectual development, which is nothing more than the free braying of an untamed ass, could or should pass for real intellectual development, even in Boston! True intellectual development consists in such an awakening of all the latent powers of the human soul as enables them to see the natural and the supernatural worlds of thought and action, in their true, physical, moral and intellectual relationships, and not in blindly and basely hooting at all that is noblest and best in human history and in each human life.

Ingersoll's religious liberty is simply bondage to hell; slavery to essential ignorance, servitude of a lie; and this braying ass of a man who has never set before himself the highest standards of truth or life and tried to live up to them, ought simply to be ashamed to hoot and bray his insufferable ignorance in the face of the nineteenth century. It is the atheistic Ingersoll philosophy of this age not true religion that is ignorant and superstitious.

*Third.* Mr. Ingersoll is as much of an ass in his mythology as he is in his would-be religious freedom and philosophy. Speaking



of the various attempts of natural religion to explain the action and forces of nature he says: "One by one these little spirits died. One by one nonentities took their places, and last of all we have *one* infinite fetich," etc.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the ass Ingersoll's definition of ALMIGHTY GOD, and this is the stuff that a nineteenth century Boston audience applauded as the new wisdom of Ingersoll atheism. Now every school boy in mythology or theology knows that the term *fetich* has always been used to signify the material object representative of some spiritual force or power, or person believed in and not that unseen spiritual power itself. And every school boy in christian theology knows that the almighty God of Christianity, is defined as a pure spiritual being. In a word the expression "we have one infinite fetich," is as ignorant of scholarship as it is blasphemous of God Almighty, but as I said, this ass, Ingersoll cannot be taken seriously. His brayings are mere brayings and nothing more. But that a Boston audience should stand up or sit down and gape and, being stage-struck, should applaud the braying of an ass as the wisdom of heaven is a serious aspect of modern life.

*Fourth.*—To hasten to the end of this Ingersoll rot; spite of all the ridicule heaped upon natural and supernatural religions, this ass, as if forgetting his last bray, declares that "they are all natural productions." Well, well! if they are all natural productions, and nature is at all trustworthy in her highest productions of thought, perhaps there may be something in these natural productions worthy the respect or thought, or reverence of an intellectual ass like Ingersoll.

Furthermore, if they are, as Christian and religious people have good room to believe, if they are all natural productions, touched and inspired to beauty and life, and self-sacrifice, by a something supernatural and higher than themselves, there may be not only a beautiful study for man in all these natural productions looted at by Ingersoll, but there may be something back of them worthy of the love and reverence of the whole human race.

In truth, until a man has understood and defined himself as only a natural being, how dare he question and ridicule the supernatural in the soul of nature, and the construction of the universe and the soul of human history?

Even the ass Ingersoll has a supernatural, better than the ass, within him, and under certain favorable conditions he might be brought to feel and think and speak and worship like a man.

Further along the pamphlet touches the question of creation, the Bible and the Rev. Dr. Talmage, so called, as follows :

“Mr. Talmage says that you insist that, according to the Bible, the universe was made out of nothing, and he denounces your statement as a gross misrepresentation. What have you stated upon that subject? A. What I said was substantially this: ‘We are told in the first chapter of Genesis that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. If this means anything, it means that God produced—caused to exist, called into being—the heaven and the earth. It will not do to say that God formed the heaven and the earth of previously existing matter. Moses conveys, and intended to convey, the idea that the matter of which the heaven and earth are composed was created.’”

“This has always been my position. I did not suppose that *nothing* was used as the raw material; but if the Mosaic account means anything, it means that whereas there was *nothing*, God caused something to exist—created what we know as matter. I cannot conceive of something being made, created, without anything to make anything with. I have no more confidence in fiat worlds than I have in fiat money. Mr. Talmage tells us that God did not make the universe out of *nothing*, but out of “omnipotence.” Exactly how God changed “omnipotence into matter is not stated. If there was *nothing* in the universe, *omnipotence* could do you no good. The weakest man in the world can lift as much *nothing* as God.” As if it were a question of “lifting,” you poor, blind donkey!

Again the pamphlet continues.

“Question: Have you read the sermon of Mr. Talmage in which he exposes your misrepresentation? Answer: I have read such reports as appeared in some of the New York papers.

Q. What do you think of what he has to say? A. Some time ago I gave it as my opinion of Mr. Talmage that, while he was a man of most excellent judgment, he was somewhat deficient in imagination. I find that he has the disease that seems to afflict most theologians, and that is a kind of intellectual toadyism that uses the names of supposed great men instead of arguments. It is perfectly astonishing to the average preacher that any one should

have the temerity to differ, on the subject of theology, from Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and other gentlemen eminent for piety during their lives, but, who as a rule, expressed their theological opinions a few minutes before dissolution. These ministers are perfectly delighted to have some great politician, some judge, soldier, or president certify to the truth of the Bible and to the moral character of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Talmage insists that if a witness is false in one particular, his entire testimony must be thrown away. Daniel Webster was in favor of the fugitive slave law, and thought it the duty of the North to capture the poor slave mother. He was willing to stand between a human being and his freedom. He was willing to assist in compelling persons to work without any pay except such marks of the lash as they might receive. Yet this man is brought forward as a witness for the truth of the gospel. If he was false in his testimony as to liberty, what is his affidavit worth as to the value of Christianity? Andrew Jackson was a brave man, a good general, a patriot second to none, an excellent judge of horses, and a brave duelist. I admit that in his old age he relied considerably upon the atonement. I think Jackson was really a very great man, and probably no president impressed himself more deeply upon the American people than the hero of New Orleans; but as a theologian he was, in my judgment, a most decided failure, and his opinion as to the authenticity of the scriptures is of no earthly value. It was a subject upon which he knew probably as little as Mr. Talmage does about modern Infidelity. Thousands of people will quote Jackson in favor of religion, about which he knew nothing, and yet have no confidence in his political opinions, although he devoted the best part of his life to politics."

Col. Ingersoll is plainly right, in ridiculing the Protestant idea that the sacred scriptures outside of the hands, and without the light of the church that made them, are an infallible guide for the intelligence of mankind. As highest and truest poetry needs the poetic instinct and a certain intellectual culture, properly to comprehend it, so the sacred scriptures, given by inspiration of God to men of spiritual discernment, need the grace of God through his church in order to their true comprehension.

In a word, this modern Balaam's ass plainly knows more than the Protestant prophet that would ride him, and could he be a Christian at all he would plainly be a Catholic Christian, and by the aid



of and on the authority of the Church he would have no trouble with the story of the Déluge; the creation of the world or the incarnation of Almighty God. As it is he has, latently, more faith than a man like Talmage, who would simply whittle the deluge and other divine wonders down to meet the so-called common-sense and common infidelity of the age in which we live.

Again, Mr. Ingersoll is plainly right in ridiculing Talmage & Co.'s everlasting quotations from such "statesmen," as Daniel Webster, and such soldiers and politicians as Andrew Jackson—as authorities in matters of religious and theological discussion. I hold, in common, with my fellow-Americans that Webster was one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most eloquent orators this country ever produced. And I hold that Jackson was one of the ablest soldiers that ever drew a sword; but the habit of Protestant preachers in quoting these men as authorities in religion only shows their own imbecility, their wretched todysm and their utter lack of the true meaning of religion in this world. And here again the prophet's ass is smarter than the prophet, and really exposes the prophet's unutterable lunacy.

As I am not a Priest, and have no authority to interpret scripture, I leave the mooted vuestions of interpretation untouched. I am simply pointing out where our modern Jackass is right, and where he is wrong. I am aware that as the picture stands I have left one donkey riding another; but the interests of truth cannot be sacrificed to the demands of art in an article of this kind.

W. H. THORNE.

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## DREAMS OF EVOLUTION.

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Professing unbounded love of truth and absolute submission to whatever the Roman Catholic Church teaches, ultramontane in the last degree, the fact does not prevent our dreaming of dreams after a modern fashion, mayhap no less profitable than other fancies to the reader. "I confess," said St. Augustine, as quoted by Landriot, "that by writing I have learned many things nothing else had taught me."

In his essay, "Evolution and Christianity," (*Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1892, p. 491,) St. George Mivart uses these

words: "The one consideration, however, which mars the completeness not only of any other explanation of evolution, but also of the proof of evolution as a fact, is the consideration that no actual process of evolution has yet been demonstrated to have actually taken place. We believe that it does take place, and that it must have taken place for the reasons given by us in our first article, but we are still quite unable to say that to our knowledge and under our careful "scientific observation a new species has in fact actually evolved."

This paragraph set me reviewing old dreams in which I had insisted on leaving out of consideration the evolution of species in that prehistoric age antedating the appearance of man in the delectable garden of paradise, for I reflected that the fact of revelation and truth thus brought to us has had the most "careful scientific observation" bestowed on it, and is therefore a firm foundation on which to exhibit theories yet to be tested. Man, in that paradise, as we are assured by an unerring teacher, was a rational animal, supported in a degree not essential to his nature by the supernatural. Essentially free, he was at liberty to retain or reject this support, and lose nothing necessary to the genus man. In fact, the typical species, as created and loved by God, was through the act of Adam thus absolutely lost, for he chose to rest in himself unsupported. And who can pretend to trace along the lengthening ages the numberless variations of the original type by means of the Babel din of interior voices when the infallible guidance had been thus rejected?

Yet God, the Creator, had not missed sight of any link in the chain of events the future should bring forth when he uttered the fiat permitting it to be. He, in His wisdom, loved the liberty of man, since it enables the creature of His hand to share in the evolution of the final end, merit reward for obedience, if, on the other hand, by his self-sufficiency, ("Pride is the beginning of all perdition," Eccl. x 15,) he should also merit condemnation. Loving, He provided in His plan for a loftier type of manhood than the rational animal, subsisting in grace by compulsion as one never tempted, with no more merit than the brute beast whose actions are performed by instinct. Adam's first demand, due to choice, brought condemnation, with the absolute loss to himself and his posterity of that beautiful object, the undegenerate, innocent man. How different the New Adam provided for! Personally, hypostat-

ically, indissolubly united to a Person of the Godhead, therefore not a human, fallible person. In truth, he was man with no essential attribute of manhood wanting. Reverently dreaming, let us hastily trace the steps in the evolution of this type of divine manhood—the new species as it issues forth, not from the lost Adam in his integrity, but from the degenerate race marked by the innumerable variations due to individual form and environment to which he humbled himself. Its germ is first discovered in the penance of Adam, long and weary; then in the grand catastrophe that brings into ascendancy the obedient builder of the ark. Year after year drops into the past, and Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses are set apart, trained and disciplined by severe trials, and accomplish each his special work. The original commandments that were imprinted in the conscience of Adam, but afterwards inextricably mingled in the confusion of error, are placed, engraved upon tablets of stone, authoritatively before the people, and a grand exterior form of public worship instituted to maintain their influence and educate the people. How slow the ages move! How far-reaching the words of prophets! How perverse the people! But, “the Lord hath sworn truth to David and He will not make it void, of the fruit of thy womb I will set upon thy throne.” (Ps. cxxxii. 11.)

Tertullian, commenting on this passage, says “But by mentioning his womb it follows that he pointed to some one of his race of whose body the flesh of Christ was to be the fruit, which bloomed forth from Mary’s womb. . . . Now because Christ, rather than any other, was to build the temple of God, that is to say, a *holy manhood*, wherein God’s spirit might dwell as in a better temple, therefore Christ, rather than David’s son Solomon, was to be looked for as the Son of God.”

At length, then, the Immaculate womb of David’s offspring from which was to be evolved after God’s manner, a holy species of manhood, preserved by the special care of the Most High from contracting the least taint in her descent through the bitter waters from penitent Adam is born daughter of Joachim and Anne. Mary, the exquisitely beautiful fruit of all the divine care bestowed on the First Adam and the chosen of his line: the creature of all creatures most lovable in the sight of the Creator, she represents the “*survival of the fittest*” in the ages preceding her, is the true human germ of all the final harmonies, the ideal



proto-plast ever present to the eye of the creating Artist, mother of the new species of men, foreseen and desired, and therefore provided for by the Creator in the evolution of the ages. Source and progenitor of his species, the New Adam is her son without human generation. She, and she alone, conceived God in her lofty intelligence so effectually and in the full exercise of her natural freedom, as to give him a created nature such as she possessed.

But man is, in his natural constitution, a social being, and requires organized society to complete his happiness. The Son of Mary who is Son of God, therefore, would have human personalities elevated to be his bretheren. The Queen Mother must have her court. The species, including all that is necessary to constitute the essence of many individuals, as the definitions say, must have a numerous representation; and so the patient ages wait God's action, while one by one individuals who have a human generation, and by that fact are microcosms, are constituted divine men by a higher generation according to the fore ordination of the New Adam, who instituted the seven sacraments of the church and gives them their efficacy for this purpose; and who shall thus constitute true blood-relationship with God in Christ Jesus? "I have no pleasure," said St. Ignatius, the Martyr, "in corruptible food nor in the pleasures of this life; I would have God's bread, heavenly bread, bread of life which is Flesh of Jesus Christ the Son of God, who was born afterwards of the seed of David and Abraham, and I would have God's draught, his blood which is love incorruptible and ever-springing life." What was this longing of Ignatius if not a step in the evolution and conversion of his whole being into the new species? Not self-sufficing, he desired to be sustained and upheld in the unity of Christ; to have a larger participation in the supernatural being of God than belonged to him by his rational nature. And was not his desire in accordance with the will of his Maker, and hence part of the revolutionary process by which its realization has been effected?

God, without whom there can be no evolution of a higher species of being, became in Mary the Son of Man, and had life in himself with authority to execute judgment and to give life to whomsoever he would (John v. 21-27). As the Son of Man he had power to forgive sins (Matt. ix. 5-8), and to make a transfer of his powers to others, and also to make real for all time whatsoever evolutionary process he should choose in order to bring to

perfection his everlasting kingdom ; to adapt it to the necessities of the poor and uncultured who had been trampled into the mire of degradation by the pride of the self-sufficient. The great miracle of Christ's advent was that the poor had the gospel preached to them. In the excess of his mercy, how Christ adds hope to hope by a grant of purgatory, that dear place of cleansing fires where evolution ends, in which we weaklings trust, the "hay and stubble" and all the dross that can burn will be destroyed, and we at last, aided by prayer, in super-completion reach the unchangeable. As disembodied souls, in the company of Jesus and Mary, radiant in full manhood, we shall await in the new garden of transcendent delights, the fullness of days, the final catastrophe in which the disintegration of all chemical compounds and the freeing of the extensionless elements of which the substantial molecules of matter are composed will take place—the general judgment—the resurrection of bodies and reconstruction of the universe, the plan of which remains in God's knowledge and power. We know by revelation that the body of each man will be his own in the resurrection ; that it will be recognizable and share in personal, acquired merits, reward or punishment together with the soul ; and it will be spiritual, incorruptible and impervious of change. But should we now ask if the hell of eternity, the charnel-house of the reconstructed universe with its adjustments to the universal harmonies of beauty, truth and justice will then be regarded in its various strata of moral turpitude, as scientists now question the geological strata of our earth's surface, we could not answer. Meanwhile, as our dream vanishes, the linking of the Divine Man through his immaculate Mother with the degraded rational animal suggests analogies and queries demanding answers concerning the less important evolution, if there was evolution of the first Adam with his rational nature from the brute animal with its instinct and sensibility.

ELIZABETH A. ADAMS.

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## OUR COLUMBIAN ENCORE.

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In all human history there is no nobler figure than that of Columbus handing over to civilization a new world with one hand, and with the other trying to pluck the heart of the old world out

of the grasp of the infidel and place it in the safe-keeping of modern Christendom.

Think of the keen, scientific knowledge of the man, think of his prophetic foresight, of his patience, endurance, his manly humility under trying poverty; of the scorn and contumely he bore from kings and courtiers; the distrust of his own seamen, the pluck, the iron will, the ceaseless effort, the hope and faith that inspired him; the noble purposes, the dignity—under misfortune, the modesty even after his discovery was made, his battle won, and when by all computation, he was, by far the largest merely human benefactor the human race has ever known.

The blood tingles with admiration, the nerves thrill and shiver with noble adoration; the whole heart beats and warms with love toward him as toward a "heaven" inspired teacher and benefactor, yea as to some elder, heroic brother of the great martyr fraternities who have made this world a resting place for the bravest souls of all nations and times.

It matters little who were his parents, his ancestors; he was a new son of man, of mankind, a child of the race, with the love of God, the love of the church, the love of his fellows ever rising into that enthusiasm which alone is the true guide of the soul.

Just four hundred years ago, from the time of this writing he was wearily moving almost upon his knees in humble prostration from King to King; from nation to nation; a beggar to-day in one convent, then in another, encouraged by this good monk, discouraged by another, his hands drooping with the weight of new worlds while he was pleading for a pittance to keep him alive and help him to give those worlds to mankind.

Such a sight was never before seen on this earth—the supremest man of the race humbling himself to become a beggar; sailing unknown seas amid mutiny and the jeering unbelief of the nations in order to conquer new continents out of the oceans and dedicate them to the Queen of Heaven and the pure religion of the incarnate eternal God.

With such a discoverer, such a founder, such a beginning, what ought not this American continent to have been? what ought it not yet to be, in all human brotherhood, in all Christian truth, in all devout worship; in all pure charity? Surely this land does not belong to the politician or the devil; no matter how successful thier usurpation may seem for a while. To prayers, to arms, every



brave son and daughter of Adam and let us reconquer and capture forever this land for the service and honor of Christ and for the good of our fellow men.

Why should I tell over again in these pages, in any detail, the story told so beautifully by Irving a generation ago? A story that has been told and retold with a thousand variations in all the newspapers and magazines of this land during the last two years? A story that every American school boy and school girl knows by heart before entering the ranks of mature life or mature reading?

I have satisfied myself that no man or woman alive to-day knows where Columbus was born, and I do not care where he was born, though I would like to know it for sure. And were I to write such a life of the man as ought yet to be written, I would sift to the last particle of dust in the evidence of the world to try to settle that point; but it is useless taking up valuable space simply to show that one has been over the ground without reaching any new evidence or any satisfactory conclusion. No body knows where Columbus was born. The quality and extent of his education are as uncertain as the place of his birth. Like Bismarck and Shakespeare, and Homer, and Goethe, and a host of other giants of the soul, Columbus is proof of the fact that when the Almighty undertakes to make a soul of new pattern and new dimensions, a soul that is to open new spaces in the heavens, new vistas in the oceans and lands of the earth; new horizons of thought and culture for mankind; to build new temples of worship, to utter new words of wisdom, fire, power, inspiration, revelation and salvation of the human race, He is not in the habit of muzzling such soul with the ordinary trappings and strappings of our o-called popular or classical education, but is sure to keep such soul free as the air of heaven, to give it space to grow as the greatest trees of the forest all have space, and conquer it if need be to reach their God-appointed size and destiny; is pretty sure also to give such soul such light divine as will guide it, lead it to seek that information needed at the hour and for the work to be done, and out of all this freedom, air light, and divine guidance to fit such soul to reach its goal, to find its continent, sing its song, utter its word, and through untold disaster, opposition, petty suspicion and Judas-like betrayal, to win its victory and be the untold blessing to the world that a truly great man is always sure to be.

It is of no consequence where or how Columbus was educated. "E'en the light that led astray was light from Heaven." He was so educated that he knew as much astronomy as the best astronomers of his time; he was so educated that he knew all the geography worth knowing in his day; so educated that he was in familiar correspondence with the best scholars of his time on these points, and these points of education were those out of which the New World, the new continents, the new nations of these broad and glorious lands and seas and lakes and rivers and mountains, and days and inspirations and liberty and glory were to spring; hence these were the salient points of education for the New World—soul the new cross bearer, God server and world saver of these days and generations; hence again his education, like his birth, was a new miracle of Providence, a new man born and educated of God to find the way to and discover the new land, and the new liberty of the days to come. And why should I go over again at any length in these pages the mooted story of the domestic relations of this great man? Mr. Irving thought that his second marriage was no marriage, I believe; no telling what had become of his first wife to begin with, and naturally Catholic writers on Columbus are critics of Mr. Irving on this and on other points. For the sake of the integrity of the church, no less than of the fame of Columbus, they insist that the first wife was dead, or sufficiently unworthy, and a second marriage, legal, proper, and ecclesiastical; and the presumption is in favor of this thesis. As Columbus was a true and devout Catholic there is every reason to presume that he did not attempt to override or disregard the usage and law of the church on this important matter. Nevertheless there are not wanting in these days protestant preachers so bigoted, base and narrow in their hatred of the Catholic church, that to gratify their spleen alone they have in Chicago and elsewhere tried to show, that, for all his piety and superstition, Columbus was a libertine, a faithless husband, an unfaithful father, and a man so fallen in the scale of morals as to be willing to live with a woman as his wife, when as a matter of fact and law, she was not and could not be his wife at all.

I do not pretend to have any new historic light on this subject. I do not find any writer that has any new light himself but this I know on the general and eternal principle of human nature, that a man with the faith and faithfulness of Columbus in all other matters

could not have been a faithless or an unfaithful husband or father, and if the first wife was not dead when Columbus took to himself a second wife, I am sure that she was so much worse than dead that Columbus felt justified in his own heart and conscience in treating her as dead—to him, at least; and those small men of these times, preachers, priests, or what not, who, in their unjust and often contemptible officialism, pretend and presume to sit in judgment upon men a thousand times greater, purer and more unselfish and martyr-like than themselves, have only my pity, verging as near to contempt as Christian charity will allow.

A plague upon that petty person who, to gratify his ignorant and contemptible hatred of the Catholic church would go out of his way to defame this giver of new worlds and new liberties to the nations of men. Is brother Fulton a faultless saint? Could Talmadge pass muster under the electric lights of sanctity? Who are these mouthing Methodist upstarts of a day with their crude cant of temperance and tobacco. Was the world made for them? or that they should simply splurge on Sunday and live their common lives of idle worldliness during six days out of seven?

Are these the men to sit in judgment upon a man like Columbus, because he might have had a shrew of a wife and was, as much by her as by providence divine, driven an "exile" on the face of the earth and the seas? I am no apologist for vice. I simply ask these crude and ignorant critics of a great man to fire their boulders of highpriestism at their own shallow heads: to test their poor protestantism and their open bible upon their own maudlin and unheroic lives.

I am satisfied that Columbus had domestic and other virtues enough in his vest pocket to supply all the canting Fultons in Christendom with more virtue of that sort than they ever yet have dreamed of; and if Columbus must be criticed on this head, let the facts, the sacred facts, first be gotten at, and then let a council of his peers sit in judgment upon them, meanwhile all the small potato parsons and other haters of the church should let Columbus alone.

Again, why should I go over in these pages the well-worn story of the many wanderings of Columbus, seeking some man who knew a little something about this God's earth of ours; seeking a monied man with heart big enough to help this new child of destiny to open new worlds for wealth and fame; seeking in the church



and its convents such food and shelter, and sympathy as angels might have given had they but known the heart and purposes of the hero of the hour: seeking at last at the feet of the beautiful and gifted Isabella of Castile—noblest woman and queen of her generation, and not in vain; but at last finding those “aids to faith” and action that sped the Santa Maria and her unwilling companions across the dark waters of the then unknown Atlantic sea? And whether there was a council of Salamanca or not, who cares. Councils do not discover worlds. Meanwhile memorable to me forever in time and eternity is that fatal *6th of September*, when the great explorer left the known shores of the old world of faith to try the new and bitter waters of fact and mutiny and death, till he reached the new world of hope and light and flowers, and new liberties and glories yet to be. Fatal and yet immortally victorious day, I hail thee as a day of death, that had to be made eternally victorious through suffering and patience and contumely and death again till that final opening of the heavens that swept him to his own among the stars.

Remember that fatal sixth of September, every brave man who would on that day begin any new enterprise henceforth in all the tides of time. It is an accursed day, but like all days and all hells within them, it can be, must be conquered for truth and God and the immortal victories of faith and love.

Who has not puzzled and wept over the old story of the first voyage of Columbus across the dark and trackless sea; who has not knelt with him in spirit as, with a divine illumination in his eyes, he knelt beside the blessed cross in this new world, and gave it back to God who had given it to him and to the nations of the future through his faith and zeal. I wholly agree with that Catholic enthusiast who has said that had there been no new world where Columbus found ours, the great God would have created a world to order in reward of such faith as Columbus manifested; and has it not been said that if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you shall say to this or that mountain, be thou removed hence, and it shall obey you. True faith is eternally the true apostolic power.

And why should I linger over the first, second or third voyages of Columbus, or over the troubles he knew by land and sea; the shipwrecks; the treachery of friend and foe; the disasters that befel many of his ventures; the perfidy of men who should at least

have appreciated his loyalty to the church if they had not minds large enough to appreciate his gift to the world? But a great man is always the envy as well as the glory of his age; and all the small men of pretension that come in his way are sure to be his bitter foes. Moreover, though the Church was always infallible in its final official utterances, many Catholics as well as protestants have gone down to hell. "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" said the Divine Lord and Master of us all. Take every twelfth sinner out of the circles of Catholics you know, and you may find that the reputation of the Church for virtue has not suffered these last eighteen hundred years. I used to want to tear to pieces the hypocritical knaves, who, in the name of official ecclesiastical capacity made the way of life harder than death for Columbus; but I find that there is no escape for any great man from those sufferings that alike test his strength and keep down his eternal pride. God knows what is best for us all; and if a Judas is needed to betray his Master, why the Judas will be there; in Chicago or elsewhere in these days as of old. Poor wretch; he is not to blame. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

And why linger over those last scenes, so touching, so tender, when this poor Bohemian beggar had proven his thesis; and had handed over to the nation the greatest gift ever bestowed by mortal man? Still he was poor, still a suppliant, still had to depend upon the love and appreciation and bounty of the Queen to furnish proper apparel and escort that he might once more appear in her presence; and still spite of his unparalleled greatness and gifts, he was conscious of his poverty, conscious to timidity of the beauty and goodness and grandeur of the Queen, and a little kindness—think of it, ye men and angels, and do it over again while you know it not. Think of this prodigy of greatness and beneficence touched to tears by a kind expression from a woman who happened to be a queen! And perhaps a greater than Columbus may be giving you new worlds of thought to-day, and you spurn him or pity him a little, and would love him and worship him were you not afraid. God pity the hardened and the proud. So the greatest discoverer and by all odds the greatest merely human benefactor of the human race, dragged his aged limbs in chains and crept a suppliant through poverty to an unknown grave still to stars and star-spaces where the angels extend their welcome to all heroic souls.

For, precisely as nobody knows where Columbus was born, so nobody knows which is his coffin, and where his remains are to this day. I have been over the coffin stories as often as I have over the stories of his earlier years ; but it is just so with William Penn, perhaps still more so with William Shakespeare ; though William's threatened curse upon the vandals that might desire to move his bones may have scared the ghouls away, for your ghouls are cowards in the face of a curse from the dead.

To-day, after four hundred years of waiting, we Americans a mixed population of all the white races of the world, are about to garnish the old hero's sepulcher with such wreaths of roses and such shouts of gratitude as no man ever before received, and I am writing not so much of Columbus as of our Columbian encore.

Only a few days previous to this writing I heard of an American protestant so pitiable in his bigotry, so petty in his soulless soul, as to regret that Columbus, being a Catholic, ever discovered America. Again, there are not wanting more intelligent people who would whittle down the glory of Columbus, and throw a little cold water on this splendid year of celebration, by emphasizing the fact and the importance of the fact that America was discovered by the Norsemen from three to four hundred years before Columbus was born.

I have no doubt that Norsemen did discover and visit the shores of New England about as claimed by their advocates in these days. I have also no doubt that certain Western Asiatics came here many hundreds of years earlier, and by various mixtures evolved themselves into the tribes of Semitic red men found here when Columbus came.

God only knows who discovered and begot Hamlet and Lear. All the world knows that William Shakespeare made them immortal. So it was with Columbus and our America. The Asiatics came, and, like Walt Whitman—whom the amateurs claim as a poet—loafed and stayed; the Norsemen came and saw, and tried to conquer, but did not conquer and could not stay. Columbus was made of sterner stuff, and wherever he was born, represented that roseate cheeked, high-browed, persistent race of the children of Japhet, who for the last four thousand years in Europe, and finally here, have come, and have seen, and have conquered every inch of soil and every nomadic, Asiatic, Celtic or other tribe they have laid their feet or hands upon. And Columbus is to the intrepid, persistent,



brave sailors and discoverer of the race what William Shakespeare is to its dramatic poets and poetry—simply master of the world; and a man who would try to belittle the fame of Columbus because he was a Catholic, or because he had borne unexplained domestic infelicity, or because some fumbling Norsemen, or Asiatics came here some centuries before him may be an excellent Methodist or Baptist, but he is still and nevertheless a most pitiable small potato sort of man.

John Wesley did not get along at all well with his wife, and there have not been wanting many prying and curious people to intimate that John's great missionary zeal was prompted to no inconsiderable degree by the incompatibility of the shrew he left behind him; and as for Baptists, I could tell you stories of individual Baptists that would make the old reprobate ex-Father Chineky, blush for shame. A plague upon such foolish stuff. To his own master a man standeth or falleth. What is it to me that a mere mouthing hypocrite, sycophant of a parson or priest takes me for a liar. Who art thou that judgest thy brother and condemnest thyself? for thou doest the same thing.

