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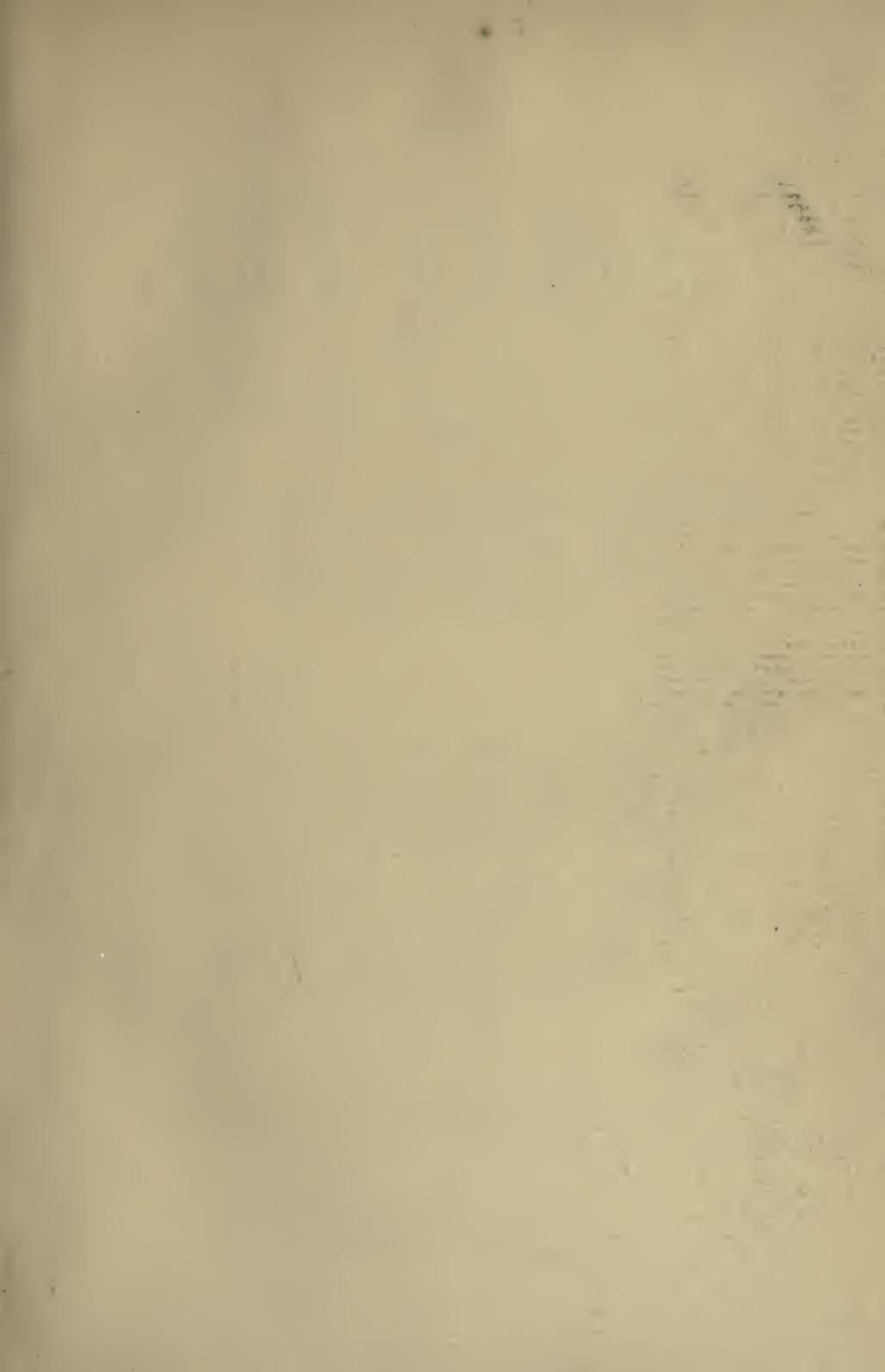
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THE
GLOBE

A

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

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

Author of "Modern Idols," "Quintets and Other Verses," etc.

VOLUME IV.

1893-94.

A. F. Simard
2.17.97
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Address: 100 Washington Street, Chicago.

112 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia.

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NOTICE OF THE GLOBE REVIEW.

“Nothing extant of which I know anything in the way of thought can compare with your living words.”

RT. REV. THOMAS A. BECKER,
Bishop of Savannah.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XIII.

AUGUST TO NOVEMBER, 1893.

POPULARIZING CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

It is an old story that Catholic truth and Catholic art and Catholic worship are at the heart of all that is best in Protestant worship, art and literature. It could not be otherwise, as the child surely inherits the soul of its parents, differentiated to suit the new whims or destiny of the child. All this has been traced and magnified by many authors and in many ways.

For a long time I have been thinking of the other side, the reflex of this story, viz., to what extent the Church has already learned from and adopted the ways of modern, aggressive Protestantism; to what extent she is still doing this, and to what extent it is safe, wise and desirable to do so.

Until quite recently I, like other Protestants, was wholly ignorant of the liberty, the pliability and what one might almost call the Protestant and popular tendency of the Church in many of its relations to modern thought and modern ways.

I knew the Church only, or mainly, from the rear pews of its cathedrals, and from a touch of acquaintance here and there with a priest, at long range, and it is only during the last year or two that the perfect and heavenly meanings of its beautiful devotions, which have so often moved me to tears, are dawning upon my reason and finding a responsive approval in my mind. And now I am often asking myself, is it wise for this Church, which has such a store of history, of art and of power to draw upon—is it wise to

let go this hold even for a moment or to a hair's-breadth in order to catch the ear and interest of the wayward and worldly heart of our day and generation?

The object of this article is not to reflect upon Catholics who may disagree with or disapprove of my conclusions ; nor especially to advance any theory touching the subject in hand, but rather to record a series of thoughts and experiences that have for years been part and parcel of my own most sacred hours.

All persons making any pretention to familiarity with English literature have read and admired Wordsworth's beautiful poem,

AN INCIDENT AT BRUGES,

Beginning:

In Bruges town is many a street,
 Whence busy life hath fled ;
 Where without hurry noiseless feet
 The grass-grown pavement tread.
 There heard we, halting in the shade
 Flung from a convent tower,
 A harp that tuneful music made
 To a voice of *thrilling* power.
 The measure, simple truth to tell,
 Was fit for some gay throng ;
 Though from the same grim turret fell
 The shadow and the song.

And all the readers of Wordsworth are familiar with the well-worn illustration of a nun sitting by her harp and singing while she plays, that always accompanies this poem.

Perhaps for a quarter of a century, perhaps for a generation, I had known the poem, and had dreamed and wondered if I should ever realize in my own experience an incident similar to the one here recorded by the master of our English meditative poets ; and I think it was just a year from the day of this writing, viz., on the first Sunday of the month of May, 1892, when I had the honor of being the guest of Very Rev. Father Walker, Chaplain of the Dominican Convent of St. Clara, at Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., that my long-cherished dream was more than realized.

From the first day of my visit I had noticed a beautiful harp in the beautiful dining-room where, waited on by a nun, as by an angel, I had taken my meals ; and occasionally as I sat in the adjoining parlor I had heard the harp as if it were being played by pupils at their lessons. So when Sunday came, having now learned

which of the sisters was the music teacher, I asked if I might have the honor and pleasure of listening to some selections on the harp. I would gladly mention this sister's name, but I know that she, being as modest as she is gifted, would feel hurt rather than complimented; so, simply leaving this hint for the million-fold Protestant girl so anxious to get her name in the newspaper, I go on with my story.

My request was granted, and together with some visiting priest and one or two sisters of the convent I listened for the first time in my life to a nun, clothed in the white and beautiful garments of her order, as she, with firm and thrilling touch, wakened those harp strings from their still slumbers to strains of music that would have brought tears of joy and gladness to the eyes of a far less sensitive Protestant nature than mine.

First there were a few strains from some classic Catholic composers; then, as if all the better soul of Protestantism had united with the true soul of the Church, this dear nun—God bless her—played the air that all Protestants know and love to sing to their beautiful hymn,

“Nearer my God to thee.”

I need not say that I was amazed and glorified. I had time and again wept to the same music in the family devotions of one of the loveliest Protestant families I had known in my boyhood and young manhood. I had wept to this music in many a Protestant prayer meeting, while the heart rose within me to newer and stronger pledges of consecration; and now, to sit in this lovely room and actually listen to the same music on the harp, played by a nun of the Catholic Church, was a beautiful and heavenly pleasure far beyond my utmost earthly dreams.

In a moment the harp ceased its devotional strains, and the room was filled with the dear old air of “Annie Laurie,” then “My Country 'tis of Thee” and so on, for half an hour, which marks for me one of those pure, white, star-lit, sun-clothed episodes of existence, all too few of which come to bless the daily toil and stress of this busy world. And all this, I said to myself, is what we Protestants have thought of and condemned as Catholic bigotry and the mother of sin! Ladies and gentlemen, I need not tell you that in one heart at least that Sunday afternoon there was a temple, and in it an altar and a holy of holies, in the innermost shrine of which some worship was attempted, although mayhap utterly unworthy of the altar and the hour.

I passed a thousand details of incident and thought only to say that this was the first clear and full revelation to me of the fact, not only that there was a tendency and in fact a willingness in the Church to accept and use whatever was good in Protestantism, but of this wider fact and reflection that the Church in all ages, from its birth in the burning agony of the Son of God till these latest hours, had always accepted, appropriated and used the best the human race had to offer in the way of art or thought or power, and had made it subservient to the divine purposes of its own divine mission in this world.

In its incipiency it took the ripest results of ancient Greek culture as these had matured in the philosophy of Alexandria and wrought them into its own divine philosophy of the Incarnate word. Later it took the ripest of all Eastern and Asiatic theological definition and wrought it into the philosophy of its own divine revelation of the Trinity. Later still it took all that was richest and best in the old ritual of Hebrew and Hindoo and Greek worship and wrought it into the divine ceremonial of its own divine faith and worship; and age after age, guided by its own morning star and its own new and perpetual dawn of heavenly light, it has taken all that was best and most beautiful in the love and art and thought of the race and wrought these into the love and art and thought and worship of its own ever evolving divine prayers and songs. And, of course, being in itself divine, and guided by the divine, free as God, yet bound as heaven to the eternal law of perfection, it will still take all that is good in the human race and use it for the divine glory.

After a thousand blessed experiences that occurred during my visit to St. Clara's, the crowning blessing of which was my reception into the Church on Pentecost Sunday, 1892, I had the honor of visiting one of the ablest and most scholarly of the pioneer priests of Chicago. It will be a surprise to many Protestant readers of the GLOBE to learn that in the library of this priest, as in others since visited, I found many of the standard works of modern Protestant authors; and in our conversation found this man and his assistant priests more than willing to listen to the Protestant side of any of the great theological and ecclesiastical controversies of modern times.

From this priest I learned with amazement that he had a regular gymnasium connected with his parish work; quite after the

manner of the most approved methods of the "advanced" Socinian parishes of New England; learned that in their efforts in the calisthenic line they had even introduced dancing lessons, which might have been going on to this day had not some of the girls insisted upon a too pronounced bloomer costume, leading of course to priestly protest and a final banishment of pious dancing. I am not speaking of these things, much less of this pastor, to condemn any of them, but simply to point out to the readers of the *GLOBE* certain so-called liberalizing tendencies inside the recognized and old-time pastoral guidances.

I learned still further from this pastor that during the previous winter he had introduced a series of popular evening services in his Church, and was then getting a hymn book printed which, along with an Anglicised version of the service of the benediction, contained some excellent Protestant hymns, and that the congregation being mainly Irish, and the object being to arouse a sort of combination of patriotic and Catholic enthusiasm, these hymns had been set to several old and familiar Irish airs not at all of a pious order; all this being quite in the line of the latest outbursts of modern methodism, which does not hesitate to take the popular song tunes of the day and adapting their hymns to said tunes make them the leading attraction in their evening services; all again in harmony with John Wesley's own notion that the devil has no right to the best tunes.

Here again I am not mentioning these things to condemn them or approve of them, but simply to record a Catholic tendency of the times. Catholics also have their "Youth's Hymn Books" all in English, set to tunes very much after the order of the "Gospel Hymns" of the Moody and Sankey *fraternities*.

In various meetings and conversations with Catholic priests and laymen I have also found a genuine expression of admiration for many things in the Protestant methods of our day.

Catholic priests do not hesitate to praise the manifold benevolence of Protestant men and women of wealth who bestow their fortunes on the building of various homes for the aged and the infirm, and who give priceless endowments to Protestant institutions of learning, and they say frankly that Catholics have much to learn and imitate from Protestants in these lines. Other Catholics admit freely that in the matter of literary advancement and enthusiasm Protestants, as a rule, excel Catholics, and everywhere

priests and people are bestirring themselves in order to discover and practice a more popular English and American utterance of their religious faith.

In the same line it is well known that some Western Catholics of considerable eminence have been smitten with the wordy glamour of the women's rights movement and the so-called reforms agitated by women of the type of Frances Willard & Company. Were it proper I could give some very amusing incidents of expressions of Catholic enthusiasm in the latter direction.

But alas, "Mother Goose for Old Folks" hits the nail on the head with considerable accuracy:

"Chain up a child and away he will go.

I have heard of the proverb interpreted so."

In this latter direction I have not hesitated and do not hesitate to say frankly that I think Catholic women will find far better, more rational, saintly and effective examples of woman's true work and sphere among the representatives of their own Church, and I think that Catholic women who are already enamoured of the Protestant Frances Willard sisterhoods could not do better than to take *earnestly* for a few years to a careful mending of their father's or their brother's or their husband's stockings, if only by way of discipline and intelligent *christian benevolence and far-reaching* duty. There is great comfort in a well-mended stocking. In other and more dignified regions I have heard Catholics make much of the fact that Bishop Kean, of the Washington University, had been invited to deliver an address before the Unitarian Club of Boston, and that His Grace, the eloquent Archbishop of Philadelphia, had, on different occasions, been invited to address Protestant bodies of people in his own city.

In the case of Bishop Kean his address was so liberal that the Bostonians wanted to make him a member of their Unitarian Club. If the Archbishop of Philadelphia had been speaking to them they would doubtless have been moved to offer him still greater honors.

It is still more to the point that the now almost venerable Father Elliot has concluded to let his beard grow like a man, and to go forth in apostolic fashion to preach the gospel of Catholicism to the heathen Protestantism of our day. That is, as I understand the newspaper and other reports of Father Elliot's proceedings, he

is to preach the gospel of Catholic faith in various halls in various cities with much the same plainness of surroundings that accompany Mr. Evangelist Moody. In a word, Father Elliot's movement is one of many in the Catholic Church, all going to show that the Church, without losing any of her central conservative power and authority, is ever ready and willing, in fact on the watch, to consider and adopt for its own uses whatever is truly and spiritually aggressive and saving and popular in the world's thought and action now as of old.

In truth, when well looked into, it is this cosmopolitan capacity of growth, evolution, adaptation and change of front, much more than its rigid dogma, that marks the divinity of origin and the conquerless, all conquering divinity of the Catholic Church. Being of divine origin, and being conscious of the divine presence and guidance to-day, as well as in the first day of its baptism of blood, the church is always ready to meet and adapt or adopt any new manifestation of the divine that credibly commends itself to true Catholic authority.

I do not pretend to intimate here that the several tendencies just referred to have commended themselves generally to the Church, or to me, as having any very large proportion of divinity in them. For my own part I am inclined to think that some of said tendencies may have a very much larger proportion of the devil than of the divine. But let us give the devil his due and every honest man a chance, and every honest priest a chance to try the spirits of "our day" whether they be of heaven or of hell.

Still on higher ground than that already trod it is well known that among certain classes of Catholic priests and laymen there are thinkings that the service of the mass should, in English-speaking countries, be said in English, particularly that the Epistles and Gospels, or, as Protestants would put it, that the Scriptures should be read in English. Moreover it is happily true that in many services of the mass the Gospel is read in English, and a certain portion of it made the text for the shorter or longer sermon of the day. It is also a well-known fact that in certain Eastern missions, notably among the Marionites, permission has been granted to say mass in the language of the people in whose presence the beautiful service is enacted. Perhaps it would be still better if the theology and philosophy of the Church were taught to each student in the vernacular of his nativity. Again

it is a well-known fact that in certain portions of Canada lay members of the Church act, together with the bishop of the diocese and the priest of each particular parish, as a committee of management or trusteeship of management of all Church property and of Church expenditure, and that thus the pure monarchical method of our American Catholic system of managing parishes is greatly modified. In a word, there are in many quarters and in many ways touches of democracy and a tendency toward a more popular adjustment of Church functions and Church ministry ; and these, I take it, are some of the live questions that the young blood and the newer and more democratic divine grace and wisdom of our day had better be looking into. I sometimes think that if the Church could speak out quickly, as Christ spoke to his false friends and foes, it would now and then say, "Have done with your fulsome flattery and utter words and perform works worthy of me and my glorious history."

A popularizing movement somewhat in the line of this spiritual suggestion has been brought to my notice through the work of Father Lentz, of Bement, Illinois. Father Lentz, like many another pastor, feeling that the missionary machinery of the Church might be a little cumbersome, and that he would like to exert an influence for good beyond as well as within the limits of his own parish, conceived the idea of forming a prayer league for the conversion of this country ; and in order that all persons willing to devote a portion of their time to praying for this object might use the same form of prayer, a special prayer has been prepared, and something over one hundred thousand copies have already been printed and distributed, and no doubt used to the great benefit of the race. The prayer is sent free of charge to all applicants. This movement, though in no sense an imitation, is quite in the line of the Protestant custom of devoting the first week in each year to prayers for the especial conversion of the world.

On still higher ground, nay, even the highest, all the world is familiar with the fact that the utterances of Leo XIII. have virtually, though not openly, placed the Church in close and perfect harmony with the masses, with labor, almost with certain socialistic tendencies of certain labor movements as against the classes and capital and the monarchical and *often* judicial thieving and arrogance of modern times.

In a word, the Church, by the utterances of its supreme head, seems so inclined to popularize its attitude these days that many

are questioning how can it hold its old influence over thrones and princedoms and at the same time put itself in touch with the republican and even socialistic advancements of our day?

I do not pretend to be an official interpreter of the utterances of the Holy Father, nor do I wish to commit the GLOBE or myself to any other man's interpretations of those utterances. I am inclined to think that the interpreters of Count de Mun's interpretation of the total tendency of recent Papal utterance have overshot the mark alike regarding the Holy Father's relation to modern socialism and to modern Judaism. I do not think that to any extent his utterances approve of modern socialism or condemn Semitism. He is too wise a man to be carried away with the *light weight* tomfoolery of a man like Henry George, and he is too good a man to join with that ignorant mob in all nations who seem to think that selfishness is a viler thing in a Jew than it is in an Irish or English so-called Christian.

Clearly to me, however, the official utterances of Leo XIII. prove his *radical* reading of the fact that justice and charity are the ruling forces of the universe and of nations, and that unless capital and the ruling classes treat labor and the working classes with more justice and charity than is the custom to-day in any Christian nation on earth, why then that the masses, as of old, will be justified in taking the reins in their own hands and driving the teams of modern nations according to their own notions of things.

That is precisely what the so-called masses in the United States and France have already done. I make this latter reference only to suggest that to my mind they have simply uncovered deeper and deeper hells of selfishness and crime in human nature by so doing, and have not, as far as I can see, improved the moral status of the race one iota by the operation. But to return, the sublimest of all the modern popularizing tendencies of the Church is plainly in this same *asserted* attitude of sympathy with the cause of the masses; and all this has my own hearty approval so far as the cause of the masses anywhere is based on the eternal principles of justice and charity and right reason.

Unfortunately, their cause is often as damnable in its principles and methods as the worst cause that the worst kings and the worst capitalists outside perdition were ever engaged in.

But perhaps I had better give my own comments upon these tendencies somewhat in the order that I have mentioned them here.

First then, alike in Protestantism and Catholicism, I am utterly, totally and eternally opposed to all the secular business undertakings of the Church; hence, most unutterably opposed to all gymnastic and other amusement affording provisions of the Church. I think there is an essential and an eternal difference between what a Church is in this world to do and what a gymnasium, a theater, a tavern, or a gambling hell is in this world to do, and I think it is the first and last business of a priest to make that distinction as sharp, albeit as charitable as possible. I think further that those pastors, Catholic or Protestant, who have not piety or intellect or industry enough to make the established services of the Church so interesting and profitable that their flocks will be glad to attend them without any of the winning accessories of gymnasiums, pious dancing parties, amateur theaters, etc., etc., had better resign their business of the priesthood and go to bootblackening, or money grubbing, or theaterizing, according to their several tastes and abilities; and that the sooner the Church is rid of this infernal *incubus* of worldly priests and parsons who understand everything better than they understand how to preach or practice the Gospel of Christ, the better for the Church and the world.

Second: My own experience teaches me that the services and ceremonial of the Church as practiced for ages are the divinest means under heaven to touch the *moral* and spiritual nature of men and women, to rekindle the dormant power of the spiritual soul of the race; to save men, in a word, from their bodies and their own errors and immoral ways. My own experience teaches me that there is more divinity of saving inspiration in the classic music of the Church than in all the Irish jigs that ever were danced or sung.

I like a jig; I like a dance; I do not object to gymnastics or a well ordered ballet; but I am talking of those eternal forces that God uses for the spiritual inspiration and salvation of the human soul. I do not think the Irish jig tunes are built that way. They are not in it, if you will pardon the slang.

In the same spirit I should be inclined to criticise certain phases of Father Elliot's movements as I understand them; but with far greater reserve. In a word, in this latter tendency the motive is as exalted as the method is doubtless apostolic, and if the Church is ready to accept the consequences of this popular movement, well and good.

Among them will doubtless be these ; first, that a consecrated Church and altar, with the primal idea of sacrifice, are not necessary in order to the full proclamation and reception of the Gospel of Christ and that is practically Protestant ground. Second, if it is better to preach the simple Gospel without the average and consecrated accessories of the Church and altar, why resort to *all* this ceremonial at all? If otherwise, why not adhere to the Church and altar service exclusively and persuade men to come there ; make your words so flame-like and glorious that they cannot stay away, and if they persist in staying away why let them go to the devil where they belong.

I do not feel that I have experience or knowledge enough of Father Elliot's methods to offer an independent opinion ; hence I only mention the natural arguments that flow into any Protestant mind when facing this Catholic tendency. But I confess that my experience teaches me to feel a jealousy regarding any slighting or modifying of the beautiful, the perfect, the fullest ceremonial of the Church simply because I have found these things as they stand, in the star-like daily worship of the Church, the beautiful, the perfect, the saving and glorifying *ministeris* of my own soul.

As regards the popularizing attitude of the Church toward socialism, the Father McGlynn episode and all that it means in modern life, I have satisfied myself first that Henry George and his disciples, and his isms, except so far as his *first premises* are a *rehash* of the Gospel of Christ, and therefore such as he and his disciples have no right to claim as original, are a set of half-taught lunatics and lunacies utterly unworthy the respect, much less the following of any decent thinking man. In an early number of the *GLOBE*, I intend to take Mr. George's books and the catechisms of some of his fool-smart followers, and expose the stupidity of the entire business from core to rind. Hence I will only take time here to say that in my judgment priests who find more Gospel in Henry Georgeism and single tax-ism than they do in the plain and simple Gospel of Christ, *applied individually*, through the divine grace of the Church, should not wait to be turned out of their parishes, and then wait till some good friends have opened the way to their return, but that all such priests should voluntarily leave their parishes, confess that they have found a newer Christ and a better gospel, and take their chances along with the single tax cranks of the times. As regards the full and final official utter-

ances of the Church itself as related alike to Henry Georgeism on the one side, and wild-cat socialism and dog-in-the-manger Knights of Laborism on the other sides, I have no doubt that the divine conservatism, justice, wisdom and charity which have guided the utterances of the Church in the past will guide those utterances in the future.

As a matter of fact the French Revolution, the American Revolution, and organized modern socialism represent more godless disobedience to lawful authority, more moral and spiritual blindness, more commercial dishonesty, more inhuman and ignorant law making, and more infidel newspaper twaddle about our advanced civilization, etc., than were ever before crowded into the bewildered brain of this planet in twice the number of years or centuries.

And again, as a matter of fact, the Church can know neither rich nor poor, bond nor free, Gentile nor Jew, Englishman, Frenchman, Chinaman, Italian nor Irishman, but must recognize simple obedience to its own grace and law as the one and only criterion of Christian manhood and true civilization. It cannot join with the masses as against the classes. The very constitution of its inmost soul renders such action impossible. It cannot, therefore, be anti-Semite any more than it can be anti-Asiatic or anti-Irish. For all nations and all conditions of men are of one blood, and the business of the Church is to inject the grace of heaven into that blood till all race *prejudice* and all class *prejudice* shall have been rooted out and damned and *burnt* and buried amid the deepest and blackest ashes of hell.

And when I hear of race prejudices amongst Catholics I pity the poor, untaught inheritors of the stupidities of their native provincial and backwoods patriotic training and pray God for such an outpouring of His grace in and through His Church as shall make these ignorant fossils decent Christian men and women.

There is a Christian *communism* and there is a Christian socialism, but before Henry George and Herr Most and W. V. Powderly can know anything of that they will have to give up many of the tomfoolisms in which they are now trusting and on which they are growing fat at the sacrifice of eternal justice and truth among their fellow men. As regards Anglicising the service of the Mass or giving it in each case in the language of the people to whom and for whose benefit the Mass is said, the

movement has my entire sympathy and approval, with certain limitations.

It is well known that at the present time in English-speaking countries many books of the Church service are printed in parallel columns of Latin and English; that many of the most elaborate musical compositions that were written for and that have become sanctified by their use in the service of the Mass are printed with both Latin and English words. It is also well known that many beautiful prayer books are printed mainly in English with devotions intended to accompany the service of the Mass; so an intelligent service of worship is realized even when many of the worshippers may not understand the Latin portions of the Mass.

In a word, as matters stand to-day there is no lack of Catholic provision for an English form of worship during the service of the Mass; indeed this is so true that many so-called high-churches of the Episcopal Communion practically say the Catholic Mass every Sunday, and this may be the connecting link of many a blessed union by and by. Of course I am very familiar with what is lacking at the altars of our high-church brethren, but I am glad to see their acknowledgment of the need of the essentials of the old and honored Catholic history and usage.

My own feeling is that all the utterances of the priest at the altar should be in the language of the people for whom and to whom under God, his service is rendered. On the other hand I would continue to use the Latin for all those portions of the Mass that are sung by the choir, and I would have books printed containing all these portions in Latin and in the vernacular.

In this way I have glanced briefly at certain Anglicising and popularizing movements at present asserting themselves in the Catholic Church; mainly to let Protestant readers understand that there is this great liberty in the Church alongside of and in willing and loving subjection to the central conservative power of the Church in which we all glory, and to which we all bow in loving obedience when that authority is used.

W. H. THORNE.

OUR SOCIAL IDEALS.

There has long been a feeling in many quarters that there is something radically wrong with the social adjustments of our age, and especially of our own country. While the material conditions of happiness seem to have been vastly improved, as compared with other times and other countries, yet the happiness which they apparently ought to produce is evidently lacking. The masses of the people, here perhaps more than anywhere else, are restless and discontented. Such considerations lead many to ask whether our democracy, or even the whole social and economic structure of the modern world, may not be a colossal blunder. Hence arises a cynical disinterest in political affairs among patrician or pretentious classes with a visible leaning toward the institutions of which the crowns and coronets of the Old World are the symbol. Hence also socialism, communism, anarchism.

The observation is almost a trite one that the character of a nation, like that of an individual, is determined by its ideals. Nothing is more essential to true progress than the possession of ideals which are just and valid and appropriate. Now may it not be that in our eager disputations about the exterior conditions of the popular welfare we have too much overlooked the interior? May it not be our ideals rather than our taxes, the direction of our aims rather than the distribution of our goods, which demand attention most urgently and most imperatively from those who look to the healing or alleviation of the disorders of the body politic?

Let us suppose the question to be answered tentatively in the affirmative. It then becomes a matter of serious consideration, "What are the true social ideals, and what are those under which the present social conditions have arisen?" And when we say social conditions we refer, let us repeat, not to any exterior adjustments of social relationships, but to the conditions of mind, the attitudes of men toward their fellows and their environment, and the happiness or misery, contentment or discontent, which results from it. For it appears to be these very interior conditions which alone give rise to a social problem, since if all men were happy and contented no one would think of desiring to make any change in existing economic and political arrangements.

This evident fact is overlooked by most of the teachers and guides of the people. Who is there, when called upon to address

a public school or some other gathering of youths, that does not feel it his duty to say to them: "Be ambitious, work hard, and you can be whatever you desire; you can be president of the United States, you can be chief justice, you can be at the head of the legal or medical profession, you can be governor of the State; in short, every career is open before you, and it will be your own fault if you do not succeed in attaining an honorable and dignified position among your fellow-men." All this sounds very well; but when analyzed it shows itself to be in the highest degree injurious both to the individual and the commonwealth. It means that the young men of the nation are to direct all their energies toward the one aim of raising themselves out of the sphere of life in which they find themselves into some higher one; and that those who do not succeed in doing so are to be looked upon as personally responsible for the lowliness of their position.

Let us see what results from this. In the first place, an almost universal dissatisfaction. For there are only a certain number of positions or a given degree of dignity and importance to be filled, and these will be all filled in any case. However numerous the aspirants may be the available space in the higher walks of life remains the same; and such spurs to youthful ambition as we have noticed can have no other effect than that of making all those who by the working of inevitable laws are excluded from them either discontented with themselves or indignant toward the few who are holding against them the prizes they covet.

It seems strange that these very patent considerations should be so often lost sight of. If all men were saints and geniuses, there would still have to be just as many barbers and scavengers and hod-carriers and stone-breakers and fishermen and farm hands as there are now. In so far as the pressure from below has any effect apart from the production of universal discontent, it serves only to so overcrowd the professions which are the object of aspiration that those really qualified for success in them are often thrust to the wall, and there is a constant and enormous overflow into the gather all of the proletariat. Many a good artisan is spoiled to make a bad lawyer, who, sooner or later, being crowded out of the profession, is forced to betake himself to some petty clerkship, and will very likely end his days on the highway or in the alms-house.

Those who succeed in the mad struggle for pre-eminence consider themselves justified in despising those who fail, attributing

their failure to a lack of pluck and perseverance ; while those who do not succeed are apt to be discouraged, and, feeling that their lives are hopelessly wasted, take no interest in the labors to which they are driven and perform them in a slipshod or indifferent way. A more vigorous type, when they see their mates, who have perhaps been no more assiduous and wide-awake than themselves, rise to positions of eminence while they remain hidden in the undistinguished herd of nameless poor, feel personally aggrieved and cheated, and swear vengeance against the whole class which seems to monopolize the heritage to a share in which they have been taught to consider themselves entitled.

The great majority of those whose lives cannot be said to be particularly marked either as successes or failures suffer, not only from their share in the general discontent, but by actual deprivation of a real and possible success in their unwise endeavors for a meritorious and unattainable one.

Those in any profession who have no special talent for it would have succeeded far better in some other in which they might have found themselves had it not been for their contamination with the false ambitions which are in the air; while they who are fitted by nature for success in it now find the up-hill road more difficult, and perhaps even wholly impracticable, owing to the host of incompetents by which it is thronged. The latter is especially true in the realms of literature and the fine arts.

It must be evident, upon reflection, that the ideals which cause the poor and unsuccessful to become an object of scorn, and which make the rich a target for hostility and envy, which lead honest handicraft to be despised and simple labor to be slighted, which place the mediocre in embarrassing positions which they cannot fill, and multiply difficulties in the way of the talented, which on all sides are causing work to be ill done, and lives to be ill-spent—it is evident, I say, that such ideals, whatever may be their sanction, are fundamentally false and pernicious.