There is not a man on earth but needs that the stones you throw at him should be clothed and padded with charity, and we all like our medicine sugar-coated.

I am not apologizing for the faults of Columbus; of course he had faults but pick at your own rotten teeth, you poor modern clown. Suppose *your* faults were blazed in the sun; who could stand even the odor of them?

Columbus may not have been "*all right*," to use the slang of the day, but he was too good and great and is now too hide-bound with fame and glory for your poor, puny shafts of enmity to hurt him.

The question for us Americans, it seems to me, is rather this: Are we in any spirit or frame of mind rightly to honor this great man? Are we not a people too ready to garnish the sepulchres of the heroes, and too ready at the same time to murder and destroy the truly heroic souls living to-day among ourselves? Are we, any of us, fit to lay offerings of love or gratitude upon the tomb or altar of this man's temple of fame? Has not our poor slipshod cant of democracy, whereby every scoundrel cur of a man is liable to be reated better than a truly great man, incapacitated us from rightly

seeing or honoring the memory of a man of the dimensions of Columbus?

For, I tell you again, this man was no mere work-a-day person or shopkeeper, but a hero, God-made, with a soul devoted to truth and duty; in a word, he was just such a soul as you would spit upon and crown with thorns and kick in the gutter, and call a crank in these wonderful days. But the true crank winds the world about his fingers and tramples it under his feet after awhile.

I am not a pessimist; I trust in God. If the world needed another Columbus to-day God would make him to order. He never has failed. We needed something greater than Columbus, and it has been provided, but the age never has known its Savior till the Savior has died in darkness to save the age that misunderstood him. It is so to-day. Your very eyes are holden—by sin—that you cannot see, till the full word and light needed by this age has been uttered, and after that—the judgment, as usual.

I do not wonder that it has taken our so-called American, that is, our conglomerate and unamalgamated American people four hundred years to wake up to the fact of the great work Columbus did for us.

We are not half as smart as we think, except with a kind of beaver smartness, which helps us to build dams that we may the more readily pass over on our way to hell. In truth it takes the American people a dreadful while to get any truly heroic, moral or spiritual truth down its dapper throat, or into their ears or eyes or brains. Take the truth about slavery, for instance. How long did it take, and what did it cost us? Set all the double entry book-keeping and embezzling and booming scoundrels in America to work on that problem. Will they figure it out in a million years? In truth, we are a very slow and slovenly crowd in morals and in all the higher realms of the calculus of history and the human soul. In truth, Columbus was so great that four hundred years would be a short time for us to be expected to size up his greatness. I have no idea that we have done it yet; most of us think to-day that we are greater and smarter men than he; but it is the fad of the hour to go to Chicago and do honor to him and so we go.

In truth, the American people have been too busy to study or practice morals. Columbus gave us a continent, and we had to intoxicate and debauch and debase and steal from and murder the natives and subdue this continent, and partition it off among tariff

thieves before we could take time to look into the moral of it, or to remember the greatest giver that ever gave gifts unto men.

From 1492 to 1592 our forefathers of all nations were trying to make a landing here, to stay here, to pluck Columbus of his honors, Spain of her priority of rights; to enslave and debauch and destroy the peaceable natives they found here, and to put money in their own purses. Fortunately, the most reliable historian of that Catholic age was a Catholic—the venerable Las Casas,—and as he did not want to paint his brethren blacker than they deserved, we may be sure the rascals were many times blacker than they seem; and we may thank God that the rascals all died without barbarizing the natives more than they did. I admit, gladly admit, all the pluck and endurance manifested in that age of further discovery and further settlement. I admit gladly all the beautiful missionary zeal of the Church and her true representatives, from Columbus to Isabella, to Las Casas, to the last hard-working, self-sacrificing Catholic priest of Chicago in these very times. But! ye heavens! the Judases there have been, and still are, among them!

From 1592 to 1692 the battle already begun between the Anglo-Saxon Protestant and the Slavic, south of Europe Catholic nations for supremacy on this continent, was gradually deciding itself in favor of the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant; and the sainted Puritans of New England, especially from 1640 to 1692, were doing over again among the natives of the north just what the jail-birds and reprobates of Spain and the southern European nations had done a century earlier and were still doing, as they had power. Only the Puritans added this crime to their savagry—that they treated their brother white men from Europe who did not swear by their creeds even worse than they treated the Indians. So I never weary of saying that civilization is a very queer thing, my friends; and, next to patriotism, so-called, has perpetrated more lyings, revolutions, crimes and murders on this earth than all the savages, barbarians and paganisms of all the universe besides.

If I had not been born a white man I think I should like to have been born a native American (Indian), so-called, with an arm strong enough to annihilate the entire paleface brood of robbers and murderers in all nations of the world. But how, then, would the ways of Providence have been fulfilled? Fortunately I was not born a savage and had not that mighty arm. But if you think that the denouement of all this is simply your boasted tariff-ridden



American civilization of these days, you are the most mistaken man in the world ; and if God spares my life twenty years longer, I will come back upon your hecatombs and pyramids and mountains of slain and tell you the full meaning of this great story that I dare not tell you now. Know this, however, that this land was not discovered by a Catholic, and the cross planted here merely for such fools as Ingersoll & Co. to thrive on, and if you can not read the signs of the times in joy and prosperity you will read them through blood and tears ; that is all !

From 1692 to 1792, the Yankeeized Anglo-Saxon on this continent, now a power in the land, and largely for fear of Episcopacy and Catholicity, was plotting rebellion against the mother country, getting ahead with his fortune, and finally setting up for himself in the continental congress so-called: Declarations of Independence, rights of man, rights of states, etc., all swarming in his active brain, and still there was no time to think of Columbus, the great Catholic giver of this land to the men of all future times. In my review of John Dickinson, Vol. II, No. 7, of the *GLOBE*, I have gone over this period with some care, and will not repeat the work here. Like the white man's debauchery of the red man, the American revolution had to be. Like Luther's reformation, so-called, the American revolution had to be, but for far other causes and ends than the Yankees of that day or of this day dreamed or dream of. And again I wait the opening of the seal of time before telling you why it all came about. But we had no time to honor Columbus during the third century of our American civilization, and the ruling factions had no inclination to do so.

From 1792 to 1892, we have been subduing the continent in earnest, making new discoveries in science so called ; getting an inkling, through Europe, of literary and Biblical criticism so called, making enormous fortunes, and extending our laws a little toward moral and spiritual culture, but on the safe side, and with all physical comfort as adjuncts, if you please, and we have had our eyes opened by one bloody and fearful civil war, by two assassinations of our presidents, by our great centennial exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, by new and world-famous births of cities like Chicago, and gradually, as by an angel in the night, while the Yankee has been suppressing his offspring, and playing at the game of culture with the imps of perdition, the Celt of Ireland and the Slav of Northern Europe, and the German and the Anglo-Saxon—

not yankeeized, but Christianized, catholicised, touched with a touch of divine grace, and not suppressing their offspring—have been coming into possession until there are Catholics enough in this land, lovers of Columbus, believers in Christ, and believers in martyrdom for Christ's sake, enough of us, I say, to swing this whole nation into the line of one grand universal Columbian Catholic Celebration. So after four hundred years the murderer goes to the rear for a day and the Catholic Christian takes his place as the leader of this land.

Trot out your poor old feeble Dr. Holmes, and let him be your poet; though poet he never was nor will be.

Bring over your great Prince Bismarck though the scepter of the nations has long since passed out of his pagan hands; nail your puritan theses on the closed gates of the Columbian exhibition on Sunday; the children of Columbus, have, after four hundred years, come again, and have seen, and have conquered, and the day is ours. I speak in no spirit of sectarianism, but simply as I have spoken in each number of the GLOBE from its incipency—that is as a Christian man, Catholic Christian man, hating all shams and lies and baseness, and bound to fight it out on this line if it takes the last drop of blood in my veins.

It was my privilege to be in the city of New York on the 12th of October, 1892, and to witness the countless miles of splendor of decoration on the river, on the masts of all her ships, and on her main thoroughfares in commemoration of the day of Columbus' discovery according to the old reckoning, and the same evening I was in Philadelphia and saw the splendid parade made by the Catholics of that city in honor of Columbus; and an excellent gentleman, Mr. Tuckerman of Boston, sent me a glowing account of the Boston celebration of the same date, and I had intended to weave into this article some of the beauty and glory of the celebrations of these great cities; but, like Anthony and his Cæsar, I am a poor, plain blunt man, and speak right out the sober and awful truths I am intrusted with, and have little time for the decorations of the holidays so dear to the world.

My final thought is that, unless we want this land to go to the devil we must be more like Columbus in our spirit of heroism, love of truth, consecration to duty, love of the Church and consecration to God. These things ought we to have done, and not to have left the others undone.

I had also fully intended to quote and commend in this article the beautiful testimony of Edward Everett Hale as given in the symposium of the New York *Independent* last spring, and on the basis of this to show how, sure as God, after the puritan, liberalized, has gone on battering and scratching his poor feet against the scattered spawls of Plymouth Rock for another hundred years, he will be glad to turn to the light and rest and peace of the one and only true Church of God in this world. But I have preached my little sermon and must bide my time.

W. H. THORNE.

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## OPEN THE EXPOSITION ON SUNDAYS.

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When I was a young Presbyterian minister, in 1856-57, I made a special study of what is often called the Sabbath question, and preached a series of sermons on the subject in my Presbyterian pulpit.

In general I satisfied myself of the truths that every Jew knows by birth and cradle training, and that every Christian scholar knows by education: *First*, that what we call the Christian *Sabbath* does not exist; that the very term is a misnomer, that none of the arguments applied by the Hebrew in favor of keeping the seventh day of the week as a holy day could apply by any twisting of logic or sophistry to our Christian Sunday; so, whist! away went my old Puritan notions of the "Christian Sabbath." *Second*, that the "Christian Sabbath" was no more nor less than a holiday, kept by Christians precisely on the same grounds as Americans keep the Fourth of July—that is, in commemoration of a grand, triumphant event in Christian history; that for nearly three centuries of Christian history the Hebrew Sabbath was still kept as such among Christians, especially of the east—where most of them were—and that it was only after the days of Constantine that the Christian Sunday became the legal holiday of the peoples who had their main centers at Rome and Constantinople, and that henceforth, of course, it would have to struggle for supremacy among all nations, composed in part of Jews, Pagans and Christians. *Third*, that the Christian Sunday, at best—and Sunday, not the



Sabbath, is its true name—was, and must forever remain, like the Christian Scriptures themselves, a creation of the Christian Church; and as the Christian Church was and must forever remain primarily a spiritual organization and power, having a right and claiming the right only to rule and dominate the lives—primarily the spiritual lives—of its members, it was and would remain an unreasonable and an unpardonable tyranny for the Church to impose its observances of the Sunday as a Sabbath, say, upon the Jews or Pagans, who did not, and in the nature of things could not, share the Church's or the Christian's ideas and feelings regarding this new holiday.

Americans might just as reasonably compel Englishmen to shout and fling their hats in the air on the Fourth of July, as Christians compel Jews or Pagans to keep the Christian Sunday as a Sabbath day.

*Fourth*, I taught my Presbyterian congregation, even then, that as Calvinists and Protestants had utterly abrogated the authority of the church that made the Christian Sunday, and were supremely bitter toward everything like an admission of any temporal power on the part of the Pope or the Catholic church, it seemed to me supremely unbecoming and illogical on the part of Protestants to force down the throats of the people of the nineteenth century the authority of a church that they had not only ceased to believe in, but that they professed to hate and despise.

*Finally* I showed to my Protestant hearers that even if the authority of the Christian Catholic church could in any sense be held as binding on others than its own members, a thing impossible in fact; still, even then, by every light of reason and history we must take that same church's interpretation of the true meaning of its sacred holiday; in a word, must accept the Catholic observance of Sunday as the true observance, not now as a legal, but as a spiritual and moral obligation, or that we must go back to the simple and divine word and practice of the Savior himself and those, as I then endeavored to show, were as unlike our modern Puritan and Calvinistic—say Wanamaker—notions of this day as chalk is unlike cheese.

After I had finished that course of sermons, my people said very frankly that they had never thought of the thing that way before, but they believed every word I had said.

In a word on this matter the Protestant and Puritan, are by every law of history and by every dictate of reason out of court, and for them to try to foist their modern, unchristian, unchurch-like, uncatholic, crude and rude and tyrannical and infamously hypocritical notions of the Christian Sunday not only upon the whole American people, but upon the representatives of all nations of the world to be here at our Columbian Exhibition, is an impertinence that could be committed only by rude and barbarous people, and it is a tyranny that should not be tolerated by an enlightened and civilized people in this nineteenth century of Christian civilization.

In a word, if we are a Christian nation as the Wanamakers tell us, and heaven save the mark, then the Catholic church should be recognized as the authoritative interpreter of the true meaning of our Christian Sunday, and of the extent of its obligations upon others than its own members.

I am satisfied that the Catholic church would not even presume to dictate to the government of the United States or to the city of Chicago as to whether or not it should open the World's Fair on Sundays; and I am quite as well satisfied that were its advice asked it would be given, as it always has been given, in a spirit that would favor the needs and demands of the laboring man and of the masses of the people. Those of her eminent representatives who have expressed their views, I believe, have, to a man, expressed them in favor of Sunday opening, simply on the ground that it is the course of common sense and of common humanity to do so.

The one argument that millions of working people could not otherwise visit the exhibition ought to be a sufficient argument to convince the minds and hearts of any national government under the sun. But it takes a heap of humane, and sacred, and logical philosophical argument, and a tremendous sight of heaven's grace to get anywhere near the bigoted head and the pharisaic heart of Puritanism or Calvinism. I am not saying that all the bigotry and hypocrisy are on that side of the fence. I am only talking of what would be in all probability the position of the church on the question of opening the exhibition on Sunday.

From an able paper, the *Israelite*, published in Chicago, I learn that certain leading ecclesiastics of the Episcopal Church have expressed themselves in favor of opening the exhibition on

Sundays, and of course the entire Hebrew population of this country and of the world are in favor of Sunday openings.

In Great Britain and in this country many exhibitions such as art galleries and industrial art buildings that used to be closed are now regularly opened on Sundays.

Coming down to the first principles of common sense and states rights and local government, the City of Chicago alone ought to determine the question of Sunday opening; and if it were left to Chicago no sane man doubts that the gates of the great Fair would be open on Sunday.

It is claimed that there are more than 500,000 Catholic inhabitants in Chicago and these to a man would vote for Sunday opening.

Personally I like and approve and commend the position taken by our city council in its memorial to Congress in favor of Sunday opening—namely, that provision be made on the exhibition grounds for the holding of regular religious services there on Sundays: services adequate to meet the wants of any and all denominations and people who might feel it their duty to observe their devotions there.

By every reason and argument of humanity and economy and prudence and good sense the *GLOBE REVIEW* favors opening the exhibition on Sundays; and I feel sure that justice and true religious freedom as well as the opinion of the true church are in favor of Sunday opening.

I am aware of the danger that many Protestants fear in connection with letting down the bars a little on the old Puritan notions of Sunday. But it is well always to bear in mind the divine interpretation of what I firmly believe to be a divine provision for a weekly day of rest—one day out of seven—namely, that the Sabbath, or Sunday—that is, first day or seventh day; whichever day of rest you keep as a holiday to the Lord—was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. That is, we are not here to worship the day—not to sacrifice our lives or our comforts or our opportunities for improvement in knowledge in order to show that this is a sacred day. On the contrary, the true, deep, abiding, glorious sanctity of the day is in the fact that it is a needed and a beautiful provision for the body and soul of man; and, though kept in Jewish history by reason of their interpretation of the Hebrew cosmogony, the heart of it, the soul of it, and



the joy and glory of it are in the fact that it is a wise, a loving, a world-wide beneficent provision made for the weary body and soul of man, especially of the working man. And in the name of justice and reason and religion and truth and humanity I put this old Sabbatarian cant of the Puritan to the rear.

W. H. THORNE.

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## GLOBE NOTES.

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Of my own articles in the present number, "A Study of Faces," was written about six years ago, but never published until now, and "Theosophy on Stilts" was written nearly four years ago and published as a special article in the *Philadelphia Times*.

I have deemed it best to let these articles stand as they were originally written, so that Catholic readers may gather the spirit and meaning of my work before I became a Catholic, and so that Protestant readers—for THE GLOBE has Protestant readers by the thousand—may see and understand that in becoming a Catholic I am not supposed to gag myself, or suppress such freedom of thought as has in it a true reverence for God and truth in this world. And this brings me naturally to say a word on that head.

The Boston *Herald* which has always been kind and intelligent in its notices of THE GLOBE, seems anxious to know how Mr. Thorne's strong personality is to fit into that slavish obedience to something which all Protestants seem to think must be a part of a Catholic's bread and thought and life.

I also noticed that the writer of the critique on the October GLOBE in the *New World*,—a weekly paper published in Chicago, seemed anxious on the same theme. To these writers, and to all other people laboring or suffering under this dreadful anxiety, I have to say first of all that THE GLOBE is in no sense an official organ of the Catholic Church. My own work in it simply expresses my own individual opinions, and those opinions will be expressed as a rule not at all on matters of orthodox Catholic doctrine, discipline or Canon law, but where they treat of Catholic themes at all they will treat of such themes as are left free by the church for Catholics to hold opinions *pro* or *con*, as the spirit gives them sight or utterance.

(*Second.*) This Magazine is not, and shall not be a mere doctrinal, philosophical or speculative Magazine. It will first, last and all the time, be practical. It will, as I have said, apply the simplest, practical teaching of Christ and His church, the simple eternal principles of truth and morality, to the living, reeking hypocrisies, lying and corruption of the times; and if it finds a renegade Catholic in public life padding his fat sides by pelf and falsehood it will expose the saint with the same clearness and power that it has exposed, and will continue to expose, Protestant gentlemen of like inclinations and practices.

(*Third.*) Being in no sense an official Catholic organ, and in no sense a doctrinal or philosophical or speculative review, it is not and will not be while I live under any priestly or ecclesiastical control. Thank God I am a Catholic; and if any poor, suspicious sycophant doubts my loyalty to the Catholic church let him propose a test of loyalty, of silence, of speech, of action—that such as he will do and I will not do in obedience to rightful Catholic authority.

(*Fourth.*) THE GLOBE is a Literary Review, and a business enterprise founded by me three years ago. Into it I have put over fifty thousand dollars worth of the best labor of my life, and if any man, priest, bishop, layman, or woman wants to control this review; wants to have any influential say in its control, he or she must first put down a sufficient sum of money to deserve such influence; second, he or she must have brains and heart and soul and character and sincerity enough to win my respect and confidence and trust, and be ready to show work equal to my own.

THE GLOBE REVIEW is to all intents and purposes a secular business, hence not under ecclesiastical control any more than the business of the Chicago *Herald* or the Chicago *Times* is under ecclesiastical control. Still I have tried and will try to make its secular work so sacred that even the angels may approve.

I hope that this will satisfy my good friend of the Boston *Herald*, and that he will still find THE GLOBE the spiciest and the most thought-provoking Magazine that comes to his office; and I expect it to be all the more so now that a larger number of brilliant writers than heretofore are offering me their work—without expecting such pay as the mammonite editors pay to their grovelling slaves.

Since I had the privilege of being admitted to the Church last June, I have met personally and conversed with something over

one hundred Catholic Priests of all grades and orders from Archbishops to very young and humble pastors of distant country parishes ; and I have received letters from between three and four hundred more ; and to the honor and credit of the good sense of these cultured gentlemen I am bound to say that in no single instance has one of them voluntarily attempted to advise me or direct me as to what the future character of the GLOBE should be ; further that in all cases where I have distinctly asked or sought an expression of thought or feeling on this point from Catholics, they have without exception, priests and laymen, asked me not to make THE GLOBE a distinctively Catholic Magazine, but to keep it on the high, pure and independent ground of literary and political criticism that has marked it heretofore and won its fame.

Protestants will naturally say that this is very smart on their part, because they knew in advance that such a magazine will be read by Protestants as well as Catholics, and so be of more help to the Catholic cause. For every body knows that Protestants, as a rule, do not read distinctively Catholic reviews, magazines or papers. Very true ; and I am glad to assure Protestant readers of THE GLOBE that Catholic priests and laymen are quite as wide awake as themselves on all such matters. And as for the thoroughness of the training of priests for their own profession, everybody that knows anything, knows that, as a rule, priests are far more thoroughly trained in theology than are the average of Protestant preachers.

In a word the Catholic priesthood has made no attempt to influence my freedom in the future management of *The Globe*, and the entire weight of advice as sought by me, is to keep right on, only with a more consecrated power, if that be possible, in the lines already defined and defended.

I was not only born free, and have been free all my life, under a conscious obedience to the Spirit of Christ, but with a great price, how great, no one but God can know—have I prayed for and purchased the freedom of expression used in these pages, and any mere underling, who has never had manhood or soul enough to be free or to try to be free, that should attempt to enslave me at this time of life, would soon find himself in universal contempt, and his own cringing spirit more tightly squeezed by its deserved chains.



And plainly this is the place to say that this wretched bug-boo of protestantism touching the slavery of the Catholic church is as false as it would be unjustifiable if it really existed. And it is my firm belief, that the best half, that is, the spiritually minded half of the Episcopal and of the Unitarian communions in the United States would come over to Rome, body and soul, inside of twenty years, were it not for this dread of the terrible ghost of Catholic slavery—which, like most other ghosts, is a figment, a phantasm, an hallucination, an ugly, fevered, miasmatic, mere shadow of hereditary calvinistic dyspepsia.

One of the most intelligent physicians of Philadelphia, a professor in one of the city's most famous medical colleges, and himself an Episcopalian, said to me in conversation just before I left Philadelphia, last October, "The fact is, Mr. Thorne, that if the Catholic Church in this country pursues the liberal and patriotic course it now seems to be taking, it won't be long before the Catholic Church will sweep the whole board and take us all in."

Now, that is precisely what, by its history, its enlightenment, its supernatural gifts and powers, its beautiful and restful ministries to human souls the Catholic Church has a right to do, expects to do, and, by the grace of the Eternal, will do, at no distant day; but at least one bloody chasm will at first have to be crossed, before Protestant people will see the utter inadequacy of their own churches, their school systems, their standards of faith, and the prevailing selfishness and sinfulness of their own average lives.

This is no new doctrine in THE GLOBE, and every man who has read it from the first knows that I am preaching my old truths, only more plainly in favor of the church whose blessing and peace I now enjoy.

So much for my own position and the future of THE GLOBE, and for my own work in this particular number.

Already, since my removal to Chicago a greater number of satisfactory articles have come to me, many of which are in the present issue.

Of these I need hardly call attention to the graceful, the wise and appreciative paper on Isabella, by Miss Onahan. The scholarly and most charitable article on Theosophy, by Mr. Snell, will speak for itself. Miss Starr's beautiful tribute to Thomas William Parsons, an almost forgotten poet, will find many delighted readers. Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, who contributes the article on

the World Problem and Literature, is one of the editors of the *New England Magazine*, and by all distance the ablest literary man in the New England states; and while I do not accept his apparent definition of the basis of human justice, that is, as contained in the American Declaration of Independence, in fact, hold that document as mostly rebellion, froth and moonshine, and while I see more good in our charitable institutions' than he does, Mr. Harte's article will be read with delight as a manly protest against the corrupt, commercial, political and social life of the times, and against its soulless, namby-pamby literature—so-called.

The article, *Dreams of Evolution*, by Mrs. Adams, is much in the line of that world-famous book upon the Blessed Virgin, by Mary of Agreda, and is precisely in the line—only in a narrower circle—of my own Cosmotheism, which some persons have mistaken for Pantheism.

I believe the other articles are mine, and the least said about them by me the better. Other people say enough, for most of which I am truly thankful, alike to my critics and to Almighty God.

I had intended to write an article for this issue on the Negro Problem; also a review of a somewhat neglected Western poet, B. I. Durward, whose volumes have been kindly sent to me. I had also intended to make special mention, alike of the literary merits and the amount of valuable information contained in a new book in paper covers, issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with maps and descriptions of the leading cities of the Union, and the way to reach them from the Atlantic seaboard to this marvelous city of Chicago, destined so soon to be the leading city of the world, or—the sink hole—and putrid grave of the offensive wrecks and corpses of all the nations of the world. I am for the first, my friends; but no Chicago boomer will fool me into believing that lies and gush, and vulgarity, and dishonesty and moral and physical crime are or can become, in this divine universe, the corner stones or the main springs of any prosperous city out of the great quarreling and snarling pandemonium city of perdition.

Having touched the political problem in my article on "The Stupidest Man," I shall not refer to it here.

The encouragement given to THE GLOBE since its removal to Chicago has been most flattering. Many hundreds of new sub-

scriptions have been received up to this writing, December 21st, and all people know that the end of the year is not the most prosperous in this line. At first, and from those who had protested most, and promised most, there were disappointments for me, but only that larger and a much higher grade of encouragement might take the place of retreating foes. I bear them no ill will, but I will allow no man, priest or other, to play false with me a second time, nor will I pander to such where their conduct is deserving of blame. Though very disinclined to any and all sorts of contests, the man does not live who is able to deceive me or for whom I have the slightest feeling of fear.

*If* THE GLOBE *lives*, and it is very lively at present, it will live because God and all good men and women want it to live. I am simply a willing slave in their hands; but no Judases need attempt dominion. At present THE GLOBE shows a million-fold more signs of life and prosperity than ever before. In a word, though a little slow, by Chicago time, it is up with the lark, apace with the sun, and has many new stars in its present and future skies.

In the next number of THE GLOBE I hope to be able to furnish its readers with a scholarly and brilliant article on The Celt in Modern History, by Rev. Thos. F. Cashman, one of the most widely known and popular of the pioneer priests of Chicago; a masterpiece by Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell, on the Science of Comparative Religion; an article by Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, On Common Life in Poetry; an article by Mr. William Ellison of Ontario, On Democracy in the Catholic Church in Canada; an article by Miss Swan, On Comparative French and German Literature, an article by Professor Darkow, lately from Vienna, On Madam Adam's Estimates of the Germans; and articles by myself upon Bismarck, Renan, Ruskin, The Negro Problem, Public Schools Versus Parochial Schools, Our Tariff Tinkers, The Popularizing and Anglicising of Catholic Worship; and such notes upon Chicago, The Columbian Exposition and the New Victors of Democracy as may evolve themselves between now and then.

While this number of THE GLOBE was going through the press, I received a copy of Professor Maurice Francis Egan's new book—Songs and Sonnets, just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. In the next number of THE GLOBE I will give it an elaborate review explaining the beautiful character and culture of this man's genius. Here I have only time to say that the book



is the purest, the most beautiful and the most poetic that has ever come to me from any modern American writer, and that within one twelve months it ought to be in the library of every person and family of intelligence in the land.

Perhaps I ought to say something of THE GLOBE'S work among our Periodicals.

Four years ago Robert Ingersoll and Robert Ingersollism practically dominated the pages of the *North American Review*. To-day an earnest Churchman uses its pages to explain the infallibility of the Pope—and from this time on the Catholic church will be treated as fairly in its pages as it will be in the pages of THE GLOBE. THE GLOBE has made it pay to publish the truth.

Four years ago the leading monthlies were given over mainly to such work as that done by Messrs. Howells, James & Co., mere soulless trash without art or power; hack work, with a diletantish trend that sickly critics took for real art and mental culture. THE GLOBE has made that farce so plain that now even Mr. Howells goes from pillar to post and lots of daws are pecking at him.

From its first announcement to the last, THE GLOBE has made no secret of its determined and eternal war against Ingersollism on the one hand and mere diletante literary simpering on the other, and THE GLOBE has been read, you understand, by the people who make and who criticise literature. In their hearts, many of them curse it—but they are beginning to follow its leading because now it pays.

To-day not only is Ingersollism relegated to the sphere of cheap pamphleteerism and to those audiences to be found in all cities whose opinions are as coarse and uncultured as their countenances and their lives. And not only are the *North American Review* and the *Forum* trying to get honest and truly religious men—even Catholics—to write for their pages, but mere picture periodicals like *Harper's*, *The Century* and *Scribner's*, not to mention the *Cosmopolitan* and *Lippincott's*, are announcing series of articles on moral and religious problems. THE GLOBE may never get credit for this change among the stiff-necked fraternities who run these magazines; but the editor of THE GLOBE and the angels of heaven that take note of such trifles as the changing of the literary and intellectual bent of national thought know very well that THE GLOBE has wrought and forced the change. And to the curious and utterly unbelieving, as well as to the loving and nobly believ-

ing, let me say that in this case, as in all others, the change has been wrought only through sufferings that the successful mammonite editor of the day is alike incapable of understanding or imitating.

In founding THE GLOBE, I resolved that the insincere literary trash of the period should stand for what it was, or, in utter shame, go down to the hell it deserves. It seems to be going down and something better seems to be coming in its place.

I aim to publish THE GLOBE from the 15th to the 20th of the first month of each Quarter. A serious explosion in the establishment of its printers has delayed this issue about two weeks.

Many good Catholic friends of THE GLOBE have urged me to ask the priests in Chicago and throughout the country to commend it publicly to their congregations; but while I should feel extremely grateful to them if they were to do so voluntarily, and should greatly appreciate and esteem the compliment, I cannot and must not ask favors of this kind.

Since I came to Chicago, last October, I have received and accepted an invitation to the Professorship of Literary Criticism in St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, this State, and expect to begin my labors there the first week in February. Of course I think it one of the best colleges in the land. The office and address of THE GLOBE, however, remain the same as heretofore and all letters to me and to THE GLOBE should be addressed

W. H. THORNE,  
716 Title and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

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#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Er'e the noon-tide comes and the shadows fall  
 From the evening skies, and the evening star  
 Leads forth the stars of night, and over all  
 The earth and heaven, brooding, near, and far,  
 Flows the silence of death around thy brow,  
 O year of mortal love! fare thee well;  
 Would that the heart within us, even now,  
 Could feel and understand, that tongue could tell  
 The countless wings of love have daily flown  
 To us across God's open skies; that we,  
 Long before the new year be fully grown,  
 May feel the pulsings of love's mighty sea;  
 And, conquering every hate and every foe,  
 May live in love and Thee eternally.

# THE GLOBE.

NO. XII.

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APRIL TO JULY, 1893.

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## PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

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The tempest in a teapot over this and kindred questions, which recently existed, or was said to have existed, between certain members of the Catholic Hierarchy, and which was fanned and shaken into undue and unwise publicity by hot-headed, injudicious and uncharitable partisans and by unprincipled newspaper reporters, has happily subsided. While it existed, the editor of the *GLOBE* resolved not to take either side and not to be mixed up with the witches' dance one way or the other. I resolved upon this course for two reasons; first, because I had literally no sympathy with either side in the controversy, and but little respect for the zealots engaged in it; second, because the *GLOBE* is not, never has been, and while I live never shall be marshaled on one side of the Church against another side on any question, but shall always be for the whole Church and the whole truth on all questions, and the advocate of limitless, aggressive, humble, patient, all-conquering charity toward all parties, and all sides of the Church in any and every controversy that may arise.

In a word, Archbishop Corrigan and his views and feelings are just as dear to me as Archbishop Ireland and his views and feelings. I know in advance, as I know the birth, the physiognomy, and the training of these and of other prominent Catholics, that on many matters they must and will differ in opinion and preference, and I know also that in their cases, as in others, human nature sometimes gets the better of divine grace, and that a touch



of ambition becomes a taint when it settles upon the face and conduct of a consecrated and gifted soul. Had I taken sides in the aforesaid controversy at all, I would have quoted to those gentlemen, in tones of irresistible sweetness, the unfortunate Cardinal Woolsey's last words to his secretary :

“ Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;  
 By this sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee.  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty,  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not ;  
 Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and Truth's ; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fallest a blessed martyr.” Etc.

And with this suggestion, as exalted in its genius as it is world-wide in its reputation and application, I will leave that poor, undignified and unfortunate tempest in a tea-pot and try to point out or hint at the true ways of giving children the right sort of mental food for their breakfast, dinner and supper.

With me it is not a question of the Faribault system, or of Cahenslyism, or any other extant system or ism whatever.

“ These little systems have their day ;  
 They have their day and cease to be.”

With me it is a question how best to draw out or educate the latent soul-qualities or spiritual germ-seeds of the ever million-fold increasing youth of all modern nations ; how best to store the youthful mind with the most needful, the most useful and the most inspiring, beautifying and joy-giving facts of the natural and supernatural universe, hence to make them the happiest, because the most mutually helpful members of the family, the social, the religious, the national, the international, the cosmic and universal circles of life in which we all inevitably live and move and have our being. A plague upon that teacher who has any smaller ax to grind.

On this broad and generous question of education the GLOBE, from the first, has given no uncertain sound, and on this question as on many others, the editor of the GLOBE has no changes to make because he has become a member of the Catholic Church.

On the specific question as to what extent our American common school system of education accomplishes the best possible results in the directions named, the GLOBE and its editor have from the

first declared themselves out of sympathy with our common school system ; without respect for it, with undisguised contempt for it, and with a sure and certain conviction, that by its own, eventual self-evident incapacity, incompleteness and self-destructiveness, the thing is as sure of annihilation as is the contemptible atheism of Bob Ingersoll, and for precisely the same reason, viz., that it is not in harmony with the essential, fundamental and eternal laws and forces of universal nature, or of human nature; that one half its so-called facts are lies and that the other half are taught in such a spirit as to make hardened, mechanic, unfilial, and ungodly machines out of nineteenth century human beings; and that these machines, so made, are chiefly useful in the now well-nigh universal melee of sharp rascality and damnable infidelity in all lines, and hence in perpetual and mutual self-destruction.

I have been more than fifty years learning this lesson, and I have had it driven into my brain by crowns of thorns compared with which the famous crown put in mockery upon the Savior's head might almost seem like a gentle luxury.

After the issue of the first or second number of the *GLOBE* the Rev. Preston Barr, an Episcopal clergyman, then of Lee, Mass., now of Battle Creek, Mich., wrote to ask me if I would admit to the pages of this Review an article inimical to our so-called public school system of education, and commendatory of the supposed Catholic opposition to the same. I replied immediately that for twenty years I had been wanting to write such an article, that I could not at once say all that was to be said in the *GLOBE* on that and many kindred questions, and urged him to go ahead and preach his anti-public school gospel with all the zeal and power at his command.

The article : " A Modern Moloch And Its Destroyer," in the *GLOBE* No. III, published just three years ago, was the result of this correspondence, and it at once became the unrecognized text of a series of articles that have since been published on the subject by scores of able men and women in many Catholic and Protestant newspapers and magazines.

Mr. Barr's main points of opposition to public schools were : first, that their low grade promiscuity rendered them unsafe places for children of whom we expect to make ladies and gentlemen and moral beings ; second, that the absence of any teaching of religion in the public schools rendered them unsafe places for

children in whom there was a moral and spiritual potentiality or power.

The language of this retrospect is mine, of course; in truth Mr. Barr dwelt most strenuously upon the fact that the public had made a Moloch or a false god of our public school system, that the public were ready to fly into a rage at any man who attacked this idol; still an idol it was, that deserved to be attacked and would eventually be destroyed by Roman Catholic influence, consciously and unconsciously exerted with a view to its destruction.

I wish all my readers to understand that this was three years ago, in a Protestant magazine; that the article was written by a Protestant clergyman of great clearness of head, of fine scholarship, of undoubted sincerity and of unusual ability as a thinker and writer; and that it was admitted and welcomed to the pages of the GLOBE by me when I hardly dreamed of ever being able to enter the Catholic Church. I make this reference to refute the foul slanders of those critics of the GLOBE who say I am now trying to please the Catholics and to pander to their prejudices. God forbid that I ever should write to please any human being, and God pity the rascals who so judge me.

In truth my views are unchanged on any public question; and here again it is necessary for me to remind my readers that the GLOBE is not a Catholic organ. And while there is great variety of opinion among Catholics regarding the utility of our public schools and how to deal with their existence and support as related to ideal Catholic teaching and Catholic rights, there is, as far as I can judge, an almost universal disinclination to attack the public school system as such; hence what I have to say on this point is simply my own word; my own opinion. No other person is responsible for it; no church must be blamed for it.

Plainly then, and as a broad and provoking statement for all sides; meant to please nobody, but to serve as text for further remarks, if I had the power I would break up the whole public school system of the United States to-morrow, close the doors of all the public schools for one month at least, devote the public school funds for one year to the benefit and use of foreign paupers, so-called, and to the encouragement of a perfect stampede of European and Asiatic emigration to these shores.

Meanwhile I would have established a competent board of examination for real teachers; for men and women whose lives



were devoted to the all-round work of teaching—in the sense hinted at—and I would encourage these—Catholic or Protestant, Jesuit, Dominican, or what not—regardless of sect ; and to these I would rent the public school buildings—until the time came to sell them all—and for the time being put this business of teaching where it belongs, namely, on the shoulders of individual responsibility, and in the hands of free and independent citizens, as guided and influenced by their spiritual advisers in all phases of religious life.

In a word, I look upon the first principle of public school education, and the second principle of compulsory public school education ; and the third principle of a school tax for the support of this public school education, as upon the principles of compulsory vaccination, as so many unwarrantable tyrannies of usurpation upon the natural rights and liberties of the individual citizen ; tyrannies and usurpations that could and would be evolved only by the rule of an ignorant, unprincipled majority of unthinking boobies ; and that would and could be tolerated only in a community fed on lies, stuffed with platitudes and absurdities, ruled by mere mammonite, selfish, groundling politicians, and hence deserving the damnation of just such a subtle perdition as our modern social system has become ; for I do not wish to disguise the fact that I have nothing but pity and contempt for ninety per cent of the so-called social and other culture of these times, as they have been developed by the public school and the public newspaper.

Having broken up the public school system and put the work of the education of the youth of this nation in the hands of private and responsible individual teachers, regardless of sect ; all such education to be voluntarily paid for by the individual parents or guardians of the scholars, or by the scholars themselves ; I would gradually dispose of all public school property or properties to the same parties and their backers ; and still further devote the sums of money so named to the “ paupers ” of Europe, to encourage their emigration to this mere rude and uncivilized land ; and by a process of absolute free trade in all manufacture and commerce, as well as in education, I would let this last factor—the only one we are interested in at present—gradually drift into the competent hands that could and would manage it ; and I have no doubt that these hands, guided by far other impulses than that of simply earning a living and making school teaching the stepping-stone to pol-

itics and mammonism, would very soon introduce the true religious element, as well as all other elements worth introducing, out of the pyramids of mere muck, now called educational branches, in our public schools.

But that would be a revolution for which we are, as yet, unprepared, hence we must look at the existing systems as they stand.

My first quarrel with our public schools and with the public school system as they stand is that they undertake to teach entirely too much.

The idea of the public school was to give every boy and girl an intelligent start in life ; in truth, it is based upon that earlier lie that all men, that is, all children, are born free and equal, and that we must give each an equal start. Nothing could be more untruthful and absurd than this from the start. Children are not born equal and you cannot give them an equal start by any amount, kind or variety of education to be invented by all the ingenuity of the human race ; and the sooner we get that fundamental lie out of our heads the sooner may we hope for guidance on the higher ranges of the "Higher Education" of human beings.

But admitting for the moment that any so-called government has a right to tax people to build schools, and to determine a system of general education and to tax people to keep up that system—all of which I deny—still admitting the right, my position would be that the education so provided should be of the simplest, say the old trinity of reading, writing and arithmetic, and that all else should be left to the individual tastes and capacities, mental, financial, etc., of the pupil and his or her parents, guardians and friends.

I have no doubt, however, that the public school system as developed in this country was so developed with the idea of giving the children of the poor as good an education at public expense as the children of the rich can secure at private expense. The impulse is good. But the means employed all come of our folly regarding human equality and our unbelief in God Almighty. It is only necessary to say that you simply cannot provide for all children the complete and professional education which wealth and talent and exceptional ability have always secured for themselves ; and the remarkable feature of the modern arguments against providing for the higher and professional branches of study

in our public schools is that the system itself is forcing the poor—who cannot avail themselves of the so-called advantages—to pay for the education of the children of the rich who can so avail themselves. And while I do not lay as much stress upon this argument as some people do, I see its force, but mention it only as one of the many weaknesses and blunders of a system which I hold to be a blunder from its incipency to its destined grave.

I do not believe in the much pitied, inglorious Miltons. I do not believe that poverty has ever in all ages of the world kept a gifted soul from rising to its actual height and securing what education was best for it. I look upon the entire modern Henry George fiasco of warfare against poverty as only a poor, lame excuse for an unwillingness on the part of the advocates themselves to take their own true positions in the social scale, and as a blunder alike of conscience, the intellect and the soul. And were I to start a proposition it would be that there are or that there need be in this land no people so poor but they can at their own expense and by their own efforts or the efforts of their friends or spiritual advisers, give their children a fair and simple start in the world.

Looking at the matter from this standpoint alone, I would exclude from public school teaching and public school expense incident thereto everything except the primary branches referred to. Remember, I do not admit that this even should be done by the public, or by the national government or by any government tax—much less by any compulsory system of forcing the children of any parents to attend such schools.

Hence, of course, I am opposed to introducing into public schools what are called fads in our times. But I would not only exclude German and French, and Greek and Latin, and music and drawing from our public schools, I would with the most stinging whip of small cords to be found drive out astronomy, geology, gymnastics and the entire brood of modern isms and ologies, based on so-called scientific discoveries, etc., not, however, through any prejudice against true science or any physical truth; but because I have convinced myself that ninety per cent. of the modern isms and ologies as now taught in our schools, and in our colleges for that matter, are actual lies, not in accordance with the natural and supernatural order of this universe.

My opposition to our so-called public school education is, *first* of all, that much of it is actual falsehood, that the teachers and



pupils of the next century will have to unteach and unlearn. For instance, the astronomy of modern times is more than half imagination. The geology of modern times may be wholly falsehood; the botany of modern times is an insult to the humblest flower that grows. The physiology of modern times, especially as related to the alcoholic problem and for which relationship it is mostly taught in the public schools, is a positive lie. And there is not enough breath of true art in all the public school art teaching in America to produce one statue or one picture worth the trouble and time it took to make it, not to speak of its being worth anything from an artistic point of view.

Granted that these statements are strong and partially and purposely exaggerated. They are made in a spirit of love for real truth and real art and because of an eternal disgust for your clap-trap of these things in the newspaper, educational and social gossip of the day. But were the ologies and isms as taught in your public schools all true, and all should study them, I should still object to their being taught for the few who can study them at the expense of the many whose children cannot pursue them. Again, if your ologies and isms as taught in your public schools were all true, and all could study them, I should object to their being taught under government patronage and control, and at public expense by government taxation, and above all, to any compulsory system of public education as carried on in these days. That is, I should object to it still on account of its irreligiousness, its simple and cursed secularism, and still further for its vulgar promiscuity, its inadequateness, its usurpation of the parental power, its tendency to make unfilial children, mechanic men and women, and generally because it treats education as a cramming of the mind with so-called facts, half of which are not facts, but lies; instead of recognizing first of all that the mind is an atom of the natural and supernatural universe with potentialities high as heaven if properly educated and low as hell if improperly educated, as at the present time.

In a word, I am opposed *first* of all to the public school system per se; am opposed to the fact of its existence; am opposed to the primal idea that the State or the Government should provide education for children or presume to dictate what the education of children should be; *second*: I am utterly opposed to our American system of public school instruction alike on the

grounds that half its facts are not facts; that it is a system of cramming and not properly a system of education at all; that it is purely secular, making mere machine people out of its pupils, and leaving their moral natures, their spiritual natures and their religious potentialities, hence the whole sphere of their manners and habits and their relations of life, utterly uncared for, and because under any public school system, directed and controlled by a secular government this state of things must continue to be.

I am perfectly familiar with the position and argument of the so-called liberal league secularites, and I do not hesitate to say that a public school system run by the American Government not only ought to be secular, utterly and absolutely secular, but that in the nature of things, and spite of all disguises, it is secular and must remain so until it is broken to pieces.

On the other hand, I am perfectly familiar with the position and arguments of the various Protestant religious advocates of the introduction of Bible reading and prayers, the introduction of the reading of passages of the sacred books of all nations with certain "unsectarian interpretations of these," etc., etc., and that such a course with proper family training in religion and proper Sunday-school training would be a sufficient provision for the religious potentialities of our children.

And I do not hesitate to say that if the proper unsectarian and ordained persons to read such sacred books could be found and so provided, and the proper family and Sunday-school religious training could be done by the proper persons, and manners and morals so taught that young people would grow up with the proper notions of their parents, of society, and of their duties and relations to God, and to each other, I should be measurably satisfied with the usurpation of the secular government in saying what sort of education children should receive.

But all these ifs are so many subterfuges and cities of escape for mere liars and teachers of lies.

In the first place the proper persons to read and expound the sacred books cannot be found outside of the true church of Christ; in the second place, as the average parent has been brought up in the public school he and she are utterly incompetent to give parental or family instructions either in manners or morals, not to speak of religion; and in the third place, the average Sunday-school is, of all places of instruction on this earth, the last place where

such instruction in religion, in morals and in manners is or can be given; for the teachers themselves have not been properly instructed in these things and hence are by nature and training and habits utterly incompetent to impart that instruction to others.

So far I have said nothing about the prevailing fact, that the average teacher of our public schools, male or female, does not expect to make the business of teaching his or her life work; has not given his or her life to the work, but simply pursues it for a living till marriage or one of the so-called professions can be entered and attained; all of which is an argument against his or her practical efficiency as an educator of the young.

Finally, as intimated in earlier paragraphs of this article, I have watched the effects of our public school secular education upon two or three generations, the one namely that attained its majority when I was a boy; the one that has grown up with me; and the younger generation now reaching its majority and early manhood and womanhood all over this land.

Their smartness in the sense that cats are smart, that beavers are smart and that dogs are smart I do not question for a moment; they can even beat the devil himself with their arguments and assurances that evil is good and that you need not mind God Almighty or be squeamish about morals or manners; but come to downright noble, sincere, gentlemanly and godly manhood, and I defy the century to produce one man educated in our public schools who will bear the test of such a criterion and so prove the virtue and value of the system itself.

I am well aware that quite recently in the city of Chicago and elsewhere the late James G. Blaine has been held up as an example of such an exceptionally excellent man; the typical American and the typical product of our public schools and our secular methods of government in general.

I perfectly agree with his admirers that he was in all his ways from boy-hood to death a typical American citizen; but God forbid that I should ever lend my pen or my voice to the commendation of such a life as his.

I do not judge or condemn the man. He is dead and I hope has found the mercy we all need; but I utterly and everlastingly condemn the methods of the man; and I pity to utter nausea the half-cracked, mere clown orators who orate in his glorification.

In a word, I look upon the methods, episodes and aims of his life as God Almighty's strongest arguments against the whole



American system of secular public school education, and the time will come when every true American and every sensible man will say Amen, and Amen.

I also readily see how it is that many Catholics in this age favor the public schools, and are not only willing, but glad, to have their children become teachers therein, that is, in spite of the secular basis on which they are run. The race for wealth and position is such in this land that many Catholics are being swept to moral death on the way; and if they can find free instruction for their children, or comparatively free, and then can find positions for them as teachers in public schools, all the while seeing that such positions will not only increase the family income, but advance the young ladies socially, it is difficult for them to see that in taking such a course they are taking sides with falsehood and the devil against the true interests of their own Church and their own souls. But such I take to be their actual position; and while not condemning them personally—that is not my business—I cannot help teaching them publicly that they are taking sides with modern secularism and becoming its advocates, as against the true Church and their own higher spiritual needs and privileges.

In a word, could I have had my way I never would have allowed a child of mine to enter a public school or a Protestant Sunday-school; and in this case, as in others, I am always willing to have my teachings brought to the test of my own personal experience and life. I do not teach one thing and live another, and I defy the world to prove it so. This is my testimony to this generation regarding public schools and public school education so-called; and the thousand unnamed arguments that you would advance have already been considered in my own mind and life these last forty years, with the honest result as here given.

As regards parochial schools or schools of ordinary education conducted under the direction of parish priests, and schools conducted by Jesuits, and by the various religious and teaching female sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, I have had much less experience than I have had with public school teaching and the results thereof; but such experience as I have had is in perfect keeping with and perfectly corroborative of my convictions these last twenty years, that the parochial school or the school conducted by competent sisters under the religious direction of a priest is the ideal school for the education of the youth of this generation.

To begin with, I am not foolish enough to suppose or to teach that all priests are immaculate, or that in all ways and in all cases they are the persons to direct the education of children. Nor do I mean to say or suggest that all the teaching sisters are perfect, immaculate or entirely competent persons. There were always black sheep in the whitest flocks that ever fed on the hills of God. But my observation and studies these many years, and my close and intimate acquaintance with parochial and Catholic schools these last two years, all convince me that the idea at the bottom of them is perfect; that the idea loyally carried out is the best conceivable means for actually educating and storing the youthful mind with such facts and force as it needs for the most perfect development of its powers and for its usefulness and happiness in this world, and for whatever future is allotted to the children of men.

It is probably true that the best Catholic colleges in this country for the training of young men do not advance them as far or as thoroughly in the classics or in mathematics as the universities of Harvard and Yale. I do not know that this is true, but Catholic parents have so asserted to me. Nor am I especially interested in that phase of the question. The ideals of the Catholic and of the secular universities are wholly different, and I must not go minutely into that phase of it. The university is a private affair any way, and I am writing of public versus religious or parochial schools.

And, in general, this is what I find, that children taught in parochial schools, and the schools under the direction of religious orders, though they may not pass certain examinations as readily as children taught in public schools—the methods being so different—though I think the average would hardly prove the deficiency of parochial school children—have along with the corresponding common facts of a commonschool education learned, at least, that they have been taught something, yea, several things, thank God, that the public school children are as ignorant of as are the savages of our Western plains. I do not mean to intimate that all the children taught in parochial schools and Catholic academies turn out to be saints or even exemplary Christians. It is an infinitely difficult matter, even with all the influences of supernatural grace conveyed through heaven-ordained institutions, to make saints out of our fallen, or as yet undeveloped Darwinian humanity. Men like evangelist Moody can make saints by the million, much as a saw-mill turns boards out of logs, and the devil can unmake them about

as fast as a \$6,000,000 Boston fire can burn up the latest scientific trappings of fire-proof buildings. You can do almost anything by Protestant machinery in these days.

Women like Frances Willard can revolutionize society, stop drunkenness, prostitution and debauchery by making silly speeches and hobnobbing with English noblewomen as silly as themselves. But the men and women who create and live by debauchery and prostitution laugh at these effete female cranks and go on enjoying and amusing themselves all the same.

Good priests know and good sisters of the Catholic Church who give their lives to educate and save people know how hard it is even to save themselves, not to speak of making a thousand converts a week at ten dollars a head.

Saints are not easily made, even with all the appliances and powers and observances of the Catholic Church, and many children brought up in parochial schools go to the bad. But I am satisfied that the proportion of children so brought up who fall into sin is far less than the proportion of those who are brought up in public schools.

Human nature, even in this nineteenth Christian century and in this land of natural gas, free ballots and free bribes, is a tough knot to handle; in a word, a very complex and a very profound and delicate subject to touch, to elevate and redeem.

But there is no doubt in my mind that the true priests of the church are the only persons properly educated and ordained to superintend and direct the religious instruction and training of children as well as adults; and that into their hands the whole matter must be committed; that mere bible reading, etc., by untaught, sometimes unconverted people, and the exposition of the sacred books of all nations, by mere upstart tyros and groundlings in the study of such sacred books, will not do.

And it is also perfectly clear to my mind that the presence each day on the part of children as well as adults at the service of the Mass, and the service of the Benediction, where the real presence of the Savior, and His divinely beautiful suffering for the world are made a living fact before their minds—it is perfectly clear to my mind, I say, that the presence of children each day at this beautiful and vivid reoffering of the Sacrifice on Calvary, the noblest, immeasurably the noblest and divinest thing that ever has occurred on this earth, must have a softening, a refining and



an inward enlightening effect upon their minds and hearts and lives, and that when it is a question whether children shall have a common, ordinary education with or without the daily influence of this divine event and the beautiful power of Catholic music over their souls, those parents are simply blind in their moral insanity who choose to have the secular education for their children without the divine, when they can have the two together.

I am very tired of all our modern fine-spun talk about the higher education and all that; while it avoids the real issues of the day, dwells simply in the old transcendentalism of Emerson and the fads of fifty years ago, and shoots over the heads of the millions whose souls real priests and educators are set here and sent here to save.

The higher education is simply obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ, and without it the culture of the schools, the blessings of science and the prosperities of wealth are so many series of everlasting damnation. The sooner we learn this and give up ninety per cent. of our foolish clap-trap about culture and science and the higher education the better for ourselves and the world at large.

Now my position is that this power of obedience to Christ is infinitely more likely to be gained through the instructions and influences of parochial than through those of public schools; hence, I am with all my heart and soul in favor of parochial schools or schools everywhere with due and proper and regular religious instructions and services in them conducted by the only men truly ordained to hold such services.

In a word, from the human standpoint I want no power of the human soul left dormant. I want no cultured atheists like Ingersoll in the near generations of the future, and I do not want them simply, or at least first of all because they are mere excrescences, fungus growths, are not true and all-round and complete men, and from the religious standpoint I want the world won for Christ simply because he deserves it. The essences of his soul and sufferings have fairly won it. It belongs to him not only by creation, but by such sublime redemption that the stars may well crown him and the fadeless roses of immortal love wreath his brow as the Savior immortal, the king of kings. For many years, long before I became a Catholic, I have been wanting to say something like this about the popular and the select education of the day.

I admit that much of the needed work of the age is mechanical and requires mechanical education. But these things ought ye to

have done and not to have left the others undone. The age is not only mechanical; it is godless in its mechanism. I admit the necessity and beauty of the study of nature and the sciences, but the godless mechanic bent of the age has been such that in its study of nature and the sciences it has missed the very soul and meaning and life of nature, and has attempted to supplant the Almighty by series after series of mere Spencer and Huxley wind-bag rhetorical platitudes, ninety per cent. of which are the silliest of pitiable and contemptible lies.

These things ought ye to have done, but not in such a way as to pile up your pyramids of windy philosophy till they hide even from your own eyes the true secret and meanings of nature and the true heroisms and eternal soul centers and vivifying, electric, historic currents of human history.

I have no quarrel with secular education ; I have no quarrel with the most exquisite of mental culture. I have given my life to win these things. I have no quarrel with true science; the half of my life has been spent in the study of physical nature and her laws. I have no quarrel with art. I am almost a daily worshipper at its shrine ; and next to God love it, as I love all beauty. I have no quarrel with mechanism, or with the preponderance of its power in modern life. I always bow to the supremacy of a real fact, but the culture, the art, the science, the secular education, the mechanism that so train me as to lead me to forget that Almighty God is the source and law of all culture, the soul of all art and beauty, the controller of all mechanic forces, the quintessence of all the laws of science, the divine unity in which they all dwell, from which they all spring, and in which and in whom they and we all live and move and have our being, and to whom we all ought to be daily grateful from the centers of our souls, is as false to human nature as it is to Almighty God. I believe that our public school system tends towards this godlessness, is in no small measure responsible for it, and therefore I am in favor of such education as will forever reverse this unnatural and undivine order of things.

Neither Archbishop Ireland nor any other man, however, need dream for a moment that the Faribault system or any thing like it will be generally adopted in this country until a majority of American citizens are Catholic, and in that event of course there would be no need of such a system.

In the little village of Bourbonnais, near Kankakee, Illinois—where this article was written—the one public school of the village has for more than twenty years been simply a parochial school; that is, a Catholic school, taught and superintended by priests or by the brothers preparing for the priesthood at St. Viateur's College, and the government has paid the bills. Why? Simply because all the inhabitants, constituting many hundreds, are Catholics, mostly French Canadian Catholics, and there are no atheists around in sufficient numbers to rob them of the school taxes they pay.

This is the Faribault system and ten times better; and when I see all this going on under my own eyes day by day, and watch the hundreds of students at their daily devotions in our College chapel, and notice the thousands of people that seem to swarm here every Sunday attending the Catholic church from all parts of the surrounding country, and when I notice the prevailing quietness and good manners and refined faces of the people of this community, and see also close by the College and Church a flourishing and a very select convent school under the capable direction of the sisters of Notre Dame, and remember that this is the very spot from which that old reprobate Chiniquy ran away and in connection with which he tried to expose the corruptions of Catholics—but succeeded only in exposing the corruption of his own heart—it sometimes seems to me that the place is some new Arcadia, dropped down out of the fairy lands of spiritual dreams and martyr days, and that I am simply an unworthy visitor among noble souls who long have been living the life and pursuing the vocation of my own ideal dreams for the true education of the human mind and the human soul.

W. H. THORNE.

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## THE FATE OF IRISH LEADERS

Far away in the storm-tossed Atlantic, midway between the continents of the new and the old worlds, where the billows unceasingly form their restless battalions to cope with enemies as unstable as themselves, the Irish legends placed an enchanted island, whose shores, ever retreating as they were approached, tempted the luckless mariner from home and safety. He never made the promised harbor—he never regained the port he sailed from—he became the



prey of the Storm King, a waif and a castaway. Somehow, this old story seems applicable, to the fate of the Irish leaders of this century, so nearly past, to their arduous quest for independence, their turbulent and exciting struggles, and their ultimate failure either to compass their ends, or to retain their position among the very people whose cause they championed. And now, when success seems within a measurable distance there is not a leader's hand to seize the phantom prize.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald—dying with the shout of defiance on his lips, Emmet giving up his young life on the scaffold, are still the heroic embodiment of that nationality—death was merciful to them; but who in Ireland thinks of Meagher, brave as he was brilliant—“Meagher of the sword” drowned in the rushing Missouri, whose river torrent was not more forceful than his eloquence; of D'Arcy MacGee, the victim in exile of a cowardly assassin. John Mitchell is but a name; Gavin Duffy has returned to find himself forgotten; Stephens has been trying in vain to play over again the melo-dramatic role that once made him famous—while in the ranks of those who attempted constitutional methods the final collapse is even still more clearly defined.

Ten years more than a century ago, Henry Grattan, that pale and fragile enthusiast—backed by forty thousand armed volunteers, thundered at Britain's gates and obtained an unwilling assent to his demand for legislative independence. Before his time the Irish parliament consisted mainly of the nominees of the Irish peers who were elected to retain their seats as long as the king reigned, and as George the third, of happy memory, filled the throne for some sixty years, no great change of policy could be expected from such legislators.