As soon as the inquiry is made, "What are the true social ideals," the answer cannot but suggest itself: "Those by which men will be enabled to fulfill most perfectly the duties imposed upon them by their various positions and environments, and to attain to the fullest possible degree of happiness or at least contentment." From the considerations already urged it appears that the true ideals must differ for different states of life. There is the ideal

master, and the ideal servant; the ideal employer, and the ideal employe; the ideal statesman, the ideal lawyer, the ideal carpenter, the ideal farm-hand, the ideal boot-black, and even, it may be, the ideal beggar.

If the place exists to be filled some one must fill it; and it may be filled either well and gracefully, or carelessly and rudely. The saint, the genius, or the artist can envelop with grace and dignity any position, however humble, in which he or she may be providentially placed. If every one made a fine art of the fulfillment of the duties of his or her own state in the most thorough and perfect and beautiful manner; if those in the lower walks of life looked up with reverence and affection and teachableness to those in the higher, and if the latter in their turn realized and fulfilled their responsibilities toward all those whom they might aid by their fortune, their example, their counsel, their instruction or their affectionate interest, few, indeed, would be the social problems still calling for solution.

The aim which ought to be held up for the emulation of our youths is, not to rise to the highest possible level of society, but to perform in the most assiduous and ideal way the duties of that sphere in which by Divine Providence one may be placed. They should be taught, first of all, to be good men and women, according to their light, and good and useful citizens, and in their craft or trade or profession to be thoroughly devoted and competent. Genius can never be suppressed, and needs no artificial stimulus. Special talents of any sort will not fail to make themselves manifest; the painter will paint, even though, like Benjamin West, he must needs improvise his brushes out of the end of a cat's tail. The result of such a change in popular instruction would be to make classes of men who now are listless and discontented begin to take an enthusiastic interest in their daily duties, and to lead back to the walks of honest and useful industry the children of those who, through a fatal pride, begotten of false criteria of success in life, and of noxious theories regarding the relation of human dignity to place an avocation, are dawdling away their years in the banalities of petty clerkships, or eking out a miserable existence in the garrets and gutters of idle and vicious poverty.

Let it not be urged that the theories and aims which we are combatting are necessary consequences of the democratic conception of the constitution of society. Democracy does not

necessarily mean that every one is "just as good as any other and a great deal better," as many seem to think. It is quite possible to recognize the justice and desirability of political equality,* without attempting the impossible task of reducing all the members of society to the same social level and inspiring them with identical aims. Attempts to make war upon the law of specialization of function in society are worse than Utopian—they are suicidal. What St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians regarding the Christian Church is fully applicable to society at large :

"For the body also is not one member but many. If the foot should say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body ; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear should say : Because I am not the eye, I am not the body ; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye where would be the hearing? If the whole were hearing where would be the smelling? But now God hath set the members, every one of them, in the body as it hath pleased Him. And if they all were one member where would be the body? But now there are many members indeed, yet one body. And the eye cannot say to the hand : I need not thy help ; nor again the head to the feet : I have no need of you. Yea, much more those that seem to be the more feeble members of the body are more necessary."

If democracy contradicted these axiomatic truths it would thereby have written its own condemnation ; but happily it does not. A theory which proclaims the essential dignity of every honest avocation, however humble, and teaches all persons, whatever be their station in life, to take pride in the perfect accomplishment of the duties toward God and the commonwealth which it demands of them, certainly tends, far more than any opposing one, to promote that mutual respect and sober consciousness of equality as men and freemen which one might well expect to find among the citizens of an ideal republic.

It is possible that certain of the readers of these paragraphs may not be prepared to recognize the prevalence among us of the mistaken ideals and aims which we have pointed out. But to many it will be at once evident that if the energies of all men were bent upon filling in the most exemplary manner the posts at which they find themselves instead of upon escaping from their fancied meanness or hardships, we should not only have a far more well ordered

* But there is no such thing even as political equality with us.

society, with far more artistically elaborated details, but would be able to substitute a general contentment and sobriety for the envious restlessness and the painful and extravagant aping of one class by another, which are almost universally recognized as real and most ominous features of American life.

Some one who sympathizes with the main thesis of this article may perhaps query whether or not the present state of feeling is not an inevitable corollary of the superior education and intelligence which we are accustomed to attribute to the people of the United States. The burden of proof certainly rests upon those who so assert, in view of the clear nexus existing between that state of feeling and the kind of teaching which the past few generations have received at the hands of those who have assumed the direction of their aspirations. When we see beside the effect a controllable cause adequate for its production, we cannot assert it to be in the very nature of things without the same sort of superficiality which our ancestors displayed when they considered the truism "God made it so" a sufficient answer to any and every problem of natural science.

If it be admitted that such a deplorable condition of popular feeling exists only where those social ideals that we have stigmatized as false are dominant, and that a general state of contentment and practical interest in immediate duties is found in all countries and times which have been under the influence of those indicated above as the true ones, all doubts must disappear, and we are bound to recognize that a happier state of society is within our reach. It may not be attainable at once and everywhere, for the evils are now deeply rooted among us; but if a truer teaching comes to prevail the experience of a very few generations will suffice to prove that popular happiness is perfectly compatible with popular intelligence and education.

At any rate, it would appear to be worth the while of our students of social science to take into serious consideration the question of whether the psychological conditions of popular welfare are not at least as important as the material ones, and whether there may not be some grain of truth in the suggestion of Shelley's lines:

Once peace and freedom blessed
 The cultivate plain.
 But wealth, that curse of man,
 Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
 Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty
 Fled, to return not until man shall know
 That they alone can give the bliss
 Worthy a soul that claims
 Its kindred with eternity.

—*Mercin-Marie Snell.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

LONDON, August 15, 1885.

The death of Mr. Ruskin is now expected momentarily.

The above dispatch was received in the United States on the day indicated. During the afternoon of that day I wrote the following article and it appeared the next morning in the *Philadelphia Times*. From that day to this the world has been startled now and again by cable dispatches announcing Mr. Ruskin's insanity and approaching death; and the present seems to be an appropriate time to publish this sketch of him in the *GLOBE REVIEW*:

With infinite and peculiar reluctance intelligent and earnest people are everywhere reading the news that John Ruskin is insane and slowly dying. Within the last year even there has been so much vigor in his work that no one expected that his end was near. There was so much work yet to be done that he alone could do as it ought to be done, so much still expected of him, that it seems like a violation of the natural order of things for such a man, now only in his sixty-seventh year, to pass out of a world in which he always has filled a place never filled in any nation so well before.

Though born in comparative luxury, John Ruskin has always been a martyr to conscientious, enthusiastic labor and self-sacrifice. He was too full of thought ever to be idle and too full of a sense of duty as learned in the nursery from the Sermon on the Mount ever to become a consenting member of a state of society he believed to be radically wrong in its purposes and organization. Hence his forty years of active labor have been also years of bitter internal conflict and of conflict with all the flippant and selfishly idle and sensually base members of modern society. It is a finely organized life, a human incarnation of art and beauty taken to prophecy and martyrdom; not only no easy task, but an infinitely arduous and exhausting task; hence perhaps an untimely end.

John Ruskin was born in the city of London in February, 1819. His father began business as a wine merchant, with no capital and considerable debt inherited from his grandfather. The father paid the debts of the grandfather,

and people called him a fool. When John grew old enough to know what his father had been and had done, and when the father died, our seer had engraved on a granite slab over his grave that he was "an entirely honest merchant." This honest merchant had also "a rare love of pictures"—an innate faculty for the discernment of true art. When John was yet a child the father used to take him in their private carriage through many parts of England, stopping always in towns where fine pictures were to be seen. So young John Ruskin got his bias for art, already having the bent in his blood; and so also he saw many of the finest castles in England, and grew fond of those types of architecture which seem more a part of nature than anything else in the way of human structures to be found in this world.

In his early years he had read Walter Scott's novels, the *Iliad* in Pope's translation, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and always the Old and New Testaments, which latter his mother, hoping to make a preacher of her son, insisted that he should manage to read through about once a year. So he learned the *Apocalypse* by heart, got the Decalogue engraven in his being, saw the far-reaching meaning of St. Paul's fifteenth chapter of *First Corinthians*, was touched with the glory of the Sermon on the Mount, and hence, being an honest soul from the start, never could quite adopt the Coleridgian moonshine or the Gibbons and Macaulay rhetoric of the age in which he was reared.

In his boyhood, besides the influences just mentioned, John Ruskin had all the advantages to be obtained from private tutors of such education as a boy can learn. In 1839, age twenty, he was sent to Oxford University, where he gained the Newdigate prize, with a poem entitled, "*Salsetó and Elphanta*." A few years later he published a small volume of poems. But he was not a poet, had the fine instinct to discover this fact, and the rhyming business went its way to oblivion.

He was graduated at Oxford in 1842, devoted himself to the study of art, apparently expecting himself to be a painter; learned water-color painting with Copley, Fielding and J. D. Harding, mastered the technique of drawing and became incarnate art, as we said and as every product of his pencil has clearly shown. But in London at this same time there was a poor boy studying water-color drawing and making popular pictures to earn his bread. Two rarer young men than young Turner and young Ruskin never grew up together in the same city, with the same longing and much the same powers, and Ruskin only failed of being a first-rate artist in water colors and oils because he saw even in Turner's early works a truth of nature, a depth of sky and a splendor of heaven's light that no painter ever before had drawn, and because the sight of it captivated his soul.

So John Ruskin dabbled in poetry and touched art with a firm hand to find that a greater than he was already in his chosen field, and that to explain Turner's art in its relation to world art, and hence to explain what world art means in its relation to world morality and religion, was the bounden duty of his own existence. Hence, in 1843 John Ruskin published the first two parts (now known as the first volume) of "*Modern Painters: Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to All the Ancient Masters*. By a Graduate of Oxford." And so the light was kindled that burst into a nation's eyes; that

started ages from their accepted slumbers; that made John Ruskin enemies and worshipers for life and won him a splendid immortality.

"Modern Painters" is an appeal from sleep and formality to nature and sunlight and open eyes, and honest accurate industry. It made Turner the typical incarnate painter of nature, that is, of the truth and spirit of nature, and it was the most eloquent, soulful, splendid writing England had then ever known. The second volume of "Modern Painters" followed in 1846 (with a revised edition of the first), the third and fourth in 1856 and the concluding volume in 1860. It represents the highest type of English genius; the latest product of all the English ages of civilization gone to an attempt to reconcile nature's endless, inspiring beauties with the human soul and to lift the sordid, mercenary world into some consciousness of what eternal glories it is missing every day and hour.

Having learned in England all that England had to teach by her pictures and buildings, Ruskin traveled extensively upon the continent of Europe; made hundreds of drawings to show the minute parts as well as the general structure of European palaces, castles, cathedrals and ruins, from nature sketched the mountain slope, the geological formation, the snow-drift and the torrent, the turn of a leaf, the curve of a vine, the lifting of the waves, the glancing of sunlight and the play of shadows—in a word, worked night and day in the line of his first studies, not to produce works for the market or for admiration, but to convince his own mind of nature's truths, so that he could utter and explain those truths in books that were then only in his own brain.

Out of all this came "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," published in 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," in 1851-53. These works only stamped deeper and deeper the image of this man's genius on the face of England and the world, and, though often abused and disagreed with, no man has arisen with strength of mind or with accomplished labor enough to destroy the truths that Ruskin uttered or in the least to dim the fame he then won. I am quite familiar with the many futile attempts in this line, most of them as contemptible as they are futile. In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1869 Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, where he afterwards endowed a Chair of Drawing. By successive re-election he held his position at Oxford until May, 1879, when he retired on account of poor health. This position he was persuaded to resume in January, 1883, but he again retired in April, 1885. In a characteristic public letter he gave his reasons for resigning, saying:

"Whatever may be my failure in energy or ability the best I could yet do was wholly at the service of Oxford, nor would any other designs or supposed duties have interfered for a moment with the perfectly manifest duty of teaching in Oxford as much art as she gave her students time to learn. I meant to die in my harness there and my resignation was placed in the vice chancellor's hands on the Monday following the vote endowing vivisection in the university, solely in consequence of that vote, with distinct statement to the vice chancellor, intended to be read in convocation, of its being so."

In a word, the conscientiousness in him, which was always even stronger than his love of nature or of art, would not let him work side by side, and

hence apparent justification of what seemed to him an unnecessary cruelty to animals in order to keep up the reputation of modern human science, the pretensions of which he deeply despised.

In tracing these two lines of his work Ruskin is traced from the beginning to the end of his career. But the works mentioned only indicate a part of his labor and do not touch some of the bitterest and hardest thinking of his life. During the same period he also published "Elements of Drawing," "Elements of Perspective," "The King of the Golden River," a juvenile fiction; "Architecture and Painting," "The Crown of Wild Olives," "Giotto and His Works," "The Two Paths," "The Ethics of the Dust," "Sesame and Lilies," "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," "Unto this Last," "The Queen of the Air," and "Aratra Pentilici," besides several pamphlets and articles in reviews, and in 1830 a collection of his own letters under the title of "Arrows of the Chace." In many of these, as in his "Fors Clavigera; or, Letters to Workmen," published in 1871, Mr. Ruskin returned to the fanciful sort of title chosen for his first Oxford poem, and it is only in one or two little works which he has of late edited for Francesca Alexander, a young American woman of rare ability, and for whom Ruskin had contracted a passionate admiration, that he has in title and in his words returned to the direct, simple English speech of his "Modern Painters and Stones of Venice." Thus in "The Roadside Songs of Tuscany," translated and illustrated by Miss Alexander and edited by John Ruskin, LL. D., we have something of the directness of his early manhood's splendid powers.

The story of Ruskin's domestic life has been told as follows: When between thirty and thirty-five he met and was delighted with a very pretty and graceful young woman of social position and culture. He admired her sufficiently to ask her to be his wife; and she, appreciating his gifts and scholarship, and flattered by the preference of so distinguished a man, accepted his offer. He questioned her, it is reported, as to the nature of her affection; expressed the hope that it was spiritual rather than emotional, mainly platonic in character, as he confessed his own to be. As may be inferred, she answered in the affirmative, and doubtless believed firmly every syllable that she uttered. With the mutual understanding that theirs was to be a union of minds, they were married. They seemed to get on pleasantly for a few months—at least it seemed so to the husband, absorbed as usual in study and writing. He greatly admired her beauty and never tired of praising it. Desirous of having her portrait taken, he chose his friend Millais, one of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood which had been founded as the result of Ruskin's teachings, to transfer her features to canvas. She gave the painter a number of sittings, and the husband was so much concerned in the work that he sometimes watched its progress. Millais was drawn at once to the young and lovely wife of his friend, by an attraction that appears to have been reciprocated. In plain parlance, Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell in love with one another, and were too weak to resist the dangerous passion. Ruskin himself is said to have perceived the fact, although the lovers had not been criminally indiscreet or unconventional, or even intimated one to the other the condition of their hearts.

The author of "Modern Painters" did not fly into a jealous rage, nor did he have a scene with his wife, as ordinary men would have done. He told her gently what he had perceived and assured her of his continued friendship and esteem, and of his earnest desire to promote her happiness at any price. Under the peculiar circumstances there was no trouble in obtaining a divorce. The matter was managed privately, without any scandal, and in due time Mrs. Ruskin became Mrs. Millais. They have proved from all accounts a most harmonious couple. A harmony built upon subtle crime all the same.

His Modern Painters did a great deal toward creating and sustaining what was and is known as the pre-Raphaelite movement in England, resulting at last, as Mr. Ruskin would explain, from an inevitable pandering to the luxurious and sensual tastes of the present generation in the utterly unnatural and untrue art of the sickliest modern English school.

His "Fors Clavigera" prepared the way for the organization of a company which is called St. George's Guild, the purpose of which Mr. Ruskin explained in these words:

I am not rich (as people now estimate riches) and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art workmen or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas day of this year, with the engagement to add the title of whatever I can earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? The object of such fund being to begin, and gradually—no matter how slowly—to increase the buying and securing of land in England, which shall be cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

We will try to take some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no steam engines upon it and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick, none idle but the dead. We will have no "liberty" upon it, but instead obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere we will go there quietly and safely—not at forty miles an hour, in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere we will carry it either on the backs of beasts or on our own or in carts or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our garden, plenty of corn and grass in our fields—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it—perhaps some of the old people in time may also. Little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men—nay, even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude magi, presenting, at such nativity gifts of gold and frankincense.

Later along, as to the work that had been done by the St. George's Guild, Mr. Ruskin, in November, 1875, said:

During these five years very signal distress has visited me. Everything I have set hand to has been unprosperous, much of it even calamitous; disappointment, coupled with heavy money loss, happening in almost every quarter to me and casting discredit on all I attempt. Under which conditions I proceed in my endeavor to remodel the world, with more zeal by much than at the beginning of the year 1871.

Apparent failure on all sides. His devotion to truth in art and to the demands of love lost him his wife, evidently then the most beautiful living

object in the world to him. His devotion to natural beauty and the health and virtue of English society as opposed to the unnatural make-believes we take for beauty in our smoky, machine-made cities and machine-driven lives lost him a good deal of his small fortune. But, nothing daunted, this earnest, seeing, dogged, splendid old man kept his face toward the sun and the stars and persisted that the nineteenth century was wrong and that he himself would remodel the world.

So he was broken as all true men ever have been broken with their own chosen burdens on their backs simply too heavy to be borne. Whether Mr. Ruskin's mild yielding up of his wife to the man who seemed to love her better than himself led to a twisted and a more inharmonious or a more exalted development of his own powers is hard to say. But that this act did deeply affect all his after years is plainly seen, and much of his apparent so-called crankness and want of harmony with the age are no doubt due to his unnatural existence. And somewhere in this mystery of heart loneliness is the secret of what will eventually be determined as the supremest victory or the saddest failure of his splendid being.

P. S. July 1st, 1893. Mr. Gladstone's recent action, offering to Mr. Ruskin the poet-laureateship of England, and Mr. Ruskin's acceptance of the same, can be understood and excused only in view of the fact that both of these excellent gentlemen have reached the period of their second childhood. There is absolutely no reason in it, and there is no other adequate excuse for it.

Since the death of Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin has been beyond question the leading literary man in all England. In his appreciation, understanding, descriptions and criticism of nature and art, hence in some of the very highest spheres of literary effort, Mr. Ruskin was always superior to Carlyle; in fact, in those lines he was superior to any man that England or the world has yet produced. Yet even in his treatment of nature and art Mr. Ruskin was a realist rather than a poet. A poet in the true sense he never was. Carlyle and Emerson both wrote verses. Carlyle had the good sense to quit early in life, seeing that he could never excel in that line. Emerson often indulged the wooings of the muse, such as it was, and there are not wanting fool critics who consider Emerson a poet; but even Disraeli with all his wild-cat notions, or Lady Ashburton with all her beautiful if questionable admirations for the great Scotchman, would never have dreamed of making him poet-laureate of England. And it seems to me that now is the time to state plainly that the laureateship does not belong to England's leading literary man, but to England's most representative poet.

Certain hack writers and talkers refer with confidence to the fact that Southey, not Byron, was made poet-laureate in the

previous generation. But Southey was a poet, and perhaps the most representative poet of the England of his day. Byron was by all calculation infinitely the greater poet of the two; Shelley even was a greater poet than Southey; but both of these men were in flat rebellion against all that the better soul of England has always stood for; and while, had I had the dispensing of the honor, I would without a moment's hesitation have given the laureateship to Byron rather than Southey, there were method and reason in the madness that crowned the milder man.

But all this is no excuse for Mr. Gladstone's unintelligent childishness in giving the laureateship to Ruskin. It is true, Ruskin wrote verses in his early manhood; it is further true that there was more poetry in his verses than there ever was or will be in the verses of Emerson or Whitman, and as the age is full of wiseacre-people who count these latter gentlemen as poets, it is not surprising that the American newspaper critic in general was ready to find excuses for Mr. Gladstone's recent action. Men that have no standard of morality find it easy to hobnob with wealthy or other thieves just out of the penitentiary. Men that have no standard of poetry find it easy to think this or that verse-writer a poet, if only Mr. Gladstone or some other political person gives them an excuse for so thinking.

There is at this time but one poet in all England at all worthy of the poet laureateship of England, and every man of culture knows that that man is Charles Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's habits are known to be somewhat convivial. They can hardly be more so than the habits of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and would her Majesty Queen Victoria be willing that the social or other infelicities of her oldest son should debar him from the right of succession to the crown of England? Let the good old lady be consistent. Perhaps a little queenly appreciation might have acted like a charm upon the life of the Bohemian Swinburne, whose poems, like the sea waves that have girdled Britain for ages, are crowded to their depths with the mystery of English life and crested with the moonlight and sunlight of heaven's immortality.

Better even have given the laureateship to Edwin Arnold than to Ruskin. But Sir Edwin has already more honor than his real work merits of the England of our day. I do not like to criticise Mr. Gladstone's actions in any direction. I recognize fully that among the English statesmen of our age he has made

the nearest approach to some sense of duty and humanity ; I am also very appreciative of his great and varied scholarship ; but statesmanship and scholarship are no excuse for such an egregious blunder in the line of lack of critical poetic appreciation.

Of course I am aware that there were so-called reasons behind the scenes why Swinburne was passed over and Ruskin crowned. The English are often a queer people alike in their choice of poets and kings ; but I would keep the standard of poetic honor above the back-door triflings alike of prime ministers, of princes and of queens.

Here or nowhere there should be light, and mere statesmen and princes should be obliged to follow the light. There is no greater folly in modern times than this of supposing that modern statesmen so-called and the leading monied men of the age represent the true moral or poetic culture of the age or the highest critical faculty relating to the same.

Indeed we must assume that no mere motives of a personal character either in favor of Ruskin or in opposition to Swinburne ever should have determined the laureateship of England. Had Ruskin been young or poor there were and there are other ways of aiding impecunious persons. But Ruskin was neither young nor poor. Had Ruskin been in need of honor from the English Government there were other ways of trying to honor him. As a matter of fact, however, Ruskin was in no need of new honor from the governments or men of this world. It was not and it is not in the power of Mr. Gladstone, or in all the prime ministers of all the nations to add to the glory already won by this man in his simple mastery over the culture of our times.

The utter idiocy of the appointment is still more apparent in the fact that Ruskin has been in a condition of mind for the last two or three years to be utterly incapable of understanding even this quality of the act that was meant to honor him. In truth no man is rightly honored by titles or emoluments that he has not deserved.

With all due appreciation therefore for Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship and classic learning, and with keenest appreciation of all that Ruskin has done for the world, I do not hesitate to characterize this act of Mr. Gladstone's as one of the most foolish acts of his long and useful life, and I am confident that the future judgment of England will eventually sustain me in this criticism.

W. H. THORNE.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

As telescope to the eye so is analogy to the mind, enabling it to bridge chasms otherwise impassable. Its praises have been so often sung, and its dangers pointed out, as to leave nothing new to be said in that direction. But its possibilities seem not yet exhausted; freely as it has been employed in many departments of thought, there still remains one in which it seems to have been too little utilized, viz., the spiritual and religious. Is it not possible that the inductive method, which has performed such wonders in revealing the material world, may have some spiritual revelations also for us?

Induction reasons from analogy, assuming that what is true of the part is true of the whole, reasoning thus from the individual to the species, from species to genus, from genus to cosmos. In other words induction, which seems to have become to some a species of fetich, is simply an uncontradicted guess, whose value depends upon the quantity and quality of established facts which testify in its favor. It must always, however, be held subject to revision, and to that extent must involve some degree of uncertainty.

But it is evident that such a course of inference is absolutely dependent upon another and fundamental inference or assumption, viz., that law and order underlie the universe. Unless it is assumed that metals in a state of incandescence will give exactly the same spectral lines in any part of the universe as on the earth, our boasted analysis of the sun falls to the ground. Of course it is out of the question for us to prove any such uniformity, we simply assume it, and bold assumption is the basis whereon rests the larger part of scientific knowledge.

Now, there is no sufficient reason why this scientific assumption should be restricted to the material. In point of fact the inductive method has already been extended to those divisions of the spiritual comprehended under ethics, psychology and sociology, and with excellent results. Why are we not bound to extend this axiom, of universal law and order, to all parts of the spiritual kingdom? It matters not what may be the true theory of the nature of matter and spirit, whether they be identical, separate, or different manifestations of a something which is neither. Of the existence of a multitude of phenomena which are inexplicable by the known powers of matter there can be no question, and these are referred

to an immaterial source called for convenience sake the spiritual. Whatever the theory of a scientist may be in regard to the true nature of the spiritual, he takes an utterly inconsistent and untenable position in attempting to deny to this large and important class of phenomena the same axioms which he claims for the material. Nor does it matter what contrary theory he may advance, his actions belie it in every use which he makes of his own mind and in his every effort to educate the minds of his children. Whatever his theories, his acts prove that he believes in the existence of laws governing spiritual phenomena just as truly as material.

Waiving further argument, then, let it be assumed that the following axioms, allowed without question in the investigation of material phenomena, hold good of spiritual also :

1. The universe is in all departments subject to certain general laws which are inflexible, and under like conditions always produce like results.

2. It is valid reasoning to infer certain characteristics of the whole from its parts, of the general from the particular, of the future from the past in the spiritual as in the material, and subject to the same restrictions.

3. There is a something, call it what you will, which is constantly pushing the mass upward, an evolution of all things from lower to higher, from worse to better. This is so glacial slow as often to be appreciable only through a survey of centuries, yet it has always acted, and always will.

4. These axioms hold good of all time, all space and all things, past, present, and to come. This is essential to a universe of law and order.

These principles have already been applied to psychology, ethics, and sociology, resulting in great truths on which much of educational and legislative systems rests. They are strictly scientific truths, being capable of verification by known facts; for without such verification no hypothesis, however plausible, can take its place in the hierarchy of scientific knowledge. Here we pause in the investigation of the spiritual. Yet in material research science pushes her lines out boldly into the unknown. The nebular hypothesis, the atomic theory, and the inter-planetary huminiferous ether are simply plausible guesses, resting on partial analogy and absolute necessity. Incapable of proof at present and perhaps always in this life, they and many other hypotheses are nevertheless of great value, and are allowed by common consent to stand until contradicted, or supplanted by better theories.

Why then should we restrict ourselves so rigidly in spiritual research to the verifiable? Here also it is scientifically proper to

construct hypotheses drawn by induction from established spiritual phenomena, and strongly supported by analogies from the material. For instance, by the observation of terrestrial phenomena we find that all animate objects after birth wax to maturity and then wane to apparent extinction. Beyond this chemistry reveals that the extinction is only apparent, that their substance is not lost, but merely taken into new combinations. We look into the heavens and behold an incandescent sun, planets in various states of solidity, some resembling our own, and finally a dead, cold, burned-out moon. Putting this and that together a grand inference is drawn, that these differing conditions stand for different stages in a process of cooling through which each planet passes, as it radiates its heat into space through the ages. Of this theory no direct proof is of course possible. All the observation of all the human race combined cannot testify to having seen a single planet burn itself out, yet the verification from analogy is so convincing that the proposition has almost the authority of a demonstration. So true is this that we feel justified in extending to the whole universe this general law; all things have birth, growth, maturity, and decline, and finally disappear, only to reappear in new combinations. Nothing perishes. This is true analogy, which consists in a similarity of relations.

By our fourth axiom all this applies equally to the spiritual. Accepted vital phenomena give ample evidence that the spiritual follows the same order of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* as the material, why then should we stop at death and refuse to follow the analogy further? So far from being scientific, it is highly unscientific to assume that the soul of man perishes, merely because no one has seen a spirit, embodied or disembodied. Analogy is not proof of course, but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, scientific consistency *compels* us to assume that the soul when disembodied does not perish, but merely enters into new conditions.

Here science closely skirts the borders of Hindoo metempsychosis with its endless cycles. But whether the present has been preceded by countless cycles of existence is not to the present purpose; what does concern us is that the present is to be followed by a future of limitless possibilities. Our third axiom necessitates this. Of this future the goal is not "nirvana," or reabsorption, but unending progress, unending development.

As to the nature of the spirit's transition, the observation of analogy again furnishes us a highly probable hypothesis. Nature

maintains the continuity of all things in two ways, according as they are organic or inorganic. For all the phenomena of the inorganic the sun is a sufficient source and center of energy; but for the organic, standing on a higher plane of development, form and quality as well as elements must be imperishable, and for this another source of energy is essential, viz., the vital principle. What the vital principle is we can not even guess; we only know that all organisms of any complexity have this in common, the production of a germ capable of reproducing the essential form and quality of preceding organisms of its kind.

But here another division appears. In the vegetable world the seed germ matures only in the death of the parent plant; in the animal the reverse holds true, the vital germ is matured and must be thrown off some time before death. What is more probable than that man, the summit of the terrestrial creation, assimilating to himself both the vegetable and the animal, combines both forms of reproduction! In life he follows the animal world in propagating his species before death, but as an individual he goes to seed in death. By our first and fourth axioms the conclusion is irresistible that the strange something called spirit, which leaves the body at death, is the seed which is to produce under other conditions the spiritual body of which the physical was but a prototype. Of the exact nature of this spiritual body we can only guess, but the laws of evolution in this world furnish us some hints.

The persistence of life in death of the vegetable seed is so peculiarly striking as to have suggested numberless similes of the resurrection, notably the grand exposition of the apostle Paul. His theory of the resurrection is in the main scientifically correct, because according to analogy. It is strange, however, that so many people who insist on the inspiration of St. Paul continue to publicly and positively affirm "I believe in the resurrection of the body," a proposition which Paul treats with well merited contempt.

But the same analogy which enforces the imperishability of the spirit germ necessitates that it shall be the germ of all acquired here, both good and evil, and that it shall go on in the future career with accelerated momentum toward good or toward evil, according to the tendency acquired. This is a pregnant thought. In the first place, it traverses directly many of the commonly

accepted notions of salvation. It renders impossible the sudden sanctification of murderers on the gallows and death-bed penitents. The most that can be scientifically predicated of such is that their repentance, if genuine, may lead them to rectify, by a long and painful course of self-discipline in another life, the evil habits and propensities cultivated in this. This is in accordance with observed laws. A man rolling down hill cannot stop by repenting of his fall. He must make a violent effort equaling the momentum which he has acquired, and a return to the point of starting involves another effort painful and persistent. After reaching that point he is then in the same state for continuing the ascent as before the fall *with the exception of lameness and injuries*.

And this exception sheds a bright light on the much-mooted question of future punishment. At one extreme the Calvinist insists on the utter and irretrievable damnation of the unrepentant sinner; at the other the Universalist recoils in horror and insists on the final salvation of all. The method by analogy offers a solution of the problem which satisfies the requirements and obviates the objections of each. Both are right, both wrong. The man who abuses his stomach gets hell already in this life, and no amount of repentance can deliver him after passing a certain point. Effect must follow cause inexorably. This must be just as true of the spirit. Evil passions and habits indulged in in this life must inevitably evolve their own punishment in the next; so that it is, scientifically as well as scripturally, true that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment. And this punishment must be eternal; for no amount of effort at reformation can enable the soul which enters the next life with an incubus of evil to ever become the peer of those who, having faithfully struggled against evil in this life, enter at once upon a higher plane of existence. Each shall go away into his own place. The grave itself cannot avail to break the inflexible sequence of causation.

Nor is it irrational to assume that a tendency to evil assiduously cultivated through this life may continue as irresistible in the next as it often does in this, and reformation be impossible. Is the Calvinist satisfied?

Now reverse the picture. This punishment, though terrible and eternal, is self-inflicted. No "Angry God" consigns His creatures to unending torments, tearing wife from husband, chil-

dren from parents. When by a careless step you fall and suffer physical pain, do you call Him cruel who established the inflexible law of gravitation? The wise man picks himself up and lays up a lesson for the future. When a careless workman lights a match in a magazine, and the resulting explosion leaves widows and orphans to mourn blackened corpses, shall the coroner's jury censure Him who fixed the laws of explosives? Men have ever sought to shift the responsibility of their own folly or sin upon a higher power, but this is childish. It is time that we honestly faced the fact that the sin and suffering in the world is wholly due to man's ignorance, folly, and wickedness, and chiefly to the last two.

Many other sequences of this line of inductive thought crowd for utterance, but all give place to thoughts of those glories of the future life which analogy justifies us in picturing; glories beside which the barbaric splendors of poetic dreams pale into insignificance.

We are filled with wonder and delight as we gaze at the heavens through a telescope of three feet aperture, or watch the teeming under-world through a microscope of 15,000 diameters. How we long to know if Mars is inhabited, and a prize of 100,000 francs is offered to any one who will devise a method of communicating with the inhabitants of any planet. How full is all science of fascinating, but as yet unsolved, questions of the heavens above and the earth beneath; and of the microcosms of earth and air!

What manner of body and what powers we shall have we know not; but this we know, that we are only in the primary department of the great university of the universe, and that death is for the faithful and true only the door to the next higher grade. Some day all the wonders of earthly science shall seem to us as A B C in the light of the glory of the knowledge to which we shall attain; from that height we shall look back upon the toil and trouble of this life as we now look back upon the troubles of childhood, with amused pity.

To know the origin of the earth and the solar system; the object of man's creation exposed to temptation and sin; to understand at last the wisdom and goodness of it all; to help and be helped; to have the companionship of loved ones gone before and the inspiration of the wisest and best of all ages, perhaps of other planets; to search without end and without weariness the wonders of the universe; to feel old powers expanding and new ones devel-

oping of which we had scarcely dreamed—that will be heaven. In such a hope and destiny religious enthusiast and dispassionate scientist can have an equal faith.

If there be any to whom the authority of revelation is distasteful or insufficient, but to whom this inductive basis for a belief in the wisdom and goodness of God and the destiny of the race is a help, these words have not been written in vain.

R. W. CONANT.

THE GENIUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

ARTICLE I.—EXILES AND OTHERS.

Poor Mrs. Hemans gave us the gist of the story in her poem beginning:

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed,
 And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

And to this hour the genius of New England bears with it all the tragedy mirrored in these fine lines. It is beating against the rocks of destiny. Not as the conqueror comes, not exactly either as the old missionary priest and preachers had and have since visited many lands with cross erected and with finished creeds, failing to accept and believe which all heathen and other neighbors were liable to be damned forever, but simply seeking a free spot on the rocks and an open space in the forests on which and through which they might be permitted, free of kings and demons, to say prayers and sing such psalms as they pleased. This was all they claimed. To such a pass had Christian liberty come on this planet in the year 1620 A. D. with kings and emperors as its special protectors and defenders; a long, long, Jew and Saxon story, all that, not to be entered into here; here only a glance at the New England end of the story.

There, off the harsh, bluff rocks of our Plymouth harbor, is the *Mayflower*, newest phantom ship of the ages, with freight aboard that is to be the first seed of the greatest nation ever known; rocks now and long since all named and classified by your geologists, but the eternal heart of them still unknown or largely forgotten and misunderstood by the New England genius of these late days.

The exiles were the children or great-grandchildren of saints and prophets; the best ever born in this world since the first stars took to music and the first poets to dreams. They were bent upon making a new kingdom of heaven out of Indian wigwams, a thin soil, and their own poor dyspeptic stomachs. Hard as kings and popes had seemed to them in the old world the exiles did not know how much harder were the fates and the soil and the atmosphere and the untried work they were coming to on this side the sea. In truth, we do not any of us yet fully understand the business there and then undertaken.

They were full of faith, of wit, of blood, of muscle, and of a certain kind of charity. They had faced the devil in many shapes in the Old World, and surely they might get along in the New World where no devil had yet entered or has up to this writing, according to many modern New England and other theorists, no devil except the Catholic. The exiles thought they meant only peace and such fraternal spiritual culture and practical successes as the gods have always approved. Like Saul seeking his father's asses, they soon found the game and the work larger than they had dreamed. Various New England historians and philosophers of the patent carpet-sweeper and mere stick whittler species have now and then attempted to show that there were two distinct sets of puritan exiles; that is, the Pilgrims and the Puritans; literally conformists and non-conformists to the polity of the English Church; that the Pilgrims represented a finer sort of blood and nerve and muscle and heart and soul and brain and aspiration than the puritans, and of course naturally grew up into Emersons, Longfellows and the like, while the Puritans, good enough in their way, developed into the common New England split a six-pence and save your soul sir life of our days. It is a pretty theory, but it will not hold water. It all has a wiseacre Boston sort of sound to it, and no doubt every separate Pilgrim and Puritan had a sharp, choice enough individuality of his or her own, but even spiritual genius and its refinements do not sail the seas in squads. They had left

behind them many better souls than their own, and they found here thousands of hearts far less filled with guile.

As a matter of fact the Pilgrims were all Puritans, so nicknamed for their moral pretensions as were the early Christians and the Quakers. And the Puritans were mostly all Pilgrims and strangers in this king-ridden world. It was in spirit great Thor, with his hammer; wise old Odin, with his soft, sunny speech; Luther with his theses, Cromwell and Hampden with their prayers and dreams; yea, the early apostles over again. It was the same stuff which, touched by a divine spirit of peace and run in finer moulds, evolved itself in the early Quakers and in William Penn; and that still again, with a broader charity, settled, through Catholic Lord Baltimore, in Maryland.

They were all the representatives of a new, spiritual Israel, climbing the rugged shores of this new and unbroken continent, looking for the same promised land which does not yet appear, except to the utterly visionary. So the great episodes of history move on regardless of the patent stick whittler historian, calling Pilgrim Puritan and Puritan Pilgrim, and using all sorts of heroes to accomplish their own mutual ends.

With a delicate yet coarse audacity, matched only by its untruth and absurdity, Dr. Holmes, in his "Ralph Waldo Emerson" American Men of Letters series, pages three, four and five, intimates that in the early part of this century refined society in New England was made up pretty exclusively of "white-handed Unitarianism and ruffled-shirt Episcopalianism"; that the rest of New England had come up through "domestic service" and the like, to some sort of social and other culture.

No doubt the Unitarians and the Episcopalians had a predominance in the higher social circles of New England at the period mentioned, but that the domestic service side of New England society had been supplied exclusively or mainly from the other sects is not true. It is true, however, that Roger Williams and the early New England Quakers, though banished and in some instances whipped and murdered by the earlier ruffled-shirted and white-handed gentlemen, were from the start as pure-blooded as their persecutors and without doubt had clearer and broader ideas and principles touching human rights and human liberties in civil and religious life.

It is also true that outside of a little coterie about Boston, even at the period named, the clergymen and people who had remained

loyal to their early congregational orthodoxy were on an average as strong intellectually, stronger morally, and as select socially, as were the Unitarians and Episcopalians. And the one truth that will remain immortal in all New England history is that New England orthodoxy, not New England liberalism, produced the great abolition leaders who eventually became the saviors of the social and political life of New England and the entire nation.

In the matter of literary culture of the highest so-called spiritual kind, Mr. Emerson always stood and still stands as much alone in New England as Carlyle stood in old England in the same period. White-handed Unitarians can never claim him. The real white-handed flung mud enough at him until he made his sight and his words more respectable than their hands or their words. Let the white-handed wash their hands and treat even their own heroes and martyrs with truthful respect.

The exiles differed largely among themselves, and there is to-day the average difference between refined people in New England and refined people in Pennsylvania that there was in those days between the over-dressed and over-assertive Miles Standish and the quieter, deeper and more select and more charitable spirit and appearance of William Penn; not that Penn was a faultless model of modesty. He was gaudy enough, but the difference is worth remarking.

And they all differed from the aggressive modern genius of New England, and of Pennsylvania too, for that matter, in this, that they sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness in their own souls and in society, or tried to seek it, believing that after due exertion all needed railway stocks and aesthetic culture would be added thereto.

After a while the exiles found it necessary and commendable to hang a few witches, to expel some Baptist Puritans and Quaker Christians, to convert the red man into powdered dust instead of into Puritan sainthood, to buy mere black "niggers" from Africa, and to act in general as if they alone owned the earth and the heavens from Plymouth Rock northward, westward, southward and skyward, clear to the Infinite, as far as their eyes and imaginations could reach and conceive, and all for the glory of God, and to set Him right and clear among the new as well as among the old wrecks of time.

It was an era of great conceptions and works and plans. William Penn was at the same time moving and urging his universal

ideas toward a sort of new kingdom of heaven among the pine and chestnut forests of his Pennsylvania yet to be, and now the property of those worldly gentlemen known as Cameron, Carnegie, Quay, Wanamaker & Co., misplacing a million dollars now and then and nobody the wiser.

Steam and electricity were, in those early days, all waiting the touch of Puritan wit and Puritan hands. Certain modern critics of the exiles (see the "Emancipation of Massachusetts" by Brooks Adams) intimate that from the outset the Mayflower people had in mind the creation of a New England theocracy in which such hypocrites as the Mathers were to be the sole vicegerents of the Almighty, and of His eternal truth and justice in this world.

I am something of a cynic myself, and am in no sense inclined to Comte, Harrison & Co.'s rose-water worship of humanity; least of all to the frail, though winsome enough, feminine side of the race; poor Comte! poor Harrison! may the old gods and the young gods as yet unborn forgive such silly-child like crying and simpering; remembering that it was done in the spiritual midnight of the nineteenth century. But even I have too much respect for mankind in general to tax the average Mayflower people or a majority of the early exiles with such contemptible aims and dreams. As a matter of fact, there was more true religion, grace of God and of nature, and more cutting, clear, biting wit in Ann Hutchinson and John Cotton than in all the surface shrewd Harvard professors, lawyers, governors and laymen of Massachusetts, from the days of John Winthrop and of Cotton Mather to President Eliot and Mr. Brooks Adams.

The governors, lawyers, and so-called liberals of Massachusetts never did understand the meaning or power of religion in any one human soul or in the world at large. Mr. Brooks Adams commits the unpardonable blunder of classing Ann Hutchinson among the liberals; a sort of first born of the modern Sorosis, so to speak.

And the stock theologian contents himself with calling her an antinomian. It only shows the folly of lawyers and liberal preachers ever dabbling in theological religion at all. The thing is foreign to their natures, opposed to their ideas and beyond their ken.

Mrs. Hutchinson believed in a covenant of grace, in salvation by grace alone; was a true natural-supernaturalist, as all religious people were and are; was the true foregleam and hint of Jonathan

Edwards, the one great light New England has ever known; but the conceited parsons and politicians of her day, who took God for a good fellow and thought themselves his admirable representatives in this world (and that by virtue of their own morality and Yankee cleverness), could not bear to have a simple Englishwoman point out the fact that their shallow and hollow, mere mouthing rhetoric was in no sense religious teaching, or only in a very imperfect sense, though their sermons were of whole half days' duration. Ann Hutchinson was not a liberal in any accepted sense; but modern lawyers and politicians and doctors persist in making donkeys of themselves by talking religion when they have never experienced it, and by talking theology, the deepest of all scientific studies, though they never have had even the slightest theological training. No, no; the exiles meant liberty and free prayers, for themselves at least; but a certain raw cast in the New England winds, and a certain native human depravity, growing in this case, as often before and since, into a hardened pride, vanity and ambition, never yet cured by any mere covenants of works or by any mild Socinian methods, drove these Puritans from their primal purposes, made thieves and hypocrites out of them, and led them to deeds that the tyrant Stuart kings of England were ashamed of and would not themselves have dared to practice on the poorest people of their realm.

Charles II. was kinder and truer to his mistresses than the early New England aristocratic "Covenant of works" people were to Ann Hutchinson and the saintly Quakers.

"Do not let poor Nelly starve," were Charles' dying words of "Nell Gwynn."

And James II., spite of his vile Jeffreys, of historic fame, declared that "conscience, home and good policy bind me to procure safety for the Catholics," that is, safety from the hellish, persecuting spirit that pervaded New England then and pervades it now. Stolid Dutch William, of William and Mary royal fame, declared toward the end of the seventeenth century, say 1692, that so long as he reigned there should be no persecution for conscience's sake. "We never could be of that mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion, nor do we intend that our authority should ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party." And this while the genius of New England, not its conscience, was acting like a demon out of hell. As early as September

9, 1661, Charles II. of England wrote to Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, directing the cessation of corporal punishment in regard to Quakers and ordering the accused to be sent to England for trial. And our own American history is authority for the accepted statement that Governor Winthrop, though in early life his tendencies were liberal, "grew steadily narrow in America." It was and still is in the New England air. See on these points Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. V, pages 9 to 50. And Brooks Adams' *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, pages 99 to 142. See further any New England religious or political convention to be held anywhere in the world during the next ten years. If Bishop Kean had preached true Catholic Christianity to them last year they would have mobbed him instead of offering to make him a member of the Boston Unitarian Club. "New England never could bear the truth or endure any one who uttered it."

Let no half-taught modern writer of fiction, no mere so-called liberal historian, attribute the tyrannies of early New England Puritanism to what has been called the New England conscience. The modern fiction writer is naturally a painter, not of truth, but of lies. It was New England hardness, New England ungentlemanly coarseness, the mere bigoted blustering of the New England dog in office or at the head for the time.

The same stuff that persecuted Ann Hutchinson because she had religion, after a fashion, and saw that her persecutors had it not; the same stuff that whipped innocent English Quakers at the cart-tail through the streets of New England villages, and that hated New England Episcopalians, and treated Catholics as the minions of hell, nearly two centuries later, or even in our own time, pelted Philips and Garrison with rotten eggs in Boston streets, and for the same reason, simply because Philips and Garrison saw that the preachers were clothed with conceit and cant, and had not even a hint of true religion, and were preaching a covenant of works, made, though unconsciously, with the devil and his angels.

There were many rifts in the early lute. You cannot make saints by means of witch-hangings, cant and blue laws; and, somehow, the real kingdom of heaven did not rise out of the rocks half as easily as Jonathan Edward's thesis on the "Will," or as Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

It is a fearfully tough piece of work to build a kingdom of heaven, even for an hour, in the holy of holies of one's own soul;

not to speak of planting and tending it over a continent filled with subtle and brutal red men, bought African "niggers" (since called Negroes, and colored ladies and gentlemen), and "poor Irish," not to mention the heathen Chinese, spite of the centuries of civilization back of the same. On the whole, it was the greatest work ever yet undertaken by mortal men, and the Puritans were not equal to the business; that is all.

Still, for a hundred years after the "exiles" came, almost every man in New England was a genius in his way; equal to large labor and endurance, a saint and a statesman, at least in his own esteem, as capable of running a church or a town meeting as he was of shooting an Indian or plowing a furrow in the field. Above all, they were strong preachers. Every man was a priest in his own right, and could preach, like Paul, by the hour or day without fatigue. And the women were the same, only more so.

It was a vigorous new start for the human race, with solid granite foundations on which to build, but "there's many a slip twixt the wharf and the ferry boat." And though we have traveled many a weary foot since Auld Lang Syne, the best laid schemes of the Puritan nice and men have exploded in many a wild-goose chase since then. Truly things are often not what they seem, Mr. Longfellow. After a few disasters the New England settlements were prosperous enough on the material side, but their witch-hangings, blue laws, persecutions of Baptists and Quaker Christians and general self-righteousness, instead of developing into a beautiful orthodox Puritan kingdom of heaven, ruled by the Decalogue and Sermon on the Mount, developed into mere loose Socinian free thought, free love, free divorce, free ghosts, and the like, all growing thinner and thinner until the present hours.

Touching the Puritan genius for the hanging of witches, and in some palliation of the work, it is true, as modern New England writers declare, that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were full of credulous religious superstition. Good men in Boston and elsewhere in those days as in these days, cared a great deal more about getting the devil out of other people than they did about getting the same majestic presence or person out of themselves. From Simon Magus to John Calvin and Cotton Mather, almost any vigorous saintly teacher was far more ready to burn a heretic, a witch or an opponent of any sort than he was to take his own ignorance in hand and pluck the beam of conceit and arrogance out of his own high vision.

In the civil code of the "great" elector, "Augustus of Saxony" (1572), the penalty of death by fire was attached to the crime of entering into any partnership with the devil. Of course it was meant especially for witch women, and such enthusiasts as, from an overplus of nerve, and scarcity of blood, became the human vehicles of such healing or hurting or teaching powers as were not comprehended by the grosser, more physical, worldly, sensual orthodox or liberal persons of the time. And during the days of early Puritanism far more witches were put to death in Europe than in New England.

A king or his courtesan, or a modern Boston or other millionaire and his harem might, or may now bargain with the devil, *ad libitum*, and the preachers and judges enact only a sly winking among themselves; but if a Joan of Arc should save a nation in other than the orthodox, military manner, she must be burnt alive. Ye gods! what fools these mortals be!

Under old Roman Catholic "bigotry" so-called, the famous English Bury St. Edmunds, as lucidly shown by Carlyle, had been a very rational, economical, spiritual and business-like Christian institution. In 1665 the famous Sir Matthew Hale tried the case of Amy Duny and Rose Chandler, a couple of innocent young women charged with witchcraft, at old St. Edmunds Bury, and though the girls pleaded and protested their innocence, the great Sir Matthew had them burnt alive. Civilization is a queer thing, my friends.

It was the Christian Saxon heroic mania of the age. Luther being something of a robust German man, undertook to fight his holiness, the Pope of Rome. In a word, Luther being a man of pluck, if not of good sense or morals, took a man of his size. But the later Protestant Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, and Puritans, Boston Saxons, pounced on poor innocent women, scared them out of their wits by the terrors of the law and the gospel, and then hung them in the interests of morality and religion. It was progress and the development of intellectual and other liberty in Europe and America, and may God prepare us for the end that is near.

Brother Roger Williams grew sick of the immaculate Puritan Boston bigotry, and went to Providence, that is, took the Eternal at His word, and built a real Providence out of Rhode Island dust and his, Roger's, own pluck and piety. And now Bishop Harkins and Brother Lathrop are there doing excellent work.

Brother Thomas Hooker, no less sick of the early arrogant genius of Boston Puritanism, went across the country and founded Hartford, and one of the latest outcomes of that business is Mrs. Beecher Hooker and her twaddle speeches in Chicago. In those days, before "corporations without souls" ruled alike the pulpit and the legislatures, men with character and convictions amounted to something in open religious society, and perhaps it may yet appear that one with God is still a majority, even in these emancipated days.

No doubt the age was superstitious in patches, and the Boston and Salem saints were not the only burners of God Almighty's truth and mercy in the persons of poor innocent women. But modern Bostonians should be gentle toward Calvin in the little matter of Servetus, and modern Boston should be moderate over the Bruno episode. It is worthy of remark, moreover, that in this same period Penn and his Quakers were not burning witches, driving out Baptist settlers, or shooting Indians, for the glory of God or under other noble pretension.

It should not be forgotten either that the early Maryland Catholics were free from the contemptible vices of this arrogant genius of ultra-Puritanism. It was not the Puritan conscience any more than it is the conscience of the Czar in these days that prompts him to steal Turkey or Afghanistan. It was Puritan arrogance, coarseness and injustice that hung witches just as it is Puritan arrogance, coarseness and injustice that would save the beer-drinking German brother by Maine laws and high license to-day, instead of saving itself by true refinement and the grace of God.

They were, however, a sort of moral giants in those days, but times have changed.

At Saratoga, New York, in September of the year of grace 1886, the writer of these pages saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears the same witless, contemptible spirit that exiled Ann Hutchinson, mumbling its cowardly, shame-faced, persecuting bigotry in the basement lecture-room of the church in which the American Unitarian Convention was then meeting; said basement at the time being occupied by about two hundred Unitarian "Liberal" preachers. It was the genius of New England gone to utter dry-rot "The Emancipation of Massachusetts!" It is coming in ways you do not dream of.

Good friends, emancipate your hands, your own wits, first of all. Is modern Unitarianism the emancipated outcome of the

genius of New England? Its new ethics? Its new culture? Describe the Saratoga meeting? Never. I have here and there seen a *man* in this world. Certain exceptional members of the New-England Unitarian ministry have been to me personally angels of love and Christian tenderness; infinitely finer than their slipshod creed. And the New England Liberal and other refined people are to-day as they were in the days of Ann Hutchinson, among the choicest creations in God's universe. I respect the race too much to describe that meeting; but the emancipation business to this hour has been individual, and through suffering and by divine grace, and not by hack preachers or hired attorneys at all.

No wonder Rev. Flavius Josephus Cook, of Ticonderoga, New Haven, Cambridge and Boston, began his public career over a quarter of a century ago by announcing to a New England congregation that "the infidelity of the age battens on the imbecility of the pulpit."

He may not have been far wrong, but twenty-five years ago modest young men at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, where I first heard the remark, used to laugh at Joseph's early conceits very much as wide-awake newspaper men and other live people now laugh at his latest and loudest sophistries. Long before this battenning sentence Joseph Cook had uttered himself with infinite rhetoric, over the pages of the Yale Undergraduate Quarterly, and had spent quite a while in an insane asylum.

I name him and these things here because he has been the special idol of a certain wing of the earnest new genius of New England for the last fifteen years; a sort of new Puritan start toward the future it would seem, and during this very period, looking mostly at the newer white-handed elements, it has often seemed to me that such devils and their imps as are now left in Boston, hades or elsewhere, after the universal salvationizing, Socinian liberalizing, and general soap-bubble washing, New England has given them for the last half century, must have been infinitely amused and sustained—battened beyond even Falstaff dimensions, by the negative platitudes, graham cracker religions, Cook prophecies, seances, woman's rights redemptions, easy divorce heroisms, and such general new ethics, new pieties, and Howell's and James' literatures, as have made modern New England a mutual admiration society inside its own gates ajar, and at the same time the laughing stock of the larger, outside, cosmopolitan, thinking world.

I am quite aware that these many varieties of mere uncut and gilt-edge veneer culture are not the exclusive property of Boston and New England. A rare specimen of the same strata may now and then be found in New Jersey and Ohio; even in London they exist by the cart-load, and were it proper I could name a half-dozen millionaires in New York and Philadelphia each one of whom constantly employs several literary mechanics especially for the work of whitewashing poor books and varnishing the reputations of pitiable and contemptible men.

It is an age of cheap etchings, and yet among a million modern pictures and books hardly one with soul and thought enough in it to stir one moment's worthy enthusiasm or capable admiration. And New England of all sections in the world is the leading producer of those chaste treasures after the nude and others that would take the place of our Raphaels and Shakespeares.

Did Homer or Shakespeare or Goethe or Carlyle ever chatter about the art of "writing for art's own sake"? No, no; each man had a story to tell, and told it strongly as he could, pouring into it all the while as much of his own splendid individuality as possible. But if a man has no splendid individuality and only knows how to chatter, then he must play art of the "Polly wants a cracker" species, page by page, as long as his neighboring parrots will listen and feed him crackers.

Next to the sights and sounds of nature, real art is the most beautiful thing in this world; and the art of writing the most dainty and the sacredest of all. It puts nature into words. But mere shilly-shally is not art, even if it comes from Boston, labeled with the names of Holmes, and Lowell, and Howells, and James. Men, whole sections of men, are like nature in this: drive them too hard or too far in any one direction and they turn at bay; empty their clouds or their vials of wrath, as the case may be, in the face of their pursuers, and drown out the fierce heat of the tyrant days. New England was cant-ridden with a Puritan priesthood, and an abnormal morality; she is now in rebellion against God, cant-ridden, by a sickly, unnatural, æsthetic, anti-priesthood, with simply the conceit of morality. Poets can not thrive in such soil.

A still more recent illustration of the same law tells us that to-day Boston is the most Roman Catholic city in the United States. Its cant of Puritanism gone first to Socinian liberalism, then to a quasi-Socinian Episcopacy, till finally its anti-offspring and easy

divorce social life has given place to the more Christian life and worship of the children of the Church of Rome ; a long, long story this too, which we are only hinting at in these few paragraphs.

If the people at the "Hub" question my right or ability to discuss their genius, old or new, I will here only assure them that an admiring "chiel" has often been among them taking notes, not meaning to print them ; and at the same time would remind them that even so "high an authority" as M. Taine has remarked that "in living with a person one is not specially apt to be aware of his peculiarities. On the contrary, a stranger has one advantage ; custom does not blunt his perceptions ; he is unconsciously struck by the principal characteristics and treats the subject with reference to them. This is my whole excuse."

Perhaps mine is but a broken voice crying in our new wilderness ; perhaps it is less or more than that. But very much of the new genius of New England moves me to suggest that as far as known the old gods still

" remain seated
At feasts everlasting
Around the gold tables,
And stride at a footstep
From mountain to mountain ;
Through jaws of abysses
Steams toward them the breathing
Of suffocate Titans
Like offerings of incense
A light rising vapor ;"

and that, every now and then in human history, whether you take your start with Darwin's apes or in Adam's Eden,

" They turn, the proud masters,
From whole generations
The eye of their blessing ;
Nor will in the children
The once well beloved
Still eloquent features
Of ancestors see."

And with these words of the great Goethe upon our lips, giving them as we have sight, a more Christian meaning, we will for the present leave the genius of New England to find and fight its own way through the world.

W. H. THORNE.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF POETRY.

The highest privilege accorded to any soul on this lower earth is its power of ministry. Whether this be exerted in aiding one's fellow-beings as individuals, or collectively, through Church, State or other organized body, the underlying principle remains the same—an undying force of Christ-like beauty. In these days the drift toward organization is striving hard to kill individual effort, yet the whole history of the ages shows how futile this striving is. For the organizations themselves, however great, are sure to be dominated by a few choice spirits. Through the hundreds and thousands the unit makes itself felt; from it they originally sprang; to it, in ultimate results, they return.

The great ministries of the world have been individual, both before and since the day when the Son of man came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." His was plain, direct, personal service, in loneliness and lowliness of spirit approving itself divine. And to His voice the world still stands listening. No mountains of theology can shut it out; no wrangling of ecclesiasticism abate its sweetness—and if other voices be at all worth our hearing it is that they have caught a little of that clear, immutable tone.

The receptive power of the listening crowd varies now precisely as it did in Jerusalem and Bethany. A man like Gladstone speaks to a nation collectively; that nation divides into parties, for and against his views. Some receive, some oppose, some are indifferent. A new school of art arises; some welcome the new Raphaels, the new Correggios, others linger in critical doubt. A reformer, a Savonarola, Luther or Huss, speaks the old word to the human soul, in sharper or fuller accents, and straightway there is "division because of him."

Yet all these speak merely to classes of people: the statesman to the men of his day—and usually to these only, the artist to the art lover, the musician to the musically gifted, the religious leader to his own flock. To all, everywhere, and in all ages, the poet and he alone can come. His mission began with the opening of world history. It is hard to find the epoch when poetry was not. The earliest records of Judaism abound with it. Miriam, on the shore of the Red Sea, celebrates her country's deliverance in the triumphant measures of Hebrew verse, and thenceforth the music

of impassioned song awoke deeds of warlike valor. Nay, more than this lay in the poet's gift. The sweet singer of Israel has solaced and strengthened a listening world throughout the centuries, wherever Jewish law or Christian gospel have come, and to us, to-day, is still declaring, "The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want." The blaze of magnificence in this Hebrew verse can not hide its tenderness. We wonder at the boldness of its flight, the awfulness of its visions, the immensity of its range, "as high as heaven," "deeper than hell;" but its inmost voice cries out even to us of the nineteenth century, as to the sorrowing of old, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people !"

The Hebrew poets, therefore, have a hold upon us, due to their divine message, which the classic writers cannot obtain. True, the latter give us visions of beauty, and even of tender feeling, as in the parting of Hector and Andromache, together with a spirited uplift from their heroes and demi-gods. Deeper influences, too, pervade the Greek tragedies ; we behold their solemn dealing with Fate and the unknown futurities. We see the Eumenides pursuing the guilty, Prometheus chained to his rock, divinities in counsel on Mt. Olympus. The problems of life and death, the daring struggle of humanity against superhuman control sober and overshadow us ; and though supplying, perhaps, some motive to a strong and divine life, we are conscious that they miss the human touch. The "feeling for our infirmities" is never apparent ; the Greek, the Roman, the barbarian possessed it not. The quality of mercy, as Shakespeare perceives it, is simply outside their line of thought. Therefore they never draw near us, in any spiritual way, in their beauty, their grandeur of bravery, nay, even in their best estate of god-like calm, inevitably standing aloof.

But the great Christian hymns of the early Church evidence again this quality of sympathy. To this day the *Dies Iræ*, with its intense pleading ; the *Te Deum* and St. Bernard's "Celestial Country" meet our daily needs, proffering somewhat of strength to cling to.

Dante's *Divine Comedy* has a similar power. In unfolding and almost mapping out the actualities of a world unseen, in deepening the world's faith therein through the might of his own sublime convictions, in opening the eyes which skepticism had nearly closed, the stern Florentine did for men in mediæval days what we also need to have done in our moods of blind unbelief. He assures us

of a Paradise whose brilliancy has actually flashed upon us. The earth saw it and was afraid. It is as though the barrier line of death had been done away, or already crossed, and we ourselves swept out into the splendor of God's eternities. Faith for once becomes sight, and we drop our eyes, as he himself does in the 23d Canto of the *Paradiso*, before that blaze of white light. Like him we abase ourselves before the great throne and Him that sitteth thereon.

Yet Dante's world-message offers more than the consolation of faith, more than a glimpse of heavenly places, more than a fresh hope of abundant entrance therein; it has to reveal God's eternal justice. It re-affirms the whole code of his awful law, the surety of its penalties.

An anecdote is current of Lord Brougham, when Chancellor of England, to the effect that he was once visited by the father of a young man who had just commenced his law studies, and asked what books he would especially recommend to the beginner. "Tell him to read Dante," was the prompt reply. "But," said the astonished father, "my son is beginning law." "Yes," said the Chancellor, "and I tell him to read Dante if he would be a good lawyer."

And sooth, in what better school could the youth study those eternal principles of divine law, whereupon all human statutes rest, and their outcome into reward or penalties, as broken or kept by mortals? Well for him if he learned to cry out with the poet:

"O, the justice of God! the justice of God!"

To feel assured that infinite equity over-rules all the unscrupulous deeds of men; that their wrath shall praise Him, "and the remainder thereof shall he restrain;" this is indeed our one consolation. In days of evil, in days of turmoil, we rest herein and know that the mediæval poet has not walked hell and heaven in vain.

Our English Shakespeare has not missed his share in the great work of comforting humanity. Yet his methods are as far from Dante's as the East from the West. He is Anglo-Saxon, to begin with. The fiery Italian imagination with its visionings of unseen realms has little fellowship with the clear, calm, common sense of Northern climes. Shakespeare had to face an audience of Englishmen,—men not wont to dream dreams or see visions, yet none the

less under the sway of poetry, none the less eager for the master-word of genius. And the master says: "Behold the men and women around you,—what they are, what they do, how they feel, what ideals they present! How the Divine shines out through their human environment! Consider Cordelia, Portia, Antonio, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet! The strong, fair, spiritual life in such as these should teach you faith,—faith in humanity, the earth-side of that love which soars Godward. Be of good cheer! Love thy brother whom thou hast seen, so shalt thou approach that God whom thou hast not seen. For Paradise is within you, even here and now!"

Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon has to meet the problem of destiny, like other men. So Shakespeare takes it up, with firm attack. In "Macbeth" he certainly indicates belief in a subtle spiritual environment, a great black world without, in which man's little world is contained as a wheel within a wheel. The evil man follows the evil trend of his nature, as the critics readily admit; but the voices that whisper to him are from out those awful, invisible depths. Hamlet cries "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" the better man touching another side of the unseen influence. In the reality of the witch-creation—which the poet maps out in close detail after Dante's fashion, taking every care to make it actual—he asserts the solidity and force of his own convictions, evidencing to all but a few mole-eyed critics his firm faith that they are well grounded. Whether our shallow age believes in a world unseen or not, Shakespeare did so believe, and, like Dante, bears witness thereto.