Their successors, the men of '83, to whose days the Irish patriot of the present points with pride, were exclusively Episcopalian. Protestant in religion, not even a Catholic peer of Ireland being eligible to a seat in the house of Lords, no Presbyterian or dissenter of any kind was competent to sit or even vote for their election. In 1793, however, at the instance of the English cabinet, some relaxation of the penal code was effected, the English policy being to establish some counterpoise to this vigorous intolerance, which on the one hand defied the might of the ruling country, and on the other kept its mailed gauntlet on the Catholics' throat. Thence arose the desperate issues for Ireland; the secret societies

came into being, the Hearts of Oak and the Orange lodges were inaugurated, and finally the United Irishmen; to end in the terrible rebellion of '98, forced on the people—the most shameful and horrible of civil wars—fought against almost unarmed peasants and carried to a cruel consummation. They were shot, and hung, and *scalped* with the pitch cap at the triangles. But the end was gained, and then the Parliament of Grattan, or rather enough of its members, was bought body and soul; to use his own words “he had stood by Irish Independence in its cradle and he had followed it to its grave.”

Of Grattan himself, I shall only quote the words of his son in later years, speaking of his treatment by his countrymen: “Their admiration, nay adoration gave him fifty thousand pounds sterling, and afterwards they reproached him with great malignity; endeavored to blast their own grant; followed him, broken down by sickness, to a distant country with the bitterest invective; exercised towards the same man, the same person, the same measures in the short space of a few months, adoration, detestation, unexampled liberality and unprecedented abuse.”

After a longer interregnum than is generally supposed, O’Connell came on the scene, for the national heart was palsied by the horrors of the rebellion, of which Emmet’s outbreak was the desperate sequel, and it takes time to steady the nerves even of a nation. But at length the hour had come and the man, rarely equipped by nature and training for a mighty mission. To free the bondsmen by gaining their religious emancipation; to enthrall their Celtic imaginations by his wonderful Celtic eloquence, so that the heroic serf of Ireland was made brave to face and conquer the ascendancy that enslaved him—was made brave enough to do this without the legal protection of fixity of tenure and a secret ballot. No aid had these poor, gallant souls in their long and weary struggle but the advice of the “soggarth” and the help of the liberal landlords—sparse enough in Ireland—and the glorious advocacy of “King Dan.” Hundreds of thousands flocked to listen to those words of hope and that marvelous voice which could reach the ears and the hearts of all. He preached the wiser doctrines of peace, while the myriads shouted their applause. But the end was not yet, and there was backsliding. One derided the “splendid phantom of repeal”; others wanted the thronging legions to invoke the “god of battles”—a false god for the

unarmed and undisciplined. The ranks wavered and weakened ; dissension, not opposition, wore him down, and the mighty tribune—his heart broken—died at Genoa ; left his heart to Rome, his body to Ireland ; who can never be forgotten, but who has lost with the fickle multitude his imperial attribute of national veneration.

Isaac Butt, who may be said to have followed O'Connell—albeit foul pretenders came meanwhile to delude honest men than themselves, was the son of a Donegal clergyman, the first Professor of Political Economy of Trinity College, Dublin, whose earlier life had been passed as a stont defender of conservative rule. But even in his tilts with O'Connell the nationalist impulse swayed his speech—that nationalism which lives in every Irish heart, although tempered and often alienated by a wholesome dread of the intolerant majority.

And what a speech was Isaac's ; one of the few men who ever lived who could fascinate even a hostile audience ; whose eloquence could flash with the true Celtic fire, though, when the occasion required, he could calmly reason as powerfully as he declaimed. One of the secrets of his power was what is sometimes called magnetism ; he had faults, weaknesses, eccentricity as men knew, but over all was that exquisite social charm which can make or mar a career. It was blended with all his acts, it probably both made his career and marred it. He threw away the almost certainty of being Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and probably a peer of the Realm, to follow the call of that noble and generous impulse. He was large-hearted, unselfish, sympathetic to a degree, untiring in his patriotic devotion through storm and sunshine. Few could appreciate him fully, so Irish, so inconsistent were his attributes. Archibald Butler said of him : " He alone who made him was fit to pass judgment on him." His intellect and acquirements were superb ; he was the faithful soldier of liberty ; and he, too, died of a broken heart—deposed from the power he yearned for, the power to magnify Ireland—hounded to death by men who could not appreciate because they could never possess his personal charm and magnetism and his magnificent acquirements.

It did not need the death of Butt to find Parnell ready to step into the breach, to assume the garment of Nessus, the fatal honor of being the leader and the hope of Ireland. This inscrutable Parnell, who was so lately here, and over whose grave such controversies are raging that it seems impossible to catch the impar-



tial lights and shadows of his history. Most men who study public affairs know something, at least, of his public life, and there are few here who have left the shores of the Emerald Isle for the past five years who can not tell you "all about Mr. Parnell." Yet the men nearest to him in the arduous struggle knew him but little personally; he played them as pawns in the game of politics. As a matter of fact, he made them, and he also ruled them; his wishes were commands—were conveyed as such. He was an aristocrat *ab imo pectore*, yet he chose for closest ally the vulgar, objectionable, but indomitable radical, Biggar. They hit upon a policy of complete obstruction of the business of Parliament by availing themselves of the usages followed in debate—a mass of precedents built up by men, up to that time, pervaded by the highest sense of respect for the honor and integrity of Parliament. But here was a pretty how-do-you-do. These new men had no bumps of veneration; their cranial development probably showed a decided cavity in that region. They availed themselves of time-honored usage to flout the amenities hitherto observed; they attracted other Irish members to their standard, and they added a new sensation to parliamentary ethics when they discovered that the mass of their countrymen highly applauded any act of contempt shown the prerogative of the speaker of the House of Commons. In days prior to this reign of misrule, a word from the chair quelled any signs of turbulence; now, to be forcibly expelled by the serjeant-at-arms became a badge of distinction to be wired across the ocean, to be written of in the national newspapers as a sure sign that the hero of the episode had not "sold the pass." It came before long that Mr. Gladstone yielded to this assault, and made the memorable statement that when Ireland sent a strong majority demanding Home Rule, the question would rise to the position of practical politics. The answer was not long in coming. The tenant farmers, the back-bone of the constituencies, fixed in their farms by previous legislation and protected by the most secret of ballots, were not afraid to join the borough electors in voting for Parnell's nominees, and long before now Home Rule had been won, but for the defection of Lord Hartington and the Unionist members from the Liberal standard. Parnell had succeeded indeed where the brilliant leaders of other days had failed; he was the world's hero and the pride of Ireland—

Yet, listen to the wail of the Banshie, that gloomy death-song, that sad and fatal dirge which saluted Grattan and O'Connell and Isaac Butt, though the words are changed :

“Blot out his name there, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more decliaed, one more foot-path untrod.  
 One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God.”

The same history, the same triumphs, the same magnificent gifts, the same failure. Truly, the Irish are a “contrary” people ; has it not been written, “Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.”

J. G. HELY.

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## RAIN AND THE RAIN-MAKERS.

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Until recently it was generally understood that the Almighty had an exclusive patent on the manufacture of rain ; and I am still inclined to the old opinion. The age, however, is as wonderful for its real discoveries, rather for its new interpretations and manipulation of natural forces, as for its everlasting panaceas and humbuggeries.

Whether the new rain makers are to be embraced among the humbugs or among the true benefactors of the age appears still to be an open question ; and yet it seems to me that if the thing really can be done, or, as my good friend, the Hon. R. G. Dyrenforth, puts it, *has been done*, why there has been time and opportunity enough to have done the thing so thoroughly, so lavishly if you please, that no dry old foggy like myself could have escaped his wetting up to date ; sill I know how long it takes in this wondrous age to get even good people to see and feel a good thing, or to admit it when they do see and feel it. And perhaps, after all, many of the showers that make the down town streets of Chicago so black and dirty, may have come, in a measure from those eternal clouds of steam and smoke that rise day and night from a thousand chimneys.

Rain was always a beautiful mystery, yet partially understood. The waters, gathered from the oceans and rivers, up into the open spaces of heaven, returned again to water the earth, and thence to the sources whence they came. Of course, there was always a little

curiosity and doubt as to who let down the old oaken bucket and how the placid waters yielded to the touch of an unseen hand.

In these days we call the daily mystery evaporation, and think that because we have spliced a new word together we have explained it all, and could do better than the unseen hand if only the government would be generous with its appropriations of money and material.

I confess myself something of a fatalist, perhaps something of a Christian regarding the manufacture and distribution of rain. So, I am inclined to think that the various sections of our land, get just about the quantity and quality of rain best for them, and I think for instance that to farm out the Dakotas into tree farms—"tree claims"—as well as stock farms was a far more sensible way of coaxing the right quantity of rain into Dakota than it would have been to have kept the Dakotas as a sort of hunting ground for savages and an experimenting place for the Hon. Dyrenforth & Co. In saying this I mean no disrespect towards this worthy gentleman.

On my way from the West, last summer, it was my good fortune to meet Gen. Dyrenforth and to talk with him at first hand on the subject of the human manufacture of rain. At first he went over the old story, familiar to every man of observation, that after the great battles of our late war there were usually heavy rain-falls; not necessarily in the immediate vicinity of the recent battle fields, but near enough all the same to suggest a possible, if not probable connection between the smoke and combustion of battle fields and the rain falls that followed.

Nobody has ever undertaken to prove, I believe, that such rain-falls were actually caused by the smoke of previous battles; neither has any one, as far as I know, undertaken to prove from atmospheric conditions that such rainfalls after great battles, would certainly have occurred if these battles had never taken place. The truth is, that severe and exact thinking and observation on these points are far more difficult and far less remunerative than to engage in so-called scientific experiments at the expense of the Government, that is, at the expense of the people.

I must say, however, that Professor Dyrenforth, in his statements to me, was fair and very intelligent. He admitted frankly that in certain of his experiments rain had followed, and in such quantities as to lead him to believe that the rain was produced by



his experiments; but just as frankly that in other experiments rain had not followed; hence arose the question: would the rain-falls that came, have come anyway—without the experiments, or were they caused by the General and his explosions?

As late as November 4, 1892, I found in a Chicago paper the following account of more recent experiments than those of which Gen. Dyrenforth had spoken to me.

“Start for Texas to-day.—Rain-makers will change their experimenting grounds.—Observer’s opinions.—Washington, D. C., Nov. 4.—Gen. Dyrenforth and his party leave Washington to-day for some rainless region in Texas or New Mexico, where he says a thoroughly scientific test will be made.

“An official connected with the experiments has given a statement of his personal observations of the results of the bombardments Wednesday night. He says that the first explosion at 1:50 a. m. was followed by a lively shower of rain. At 2:45 a. m. another explosion occurred and rain followed within two minutes. No rain followed the explosion at 2:53, but the clouds broke away and the sky cleared. At 3:06 rain followed the explosion within eight minutes. No rain followed after the explosion at 3:44.

“He thinks that the experiments succeeded in causing the rain by the explosions, but he says it is not possible to demonstrate the actual effect of the explosions upon the atmosphere sufficient to produce the rain. He believes that it will be possible to secure rain by artificial means.

“Maj. Dunwoody of the weather bureau holds an entirely different opinion. He thinks that the rain had no possible connection with the explosions. It was raining at the time over an area of territory 2,000 miles long and 500 hundred miles wide; rain had been forecast for this section, and what little precipitation there was came naturally and not by artificial means. Maj. Dunwoody is of opinion that the experiments will result only in a waste of money and time.”

Now I am precisely of Maj. Dunwoody’s opinion as regards the waste of money and time, but on somewhat different grounds. I am inclined to think with Gen. Dyrenforth, that rain can be manufactured by human explosions of the various chemicals now known to science; and I am inclined to think that many of the rainfalls following so close upon the heels of great battles have been produced by the smoke of battle, but I have no idea that sufficient

quantities of rain can be produced in the human way to make the experiments pay, or even to make them respectable in the eyes of thinking men.

Beyond a doubt, in my mind, we have, in the electric light, come nearer to heaven's way of lighting the universe by sun and stars than we ever came before; but I fancy Mr. Edison knows enough of the exhaustive wear and tear of the electric method not to propose a general lighting even of the earth o' dark nights by means of electricity.

" Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be."

A few years ago it was the flint and file; then matches and candles; then gas; then natural gas. Now it is electricity, and just as we are well on with our Babel of electric-lighting of the world some chap will set a match at the wrong burner or turn the wrong button—and a-way will go our methods of electricity, carrying so many of us with it that the man next proposing electric-lighting will be lynched as a universal murderer with malice aforethought.

So I fancy that could we make rain enough by human explosions, the next thing there would be a patent on the manufacture, protected, of course, by the highest kind of a tariff—that is, if the Republicans again get into power—and soon the manufacture would be so tremendous that overproduction of rain would bring on another deluge, broad and deep enough to drown even Robert Ingersoll.

Really I found myself interested in this subject more because Gen. Dyrenforth showed me evidence that in one of the latest volumes of Appleton's Cyclopaedia he had been unfairly treated by an ignorant hand, and because I desired in this way to call attention to much of the shoddy work of modern standard literature, than because I had or have any special interest in the success or failure of the rain-makers.

I have lived for over fifty years, and in various parts of the world, along the line of northern civilization from southern England to the plains of South Dakota, and I never remember a season when there was not rain enough for all practical purposes. Furthermore, my experience with farmers and other people regarding the weather has often taught me to think and say that were I the Almighty, I would dry out whole neighborhoods of farmers,

simply for their godless ingratitude for rain and other blessings of heaven; and that, in other cases, I would drown out whole nations of men by reason of their atheism and treason to all that is worth having, rain or no rain. But the Almighty is patient and kind, spite of such clown-blasphemers as Colonel Ingersoll.

In a word, I really think that a little more true piety and a little more common-sense in the way of tree planting and general horticultural observances, would be an infinitely more sensible investment for this nation to make than to be wasting money on the explosive theory of producing rain.

That the boys can do it, I have little or no doubt; that they can do it long and broad enough, I have a great deal of doubt, and that could they do it, they would over-do it, I feel pretty sure.

W. H. THORNE.



## HUXLEY ON CONTROVERTED QUESTIONS.

Mr. Huxley has at various times favored the world with articles treating questions of Religion and Science.

Skilled scientist that he is, and master in the use of language, his essays have ever attracted the attention of thinking men, and hence the welcome accorded to his latest volume, (*Some Controverted Questions, Appleton & Co., 1892*), comprising the controversial papers contributed by him to the magazines since 1885. The importance of this republication is greatly enhanced by a prologue, telling us why the papers were written and giving us the platform of the Agnostic party, by one who is its apostle. In the prologue Mr. Huxley maps out what he conceives to be the genesis of the belief in the Natural and the Supernatural, (p. 2) shows how an antagonism has sprung up between them; (3) the effect of this dualism upon the human race (*ibid*) and claims an inverse relation between the knowledge of the natural and the supernatural, asserting that as one increases in accuracy and breadth, the other necessarily diminishes until the "controverted question of the time" is, how far this elimination is to go? (5) The ground for this elimination he places, primarily, in the fact that the adherents of the supernatural are divided among themselves as to a criterion, and the



worth of that criterion in questions of the supernatural. We are then told of the various attempts made by believers in the supernatural to establish a "*modus vivendi*," all of which have proved abortive, the result being a strong current towards naturalism arising from an uneasy sense of the weakness of "Biblical Infallibility;" (5-22) and all this ending in the prophecy that "though extant forms of supernaturalism have deep roots in human nature and will undoubtedly die hard, still they have to cope in these latter days with an enemy whose strength is just beginning to be put forth, and who, hemming them in on all sides, is occupying the field hitherto held by the supernatural. (22)

Having thus narrated the relation between Science and Religion and the inherent weakness of the latter, by some of its insufficient grounds for belief, he proceeds to tell us the aim of Science in the conflict: It is,

(a) The rejection of all that can not be proven.

(b) The building up of a scientific system to which all knowledge, theological as well as philosophical or scientific, will have to conform; and then comes the enumeration of twelve theses that, in the opinion of Mr. Huxley, will form the basis of this system.

This seems to be a fair resumé of the first essay in Mr. Huxley's book; and now, although unversed in the scientific lore of Palæontology or Embryology, although but tyros in the study of the supernatural, what are we to think of these essays as outlined in the prologue?

To answer this question it is necessary to keep in mind the purpose for which the book was written, namely, to show the existence of a conflict between science and religion, between natural and supernatural, and to show how the former is gradually encroaching on the domain of the latter and driving it from its wide hold on men's minds. This premised, it is necessary that we get clear and correct notions of the two factors in the conflict, that we understand clearly what is meant by natural and supernatural.

The natural, according to our author (p. 2), is the name given by man to "that region of familiar steadiness and customary regularity that is back of the shifting scenes of the world's stage;" while the supernatural was the term applied by mankind to "the intangible world, filled with powerful entities which their untutored reason led them to believe surrounded this orderly world," (p. 3).

Granting that Mr. Huxley's explanation of the origin of the idea of the supernatural is correct, although he himself gives us grounds (page 34-9) for saying "Not proved," still, we are forced to take exception to his definition of the supernatural. He tells us clearly enough what it was that the early races called supernatural, viz.: "that intangible and mysterious world peopled by entities of unlimited powers, which their imagination and untutored reason led them to believe surrounded this world;" but having told us this much he fails to tell us what he himself understands by the supernatural! Does he mean by that, the same "mysterious, dim, dreadful, vague region" that the ancients meant thereby, or does he use it in the sense that Christian men of to-day use it? On this depends, to a great extent, the right judgment of Mr. Huxley's essays, and, therefore, since he does not tell us directly what he means, we must try and glean from other sources a definition that will express the idea that Mr. Huxley wishes to convey when he uses the word supernatural.

On page 5 he says: "Historically, indeed, there would seem to be an inverse relation between supernatural and natural knowledge."

Again: "Progress of humanity is being accompanied by a co-ordinate elimination of the supernatural from men's minds."

And on page 22 science has extended its system of investigation to every region in which the supernatural had hitherto been recognized. Thus we find Mr. Huxley telling us of a world of nescience into which science is ever making inroads, but much of which is still unknown. At the same time he makes a turn and seems to make this world of nescience the field of religion, for every victory scored by science over the mysteries of matter and the physical world is made to count one for natural over supernatural, science over religion.

Judging from these indirect notions, we feel we are not far from correct when we say that Mr. Huxley's idea of the supernatural is much akin to that of Spencer where he says, "Science and religion express opposite sides of the same thing. The one its near and visible side, the other its remote and invisible." (Spencer's "First Principles".) Now, if Mr. Huxley means by the supernatural the unexplored, unknown parts of the universe, we can grant him all he says about the conflict between natural and supernatural, about the victories of the one over the other; but why, in the name of truth and honesty, does he not tell us that this is what he means, for

surely he knows that this is not the common meaning given to the term. Men from the beginning have believed in a supernatural, have been adherents of religion. Go tell men that the supernatural is but the unknown natural, religion but the truths as yet unharnessed to the chariot of science, and see if the definition of the Spencers and Huxleys will stand in their verdict.

No, the supernatural and religion are not made up of what is beyond experience, they are not the product of imagination and ignorance, but a reality as true as the commonest reality, a reality beyond the world of sense, it is true, but one that is made manifest by the eye of reason. With reason as our guide we look upon nature, take in at a glance the truth made known by science concerning its movements, laws and constitution; we see dimly, yet clearly, the vague and unknown region yet to be explored, and we place it all at the feet of science; the known as a trophy of victories gained, the unknown as a field for future conquest, but reason is not satisfied. With science she studies nature, but the voice of science is dumb when asked of nature's birth, or the origin of nature's laws, and without this answer reason cannot rest. She seeks an answer for herself, and seeking, steps beyond the natural and finds it in the existence of a supernatural where dwells the one only adequate cause for the existence and government of the natural world. To this new field science cannot soar. Reason alone can know of its existence, and entering, finds herself under the tutorship of religion.

Thus we see in the natural and supernatural, in science and religion, not the two sides of the one reality, but two separate realities, each having its proper sphere, each depending upon each, the one for its very existence, the other for its cognition by man; the one telling us of all the laws and truths of nature, the other supplementing its farthest dicta, and telling us whence nature came and who it is that impressed upon it its form and laws. Where nature ends the supernatural begins; where science acknowledges its limit, Religion takes up the thread and satisfies reason by answering the ultimate questions Whence and Whither.

Under this new light as to the meaning of natural and supernatural, the relations of these two appear far different from Mr. Huxley's view. There is no longer manifest a conflict between them, but on the contrary, harmony and interdependence; and man, in whom the natural and supernatural meet, can no longer



be mirrored as prospering when attending exclusively to the one and retrograding when paying attention to the other. From the very nature of things, man can be prosperous and happy only when duly attentive to both. Man is not perfect until the whole of his being is developed, and this is accomplished by following the dictates of science wherein he hears the language of nature and the dictates of religion wherein the voice of the supernatural is revealed to him. To this truth history stands sponsor. Where religion and science stood hand in hand there prosperity reigned and civilization spread her sheltering ægis over a happy and contented people; where religion was not present to temper the human passions, greed, selfishness and hardness of heart have ever sapped the life-blood of nations, telling their story in the fall of ancient Rome,—while religion without science, attention to supernatural without regard for the natural if it ever did exist, could but lead to mysticism, to degeneration and decay.

Knowing this intimate connection between science and religion, it is with sorrow that we learn from Mr. Huxley that the supernatural is fast losing its hold on men's minds; and we can but regret that dissension among believers in the supernatural which causes such a defection, and also the weakness in the systems that league scientists against religion.

But what are we to think of this weakness as the cause of the upheaval of the supernatural? Let Mr. Mallock, who is a disciple of Huxley's own school, explain the situation. In his little book, "Is Life Worth Living?" he has two chapters—"Morality and Natural Theism," "The Human Race and Revelation"—wherein the state of the question is fairly stated. He, like Huxley, throws doubts upon the proofs of natural theism, although admitting (p. 272) that the necessity of a natural theism for man's moral being is a truth more or less rigidly demonstrated, but passing for the time his doubts as to natural theism, he asks if that alone would be sufficient for the guiding of mankind, and answers: "For most men it would be but an alluring voice, heard, far off through the fog, calling to them 'Follow me,' but leaving them to pick their way over rocks and streams and pitfalls" (273); and hence concludes the moral necessity of revelation—of an infallible guide to lead men along the path of truth (274). At this point (275) he takes up a thread of argument similar to that of Huxley (pp. 5-22), an analysis of the claims of the different

systems, and concludes that this guide can not be found in any of the systems included under the head of Protestant Christianity (274-283): "The lips once oracular are become dumb, and although men are crying, as of old, 'What shall we do to be saved?' we hear no answer save the murmuring echo, Alas! what shall you do?" And, owing to its failure, Mr. H. is right when he says that men are drifting away; but even though drifting, they still cling fondly to the hope of a supernatural—they are seeking for some new ground whereon to rest that hope.

They are,—

"Like infants crying in the night,  
Like infants crying for the light  
And with no language but a cry."

What hopes then, can we entertain for the future of the supernatural? Mr. Mallock gives us clearly the ground for a new hope, "Protestantism dismissed," he says p. 283 "it may seem to many that I have dismissed the whole question." With the "enlightened" English thinker such certainly will be the first impression. But there is one point such thinkers all forget: Protestant Christianity is not the only form of it. They have still the form to deal with which is the oldest, the most legitimate, and the most coherent—the Church of Rome, Yea, even as Mr. Mallock says, there is another voice calling in the wilderness, a beacon light set amidst the breakers and rocks, a guide that is not dumb when appealed to by struggling doubting humanity, for she has been sent as the way, the truth and the life and she is true to her mission. Mr. Huxley forgets this; "Biblical Infallibility" disposed of, Christianity is thrown aside. Alas how true the wheat is garnered, hidden from view while the chaff is scattered broadcast by the winds. Science in her growing strength may bring disruption and dismay among the adherents to the false in the supernatural, may overthrow the systems whose foundations are unsound, but until she has crumbled the Church of Rome, the supernatural, is still a mighty divine champion. Against her foundations scientists can make no headway; true science will make no assault, for her foundations are built on truth, and new truths whether discovered by science or revealed by religion can but form a bulwark round about them, and hence to Mr. Huxley's prophecy we feel confident that time's answer will be, that the present shifting in men's beliefs is but the first movement in a change wherein the last will be the placing of the allegiance now withdrawn from an unsound teacher, at the feet of

one who though ancient is ever new and finds in the discoveries of science nothing to disturb her, but, on the contrary, a strengthening of her claims, new jewels that add luster to her crown.

This is the hope of the Catholic Church, a hope not without cheering prospects, for men are turning to her amidst the struggles that encompass the questions of to-day. They cannot fail to hear her voice inviting them to examine her commission, her claims that in her teaching can be found solutions for the social problems, her assurance that science, no matter what its field, will never score a point that can endanger her safety, for truth once firmly placed can never be dislodged. Thus she stands before men's eyes, they feel that she can satisfy their longing, but still in the haze of doubt they pray with that weary and homesick traveler in the dim lighted chapel at Rome:

“O, that thy creed were sound,

For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome.”

This being the stand and hope of the Catholic Church in regard to the future of supernaturalism, it certainly behooves us to extend a hand of fellowship to Mr. Huxley and his brethren in their endeavors on behalf of science. They desire, as stated in the resume,

(a) “To take nothing for granted that cannot be proven.”

To this no scientist can give a heartier Amen than the Catholic Church. She claims allegiance only through the intellect, she claims suffrage and the right to respect from the hands of scientists on no other plea than that her system is as complete and as logical as that of any science. History, analogy, induction, reason, all have place in her proofs, and it is only when her truths are once firmly proven, when she has committed herself to their defense against all attacks that she says to science; “This is a truth and as such none of your discoveries can militate against it.” Step by step she leads the intellect from acknowledgment of God's existence to the demonstration of her own Divine mission; and it is only when the mind of man gives assent to this last doctrine that her language changes from “Know thou” to “Dost thou believe?” It is then, and then only, that reason gives way to faith and hence no reason can be assigned for the denying by Mr. Huxley and many of his confreres (p. 27) of the validity of the reasons adduced in favor of the supernatural, unless it be as Mr. Mallock says—“They do not know, they do not care to know, the teaching of the Catholic Church.”



(b) "Scientists would build up a system of truths to which all knowledge would have to conform." No truer friend or helper could science find in this arduous task than religion and the Catholic Church. She would be the helper to polish the new-found jewels and place them one by one in the edifice they would build; the guardian watching with jealous eye to see that no blemished stone, seared by the touch of falsity, could enter there; the master-builder putting the finishing strokes upon that home of truth, crowning the truths revealed by nature, with the truths revealed by God. But no! The scientists of to-day will not accept her friendship; cannot understand her; they are jealous of her, and unable to dislodge, they ignore her. Hence, when in their efforts to frame a "Synthetic Philosophy" they are forced to choose between truths that, followed to their legitimate conclusion, would "lead to Rome," and the nearest hypothesis, nay, even the vaguest hopes and chimeras, they unhesitatingly choose the latter. This accounts for some of the theses that Mr. Huxley places in the foundation of his system in thesis fourth, speculating on the fact of sensation:

"There must have been a time in which feeling dawned in consequence of the organism having reached the stage of development on which it depends."

In thesis fifth and sixth, he philosophises on the development of sensation into the power of distinguishing pleasure and pain, and concludes:

"The primordial anthropoid was, probably, on much the same footing as his pithecoïd kin. Like them he stood upon his 'natural rights,' gratified all his desire to the best of his ability, and was as incapable of either right or wrong doing as they. It would be as absurd as in their case to regard his pleasures any more than theirs, as moral rewards, and his pains, any more than theirs, as moral punishments."

In thesis eighth—"I think it a conclusion fully justified by analogy that, sooner or later, we shall discover the remains of our less specialized ancestors in the strata which have yielded the less specialized equine and canine quadrupeds."

In thesis tenth, "It is a reasonable supposition that, in the earliest human organisms, an improved brain, a voice more capable of modulation, limbs which lent themselves better to gesture, a more perfect hand, were combined with the curiosity, the

mimetic tendency, the strong family affection of the next lower group. \* \* \* The potentiality of language, as the vocal symbol of thought, lay in the faculty of modulating and articulating the voice. The potentiality of writing lay in the hand that could draw and in the mimetic tendency. With speech as a record in tradition of the experience of more than one generation; with writing as the record of any number of generations; the experience of the race, tested and corrected generation after generation was stored up and made the starting point for fresh progress. Having these perfectly natural factors of the evolutionary process in man before us, it seems unnecessary to go further afield in search of others."

In theses eleven and twelve, he speculates on the origin of society and the evolution of morality, telling us that society is the result of experience and morality the outcome of society.

This much to give us an idea of the last resorts of men who will not admit religion. Dubois Reymond, ten years ago, said there were seven riddles that science at that time could not answer.

These riddles still exist. Mr. Huxley slurs some of them, as the origin of that very nature that is the subject matter of science, the origin of life and motion: others, such as the origin of the human species, development of human reason he would account for by a simple "I think it a conclusion fully justified," or "it is a reasonable supposition." But enough—we would be at a loss to understand how such a man as Mr. Huxley, one who is such a strong advocate of positive science, would base his hopes for a new philosophy on such a foundation were it not that he tells us (p. 37) "I am tolerably confident that time will prove these theses to be substantially correct." And if they are so, I confess I do not see how any extant supernaturalistic system can also claim exactness. The introduction of his system excludes not only dogma but even the faintest forms of Deism. This is what Mr. Huxley is aiming at—this the ambition that prompted him to formulate his theses. He would make nature the sum total of all that is, and, having banished God, he would now strive to build a system that finds in nature the alpha and omega of all knowledge. So far, he and all scientists like him, have failed; failed because they take away the foundation on which all science must rest; failed on another ground even wider in its importance, the ground of human nature.

True, Mr. Huxley repudiates any concession to human sentiment or feeling; "but man's a man, for a' that," and while he is he will look for something outside of agnosticism. Mr. Frederic Harrison, who in his process of evolution has passed through the stage of agnosticism and is now a positivist, tells us in a recent article "what a limited field this Huxleyan Agnosticism covers; how essentially negative, jejune and provisional a resting place it is in the field covered by the eternal problems of religion, philosophy, morality, and psychology. All classes are ever crying out: What is the relation of man to the Author of the world? Is there a supreme power? Have I an immortal soul? Will our good or bad done in the flesh be counted to any of us beyond the earthly life?"

These questions are being asked in public and secret, hour by hour by our fellow beings, often with tears and groans, and agonies of hope, fear and yearning. And the one answer of the Agnostic is "I have no evidence on the subject, and I believe nothing on which I have no evidence." This is not wide enough for a teacher in Israel. "A man who sweeps away all that is so dear to millions is expected to supply something positive to build, as well as something negative to destroy. The great issue now is, What is to be our creed? What is the philosophy of religion? What is religion to be? and Mr. Huxley's answer is to all this simply, Go to, I am an Agnostic; I tell you, I know nothing! That cannot satisfy the body of mankind. This is Mr. Harrison's trenchant criticism of the failure of Huxleyan Agnosticism; but Mr. Harrison's verdict of Agnosticism is the world's verdict concerning Positivism. He would make humanity our God; religion the working for the greatest good of the greatest number; and would give us as our hope the future betterment of the race, a hope expressed in the pathetic lines of Oliv Schreiner: "For long years I have labored, I have not rested, I have not repined; now my strength is gone. Where I lie down worn out, other men will stand young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the stairs that I have built they will mount. They will not know me, but by me they will mount, and on my work they will climb, and by my stair! Our mission is as the locusts—have you ever seen them cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and then at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over.



Oh, cold and heartless creeds! well may we ask: If you were all,  
is life here worth the living?

“ Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain.  
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in vain,  
And the homeless planet at length will be wheeled through the silence  
of space,  
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race?”

THOMAS WHALEN.

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## EGAN'S SONGS AND SONNETS.

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SONGS AND SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS BY MAURICE FRANCIS  
EGAN. A. C. McCLURG & Co., CHICAGO, 1892.

Nearly ten years ago there came to my literary desk in Philadelphia a very dainty little volume of poems, the product of two young men who had thus united their energies to catch the refined ear and taste of the world.

The volume bore the imprint of a London publishing house, and on the face of it looked more unique, thoughtful and tasteful than the average volumes of amateur poems that often came to me for review. Still it had to bide its time, and wait the moment when, free from more serious work, I could find inclination and a spare half hour to get into the spirit of it and say the best word possible in favor of the new poetic aspirants for fame. Finally the hour came, and I distinctly remember that the work, which at that time impressed me most deeply and favorably, was that of Maurice Francis Egan, now the honored professor of Literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and author of a larger, more mature, a select and very winning volume of poems, the subject of this review.

Maurice Francis Egan is not yet the full-orbed and full-toned poet that I think he will be and may be in the near future, provided he yields his whole soul with utter abandon to the deeper and sweeter voices constantly whispering in his sensitive ears. Indeed, the present volume, though far more mature than the earlier production, and having every way a broader scope and a firmer touch, has, in some phases of it, the air and taste of amateur poetry. It is chaste and pure and original, and for these reasons I have thought

it worthy of unusual notice in these pages. It is also musical, but not perfectly musical; not musical in the sense that the author has, to the utmost of his ability, mastered the laws of poetic harmony, hence its lack of perfect effect and perfect power.

There is a feeling in reading it that under other circumstances, perhaps under a more perfect consecration to the art of poetry; perhaps after more and profounder, sadder and deeper experiences of life, the soul, saturated with light and armed with its mastery, might and yet may write poems compared with which even the beautiful Songs and Sonnets of this volume, though sweet and lovely, will read only as the pretty preludes to that fuller, richer burst of world-song which this man even now seems capable of.

I intend to quote largely from the new book so that readers of THE GLOBE may judge for themselves, get a craving for the whole volume, and order it from the publishers without delay.

This little poem which leads the volume, though not the most beautiful, is, in many points, most characteristic of its author and so shall lead our quotations:

#### THE OLD VIOLIN.

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,  
 Like some great thought on a forgotten page;  
 The soul of music cannot fade or rust—  
 The voice within it stronger grows with age;  
 Its strings and bow are only trifling things—  
 A master-touch!—its sweet soul wakes and sings.

In this we have the thoughtfulness, the daintiness, the refinement, the timidity; that is, lack of full and conscious power of utterance, and yet all the possibility of the author. "The soul of music" has touched this hand, but has not full control of the free and masterful utterance that it claims. It is genius, but as yet genius in the silken chains of mental sentimentality. It needs liberty and a thousand lightning flashes to give it proper and deserved cutting and inspiring power.

"The Shamrock" is quite in another vein showing Mr. Egan's love of nature, and his keen perception of the fact not only that certain atmospheric conditions are necessary to produce certain colors and textures in flowers, also in men, but that a shamrock in Ireland and a shamrock in America are wholly different affairs. This is also true of our violets, true of our primroses, true of our tulips, polyanthus and of all those families of flowers that need

the moisture, the humidity as well as the sunshine of British skies and seas to give them the richness and softness that are their own.

Mr. Egan may not have reasoned this out in plain prose thoughtfulness, as I have done these last thirty years, but his shamrock proves his true poetic love of nature and that quick sense, known only to poets, of feeling all the truth and beauty of nature in a single pulse-beat of the soul.

#### THE SHAMROCK.

When April rains make flowers bloom  
 And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,  
 And clouds of color and perfume  
 Float from the orchards pink and white,  
 I see my shamrock in the rain,  
 An emerald spray with raindrops set,  
 Like jewels on Spring's coronet,  
 So fair, and yet it breaths of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore  
 Sprang from a rich and sacred soil  
 Where saint and hero lived of yore,  
 And where their sons in sorrow toil ;  
 And here, transplanted, it to me  
 Seems weeping for the soil it left,  
 The diamonds that all others see  
 Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,  
 And sparkles on their tiny buds  
 That in June nights will over-blow  
 And fill the air with scented floods,  
 The lonely shamrock in our land—  
 So fine among the clover leaves—  
 For the old springtime often grieves—  
 I feel its tears upon my hand.

Almost the same words of praise might be used for the following little poem called "Apple Blossoms." Mr. Egan has plainly studied the color and meaning of this one of nature's most beautiful, gorgeous and lavish displays of her life-giving and fragrant charms.

#### APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The tender branches sway and swing,  
 Whispering all that the robins sing  
 Of hope and love, and lightly fling  
 Showers of apple blossoms.



A head of black and a head of gold,  
 Her little hands in his firm hold,  
 Eyes that speak more than words have told  
     Under the apple blossoms.

Ever on earth again shall they  
 Find in springtime so fair a day ?  
 Is it true that love can pass away  
     With spring and apple blossoms?

I next quote the poem "He Made Us Free," as showing that this man with all his daintiness, his tender, womanly, lovely appreciation of beauty and sentiment, has rightly grasped the meaning of the great truths of history and redemption ; has seen the fullest sunlight of heaven playing upon the salient points of divine and human power, incarnation, resurrection and immortal glory, and is not, like so many of our poor hobbling, limping, lame, and yet gentle-hearted modern poets, afraid of truth, afraid of heaven, or scandalized by the one sublimest fact of all Eternity, viz., that the Eternal God, in love, and for love's sake, suffered here like a poverty-smitten crank of a man, died for the love of man that was in Him, but, conquering all hate and hell, was again, in immortal, quenchless love, and beauty, and Glory and power to lead the broken heart of the human race back to trust and obedience and peace in the Immortal God of love.

Would that all our new poets had this vision and very soon our literature would be as a new creation, under a thousand new sunrises of the human soul.

#### HE MADE US FREE.

As flame streams upward, so my longing thought  
     Flies up with Thee  
 Thou God and Savior, who hast truly wrought  
 Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought  
 A fresh, new world ; and in Thy sweet chains caught,  
     And made us free !

As hyacinths make way from out the dark,  
     My soul awakes,  
 At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the dark ;  
 As little violets in field and park  
 Rise to the trilling thrush and meadow-lark,  
     New hope it takes.

As thou goest upward through the nameless space  
 We call the sky,  
 Like jonquil perfume softly falls Thy grace ;  
 It seems to touch and brighten every place,  
 Fresh flowers crown our wan and weary race,  
 O Thou on high !

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy  
 Upon earth's sod ;  
 Life would be still with us a wound or toy,  
 A cloud without the sun,—O Babe, O Boy,  
 O Man of Mother pure, with no alley,  
 O risen God !

Thou, God and King, didst "mingle in the game,"\*  
 (Cease, all fears ; cease !)  
 For love of us ;—not to give Virgil's fame  
 Or Cræsus' wealth, not to make well the lame,  
 Or save the sinner from deserved shame,  
 But for sweet Peace !

For peace, for joy ;—not that the slave might lie  
 In luxury,  
 Not that all woe from us should always fly,  
 Or golden crops with Syrian roses † vie  
 In every field ; but in Thy peace to die  
 And rise,—be free !

We will quote just one Sonnet, the first of the series in the book, as showing the author's tender and hopeful feeling toward old age ; that it is not merely second childhood, but second childhood with all the gathered treasures and songs of life at its beck and call. To me this sonnet of Perpetual Youth is very tender and beautiful, but I do not want to seem fulsome in my praise.

#### PERPETUAL YOUTH.

'Tis said there is a fount in Flower Land—  
 De Leon found it,—where Old Age away  
 Throws weary mind and heart, and fresh as day  
 Springs from the dark and joins Aurora's band :  
 This tale, transformed by some skilled *trouvere's* wand  
 From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,  
 Rests on no truth. Change bodies as time may,  
 Souls do not change though heavy be his hand.

\*Tennyson. †Virgil.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is old?  
 Age is a mask,—in heart we grow more young,  
 For in our winters we talk most of spring;  
 And as we near, slow-tottering, God's safe fold,  
 Youth's loved ones gather nearer;—though among  
 The seeming dead, youth's songs more clear they sing.

I do not claim or mean to claim in this notice that Mr. Egan's mental, poetic or spiritual faculty or power is of the very highest order of genius, though the future may prove him to be this, for he is still a young man, and all the currents of his being seem to me to be set in the right direction for larger future accomplishment. So far he is neither a Shakespeare, a Goethe nor a Hugo; lacks the subtle and masterful power of these; neither is he a Tennyson, nor a Browning; lacks the strong intellectuality and perfect art of these; nor has he the free hand, the lightning flash, or the full flowing utterance of Richard Realf or Edgar Poe. But he is already a much greater and a more perfect poet than Longfellow or Whittier, and beside him, such mere stilted and visionless and faithless versifiers as Lowell and Holmes, not to speak of Aldrich and Fawcett and Gilder, are as children in the real art of song.

Moreover, his soul and his work are in the true lines of all poetic greatness; he is no mere rhymers for the newspapers like Ella Wilcox; no mere harlequin of lust and the grotesque, like Whitman, but a sincere man, and a worker along the sunlit paths of sincerity and the true poetic thoughts of the ages and of the daily life of nature and mankind. In final proof of these latter assertions I will close this notice by quoting Mr. Egan's "Night in June."

It is true the subject itself is one of rare inspiration. Mr. Lowell wrote some very pretty lines on a "Day in June." The beautiful song of the "Danube River," is entwined about a "Night in June," as the beautiful Opera of Martha is wreathed around the "Last Rose of Summer." And who has not dreamed of a night in June wherein hope took on the wings of Love, and through the yielding, balmy air, floated starward till night was changed to day and time to Eternity. But Mr. Egan is to be credited all the more for having dared to choose this master hour of nature in which to breathe some of his most beautiful words of love, of art and of song.



## A NIGHT IN JUNE.

## I.

Rich is the scent of clover in the air,  
 And from the Woodbine, moonlight and the dew  
 Draw finer essence than the daylight knew ;  
 Low murmurs and an incense everywhere !  
 Who spoke ? Ah ! surely in the garden there  
 A subtle sound came from the purple crew  
 That mount wistaria masts, and there's a clue  
 Of some strange meaning in the rose-scent rare :  
 Silence itself has voice in these June nights—  
 Who spoke ? Why, all the air is full of speech  
 Of God's own choir, all singing various parts ;  
 Be quiet and listen : hear—the very lights  
 In yonder town, the waving of the beech,  
 The maples' shade,—cry of the Heart of hearts !

## II.

On such a night spoke raptured Juliet  
 From out the balcon ; and young Rosalind,  
 Wandered in Arden like the April wind ;  
 And Jessica the bold Lorenzo met ;  
 And Perdita her silvered lilies set  
 In some quaint vase, to scent the Prince's mind  
 With thoughts of her ; and then did Jaques find  
 Sad tales, and from them bitter sayings get.  
 To all of these the silence sang their thought ;  
 To all of these it gave their thought new grace :  
 Soprano of the lily, roses' lone  
 And passionate contralto, oak boughs' bass—  
 All sing the thought we bring them, be it fraught  
 With the sad love of lovers, or God's own.

## III.

This sweetness and this silence fill my soul  
 With longing and dull pain, that seem to break  
 Some chord within my heart, and sudden take  
 Life out of life ; and then there sounds the roll  
 Of wheels upon the road, the distant toll  
 Of bells within the town ; these rude things make  
 Life wake to life ; and all the longings shake  
 Their airy wings,—swift fly the pain and dole.  
 Again the silence and the mute sounds sweet  
 Begin their speaking : I alone am still  
 What are you singing, O you starry flowers  
 Upon the jasmine ?—" Void and incomplete."  
 And you, clematis !—" Void the joys that fill  
 The heart of love until His Heart is ours."

## IV.

O choir of silence, without noise of word !  
 A human voice would break the mystic spell  
 Of wavering shades and sounds ; the lily bell  
 Here at my feet sings melodies unheard ;  
 And clearer than the voice of any bird,—  
 Yes, even than that lark which loves so well,  
 Hid in the hedges, all the world to tell  
 In trill and triple notes that May has stirred,  
 "O Love complete !" soft sings the mignonette ;  
 "O Heart of All !" deep sighs the red, red rose ;  
 "O Heart of Christ !" the lily voices meet  
 In fugue on fugue ; and from the flag-edged, wet,  
 Lush borders of the lake, the night wind blows  
 The tenor of the reeds—" Love, love complete !"

In conclusion I will ask the reader after perusing these quotations to turn to any of the authors whose work I have unfavorably compared with Mr. Egan's work—notably to Lowell's vision of Sir Launfal, and by careful studious comparison find our new poet's true place in the famed Walhalla of these many-voiced poetic days.

W. H. THORNE.

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## A FEW GERMAN LYRICS.

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In studying German one is struck, at the very outset, with the pensive sweetness of its minor verse. It has a sound like flute music or the stray notes of a wind-harp. For this reason, it suffers from the process of translation into English; and yet, even thus, we can not spare it any more than we can afford to omit German airs from a concert repertory.

As a national characteristic this thoughtful pathos wins our regard and holds it. The Germans, themselves, set high value on their best lyrics. Goethe prized his songs—despite their slightness and seeming evanescence—as the clearest utterances of his heart. He loved them above all his other poems and always shrank from parting with them for money. Schiller's shorter poems, also, possess great artistic beauty and overflowing store of vivid life.

The lyrics of Herder are less familiarly known. A careful critic says of them: "They are sweet and life-like voices from the

heart of a man deeply imbued with philosophy and whose rich, oriental nature shrunk from the dry and hard enunciation of the schools." A strong poetic fancy seems to have pervaded his theology and graced his erudition. His profound work on "The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," published at Dessau in 1782, was cordially welcomed by the leading minds in that most brilliant period of German literature. He also translated many legends and songs from Arabian, Indian, Italian, Spanish and ancient German poets, among which were the Spanish romances of the Cid. The results of all this journeying through poetic fields are visible in his own verse. He loved to look at nature and man in a poetical light and to adorn the common things of life with ideal splendors. "The history and literature of every age," says a German writer, "nature and art, religion and poetry, were to him rich leaves, from which he sought to read the great secrets of humanity, its worth and its destiny. Humanity was a beloved word, and from his lips was not a mere high-sounding phrase; it signified eternal and unhesitating progression toward good." This characteristic gives life and color to all his poetry.

The unrest of mortals, the spirits yearning for higher things and that anxiety as to the future which springs from our imperfect natures, in this, our transition period here upon earth, are clearly and wonderfully indicated in the following poem, which has a finish as of Attic Greek:

#### THE CHILD OF CARE.

On the border of a stream,  
Sat pale Care, as in a dream;  
And with grave, prophetic thought  
From the clay an image wrought.

Heaven's high Ruler, coming near,  
Said, "Grave Goddess, what hast here?"  
"Form of clay," she answereth;  
"Breathe into it living breath!"

Through the dull clay, bending, he  
Breathed his own divinity;  
And it waked, a God-like nature!  
"Mine it is," cried Jove, "this creature!"  
"Nay," the Goddess pleaded, "Nay!  
For I shaped it from the clay."  
"My breath gave it life," said Jove.  
While the Deities thus strove



Earth drew near and said, "From me  
 Was it wrought and mine must be."  
 "Nay then," calmly Jove replied,  
 "Time, the Umpire, shall decide."  
 Time said; "All shall own it; thus  
 Shall its fate be glorious!  
 Thou who gavest th' immortal breath,  
 Claim it from the grasp of Death!  
 Thine, the soul-fled clay shall be,  
 Earth! no more belongs to thee—  
 Cleave thou, Care, unto thy son,  
 While the sands of life shall run;  
 Weary, laden, he shall droop,  
 So into the grave shall stoop."

Time hath spoken! Pale Care's son,  
 Man, is hers till life is done;  
 Earth the dead clay sepulchres;  
 Mounts the soul to its own spheres!

Herder's views of theology were far wider and sweeter than those of his day. "The imaginative Germans," says Madame De Staël, "with their warmth of feeling could not remain content with a prosaic religion, which accorded to Christianity but a chill, intellectual regard." Herder strove to vivify faith with poesy. He became an intense admirer of the Bible and treated the things of religion with a broad, luminous, loving touch.

His literary style was free and his works seem rather improvised than composed. His conversation possessed a rare charm; in fine, he seems to have been one of those many-sided men, whose perfect mental symmetry at all points hinders any measurement of special heights attained. He who is great in many things never fares so well as his neighbor who excels in one.

The monument to the memory of Herder, erected by Grand Duke Charles Augustus at Weimar in 1818, bears this inscription: "Licht, Liebe, Leben," Light, Love and Life!—a summary in three words of a most beautiful career.

Among the minor German poets who flourished during the Romantic period ushered in by Novalis and Tieck, Matthiſson and Salis deserve special mention. The former was a native of Magdeburg and early patronized by various German princes, who perceived his eminence as a lyric poet. A five-volume edition of his works found publication at Zurich in 1816, and another of eight volumes nine years after. He also edited selections from the lyric

poets of his own land under the title "A Lyric Anthology." In fact, his general services to the cause of literature were very valuable, continuing through the whole of a long life.

His posthumous poems appeared at Berlin in 1832, a year after his death. He had retired from court life in 1824, preferring to pass the evening of his days in a seclusion better adapted to his thought.

Friedrich Von Matthisson was a lyrist of dainty melody. Schiller gives him credit for a "fine perception of that musical effect produced by the union of happily chosen images with skillful versification." He is deeply imbued with the tender melancholy of the romantic school. His verse breathes a certain gentle, quiet feeling, with which the reader can not fail to sympathize. Its sincerity is so evident, it is such a frank soul-utterance, that it touches us with peculiar charm, like the scent of violets.

His descriptive work is never open to the charge of vagueness. A lucidity, as of crystal, pervades every feature of his charming landscapes, as if he always gazed through a clear atmosphere. His mental attitude strikes one as exceptionally serene,—a twilight calm of soul, its normal condition. The wistful faery glamour of Wieland's "Oberon," the imaginative power of Tieck are both foreign to the graver spirit of Matthisson; but in his own way, he remains unsurpassed. Among his countrymen, his lyrics have become minor classics, one entitled "Elegy in the Ruins of an Old Castle" being a particular favorite.

But for our purposes, as space permits giving one specimen of his thought, and but one that had best be a translation of his exquisite poem.

#### AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

Bright the wood  
 In golden flood;  
 Falls a soft and magic glory  
 On the Waldburg ruins hoary.

Homeward float  
 Still remote,  
 Fishing craft, with swan-like motion,  
 O'er the grand, smooth-gleaming ocean.

Silver sand  
 All the strand;  
 And the main drinks every color  
 From the clouds, here bright, there duller.

Rushes glance,  
 In fluttering dance  
 On the lowlands, quivering, gleaming,  
 Where the seabirds gather, screaming.

Embower'd there—  
 Picture fair!—  
 With its garden-plat and welling  
 Fount, the mossy hermit-dwelling.

Like a dome  
 O'er the foam,  
 Gnarled oaks blind the mountain river,  
 On the hill-side poplars quiver.

Round the lone  
 Druid stone,  
 In the whispering elm-grove, wannish  
 Elfin wonders come and vanish.

On the main  
 Doth sunlight wane;  
 Dies away the magic glory  
 From the Waldburg ruins hoary.

Moonlight floods,  
 The waving woods;—  
 Hush!—dim spirits' sighings, ruing,  
 Olden knighthood's long undoing.

A beautiful picture, this,—and wonderfully real, as anyone familiar with coast scenery will understand ; yet its pathetic quality is very elusive. The quivering in the poplars, the whispering elms, the dying down of the sunlight give an impression of pensiveness beyond themselves. The poet lies in the grass where he can gaze on land and sea. He watches the fishing boats slowly gathering in to shore, the glitter of the rushes, the calm of the silver strand. He notes the screaming of the sea-birds, the one sharp note of the whole melody ; but even this only heightens by contrast the general peacefulness. Then into the singer's soul comes a piteous regret for the ancient past,—for the spirit of chivalry, long since dead among men.

To quote Schiller again : “ Who, in reading this poem, does not experience sensations analogous to those inspired by a beautiful sonata ? We must not be understood as saying that its musical effect is entirely owing to the happy structure of the verse ; for although its metrical harmony sustains and heightens that effect,



it is not the sole cause of it. It is the happy grouping of the images, their lovely continuous succession; it is the modulation and beautiful unison of the whole which make it not only the expression of a positive feeling, but a soul-painting."

This is high praise, coming from such a source, yet Matthisson has fairly earned it. The poet in dealing with landscape has two advantages over the artist. The latter can only depict the present moment, its pathos or its unrest, its sunset grandeur or its pitiless sea-surges; but its changes, infinite and incessant, of color and imagery are the property of the singer. Matthisson knows this and so gives us an ever-unrolling panorama, a series of beautiful impressions. The second advantage he also avails himself of, without stint, which is the power the poet has of expressing those associated ideas that nature awakens within us. The landscape painter gives us a wondrous sky, and the gazer upon it—if he has done his work well—says at once "Heaven!" But the poet can do more; he can roll away the burning clouds and give us, in fiery words, soul-visions of God's Paradise and the elect therein. The landscape painter indicates much in dumb show, in silent pantomime; but the poet, voicing his thought, weds art to music.

Salis, who, like Matthisson, was a poet of the romantic school, appeared as one of his contemporaries, being born in 1762 and dying in 1834. His verse has much of the same delicate, aerial fancy, mingled with a tender seriousness. Madame de Stael says of him: "The penetrating charm of the poesy of Salis makes one love its author, as though he were a friend." The following exquisite lines will permit the poet to speak for himself, though through the poor medium of translation, where much grace is lost:

#### TWILIGHT SADNESS.

Softly o'er the mountains, the star of evening glimmered;  
 In ruddy tints of closing day, melted into shade  
 The quivering aspens, by the pool's still brink, sighed softly.  
 Slowly, from the dubious, dusky twilights of remembrance  
 Disembodied spirits rose and sadly floated round me,  
 Shades of friends once beloved, nay, still, still dear!—whispering kindly.  
 Lonely and sorrowful, I said, "No lovely summer evening, now,  
 O blessed happy spirits, shall e'er again unite us all!"  
 The evening star was set,—the quivering aspens sighed sadly.

There are times and moods of mind when some plain ballad, or a simple poem like this, are very grateful to our hearts.

But, now, let us turn away for a few moments to something loftier. The following Hymn, from the German of Gluck, will be a noble and fitting close for this "Meditation" on the lyrics of the Fatherland. A high authority says of it:—"Nothing could be more sweet and touching. Like Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Address to his soul' or the beautiful Spanish *coplas* of Don Jorge Manrique"—familiar to all through Longfellow's version,—“it breathes the very soul of poetry and religion.”

## TO DEATH.

Methinks it were no pain to die  
 On such an eve, when such a sky  
     O'er canopies the West ;  
 To gaze my fill on your calm deep  
 And like an infant, fall asleep  
     On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea  
 Of endless blue tranquility ;  
     Those clouds are living things !  
 I trace their veins of liquid gold,  
 I see them solemnly unfold  
     Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey  
 Us, weary children of a day,—  
     Life's tedious nothings o'er—  
 Where neither passions come, nor woes,  
 To vex the genius of repose  
     On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway  
 With startling dawn and dazzling day ;  
     But gloriously serene  
 Are the interminable plains :  
 One fixed eternal sunset reigns  
     Over the silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;  
 I know thy greeting is severe  
     To this poor shell of clay.  
 Yet come O Death ! thy freezing kiss  
 Emancipates ; thy rest is bliss !  
     I would I were away.

CAROLINE D. SWAN

## DURWARD'S EPIC OF COLUMBUS.

CHRISTOFORO COLUMBO, AN AMERICAN EPIC. EDITED BY  
SEÑORITA C. DEALCALA. PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, B.  
I. DURWARD.

In writing a notice of this book I had intended also to give a brief sketch of the author and to quote various short poems from his *Wild Flowers of Wisconsin*, a little volume published many years ago. Space, however, does not at present admit of a biographical sketch, and the unity of this little tribute to a gifted man and an excellent piece of work might be somewhat marred by the bringing in of matter other than that found in the epic before us.

For the sake of those readers of *THE GLOBE*, however, who may not, up to this time, have made the acquaintance of Mr. Durward or his work, I am moved to say that he is by birth a Scotchman, that his main inheritance seems to have been poverty, and that quick but intense love of nature so characteristic of his race, together with an undying ambition to interpret the same in some work of art or poetry in a manner and in a spirit at once sincere, reverent and beautiful.

So it happened that Bernard I. Durward while yet a boy, and while the necessities of bread-earning were severely upon him, turned his attention to art sketches of nature, and to portrait painting, almost without instruction, and was so apt in this art that he found little or no trouble in earning a living by the early and clever work of his own hands. Later the Durwards, following the tides of time, emigrated to America, and Bernard, one of numerous family, settled in Wisconsin, farmed and painted portraits, and wrote poems by turns, until the domestic roof-tree grew apace, shed some of its branches, yet always served as sheltering cover for the meditation, prayer and beautiful work of the subject of these words.

Following the lines of their native latitude, the Durwards remained in the West, and so it has happened, I suppose, that the work of Bernard Durward has never attracted the attention in America that precisely the same work would have attracted had the author been born or reared in New England, and had his work been published and puffed in the Boston papers and gossiped about among the mutual admiration societies of that sharp-witted but very provincial town.



In speaking thus of Mr. Durward, and by implication, of his earlier work, it is due *THE GLOBE* and myself to say that I clearly detect the imperfections of that earlier work, and see why, though often replete with beautiful poetic thought and feeling, it has not generally won its way to critical and popular recognition.

Mr. Durward is much more of a poet than either Lowell or Holmes, but never having had the earlier educational advantages of those excellent gentlemen, he has never been able to master all the laws of correct, appropriate and measured speech to the same extent that they have done; and now and then the wrong word, the word with the wrong emphasis, the word less poetic than another word that might have been chosen, spoils or seriously deteriorates the value and beauty of poems otherwise far superior to most of the work of the New England school of poets. In the epic before us, however, these imperfections, or infelicities, seldom occur, and the poem as it stands is certainly the best original and extended epic yet written in this land.

What is singular and remarkable about Mr. Durward's work is that, though a Scotchman by birth, and an American by choice, hence, personally the inheritor and lover of the poetic genius and productions of the English speaking races, the spirit and manner of Goethe are far more noticeable in his work than the spirit and manner of any one of the great poets of his mother tongue. Like Mr. Egan, Mr. Durward has plainly been a severe, a loving and a constant student of Shakespeare. But in reading Durward's Epic of Columbus I have been far more constantly reminded of Faust than of any poem originally written in the English language.