In treating the practical side of life and the final outcome of its deeds, good or evil, his trumpet gives no uncertain sound. Vaulting ambition

O'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Blood spots will not out; crime is hunted by conscience; love brings its own reward; death, coming to the good, is tragic, but only on its earthward face; it falls in touch with Horatio's lament for Hamlet:

Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

In Milton's great epic, we find little of direct inspiration. Our homely lives are neither brightened by its grandeur nor soothed into calm. But through his wonderful sonnet of sonnets—the one

on his blindness—runs a new strain of comfort. To sufferers of every type, in the press of hurrying humanity, comes the precious assurance, wrung in agonized truthfulness from his own sorrow—

They also serve who only stand and wait.

The sonnet on “The Late Massacre in Piedmont” rings out like a battle-cry; and the sweetest expression of earth’s Christmas joy falls, in solemn, white softness, from his lips.

“ But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist.

Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.”

Our moods of melancholy and mirth are powerfully voiced in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*; while language has nothing finer to offer than the following from “*Comus*” in praise of Purity:

“ Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Consider! Has any poet greater encouragement for us than this?

A new mode of uplifting humanity came in soon after with a newer school of poets. These men would succor the world through the higher impulses of their own souls, divinized by contact with Nature.

Addison begins with this superb Declaration of Faith :—

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shin'ug frame,
Their great Original proclaim.”

And with him, as against skeptic and scientist, awakened hearts turn heavenward and listen, to hear stars and planet-worlds.

“Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.”

In point of fact, Addison is but the forerunner of a great line of bards who may be termed poets of the Macrocosm, the outer world. Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, Gray and Goldsmith are men who would check the turbulence of uneasy revolt against the law of God and the conditions of our earth life, by much calm, wise counsel, breathed in among the deep blue spaces and the utter silences of their rural haunts. Their gospel is that of inner peace.

Wordsworth, especially, dwells in a serene region whose lofty sweetness we never approach without a longing past words to express. The petty strife, the cares that weary, the details of dollars and cents never seem so trivial as when viewed from his upland fields of green and dew, near the unwearied stars. These landscape poets have their own message; a “still, small voice” awes them into a sense of spiritual presence; they draw from unearthly springs, in our behalf, the “quietness and confidence” which is our strength.

In Goethe we face another and wholly different mode of greatness. He has a mighty utterance, like the sound of many waters, and at first we hardly know whether it be for peace or pain. In certain ways pain it surely is. It comes to us from his intellectual side. His clearness is unsympathetic. We quiver in his grasp. He is dispassionate; we should like to get away from him. One is afraid, with a certain mental shudder. Presently we seem to see this clearness as translucent, prismatic, fascinating, with a luminous pallor like nothing elsewhere. His uncanny greatness wins us away from ourselves, out of our own sphere into his; we begin to apprehend his meaning; his purposes dawn upon us. The words of others grow “stale, flat and unprofitable.” The giant who stood ready to crush us reconciles the world with a smile and takes us in his arms.

For Goethe has really come to the world's help. Moreover, he brings to the task a fearful mass of intellect, will and creative strength. Like Shakespeare he recognizes an outside environment for man, whose invisible potency he makes clear in Mephistopheles. Less optimistic than Shakespeare, with less easy, serene surface sweep, he dives with similar fearlessness into seas of passionate soul-struggle. He insists on the febleness of human nature—tossed, tempted, distracted—with more stringency than any other poet, yet more than any other poet does he perceive the existence of that Divine spark, that innate good which nothing can kill or quench. It baffles Mephisto again and again. It brings to Marguerite penitence and pardon. And thereby Faust himself is saved yet so as by fire.

With the growth of our modern civilization and the complication of its machinery poetry finds herself driven into the work of righting its wrongs. This is not her field, and the true singer knows it. He would not, of choice, be a fighting poet. Yet duty is paramount. To champion the masses, to aid the oppressed, to war against social wrongs and national crimes, to turn his lute into a clarion, may be his mode of service.

“ Like as a star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.”

Thus Carlyle translates Goethe. How should the poet shrink from this Divine call, lead where it may, even to strife and obloquy?

The great singers who in this wise obey it grow daily more numerous. Robert Burns led the way with his spirited song, the key-note of present Republicanism :

“ For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the goud for a'that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.”

Such a challenge to the spirit of aristocracy ushered in a new era and Europe rings with it still.

Victor Hugo, in his magnificent volcanic poems, hurls language in unequaled volleys of invective against the poor man's oppressors. Mrs. Browning, in her "Cry of the Children," would aid the helpless and innocent victims of greed in benevolent England. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was meant to benefit the sewing woman; Coleridge preached the sweet sermon of his day, now reduced to practice by our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Whittier, too, in our own land, espoused the cause of the slave and poured vials of poetic wrath on the head of his owner. These and other poets of humanity have earned eternal place among the world's benefactors.

Fortunately for us, Whittier's work was not confined to the anti-slavery period. He had a vision of prophetic clearness, a mystic fellowship with spiritual issues, the last breath of dying Quakerism, which is the very thing needed by a people already swamped in seas of materialism. His trust in the Divine has the great sweetness of certainty.

"I know not where His islands left
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small;
Why fear to lose our little part
When He stands pledged for all?"

These are surely more "comfortable words" than anything else of this century, though Tennyson strikes a similar thought less decidedly, with daintier music, yet in a more pensive way. For the melancholy of an age, which doubts "whether life be worth living," does overshadow the poet-laureate, critics to the contrary, notwithstanding, despite his ideals of early knighthood and very evident endeavor to reach the sunshine.

In Robert Browning a stronger man has arisen; one of more robust mold, a virile soul, whose inspiration comes from within

himself. Like the giant Antæus touching the earth, the coming in contact with him gives strength. Catching a trifle of his vigor, the modern world is studying his words, despite their roughness, finding the tonic its effeminacy needs. We are not yet done with Robert Browning.

And, as the world goes on, other voices will duly arise, for its support and comfort. The evidence of the past, thus sketchily indicated, becomes our confidence and strength. The future has its own voices of unexpected sweetness. They will be heard, when their hour comes. The need summons the man; and as One bore witness for the truth on the hill-sides of Judæa, so will others also bear witness—in their own feebler modes—unto the end of time.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE MALLOCK LIGHT.

In common with other thinking persons I have long been expecting that as one by one the old lamps grew dim and as their light departed, new lights more or less steady, brilliant or despicable would appear in the modern heavens; that in the place of Goethe, and Carlyle, and Emerson, and Hugo, and Renan, and Browning, and Ruskin, some veritable prophet of life, not a mere talker of isms, or singer of rhythm and sound, would come to us with words of flame or of smoke as of old. The stars are never all out of the skies, and the universe never wholly topsy-turvey. It matters not what science or democracy teaches, there are some souls that see, and others that do not see. To which of these two does W. H. Mallock belong?

When a serious author publicly asks the question "Is Life Worth Living?" and writes a book which he calls "The New Republic" then, abandoning the form of essay and elaborate argument, and seizing the spirit of the age, sums up his deepest convictions and crowds them into the intensity of tragic fiction, which he calls "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," and when the book is hounded by critics, yet read with avidity by every person of culture in the English speaking nations; hated by most, still admired by all, we may gather first, that a man of unusual parts is among us; that a veritable new light is here; second, that, as usual, the man

himself is quite conscious of his power ; third, that one special business of the age is to understand and define the quality and extent of that power.

It is to be noted in the outset that Mr. Mallock's work is directly in the line of the seers. He is not a philosopher of the rocks, the stars, or the flowers ; nor of evolution, political economy or theology ; not a worker among fossils and bones or theories and isms of any sort, much less a common novelist ; but an earnest student of actual life ; a delver among the deepest, subtlest, and finest motives and motions of the soul ; of soul with soul, life with life, and the palpable, living, breathing relation of the finite to Infinite Being.

Spencer, Darwin, Tyndal, Huxley are simply Baconian theorists, touching the relation of matter to mind. They would explain the actual, and state the law of the fact by gathering and grouping general phenomena. Prof. Fiske on this side the ocean, would explain life by following Spencer and Darwin ; Mr. Cook, by reversion to Calvin and to St. Paul. Mr. Harrison, on the other side again, by lucidating the mysteries of Comte and Swedenborg. Mr. Mallock looks into the eyes of all these ; into the eyes and hearts and brains of scores like them in the old time and the new, and says, "No, I thank you." Then takes three or four intense souls, among his own acquaintances, typical of countless millions of similar striving, beating hearts, living and dead, shakes them up together a little to hide identity, and describes their actual relations with one another ; pictures the burning love that is passion, and love that is love ; portrays the bitter strivings of such souls after some conscious relationship with the Infinite, and hints to the world very plainly, as every writer with eyes ever has hinted, "These are the facts, shape your theories as you will."

We may not like the facts. That is neither his business nor ours. The real work of life is to discover the facts and comprehend them if we can ; change them, improve them, if we are able ; never evade them. The pulse beats of the hour are the revelations of God. Are Mr. Mallock's facts true facts ? Are they typical, covering what the leading millions think and do ? Is the struggle of "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" the struggle of life as it is lived this hour by the leading, ruling, forceful souls of the age ? The easy-going, professional, law-abiding, fortunate few being the, not at exceptions all the masters of the world, mere

stiff automatons in it, serving a purpose like the horse or steam engine in its daily round, while life as a whole; and especially in the ruling energies of it, is beating its spirit to shreds against the prison bars of fate, breaking its heart against lying shadows, and only now and then catching glimpses of an Infinite that blazes and burns and flashes and vanishes away.

Admitting that Mr. Mallock's facts are true, in the main, which I am quite aware that most critics, at least, do not admit; nor do I affirm that the facts are true, but supposing they are, does Mr. Mallock comprehend them? Are his conclusions logical, profound, reliable? Admitting the facts, is the outcome of life as he proclaims it? Is he a seer, or in some sense a quack and a charlatan? If a man touches my life I must know the texture of his eyes.

Let us glance at some of the data. Ralph Vernon "was at once condemned and courted." "He was far too much of a pleasure seeker not to imitate those who are busied with thoughts of duty." Hence, let us put it here at once strongly, he was far too much of a trivial idiot to struggle with Almighty God in prayer; he and his prayers later on, too utterly insignificant to be worth printing in "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," or any other romance or tragedy to the end of time. A pleasure seeker, no sense of duty, a praying libertine! This is worse than Judas who did not pray, and worse than Guiteau, who did. It may all be typical, and the masses of men and women may be right there. We do not affirm or deny. We only note that if they are, one or the other line of conduct must be abandoned. Get away from the mirror of pleasure, get down to truth and duty, or, get off your knees, Mr. Vernon or Miss Cynthia Walters as the case may be. I am not preaching this creed or that moral code. It may be one thing in Boston, another in Constantinople, and quite another still in Pekin. As far as this article is concerned, every red-skin and pale face and crisp head shall decide for himself, but the man in any corner of this earth who was not troubled with thoughts of duty, never made a good prayer. The gods do not own such; and the old Hindoo was wiser than Mr. Mallock in this very line. A young Hindoo Mallock wanted to know the Infinite and talk big with the Almighty; and the good old priest, such as Mr. Mallock would think it beneath him to consult, if indeed such a priest could now be found and consulted, in the London protestant or other temples, answered the young inquirer.

Would'st thou in serene reflection,
 Know the purest human joys,
 Answer pleasure by rejection,
 Honor duty by thy choice.

which you may call salvation by works or no salvation at all. It sounds a good deal like another gospel preacher to another young man about eighteen hundred years ago. Would'st thou know the highest and be it, "sell all thou hast and"—"the general impression of Mr. Vernon was that he was without any kind of Christianity and, from want of earnestness, was quite unmoved by its substitutes; and there was many a mother in London of the best and purest type who thought his character was so cold, so unprincipled, and so repulsive, that he could atone for it only by becoming her daughter's husband." Which is the most terrible arraignment of mothers, so called, ever written; never could have been written by any sane son born of a woman previous to two generations ago. And the glimpses of life here given prove beyond question that no common hand is guiding the pen.

A little deeper insight is obtained as to the contradictions of Vernon's life in the fact that, though without any anxious thoughts about duty, he broke the engagement with his fiance, because her family were all fiercely Protestants, and because he desired that any future children of his might be brought up Catholics. A fool for not knowing his mind in advance, and a coward in that having gained the affection of a woman, and given his pledge, he had not force of character enough to keep that pledge and trust his own strength and the Almighty to guide all hands and feet in the way they should go. It is simply a trivial excuse for shirking a duty; no conflict of duties, for there was no religion in Vernon to make the Catholic principle binding on his heart and life. But these are the elements of the story and they are the forces that have filled the ages with agony from the days of Cain, say of Adam and Eve, until now.

It may be that "A man's passion (love), at its worst, lasts but a short time." "But the truer and more sensitive a woman is the more thoroughly will she let her love master her," and that such love is incarnate, "intense selfishness," and its jealousy cruel as the grave." Let lovers decide this. But admitting it to be true, does the man who has recently escaped the bondage in both lines cease therefore to be one of the race of men and become oblivious to and

escape from all responsibilities and burdens and anguishes of life? Because the manhood of his marriage prospects lies "in ashes about" him, does he thenceforth and forever become a "divine child" again? "The sun gone back"; "the skies bluer," and the "summer wind" blowing for, aye? Let the sequel tell the story.

Was it divine youth or a cowardly maturity, and much else, as the outcome of this, that Vernon found as reward for his infidelity to the nameless woman to whom he was engaged? The readers of the romance know too well, and evidently, from the writer's own unconscious but pitiless logic, the light in this line is darkness, thick darkness, as the shadow of death.

It is the tone and texture of another and more glaring light that we propose testing here. Mr. Vernon is not a mere sketcher of hearts and sentiments that break like shadows and mend again like the clouds; nor does he at all admit the truth of him

Who sings

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But with a sort of proud pleasure persists in holding up the dead selfhood, that is manhood, to the light of day, defining it as something typical, if not to admire, certainly not to be troubled about, and, in fact, Job-like, at the eternal throne of justice, protests that this dead self is not dead, but a thing to be admired by gods and women at least, if not by men, until a lower brute, who never had a man's life, proves the contrary to the extent of Mr. Vernon's death, if not to his satisfaction.

Mr. Mallock may not be Mr. Vernon at all, but as the latter preaches and practices the highest gospel and virtue known in our romance; longs after and proclaims the spiritual through the highest æsthetic and sentimental, we must hold Mr. Mallock responsible for the light that Vernon sheds. Here are some glimpses. One from Lord Surbiton, an admirer of Vernon's, "character is nothing but prejudice grown permanent." Judas and Jesus are alike in the white light of science and æsthetics; which is the Mallock light, the light of God? Not by a long way.

Divine youth, that is, shirking coward of a man, meets his Diana, of course, his Venus, his painted prostitute, and his hands linger "over the soft brown plaits" of her hair; "You are very

lovely," he said ; and soon, as usual, " Good Heavens ! What an absolute fool I am ! " Doubtless, and character is something other than hardened prejudice, even if Mrs. Carlyle did say, " There is no telling what Thomas might have done if he had been handsome and healthy," when all the bright dames crowded their admirations around him. What Goethe and Robert Burns who were good-looking did do, we all know ; and what came of it also. Truly life is tragic and Mr. Vernon may be more typical than we dream. Still,

" I cannot doubt that some have striven
Achieving hope,"

at least ; yea more. And our " Diana " being without " character " having nothing but " hardened prejudice " very hardened, and some faded, painted, questionable beauty, is soon discarded by the Surbitons and Vernons ; for a philosopher will preach what he will not touch, long as there is anything better to be found. Hence, our Vernons, Miss Cynthia Walters, the heroine of the romance, divine Cynthia, " true and pure of heart," as her foolish lover with character was silly enough to dream—bright Cynthia, companion of genius, already ruined by a low and vulgar man, comes to win our philosopher to higher visions of virtue, steadier and nobler aims.

To whom Lord Surbiton again, " Men in general are the puppets of three forces, ambition, love and hunger ; but love destroys the appetite ; ambition destroys love ; and fashion absorbs, or, at any rate, sways ambition." All of which may be typical and true. In fact sounds very much like something we have seen in a quaint old unprinted volume, " Bonds and bonnets, these are thy gods, O nineteenth century." Life is love, and love is fashion. It may all be true, but if true, it is a darker gospel than that of " frog-spawn " ; and needs what to meet it ? Your Mr. Vernons, and your Cynthias, and their sentimental æsthetics and prayers ? If we understand Mr. Mallock his answer is, yes, though it be by death. If we understand the eternal verities of this boundless universe, or the common fact and logic of any smallest dog hole or cranny of it, our answer is, perhaps ; but until your Vernons and Cynthias have quit their sentimental lying, never, by the eternal, never, no ! Not more æsthetics but a new birth to truth and honor must come.

Meanwhile how runs the story, and whither is our beacon leading us ? To the stars and a haven of eternal rest, or to the rocks

and a mad seething sea of despair? Divine Cynthia would be virtuous, spiritual even, devout; what she does is to play with Alic Campbell's heart for one toy; welcomes and woos the tender feeling of Vernon; appeals to his soul's depths for sympathy, but has never at heart repented of a union admitted, perhaps welcomed or sought by her, and has not to the quick hour of her death, had the courage, resting on God or man to help her to cut loose from Col. Jack Stapleton, the villain that had outraged her. Bright, sweet Cynthia, far be it from us to condemn thee.

Lift her up tenderly,
Touch her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

"Let the man be damned who ruined her." Let Miss Cynthia be still. Death is kindly when once we know him. I will not forget Faust's last breath touching his Marguerite. I would only qualify Campbell's epitaph touching his Cynthia. Yet I would not magnify weakness as the supremest virtue even in a woman, if for no other reason than this:

"Lest your divine philosophy
Should push beyond the mark and be
Precursor to the lords of hell."

I would not preach trifling as a star of the morning, or inconsistency, even by death, as the feminine savior of the world. In this line I find the Mallock light, more tender perhaps than in the earlier life of Vernon, but still very flickering, very dim, very questionable; yea, at heart, and for the real heart and life, actually no light at all.

But what of the great light, the central beacon of the romance. "I think," said the duchess, "that Mr. Vernon is charming." "Yes, to know," said Mrs. Grantly, "but not to depend on." Correct, we would add, not only in the marrying line, but in every line. And Vernon's own soliloquy of Hamlet:

"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," photographs the central soul of all this romance. It has neither the strength of reality nor the virtue of submission. But let us see how this peasant slave philosophizes and prays. Here, or nowhere yet extant is the new light of this waiting world. "What have I do with repentance?" Goethe once asked, and our answer would be that it

is for Goethe, not for us, to say. But if a man tells us he is "a rogue and peasant slave," and explains the petty, beggarly doings of his life till I agree with him in this estimate; and if then I find him indulging in maudlin sentimental talk about visions of Christ over champagne glasses, till "the spirit of this age," which, by one's own confession is at best gone to pride, seems forever like a cold wind to be sending a creeping chill through our being; and if I still find him in this condition praying, telling God that His "revealed word" has become incredible. And "Oh, my God, if Thou art, why for me art Thou not. I know of nothing that, could I only find Thee, I would not renounce for Thy sake. No, what I have lost Thee by is not sin. It is rather the very things whereby I resisted sin." We are very much inclined to say Mr. Vernon, pardon us, but you equivocate, and the first thing to do is to quit the lie; second, renounce the sin; third, and find the Almighty in this most practical way. It is pure induction. Test your theory by the fact. Wouldst thou know the doctrine, do the deed.

Some leading critics have suggested that if Mr. Mallock would only draw his lance on the materialists evolution would topple like the old walls of Jericho, and Mr. Darwin's semiadae never be heard of again; but there are apes and apes in this world, including whole generations of modern critics.

False in one thing, false in all. "If I believe anything" said Vernon, in response to a question from Miss Cynthia as to his belief in God, and that it matters something whether we do right or wrong; "I believe that it does matter. If this poor human race of ours," that say, for instance, it was not by a fall I broke my leg, but by trying to avoid the fall, if this race, which in maudlin cant we call the "Poor human race" is worth a moment's unselfish care, it is worth it, because we each of us have a soul to be saved or lost. I have, so have you." But I know no more about saving it than a quack, and I go on damning it every day, while I constantly talk about saving it; steadily leaving the actual business to the devil, who made me a coward in my first main action of life, and still holds me a cringing, praying slave. Here again we find the light to be darkness, thicker and blacker than ever; yet more pardonable perhaps, because more popular, more nearly the echo of the prevailing idea. We only hint here the possibility that human nature may be worth a good many unselfish

thoughts, whether Cynthia and Vernon and the rest of us have souls or no, in the sense that Mr. Vernon means.

It may be so that "those are not the holiest women who need no repentance." It may be that the sin even of the best is in the motive, not in the act, and that the deepest and bravest thought floating in the mind, is strangely enough, biblical, that all sin is in mind and desire, which are the real evils, and that many a Magdalene who yields, or even seeks, is no worse, perhaps not so bad, as many a woman who desires but yields not; and so of men.

At any rate, here in this intense, fiery moment, Cynthia strikes almost the only ray of real light there is in the romance. "But at all events, good women when they need repentance, repent. They do the one thing that I cannot do." And Vernon, I have watched her violet eyes, and her cheeks like rose leaves, and I have seen how

Beauty born of murmuring sound,
Has passed into her face.

And sitting here in the holy of holies of human passion, Mr. Vernon saw but only as in a dream, a quick mad dream, and by quite another than the "Mallock Light," that "vice and virtue are as heaven and hell asunder." Well, to be sure! Why Carlyle saw that much, and preached it somewhat steadily for sixty years, and a young prophet of some note, nearly nineteen hundred years ago intimated pretty plainly that Mr. Vernon and Cynthia and the rest of us cannot serve "God and mammon." We don't believe it now, many of us, of course. But again

Evil or good may be better or worse
In a human soul.

A mixture of each is a sin and a curse; all of which at the heart of them I find to have one eternal meaning; that no amount of sophistry or æsthetics can very seriously mar or hide.

Martin Luther was scared into holy orders by a flash of lightning, and his struggles to get out were something frightful, felt in many quarters to this day. Mr. Vernon felt, or thought he felt, for a moment the heat of that fire which burns forever about the eternal throne. Call it correlation and conservation, if you will, but felt it only in the light of Cynthia's "violet eyes," so Col. Jack Stapleton in an evil moment shot him dead. And he

died as the fool dieth, without even the light of her violet eyes to cheer him, his hand on another man's throat.

It all may be the actual romance of the nineteenth century; the maddened grip of struggling refinement, clinching with the heart of sensuality and murder and wrong; but the man who would stand in this struggle, like the stars and saviours of all ages, must he not stand on something other than rosy cheeks and "violet eyes?" How dim they grow! Is there not a sense of duty somewhere even to these and in these, which cannot be secularized out of the race, out of a single "violet eye", of it. May not the highest, deepest law of this universe be a law not of lying and weakness, but a law of remedial mercy, leading to higher truth and higher life that do survive here and now? And may not God Almighty, though much slandered and beclouded in these times, still be better at heart than Vernon or Ingersoll? I say that sunshine is "catching" as well as pain, and that, far as we can see, nature makes the most of every flower that blooms.

W. H. THORNE.



WHY NOT THE POPE, MR. MALLOCK?

One of the most remarkable feats of mental prestidigitation that the magazine reading public has of late seen was an article on Amateur Christianity, by William Hurrell Mallock in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mr. Mallock's forte seems to be the piercing of bubbles. Once upon a time he pierced the bubble Life and then was afflicted with sorest melancholy because unable to decide whether its iridescent gleams were taken from the clouds on high or merely from—soap. Now he is piercing another bubble, the religion, so called, of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and her confrères, or, as he dubs it, Amateur Christianity.

Mr. Mallock is one of the most interesting men of the century. He is master of a style that is well nigh perfect, combining in a remarkable way the clearness, the force, the directness of Newman with the rhythmic grace and the glowing imagery of DeMusset. Everything he touches he illumines. And yet he is a disappointment. With the possibilities for true and genuine greatness plainly evident in him he is content with being merely clever.

In "Is Life Worth Living?" he tore the mask from positivism and made plain that there was nothing but corruption and senility behind. Now he tears the mask from these "amateur Christians" and leaves them defenseless, almost ridiculous before the world. Mr. Mallock does this not because of the faith that is in him, for faith he has none; not because he is at heart a true Christian, for he is not; not because he is concerned at seeing his fellow creatures following an *ignis fatuus* while the everlasting stars are shining on them from on high, but because to his keen-eyed reason their attitude appears ridiculous and inconsequent—in other words, they are deluding themselves with a bubble—and Mr. Mallock proceeds to pierce it. He does so in this manner:

There is a feeling prevailing, says Mr. Mallock, that the essence of Christianity will somehow survive its doctrine. * * * * The world, like Mr. Gladstone, has three courses open to it: to submit itself openly to the uncompromising dogmatism of Rome; to free itself from the fetters of Christianity altogether, or to attempt the construction of a Christianity such as these persons (amateur Christians) hope for.

If all the traditional doctrines as to Christ's nature are to be discarded is anything left us that we can honestly call Christianity? asks Mr. Mallock.

Yes, says Mr. Stead. Yes, says Mrs. Ward. Yes, say all the amateur Christians.

Mr. Mallock's answer is a negative rather than an affirmative. The word Christian, he points out, has always meant that Christ is God. If the word Christian were being used for the first time it might be applied to all who revered Christ, but it is not fair to do so now. Christianity has hitherto been a union of two elements—Christianity of the head and Christianity of the heart. In other words, doctrinal and emotional. Get rid of the Christianity of the head, say these amateur Christians, and the Christianity of the heart remains.

It remains, says Mr. Mallock, but with a difference. Originally certain precepts were revered because Christ enjoined them. In the case of these amateur Christians, Christ is revered because He enjoined certain things. They approve of the injunctions and therefore they approve of Christ. They give him his *cachet* not he theirs. In other words their own moral or their own spiritual judgment is the ultimate sanction of their religion.

If the goodness of Christ, he being merely a man, differed in nothing except degree from the goodness of Paganism and if the idea of goodness had always been for serious men the same he is

merely one saint among many and to follow his example is not to obey him but to imitate his obedience to some monitor common to him and to all of us.

Those who revere Christ and those who believe him to be God all agree in one point, i. e., that he is the perfect type of man. Mrs. Ward protests this with as much unction as Cardinal Newman. But on what grounds do they maintain it? The Cardinal answers, 'because it is the type revealed by God.' Mrs. Ward, 'because the type commends itself to her own judgment.'

Mr. Mallock thereupon recalls a story of certain youths at Cambridge disputing as to the pronounciation of the name of Artemas Ward, whether it should be Artemas or Artemas. "I call it Artemas because my big brother at Oxford calls it that," says one boy. But after a moment's pause, he injudiciously adds: "My brother calls it that because I do." Whereupon two authorities are reduced to one. "I believe in goodness because Christ was good," says Mrs. Ward, and then like the small boy at Cambridge, she adds, "I believe in Christ because goodness was in him."

Mr. Mallock points out the absolute need of authority, if individual judgment is to be the sanction of religion we shall have as many religions as there are human beings on the face of the earth and we shall have manifestations of them as wide apart as a carnival in the streets of Nice and a Sabbath in the streets of Paisley.

"Compare a nun rejoicing in the appearance of the stigmata and a dissenting minister's wife rejoicing in five fat children," says Mr. Mallock. The comparison has indeed a touch of the ridiculous.

Again as to the teaching of Christ relative to Marriage and Divorce. "In the beginning it was not so" were his words. Now a person who having convinced himself that Christ was not God continues to cite him as an authority for what was "in the beginning" is like a person who should quote Mr. Stanley as an authority on the interior of Africa supposing it should be proved that the explorer had never been out of Clapham. The Churches admit that our conception of Christ is a conception that has grown and developed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The Church of Rome alone can do so logically.

Mr. Mallock reaches this point, and at this point he again, as in "Is Life Worth Living," incontinently stops. Indeed, it is a singular fact that though years ago he argued himself into the

Catholic Church he still remains without her pale. His reason seems to acknowledge her dogmas, his imagination to be won by her mysticism but the gift of Faith seems to be as far from him as ever.

“The more we compare her,” (the Catholic church) he says in another place, “with the other religions, her rivals, even where she most resembles them, shall we see in her a something that marks her off from them. The others are like vague attempts at a forgotten tune ; she is like the tune itself, which is recognized the moment it is heard and which has been so near to us all the time, though so immeasurably far away from us. The Catholic Church is the only dogmatic religion that has seen what dogmatism really implies and what will in the long run be demanded of it, and she contains in herself all appliances for meeting these demands. She alone has seen if there is to be an infallible voice in the world, this voice must be a living one, as capable of speaking now as ever it was in the past ; and that as the world’s capabilities for knowledge grow, the teacher must be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably thus adapt itself to the wants of the present day, without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing identity ; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them ; that can be always the same and yet always developing.”

Cardinal Newman himself could write no higher eulogy of the Catholic Church than this. “It may be,” says Mr. Mallock “that faith will succeed and conquer sight, that the preciousness of the treasure we cling to will nerve us with enough strength to retain it. It may be that man, having seen the way that unaided, he is forced to go, will change his attitude ; that, finding only weakness in pride, he will seek strength in humility and will again learn to say, ‘I believe, although I can never comprehend.’ Once let him say this, his path will again grow clearer for him. Through confusion and doubt and darkness the brightness of God’s countenance will again be visible ; and by-and-by again he may hear the Word calling to him. From his first assent to his own moral nature he must rise to a theism, and he may rise to the recognition of a Church, to a visible embodiment of that moral nature of his, as directed and joined to its one aim and end, to its delight, and its desire and

its completion. Then he will see all that is high and holy taking a distinct and helping form from him. Grace and mercy will come to him through set and certain channels. His nature will be redeemed visibly from its weakness, and from its littleness, redeemed not in dreams or in fancy, but in fact. God himself will be his brother and his father; he will be near akin to the Power that Is everywhere. His love of virtue will be no longer a mere taste of his own; it will be the discernment and taking to himself of the eternal strength and of the eternal treasure; and whatever he most reveres in mother, or wife, or sister, this he will know is holy everywhere and forever, and is exalted high over all things in one of like nature with theirs, the Mother of grace, the Parent of sweet clemency, who will protect him from the enemy, and save him at the hour of death."

The words might indeed have been written by one who is listening for the sounds that the saints hear. Perhaps the reason that those sounds seem still so faint and far away may be found in Mr. Mallock's novels whose charm of style and witchery of color only render more dangerous the insidiousness of their *morale*. Like Sordello they image the wreck of a noble soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

As for these Amateur Christians Mr. Mallock dismisses them with the words that they had better discard the name of Christian, since they have already discarded their claims to it; that their religion is not Christianity at all, but a mere passing phrase of the cultured skepticism of the day; that it will therefore be regarded in one of two ways by the world at large, with an impatient toleration by infidels and atheists, with distrust and detestation by all orthodox Christians.

"Our point of view may be that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward or of the Pope," he says in conclusion.

It is quite plain that Mr. Mallock's point of view is not that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. If one were not a bit suspicious that religion is with him as with one of his own characters merely 'an intellectual question which piques him because he can't solve it,' one might be disposed to ask him: "Mr. Mallock, why not the Pope?"

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

WEAK POINTS OF PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Readers of the *GLOBE* must not conclude from the leading article of its last issue that my Catholic faith and preferences have either blinded me to the defects of the parochial school system, or that Catholics as a rule are blind to those defects or afraid to name them. They are palpable to all intelligent students of parochial school methods, and I take it for granted that one of the great Catholic questions of the immediate future is how to make the parochial system quite as compact and thorough in its financial provisions, and more thorough and comprehensive in its educational methods than the public school system ever has been or may ever hope to be. To know and admit our weak points is to begin to overcome them.

The first weakness of the parochial system to be named here is not a weakness *per se*, but a weakness of surrounding conditions, viz.: a deficiency in the method and a consequent insufficiency in the provision of funds.