I will add but one more thought before quoting at length from this really great American poem of the day. The thought is this, that though there have been during the past two years almost legions of epic and other poems on Columbus, many of which I have read as in duty bound, this work of Mr. Durward's is the only one which seems to me, in any respectable degree, to have risen into the true spirit of Columbus and his great enterprise, and the only one that in any measure holds to the depth of meaning and the dignity of that enterprise to the end of the story. And it is for these reasons, not for any personal reason, much less on account of any sectional feeling, that I have been moved to give the poem unusual attention in *THE GLOBE*.

With these words as introduction I now quote the first eight pages of Mr. Durward's epic that they may speak for themselves :

## APOLOGY.

I stand upon Columbian soil,  
 My lowly shed from winter shields us,  
 The earth with little thought or toil  
 Abundant sustenance doth yield us.

Along these fertile hills my flock  
 Is well supplied with herbage green,  
 The grapes are purpling 'gainst the rock  
 And lower down with golden sheen  
 The maize in wondrous ranks is seen.

The symbol of Salvation hangs  
 Upon our rough, unplastered wall,  
 Great sign of Faith, and deathless Love,  
 For mankind sunk through Adam's fall.

Who found this land whereon we breathe,  
 And love and sing and work and pray?  
 Who from dark Ocean's vast domain  
 Won this New World to Christian day?

Of him in gratitude I sing,  
 His toils and triumphs 'round me throng,  
 I close my eyes to present things  
 And launch upon the waves of song.

## PURPOSE.

As Homer sang of fierce Achille's rage,  
 Of Helen's beauty and its fatal fruit,  
 The noble Hector's death and Ilion's doom,  
 That blotted Troya from the face of earth;  
 As Virgil sang Eneas and his toils,  
 The Carthaginian Dido's tragic love,  
 And planting of the mighty Roman race;  
 As Portuguese Camoens, brave and poor,  
 Sang of Da Gama and his brethren bold  
 Who first around the Cape of Tempests sailed,  
 Through spectres, darkness, cold, and raging waves,  
 And found the regions of the rising Day,  
 And with the new-found thundering cannon's roar,  
 Startled the demon-gods of ancient Ind;  
 As Tasso, the ill-starred in love, of those  
 Who bled to liberate Jerusalem:  
 Grand stories that are tossed from tongue to tongue,  
 Losing or gaining beauty by the way  
 Until they reach the universal speech,  
 The future language of the human race—

So I, a greater Hero, now essay  
 To sing, a purer purpose, nobler deed,  
 More perilous, of larger consequence,  
 Than ever yet the Epic Muse hath known.  
 Ah! that our greater Eastern bards should die  
 And leave the splendid task to such as I!  
 The theme is vast as Ocean; yet I shall,  
 Happly against the Epopean Canon,  
 From blue Olympus no vain aid implore;  
 The watery-bearded Neptune, uninvoked,  
 'Mong pearly shells and ever shifting sand,  
 His helpless trident, red with briny rust,  
 May idly swing like sea weed in the heave  
 Of under-waves, far in the twilight deep:  
 Nor pagan god nor goddess, chance, or fate,  
 Shall urge or thwart these frail but daring keels;  
 Man's spirit and the elements sublime,  
 Adverse or favorable, and o'er all,  
 For inspiration and supreme control  
 The sleepless Providence of Him who made  
 The sea, the earth, the sun, the universe,  
 Shall here instead sole potency display,  
 All other from my vision fades away.

#### MATER SALVATORIS.

His power it is that from Thy bosom beams,  
 O Sacred Mother, ever pure and bright,  
 Who dwellest, wrapt in radiance, near the throne  
 Of thy Eternal Son, Spouse, Father—God!  
 Crowned with a diadem whose healing rays  
 Cheer the dark dwellers of this under-world  
 And kindle love through dear humanity!  
 To Thee I lift my feeble voice—to Thee,  
 By whose protection and all-powerful prayer  
 The Man-elect was urged upon the waves  
 To find a world and plant the blessed Rood  
 Upon its verdant bosom; O, to me,  
 Thy most unworthy client, deign to lend  
 Strength to my heart and spirit that I may  
 In fitting numbers tell again the story!  
 Be Thou my Muse, O Mater Salvatoris!  
 That for this favored region which he found,  
 This Terra Sanctæ Crucis, where Thy Son  
 Is present on ten thousand altars now,  
 Hidden 'neath mystic sacramental veil,  
 At which adoring millions bend the knee,



A song not all unworthy may arise  
 Of him who guided was by Thine and Thee  
 Through storm and worse than storm—ingratitude—  
 Yet lifted surely into Paradise.

## DEPARTURE.

In sight of the Atlantic Ocean, high  
 On a steep promontory, girdled well  
 With vineyards, fig trees, and its summit crowned  
 By the pine forest, a white convent stands,  
 Just half a league from Palos, yet scarce seen,  
 Like a dove's nest among the cypresses,  
 Save that its belfry, higher than the trees,  
 Points like Hope's finger upward to the sky.

The fragrance of the lavender and thyme,  
 And farewell blossoms of the wilding rose,  
 Floats 'round this dwelling of St. Francis' sons,  
 And they, espoused to holy poverty,  
 Exhale the sweetness of a pious life.

Within this high-perched convent—Rabida—  
 The chosen man, Cristoforo Columbo—  
*Dove, Carrier of Christ*, most fitly named—  
 Awakened by the rustling of the pines,  
 Whose ever-verdant tops with cones begemmed,  
 Are by the expected land breeze gently stirred,  
 Knows by his practiced ear the wind is fair,  
 For sweeping forth his caravels to sea.

He rises calmly from a stinted sleep,  
 In that poor cell made dear by suffering,  
 Tightens the seraph-cord about his waist,  
 To bind a "panther" of which Dante speaks,  
 And on his body makes the sacred sign,  
 While looking upward to that heavenly chart,  
 Which he, by its own light, so oft has read,  
 When on the lonely bosom of the deep.

Midnight has passed, but morning has not dawned ;  
 The earth seems dead ; the stars, like living things,  
 Watch silently the dim and slumbering world,  
 Passing like spirits, passionless and calm,  
 Across the sleepless eyes of those in pain.  
 Who look in languor for the tardy day.

What day is this to be? One ever deemed,  
 By those who sail on seas, ill-omened, drear,  
 Unlucky to embark, or to begin  
 Journey on land or voyage on the deep.

But soul and purpose make the time accord ;

To his enlightened and heroic faith,  
 So high above all superstitious fear,  
 No other day could better be than this.

One thousand and four hundred ninety-two:  
 So many times has whirled our lightsome earth,  
 Since Christ was born, round the life-giving sun.

The third hour of the third day of the month  
 Of August—near the time when vineyards yield  
 A grateful recompense to those who toil—  
 To his long toil the vintage is in view.

Friday, the day on which the God-Man died,  
 The day on which Godfrey of Bouillon  
 In Palestine the Holy Tomb delivered,  
 The day that Isabella of Castile  
 Granada from the Moor. This wished-for morn,  
 So steadfastly desired, so long delayed,  
 At last must sprinkle with its new-born light  
 The tideless sea and Andalusia's shore.

Awake then, Father Juan, true and tried!  
 Offer the sacrifice before day dawn  
 And give Communion as Viaticum,  
 To one who is about to leave the world—  
 To leave the Old World and to find the New.  
 Through the high window panes and through the trees  
 The altar-lights of Rabida are streaming  
 Down on the harbor where the drowsy guards  
 Scarce know if they are lights of earth or heaven  
 That strike the rigging of the caravels,  
 Santa Maria, Nigna, Pinta, there  
 Riding at anchor, waiting for the breeze  
 And the Commander, near the shore of Palos.

Thanksgiving made, and these two friends alone,  
 As the last stars are fading from the sky.  
 Before the pennons of advancing day,  
 Descend the hill in silence of deep thought;  
 And soon the voices of the pilots wake  
 The inmates of the houses all around;  
 Windows and doors fly open, and the cry,  
 From sobbing mothers, wives and children comes:  
 " They go! they go! we ne'er shall see them more!"  
 Weeping they run to bid their fond adieus  
 And lingering, sadly watch them leave the beach.  
 Columbo, pressing to his grateful heart  
 The good Franciscan, cannot speak a word,  
 But with his silent tears bids him farewell

And jumps into the cutter that awaits  
To bear him to the Santa Maria's deck.

On board, received with honor from the poop  
He glances o'er with comprehensive eye  
The smal flotilla, marks the Cross of Green  
Beneath the crown and 'twix the *I* and *F*,  
Which is the banner of the expedition  
That from the Pinta and the Nigna float;  
But from the mainmast up above his head,  
The royal flag, the standard of the Cross,  
Our Savior's image fastened to the tree,  
Waves in the breeze and streams towards the West.

He sees the tears drop from the sailors' eyes,  
He knows their fears and fain would comfort them,  
And ere the anchors are drawn up he tries  
To share with them his own courageous hope.

"All ye who 'gainst your own desire are pressed  
To aid me in this voyage, hear my words!  
God is above us, He our Pilot is!  
The darkness of this world is light to Him,  
And not a hair from off your heads can fall  
Without His will, His knowledge and His love.

The gloom which fancy, born of ignorance,  
O'erspreads as with a pall the vast unknown  
Will soon be scattered, and your wondering eyes  
Shall see the sun, whose rays upon this sea  
Sparkle in myriads like living gems—  
Cheer other lands with his benignant smile.

You think it hard thus to be torn apart  
From parents, wives and little ones and friends ;  
You might have been as soldiers pressed to fight—  
And great it is to fight and bleed and die  
When justice and our country call us forth,  
But many bleed in vain in wars unjust  
Led out to slaughter and be slaughtered, when  
Their inmost soul have shuddered at the wrong.

A happier and a brighter lot is yours,  
A country for your country we may win ;  
The humblest seaman in this little fleet  
May share the glory of the enterprise,  
And neither shed nor lose one drop of blood.

Not as in Epics of old times we read  
Of lawless lust and bloody conflicts dire,  
Go we, my friends, to rapine and revenge ;  
Our aim is higher. Not for woman's love



Plow we the traceless furrow on the deep—  
 We leave our loves at home to weep and pray ;  
 We war but with the elements, which God  
 Will temper to our barques' fragility.

We go like doves that through the sea of air  
 Carry beneath their swiftly throbbing wings  
 The light of liberty to dungeoned men !  
 We go to carry Jesus' name to lands  
 Whose peoples, in his precious image formed,  
 Have never heard the tidings of great joy.  
 O, what a work is ours ! The mightiest Prince  
 That ever sat upon an earthly throne,  
 Could he behold what I in vision see—  
 And what by God's good grace you soon shall see—  
 Would gladly leave his state and jeweled chair  
 To stand upon this deck where now we stand.

Hoist up the anchors, then, and in the name  
 Of Jesus Christ be all the sails unfurled !  
 And when our prows begin to cut the waves,  
 Send up our hearts and voices in a hymn !”

Serenely to the crowd upon the shore  
 He sends his salutation ; and his hand  
 To Juan Peres bids once more “ Addio !”

Slowly the caravels get under way,  
 But still the murmur from the crowded beach  
 Grows fainter and at length is wholly lost,  
 As many voices tuned by faithful hearts,  
 Though sad and sinking, for the future fearing,  
 This hymn, in music now forgotten sing :

“Salve Regina? Virgins ever blest,  
 Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail !  
 Fountain of mercy, from thy stainless breast,  
 Pour forth the prayer that shall for us avail.

“To thee we cry, poor banished sons of Eve,  
 Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears ;  
 Ah ! as we now our home and country leave,  
 In flame our love and banish all our fears !

“Most gracious Advocate, upon us bend  
 Those eyes of Pity which our Savior gave !  
 Bring thou our voyage to a happy end,  
 Guide us in safety o'er the unknown wave !

“Keep, keep the loved ones whom we leave awhile,  
 That they may welcome our returning sail !  
 The sigh will then be changed into a smile  
 And sobs to songs—Bright Queen of Heaven, all hail

“O, Dearest Mother ! When we pass the tomb,  
 Our exile ended, our true life begun,  
 Show us the blessed Fruit of thy pure womb,  
 Whose name we carry toward the setting sun !

“Salve Regina! O'er the trackless deep  
 Brighten our skies and send the favoring gale—  
 Spain's shores recede, and as we gaze we weep,  
 Mother of Jesus! Queen of Sorrows, hail!”

From this point the restless voyagers are followed across the then unknown Atlantic; the shrewdness, the courage, the wisdom, the endurance, the master-mind of the great discoverer are all brought out by and through the various accident and intercourse that took place, and that must have happened during that world-memorable adventure; practical, scientific and theological disquisitions are gone into in order to while away the tedious hours of nights and days wherein men, with fainting hopes and lonely hearts, longing for home and doubting that there were any new shores westward, tended to mutiny, till the morning dawned which revealed to all the shores of this new world.

The poem might perhaps have been improved had it been less theological, but Columbus was a providential man, believed in his own high-heaven appointed destiny, and the whole project of his life till he found these shores and gave a new world to men, was, and must forever remain a serious problem, with intricate and everlasting theological as well as scientific, social and commercial questions mixed up therein. So that, even in this seeming incongruity, as if a product of Mr. Durward's Scotch birth and training (for Scotchmen from the days of Knox till now, are all theologians, even Burns, the poetic libertine, being an adept in theology) still, I say, even this theological aspect of the poem, not always loyal to hair-splitting orthodoxy, may eventually be seen to have been the product, not of a native, Scotch habit of thought, but of loyalty to the true subject of the Epic and the hour.

At all events it gives me great pleasure to find and to point out the unusual merit, the evidence of poetic genius, the proof of long and indefatigable labor and much really classic accomplishment in this noble Epic of Columbus, done, mark you, not in view of some great Chicago exposition and parade, but done quietly, through a series of years; done in true love and appreciation of the heroism and the religion of the great man who found this land and gave it to us, and of whose greatness we have just now a sort of Wild-West, mere Chicago spasm of appreciation. All honor to Columbus; all honor to the industrious ladies and gentlemen, who, from whatever motives of selfishness, ambition, pride, ostentation, and poor little busy-body secretaryism and clericalism may be doing their share

toward honoring Columbus in our great and beautiful exposition; but still greater honor to this painstaking, loving, noble, chaste, exalted, naturally quiet, hard-working, unselfish, gently heroic man of the Northwest, who, in the goodness of his heart, and by the quickness of his perception, and the application of his rare poetic genius, has been laboring for years, without thought or expectation of eclat or reward, to produce, and who has produced, a poem in honor of Columbus that is at the same time an honor to the English language, to good morals and true religion, and that will long be the pride and glory of the country that nurtured and sustained such a man.

W. H. THORNE.



## THE SCIENCE OF COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

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Cardinal Newman has shown with beautiful clearness in "The Idea of a University" how closely every department of human thought is linked with every other, however seemingly remote. Religion in particular, dealing as it does with the most recondite relations of man and the universe and Deity, has numerous and unsuspected affinities with almost every other science and art.

With psychology, for most of the activities of the human mind and heart have in all ages and countries been directly or indirectly determined by religious conceptions, even when not of a distinctly religious character.

With history, for the convulsions and reconstructions of society have usually been the outgrowths of movements of a more or less religious character; the greater part of the wars which have been waged have been fought under religious pretexts or auspices, and in many parts of the world the history of civilization has been almost co-incident with the annals of a priesthood.

With sociology, for the bond of society and the chief sanction of its laws and customs has always and everywhere been sought for in religion.

With ethnology, because religions have usually varied with races, and the religious and other customs of the people have always been closely intertwined and mutually dependent.



With art and literature, for every variety of each has, at least in some of its earliest stages, existed only as the handmaid of religion.

Bound up as it is thus closely with the laws and customs and history and thought and ideals of mankind, religion demands recognition by all as the most important factor in human culture.

It is, moreover, a universal fact. There are whole races who recognize no Supreme Being; there are nations without temples, without sacrifice, without priests, but there are none who do not possess, in one or another form, a religion.

One of the most noticeable features in the religious aspect of mankind is the enormous amount of variation in the religious ideas and practices of different races and tribes.

It is this variety which makes possible any science of religion other than theology, properly so-called. Theology is a scientific classification of religious truths, and presupposes a certain and authenticable channel of religious knowledge. But since the religious ideas and practices of the world, outside of the Catholic Church, are in the wildest disorder, and form a chaos of contradictions, absurdities, incongruities and puerilities, there is room for an enormous amount of careful and skillful labor in the disentangling of the knotted threads, the following out of slender clues, the sifting and sorting, in fact, of the whole body of accessible materials, with the view, in the first place, of ascertaining definitely the exact points of resemblance and difference among them, in order that ultimately both their genetic and rational relations may be clearly understood.

Such a mastery of the subject will ultimately make possible the construction of an authentic history of religion, which will perfectly account for the origin of every variation and for the peculiar religious developments of different countries and ages. These explanations of religious origins and developments cannot fail to redound to the glory of the true religion. Indeed, no better demonstration of it could be imagined than a perfectly lucid and satisfactory explanation of all the variations and corruptions which have given rise to other cults.

There is no doubt that a study of the processes by which religious truths have lost and regained their hold upon the human mind, and religious errors have arisen and developed and undergone successive metamorphoses according to the changing conditions of

their environment, will furnish much valuable material for the psychologist, and will enable the theologian to speak with fuller confidence regarding the relations which the religious instinct bears to the other natural instincts on the one hand, and to supernatural grace on the other, in the great outside world to which the normal and divinely established channels of grace are not accessible.

The science of comparative religion cannot be said to have existed until the present century, but it is now receiving considerable attention, particularly in France and Belgium. Two reviews, one Catholic and the other Agnostic, are published in its interest at Paris, and chairs for its teaching exist at Paris, Louvain, Brussels, Liege, Berlin, Freiburg, and elsewhere.

A considerable amount of valuable work in this general direction has been done in England, especially by the English Orientalists, under the leadership and following the initiative of Prof. Max Muller of Oxford.

Most of the scholars who are engaged in the study of religions make this study only secondary to that of the language, customs, history and literature of the countries in which they take special interest. Max Muller is primarily an Aryan philologist, and his collaborators in the great collection of translations of the Sacred Books of the East, which is being issued from the Clarendon Press at Oxford, are sinologists, Vedists, Zendists, or specialists in some other branch of distinctly Oriental learning. And this is as it should be, for the science of comparative religion has not yet progressed far enough to admit of broad generalizations of any but an exceedingly imperfect and tentative character. The vast work of the accumulation of materials is yet very, very far from being even approximately complete. Nevertheless, the few existing specialists in comparative religion, and some other scholars who have given serious study to it, have invented or adopted certain theories of religious development, to which they have taken pains to make their general classification conform.

The most popular hypothesis is that which numbers among its exponents Prof. Tylor, of Oxford, and Prof. Tiele, of Leyden. Tylor is a general anthropologist, and treats of comparative religion only as one feature and a most important one, in the history of comparative culture. It is to scholars of that class that the hypothesis to which we refer is to be primarily credited. According to the ethnological theories held by the school of anthropolo-

gists now dominant, the human race is supposed to have gradually arisen from a primitive barbarism to the height of civilization represented by the English-speaking nations, through a series of stages, each of which was characterized by a peculiar type of religious thought.

Religion has accordingly passed through the successive phases of fetichism, animism, polydæmonism, polytheism, henotheism, monotheism, pantheism and agnosticism or positivism.

The wide prevalence of this theory, in so far as it is not to be accounted for simply by religious or anti-religious pre-conceptions, must be attributed to a radical defect in scientific method. Both in ethnology and comparative religion, it has been the custom to base historical generalizations upon purely morphological data; or, more explicitly, to arrange existing civilizations and religions in a linear series according to their supposed superiority or inferiority, and to read this series in an ascending scale, as a correct representation of the ethnological and religious history of the race. This involves the fundamental assumption that the lowest cult or culture must necessarily be the oldest. If the opposite assumption were made, the series would have to be read in the descending scale and a diametrically opposite conclusion reached, a conclusion to which the contemporary materials lend themselves as readily as to the other. The mistake is in the neglect of such historical data as are attainable regarding the development of religions.

Our reasoning must be from the known to the unknown; and our induction will be of no value if a large and important class of facts be altogether omitted from consideration. One authenticated historical instance of religious development or change is of more value than a thousand speculations as to the probable causes of existing variations. It is evident that the historical method cannot be dispensed with, and that only by its aid can any sound and lastingly tenable conclusions be reached. All extant facts, both of the present and the past, must be made use of, the chronological as well as the geographical order must be maintained, and due weight must be given to all the many influences, psychological, ethnic, philological, and even climatic, which might under given circumstances influence the religious thought of a people.

But there is question, not only of the collecting, but of the exploitation of the facts. All accessible facts must be made use of, whether archaic or contemporary; but having been gathered it



remains for us to arrange and classify them. The favorite classification is naturally the morphological one, already indicated, which is determined by the general character of the object or objects of worship.

A still older and more popular method of classification is according to their genetic relationships. It is by an instinctive adoption of this that we speak and think of Christianity, Brahmanism and Buddhism as distinct and individual religions, in spite of the fact that each of these is a great group of very widely different religions only connected together by a historical and sentimental bond.

Both of these classifications are natural and will always be necessary in popular language. But for scientific purposes they are both lacking in accuracy. This is especially true of the genetic classification, for while the general rule holds good that like produces like, it is an indisputable fact that by that method the most unlike systems are in many cases brought together and the most essentially similar ones widely separated. For example, the Unitarian Church in New England would be classified by the historical method as a Christian sect, and the Brahma Samaj, of India, as a Hindu sect; and yet they are almost counterparts of each other and are as different as possible from the typical Christian or Brahmanical systems.

There is a growing tendency in the scientific world to recognize that the same or analogous laws extend through all departments of nature, from the domain of physics to that of anthropology. As a "law of nature" is nothing more nor less than a certain recognized order and sequence of natural phenomena, and since the whole of nature, from the flint-crystal to the archangel owes its origin and maintenance to the same Deity, and is, in theological parlance, the term of one simple divine act, it was to be expected that such a parallelism between the operations of different orders of created beings should be one day discovered.

This latest scientific movement contemplates the extension of the laws and methods of physics into biology, and those of biology into anthropology. Strange to say, the very class which has been advocating most strenuously the adoption of biological methods in anthropology have never so much as made an attempt to apply that principle to the most important subdivision of anthropology, the science of comparative religion. The reason is not far to seek,

such a course would be absolutely fatal to their own favorite systems of religion or irreligion. Most of the exponents of comparative religion in its speculative aspect are agnostics, and wish to put agnosticism, or at most a mild Deism, at the very top of the ladder of religious development; which is not possible without an absolute ignoring of biological and all other properly scientific methods.

Time does not permit of any great elaboration of this exceedingly interesting point. Suffice it to say that biological organisms are ranked according to the degree of specialization of function and of organic unity which they possess. Now it is precisely by its extraordinary manifestation of these two characteristics that Catholicity is distinguished from all other religious and social bodies in the world. These are the very things which, under the terms of "elaborate complexity" and "undue centralization," are made its chief reproach by the representatives of the various forms of invertebrate and infusorial religions which now swarm in Occidental Christendom.

While it would certainly be ridiculously premature to suggest seriously at this time a final classification of religions on biological principles, it may not be superfluous to give a few hints as to what general lines such a classification may be expected to follow: We may suppose first a general partition of religions, according to their degree of organic unity, into atemnic, or indivisible, and autotemnic, or self-dividing.

The Catholic religion seems to be alone among all the religions of the earth, in being by its very constitution atemnic or incapable of disintegration. Any who separate from it drop off as a dead branch, and constitute a distinct religion of an entirely different kind. In the very nature of things there can be but one Catholic Church.

The autotemnic religions, whose unity is less perfect, may be divided into monocephalic, multicephalic, or acephalic, according as they have one head, or many, or none, and each of these again may be subdivided into theocratic, in which the teaching and administrative authority is supposed to descend from above, and democratic, in which it is believed to ascend from below.

The theocratic group of autotemnic religions may be divided into the sacramental and non-sacramental. In the sacramental subdivision of the theocratic multicephalic religions come the Greek Orthodox, the Anglicans and the Irvingites. The non-

sacramental theocratic religions may be further subdivided into ascetic, ethical, ceremonial or sentimental, according to the predominance of one or another of these features.

Lamaism, the latter Thibetan form of Northern Buddhism, is then to be classed as a theocratic, ascetic, monocephalic religion; Confucianism as theocratic, ethical and monocephalic; Moham-medanism as theocratic, ethical and multicephalic. In the non-sacramental ceremonial group of theocratic religions will come the monocephalic polygamous Mormonism, the multicephalic Maz-deism and Old Brahmanism, and the acephalic Vooduism.

In the non-sacramental sentimental group we find the monocephalic Shintuism, and Josephite Mormonism, and the acephalic Occidental spiritism.

Coming then to the democratic grand division of religions, we find in the ascetic group the multicephalic primitive Buddhism and Jainism, in the ethical group the multicephalic Unitarianism and the acephalic theism, in the ceremonial group the multicephalic modern Judaism, and in the sentimental group the multicephalic Methodism and Congregationalism and the acephalic Quakerism.

This, as I have said, is an extremely tentative and imperfect classification, and I have included in my enumeration only a very small proportion of the religions of the world; but it is a pre-intimation of the true method of the future, the one which will not only accord most perfectly with the accepted methods of the older sciences, but which will redound most to the glory of the one true and universal Church.

Coming now to the history of religions we encounter a large number of rival theories which have more or less acceptance in the world of learning, and each of which is held by its adherents to account satisfactorily for the known religious phenomena of the world. There is the nature-myth theory, according to which all religions have arisen from the excessive veneration of the mysterious and wonderful phenomena of nature. There is the euhemeristic theory, according to which they are the product of an exaggerated hero-worship; there is the philological theory, according to which they have mostly arisen from the corruption of language and the misunderstanding of obsolete and obsolescent terms; and finally there is the animistic or ghost theory, closely allied to the euhemeristic, which alleges that by such phenomena as dreams and



the reflections of the person in water and metals, men have been led to believe in a double or soul, and from that have been enticed further and further into the realm of idle fancy until from that little seed the great world-religions have arisen. Besides these various scientific theories there are the old views of the Christian apologists, according to which the Pagan religions are either distorted remains of a primeval revelation, or systems invented by the evil spirits to rival and oppose the true religion of God.

Although the time is not ripe for any positive and final utterances regarding the history of religions, I have to express my conviction that each of these hypotheses represents one aspect of the truth, and that all of them must be taken into consideration in any thorough and scientific account of the religious experiences of the race.

As Catholics, who recognize that the voice of the Church is the Voice of God, we know that there was a revelation of divine truth and duty, more or less complete, given to the first members of the human race. My own study of the Pagan religions leads me to hold, as the only possible way of accounting for the phenomena which they present, that this primeval revelation was more complete and detailed than has usually been supposed, and was, in fact, identical in every respect with the present Deposit of Faith, with the exception only that those truths which to us are historical were to the first patriarchs prophetic.

As the earliest members of the race were in the wisdom of God left to their own resources for the preservation of the precious truths of religion which had been committed to them, human weakness soon began to tarnish the purity of the sacred deposit. Cain and his posterity seem to have entered into an open league with the spirits of darkness, and to have established a schism at the very dawn of the human period. But among the other children of Adam and their descendants the first occasion of religious degeneracy seems to have been their dispersion through widely separate regions and the consequent disintegration and independent variation of the original single and universal tradition.

It appears to have been the custom of the patriarchs, as it was subsequently of the King and Master and the Hope of Patriarchs, to make use of the phenomena of nature to symbolize the truths of religion. Thus the sun represented the coming Savior, the Sun of Righteousness, and the Eternal Logos incarnate in Him, the

Infinite Source of intellectual light and spiritual life; the dawn and the morning star represented her who was to be His human mother, the Co-Redemprix and Priestess of Humanity; the darkness and the storm symbolized the hosts of evil; the vast expanse of celestial space was the natural symbol of the Infinite and Formless Deity; the waters of sea and river and fountain represented to the simplest faith of our earliest progenitors the life and grace which then flowed and were still more abundantly to flow from the generous hand of Deity, and sometimes they saw in them the most perfect emblems of the purity and power of her who was to be the chief channel of all celestial graces; and so on through all the phenomena of nature. Everything spoke to them of God and His truth and His works, of His light and grace and blessed promises.

But as passions and worldly interests withdrew the attention of men from the sacred traditions, they began to forget the precious truths which they embodied, and to mistake the symbol for the thing symbolized, and so nature-worship, in the evil sense of the word, came into being.

At the same time the prophecies which were handed down from parent to child as the most precious inheritance of the race—the traditions regarding the Divine Person who was to come to earth in human form, to be born of a Virgin, to preach and teach and perform wonders, and be sacrificed and die and rise again, and give himself to be the Food and Drink of the faithful—these precious narratives, I say, began to lose their distinctness and clearly prophetic character, and gradually came to be mistaken for historic tales, and hence arose the many accounts of Divine incarnations.