There is not enough money to carry on and to carry out the system in this country as thoroughly or as conscientiously as the system itself deserves. But Protestants must not blame Catholics for this deficiency and Catholics must not blame themselves for it. As a rule, the thoroughness of the entire Catholic system of operation in all lines is known and admitted and admired by all classes of Protestants in all parts of the world. It may therefore be taken for granted that whatever of weakness is in the parochial system of education, or in the financial provision for the same, grows not out of any essential weakness in the Catholic body, but out of opposing circumstances and conditions that are exceedingly difficult to overcome. In a word, this first weakness named is not any more to be blamed upon the Catholic Church as a body than any resultant weaknesses are to be blamed upon the parochial system as a part of that body.

In short the poverty of method and the insufficiency of actual funds for the parochial system of Catholic education is directly traceable to a deep, a persistent and a shameful injustice forced upon American Catholics by our American Protestant method of disposing of the school taxes or the general school fund. All quibbling and all mere sophistry of definition and argument on this

point are as useless as they are insulting to the common sense and common honor of the American people. We must everywhere recognize society as we actually find it in existence, and all theorizing that misses this fact is so much beating of the air.

If we start with the individual or with the family, both of which must exist prior to the state or any conception of the state, we are bound to the following logic, that as individuals and heads of families pay the taxes out of which the school fund is formed, those individuals and heads of families have the first inalienable right to say how their share of the taxes shall be appropriated and how their own children shall be educated. Second, the Catholic parent has everywhere in this land the natural and inalienable right to have his child educated in Catholic methods, and to demand his share of the school fund for such education. Of course the Protestant has the same right, and nobody questions it in his case; but neither Catholic nor Protestant has the right to say how all the children of this land shall be educated. Yet this latter is precisely what the Protestant has been saying and doing for half a century, and still persists in saying and doing contrary to all principles of righteousness, fair play and common honor.

I understand that there are somewhere from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 Catholics in the United States; say about one-sixth of the entire population, and these people to a man are or ought to be opposed to our American secular, anti-Catholic and irreligious methods of public school education. Nevertheless they pay their share of the state and national taxes in all parts of the country; and common sense and common law ought to see and admit that they have a right pro rata to about one-sixth of the entire school fund of the United States.

You can go on and argue that the public school, like the atonement, is provided for all, and Catholics must take its benefits or fish for themselves, but you know in advance that the Catholic cannot accept your so-called public school any more than he can accept your notions of the atonement; you know also in advance that by history as well as by logic the Catholic has the better of the argument; that he was before you and that he will be after you; that it is infinitely more becoming that you should accept his theory of things than that he should accept yours. You also know that he is not trying to crowd his system upon you against your untaught conscience, but that you are trying to crowd

your system upon him and upon his well considered historic conscience ; that he simply cannot accept your crude theory of education or of life, and yet, because you are in the majority, you force him to pay taxes for what he sees and knows to be a mere secular, false, pernicious, and evil system of education ; will not let him say how his own share of the school fund shall be spent upon his own children, for his share of it is his own by every law of justice and decency, and you treat him as a designing tyrant and a foreigner if he simply asks in a polite sort of way that you will divide with him according to the primal principles of all civilized human conduct and life.

In a word this first weakness of the parochial school system is a weakness forced upon it by the atheistic, mechanic, unprincipled, average American Protestant conscience, the result, as I have previously shown, of the American secular, atheistic and mere soulless mechanic public school system of education. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and that is precisely the normal condition of the average American Protestant conscience and intellect touching this matter of secular versus religious education.

Catholics are simply systematically robbed of their share of the school fund ; hence when they educate their children in parochial schools they have to put their hands in their pockets twice for every pencil, sheet of paper, etc., used by their own children, and this system creates undue pressure upon the parents, and produces inevitable shortage and pressure in and throughout the whole parochial school system.

This shortage and this pressure lead, among other things and conditions, to unusual and sometimes to questionable demands, beggings and requests made upon the wealthier and well-to-do Catholics, who, instead of putting their hands in their pockets once for the general school tax, which ought to be enough, or twice, for the general school, and then for the voluntary tax to support their own children in parochial schools, have to put their hands in their pockets three or four times, in order to give Catholic or parochial school instruction to the children of parents less favored, as well as their own.

I am well aware that thousands of Catholics do this uncomplainingly. I am also well aware that thousands of Catholic priests, taught by all the methods of their life to make sacrifices

for their faith, exhort and urge the members of their congregations to make these sacrifices for the true education of their children, rather than arouse opposition among Protestants by their demands for a division of the school funds ; that said priests in this matter appeal only, or in the main, to the noblest impulses and motives known to human nature ; that it is a beautiful thing to make such sacrifices for their children ; that such money given in such spirit is a gift to God, which God will repay, etc. etc., and that they do not try to create anger or passion or even to arouse the slumbering sense of justice and individual rights among those people regarding a proper division of the general school fund ; much less do they try to arouse any hatred toward Protestants or any disobedience to the state or national laws ; or any disloyalty to a country treating them with this cool and deliberate injustice.

On the contrary they frequently appropriate a portion of the regular funds of the church toward the support of their parochial schools. And I am well aware that all this is very noble on the part of the priests and their people, and I have no doubt whatever, not the slightest shadow of a doubt, that God will repay these noble and self-sacrificing people for every voluntary dollar they contribute in this spirit and to these noble ends.

But I am not a priest ; it is not my business to teach any one congregation, or any one class, sect or nationality of people that justice and sacrifice are better than injustice and selfishness.

It is my business to teach all men of all creeds and all nations, not only that justice is better than injustice, but that justice alone, and any and all sacrifice we make for it, or in the spirit of Christian love are masters of the world.

I would have the Protestant go to heaven by the same law of justice and sacrifice that takes the Catholic there. I would teach him that because he does a thing in the dark it is not hid ; that because he does wrong in cold blood, blinded by carelessness, by sophistry or ignorance of the eternal laws, the wrong will just as surely burn its way into the core of his very soul and damn the nation just as surely as if he did the wrong knowingly and openly and under the flaunting banners of Ingersol atheism.

In a word, the first weakness of the parochial school system arises from the fact that Catholics have been and still are fleeced and robbed by the deliberate cool-blooded, calculating, practical Protestant atheism and injustice of a majority of the American people.

Now prate and prattle all you please about the American sense of fair play; and pray all you please for the conversion of this crowd of worldly thieves. I tell you that such flattery of an instinct that does not exist, or that is dormant and dead, and that mere prayers for the conversion of these people will not do the work.

We must ourselves practice the simple principles of truth and justice, and we must teach them to others, though it rends our own souls asunder and splits this nation to atoms from core to rind.

I understand that Rome sees clearly the rottenness of the governments of the nations of Europe, and looks to this land and government as the seed fields of justice and humanity for the future.

Let Catholics begin to teach America justice by demanding the just Catholic share of the school fund; precisely as the abolitionists, fifty years ago, began teaching Americans justice by demanding the abolition of slavery. A pox upon your mere theories of justice; a plague upon the moral theology that allows a man to pledge and to purposely fail to keep his pledge; to seek excuses for failure in deeper and deeper lies.

Be just and fear not, and inside of twenty years, nay, inside of ten years, we can have our share of the school fund and let the atheistic Yankee have his. Then let us show him such education as will win his own soul and the souls of his children. So will the millennium come; so will your prayers and your efforts for the conversion of America find answer in the heart of God, and in the new and as yet unwritten pages of American history.

He that doeth the will of the eternal gets an inkling of the true faith, and the other gentleman, be assured, is on his way to perdition.

I have thus pointed out the first weakness of the extant American parochial system, hinted at some of its colateral weaknesses and have tried to suggest the only true means of cure.

The second weakness of the parochial school system as far as I have been able to get at the facts is, that its general financial and other management is, as a rule, too exclusively in the hands of individual priests, some of whom are apt to be the most unpractical of men; and by their very education, almost exclusively in theological lines and for religious ends, are in some respects unfitted for the exclusive management of the general education of children.

I do not say and do not believe that priests or preachers are as a rule, especially in their own chosen vocation, more impractical than other men. As a rule, in fact their business methods are apt to be more honorable and successful than those of the so-called business man ; and it is far from the purpose of this article to criticise the methods of priests or preachers in their own ecclesiastical or personal spheres. I have always believed that the leading and final decision concerning not only religious matters, but also concerning the business matters of each congregation should be in the hands of the priest or preacher. And history will prove that while I was a Protestant of the Protestants, for more than twenty years, I repeatedly asserted the fact that in matters ecclesiastical, that is regarding Church polity, I was always a Roman Catholic ; my experience having taught me that anything like a dominating voice of the laity in Church affairs not only tended to secularize the Church, but was always fraught with confusion and various troubles. But everybody knows that the management of the education of children, especially in all the secular branches of it, and in all the financial branches of it, requires a different sort of talent from that for which the priest is usually and properly honored.

In truth, one-man power, except in the ecclesiastical lines indicated, and in those lines of course there is always a responsibility to the bishop or archbishop of the diocese, is not by any means to be desired. In all lines of business a man is apt to need checks and advisers. I am aware that in cases of the most able men in all lines this rule does not fully apply. But all priests are not great men, not geniuses, except in the line of their noble and self-sacrificing ministry and that sphere we are not touching here. Nor am I here giving my own ideas as much as the ideas of intelligent Catholic laymen and women with whom I have conversed upon the subject. It is further true that priests are as a rule such overworked men, that if they were the business geniuses required for the exclusive direction of the financial and general educational management of the young, they have not, as a rule, sufficient time to give the matter proper attention, and I fancy that there is a rapidly growing sentiment among our American Catholic lay people that a far more thorough and systematic arrangement is needed than the one now in vogue for the general management of the parochial school system.

To my mind the management of female schools and academies

by the various sisterhoods of the Church, wherein the priest is practically and only the religious chaplain or spiritual adviser and director alike of the sisters and the pupils, and where the educational work, properly speaking, and the financial management of that work are exclusively under the direction of the sisters themselves; to me, I say, this seems the best possible or conceivable arrangement, and I would carry out the same absolute management in all parochial schools. I would have the sisters feel that they were mistresses in their own sphere. But to relieve them of the burdens of providing and dispensing the finances of their schools, and all the burdens incident to the purchasing of books, establishment of standards of graduation, paying rents, etc., etc., I would have a school board or school committee of five in each Catholic parish, composed say of the priest of each parish as chairman, the mother or sister superior of each band of teachers as secretary, with three of the leading laymen or women of each parish as the other members of the committee; one of these latter to be the treasurer, and in the hands of this school committee or school board should rest absolutely, and not exclusively with the priest, the entire general management of the parochial school or schools of each parish.

Of course I assume that these parish committees would act in harmony with, and in true Catholic polity under the advisory guidance of the bishop or archbishop of the whole diocese, with the usual rights of appeal to the highest source of Catholic authority.

The first work of these parish school boards would be to secure all needed funds for the perfect and varied management of all parochial schools. I will not presume to suggest methods for such provision.

They will occur readily to the intelligent members of such school boards. But the first, the all-important work before them, as before the entire Catholic membership of this nation, and of all nations, is to lay their plans and agitate in favor of a just division of all school taxes paid, and of all government appropriations for the general work of education. Until this succeeds they will have to provide funds by systematic Catholic taxation, and they should not depend upon mere voluntary contributions.

One all-important feature of victory to be accomplished by this method is the victory over the inevitable tendency to partiality

that must now exist for the children of wealthier Catholics. The Catholic Church, under God, is the one true democracy of the world; and its schools should be so managed as to drive out of them, back door and front door, everything that tends to put the children of the poor on any other than perfect equality with the children of the rich. Poverty and godliness are the twin saviors of society. In these remarks I do not reflect upon or even touch the management of Catholic schools and colleges for boys and young men, now under the direction of the Jesuits, the clerics of St. Viateur, or of any other Catholic bodies of teaching priesthoods. In all such cases, though there be a president or a superior, whose voice is in a sense absolute, there is always abundant consultation, and advisory and other influence with and from his fellow professors, and the usual business methods for providing and disbursing of funds are adhered to. But we are in an age that is and is to be democratic from head to foot, and the parochial school, the nursery and salvation of the Church, needs to be made at once so democratic, so varied, attractive, thorough and divine that it shall command not only the respect and patronage of all Catholics, but, of the entire world.

A third weakness of parochial schools and of some Catholic academies, as far as I can learn, is apt to be their very imperfect sanitary arrangements.

I do not know and I do not assert that the sanitary managements of parochial schools and of buildings occupied by the novices and sisterhoods of the Catholic Church are less perfect than those of the public schools and other public buildings occupied by large numbers of people. I know that now and then the newspapers contain what purports to be fearful exposures of the sanitary management of certain public schools, reform schools and the like, and I do know that when a year or two ago I visited the beautiful little graveyard of one of the most intelligent sisterhoods of the Catholic Church in America, the graveyard of an institution situated in one of the loveliest and healthiest portions of the Northwest, I was grieved and amazed to find that at least eighty per cent. of the ages of the dead as recorded on the simple headstones ranged from twenty to thirty years of age.

Now, if the good sisters were healthy enough to be admitted to the order, when they were admitted, and if the neighborhood itself was, as it was and is one of the healthiest I have ever seen, there

must have been some subtle error, either of training, ventilation, food, method of dormitory, lack of exercise, overwork, or something, that swept all these dear souls into eternity, and laid their virgin bodies in those untimely graves. From what I have been able to gather, many young people die in climbing this same road to a mature and divine womanhood. I dislike even to touch the subject, much more do I dislike to say a word that reflects upon a method of life that makes angels and martyrs out of ordinary young women of the world. But if the work and mission of the Catholic sisterhoods is as divine and blessed as I believe them to be then it is worth while so to order the sleeping, working, praying, and other habits of their earlier years that a much smaller proportion of them will die before their days of probation are over.

Of course I give full credit to the beautiful heroism of self-sacrifice which in a religious soul counts life so cheaply, and often courts death as a blessing during the years of probation named, and as far as the dead referred to have died, or are dying from such motives, I would be the last to do anything but weep over them and out of tears of affection weave star-crowns for their stainless brows. But if they wanted to live, and ought to have lived, and were simply killed by their own or the imprudence of others, somebody or something is to blame; and I find from talking with Catholics who have had great experience in such matters, and from my own observation, as far as it goes, that an insufficient care of the human body, its food, clothing, sleeping, breathing and cleansing, may have been largely to blame for many of the untimely martyrdoms of Christian history.

I am well aware that Catholic as well as Protestant schools and public institutions seem to be and perhaps are a very great advance upon the sanitary management of similar institutions three or seven hundred years ago. But my observation teaches me that we have very much more science, so-called, and religion, so-called, than we have common, horse sense, in the general eating and drinking and sleeping and total sanitary provisions of parochial and other schools and institutions in these days. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

W. H. THORNE.

HYMNS AND WAR TIMES.

The subject might be considered in a large way with reference to all the wars that have occurred since the Christian era began and Christian hymns have been written. But we shall confine the consideration of it to the Civil War of 1861-5 in these United States and almost exclusively to the experiences of Northern soldiers.

The first necessity is to appreciate the importance of the subject. Music, instrumental and vocal, played a subtle but efficient part in securing enlistments, stimulating the faith and hope of the people, cheering the soldiers while absent from home and while anticipating battles, consoling them when in camp and hospital, and especially when dying. There was a time when one song, or hymn, or tune, was on the lips of the whole people, because it had fired their imaginations, fastened itself in their memories and was expressive of their sentiments. One chaplain, after the war, expressed the opinion that the war songs and the Christian hymns did more to maintain the spirits of the people and the soldiers until a decisive conclusion was reached than any other single cause. "Eloquence," he said, "and money did their part, but music more."

In the spring of 1861 a committee of New York gentlemen offered \$500 for the best national hymn adapted to the condition of the country as it then was. There were twelve hundred competitors, but not one was deemed of sufficient merit to deserve the prize. The result demonstrates many things that do not appear on the surface. Great poetry, hymns and tunes are not written to order. They are inspirations arising from the deepest depths in the souls of individuals, from great popular movements, the awakening of the emotions of the people, and the fitness by nature and training of poet or musician, to express the sentiments of the hour and of the multitude. A bank check, a mercantile reward may summon the poets and musicians, but will not necessarily bring the hymns or the tunes. Great things are done quietly, unostentatiously, without ambition to do them. So it was when S. F. Smith, a theological student at Andover, wrote "America," which remains unsurpassed and for which no fee of \$500 was paid. It has had a history of three-score and three years, and until another poetic

seer and prophet is sent from above, it will hold its undisputed first rank, the one great national hymn for national occasions, secular or sacred. Dr. Smith has said: "I was selecting such music as pleased me, and finding 'God Save the King,' I proceeded to give it the ring of American republican patriotism."

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was not written by request from Wall street, New York, nor State street, Boston, but because the authoress had a vision of war and of the god of war, of human slavery and freedom, of soldierly courage, sufferance and endurance.

The resort of the people, the soldiers and the churches was to the familiar and standard hymns the sentiments of which could be easily accommodated to the new conditions.

Some of the favorite hymns of the soldiers recall the fact that multitudes were fresh from homes and from Sunday-schools. The hymns of the home, the church and the school were ringing in their ears when separated from all previous associations of their youth and when apprehensive lest those associations should never be renewed.

The following were favorite hymns of the "boys," the young men who had graduated from the schools and stores to the battle-fields:

"I have a Father in the promised land."

"O sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die."

"Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan."

The Doxology of Bishop Ken, to the tune "Old Hundred," was as fitting an expression of gratitude to God as could be framed, and it rolled over the land and swelled like a wave of the sea, as victories were heralded, such as the fall of Vicksburg. Likewise it was sung in Libby Prison as a preventive of despair and on the battlefield of Shiloh. It was sung by Colonel Woodberry and a group of his Fourth Michigan Regiment, Friday evening, July 19, 1861, before the Battle of Bull Run, while they were encamped in front of the enemy at Fairfax Court House, Va. A chaplain who was present says: "The whole regiment joined in and poured forth such a tide of music (in ballads and hymns) as old ocean rolls along in praise to its eternal Ruler. I had heard something of the great masters, the glorious choruses of Bach, of Handel,

Hayden, Mendelssohn ; I had admired them, but not till then did I realize the sublime power of music, or so thank God for its heart-cheering strains. I then felt that the men would fight till glory came, and I was not mistaken."

"Nearer my God to Thee" is certainly a familiar and standard hymn. Rev. S. W. Duffield, whose familiarity with the origin and history of hymns, rendered him competent to speak with authority, said that "Few more touching incidents than this which follows are connected with any hymn. A little drummer boy was found after the battle of Fort Donelson by one who visited the field. The poor boy had lost an arm which had been carried away by a cannon ball, but even as he died he was singing:

'Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'—"

On the other hand we are told that Bishop Marvin of the Methodist Episcopal Church was traveling during the war in the wilds of Arkansas. He was feeling depressed. The Union soldiers had driven him away from home. But as he drew near to a dilapidated old log cabin, he heard someone singing :

"Nearer my God to Thee."

Dismounting, he entered the cabin. There he found a poor woman an aged widow, who was singing in the midst of extreme poverty such as he had never beheld before. His fears and worry and depression vanished. He went on his way happy and trustful because of the faith which he had seen and the hymn which he had heard.

In 1863, in a boat on the Mississippi River below Cairo, Ill., bound for Vicksburg, were the Colonel of the 12th Michigan Regiment and his bride, the latter an exquisite vocalist. The lady sang national songs and popular ballads. A youth dying with consumption fixed his eyes on her and asked :

"Can you sing something for a dying man?" It was the bride's first acquaintance with hospitals, but unhesitatingly she moved to his bedside, sat down beside him on a camp-stool, took his hand, and with great emotion sang:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

There was sobbing in the ward when she ended, but the dying youth again asked:

"Can you sing 'The Sweet By-and-Bye?'"

She sang that, all joining in the chorus. Then, unsolicited, she sang:

“Home, Sweet Home.” Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was present and says: “Never have I heard it so feelingly rendered. The scene that followed was alarming. Men buried their faces in their pillows and wept aloud. Others who were sitting up, in partial convalescence, threw themselves on the beds face downward, in excess of emotion.” To change the current of feeling from homesickness, the following national airs were sung:

“America.”

“Rally round the flag, boys.”

“There’s a good time coming, boys.”

“Nearer, my God, to Thee,” therefore, was and is good, as a relief from war and poverty, from the power of depression, disease and death. The late Lucy Larcom said that she, as a child and girl, was fond of hymns that had “starry suggestions.” Watts’ hymn

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies”

has not only starry but heavenly suggestions, and there were soldiers who knew it, who found it true in the terrible experiences of war and battle-fields. On the battle-field of Shiloh, when the fray was ended, a wounded captain strove to reach a pool of bloody water to allay his thirst. He was too weak to succeed. In rehearsing the story he said: “The stars shone out clear above the dark battle-field. I began to think about God, who had given His Son to die for me, and that he was up above the glorious stars. I felt that I ought to praise him even while wounded on that battleground. I could not help singing:

“When I can read my title clear.”

There was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him but I could hear him. He took up the strain. Another beyond him heard and joined in and still others. We made the field of battle ring with a hymn of praise to God.”

An agent of the American Tract Society, visiting Pittsburgh Landing, found among the wounded a Baptist minister, a friend of his, who had enlisted as Lieutenant and acted as Chaplain. When the news of the battle came he was burying a comrade, and in view of the approaching battle he offered a prayer which those who heard it said could never be forgotten. The Lieutenant-

Chaplain soon fell severely wounded and lay without water or help, within the limits of the enemy, for more than twenty-four hours. Shot and shell fell around him, yet he never enjoyed a sweeter or more precious experience. Several times he sang :

“When I can read my title clear.”

He reached his home in safety some days later. The appropriateness of singing the hymn under such conditions is more clearly seen when we recall that the title given to it by Watts, its author, was :

“The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.”

Mrs. Livermore says that she never met in her visits to the hospitals but one dying man who was afraid to die. He needed soothing more than argument or entreaty. He wanted a Methodist minister to attend him and one was secured. The following hymns of invitation and consolation were sung :

“Come humble sinner in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve.”

“Love divine, all love excelling,”

“Jesus, lover of my soul,” “the most popular and widely used hymn in the English language.”

“My days are gliding swiftly by.”

Under the power of these sentiments, sweetly insinuated into his mind and heart, the burden of fear rolled away. In feeble, tender tones he said: “It’s all right. I will trust in Christ. I can die now.”

The minister continued to sing, but chose a different style of hymn and tune, a rapturous strain:

“Come sing to me of heaven,” a hymn that was written by Mrs. Rev. R. D. Shindler, in 1840, two decades before the war. It cheered a dying northern soldier at the very gate of death.

Some hymns and truths are like some soldiers. They are misunderstood and criticised. But hymns, truths and soldiers manage to survive, if they hold anything true, good, and useful. We have in mind Cowper’s

“There is a fountain filled with blood ”

And Watts’

“Alas, and did my Savior bleed.”

Cowper's hymn was his personal testimony and experience. Ray Palmer said that it was an admirable expression of the spiritual sympathies of fervent Christians. Henry Ward Beecher, the friend of the soldier, the country, and of humanity, said: "There are certain hymns of the sacrifice of Christ, of utter and almost soul-dissolving yearnings for the benefits of His mediation, which none could write so well as a devout and truly pious Roman Catholic." Doubtless he had in mind :

" O sacred Head now wounded,"

and similar hymns by Catholic authors.

Cowper was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, chaplain to George II., and an Evangelical in sympathy with the Methodist movement. Watts was an English Independent and is the common friend in the house of God of all Christians and churches. Yet these hymns are criticised, but they did good in the war to some soldiers. Lieutenant G. having received his death-wound in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, was visited in the hospital tent by the chaplain who inquired how he felt. His answer was that he had always been cheerful, and was now ready to meet God in peace. "Chaplain," said he, "I was once passing through the streets of New York on Sunday. I went in and saw a company of poor people. They were singing:

' There is a fountain filled with blood '

"I was overpowered with the impression the hymn made upon me and I gave my heart to God. Since then I have loved Jesus and I love Him now." That was his last word. As the chaplain listened the voice faltered and he said: "Trust Jesus." The Lieutenant whispered: "I do trust Jesus," and then expired.

"Alas and did my Savior bleed "

is a very popular hymn, often used by the Methodists as a communion hymn. The idea of substitution, or the sacrifice of one for the sake of another, is in it. The following anecdote will illustrate that idea: At the soldiers' cemetery in Nashville, Tenn., a stranger was seen planting a flower upon a grave. He was asked: "Was your son buried there?" "No." "Your brother?" "No." "Any relative?" "No." Then the stranger laid down a small board which was in his hand and said:

"When the war broke out I lived in Illinois. I wanted to

enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted, and I had no money to hire a substitute. I made up my mind to go. I was ready to start when a young man came to me and said: "‘You have a large family which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you.’ He did go in my place, and at the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville. He died here. I have always wished to come and see his grave. I have saved all my spare money and have here found my dear friend’s grave." He then took the head-board, fixed it in the ground at the head of the grave bearing the soldier’s name. Underneath were the words :

“He died for me.”

In the *Century Magazine* for September, 1885, a lady reproduced her diary of the siege of Vicksburg, June 5, 1863, which showed that her house was struck by a shell. “The candles,” she says, “were useless in the dense smoke, and it was many minutes before we could see. Then we found the entire side of the room torn out. The soldiers rushed in and said: ‘This is an eighty-pound parrott.’ They assisted to board up the break with planks to keep out prowlers, and we went to bed in the cellar as usual. As we descend at night to the lower regions I think of the evening hymn that grandmother taught me when a child :

‘Lord ! keep us safe this night.’

“Surely if there are heavenly guardians we need them now.”

The first line of the hymn which this lady quotes is :

“The day is past and gone.”

The stanza quoted is the third. The author was Rev. John Leland (1754-1841). It was published in 1792. It is a favorite with many Christian people. It is found in nearly all of the current hymn books. One specialist in hymnology says : “There is an ambrosian simplicity about this hymn which suggests at once a pure and unaffected piety, like that of the early Church. The piece is really classic in unpretending beauty.” Elder Leland, who was a Baptist, labored in Virginia for about fifteen years, from 1775 to 1790, and in various parts of the State.

The object of this article is not to preach, but to let the hymns and hymnists preach, and to let the soldiers preach, who practiced patriotism, and in many instances religion also, so well; who fought, bled and died for their country, or who survive to live for it to-day. The power of a sermon is in making the application. The power of these hymns and anecdotes is an inherent application, which does not need to be made. JAMES H. ROSS.

OUR COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Our Chicago World's Fair has been written up, praised and illustrated in so many forms and with such variety of motive and ability that to say anything original about it seems hopeless, and to say anything critical about it may be to lay one's self open to more abuse than is worth while.

It is certainly the greatest show on earth. It is the greatest world's fair that has ever been, up to this year of grace, 1893, and it is the greatest conceivable means of education for the American youths and adults of this generation, especially for the youths and adults of our marvelous Missouri and Mississippi valley; that is, for this new world of people inhabiting the broad prairie lands stretching in countless miles of matchless beauty and fertility between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains, and between the frozen regions of the North and the Gulf of Mexico; a region itself which is now, and is still to be, the greatest new wonder of the world.

As compared with other expositions, it is the general verdict of those who attended the last Paris exposition that our Chicago World's Fair outshines it in well-nigh every feature. It is my own belief, however, that no one building in the Chicago Exposition compares in interest and variety with what was known as the Main building of the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876. And I am fully persuaded that if the Machinery and Mining buildings had both been put under one roof, with all their varieties of wonderful machinery set in motion and kept in motion daily by some mammoth steam engine, it would only then have been a fair competitor with the building known as Machinery hall in the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. In other respects the agricultural exhibit of the Centennial was, I think, fully equal to the agricultural exhibit at Chicago, and though the Memorial hall or the Central Art building of the Centennial was not as large or as imposing in appearance as the Art building in Jackson Park, it was built of solid marble, and still stands; and the total art exhibit at the Centennial was, in my judgment, superior to the total art exhibit of our Columbian show. As regards the horticultural exhibit, the Philadelphia building, though smaller, was far more beautiful than our Chicago building; was built wholly of

iron and glass, and with its unsurpassed selections of tropical plants and its excellent management has remained through the last seventeen years one of the loveliest beauty spots on the American continent.

I do not wish to be invidious in my comparisons, and all my writings prove that I have no especial tenderness for the so-called City of Brotherly Love; but it is worth while for the verdant youth of this great Western world and for all people to know that Philadelphia with a population of about 700,000 in 1876 did get up an exposition that in several features surpassed the Chicago exposition of to-day.

Omitting further comparisons as odious, let us take a stroll through the white plaster annex of Chicago, and judge the Columbian Exposition on its own merits in the light of the laws of finance, the laws of art and the laws of common sense and utility.

From the start I believed that Chicago was the right place for the Columbian Exposition. It is the center of the commercial, the social, the intellectual life of the great valley of the American continent. It is the head and shoulders of the great central West, as the Mississippi is its backbone. It has had all the presidential conventions it wanted for the last quarter of a century, precisely as the central West it represents has had all the presidents except Cleveland for the last generation. It is at once the most representative American and the largest Catholic city in the nation. It is smarter, faster, cruder than any other large city on earth. It is the conglomerate camping-ground and commercial battle-field of all the European races. In the short space of twenty-five years it has distanced all American competitors for population and is to-day the largest and the handsomest and perhaps the most corrupt city in the United States. Here was the place to hold the American Columbian World's Fair of the nineteenth century; New York never ought to have been jealous of Chicago; and the sooner it throws away all jealousy and treats this new wonder of the West not as a spoiled child, but as a great, big, over-grown brother, with brain and muscle enough, if need be, to spank its older Dutch relation, the better it will be for New York and the world.

Precisely as Chicago was the right place to hold the Columbian Exposition, just so is our Columbian show typical and characteristic of Chicago and the great central West of this continent.

The special characteristic of all the architectures of the old

nations was that of unity and harmony along with infinite variety of detail, the general design overshadowing all as a garment of the soul. This was and is alike true of the old Egyptian, the old and modern Asiatic, the Roman, the Byzantine, the Gothic, and the later Italian of modern times; and the most perfect and the most perfectly beautiful buildings in the United States to-day are those which are literal copies of some of the old buildings of the Old World. As yet we have no American architecture, and to well-read persons all chatter about it is as foolish as much of the chatter about the American Sabbath, American fair play, American music, American art, etc., etc. In truth we are as yet an unreconciled bedlam of all the nations on earth, inheriting the limitations and prejudices of the nations, often of the counties and towns out of which we or our forefathers migrated, and our manners and our architecture are a mere hodge-podge alike of the beauties and culture and of the coarseness and crudeness of all the nations of the world; and such is the general architecture of the buildings of the Columbian Exposition.

There is hardly a large building in America but is spoiled by some crude freak of the crude architect. He wanted to be original here and there and so you see the hair on the teeth of many an otherwise masterful and finished architectural structure. This is true of all our great original buildings in the East, and it is sorrowfully, laughably, ludicrously true of all our great architectural buildings in the West. No man is stronger than his weakest point. No city can outshine the crudeness of its average inhabitants. The average Athenians were more cultured than the average Chicagoites, hence Pericles and his architects did better work two thousand years ago than Chicago and her architects have done at the World's Fair of 1893. We may not like this pill, but it is better to swallow it. Its known medicinal qualities are a guarantee in favor of our future.

In round numbers the World's Fair cost \$60,000,000. In round numbers other buildings and "improvements" erected, attempted and entered into in Chicago in view of and in preparation for the visitors to the World's Fair cost another \$20,000,000. In round numbers it would take about 150,000 visitors to the World's Fair each day of the entire season to pay a fair percentage on this investment; and as most of the buildings of the show will be good for nothing but old lumber and dirt after the Exposi-

tion, it is doubtful if the generous persons who invested their capital in World's Fair stock will find it directly a paying investment. Granted that they did not expect this; that they looked for and in many ways have already received, and are still receiving indirect advantages that are beyond all ordinary calculation, and that they are satisfied. So much the more noble are they in their purposes and benefitted in their lives. So much can hardly be said for the boodle managers of the concern who, after blundering right and left, succeeded in opening the Fair in a half finished condition, and in various lines, of music and other management, have shown themselves utterly unworthy the confidence and the petting and the fondling given them by the shoddy aristocracy of Chicago. However,

“Like seeks like the wide world over,”

and it was the most natural thing in the world that the boodle managers of the Fair should be patronized by our boodle aristocracy. In this respect, as in the conglomerate, showy and often very faulty architecture of its buildings, the World's Fair was alike characteristic of the town and the age and the nation in which it was born and reared.

These words are not meant in any way or condition to criticise or discredit the wonderful money liberality of expenditure, or the still more wonderful grit and mechanic pluck and energy displayed in the conception and execution of the entire World's Fair scheme. But these phases of the Fair have already been praised to nausea by all the hack scribblers of the continent. My business is other than theirs.

Again, we cannot speak too highly of the original design, or of the execution of the design to group the large buildings of the Fair around the pretty lakes or lagoons of Jackson Park and, though we have grown used to it, the appearance of the beautiful pleasure boats on the lagoons, plying from one building to another, and propelled by electric motors, is itself one of the most beautiful, the most novel and the most wonderful features of the World's Fair of our days.

Of course it was impossible not to see the immense advantage of having the Exposition in a park, on the margin of one of the largest fresh-water lakes in the world; and nature having done so much it would have been a brainless management that had not elected to use the lake to beautify the Park and the World's Fair

in general. Nevertheless let us praise without stint alike the liberality in the money line, the energy in the mechanic line, and the easy taste that made Jackson Park and its White Fair Buildings in many ways a dream of ancient Greek or Babylonian beauty realized in our own crude, smart, mechanic age and nation. Give even the devil his due.

Coming to a nearer view of the World's Fair buildings, what do we find? Whether seen from the railroad cars outside the fences, from the lake, or, in closer quarters on the grounds, the Illinois State Building is one of the most characteristic structures of the entire group. It has the two distinctive features of a Roman Catholic Church and a western barn. Its tall, barrel-like dome is the church feature, of course, only in this instance the dome was plainly erected not as an expression of adoration toward God, or in order to realize any true expression of the laws of art in architecture, but simply as a piece of western ambition to build the tallest dome on the Fair grounds; a thing in some sense over-topping all others. This is genuinely American, and as such is not to be despised, but any fool of a man who calls himself an architect while swayed by such motives is worthy only the pity of all true lovers of art. The lower portions of this building are fairly good specimens of barn structure; but to put such a dome on such a roof and call the thing architecture has simply all the cheekiness of the bran new Chicago girl in her bran new spring hat, very flashy and wide of rim, just starting down State street for an afternoon flirtation.

Entering the grounds at 60th Street, your best way is to examine the Woman's Building, with here and there some excellent work in embroidery and oil paintings, the best being by English, German and French Women as near as I can remember; thence through the Illinois State Building or vice versa into the really great exhibit of the Fair, the Art Building and its almost countless treasures.

Of the Art Building itself one can only say that it is a very fine series of four oblong Grecian Temples, spoiled on the sides of them by lots of blunders, with an excellent dome at the central conjunction of their inner ends. For the simple purpose of its erection, that is, to display works of art, I never saw so good a building on so large a scale. Four hours of deliberate work, one hour to each wing of this building, with trained eyes and taste, will reveal to you many things.

First: That the French pictures of Millet, Troyon, Corot and Daubigny, several of them owned by Americans, and loaned to the Exposition, are by all odds, the supremest works of art in this entire exposition.

Second: That the French art exhibit, on the whole, is by many degrees the finest art exhibit in the building. In this single article, which is all I mean to give in THE GLOBE to the World's Fair, space will not allow me to dwell upon the excellence or weakness of individual pictures. But were I to do so, I should say that Millet's "Gleaners" and his "Sheep shearers" and Corot's "Orpheus," represent by far, a higher faculty of human art than any other picture, in the entire collection of all the nations. They are full of nature, full of light, full of truth, simple as a child, hence luminous as God; and in view of such work, at least ninety per cent. of our American art exhibit simply ought to have been flung into Lake Michigan to soak for a thousand years, at the end of which period it is to be hoped the trash would be in a state of everlasting decay. Clearly, by the general superiority of the French exhibit in this Art Building, as by the exquisite taste shown in the design and draping of their show dresses in their exhibit in the Manufactures Building, the French are the most artistic people of our generation.

Third: In passing through the exhibits of Austria, Germany and England one is forced to the impression that the artists of those nations are laboring under some insurmountable difficulty. There are many large and wonderful pictures; paintings that represent years of labor, much ability of technique, fine drawing, and good perspective; indeed there are pictures in any one of these collections that have made their authors world-wide reputations, and yet I was never so impressed with the fact that, either from lack of light or lightness of soul, or from a too busy life crowded into the everlasting mechanism of our century, Austria, Germany and England have lost or are losing their faculty for fine art; in truth never had it in the same varied sense that France has shown it long ago.

Again in passing through these exhibits one gets the impression, especially in the case of England, that her best pictures have not been sent to our Chicago exhibition. I have not seen this anywhere stated or hinted at, but I am firmly convinced that I saw finer paintings in the national art galleries of London thirty years ago.

than are to be seen in the English exhibit of our Columbian Exposition. And I do not refer alone to the masterpieces of Turner. As to color and the solid qualities of drawing, there are splendid landscapes and magnificent figure pieces in these collections; but even in their best landscapes the skies are walls of cloud or blue, and there is hardly a yard of true atmosphere in the three collections.

Fourth: My impression was and remains that next to France, Italy and Spain have the richest works of art in this building. Many of the large Spanish pictures are marvels of execution, and in their crowding of human emotion into the characters displayed; and their religious paintings seem to reveal all the intensity of faith and devotion that the Spanish have lived and suffered for centuries. I should say that, while the pictures in the English, Austrian and German exhibits showed strength, energy and the lavish display of these nations, the Spanish pictures show a depth of human character undreamed of in other lands. This was at once a marvel and a revelation to me, and in the light of this thought I saw further into Spanish history through her Chicago art exhibit than I have ever seen through volumes of her written history. In the pure art of color it seems to me the Italian exhibit excels all the rest; the exquisiteness, richness, variety and harmony of color in many of the pictures in this exhibit seemed to be beyond all praise.

Fifth: In studying the art exhibits of Russia, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, the lack of warmth, the lack of atmosphere and in general the hard conditions under which the painter labored seemed to me to grow more apparent even than in the Austrian, English and German exhibits. Spite of these drawbacks, however, there were some noble landscapes in the exhibits named, and a few portraits as good as any in the entire art building. They can make men and women in the North lands, and they can paint their faces; the strong expression in them being the marvel of all North land life, but Northern atmospheres are too rare for art; and only now and then has there been an artist that has either touched the snow pink or the limitless blue of their matchless skies.

Sixth: Next to the French, the Spanish and Italian, the Poles are the most artistic people in Europe. And though now of broken nationality, their art exhibit in the Chicago Exposition, as

well as the recent visit to Chicago of one of their pet musicians, gives evidence alike of the persistence of the national type and its place in modern civilization. They are a people alike by their nature and their sins, bound for martyrdom, but of great emotion and exquisite perception. While writing these notes I am unexpectedly reminded by my own independent thoughts that the nations to whom I have given the palm in the art of our day are all of Celtic or mixed Celtic and Slavic origin and that the Teutons, spite of their acknowledged mastery of the modern world, have not yet in the realms of art, except it be in the line of music, made any general approach to the average art culture of the races of the warmer blood, the purer faith and the longer history.

Seventh: In all the official catalogues of the Art building the American or the United States exhibit comes first, and its pictures occupy more than one-third of the pages of the catalogue. If the managers had called this the American exhibit and had pursued the catalogue alphabetically, there might have been some excuse for putting the American exhibit first in the catalogue, though a purer taste and any true modesty, as well as any true sense of the comparative merit of our work, might readily have put the American art exhibit last in the official catalogue; and anything like critical accuracy of judgment would certainly have excluded from this exhibit three-quarters of the pictures that now adorn our American walls.

Of course I have put the United States' exhibit last, where it belongs, and of course this notice is not like any other of the World's Fair that you have seen. Were it like others you would not read it at this day, and were it like the others you would not learn anything new from it, as you now may learn if you are so inclined.

In this matter I have been urged on every side not to be too severe with our American art exhibit. I am told that many Americans are honestly seeking to do good work in the line of fine art. I am told, moreover, that for some reason or another many of our best American artists are not represented at the Chicago exhibition. I myself have been studying the works of American and other artists, in an amateur sort of way, these last thirty-five years; began the study in the old Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia as long ago as 1858-59, and to my certain knowledge I have seen finer American paintings than any to be found in the Chica-

go Exposition. I have seen better paintings by Church than the two specimens of him given in the Exposition. Richards also has done better work than can be seen in either one of the two of his pictures given here, and to my mind it is nothing short of a sheer insult to all pure taste in art to have put ten of Thomas Eakins' paintings in this Columbian World's Fair. Eakins never has painted, never will paint, anything but the most repulsive representations of the human body in all its coarse, physical, anatomical, diseased and medical outlines, as if not to tell some story of the conquered beauty of the body or any redeeming story of the human soul, but simply to show his own skill in painting diseased flesh and the skill of certain Philadelphia surgeons in cutting diseased flesh to pieces. I maintain that this is not the true sphere of art, and in simple truth that Eakins is no artist; has none of the sensitiveness, spirit, imagination, ideality, or mental or moral vision that a true artist always has; but unfortunately this fact touching the Eakins exhibit is typical of seventy-five per cent. of the whole American art exhibit.

During my first visit to the Columbian Art building I was at first disgusted, and then haunted with the average strain and stare and starchy, posing, unnatural, crude, over-dressed or under-dressed total effect of the American art exhibit. During a second, third and fourth visit I grew a little more used to the harsh and untuned work, and began to think that my first impressions were severe and uncharitable. Then I remembered that time and again I had experienced the same sensation in actual life; at first, often enough, having been repulsed by a certain crude, though perhaps unconscious self-assertion in American drawing-rooms and on the streets of our great cities; then gradually by use and habit of the eyes growing used to the thing until I have condemned myself for my own first sensitiveness regarding these things.

So we can and for sweet charity's sake we ought to grow used, not only to the coarseness, but to the vices and sins of life that produce these coarsenesses, and in our own quiet way help to better the average condition; and so, I have no doubt, all truly refined people in America are trying to do; but by the eternal justice of all true claims of ancient and modern art we must not accept this crude American stuff as art and praise it because it happens to have been done by so-called artists born and reared in the same town or state as ourselves. Art, like truth, and justice, are unpro-

vincial, cosmopolitan, soulful, God-like, eternal ; and while I gladly encourage and admire all amateur efforts toward reaching any true ideal of art, I am everlastingly ashamed of much of the stuff that passes for art in this land in our day; and I have nothing but contempt for the art committees and art critics, so-called, who try to give it prominence and permanence.

I have neither space nor time to point out the passably good pictures, nor have I time to dwell upon the immeasurably bad pictures in our American art exhibit. I have only space and time to reflect that the pictures from some of our older artists, exhibited in the loan collection of older American artists, show plainly that the art instinct and capacity of execution were on a higher plane in this country from sixty to one hundred years ago than they are to-day.

Even our fine art has become democratic, and largely, mere physical and brutal whitewash, bluewash or yellowwash, meant only to arouse the passions and deceive the human eye and human soul. I am not unreasonable. I do not complain of the fact as such. The nation has been breaking prairies, building railroads, erecting twenty-story building cities, running political parties to the devil, etc. There has been little or no time or taste or power for true art. I admire our other work in its way. But what I complain of is that we persist in calling our mechanic stuff and our amateur whitewash, true art, American art. But, dear friends, the fates take good care of such stuff. After a little and very soon, at least sixty per cent. of the glaring canvases that now disfigure the American art exhibit will be given over to the rats and to mildew.

After spending three or four hours in the art building you may run into the California State building and delight your eyes viewing the choice specimens of fruit, etc., produced in that western land of the sun. You may also drop into one of the great arm chairs, on the roomy porch of the Pennsylvania State building, take a peep at the old cracked liberty bell, still eloquent in its silence ; and in passing visit any of the group of State buildings in the crowded neighborhood of the northwestern corner of the Exposition, and then stroll along by the various representative buildings of various nations ; go in, if you have time, especially go in if you have never seen anything of this sort before and learn all you can from the various handiwork of the various nations you have been in the habit of thinking of as races of inferior beings. Take in

the music hall, if you have time, but wend your way to the right, as the law directs, till you reach the Manufactures building.

This is the great building of the Columbian Exposition; far more representative of courage and nation than is the art building. And in this building you will find that in certain lines of mechanic manufacture, as in certain lines of so-called liberal art, our American exhibits equal some of the best things from the old world. In this whole building the things that attracted and pleased me most however were: first, the natural specimens of wood petrified into beautiful, colored marble, from our ancient western forests; second, the marvelous displays of china and vases in the Chinese and Japanese exhibits; both seeming to me more elaborate and beautiful than were the displays of these nations in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876; third, the exquisite taste displayed in the form and drapery of the dresses in the French exhibit; fourth, the strength and majesty and beauty shown in the German exhibits especially in the German manufacture of iron as seen in the great gateways etc., etc.; fifth, the most beautiful work in the exhibits of several of our American silver-ware and jewelry establishments; sixth, alike here and in the machinery building and in the transportation building our splendid American railway cars, refrigerator cars, etc., etc.; the beautiful models of modern English ships of war; and above all the great Krupp and American guns, capable of firing bullets a distance of nine miles, and at that distance piercing solid steel plating a foot thick, the firing of each shot costing only about \$1,000.

These are the lines of work in which the modern Teutons, Anglicised and Americanised are at home; works namely for the advancement of physical comfort, so-called, and for fearful mutual destruction. It is the old story of the invasion of light by darkness and brutality; and some of us feel called upon to call these things by their right names, that is all. My only prayer is that the day may soon come when these war-ships and Krupp guns, etc., shall be turned against each other to do their deadliest work till all human trust in such things and all conceits incident thereto are knocked and blown out of the brain and heart of the human race. Then some of us may get a chance to study fine art, and to preach and live the gospel of Christ with some chance of being thought other than fools once more.

“You dreadful man!” Certainly, I am aware that I am all that, from your standpoint; but if I am living when the world

tussle of Krupp and American guns, etc., comes, you will gladly seek advice from other than the fools that are helping on that day by shoddy art, military pride, mammoth greed, Godless politics, etc., etc., in our so-called cultured days. I tell you that no lie or sham shall live on this earth, and the more you whitewash it and write foolish mere gilded poetry about it, or print mere hog-slush—Frothingham prose about it, the clearer my words and the words of others to the contrary will be, until the great end comes.

The Agricultural Building was much the same as our Agricultural Building at the Philadelphia Centennial; lots of interesting things and valuable lessons for people who have seen such exhibits for the first time, but not of much interest to those who have seen such buildings over and over again. I hold that the Machinery Building, though full of wonderful mechanism, was spoiled by lack of universal motion. In the entire collection, one of the newest and most intricate and interesting exhibits was the Thorne typesetting machine; but I hope it will not be generally introduced in Chicago, where most even of their handwork and printing is less perfect than ordinary machine work ought to be.

The most beautiful portion of the exposition after all was not the Mid-way Plaisance with its Irish village and its varied barbaric contortionist clowns, and its pretty well kept saloons; nor the Horticultural building which might have been greatly improved; nor the staring and grotesque out door statuary in plaster; but the great central arched and bridged water ways with the beautiful boats playing from building to building, and the ever good natured, though weary throngs of humanity that steadily surged along the roadways bordering this charmed water center of the great World's Fair.

In this rapid glance I have tried to praise what was praiseworthy in our great Columbian show, but at the same time to point out some of its most glaring defects and errors. Did space and time allow, I should like to dwell at length upon the educational exhibit, to which I gave considerable time. But I only linger to say that it seems to me the Catholics of America and of Europe did themselves and their schools infinite credit, alike by their exhibits of mechanical instruments made by their students, by the histories and records of progress of their various schools and colleges, by the beautiful needlework and painting on silk done by various pupils of the various sisterhoods of the church, and by the

tasteful and orderly way in which they filled the space allotted to them in this department.

I have neither space nor time to dwell upon the manuscripts and curios sent by the Pope, nor to criticise or praise the beautiful portrait of the Holy Father about which so much has been said in all the newspapers.

In the early days of the Exposition I undertook to keep track of the Woman's Congress, the Congress of Journalists, and the various congresses and universal spoutings of verdant wisdom that have made this World's Fair unique for its human conceit and folly, above all the exposition of those vices that have ever taken place on this earth; but I found that this rhetorical aspect of the Exposition was at once the most American, and to me the most disgusting feature of it; that the dear ladies and the facile journalists, who have for years been making silly speeches and writing leading articles by the mile, without palpable effect on the morals or politics of the American nation had nothing new to say, and that their old saws were very rusty.

In the reports of the Woman's Congress, I noticed one striking exception to this general outpouring of mediocrity and fossil platitudism. I refer to Miss Josephine Onahan's declaration that the nineteenth century had not discovered woman; with the hint that in all ages she had been generously recognized and had somehow managed to do a heap of good work in this world without the aid of the Australian or other ballot. This is good *GLOBE REVIEW* doctrine; it is something I have been trying to hammer into the hard head of the nineteenth century for nearly twenty years; and I naturally welcome so fair and capable a helper. Of course Miss Ohahan is a Catholic, and to my amazement some Chicago Catholics to whom I mentioned this point disagreed with me and were much inclined to favor Miss Anthony and the Kate Field crew.

The Lord bless their dear hearts; all of them. I think there is nothing so anusing as the strong-minded voting woman, and the high-toned moral journalism of the nineteenth century. The two combined are enough to make a regular old blue stocking Presbyterian split his sides with laughter.

So this great Chicago panorama of natural beauty, of splendid industry and of human folly, has moved on these several months; so will its deathless consequences continue to move on through countless ages, until we all learn that not by Krupp guns, or shoddy

art, or foolish speeches, or stuffed ballot-boxes, but by the old, eternal forces of truth and righteousness, and pure art, and pure prayer, and pure religion, and simple manhood and chaste womanhood and motherhood are nations prepared for heaven, or even kept out of hell.

W. H. THORNE.



LIFE ON OLD SPANISH CARAVELS.

For some time past Spanish journals and magazines have been crowded with matter in regard to Columbus' caravels and a careful study has been made of their construction, sailing capacity, size and equipments. Archives have been ransacked to learn as much as possible about the charts and nautical instruments which Columbus used at that time, as well as the names of his crew, pilot, sailing master, and followers. As four centuries have elapsed since Columbus' memorable voyage of discovery was made it is quite difficult to acquire as much information on this subject as the eager reader would desire to have in regard to his every day life on board and the daily routine observed.

Nevertheless several of the principal actors in this historical drama have left authentic records from which a great deal of interesting data may be gleaned, although four centuries ago people were not so fond of writing as they are now, and their deeds spoke louder than words.

King Ferdinand, the Catholic, has left an account of his sea-voyages, and the Princess Margaret, of Austria, the *Infanta Juana la loca* and Queen Isabella's grandson, Charles the Fifth, have all contributed with a collection of valuable letters which have furnished historians with a priceless treasure of archæological lore. Columbus's deeds, charts, letters and other documents, as well as the preceding collection, have been religiously preserved in the royal archives, although yellowed by age and musty. From these authentic sources both Spanish and foreign writers have obtained much valuable information. And Don Cesario Fernandez Duro has published a series of clever articles in Madrid which have shed a new light on the every day life on board the caravels in olden time. And it may not be amiss to give the result of these

historical researches, the data for which we have culled from Spanish magazines.

In Columbus's diary, under the date of October 12, 1492, may be found the following entry :

“ The admiral went on shore in a well guarded boat, with Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vincente Yanez Pinzon, his brother, who was commander of the Nina. The admiral bore the royal standard and a banner with a green cross, the admiral's colors, and emblazoned with the letters, F and I, surmounted with the royal crown.”

The same diary states on the 18th of December, 1492, that the Indian cacique was greatly pleased with the royal standard and admired the banner bearing the cross above all the rest of the objects which the great admiral showed him.

Several samples of the insignias and banners borne by Columbus are to be seen in the Royal Armory in Madrid. There is also one used by John of Austria, similar to the one carried by the first admiral of the Indies, which was a banner with a device representing the Crucifixion of our Savior.

Theodore de Bry was the first to make known to Europe the discovery of America by means of interesting accounts accompanied by illustrations, and he pictured Columbus armed *cap-à-pie*, holding his staff of office in one hand and in the other the banner with the cross.

Columbus states in his diary that when they caught sight of land, either for that reason, or to celebrate the festival of Our Lady, which fell on that day, he ordered his men to hoist the flag on the Santa Maria and to deck the ship.

This had been the usual custom observed on all state occasions from the fourteenth century. According to Froissart, the French chronicler, the Spanish caravels at the naval battle of la Rochelle were so elaborately decked with flags that they touched the water, and made a most beautiful spectacle floating from the top-masts down to the water's edge.

It was also customary to wrap red cloth around the gunwales on such festive occasions or when about to enter into battle.

There is a picture of a caravel decorated in this way in the Church of Zumaya, representing a naval combat between Spanish and Portuguese men-of-war. It seems that during the fifteenth century caravels had only one cabin at the stern, which was occu-

ped by the admiral or captain. However, he did not enjoy much rest in his retreat as he was obliged to be on the watch for breakers ahead, and scarcely found time for forty winks.

We may judge of the dimensions of the *Santa Maria* by the fact that when Guacanagari, the cacique of Hispaniola, visited Columbus there was only room for the Indian chief to sit down at the table with Columbus, while two of his followers squatted on the floor, and the rest were obliged to remain outside. Guacanagari took a fancy to the crimson silk coverlet on the admiral's bed, so Columbus gave it to him and thus gained the cacique's good will.

By referring to authentic channels, we learn that no state-rooms were built for officers until the middle of the sixteenth century, and then it was done under protest. A regulation was issued in 1613 prohibiting vessels from having any staterooms or provisions for officers beyond a top-gallant poop for the pilot. Another law in 1678 forbade vessels from providing more than two stools for the galley, six camp stools and a table, and on no account should these regulations be infringed. The sailors ate on deck, out of wooden platters, using an old sail to spread on the deck, so not to stain it with grease, while the captain, the sailing master and pilot dined at the same table in the cabin.

On military expeditions each and every man was obliged to take his rest on deck, where he might be on hand in case of danger, and on no account was he allowed to go below.

The captain was the only one on board privileged to enjoy the accommodations furnished in the cabin.

The officers and passengers slept on small, thin mattresses, which were tied up during the day and kept in the hold, and spread out in some out-of-the-way place on deck at night.

A noted Spanish writer adds that these mattresses served as a shroud in some cases. Cervantes alludes to this custom in one of his books in speaking of a noble who went to the New World to seek his fortune, and embarked carrying his bed, which might possibly serve as his shroud should he die at sea. A regulation was issued in 1510 that all friars on their passage to the New World should be provided with two blankets and a pallet for their bed on board.

Columbus and his men learned from the Indians to make use of hammocks which were much more convenient and comfortable and could easily be put out of the way in the day time. Fernando

Colon, in his "Life of Columbus," relates about the hard fare they had, and how the men would often wait until dark to eat their hard tack in order not to see the worms wiggling in and out. Water was doled out to them and they were put on rations—scanty at that. As water was kept in wooden casks, it soon became stagnant and was very offensive at times. Their rations on all the expeditions undertaken by these valiant men usually consisted of salt pork, dried fish, cheese and biscuit, which were mouldy and poor, owing to the fact that their provisions had to be kept in the hold which was fetid and close.

A Spanish writer gives a graphic description of the tars at their meals. "In the twinkling of an eye they would take their places, some squatting on their haunches, others with their legs extended at full length, others reclining, others leaning on their elbows, and each one assuming the most comfortable posture he could find. Without waiting for a blessing to be said, the crew would unsheathe their clasp-knives, which answered for all purposes, from killing a pig to whittling a piece of wood; and then would fall to, greedily devouring the food placed before them."

They always observed fast-days, and then dined on beans, stewed, and seasoned with salt. On holidays they would regale themselves with a succulent dish or stew of salt fish. A ship-boy would go the rounds and serve the men with wine, greatly diluted with water. As they were always put on an allowance of water, very scanty at that, and were obliged to eat salt food, for no other could be kept on board, they were always consumed with thirst. Cooking was done on board the caravels by means of a portable stove placed in a box filled with sand.

And it seems that on one occasion as the adventurers had filled the box with sand taken from a river bank, they saw some glittering particles in it which proved to be gold, and this increased their eagerness to pursue their quest for the precious mineral.

This custom gave rise to a saying which became current and popular. Whenever some unpracticed mariner would cry from his watch aloft: "Land! ahoy!" some of his companions below would invariably reply, "Yes, under the stove—*Si, bajo el fagon.*"

The commanders of a fleet were allowed to display only a signal light at the stern as an insignia of their authority.

At first the wax tapers were shielded by a lantern with the sides made of talc, which were replaced by glass some years later.

The great discoverer states in his diary that he always had the signal light placed at the stern of his ship every night, and when the Pinta got separated from the others on the coast of Cuba he ordered other signal lights to be hung out from the rigging.

In the instructions given in 1508 to Juan Diaz de Solis and Vicente Yanez it is stated that the subordinate officers were obliged to hail the admiral's ship twice a day, in the morning and in the afternoon, and ask for instructions from headquarters. This was done by passing close to the stern, hailing through a speaking trumpet, and then giving an account of the previous day's proceedings and asking for further orders.

It was an interesting spectacle to see all the different caravels in turn draw near to the admiral's ship, sounding their trumpets and saluting the admiral in stentorian tones. Aside from the lantern at the stern there was no other light except that used by the helmsman, which was enclosed in the binnacle. As soon as it was lighted the pages were put on the watch with their hour-glass and would sometimes entone the following refrain :

*La guarda es tomada;
La ampolleta muele;
Buen viaje haremos
Si Dios quiere.*

Now that we are on guard,
And the hour-glass goes round,
A good voyage we'll have ;
Thanks to God.

The pages were obliged to bring a lighted lantern and place it in the binnacle so that the helmsman and the pilot might be able to see the compass. No one was ever allowed to carry a light below except in a lantern, for fear of setting fire to the ship.

It is said that Charles the Fifth, in his sea-voyages, was extremely cautious, and had the tapers placed in iron lanterns when he went to bed ; while the captain was careful to take a turn through the ship and see that there were no other lights anywhere except at the stern, in the king's stateroom, in the Infanta Dona Leonor—his sister—and in the binnacle, and at the stern, where the sailors rested, waiting to be called to take their watch.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, one of the vessels of

the fleet got on fire, and one hundred and sixty¹ people were burned to death, among them twenty-two of the king's pages.

In olden times no one ever sailed for the New World without having made his will and going to confession.

Commander generals in their instructions to their men advised them to go to confession and refrain from all evil doing, as they were in mortal danger, not knowing when death might overtake them in their voyage of discovery.

It is a well-known fact that Columbus prepared himself for his journey by going to confession and doing penance for his sins, while all his followers in a body thronged the church at Palos with the same purpose, to purify their souls and prepare for their voyage.

The pious admiral states in his diary that on the afternoon of October 11th, the eve of the discovery of land, the crew entoned the *Salve Maria*, and when he fell on his knees, his eyes filled with tears, and gave thanks to the Almighty with uncovered head, they all followed his example.

Other writers mention this custom, which Columbus alludes to, and add that the pages usually bade every one good-morning and good-night in rhyme and song.

On Saturday night it was customary to sing a *Salve Maria*, in which all joined in harsh, discordant tones.

Padre Guevara stated that the sailors were exempt from keeping Ash Wednesday in Lent, or Holy Week, and if they fasted it was not from conscientious scruples, but because their rations were scarce. None of them ever had to worry over the expenses of his funeral nor make arrangements for a mass to be said for the repose of his soul, as his lifeless body would be thrown into the sea for the fishes to feed on, in case he died on the voyage.

Sea-faring men dressed the same as landsmen, with the exception of members of the royal family of Spain, who on embarking were given garments of scarlet cloth, in accordance with the iradition kept up from the time of Alphonso the Wise.

As there was no difference between the attire of sailors or soldiers in those days, finally sailors always wore red caps to distinguish them, as the soldiers had been recognized formerly by their doublets.

These comical caps can be seen in many pictures of olden times and Columbus alludes to them in his journal, as he often gave a supply of caps to the Indians who admired their bright color. A

sailor's cap often served to hold his ration of dried peas, or to cast lots when drawing lots to see who would have to go on a pilgrimage. For in those days it was customary for sailors on returning from a long voyage to do penance for their sins, or to visit some shrine in a pilgrim's garb, in order to return thanks for their deliverance from the dangers of the deep.

Toledo was renowned for its looms, and supplied these caps, as well as a peculiar kind of cloak the sailors wore in bad weather, which consisted of a cloak with a short cape and hood, which covered their heads, shoulders and neck completely.

Don Antonio de Guevara writes about sea breeches, which were made of durable material, especially for sea-faring men; and another old writer, Excalante, alludes to the partiality pilots displayed for blue, a color which stood hard usage and bad weather better than ny other. And even galley slaves were provided with a big cloak, with wide sleeves for bad weather.

Trumpeters, as they were also heralds, dressed a little better, in red breeches, doublets, with wide, loose sleeves, cloth caps, and the royal coat of arms embroidered on the breast of their garments.

The fact that sea-faring men wore a dark cloth cloak gave rise to the report that Columbus had donned a friar's garb of the Order of *San Francisco*, for he also wore one. This supposition arose, probably from the fact that Fernandez de Oviedo, and Father Las Casas described this attire on their return from the second voyage of discovery, and Oviedo stated that as the admiral was hurt on account of the injustice inflicted on him by Aguado he assumed a sombre garb, resembling a friar's gown, and allowed his beard to grow.

All these writers agree as to the color, but not as to the cut of this garment, which seems to have been simply a mariner's cloak. In Castilla la Vieja at the present day the peasantry still don long, wide, dark cloaks, similar to the one worn by Columbus, and which they call *anguarina*, so they resemble friars when attired in this costume.

When Columbus landed, as he was invested with the rank of admiral conferred on him by the Holy See as soon as he should discover land, he donned a costly vesture of red, scarlet cloth, as distinctive of his rank, over his glittering coat of mail.

It appears by Columbus's journal that he took off his scarlet cloak and gave it to the cacique Guacanagari some days later, as

well as a pair of red shoes. So it seems that Columbus wore the traditional red, the emblem of rank and authority, on board.

The usual attire donned by people of quality in those days, especially commanders and knights, consisted of red breeches, a satin doublet over a sleeveless jacket, finished by a colored border or ruffle, which did not reach to the knee; high boots, covering their knees, and a cap, with a piece turned back which might be brought down over their ears, somewhat similar to the headgear which Murcians wear now-a-days.

A royal ordinance issued in 1509 prohibiting the use of brocades, silk or gold embroideries, also included Hispaniola, and in this document are given the technical names of the garments in vogue at that time. However, Columbus was privileged as viceroy of Hispaniola to don a rich attire of silk brocade and to wear jewels, gold and precious stones. This concession was extended later to the vice-queen, Dona Maria de Toledo, who was also allowed to use gold chasings in her saddles and trappings.

One of the questions which has been greatly discussed is whether Columbus wore a beard. But his chronicler Oviedo explains the reason why he let his beard grow at the time he was suffering the injustice and indignities heaped upon him. It was the fashion at that time to have a smooth shaven face, and King Ferdinand and all his courtiers are represented without beards in pictures of olden times. Therefore it is probable that Columbus did not usually wear a beard.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

GLOBE NOTES.

In this department of *THE GLOBE* its editor has, from the start, kept open house with his readers. It is the only place or way in which I can speak in a familiar manner with the many thousands of intelligent men and women in all parts of the world who have grown interested in *THE GLOBE* and who have expressed a desire for nearer personal acquaintance.