With the dispersion of the peoples there inevitably arose a variation, not only in their ideas, but in their language. As a part of the general change in language the religious terms underwent various transformations. The names of God, of saints, of symbols, of virtues, came to differ in every scattered tribal group, and to lose, more or less completely, their original and proper signification. An orally transmitted poem in praise of the virtues of courage, or chastity, or justice, would easily, when the terms used had become obsolete, be understood to refer to celestial personages bearing those names. So, too, when an interchange of ideas, either by their political fusion, or the establishment of commercial or other relationship, took place between two tribes or peoples which

had been long separated and had developed distinct idioms, divine names and other religious terms which originally represented the same being or object might easily be supposed to refer to entirely separate and distinct ones. Thus the El of the Hebrews, the Il of the Chaldeans, and the Eloh of the Phœnicians might easily be mistaken for three distinct Gods, and were so mistaken, whereas they were but so many different variations of the same name of the one Supreme Deity.

As the primitive men had been taught to venerate all beings in proportion as they were worthy of veneration, that is, according to their place in the divinely established hierarchy of being, a legitimate worship of angels and saints was prevalent among them; but in the process of religious corruption God himself became in many cases gradually lost sight of, and the angels and saints, and sometimes, too, quite unsaintly heroes, usurped the adoration due to Him alone. This gradual raising of men to godhood in popular tradition is called Euhemerism, after the Greek philosopher Euhemerus, who explained on this theory the popular mythology of his time and country.

In other cases the spirit of worship died out with the recognition of its supreme object, and religion became degraded into a mere effort to enter into cordial or at least amicable relations, for purely mercenary ends, and practically on terms of equality, with such invisible beings as showed a disposition to manifest themselves to men under such conditions and to give them a gross and tangible co-operation. Thus arose spiritism, which, in its two forms of fetichism and animism, is generally prevalent among the lowest savages.

From the very beginning there had been certain religious rites and ceremonies ordained by heaven as means of formal worship and communication with Deity, and as types and foreshadowings of the promised sacraments of the New Law. Among these were the rites of initiation, prefiguring baptism, sacrifice, prefiguring the Offering of Christ on Calvary, mystically renewed day by day in the great Mysteries of our Holy Religion, sacred meals, typifying the Eucharistic Banquet, and ceremonial purifications, foreshadowing the sacrament of penance. Many others probably existed besides those that I have named. It was but natural that the corruption of religious practices should accompany that of religious ideas. As they had been taught that a Divine Man was to be one



day offered as the Great and All-Sufficient Sacrifice, it required but a little confusion of ideas to bring about the introduction of human sacrifice. The worship given to the Predestined Virgin might very easily, when there was no infallible guardian of faith, become gradually transferred, as the Messianic prophecies became obscured, first to virgins in general, then to virginity, then to the virgin body, and then to the body as such; when the door would be opened to a host of grave abuses, such as have formed one of the most lucid chapters of religious history, abuses which would be but expedited by a lingering reminiscence of the prophecies of sacramental union with God through the Divine Humanity.

There is no reason to doubt that those special manifestations of divine power which we are accustomed to call miracles have taken place, with varying degrees of frequency, since the very earliest times. It is a well-known principle of the spiritual life, that miraculous and supernatural wonders and visitations of all kinds should not be sought after. But with the decay and corruption of true religion there may arise a feverish craving after the wonderful and extraordinary, and as God and the saints do not work their miracles for the gratification of such aberrant desires, the wonder-seekers naturally resort to diabolic and other available agencies, and hence sorcery flourishes, as it does almost everywhere where religious corruption has progressed very far.

Truly miraculous powers are ordinarily one of the varied manifestations of a high degree of that interior union with Deity with which the science of mystical theology deals. Mysticism is the essence of true religion, for union with God is the very aim of supernatural religion, and that union must necessarily be interior and recondite. It is no wonder that this most difficult and dangerous, because most exalted, of all practical religious ideas should have been grievously misunderstood and given rise to most noxious errors, when the time came that even the main outlines of the sacred tradition had been lost to view. From it arose pantheism, for which the way had been paved by the earlier corruptions of nature-symbolism and saint-worship.

Space does not permit of an elaborate review of the pagan errors and the juxtaposition of each with the true tradition of which it was a corruption or perverted outgrowth, but it may be noted that it was from the doctrine of the progressive purification of the elect, which may be termed the purgatorial idea, that such

errors as metempsychosis and other forms of re-incarnationism have arisen.

It was a common opinion among the Fathers of the Church, and, indeed, it seems to be the teaching of Holy Scripture, that "all the gods of the nations are devils." How far is this view borne out by the science of comparative religion, in its present stage of development?

I must answer to this that we have no facts in our possession which contradict it, as far as it applies to the objects of worship other than God, Himself, which are to be found among pagan nations. However a god may have risen in the popular cultus; whether from some name or attribute or operation of the Supreme Godhead, the foretold Messiah or Virgin, a sacramental idea, a personified virtue or other abstraction, a symbol whose antetype had been forgotten, or an angel or hero or saint, in any case, after the false worship had once been established it is quite a plausible theory that some fallen angel, thirsty for divine honors, has always been ready to hide behind the fair or grotesque mask and receive the homage and sometimes respond to the impetrations of the worshiper.

A key to many of the remarkable features of religious history is to be found in the fact that corrupted religious ideas are often made the basis of elaborate speculations which may result in their complete metamorphosis, and sometimes in the introduction of still more radical errors, or, on the other hand, and perhaps more frequently in a restoration of truths which the process of degeneration had nearly or quite obliterated from the popular consciousness. Thus, though Buddhism is essentially agnostic, some of its later sects have returned, by purely speculative processes, to the notion of a Supreme, Infinite and Personal Deity.

That there is a very great difference between corruption and development is quite apparent, and no one who has read Newman's "Development of Christian Doctrine" can fail to see how important the distinction is in the realm of religious thought. Perfect and uninterrupted doctrinal development cannot be expected, and is not to be found, except in the Catholic Church, which is the sole repository of the whole body of divine truth, in its primordial purity. Nevertheless as truth, however fragmentary, tends always to expansion and growth, as error always to destruction and decay, those religious notions which are but partly true are

forever in a state of flux and reflux, and men who are outside the Temple of Faith, whether they be called Christian or Pagan, are continually at the mercy of ever-shifting winds of doctrine. Among the false religions of the earth, we see a progressive corruption, which results not only from the festering and fermenting of error, but from its sprouting and reproduction. Thus in Brahmanism we can observe a line of natural and almost inevitable development from its primitive error of a false nature-worship to its culmination in Buddhistic agnosticism. In Protestantism, likewise we see an exaggerated supernaturalism and bibliolatry developing gradually into the opposite errors of naturalism and rationalism.

Having sketched very briefly the broader outlines of the religious history of the globe, we are prepared to consider a question which, though perhaps not itself coming precisely within the scope of the science, yet presents itself inevitably to the mind as the most important practical problem to which the existing religious state of the world gives rise; and one which must depend for its answer upon the results of the comparative study of religions. The question is, whether or not there is in the religious differences of mankind anything which either invites or precludes the hope that they may, sooner or later, be brought to an end. May we in short, without an absurd Utopianism, look forward toward a more or less complete religious unification of the world?

A scientific comparison of religious facts, present and past, seems calculated to justify a favorable response. Not only does any true and proper classification of religions bring out into strong relief the immense superiority of that religion which alone approaches at the present moment to geographical universality, which alone bears the name of Universal, and which numbers at least ten times as many adherents (I speak advisedly) as any other single and coherent religious system; but all the religions of the world are seen to be at bottom one, and every doctrine of the Catholic religion is found to have practically been held, either explicitly or implicitly, always, everywhere and by all, so that the grand test of St. Vincent of Lerins is not only of European but of planetary application. If the Catholic Church could be eliminated from the face of the globe, a sort of composite photograph of the remaining religions would be a perfect reproduction of it,



minus only the organic life which comes to it from the special indwelling of Deity. Not only is every Catholic doctrine and practice to be found, in some guise or other, in every age and country, but every religious doctrine and practice of the world corresponds to some feature of the Catholic religion, or, at least, when distortions due to environing errors have been removed, harmonizes perfectly with it and permits of a ready assimilation by it.

Who can doubt that this very science of comparative religion will be a great engine for the accomplishment of the glorious work of religious unification, after it has been profoundly and perseveringly studied and developed, in the light of faith, by a generation or two of erudite and devoted Catholic scholars ?

Such a study will demonstrate that the pagan sects stand in the same relation to the true Church of God, which has in the Catholic Church attained its full growth and dignity as do the sects of Protestantism and Judaism which are the fruit of more recent schisms. It will show to the Pagan, as well as the Protestant and the Jew, that in returning to the Universal Church he is but going back to the religion of his venerated forefathers and of the progenitors of the whole human race. It will demonstrate clearly that in the bosom of Catholicity are re-united all the truths which form the religious heritage of mankind ; that the Church of the Living God can satisfy every longing, every desire and every aspiration of every type and variety of man ; that it and it alone is broad enough to give a place to all mankind, and is possessed of so living and organic a unity as to be able to bind together universal humanity, to its very remotest confines, in one great planetary brotherhood, one vast co-operative society.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

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## OUR HAWAIIAN CONSPIRACY, ETC.

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During the past three months the political events of greatest importance to Americans and to all the English speaking races, if not to the entire population of the world, have been, first, the announcement and publication of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland ; second the appointment of President Cleveland's

Cabinet, and the action of certain United States citizens in the Hawaiian islands and the comments of the American press, and the action of the American Government relating thereto.

The exposures of the Panama scandal, the scores of new banking rascalities in Germany, France, Italy and the United States; the inauguration of President Cleveland, the panorama of ignorance and bluster in Kansas, and the new demonstration of lynch lawlessness in the South are but flashes in the pan; mere experiments, tricks and grimaces of modern civilization, compared with the sober, serious and deliberate affairs just named.

If Mr. Gladstone's bill, even in some greatly modified shape, becomes the law in Great Britain, it will be the beginning of a universal change of the legal status of all the colonial and other portions of the British Empire.

If the composition of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet should accomplish anything like the ideal work said to be expected of it by its very sensible author, and by the wiser heads of the democratic party, it will be at least the beginning of a break-up of the two old political parties in the United States, and the beginning of the crystallization of a new democratic people's party with Judge Gresham as the presidential candidate four years hence, and with hints toward a reign of common sense and justice in this land. The main difficulty in the way of this scheme and dream is that the devil has full charge of both the old parties as such, and that he will have a casting vote on the new formation.

The action of certain United States citizens in Hawaii, and the comment of the American press and the action of the United States government relating to the matter represent the one question of the three that is of nearest, most important and most international interest to us all at present: nothing that I have read to date on this subject really goes to the root of the matter. It is the desire of all men to speak only good of the dead. I share that desire, but not to the extent of winking, on that account, at the foul wrongs of our recent international policy as illustrated through the American rascalities perpetrated in and toward Hawaii.

The first thing to be recalled is that Minister Stephens was but an underling, a tool in the hands the late ex-Minister James G. Blaine; that what Minister Stephens did in Hawaii he did under distinct instruction from the home government, or under such pledges given him by the American conspirators that they,

through an understanding with Blaine, Wanamaker & Co., would protect him against punishment or even blame. Hence Stephens is not to blame, is not big enough to blame, was simply a tool and a rascal in the hands of more important and responsible knaves.

The second thing to be recalled is that the action of said American conspirators in Hawaii, revealing Mr. Blaine's international policy, was only another expression of one of the weakest and most abortive international policies ever pursued by any Secretary of State in this or in any so-called civilized land or time.

It was Mr. Blaine's fixed policy—either through the Irish question, the Canadian question, the Fisheries question or the Hawaiian question to involve this nation in a war with Great Britain, and on the pyramids of slaughter raised by such war, to avenge his own personal lights and lift himself into immortality. Thank God, he failed and died without adding the crime of this accomplished fact to the poor story of his exaggerated life.

The third thing to be recalled is that ex-President Harrison had to espouse Blaine's policy in this regard in order to secure the republican patronage that only made his defeat all the more humiliating; and this nation can never be too thankful to Almighty God for the fact—whatever its sources in reason or policy—that President Cleveland recalled the rascally so-called Hawaiian Treaty, before that company of pig-headed gentlemen known as the United States Senate, had a chance to vote in its favor.

The fourth thing to be emphasized in this mention of the matter, is that the indecent haste with which the American conspirators in Hawaii, taking advantage of the patience and the confidence and weakness of a woman, came back to this country with their hearts full of lies and their pockets full of bribes, and the indecent haste with which the republican newspapers of this land led by the *New York Tribune*, the *Philadelphia Press* and the *Chicago Tribune* fell into line as the advocates of the crime, and the indecent haste with which ex-President Harrison, goaded by Congress, or party whips and party considerations, gave himself and the power of his position to the furtherance of the crime, are all, to me, among the most deplorable signs of the absence of any and all moral principles in the republican press and politics of this nation.

It is perfectly true that England has been stealing islands and continents for centuries; it is perfectly true that the English stole



the only spot they have had for home these last eight hundred years; and it is perfectly true that we Americans—as the most sharp-witted descendants of this race of robbers—may be expected to do as our forefathers have done; but this logic does not take the sting out of the wasp, the poison out of the sting or the hell out of the pains that are sure to follow. Much less does it justify robbery on the part of a people claiming to be a Sabbath-keeping, church-going, Christian people—with the Sermon on the Mount stuck on their caps all the while they are committing their crimes.

And the final thing to be said on this matter in this connection is that the utterances of Queen Liliuokalani touching her rights, the action of the American conspirators in her dominions, and her attitude of patience in the case are the only words published in the American newspapers previous to President Cleveland's action, which had any touch of truth, or honesty, or honor, or dignity at all worthy of the gravity of the question.

I had written thus far before seeing or hearing of Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's article in the *New York Sun*, and as this article was afterward copied in the *New World*—a Catholic weekly published in Chicago—and as the article has thus secured some notoriety, and seems to be interpreted as an argument against the claims of Liliuokalani, hence as favoring or at least palliating the pretensions and actions of the American conspirators in her dominions, I feel bound to say, that while Mr. Lathrop's letter is very readable, as a piece of newspaper gossip about the domestic relations of certain full-breeds, half-breeds and quarter-breed natives and Yankees in the Sandwich Islands, and while it shows or seems to show that the antecedents and social connections of Liliuokalani have been no better than those of some of our own presidents, or of many other kings and queens and chief rulers of modern nations, I do not see that the letter, in any way, or to any shadow invalidates her claim to the throne of Hawaii, and I am sorry to find a man of so fair a reputation engaged in writing newspaper articles that can through any pretense be used to aid the rascals, who besides trying to steal the Sandwich Islands from their rightful rulers, have also tried to make their theft the ground of a war between this country and England.

It is not a question of the purity of blood that flows in the veins of Liliuokalani or her daughter. If it were, a microscopic

investigation might show that Liliuokalani's blood was as pure and queenly as that of Victoria or her children.

Nor is it a question as to whether the crown of Hawaii is elective or appointive. The simple truth is that Liliuokalani was the rightful queen of Hawaii and that, without just or due cause, excuse or palliation, a set of Yankee thieves, in her dominions, goaded by other Yankee thieves at home, have tried to steal her country, to tarnish her good name, and then, like all basest thieves, have tried to make their stealing lawful and respectable.

I do not believe that Mr. George P. Lathrop favors or intended to favor this infamy, and if he did so intend, I have no more respect for him than I have for the rascally conspirators themselves or for any other newspaper scribblers, who for the sake of filthy lucre and a momentary sensation will slander the name and sully the fame of any woman under the sun.

Touching the Home Rule scheme, I may say that although Mr. Hely's article in this *GLOBE* was written before Mr. Gladstone's last scheme was promulgated and was intended for my last issue, I fancy it covers the ground.

As regards the mutual revolution and break up of political parties on account of Judge Gresham's appointment in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, perhaps we had better not prophesy until after the fact—at all events it is safe to wait a little longer.

W. H. THORNE.

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## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

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ONE OF THE CONTEMPORARIES OF COLUMBUS—PRIOR OF SAN MARCO. EXECUTION OF THE MONK OF FERRARA.

The year 1492 has a particular claim on the interest of every American who loves this land of liberty. Florence at that period was the refuge of the artist and the courtier, the literati of the world, and the throne of pagan philosophy. It nourished the mythology that had been banished from the East, and the statue of Venus de Milo was the companion—in some instances the usurper, of that of the Virgin Mother.

This was due largely to the Medician prestige. Scholars themselves, they lent their affluent patronage to every shade of learning. Though allies of the Roman Pontiff, Plato had no disciples more devoted. Diplomats of the most refined and intriguing nature, princes of finance, monarchs of the wealth of the nation, they surrounded themselves with the most voluptuous court of luxury that ever existed under Italian skies. In scanning the many figures which marked this singularly historic epoch that of Girolamo Savonarola stands as one of the most heroic casts of his time. Born in Ferrara in 1452 and closing his life at the early age of forty-six he left a record as replete with Christian and historical events as ever marked a page of history. From his earliest years he was of the most ascetic, virtuous and pious habits; even as a lad he discarded the subtleties of the pagan philosopher Aristotle to engage his mind in the study of the Christian philosopher St. Thomas Aquinas.

His strong sympathy with the suffering world, his earnest efforts to elevate his fellow beings, and the simplicity of his manners, together with his heroic enthusiasm in matters pertaining to the glorification of the Deity, were the leading characteristics that marked his eventful life. Though a polished scholar and a man of extreme refinement of birth, with all the world smiling before him, he turned from his home when but two and twenty and sought the humble place of lay brother in the Dominican order. By an order from his superior it became incumbent on him to receive the clerical habit and he was shortly ordained a priest.

Savonarola was not one of the orators born to the art, but made by it. His first entrance in the pulpit was a dismal failure, and 'twas not till many years later that he achieved the triumphs which mark him as one of the powers of his age. "His mission was to re-establish the reign of Christ in the heart," but in performing it he had to do battle with the spirit of his age. Diverse as have been the opinions that stamped him as martyr or heretic, saint or impostor, Christian or pagan, he stands to-day after four centuries of calumny, with the clouds of doubt dispelled and the 'true monk' of Ferrara is well before our view.

No man can be judged independent of his times. Savonarola fell upon a time when most men "served the devil in the livery of the Lord," when simony was rampant in the Church, when usury was king in the land; when "the sacredness of the cloister was



slain" and the crisis of iniquity was reached. If this monk appears as an outcast from his Church with the stigma of excommunication linked with his name, we must know 'twas Alexander the VI. who promulgated the decree by which he was exiled. Was Alexander the VI. a man qualified to say who should enter Christ's Church?

Savonarola's main fault was that in his endeavors to renovate the Church he commenced at Rome. "In the Primitive Church" he said, "the chalices were of wood and the prelates of gold; to-day the prelates are of wood and the chalices of gold." From the first reformer, Christ, down to the latest, no man ever attempted to revolutionize society but was met with the cry of "Crucify him." The world does not like to be deprived of its pets, though they be hobbies or horses. The Medici represented the Italian world and usury was its hobby when the voice of Savonarola began to shake the Florentine Republic by the force of his eloquent oratory. He denounced the usurer; he denounced the simonist, though in one he saw Lorenzo the Magnificent, though in the other he beheld Alexander the VI.

When he was created Prior of Saint Mark's he was informed that it was customary for the newly elected prior to call on Lorenzo de Medici as chief of the Republic. To which he replied: "Who elected me, God or Lorenzo?" Being answered "It was done by God," then he rejoined "It is my God I wish to thank, not mortal men."

When fame carried the name of Savonarola to the Vatican, and with it his exposition of the simoniacal practices of the ecclesiastics, it is said that Alexander sought to silence or conciliate him with a cardinal's hat; but Savonarola replied "he desired no other hat than the martyr's blood-stained crown." And yet the charge of self-aggrandizement has been laid at this monk's door, though it remained closed to every ecclesiastical as well as governmental preferment that sought him. He permitted himself to be used when the exigencies of the hour demanded the exercise of his calm, powerful judgment; but it was only when forced by circumstances that he ever dabbled in political waters.

When Charles the Eighth, the French king, through the perfidy of Pietro de Medici, entered Florence with designs of spoliation, plunder and ruin, the name of Savonarola pronounced in the council chamber acted like the charmed sesame, opening a door to

triumph. Florence was to be sacked. 'Twas not the wealth of the city alone that was at the mercy of the ravishing horde, but the honor of the noble wives and daughters of fair Florence was at stake. The entire city government was convoked to determine on measures of relief. Consternation and confusion overwhelmed the councilors. Burlamacchi says: "In the midst of the lamentations and tears some person cried out, "Go to the servant of God, Fra Girolamo." The name of the Prior of San Marco was no sooner heard than a sudden change came over the spirit of their consultation."

Through his intervention the city was saved; the honor of the Republic maintained, and the noble Florentines rewarded this humble friar by hanging him to a gibbet and throwing his ashes to the Arno. Is it any wonder that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn?" He left the cloister for the council, it is true, not however to augment his personal prowess, but to save a nation.

Forced as he thus was into the arena of politics it was impossible to prevent the shadow of his genius from being cast on his environments. Having the welfare of the Florentines at heart he desired to see a theocratical form of government adopted, to bring God, as it were, into the political domain. We who are now reaping the reward of four centuries of skilled experience, apprehending that *Vox populi, Vox diaboli*, may scoff at the sophistical polemics of Savonarola, but none will gainsay the fact that a state governed by the strength of God (as the word theocracy signifies), could not be amended.

Savonarola made no mistake in his theory, but he did in its application. Politics has one god, Mammon, and politicians in all ages will see to it that no other god shall encroach on his territory. While it is not sagacious for ministers of religion to figure in matters of State, still, it is quite a debatable question whether their province does not include any field wherein man's welfare is to be considered, and his elevation to be attained. When Savonarola sought the deposition of Alexander Florence was torn by internal factions. That party allied to Rome in which were some of the leading officials of the city called a synod and ordered Savonarola to appear before it to answer the charge of heresy. This was the initial step of his final persecution. Florence became the accomplice of Alexander in a system of abasement that for cruelty and depravity defies a parallel.

And 'twas thus after eight years of adulation, that was not short of apotheosis, this true monk was bound to a rack, tortured, hanged on a gibbet, his body burned at a stake, his ashes gathered in a sack and cast in the river. What was his crime? Morally he was beyond suspicion, as a citizen he was an honor to his country, as a monk he was a model for the cloistered world. He was executed for heresy. Let his sermons, his writings and his words attest the falsity of his accusers. His "Triumph of the Cross" is a masterpiece of Christian lore and a grand memorial to a Christian's love. After the smoke had cleared from the holocaust and reason came to view the man that passion had slain the spot sanctified with the friar's ashes was smothered with garlands.

Thus for two centuries was the anniversary of Savonarola's execution celebrated by Florence.

Has the sweep of modern progress obliterated every vestige of that other '92? Maintaining the gibbet still, possessing still the passions bred of animosity and prejudice, does not their combined presence make possible the destruction of innocence even such as that of Girolamo Savonarola?

MILDRED WEBB.

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## SENATOR QUAY AND SUNDAY CLOSING.

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Washington dispatches of February 15th, showing the Hon. Mathew Stanley Quay's zeal in the United States senate, in favor of closing the gates of the Columbian Exposition on Sundays, revealed to me a good deal more than they seem to carry on the face of them. Nobody that knows Senator Quay suspects him of any sincere interest in religion; hence the inevitable conclusion that his advocacy of Puritan Sabbatarianism must be on other than religious grounds. What are these other grounds?

In Pennsylvania politics as in Illinois politics there are wheels within wheels, and everybody that knows anything about the politics of Pennsylvania knows that statesman Quay—as the henchman and spokesman of the Cameron interests no less than his own, is the true inwardness of the inmost central wheel of the entire knavish machinery. We all know how and by what means he got



there; precisely as the Chicago *Herald* seems to know how Carter Harrison climbed through martyr-like self-sacrifice and ever increasing poverty to his enviable stylite pillar of fame in the politics of Illinois. Remarkable gentlemen these, both of them, each showing in his way that, spite of geographical and other climatic and moral influences, the refined rascalities of politics are not confined to either party, but are as likely to blaze out in hell-flames in Chicago as to smoulder through pious smoke in Philadelphia.

But, to Quay and the Sunday question. And why this pious zeal for the "Sabbath" on the part of the Keystone statesman? All the world knows of the antipathy and opposition that existed between Quay and Harrison throughout the whole of the latter's presidential term; and all the world knows why. Quay made Harrison president, and the Indiana gentlemen did not sufficiently recognize the fact; thought that Wanamaker did it; thought that he could get along without Quay, and the denouement proves the power of the little man from Beaver, Pa., and the natural stupidity of the gentleman from Indiana. Harrison goes out, after such failures and domestic losses, that one's heart cannot help feeling tenderness for him, however much one may pity and condemn his lack of hind-sight and fore-sight. But Quay stays in, and though said to be a poor man, has bought an expensive house in Washington, means to stay, has in a word coalesced with Wanamaker and the two have new schemes in their heads. How do I know this? I gave them the schemes they are now to pursue, but they cannot win; not without paying where pay belongs.

All the world knows of the political and general stupidity of Wanamaker. Quay having accepted Wanamaker in the republican political machinery of Pennsylvania, and having used him and his money and having secured for him the position of postmaster-general, Wanamaker was no sooner in office than he blundered, among other things, noted in previous GLOBES, into the stupidest of all blunders of presuming that it was Harrison, and not Quay, who had elevated him to office, and that Harrison, not Quay, was the man for him, Wanamaker, to pet and trust in and look to for future honors, and Wanamaker's poor broken reed organ, the Philadelphia *Press*, was stupid enough, for advertising and other purposes, to side with Harrison and Wanamaker and to dream and talk of Quay's resignation from the United States Senate, etc. The poor organs, and the poor organ grinders, what a time they do

have in this world ; what fat offices they secure at times, and what eternal contempt from all upright men.

However, so it happened that, notwithstanding the Hon. Senator Quay's well-known pious habits, he and Wanamaker were not bosom friends during the Harrison administration ; and when Wanamaker used to attend early prayer meetings at the White House, it is said that Quay was seldom there. In a word, the lines were drawn, and while without any thought of shooting each other ; in fact with bottom thoughts that each might need the other again one of these days, the two men kept on separate sides of the fence during the Harrison dynasty.

With Harrison out of the way however, the bone of contention was gone, and both dogs might get into the manger and eat, not a bone, but plenty of good meat to their heart's content ; why not? But how? Clearly to the sagacious vision of Prophet Quay, the bread and butter of national politics had gone to the democrats ; none of that for Quay & Co., for four years at least, and perhaps forever.

Clearly also to the vision of Prophet Quay, as pounded into him by the two elections of democratic Governor Pattison in Pennsylvania, the Quay and Cameron political machine in that State could not hold the State against the independent mugwump, pious element of the astute republican voters ; hence the necessity that Quay himself should become pious or stand in with the pious ex-postmaster in defense of the " Christian Sabbath," etc. ; in a word, by a pious rouse at first ; second, by a card not yet played, make a new figurehead of Wanamaker, in Pennsylvania politics, so catch the pious mugwump element of the State and at least hold the fort, and the spoils, and the hell-fire—money power in Pennsylvania, if not in the nation.

For this latter scheme the editor of *THE GLOBE* is to blame. He it was who, in *THE GLOBE*, and to individuals near enough to Wanamaker and Quay to suggest the matter, first conceived and promulgated the plan. But it is too late for execution.

The mugwumps of Pennsylvania are not largely Wanamakerites ; have grown to doubt his piety and to question his sincerity in all lines ; and while they would have supported him for governor two or three years ago, it is very doubtful if they would do it now that the Quay ear marks can be so clearly seen.

These, however, are the reasons, ladies and gentlemen, why Prophet Quay is in favor of closing the Chicago exhibition on

Sundays. May his plans and all the plans of that new and pious shoddy firm of Quay, Wanamaker & Co. utterly and eternally fail till no shred is left of their business on the face of this beautiful world.

W. H. THORNE.

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## A CHAT ABOUT ART AND AUTHORS.

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### RESULTS ARE THE COLORS OF EVENTS.

Long ago Seneca asked the question of to-day—"What is the difference between old men and children?" One cries for nuts and apples, and the other for gold and silver—the one sets up courts of justice, hears and determines, acquits and condemns in jest, the other in earnest—the one makes houses of clay, the other of marble."

The eternal restlessness is upon us whether it is the disturbance of nations or the spring fashions. To the crowd the infinite means the various. The clang of change and inter-change keeps the ear acute. Materialization gives body to speech. Our eyes would turn from the everlastingness of the mountains were it not for the consolation of the elements. The very fripperies of fashion have the dignity of facts and the semblance of science. We hedge ourselves within a picket-line of *ifs*. The tailor rescues us with rule and measure—no Greek among us to fling the drapery of freedom in defiance to the cramped slavishness of cloth—so we sophisticate ourselves to the necessity, and gaze into shop windows with the cult of cut and design strong upon us. Shades and combinations become conscientious devices and irrevocable decrees.

We are not to be outwitted by the friend who was before us yesterday. Goldsmith had the insight of the thing when he pictured the Vicar's daughter as prude or *coquette* under the dominance of her gown. Thus outward appearances become inner sensations, and material things the *morale* of one's life to some degree. Could a nun tell her rosary in the frivolity of a "reefer jacket" in so recollected a spirit as in the pervading seriousness of her sombre habit?

What is this subtle inter-relationship between us, *our very selves* and artificialities and textiles? Signs and advertisements lead us into



strange ways and fictitious circumstances. Emerson says, "Facts are the most beautiful of fables." To the thinker a blank wall is the rarest *palimpsest*—from which to compose creations and paint visions. It has the unfathomableness of the sphinx. It aims afresh from the despair of meaning to the highest language. One may con volumes from its inexpression. Every stone is vantage ground to the far-of-sight and the venturesome foot. Literature has often the density of a jungle rather than the frankness of a pathway. Most of our authors are tailor-made.

There is One who walked unseen among us, the music of whose voice penetrated only the finer spiritual hearing of the few, but who in the silence and gloom never lost his footing. Richard Realf held the inner secret of humanity—and touched surely and tenderly the rust-worn chords of nature into a newer vibrance. The leaf of the rose nearest calyx and anther he uncovered petal by petal to the very heart of its beauty.

"And up, unscreened, to the seeing soul, past and present and future rise, bearing their secrets in their eyes."

The spell of a great presence is still upon us and the air is redolent with the incense of sound—a beautiful pathetic personality—an artist who carries his God-given gift as a sacrament in the *ciborium* of his soul. He lifts the consecration of his life on high and his spirit breathes the holiness and power of self-reverence. Paderewski possesses this to potency. In the benediction that has fallen upon his life he has the grace of gratitude and the graciousness that is the efflorescence of greatness. In his playing his technique is too perfect to be *en evidence* for criticism. His art is lost in its own perfection, "as one who has climbed a mountain height and carried up his own heart climbing."

Paderewski gives back to each composer his own, with the tonal perfume gathered from the music of his own nature, and becomes, as it were, the spiritual incarnation of the composer. He has the "seeing eye" into the heart of all music—he is just to all and to himself, he is one to whom the piano has utterance, and from its voice all have fair speech. To him harmony must mean that he has caught the ear of heaven, and through it has drawn all melody unto his soul to sing itself forth in miracles of tone. He has indeed the power of *repose*, at the same time his exquisite emotion is the essential of his playing and his clear apprehension the safety of his effects. He has the elemental wis-

dom of his art, for he comprehends himself and "in a flush of individual life" he "poured himself along the veins of others." He has, besides, the patience of his convictions and never precipitates the audience into an anticipated climax.

There is a charming one-sided little work, "A Conversation on Music," by Anton Rubinstein, where the intention of the imaginary questioner develops Rubinstein's opinions in the most interesting manner on the most engrossing of musical differences. Speaking of the enforced necessity of distinguishing the forms in music by giving them programme designations, he says:

"The publishers are mostly to blame for that. They compel the composer to give his composition a name in order to spare the public the trouble of having to apprehend it, and many titles such as *Nocturnos, Romanze, Impromptue, Caprice, Barcarole*, etc., having become stereotype, facilitate the understanding and rendering of the composition for the public; otherwise these works run the risk of receiving names from the public itself." And here Rubinstein speaks of what has vaguely disturbed many whenever the Moonlight Sonata is heard. He says, "Moonlight demands in music the expression of the dreamy, fanciful, peaceful—a soft, mild radiance. Now the first movement of the C sharp Minor Sonata is tragic from the first to the last note (the minor key itself denotes as much), a beclouded heaven, the gloomy mood of the soul; the last movement is stormy, passionate, and the exact opposite of peaceful radiance; the second movement alone would in any case allow of a momentary moonlight, and this sonata is universally called "The Moonlight Sonata."

I am sure Rubinstein has by the insistence of this truth banished this rift in the reason when listening to that matchless creation and it must be the endeavoring to work oneself up to the idea of the moonlight mood that has made the interpretation of this sonata so difficult to so many attempting it, and so unsatisfactory, particularly in the first part, beginning in the far-away, misty and mystic manner which so often falls flat of the intention. Rubinstein says, "I am in favor of *the to-be-divined* and poetized—not of the given programme of a composition." This same thought applies to all art. The happy reader is he who reads between the lines.

Art is the sublimation of the real with no boundary but the shadowy outline beyond which we feel rather than see the elusive

loveliness of the ideal. The great composers write well because their thoughts have matured through experience. They have felt what they utter. He can to some extent explain himself, but to impart what his art is by explanation is the incommensurable failure of any language—the unseen, unheard wings of infinite hosts—shelter from the despair of finite bounds. Elsewhere Rubinstein says: “You will perhaps have noticed that all the greatest of those of whom we have spoken until now have intrusted their most intimate, yes I may almost say, most beautiful, thoughts to the Piano-forte—but the *Piano-forte Bard*, the *Piano-forte Rhapsodist*, the *Piano-forte Mind*, the *Piano-forte Soul* is *Chopin*. Whether the spirit of this instrument breathed upon him or he upon it;—how he wrote for it I do not know; but only an entire *going-over-of-the-one-into-the-other* could call such compositions to life. Tragic, romantic, lyric, heroic, dramatic, fantastic, soulful, sweet, dreamy, brilliant, grand, simple; all possible expressions are found in his compositions, and are all sung by him upon his instrument. He says: “In hearing Mozart I always wish to exclaim: “Eternal sunshine is music, thy name is Mozart” and of Beethoven—

“Mankind thirsts for a storm—it feels that it may become dry and parched in the eternal Haydn-Mozart sunshine; it wishes to express itself earnestly, it longs for action, it becomes dramatic; the French Revolution breaks forth—Beethoven appears.” This passage opens the way to mention a most readable work lately published by A. C. McClurg & Co.—*France in the Nineteenth Century, 1830–1890*—by Elizabeth W. Latimer; the illustrations are fine and helpful. The writer has the divining rod of detail, and from the overlapping of crowded scenes she touches as with a magic hand the waters of bygone events and disturbs only the agitation of the waves that bore onward the people of importance, whose sails were ever upon a sea of venture. Her work is evenly balanced—opinions do not obtrude, she simply brings truth to the surface and leaves human nature its own coloring. The book entrances with glamour of romance—it charmingly asserts, but does not analyze, and does not bewilder one with bristling figures; her pen is something better than the moving hand on a timepiece. Pathos touches deep here and there. The exquisitely sad letter of the poor Queen Amélie, written after the death of her eldest son—the Duke of Orleans, her beloved Chartres—adds the touch that



makes the world akin. Chartres was his first title before his father, Louis Philippe, came to the throne. The first few lines of the letter run thus: "My Chartres—my beloved son; he whose birth made all my happiness, whose infancy and growing years were all my occupation, whose youth was all my pride and consolation, and who would, as I hoped, be the prop of my old age—no longer lives. He has been taken from us in the midst of completed happiness, and of the happiest prospects of the future, whilst each day he gained in virtue, in understanding, in wisdom, following the footsteps of his noble and excellent father. He was more than a son to me—he was my best friend. And God has taken him from me."

It is said the death of the young duke was the greatest blow that could have befallen Louis Philippe—not only as a father, but as head of a dynasty. It speaks of the cordial friendship existing between Queen Victoria and the king, and of her visit to him at his Chateau d' Eu. This friendship was broken in after years by the conduct of the king in his treachery to England in the matter of the marriage of Duc de Monpensier to Isabella. The king not only forfeited the personal favor of the queen, but he obtained no chance of the throne of Spain by his device. There is a great deal of interest concerning Alphonse de Lamartine—whom she tells us was "a Christian believer, a high-minded man, by birth an aristocrat, yet by sympathy a man of the masses;"—here I think she quotes from another writer, possibly Mrs. Oliphant in Blackwood's Magazine; it says: "He was full of sentimentalities, of vainglory and of personal vanity; but no pilot ever guided a ship of state so skillfully and with such absolute self-devotion through an angry sea, for a brief while, just long enough to effect his purpose. He was the idol of the populace." The account of the wonderful career of Louis Napoleon is intensely absorbing—"The Man at the Elysee" or *Celui-ci*" reduces fiction to a dead level of commonplace compared with his extraordinary moves upon the chess-board of public affairs. The narrative of the unfortunate Maximilian's short-lived honors is very interesting. The queen wrote of him to her uncle Leopold:

"The archduke is charming, so clever, natural, kind, and amiable; so English in his feelings and likings; with the exception of the mouth and chin, he is good looking, but I think one does not the least care for that, he is so very kind, clever and pleasant. I wish you really joy, dearest uncle, at having such a husband for

dear Charlotte. I am sure he will make her happy, and do a great deal for Italy." How far from all presage of coming misfortune was the outset of this royal young couple—royal in estate and royal in the fastness of devoted love. It is hard to recall the sequence; as a matter of fact, it seems a super-imposed picture of tragedy caught by morbid imagination rather than actual occurrence.

"France in the Nineteenth Century" is a most fascinating work, and trusting the reader is already drawn to the threshold of its real worth one may be sure of no flagging in its perusal when once taken up.

"Familiar Talks on English Literature," also brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co., are exactly what the title indicates. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the author, has made a careful and conscientious gathering of noted writers, embracing the epoch of English literature from the English conquest of Britain 449, to the death of Walter Scott. The style is particularly adapted for young people to whom the days are too fair for musty tomes or many-volumed records of the men of renown, or to others to whom more scholarly work might be a patience-taxing undertaking—all necessary and fundamental facts are given, founding in the mind a radical knowledge from which other and eager growth in broader fields may be induced. There is a certain condescension which is almost a mannerism in her writing; it is the teacher with her class—but after all the pupil has the gratification of having learned what was purposed to study, and the sensation of finding the duty self-imposed unexpectedly pleasant and agreeable; one may skim along the surface of deep waters, getting all the sunlight, but it is the diver who secures the pearl. There are people who have a mission and do their measure of good often more surely than those who found kingdoms. So the writer who teaches the times in clear and unmistakable tones calls more to her hearing than the voice from the cloister of a deeper teaching. Mrs. Richardson's book has well fulfilled its promise, and it is a valuable acquisition to the general reader.

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

GLOBE NOTES.

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THE GLOBE notes of this the last number of the third volume of THE GLOBE must begin with a confession, an explanation, and a partial promise "not to do it again." First the confession, that many of my dearest and best friends, Catholic and Protestant, have, time and again, protested in all gentleness and kindness against the severity of language used in many of THE GLOBE's denunciations of public men, and that these protests are exactly in accordance with my own best convictions and with my own silent comments upon this special phase of my work—that is, when I view this work in an unimpassioned light, and think of it only from an æsthetic and an artistic standpoint.

By way of explanation, however, I have to say that if I had allowed these æsthetic and artistic impulses and motives to govern me I never should have founded THE GLOBE. My own nature shrinks from giving offense, and used so to shrink from the possible consequences of giving offense that a few years ago I might have been selected as the last man in the world to undertake and execute work of this kind. But before founding THE GLOBE the world in many aspects of it, and notably in some of the individuals herein severely criticised, had so revealed to me the pitiable, despicable and hellish side of it, albeit, under the guise of friendship, goodness and piety, that I felt in duty bound to found a magazine that must and would call many things and persons by their right names instead of whitewashing them, gilding and varnishing and venering them, as was and as still remains largely the custom in the popular sectarian and secular reviews and periodicals of the day.

In a word, as I have had to repeat time and again, THE GLOBE was founded avowedly to fill a prophet's mission, not toward the heresies, but toward the guarded and almost sanctified moral falsehoods of the religions, the politics, the education, the art, the sciences and the commercial and social life of our day: hence it had to be and has to be, my dear, dear friends—has still to be different from the average reviews of the times. And could I reveal to my critics the countless atrocious facts in my possession regarding the lives of the individual and other subjects treated severely in these pages, and could I further reveal to them my own



relation to these, as a man sworn and consecrated to defend the truths of Eternal justice, they would see at least that they, in their refined and secure calmness, were not capable judges of what is my own duty in the case.

Personally, I have not an unkind feeling toward a human being on earth, in heaven or in hell. But toward many of the things done, and the teachings taught, by so-called representative men in our age, I have, and for the best and clearest of reasons, as God in His own time will make plain, an unutterable loathing and contempt. And above all I have seen and still see that the day had come and has come when the falsehoods, the burning falsehoods of the age, that wealth is the savior of the age; that physical science is the savior of the age; that journalism is the savior of the age, had to be and have to be driven out of the modern mind, if need be by whirlwinds of blood and death before the age can ever see or dream of seeing what its true savior is, and forever must be for all ages, worlds without end: namely, that justice and truth, clothed with poverty and mayhap, covered with blood, must save us, and that dives, whether in the plethoric pockets of mere blatherskites like Ingersoll, DePeugh, Carnegie and Wanamaker, or in the knavish and repeated failures and rascalities of great railroad corporations like the Philadelphia & Reading for example,—or in the embezzlements and universal scandals of bank-presidents and cashiers, or in the petty robberies of mere stock boomers and highwaymen, never had been, has been or can be anything but a more or less refined manifestation of the volcanic cinders of hell; and finally, by way of explanation, that all this had to be and has to be made plain, not by anarchists, dynamiters, boycotters, charlatans, cranks and strongminded female reformers, but by respectable and responsible, law-abiding, standard, consecrated, honored lives and literature. To this work I have given my life; and I ask you to be patient with me, my friends, till you see the end.

As a partial promise, however, I have to say; that such work as the Ingersoll article in the last GLOBE, though utterly becoming the subject, was, and was at the time felt by me to be utterly unworthy the dignity of THE GLOBE and its editor, and that kind of thing shall not appear in THE GLOBE again; will not, in fact, need to appear again. It has done its work forever. It was a cross of humiliation that I felt bound to endure, and inside of ten

years—unless he repents—the man Ingersoll will be held in such universal contempt in this land—spite of its corruption—that a Burns society or a Lincoln Club would as soon think of inviting Judas Iscariot to come from perdition and orate to them as to think of calling Robert Ingersoll to that honor. Toward Ingersoll himself I have only the kindest of feelings, with a certain admiration for his claptrap smartness. But for years he has been making sport of the sacredest things and beings in this universe. It is time that every man who loves God and truth should make sport of Ingersoll.

\* \* \* \* \*

Indirectly, and in a sort of roundabout way, it has come to my knowledge that certain Catholics of the fossil and platitude family are intimating that the articles in *THE GLOBE*, though admittedly entertaining, hardly treat of subjects adapted to a "Review." Now I have a very definite word for these people and through them, for all the readers of *THE GLOBE*; first, that this matter was plainly stated and explained in the earlier numbers of *THE GLOBE*, where I emphasized the fact that with malice aforethought and with the most calm and determined purpose *THE GLOBE REVIEW* never would copy after the old-fashioned reviews of the old world or the new; that while it would treat literature in all seriousness, and make it the leading theme of its considerations, it would treat literature as a living and not as a mechanic or dead thing; that it would avoid utterly and absolutely the dry-as-dust-methods of treating books and literary subjects; and instead of this old method, work into its articles all the spice and fire and freedom and flash of thought that literature, as a living, burning question and element of modern life deserves.

I do not ask or expect the fossil and platitude critics of Catholic or Protestant literature to agree with me in this, or to approve and commend my course. If they were wide-awake enough to do that they would soon be wide-awake enough to produce matter like my own, and would proceed at once to do so. In truth I expect them to disagree with me—am glad of their disapproval and am quite willing that they should go on in their old fossil and platitude and hide-bound and timid and slavish way with their own work as they have been doing without serious effect these many years; in truth I have a certain admiration for their ways; far greater than they have for my ways; but the living men and women of this age do not

read their platitudes, and as I am editing a review for the people to read and enjoy and be inspired by I naturally do not follow the dry-as-dust-plateau methods. Above all I want these fossils to know that *THE GLOBE* is not like their ideals, because the editor of *THE GLOBE* does not know how to do work like theirs, or to get it done by the cart load, free, but because the editor of *THE GLOBE* from its first issue until now has been resolved to avoid the dry-as-dust and plateau style and to speak his living thought in such living words that all classes of men and women can read, enjoy and understand.

As a matter of fact, however, *THE GLOBE* from its first number until its last has been a more condensed, careful, far reaching review of the subjects it claims to treat than any other review published in the English language during these past three or four years. And I appeal from fossil Philip drunk, and saturated with platitudes, to Philip sober, with his wits sharpened, in the future when I am dead and gone. In a word, I am not publishing a review for fossils and cranks, Catholics or Protestants, much less for slaves and hypocrites, and I do not ask or expect their approval. They may well thank their stars if I let them alone and do not expose their poor fossil platitudism. Again, I have learned with regret that certain critics, of the very small calibre species, have expressed surprise that *THE GLOBE* should have published an article by Mr. Snell after he had made the unfortunate domestic step which led to his excommunication from the Church. To this I have to say, and am glad of the opportunity of saying, that the article by Mr. Snell in No. XI of *THE GLOBE* and his article in this number were both written and sent to me while Mr. Snell was a member of the Church in good standing; that the articles certainly did not freeze, or become heretical, or contract cholera or any other contagious disease on the way; that they were plainly written in a spirit of beautiful and true loyalty to the Church; that they do not treat of Catholic dogma; that they are scholarly and able articles, treating of subjects that thousands of *THE GLOBE*'s readers, Protestant and Catholic, are interested in; that through private communications from Mr. Snell since his excommunication I know that at heart he still is and desires to be loyal to the Church, that my hopes and prayers are that he will yet find a way to return to the true fold of God; that *THE GLOBE* is a literary, not a dogmatic review, as I have before stated, and finally, that from my standpoint,



that utter lack of Christian charity which will at once pounce upon a man and try to damn him and belittle his ability, and pick holes in his work when that work is clearly and avowedly on the side of Christian and Catholic truth, simply because of an error of judgment based upon an unfortunate affection of the heart, is a lower and more dangerous phase of infidelity to Christ than is the bold atheism of Bob Ingersoll; and while my independent judgment, my heart and my conscience all approve of and accept the final rulings of the church as final and infallible, and while I would joyfully accept those rulings in my own case and accept them in the case of others as final, even if I did not individually and at that moment approve of them, I view only with pity and sorrow that tendency on the part of Catholic and Protestant people to jump upon a man when he is down and because he is down. Finally that if the critics of Mr. Snell or of my action in publishing his excellent articles will only write anything half as good as his instead of wasting their petty faultfinding on the air of history already tainted with such stuff, I will most gladly publish their work in *THE GLOBE* and so help them to a better life and a higher reputation.

And if I know anything of the signs of the times and of the demands of the higher Christian life, Catholics everywhere, in these days need to add to the beautiful and perfect Catholicity of their dogma the diviner Catholicity of Christlike and Apostolic charity toward one another and toward all pure-minded people throughout the world. And again I say I am glad of the opportunity thus forced upon me, of saying that as I read history this battle is the last great world battle, the last great world drama of the soul to be played, the last great world victory for the Church to win before entering upon the worldwide freedom of the human race which is at once to be the supreme victory of Christ and His Church and the safety and glory of the human soul. And that before and in possession of such thoughts as these it is of little moment to me what mere fossil critics in general think of me or the articles I admit to the pages of *THE GLOBE REVIEW*. In a word and finally I have a baptism to be baptized with and a work to do that oblige me to take small notice of the petty faultfindings and the petty jealousies of such petty and pitiable men.

The prosperity of *THE GLOBE* continues unabated, and one of the most encouraging among recent words was a letter from a priest who said he would take *THE GLOBE* just as freely if the editor were a Quaker. I hope this may encourage some of my Quaker friends to get the spirit to move them a little toward a freer and fuller utterance of their own testimony against the crimes of these days. The hearts and ears of men are waiting, longing for a deluge of condemnation of the real iniquities of the times; and, in many ways to be pointed out in our next issue, the Church seems to be waking anew to her immortal mission of salvation.

Every day since the last issue of *THE GLOBE* letters and notices, precisely in the spirit of the brief extracts published in that issue, have been coming to this office, making a total of beautiful brotherly voices of appreciation and encouragement from all parts of the United States, Canada, England, and far-off Australia, such as few men have ever received, and for which I am moved in these closing notes of this the third volume of *THE GLOBE* to express my tenderest and still unutterable gratitude, affection and fraternal loyalty to all that is Catholic and human and true in the Church, and in the broad and generous heart of the race.

As a new type of these more recent communications, I give an extract from a letter received from Archbishop Redwood of Wellington, New Zealand, just after the January to April *GLOBE* had gone to press.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Wellington, New Zealand, Dec. 23, 1892.  
MR. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE, Editor of *GLOBE REVIEW* :

DEAR SIR : Last mail brought me the October number of *THE GLOBE*. \* \* \* Well, I don't know when I have read, or rather devoured, anything with such thorough gusto. \* \* \* Allow me, sir, to add my feeble tribute to your merits as a writer which are, or soon will be worldwide. You promised much when you undertook your great task, and you have nobly and completely fulfilled your promise. Your *REVIEW* is undoubtedly one of the ablest in the English language. Your matter is most suggestive and thought stirring, and your style—it has every quality suited to your purpose. Such clear, pure, trenchant, natural, powerful, and downright masterful English it has rarely been my pleasure to read. Your pen is a great power—may God be blessed for giving it to you, together with the admirable light of the true faith,

and may He long preserve you to use it triumphantly for His cause especially at this time when that cause so much needs clear-headed, able, outspoken and fearless champions.

Put me down as a subscriber and \* \* \* \* Believe me,  
 dear sir, Yours truly,

FRANCIS REDWOOD, S. M.

*Archbishop of Wellington.*

Words of this character are coming constantly, not alone from men of culture and of high position in the church. Catholic priests and Catholic and Protestant laymen and women, by the hundred, are just as generous in their words of approval and of praise. In view of such blessed ministry I should be the most inhuman and ungrateful of men, were I to step aside, as at moments I have been tempted to do, to reply to the few poor, cringing and suspicious souls who, in a sort of patronizing hypocrisy, have by tongue and pen and conduct tried to misrepresent and injure me and the work I am trying to do. Rather let me say here, even to these, that for the sake of the dear Christ who has died for us, for the sake of the dear and holy Church on whose broad bosom of love and wisdom we all rest, and for the sake of the kindness I know that even my enemies would feel for me if they understood, and for the sake of all the dear martyrs of immortal love, I feel only kindness even to my foes.

I do not claim omniscience or perfection, but am I not trying to do a work that all good men should approve? And would I do it or dare to try to do it, if I had not suffered for the truth as few men are willing to suffer?

It is natural to resent suspicion and to pay it back in its own coin. It is natural to resent injustice and to expose the cloven hoof of an enemy. It is natural to feel exalted by exalted positions and the honors of exalted approval.

But before heaven, I say to the readers of THE GLOBE, I am not living to indulge these natural desires.

It is natural, even for the added influence it gives, to parade the dignity of one's position, but before heaven I say to the readers of THE GLOBE I have not time to give thought to these things. In a word, to me, clear as the sunburst of a cloudless dawn, the spirit of Christ, the spirit of immortal charity, yea, the spirit of supremest wisdom, and the utmost, consummate reaches of spiritual power are not only contrary to these things, but infi-



nately superior to them, and by their own gentle, subtle, immortal energy of conquest are forever sure to win without them.

I do not claim at all moments to live this perfect life of charity, but it is my one, my only ideal, and I try to live it, try to write it. It marks the law of my existence, and sure as heaven is heaven, and God is God, it is the only ideal worthy of human ambition, and is the only power that always wins.

Even in this, my enemies will misunderstand me, but to them, in farewell, be they Protestant or Catholic, I say, give all your powers for one year or one day, or one perfect hour to the ideal of perfect charity, and every dogma, much more every bigotry and falsehood and vice and crime will seem to you as idle tales and the mere cinders of a burnt-out past existence.

Thanks dear, dear friends for all your kind words and encouragement, and could I open my heart and show you the peace that has come to me in the past year, and show you how, in my office, in my rooms, and in my teachings at the college, and in all my intercourse with men, I am ever consciously grateful for this peace, and what an unutterable tenderness of fraternal regard I feel for all true Catholic souls; much more could I show you the labors and cares still endured in order to keep the work of the GLOBE before the world, I am sure that some harsh notes that come to me would have a milder and a sweeter tone, and that we should better understand each other in the mellow light of that immortal love which alone is master of the world.

W. H. THORNE.

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P. S.—I have wondered a good deal just how THE GLOBE ought to treat our great Columbian Exposition. It is certainly to be the greatest show on earth. No words of mine can adequately describe the energy exerted to bring it to its present state of forwardness; but as all the newspapers and all the illustrated periodicals have done the Exposition over and over again, and are doing it still, I have concluded to wait till the work is finished and the exhibits in position; then, if it should seem worth while, to review it in a kindly but critical mood.

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The condition of my health demands that I should rest awhile, and it is possible that the next two numbers of THE GLOBE may issue in September and December instead of August and Novem-

ber ; but the business of *THE GLOBE* goes on all the same ; each subscriber will receive four numbers for his or her two dollars subscription, and if there should be a delay of a month in the next issue, no one, I am sure, will complain. Meanwhile let me urge all readers of this number who have not yet sent in their subscriptions for this year, to do so without further delay.

W. H. THORNE.

716 Title and Trust Building, Chicago.



#### THE BLIZZARD.

More fatal than the desert's poisoned breath,  
That smote Cambyzes' hosts in days of old,  
And covered all the land of Nile with death,  
Slaying with shafts of heat, as thou with cold !

Not idle were the dreams the Tuscan dreamed,  
That torments worse than e'en the flames of hell,  
Were felt where fields of ice forever gleamed,  
And hapless ghosts stark froze where'er they fell !

\* \* \*

Though storm and danger linger on the track,  
We know that sunnier days will come again ;  
Faith, veiled and vague, may coyly stand aback,  
But hope comes smiling to the homes of men.

The Son of Man was born at such a time,  
The sun low-hanging o'er Judea's plain,  
The darkest age of all the eastern clime,  
Gave birth to Light that ever will remain.

CHARLES F. FINLEY.





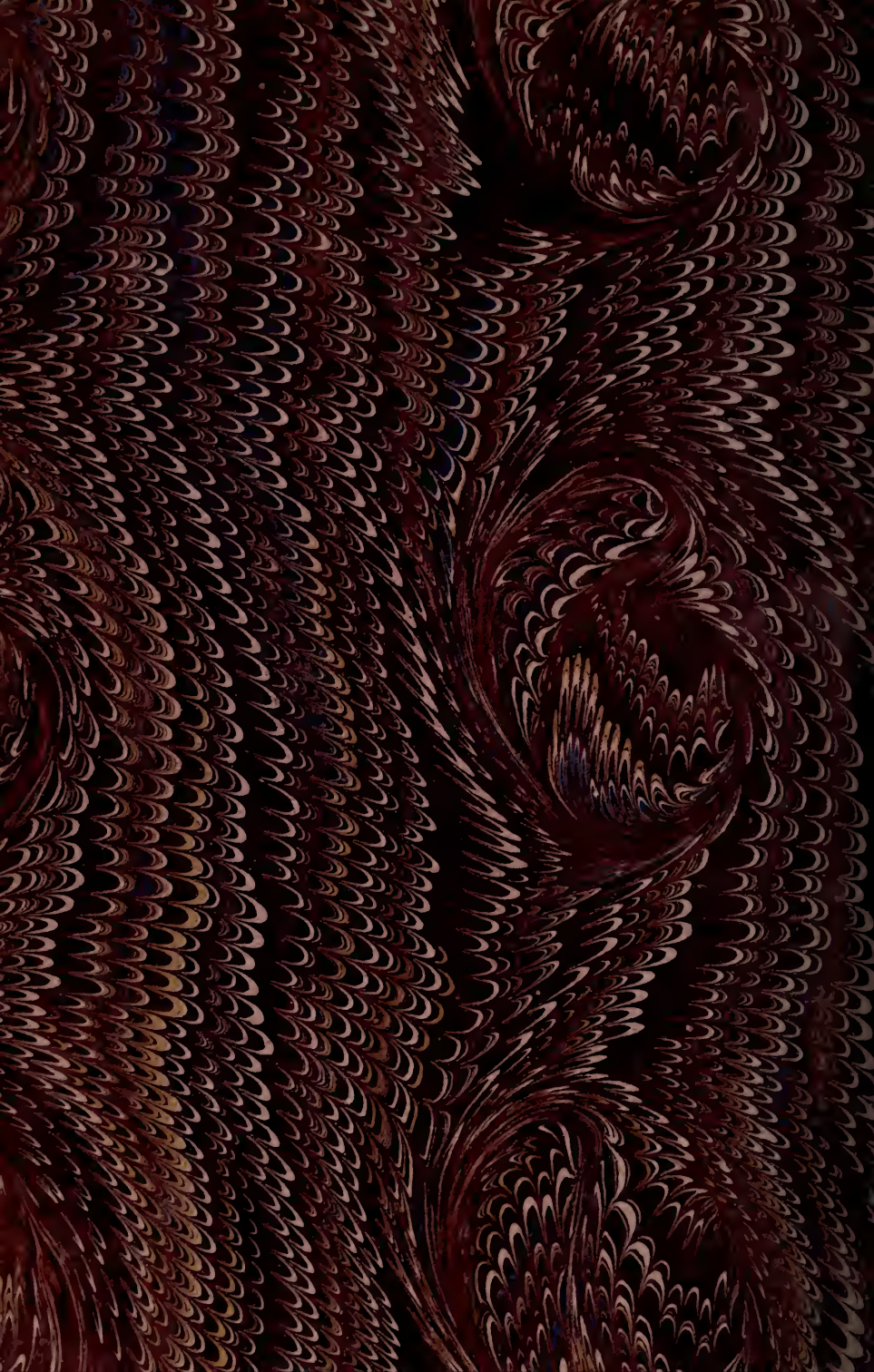












GLOBE, The.

1892-93  
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