Every year I am becoming more and more conscious of the fact that the sphere of any man's personal intercourse is and must remain very limited. Every year also I am becoming more and more

conscious that no man can strain his powers of work beyond a certain limit fixed by the nature of his own constitution. So instead of fretting because I cannot see and talk personally with thousands of my readers that I would like to meet and talk with, I conclude that things are better as they are—that perhaps distance may, in its mellowness, lend mutual enchantment.

And to those poor, narrow souls who look upon this talk as an evidence of egotism on my part, I have only to say that the egotism is in your own small and pitiable envy. Make your own lives worthy of judging the spirit of *THE GLOBE* and you will have no quarrel with me. It is the studied habit of my life to treat all men as equals until I find that they misunderstand my democracy, and undertake themselves to play the master. Then I treat slaves as slaves, regardless of all creeds.

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Since the last issue of *THE GLOBE* intimations have reached me from right and left that Mr. Hely's article on the fate of Irish leaders was not wholly satisfactory to that noble but fractious race. Now, of all people and things, *THE GLOBE* must stand well with and be friendly toward the Irish. Even one's bread and butter and the need of such would suggest this mode of procedure, and I think my Irish readers will understand this perfect candor. However, they know also by this time that were it merely a question of bread and butter I would as soon pander to the prejudices of the devil himself as to the prejudices of an Irishman or any other man. Fortunately there is no need in my case to hedge for a hair's breadth to get out of the way of or to be other than perfectly free in my expressions regarding the Irish, their ambition for the future and their history and trials in the past, all of which I will explain directly.

First of all, however, let me say that Mr. Hely, the author of the article in the last *GLOBE* on the Fate of Irish Leaders, is himself a thorough-going Irishman and a life-long Catholic; no mere convert like myself, but to the "Manor born," and fed on the soil for God only knows how many generations. If he had not been an Irishman and a Catholic and a gentleman, he could not have written on the Irish question with the freedom, pathos, and brief comprehensiveness that commended his paper to my approval. And if he had not been an Irishman, with all these qualities, his article would not have been published in *THE GLOBE*.

But he spoke the truth, in such good nature, such characteristic, quaint and good Irish nature, that I could not resist the temptation to print his word, although I knew from the first moment, as I know the touchiness of the race, that his article might make some mischief for THE GLOBE. So much for Mr. Hely and his article.

As regards myself and my own record with the Irish and on modern Irish questions, it is very simple, and there is nothing in it that I care to hide from the scrutiny of God or man, much less from the sensitive scrutiny of an Irishman.

Rev. Wm. Truel, the curate in charge of the dear old Church of England parish in which I was brought up was an Irishman ; a gentleman of the purest water, a scholar and a good and true man, and every way a noble fellow ; and he was not only a dear friend to me in my boyhood ; he became one of my idols in later years, and has remained among the cherished dreams of noble manhood that have often kept my spirits sunward when hell and modern society and modern culture and modern cant have tended to drag them down to damnation. And this same Rev. Wm. Truel has always served in my mind as a type of the true Irishman. When coarser types of the race have come into my sphere, and when questions concerning the dominating character of the race have come up for discussion, my old friend of the Parish Church has always dominated my feelings toward the race ; so that I simply treat the pitiable idiosyncracies of the Irish as I treat my own. I excuse them as far as possible, and wink at the balance with a knowing smile.

Later in life, when I made my first trip across the ocean, a sick, lonely, thin-skinned, sensitive, very young man of sixteen years, the one human being aboard that proved kinder to me than a brother, showing, through all his queer brogue, then utterly new to me, the tenderness of a mother, was an Irishman, whom I had never seen before, and never have seen since the day of my landing in Philadelphia, going on thirty-nine years ago.

The Rev. John Chambers, for over fifty years pastor of what used to be known as the First Independent Church, and is now known as the Chambers Presbyterian Church, at Broad and Sansom streets, Philadelphia, in which church I first became a member and found many of the seed-germs of the highest blessings and deepest curses of my life, was an Irishman ; a perfect gentleman of the

old school that existed before men took to short coats and rhetoric and sycophancy for adornment; a gentleman with a heart that reached clear to the soles of his boots, for he always wore boots; a gentleman of stainless honor, of matchless eloquence, and of more natural grace and refinement of manner than you will find in these days in any ten modern men at any of the swell banquets in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or even Chicago; and this same Irishman was a dear and good friend to me; proposed himself that I should treat him as a father, and always ask him for anything or for any advice in time of need. True, he was a pro-slavery democrat and I was a rabid young abolitionist; and he was an Irishman and I was an English boy, just ripening into manhood. But while he hated abolitionists worse than the devil, and I despised pro-slavery democrats as the untaught servants of perdition, we loved each other personally with undisguised affection; and once more an Irishman became to me in some sense an ideal type of man. I have always had a tender feeling for the race because of the love and honor and faithfulness and eloquence of my once dear friend Rev. John Chambers. Still later in life, when for a series of years, from 1881 to 1886, I had the honor of being the literary critic and foreign editorial writer on the staff of the *Philadelphia Times*, a paper owned and edited chiefly by Irishmen and men of Irish descent, and for whom I have no praise, as they are still alive, it was my good fortune to defend and uphold the cause of the Irish in their struggles with the British government.

In truth, editorials of mine in that paper were among the first inspiring causes that led the Irish leaders of those days to quit their damnable boycotting and dynamite methods of dealing with England, and to pursue a policy that would give them the balance of power in the British Parliament, which policy they afterward did pursue; and had it not been for the fact that their so-called leader, Charles Stuart Parnell, was never anything but a shifting, self-seeking, subtle and unprincipled politician merely, they would long ere this have made that policy a more shining success than it is to-day or than history can ever record of it.

My advocacy of the Irish cause in those years was so earnest and apparently so useful, that Mr. Gladstone sent me a personal letter of thanks on account of it, which letter I published for the first time in *THE GLOBE*, only about two years ago. And when Mr. Gladstone in those days and in the first draft of his Irish Home

Rule scheme, proposed among other foolish things to exclude the Irish members from the British Parliament, I wrote him at once that it would kill his bill, and it did kill it; and did I care to make myself square with the Irish or with any race, or any man, which I do not care to do or try to do, I could prove to them that certain public and private writings of mine have had no mean influence in bringing Mr. Gladstone to the height of the moral positions taken in his speech introducing and defending his Home Rule Bill of 1893.

As a matter of fact, an Irishman is no more to me than an Englishman, a German, a Russian, a Chinaman, or a Jew; and everywhere and all the while it is not the brogue of the man, the cast of his eye, the color of his skin, or the gold he jingles in his pocket, but the man himself, or the mere apology and excuse for a man, that wins my approval or excites my pity and indignation. As a matter of fact, the Irish may not have been more fickle regarding their leaders, so-called, than other races and nations have been.

The Greeks and Romans used to ostracise their great men lest the principles of democracy should suffer violence by their overbearing presence. It is everywhere and at all times the weakness of the *hoi polloi* to cry "Hosanna" to-day and "Crucify him" to-morrow, and it is difficult even for the most loving and faithful of men and nations to love a great man in his adversity. "And they all forsook him and fled." In truth so-called great men are sometimes most pitiably small.

In making these explanatory notes, I want all Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, or what not, to understand that THE GLOBE and its editor are not the slaves of any race, class or condition of men, and have pledged sworn loyalty only to truth, to God, and to His Church in this world. Finally, on this point, the editor of THE GLOBE was quite well pleased to have an Irishman say in its pages what I have over and over again heard Irish priests say, viz., that "The Irish are a contrary people," and were I to enlarge upon this I should say that their contrariness often took the form of something still more difficult to deal with; that while the Celt in all history plays the noblest role of human history, the professional Celt of modern American politics is simply more amusing than Bob Ingersoll.

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Previous to the last issue of *THE GLOBE* I received several printed notices cut out of Eastern newspapers, stating that *THE GLOBE* Publishing Company, of Chicago, had made an assignment to M. McDonald, Esq., confessing judgment and liabilities for something over one hundred thousand dollars, and in one instance said printed notice was accompanied with a long letter of protestation from Philadelphia, concluding with the earnest appeal, "Come back, come back, for God's sake, to the City of Brotherly Love, where you did a safe and quiet business and won honor for yourself among us all." I replied to these communications personally, assuring my anxious friends that the notices in question did not refer to *THE GLOBE REVIEW* Company, etc., etc., that we were safe as ever; paying our way, but making assignments and confessing judgments to no man or devil. I did not deem it best to make any public allusion to this affair either in the newspapers or in the last issue of *THE GLOBE*.

Before that issue, however, I became aware that the notices of the publishing concern referred to had materially injured the reputation and the prospects of *THE GLOBE*, but only for a while. After the issue of *THE GLOBE* No. 12, however, I received various other communications, kind and full of enthusiasm, containing liberal subscriptions, orders for back numbers, etc., but in them statements that the writers had been told that *THE GLOBE REVIEW* was bankrupt, that no future numbers would be likely to appear, etc. etc., hence I have deemed it best to set the matter at rest, in a public way in this issue; and without whining over the injury done me by this other Chicago concern, I am moved to say:

FIRST—That neither *THE GLOBE REVIEW* nor *THE GLOBE REVIEW* Company, nor its editor, nor anybody authorized to represent *THE GLOBE REVIEW* has ever asked M. McDonald, Esq., of Chicago, for one dollar or one cent; or ever received one dollar or one cent of M. McDonald's money; hence never has owed and never expects to owe M. McDonald, Esq., one farthing, or anything but the same good will that the editor feels for all classes and conditions of men.

SECOND—The editor of *THE GLOBE* has not even the honor of Mr. McDonald's acquaintance, and of course does not feel especially called upon in this place to advertise the daily paper in which I believe he is interested. I have nothing against Mr. McDonald or his paper, except that this report of its failure did

me and my business serious injury, for which I never asked and never shall ask damages or reparation from Mr. McDonald or the company in which he seems to be the ruling spirit.

In short, as I have said in previous issues, *THE GLOBE REVIEW* has paid its own expenses and made me and my assistants an honest living from the first number issued in Philadelphia in 1869 until the last number issued in Chicago.

* * * * *

It is my purpose to publish in the next four or eight numbers of *THE GLOBE* a series of quasi historico-biographical and critical papers covering the great creative periods and episodes of American history. These papers will be quite out of the ordinary vein of the average historian or biographer; will be in the vein and style that have at last, after thirty odd years of severe labor, come to be recognized as my own. I have never labored for any especial style of composition or expression. During my years in the Protestant ministry I naturally fell into a fearless moral tone and attitude. During my years of work in the line of editorial and critical journalism I was forced into a less rambling and meditative and into a more direct and practical way of expressing my thoughts than the preacher usually attains. I have never had time even to think of fine writing, so-called; and several of *THE GLOBE* articles that have been most praised by modern critics, were done originally amid the noise and interruptions of a newspaper editorial office; done at short notice, and often in the space of one hour or two in the evening while newspaper compositors were waiting for the pages of copy, which left my hands at white heat, without time for correction, and which appeared the next morning in the columns of the *Philadelphia Times*. And now, less than ever, have I any time to form mere sentences for the sound of them. In short, I have always been a great reader, a constant thinker, and my writings are simply the straightforward, plain, and earnest utterances of one who feels bound to speak his word without circumlocution; much as an intelligent man talks with his friends.

In the same manner I have treated these episodes of American history; my aim being as briefly as possible, to convey the central truths that have, after much reading, seemed to me to be the important truths of our history.

The first of this series, in this issue, touches the Genius of New England. Each article will be complete in itself, but the key

note of the entire series on New England will be found in this truth, that the New England conscience, spite of its many blunders and exaggerations, and spite of the fact that the ideal New England writers of the present generation pretend to despise it and to apologize for it, has been and is the supreme factor in New England history; that its so-called culture, in the lines of literature, art, music, poetry and philosophy, is mere child's play compared with its *basic granulations* of conscience in Plymouth Rock, etc.

Later there will be articles on William Penn and the Quakers; the early Catholics of Maryland, and in the same or immediate numbers there will be articles on the great episodes and leaders of French and German history; and the total aim and meaning of all will be to show that human lives and human history without the recognition of and without obedience to the great force and law of God, as written in the human conscience guided by Christian truth are hollow, rotten, tasteless, and useless from core to rind, and that only as our Goethes, our Bismarcks, our Hugoes, Gambettas, and the like, have tried to live in some sort of loyalty to this voice of heaven on earth have they been of any service to the race, except by their gigantic failures, to show that God still lives and governs among the nations of men. And if the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, or any of the illustrated baby magazines can do this better than I can do it, or in advance of me, may God bless them and give them all the prosperity they deserve.

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Among the hundreds of brotherly and encouraging letters that have come to me since the last issue of THE GLOBE, two or three contained expressions of regret that the lines in the article on public and parochial schools, touching "crowns of thorns," had been published in this REVIEW. To those persons and to the thousands of other Catholic readers whose feelings of reverence may have been offended, and yet who, in their charity, have not complained, I am moved to say: that I also felt the same objection to the words that they have named, and I am now sure that I ought to have obeyed my own questioning and that those words never should have been published in THE GLOBE.

W. H. THORNE,

THE GLOBE REVIEW, 716 Title & Trust Building, Chicago.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XIV.

JANUARY TO MARCH, 1894.

THE LABOR PROBLEM, ETC.

THE *Chicago Tribune* of the date of this writing, August 31, 1893, was well nigh filled with reports of and comments upon, first, the speeches and vote in the U. S. Congress upon the repeal of the silver bill; second, the numerous gatherings of unemployed men in the streets and parks of Chicago on the previous day, and the speeches of various gentlemen who, while the thousands of unemployed were imploring for work and bread, were giving them mere tongue fence and glittering generalities. And as the reports and comments of that particular day's issue of the *Tribune* were characteristic and descriptive of a deplorable state of affairs in this land now become chronic and alarming, as THE GLOBE for four years has been predicting they would become; and as the speeches of the previous day made to the hungry and unemployed were very characteristic of the speeches that are constantly being made by the so-called labor leaders and crank single-tax reformers of the day, it has seemed to me worth while to review the whole field in a single article in THE GLOBE, and to point out what I believe to be the causes and the cure of these constantly recurring labor and financial troubles in this land.

In the first place we all agree that in a land like ours, broad and rich and fertile beyond any other land upon earth, and in a nation like ours, where the source of political and economic power is supposed to be in the hands of the people, it is an unnatural

and criminal shame that tens of thousands of men, willing to work, should every now and then be unable to find work to do, and that in consequence they and their families are often suffering from hunger and from discontent, chagrin and hatred, which are far worse than hunger in the real life of man and of society. In this matter we are all agreed, rich and poor alike, men of all trades and professions and occupations, and the women also, the Miss Florence Kellys and the Kate Fields, all pipe their treble to the tenor and bass of the masculine multitude and assert that the state of things described is a shame and a crime.

Now the sole object of this article is to get at the truth concerning our troubles on the labor question, the tax question and the silver question, and to state that truth as clearly as possible.

The first source of our trouble, as I understand it, is this, that the whole assumption that the source of political and economical power in this country is in the hands of the people, is a lie; and that until we admit this lie, throttle it and confess that we have been fools and knaves in trying to swallow and perpetuate it, no truth of any sort can possibly get down our throats, into our stomachs, our prayers, pocket-books, or our bank accounts, not to speak of our literature and our legislation.

From the time the law-established colonial governments of this land were overturned by a set of self-styled reformers and revolutionists, without any show of legal authority, until now, this land has been in the hands, first, of a set of autocratic rhetoricians, whose dominion ended with the vaporous spoutings of the days of Calhoun and Clay and Webster—and nothing but the excellent intelligence and character of a few men like Washington and Hamilton kept us in that era from everlasting anarchy second, from the days of Buchanan to Grover Cleveland, with the exception of Lincoln, Seward and the war heroes, we have been in the hands of as ignorant, provincial, mere blundering set of narrow-headed demagogues as ever undertook to run a quack medicine or a modern republican newspaper.

I do not intend to work out these propositions. God Almighty will work them out for you inside of twenty years. I tell you that the men who made your Constitution had no lawful right to make it; that the Constitution itself was, as the old abolitionists used to tell you, a covenant with death and hell. Of course I admit

the right of revolution; but again I tell you that the deliberate assassination of two of your presidents, the most fearful and bloody war among yourselves on a question that you had tied up, legislated around and protected by your Constitution, and this ever recurring trouble between labor and capital in the land, and this everlasting higgling over the simple question of money, and this periodic starvation, striking and rioting, not to speak of lynching and lying and stealing by the mile and the million, ought to convince any people but a set of knaves and fools, first, that our government is the most incompetent and despicable government on earth; second, that the source of power is not at all in the hands of the masses of the people; third, that our government being based upon a lie, from beginning to end, has naturally fallen into the hands of liars, has itself developed liars, and in a word is now and long has been in the hands of the devil and such of his angels as pile up their millions not by honest labor, but by speculating upon the labor and the earnings of the poor; and I am not at all prepared to believe that matters would be in any better shape if the sources of power were really in the hands of the masses.

There is land enough, bread enough, honesty enough in this land for every man, woman and child to have money and bread and clothing to spare; but your national life, your political life and your commercial life, not to speak of your social and religious life, have been built upon falsehood. You have naturally fallen into the hands of the masters of falsehood, the money brokers, the corn and wheat brokers and the brokers of all classes, who prefer rascality to honest mental or manual labor.

In a word, the first source of our trouble is the political and moral lie upon which our so-called civilization is founded; and my constant position is that you simply cannot and, by the Eternal, shall not right this thing by mere trade, money, special legislation, government railroads, single tax on land, or what not. You shall first, in some fearful way, acknowledge your primal blunders and resolve to get square with God Almighty and the moral laws of this universe.

The second source of our trouble has grown naturally out of the first; having concluded that all men, that is all native-born and naturalized white American men, were free and equal; that the

law of universal competition—every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost—was God's law for this land; that you should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and no matter who is squeezed to death in the deal; you have found or ought to have found by this time, first, that the first part of your proposition was a falsehood; that you yourselves have been unwilling to apply it to the white men, black men or yellow men of other nations; second, that the second part of your proposition has led precisely to the present state of affairs between labor and capital, and between all classes and conditions of men; a mere unprincipled, lying and selfish race for money and the position money gives or is supposed to give in a nominal democracy, but an actual oligarchy of the lowest type that ever attempted to govern civilized men; third, that the third part of your proposition has led to the storing of gold, the storing of grain, the storing of pork, the storing of bonds and the storing of everything by the wealthy in order that by storing a day, a month or a year longer their wealth may be increased regardless of the fact that thousands of poor are starving for want of the very goods that your injustice and selfishness are keeping out of the markets of the world.

In a word, gentlemen, I tell you and swear to you that the present fearful state of things is just as absolutely the natural consequence of our fundamental conception of man and the life of man on this earth as it is natural for water to run down hill, or for the winds of heaven to rush into and through a vacuum. You are simply reaping what you have sown, and there will be the devil to pay before the harvest is ended.

Having left God and truth and justice and nobleness and old-fashioned humanity out of our Constitution, we naturally left them all out of our system of education, and having left them out of our system of education we are now finding that they are not in our lives, and we are sprawling around in the dirt and mire and dust and ashes of the silver men and the single-tax-on-land cranks, and dreaming that these fools can give us relief. Very well, a drowning man catches at a straw, they say, and we all of us try the theory that seems to offer the easiest way out. In a word, to use a phrase now well developed among female and other reformers, we seek relief and advancement along the lines of least resistance; and you may take my word for it that you will never find relief

in that line. We tried the same game previous to our civil war and it utterly failed:

The third source of the labor and financial troubles that are constantly besetting us is what I will here call our raw and crude provincial American independence.

The greatest American thing up to date is our inimitable and glorious God-given continent. This land is the greatest, the choicest land on the globe, and as the possessors of it we are in some sense the greatest people on earth and the most favored of Almighty God. In no other respect have we, as Americans, any right to boast of our superiority over the people of other times and nations, or of these times, or to compare them unfavorably with ourselves. In all the very highest lines of human accomplishment we are still, in many ways, behind the best men and the best works of other nations. So our miserable spirit and habit of boasting abroad and at home should be taken out of us for once and forever.

But this crude spirit of independence would be a laughable trifle if it affected only the manners of our people. As a matter of fact it has been the curse of eighty per cent. of our legislation, the ruin of a thousand commercial industries, and is to-day the root of the labor and financial distress that pervades this land.

More than twenty years ago I declared that our congressmen and State legislators were not free and statesman-like law-makers, but ignorant slaves, first of the corporation manipulator, second of the scavenger of each man's particular district. The first part of the declaration has now become the stock in trade of the popular journalist, and the second part is at last being discussed in the learned pages of the *North American Review*.

During the Lincoln presidential terms, we began a system of intercourse with China looking to a larger commercial interchange, and after a little, finding that commerce with China—as with other nations—meant also immigration from China, as all flocks naturally seek the newest pasture; and finding that Chinamen could and would gladly do as good work for much lower wages than the Irishman, we jeopardized all our trade with China at the dictation of a few hoodlum Irish on the coasts of California. The Irish could vote and the Chinamen could not, so the Hibernian dictated legislation at Washington and the Chinaman, though much his superior in many ways, has had to go.

Meanwhile, right and left, men that were developing lucrative commerce with China in New England, in New York and Pennsylvania, have had to close such industries, discharge their thousands of employes, lose their invested capital and start over again. I do not speak now of the moral injustice, the un-American spirit, the unconstitutional attitude, the despicable cowardice, the contemptible folly of driving out the Chinaman as a man. I speak only of the certain effect of this act upon the present and prospective international commerce of this great land; for the capital already invested, and the men employed in manufacturing and commercial enterprises in connection with our Chinese trade, were a mere drop in the bucket compared with the tens of thousands that might readily be employed in that trade in the near future, provided we had a government that could see an inch beyond its nose, or that would dare to defy the scavenger.

So, spite of our boasted independence, and spite of our claptrap that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, we are every now and then brought face to face with the fact that one day a millionaire banker or corporation manipulator buys our legislature, and the next day a few hoodlum scavengers dictate what that legislature shall do. In a word, it is a government by oligarchic scoundrels who now and then use small cliques of hoodlums to carry out their schemes. Meanwhile the intelligent working and thinking masses of the people are fooled by the newspapers into the dream that they, the people, are masters of the situation.

In a word, our provincial congressmen, at the dictation of a few hoodlums, conclude that they can get along without China, precisely as a few other provincial congressmen think they need not mind what England does, or how other nations manage their affairs; and at the dictation of a few other hoodlums we go into enterprises that aim to involve us in war, to-day with England, to-morrow with Italy, and next day with Germany; and the only reason under God's heavens that our leading cities have not been destroyed by European navies during the last ten years is that European nations, with all their pride and folly and warlike preparations, do not want to fight for mere revenge, but want to save their armies and warships for their own great mutual contest so near at hand.

Precisely as our crude spirit of independence has, through our crude legislation, killed out hundreds of commercial enterprises with European and Asiatic nations, so has the same spirit brought about the now long-standing snarl on the monetary question. Dan Voorhees, and the likes of him, with more mouthing rhetoric to one idea than would drown a nation less floated by conceit than ours, have long years ago concluded that the United States can act as they please on the monetary question, make a depreciated silver dollar pass for a dollar, no matter what Englishman or Chinaman refuses to be gulled by the lie, and in general that the United States government is able, as it is certainly conceited enough, to fix the monetary, intellectual, literary, moral, spiritual and political standard for the whole world. Meanwhile European financiers, a devilish sight smarter than our congressmen, laugh at our monetary conceit, and when they are a mind to, squeeze and shake our spread-eagleism till the feathers fly. Meanwhile, also, European scholars laugh at our boasted superiority in literature, and trade in that conceit to sell us their own wares.

In the financial world we are this year passing through one of those European squeezes. That is all. The Rothschilds Brothers could explain the whole business in a fifteen-minute speech, or in one article, were they so inclined; but what physician tells his secrets? A few Jews carry this earth in their vest pockets. I am not complaining of the fact. I am only pointing out the crude folly of American legislators who think they can and do legislate independent of the fact.

The immediate causes of our present troubles are these: First, our trade with the world is entirely too restricted for the agricultural and mining and manufacturing resources of the country. Second, our tariff legislation, by protecting, that is practically by subsidizing, a few industries, has confined the circle of our prosperous manufacturing into immeasurably smaller circles than it ought to be confined. Third, this same kind of legislation, while confining our industries into unnaturally small circles, has resulted in overproduction in those circles; has also put wages and the prices of said products away beyond their value as compared with wages and corresponding products in other lands. So everywhere we are limiting our products and the markets for our industry; overproducing and exaggerating wages and prices until, when the

protected capitalist finds that he cannot go on and make his millions as easily as before, he shuts down and lets his overpaid and gulled workmen go to the devil and to Henry George for wisdom and board. And this we call civilization, even Christian civilization, and insist upon it that we must have God in our Constitution, and that the American Sabbath is the greatest eagle in all the civilized ages. I take it for an ostrich with its head in the sand.

Another deep and constant source of trouble in this land is the senseless, reckless, extravagant spendthriftism of the average American, native-born and naturalized. The laboring man expects to live and dress as well as his employer, and his employer expects to live and dress as well as kings. Each man in his line belongs to two or three clubs, or societies, or lodges, or what not, all of which take a part of his earnings or his savings from his family, rob him of much valuable time, and tend to make him the crude and conceited booby he really is. These, I take it, are some of the sources of the labor and financial troubles into which we are, as a people, constantly and needlessly falling.

Now, why should not the laboring man live as well and spend as much as his employer, and why should not the average American store-keeper or hotel-keeper or manufacturer live as well as princes and kings? Morally and socially I know of no reason why they should not. Economically they should not, simply because, as society is constituted in these days, they have not the means; and as there is only a certain small amount of money per capita for each human being in any nation, there is no possibility of the masses getting the means to live like princes. Perhaps princes and kings live too well; perhaps we have no need of them at all; I am not discussing that here.

Now then, shall we change society as the anarchists would have us do, or shall we try to inject the principles of justice into the present state and constitution of things, and perhaps the foolish and extravagant ambitions of ninety per cent. of the American people? That brings me no longer to a consideration of the sources of the evils that so constantly beset us, but to the proposed methods of cure.

I agree with Henry George and the labor agitators that the rich are constantly growing richer and the poor poorer in this land,

and that on the face of it this state of things is a sin and a shame; but I insist that this state of things is, nevertheless, a perfectly natural outcome of our actual American life, and that no trifling panaceas will produce a cure.

The various theories of relief pointed out by speakers at the labor trouble meetings in Chicago are the old theories of the labor agitators. Among them were these:

Philanthropic and intelligent persons have occasionally ventured to remark that a more judicious apportionment of our public lands among the thousands of unemployed, plus such government loans as would help the unemployed to cultivate such lands, might be of quick and permanent benefit. Of course there are difficulties in the way; red tape to be unwound, stupid and starched officials to be reasoned with, etc., etc., but there is abundant ground for hope that sooner or later this suggestion will be considered in all its fullness and bring relief to thousands of men and women.

The now famous Rev. Dr. McGlynn was one of the speakers to the unemployed masses of Chicago on the day named; and after various sentimental rot touching the old saw that all men are workmen or thieves, he passed presently to consider the above suggestion, and this was his wisdom on that head: "You are advised to go to the country to take up land to free yourselves from this form of slavery. It is poor comfort to tell a man to go to the country where he can get something for nothing, for that something would be worth just what he paid for it—nothing." [Cheers.] All of which proves to me that Dr. McGlynn had better quit dabbling in the labor question and continue saying beads and minding his own business as a priest of the Church; also that Dr. McGlynn does not belong to the working classes; that he has no knowledge of the capacities of support and blessing in the millions of acres of uncultivated land on this continent; that he himself has never tried to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow toiling over a piece of free land, and that he and Powderly and Henry George and their like had a great deal better be taking lessons of some honest farmer in the art of earning an honest living by actual toil, weeding and planting some small patch of ground on this earth, than going around ventilating their ignorance, and from the ignorant and hungry masses getting applause for the same.

Rising next to a kind of emotional eloquence the reverend priest

perpetuated this bit of Henry George stuff upon his hungry audience :

“What a spectacle in this, the predestined metropolis of the world, to see men by the thousands crying for bread and for work. You can remedy this great evil, you can remove this inevitable, remorseless cancer from the public by voting to abolish monopolies. You cannot do it by violence. Elect to the legislature men representing you, and by that means gain laws that will make the employment of labor compulsory. Make the monopolist pay into the public treasury an equivalent for the privilege of enjoying the undisturbed possession of the largest and choicest lands in the city. Make the holders of property pay in taxes what the right of its use is worth. Make these monopolistic mill and land owners disgorge. Tax them until they pay their proportionate share into the treasury. It will take time to bring this about. What you have so deliberately and ignorantly thrown away will only be regained by a long and bitter political battle. Vote for the man who will pledge himself to help bring this about. It is a long time from now until November. If you have a sum in the bank where will it go to? You cannot subsist on hope. Some of you have nothing else now.”

This I call not only rot, but damned rot. And were I bishop or archbishop in the diocese where this man belongs I would chain him to the confessional and feed him on bread and water until the conceited nonsense of his life was wilted utterly out of his skin. It is worse than rot. It is the essence of anarchism and of fratricidal war.

Continuing, however, the Doctor rose to a more sensible view of things. He said, or is reported to have said :

“It is the duty of the community to keep the toilers from suffering. The poor laborer who has done so much to make this city what it is should not be allowed to look on works of his own labor and the beauties of his own construction and suffer for a lack of the necessities of life. It is a matter of justice. A hungry man is a dangerous animal. I will appeal to a higher motive, Christian sympathy and charity. If God is our father we are all brethren, and brotherly love should prevail. It is the duty of the community before God and man to see that no man or family suffers. It would be better to give them work than soup or bread. Give them employment.

"The streets should be cleaned. I understand that there is money in the public treasury for that purpose. The commissioners of the drainage canal have millions which they should give to the workmen for their labor."

Really the last twenty words contain all the good sense the priest uttered on the occasion, and these words contain the germ of a thought I have been trying to hammer into the American head for a dozen years. I want to give this crank of a priest all credit for his share in the practical work ahead.

Of course Dr. McGlynn spoiled his practical suggestion by bringing in Henry George's crazy land-tax scheme, as follows:

"In conclusion I would repeat to you abolish monopoly, tax the rental value of land. As it is now railroad kings can throttle the commerce of a city. This should not be so. These men should be shorn of their power. Send wise men to the legislative halls who will do the will of the people."

Now, in God's name, how are you going to abolish monopoly under a government like ours? And, in God's name, how are you going to establish the "rental value of land," and who is to do this? And, in God's name, where are you going to find "wise men" to send to your "legislative halls?" Would Henry George and Dr. McGlynn do better than Crisp and Voorhees? Would they do better even than Quay and Wanamaker?

Ladies and gentlemen, readers of THE GLOBE, you are aware that I have very little respect for the legislative or moral or intellectual ability of Quay, Wanamaker & Co., and I do not think more highly of Crisp, Voorhees & Co., but I would rather see the affairs of this land in the hands of Quay, Wanamaker & Co., when they were both drunk, than in the hands of Henry George, McGlynn & Co., when they were both sober and had just returned from prayers.

Wise men are not to be picked up in squads in these days; statesmen were never so scarce since God made the world as they are to-day; and all that our politicians and cranks are good for is that each man of them can run his own hen-roost in his own conceited way; meanwhile letting most of the eggs rot for want of timely gathering.

A Mr. Gompers was another of the speakers who gave stones for bread to the hungry masses of Chicago on the day named, and as the *Chicago Tribune* thought enough of this man's speech to report

it with unusual fullness and to comment favorably on the same, I repeat much of his address in this article, as follows :

“It is a sad commentary upon our civilization in the closing years of the nineteenth century to hear the announcement that all over this broad country preparations are making by the organized working men and women to hold demonstrations of the unemployed. Men and women who can work, who are willing to work, who are almost begging for an opportunity to work, cannot find it. Just think what it means ; not a famine ; never has nature smiled more favorably upon us than at this time. The earth yields up its riches, splendor seems to arise by a touch of the hand, as if produced by a fairy wand, and yet in the midst of this plenty, in the midst of this choking of the markets with decaying foods hundreds of thousands of our fellow men and women are feeling the pangs of hunger.

“I do not mention this fact simply to call attention to the unnatural condition, but to ask the corporations, to ask the employer generally, ask the newspaper reader, ask the magazine contributor as to the cause or rather the remedy for this condition. The answer will be, the wages of the American workingmen and women are too high, the hours of labor too few. If we as a country expect or hope to compete in the market of the world it is essential that the American worker be content with less wages and work longer hours. The employers, the corporations employing thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions of men, during times such as these, say times are hard. I propose to close down this establishment, and as to when it will reopen I cannot tell just when. However, if you men or you women will consent to work at a reduction of wages of ten per cent. I will carry this matter over and employ you, and we will tide this affair over. If you care to do so you may work an hour or so longer during the day and make up the loss. Mark the fact, go to any store that you please, examine into any trade that you care to, and you will find as I have said, the stores filled, the shelves overburdened, the granaries completely glutted, the avenues of trade choked, and the advice and request of the employer is to work for less wages, and thus reduce the consuming power of the worker. And the advice goes further—to work an hour longer every day and thus increase the production.

“Instead of this the toilers demand, the toilers suggest, the voice

of organized trades unions, do not close down your factory if you have work to do at all; instead of discharging twenty-five or fifty or more per cent. of your employes, retain all in employment and divide the employment with all. Do not reduce wages, because that decreases the consumptive power of the worker and only adds to and intensifies the condition which confronts us to-day.

“The philosophy underlying the demand and contained in the demand of the wage workers for diminution in the hours of labor, holds good, and is just as applicable to-day as it ever was, so long as there is this chaotic, planless, anarchistic system of production that we have to-day—absolutely without regard to the prosperity, the success, or the needs of the people—so long will it be necessary to reduce the hours of labor. Nor can organized labor be charged with a desire to shirk the duty, nor to refuse to work. The trades unions can answer and do answer, and I believe they are justified in answering that so long as there is one man or woman out of employment who needs work, who can work and wants to work and cannot find it, the hours of labor of those who are employed are too long. If you eliminate entirely the element of the unemployed, if you have entirely wiped out the people who want work and cannot find it, then you have reached the limit of the reduction in the hours of labor, and not 'till then.”

I quote the first part to show Mr. Gompers' estimate of the prevailing seriousness of our labor problem, and also to show and point out the fact that his heart is right; that, like the rest of us, he is anxious to help the unemployed, etc.; then to show the utter and narrow folly of the method of the man in bringing about this help.

I refer to his indorsement of the trades union idea, that until you have reached a point where there are no unemployed you have no right to increase the hours of labor, and that those hours are already too long.

I hold that the two points have no connection. I hold, and presently will endeavor to show, that under any but the most pig-headed government under the sun there is land enough and work enough in this country for 20,000,000 more men than we have here; that our laws and the Constitution out of which these laws have come, are responsible for the present widespread idleness as I have said; and that one of the first steps toward any improve-

ment will be reached through a general reduction of the wages of laboring men, through an increase in their hours of labor, and through a vast increase of money per capita for the entire present and future population of the United States. But we must first find statesmen who will actually study the broad and deep and international conditions of this country, before we can even attempt such legislation as will bring about any change. In a word, as I have been preaching these twenty years, there is first to be a fearful revolution in this land before we shall be willing or able to see the truth regarding our own situation and our true relation to other nations of the world.

In another column of the *Chicago Tribune* of the same date Mr. Gompers is credited with having made the following very sensible remarks :

As a solution of the present condition of the labor and money market, he advocated the starting of government work on many of the great public works that had been projected and planned in the last decade. He said the Mississippi River should be improved, that the Nicaraguan canal should be finished, all the harbors should be improved. The country roads should be put in a passable condition. And then the public lands should be thrown open and given to the poor by the government, which could loan a small amount of money on a mortgage on the land to the government with which the people could build houses and buy tools. Continuing he said :

“Think this over and decide for the best ; make your demands as becomes men ; don't be excited by men who advocate rash means for the settlement of this grave question. There is no one who can hurt your cause as much as those who try to influence you to wild, foolish, hopeless acts of violence.”

Some of this I call excellent and practical advice, and presently I will speak more at length upon the point of government work. In another part of the *Tribune*, descriptive of our panorama of misery, Mr. Henry George is reported as having fed the multitude on the following loaves and fishes :

“Fellow-Citizens: It seems to me that to be invited to address a vast meeting of the unemployed at this time is like inviting a pilot to take the helm of a ship while in the breakers. I have for years been predicting such a state of things as now exists, point-

ing out the inevitable causes that must bring it about, and showing the simple measures that will prove a remedy. As for the immediate necessities I can suggest no more remedy than any one else."

Mr. George then claimed that there was no such thing as unemployed labor until labor was shut out from the use of land, for the exertion of labor upon the land was the essential element in the production of wealth. The rise of land in value was claimed to give to owners of land the benefit not of their own labor, but of the labor of the producing class. That, as labor and the increase of population gave value to land, it therefore should belong to the producer and the community rather than to the individual owner. Continuing, he said :

"Let land be open and there will be no idleness. Adding to the growth of rent and increasing the valuation of land is the cause of the decline in wages, and is filling our cities with unemployed men and our roads with tramps. There is but one remedy. It matters not how you try or what devices you use so long as a few men own all the land. So long as we permit a premium on speculation the few will grow richer and the many poorer. [Applause.] The simple remedy is to take off the taxes on production, and take for public revenue the value that attaches to land. All that I can do is to put before you this great central principle to think over. There is a steady growth of poverty with the ability to increase wealth. In the relation of men to land lies the fundamental principle of all social elements, and until we adjust that properly there will be periodical seasons of national depression such as confront us to-day." [Applause.]

I call this giving the hungry mere flint stones for bread, and the applause that was awarded to this man's speech is to me the best evidence alike of the ignorance of the people who listened and the utter charlatanism of the speaker.

In the first place, a few men do not own all the land in these United States. And Mr. George's assumption, like the very basis of our government, is an impudent lie. In the second place, the tens of thousands of men who do own land in the United States have either received it as a gift from the nation under certain conditions considered advantageous to the whole people, which conditions the government is, or ought to be, able to insist upon being

fulfilled. This applies alike to corporations and individuals. I am well aware that many corporations and many rascally individuals, who have received land as a gift from the government, have not fulfilled the lawful conditions. But this would be just the same under any system of open or rented or given or sold land that Mr. George or the devil could devise. The real trouble is in the ignorance and corruption and selfishness of the masses of the people, including, of course, the rich and the poor, and especially the average politician, who is supposed to be wise.

However, the tens of thousands of people who own land in this country, improved or unimproved, so-called, have either received it thus as a gift from the government, or they have already bought and paid for it with perhaps a much nearer approach to true valuation than would apply to Mr. George's last purchase of and payment for the coat he wears. In each case the land belongs to the holder as really as Mr. George's coat belongs to Mr. George. The owner holds government patents or legal deeds for said land; and were Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn anything but the most impracticable and untaught dreamers, they would understand that even to advocate the taking of this land out of the hands of such individuals against their will, is the essence of lawlessness, anarchy, and damnation.

In the next place, the tens of thousands of men and women who do own land, improved or unimproved, in this country, do pay taxes on the land, not according to some wild-cat Henry George and Dr. McGlynn valuation of rental, but according to such county assessment as, all things considered, the government representatives consider just to all concerned. And there is nothing but gratuitous, damnable and charlatan humbuggery in the assumption that this land would be more productive of money, virtue, vegetables or hogs were it all turned back into the hands of the government-to-morrow, and run by such clowns as Henry George, Bro. McGlynn & Co.

I am no friend of monopoly, no special admirer of American rich men. I have given my life to poverty and truth; to poverty, in order that I may prove it to be consistent with culture and honor; and to truth, in order to show that it alone, with God, is a majority even in a land of liars and lies. It is, however, clear to me that poor as the management of our public affairs in the

hands of our present legislators, run largely by the manipulators of monopolies is, this management would be a thousand times worse if run by such people as Henry George and Dr. McGlynn.

By the Eternal, the people of this broad land must and shall be fed and clothed, and shall be the happiest people on God's earth ; but they must stop fooling and lying and their general crude spendthriftism and ignorance first, and learn that not wealth or the aping of wealth, but virtue and honor make men worthy of the name of man.

All men cannot be rich with the present or any prospective per capita of money in the United States. The poor ye have and will always have with you. A nation made up exclusively of rich men would go to the dogs of hell inside of a year. Poverty is the safety valve of the human heart and conscience. God is no fool. He knows how to manage gentlemen like Wanamaker and Quay. Mr. T. V. Powderly could for a long time twirl about his unclever fingers whole masses of ignorant men. But in the hour of need Mr. Jay Gould could twirl about his more clever fingers the charlatan, Powderly, and the whole family of his followers. In an hour of need the Rothschilds Brothers, with the aid of a few bankers and brokers in the United States, can twirl about their more clever fingers your Jay Goulds, your Vanderbilts and Astors and make your Harrisons and your Clevelands dance to the waltz music of the gold standard or pipe to the bimetallic standard as they please.

So the herds of humanity, including Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, are well looked after by competent riders, and there is no reason to suppose things would be better if your actual cowboys were the bosses of Rothschilds & Co.

Now I gladly turn from this Henry George stupidity to a little practical Chicago common sense, and all the more so because it points in the direction I have been agitating these many years. The *Tribune*, of date already given, reported the following :

“ Action was taken at the meeting of the Drainage Board yesterday by which from 1200 to 1500 laborers can be put at work on the Drainage Canal within the next two weeks. It is proposed that the men to be employed shall be citizens of Chicago and heads of families, and in this way the trustees hope to afford relief to from 5000 to 6000 persons. The men will be employed upon four miles

of the McArthur and Harley sections. Both of these contractors have refused to go on with the work of building levees to protract the work on the main channel from the waters of the Desplaines River, because of a conglomerate rock met with, which they claim they are unable to excavate at glacial drift prices. The Joint Committee on Engineering and Finance entered agreements with both McArthur Bros. and Harley, and these agreements were ratified yesterday. The contractors are to act as agents of the board, and are to have the direction of the force to be employed, subject to the control of the board's engineering department. The board agrees to pay them 15 per cent. of the contract price for the use of the equipment which these contractors have now upon the ground. The board's special committee on labor, which comprises Trustees Kelly, Eckhart, Cooley, Altpeter and Prendergrast, will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock to decide upon the method by which men will be furnished the contractors. They say that from 1200 to 1500 men can be used. Agnew Bros. are making preparations to increase their force of laborers. Within the last week they have put 500 additional men at work, and Mr. Agnew said yesterday that 400 more would be given employment within the next few days.

"Col. W. P. Rend, chairman of the committee appointed by Mayor Harrison to furnish employment for the unemployed, appeared before the trustees and said he had conceived one or two plans by which the Drainage Board could materially relieve distress among unemployed. He said:

"I have been informed that your board could put 3000 or 4000 more men at work on the canal. Two of three of the contractors are not employing the number of men necessary to keep up with their estimates, and they could put a great many at work. I would suggest two ways of action. There is a vast amount of money in safe deposit vaults, the money of poor people who have lost confidence in banks. I would suggest that you open popular subscriptions for bonds of small denominations, bearing 5 per cent. interest. I think they would sell readily, and in that manner the board could raise \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000. I understand that your board has purchased already considerable right of way between Chicago and Summit, and with the money thus raised from 3000 to 4000 men could be put to work at day labor, and this would mean relief for from 15,000 to 20,000 persons."

Now I consider that in these few paragraphs we have more practical sense, representing more practical brain power for the government and helpfulness of the masses, than you will find in all the spouting of Powderly, Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, Kate Field & Co., from the day they were born until now; and this brings me to my own suggestions for the immediate and future relief of the masses of hoodwinked unemployed, striking, ignorant or starving poor. For immediate relief I would pursue all over this land, in every town, city, county and district and commonwealth of it, precisely the policy outlined here by my friend, Col. W. P. Rend; and I am also a convert to the late Mayor Harrison's methods, because I find that in an emergency he had good practical horse sense and knew how to select his man or men.

In truth, the governments of our towns, cities and states, and the various branches of the government of the United States are responsible for the present condition of things, and are bound to relieve the trouble. But Mr. Rend, as a pioneer in this line, rightly judged that the masses of discontented and unemployed do not want charity: they simply want work and some show of justice. Then as soon as all the municipal, state and national branches of the government have awakened to the immediate need of putting the thousands of the unemployed to work and providing such pay as will keep them from starving and in peace, all of which is happily enough outlined by Mr. Rend's suggestions, I would have the government issue such extra amount of paper money, to be exchanged through the banks for any temporary scrip needed by the present demand, so increasing the general volume of our currency; and as soon as the present emergency is met and covered by government employment in all parts of this land, I would suggest, first, an absolute repeal of every tariff law that disgraces our civilization, and make the trade of this land as free as the air we breathe; second, an absolute repeal of every law that discriminates against any and all so-called foreigners, either in the lines of manufacture and sale of their goods, or in the line of immigration, so putting ourselves square on the word of our once primal declaration that all men are free and equal before the laws, and opening this land absolutely to the free immigration of all nations of the earth.

So I would crowd about ten millions more, perhaps fifty mil-

lions more, of the overcrowded nations of Europe and Asia upon these shores, and tell Mr. Rend and such sensible men as he that the same method applied to the unemployed of Chicago now applied to the fifty million new emigrants, rich and poor, skilled and unskilled, would soon set every mother's son and daughter of them to work; that a sensible government could and soon would be obliged to provide wages for them, and that by this system of free trade and a vigorous employment of needed labor in this land we would soon improve the character of the human race and so improve the appearance, productiveness, cultivation, safety, beauty, trade, commerce and wealth of this, our own land, that the very angels would bring us the approval of Heaven on their spotless and shining wings.

Now if you ask me how could we employ fifty million more of Europe's overcrowded population while we are stagnant with overproduction as we are to-day? I answer that if the two or three great parties of the United States will combine and first give me as a background this absolute certainty of absolute free trade with all nations of the earth, and then make me chief of a new Bureau of Immigration and Government Employment in this land, and will guarantee me enough ready money in United States notes to pay my men fair and honest wages—say, \$1.50 a day—and will guarantee my position for ten years, I will give constant employment to fifty million of men during those ten years, at the end of which I will have so changed the face and the devilish civilization of this land that it will be fit for decent and refined people to live in, and will afford constant employment and peace to all its 120,000,000 of population, and I will not ask or accept one dollar for my services, nothing but my board and clothing, which I can get without government employ in any one of a dozen ways of spending the rest of my life. In a word, I am not seeking future fame or honor from church or state in this world.

Shall I give you a hint of the work that is needed to be done in this land? Let me begin on the Atlantic coast. From Calais, on the northernmost coast of Maine, to Cape Sable, on the southern point of Florida, to Brownsville, on the southernmost coast of Texas, representing a sea-front larger and superior to any other in this wide world, we have not to-day, after four centuries of so-called civilization, a decent wharf, dock or pier to which to tie a steamship or a sailing vessel or any other craft of the ocean.

In the forests of this nation and in the hills and mountains of this land there is wood and stone enough to make this sea-wall so strong and splendid that it would be a bulwark for ages and the admiration of the world. All that is needed is a statesmanship equal to even the contemplation of such an improvement; but in God's name, what do such selfish and babbling clowns as Wanamaker and Quay and Voorhees and Crisp and Henry George and Dr. McGlynn know about this kind of statesmanship and the employment of great masses of men? But this is civilization. The wharfage of our sea-front is a dilapidated disgrace that even decent rats are ashamed of; yet we call ourselves a civilized people and claim that we are the leaders of the world, and can get along without any lessons from accomplished history.

Our Pacific coast is the same as our Atlantic coast, only more neglected and less civilized; the water frontage of our great lakes and rivers is in a condition still more disgraceful than the Atlantic or the Pacific coast; and as a matter of fact almost the only decent improvements made in all this ocean and river frontage has been done by just such monopolists and private individuals as McGlynn and Henry George abuse and ridicule. Here and there, of course, the government has also made improvements, but about on the scale of so many respectable old-time beavers.

Now look away a moment from the water frontage of this nation to the greatest and loveliest valley of the world that stretches between the Rocky and the Alleghany Mountains. From the headwaters of the Yellowstone, the Missouri and the Mississippi and the headwaters of the Ohio, and from the great lakes to the gulf of Mexico. In all these millions of square miles of lovely, God-given land, there is hardly one square mile that is fully cultivated, and not one that has been developed one-fourth of its actual capacity of blessing and benefit to mankind; and yet we call ourselves civilized, and do not want the Italian or the Chinese to come and dig our fields or wash our linen or clean our streets, lest, forsooth, we should taste their barbarism and become barbarous likewise. God pity the conceit of the average American woman and man!

Now along all this water frontage, as over all these millions of square miles, including also our territory on the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, I would plant millions of honest laboring men, superin-

tended by honest and skilled workmen, under the direction of responsible national, state or municipal representatives, and I would put them all to work, pay them, make them happy and keep them to work upon industries that would not need your infernal tariff laws to protect them; and I would disturb no man's private rights or land without his consent or approval; and I would not stir up any opposition between labor and capital or abuse the monopolist. I would make a government monopoly of labor so much greater than all the trusts and combines in the land, that mere petticoat peddlers and sugar spoilers like Wanamaker and Claus Spreckels would seem like the poor little retail figures they really are; and I would, in ten or twenty years, make this land so great and strong and beautiful, that the Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts would no more think of running it than they would think of running the throne of God.

The great Mississippi valley is in crying need of a grand national and interstate system of drainage and sewerage. Its climate and its fertility would be vastly benefited by such a system. I would organize a corps of 100,000 men and set them to work on this vast undertaking. The public roads of this country, outside of a few small sections in New England, are an insult to the very idea of civilization. I would organize another 100,000 men and set them to work on the public roads of this land; and the country is so large that this number of men, properly distributed, would hardly be noticed as an increase in our population, and the roads we now have and the roads we need are so numerous, and the work needed on them is so extensive, that 1,000,000 men might find steady employment on them for many years to come. By the time these improvements were properly made and the country, in its wharfage, drainage, roadways and general agricultural improvements, had been brought to a state worthy the name of civilization, the thousands now unemployed, and the fifty million new immigrants—Chinese of course, and Italians and Poles and all sorts—would not only have developed great skill, great ambition, but would be ready, many of them, to engage in commercial pursuits, which by the vast increase of trade would be open and ready to receive them. All this too would develop skilled labor in the lines of masonry, ship building, etc.; and instead of having tens of thousands of mere incompetents in all trades and professions as now, men who do contemptible work

and expect double pay, we would have better printers, better artists, better mill hands, better builders, better architects, better poets, better scholars, better preachers, and make altogether a more respectable and respected showing in the great world of culture and commerce than we do to-day. Such action by our government would soon nerve the railroads to employ another million of men upon badly needed improvements along their lines.

The Chinamen would teach us economy, honesty, reliability; the Italians would teach us refinement of manners, and impart to us their natural instinct for art. The Germans would teach us, as they have already, their genius for music; the French would inspire us with thrift and saving, and the American nation of a hundred years to come would be something to be envied of the gods.

How would I get the money to pay my wages? I have already covered that ground. This government, such as it is, has a right to coin money and to issue paper money to any extent requisite for its needs. But how would I settle the question between silver and gold? Ladies and gentlemen, that is largely a question between the men who have silver mines and the men who own banking houses run upon the basis of gold as the one standard of money value in this world, and if necessary I would let them fight it out and have the government issue enough paper money to meet all its actual demands.

But as all my thinkings and theories go upon the ground of recognizing whatever good attempts the past has made in the line of civilization, and as gold has now become a popular and a refined standard of money value, and as silver also has ancient and modern claims to the same honor, I would recognize both these facts and would as soon as possible bring about an international monetary congress; not made up of irresponsible speculators, whose interest it was to maintain gold or silver as the special or exclusive standard of money value, but composed of men of all shades of opinion on these issues, who, however, should be instructed as a jury to reach some final conclusion of an international and binding character that would establish at least for five hundred years the ratio of silver and gold that should make each the absolute equivalent of the other in all the markets of the world, and that should bind all nations of the earth to observe the ratio in all the metal money that

was manufactured; all counterfeiters and debasers of this coin to be hung on sight as soon as convicted of their crime.

I would do this, however, not that I recognize gold or silver as having any established or establishable intrinsic value, but in order to save the labor and accomplishments of the civilized world, and to keep the peace of modern nations; admitting all the while that the paper dollar or check of a man or nation able and willing honorably to redeem it or give you an equivalent therefor, and bearing the signature of such a man or nation, is the one convenient and universal medium of financial and commercial exchange.

In a word, I would leave the speculator and manufacturer of gold and of silver some narrow margin to speculate upon the possible failure of the man or nation issuing his or its paper money, seeing all the while, which is now the case, that stamped paper is the money medium of the world. And at the international monetary congress of the future I would also fix the amount of paper money per capita that each nation should issue, and I would make that paper money itself the equivalent of gold.

I have thus outlined a scheme that would employ all the unemployed of this land and 50,000,000 of the willing but crowded workers of other lands; a scheme that would open at once the most extended and lucrative commerce and free intercourse with all the nations and peoples of the earth; a scheme that would so beautify this land that kings would desert their thrones to come and live here simply as private men, that scholars and saints would be glad to find shelter here; a scheme that would improve the minds and morals of the people as well as the face of the continent; a scheme that would soon set such men as T. V. Powderly, Henry George and Dr. McGlynn to hoeing potatoes until they had learned how to govern their tongues; and a scheme that would make men no more envious of a millionaire than they would be of a gilded butterfly. And there is not one impractical thought or one anarchic or revolutionary thought or motive in the whole scheme. It would simply lay aside all chains and set men to work all over this land, and to trading and trafficking by the hundred thousand all over the world. The increase of wealth and the increase of earnings all having back of them the untold treasures of the continent as guarantee of the nation's credit, would vastly increase the power of the people to pay any just and needed

tax for the support of the improved government of those days; and on the point of taxation I am perfectly sure that Henry George's scheme is a wild-cat scheme, even if it did not assume the confiscation of private ownership in land and the consequent destruction of all grounds of ownership whatever; and I am just as thoroughly satisfied that a just tax on the income of each citizen, enough to meet the actual needs of the government, is the only just tax, and that it is to be the final and sole tax levied by all nations upon earth.

All that men have said, all that they ever can say about the difficulties in collecting an income tax, applies with double force to the collecting of export and import duties and the thousand taxes that now vex alike the tax payer and the tax collector. Political economists admit to me that an income tax is the only just tax conceivable, and the justice of it is so plain that I will not attempt to argue it. I only say that a tax that is just can be collected by any decent government, and could be collected and so arranged that each state should have its share according to its population and according to its special needs in times of well-recognized state improvements.

That is, I am constantly assuming that the general arrangement and divisions of our government into legislative, judicial and executive, and into national and state divisions, is an excellent arrangement, and I would not disturb it in any serious way. I would use the present machinery of government, but I would use it to grander issues, on nobler, more Christian, more human, more practical and more honest bases and to nobler ends.

There is no reason why men should be idle or discontented in this land. It is a burning shame that they are so. I admit that their own extravagant and spendthrift ways are often to blame. But at heart the government is to blame, and we want a government that knows and means something besides filling its own pockets and securing its own re-election.

Nevertheless, with all the improvements I have suggested, it is only as the fear of God and the grace of God, through His church, makes us devout and loyal Christians that we can properly and permanently reap the value of such improvements and continue to exist on this earth at all; and the Ingersolls and the atheists and the scoffers generally must, as they will be, all drowned in the floods of reformation and faith now near at hand.

Will the American people accept or use this scheme or thank me for propounding it? Never until we have suffered one more revolution that will turn our glorious land into murderous prison pens and our rivers into blood. Never until all the political parties existing to-day, and that have been the blundering curse of this land for over one hundred years, are swept off the face of the earth and we have settled upon a form of government that means a government of the people, by the people and for the people under the guidance of the spirit of Christ and the immortal moral laws of God.

W. H. THORNE.

RICHARD REALF.

THE physical form of Richard Realf has ceased to appear among mankind for more than fourteen years; and one bright, joyous day in February last, in search of his grave, I examined the records of five cemeteries in West San Francisco, where repose the remains of what were once two hundred thousand human beings.

The dates of birth and death were almost uniformly subjoined to the host of common names, and the different sextons were garrulous with information about the antecedents of their silent charges. I asked for the grave of the great poet, but the books presented an utter blank, and the gruesome gentry shook their heads with that positive negation which generally implies profound ignorance. Only one, and he, the superintendent for the Masonic fraternity, had ever heard of Richard Realf. My wife smiled through her tears, and led the way to the Soldiers' Plot in the Odd Fellows grounds; and there, upon a little stone, erected by members of the Grand Army, her white hand laid tender blossoms of beauty.

It is a small mound among many similar ones, far above the rest of the graves, overlooking dim blue mountains toward the north and the ceaseless rush of waters through the Golden Gate to and fro the sad and solemn main. Flowers bloom there all the year. As spring melts into summer innumerable soft-throated birds pipe and chirp their earliest songs, while often some im-

perial butterfly floats deliriously in the warm sunshine; the first splendors of dawn and the last glories of twilight caress the spot; there the enchanting phantoms and mysterious voices of the night are seen and heard; moonlight and starlight illumine fairy dances on green and flower-bespangled swards; the rough winds of heaven are tuned to sad, sweet music as they sigh through the dolorous pines; sometimes though, when the storms of winter come, lone wanderers from the watery deep—wild sea-mew—lost in drifts of fog, scream mournfully overhead. In fine, the place is a home for all the tempest-tossed birds or forlorn ghosts of poesy.

How fitting it is that the people who are unfamiliar with the writings of their mightiest singer should also not know where he lies buried! So it was with Shelley, the poet of poets, for more than half a century after the waters of Spezzia's bay closed over his kingly head. So it was with Spinosa, over one hundred years, and until Schleiermacher read the records whereon the "God-intoxicated" Jew had impressed his pure and lofty soul. So it has always been, so it will ever be with the spiritual monarchs of earth.

The recognition of thought by the masses is in inverse proportion to merit and originality. Thus, naturally enough, Christ was hated and crucified; Socrates, contemned and poisoned; Shakespeare, misconstrued and his very existence challenged by unnumbered lies.

The purest air nestles upon the highest peaks, where only the strongest wings may fly. The beauteous treasures of the sea are hidden in his fathomless deeps, and the waves that fall and die upon his shores voice no secrets of his wealth.

To be great is often to be misunderstood; to think well and bravely is to frequently incur the censure of that hydra-headed coward called public opinion. These truths may not be welcome in a land where the political or journalistic toady croaks in dank fecundity; yet the history of humanity proves that all persecutions have originated and been sustained by the tyrannic majority, proves also that all discovery, science, art, invention and learning have begun and been upheld by the despised minority.

Joquin Miller said of Robert Burns: "I picture him as one who knelt a stranger at his own hearthstone, seeing all, yet all

unseen, alone." A man of genius is a stranger in a foreign land, a poet is a pilgrim-spirit around whose brow is a halo that lights us with the reflection of unknown worlds.

Judged by this standard, Richard Realf was one of the most extraordinary angels whom destiny ever encoiled in a human nervous system. Through forty-four years he lived and loved, soared and sang as though from the choir of cherubim; rocked all the while, as few mortals are, in the cradle of hope and ecstasy—to die at last in agony, and sleep in the grave of despair. Leaning over "the magic casements that ope on perilous seas, from fairy lands forlorn," he deliberately undid the fastenings that imprisoned him in time.

Was it foolish despair? or was it the wisdom of unearthly hope? I make no sickly plea for suicide. I impugn not God's laws against it, but there are some exceptions which must be reserved from the uncharitable judgment of mankind. No man comprehended this matter better than he of whom I write; for he, himself, said in the poem, "Hasheesh," that there is an "apocalypse which turns the brain with too much peering of mortal eyes into the immortalities." The essence of this truth was clear to Jean Paul Richter when he addressed music as a tormenting "familiar" in these subtle words: "Away! away! Thou remind'st me of what I have always sought, but in all my endless days I shall not see." And on this dangerous and disputed ground the sad-hearted Schopenhauer built the fabric of his morbid essay upon "Self-destruction."

There is, in sooth, a terrible fascination in "the visible radiance of the invisible," the "Far glimpses of the perfect and beautiful," "Haunting the earth with heaven"—the beauty and glory we apprehend, but cannot attain. What wonder that men like Keats, Poe, Byron, Shelley, Realf, Mozart, Paganini and Chopin perish in the torture of such ineffable despair!

More than once, when enduring the keenest anguish from the singular woes of his remarkable life, did Realf seek comfort in the beauties of faith. Let this fact be attested by the devout grandeur that pervades the lines of the poem entitled "Inspection":

Let them rave and let them lie;
Soul of mine, make no reply;
Something woos us from the sky.

In these silences we hark
Something singing, and do mark
Something shining in the dark.

'Though we bleed beneath the knives
Of the butchers in our lives,
Something deathless yet survives.

Far beyond these blades of ill,
Breathing very calm and still,
Something which they cannot kill.

'Though the warm flesh fail and waste,
'Though the leaves have bitter taste,
'Though the paths be interlaced.

Well I know that, at the last,
When the sudden hurt is past,
Solemn peace, serene and vast,

In my heart will nestle so
That I shall not feel nor know
Any harm or any woe.

Sorrow is a little thing,
Is it not, Soul, when we bring
Conscience into suffering?

Though at first we swooned on death,
Yet when we had caught our breath,
And were squared fourfold in faith,

In our speech was no more moan,
For our feet were firmly grown,
And we did not stand alone.

Comrade Soul! We see and hear
Far beyond the misty sphere
Of the dank world's doubt and fear.

Round our heads the great stars glow;
We can hear Life's mystic flow;
See its widening cycles grow.

All the sages and the seers
Of the immemorial years,
Since the Earth first groaned in tears,

Speak unto us from their height,
Summered in the Infinite,
Where it evermore is light,

Wherefore, kissed by hallowing lips,
Held in strong, assuring grips
Of anointed fellowships;

What to us is gibe or frown?
What have we to cast us down?
Soul, arise! assume thy crown!

Turn thy features from the wall,
Make thy stature proud and tall;
See, the Lord is over all!

If, at times, with these exquisite beings, all philosophies drag anchor and all religions fail to console, leaving the naked soul mourning for Paradise lost; yet we are not, therefore, to repine in utter darkness or curse God and die.

We may still remember that life preponderates toward that which is fair and beautiful; that the priest of poetry forever interprets unto men the divinest miracles of the Infinite One—catholic and sublime as the ebon dome of heaven studded with constellations at night. The kings of sacred lore are all poets; religion is best ensymboled by poetry. The future Palmer from New Zealand, exploring the ruins of St. Paul, will find one of the cardinal glories of the Roman Catholic Church in her strong thirst for poetic forms.

Job, David and Solomon, how they rebuke the scoffer of lyric beauty! How they overthrow the cheap idols of modern civilization! How petty grow the poor altars built to the gods of utility when we meditate their interpretation of the Divine presence!

Above all, contemplate, if you can, the simple Nazarene looking abroad at the lilies waving their sanctified blooms in the fields! Conscious of the cruel granite that pierces the feet of man as he walks the ways of life, Jesus was yet so poetically sensitive that the "barren" fig-tree was no doubt guilty of sin in his fine eyes. With him, matter and spirit appeared as an infinitely perfect unit.

Was it from Christ that sweet St. Francis learned to commune with the angels of the vegetable world? Did Goethe and Shakespeare get their rapturous conceptions of flower-sprites from him? Where did Shelley find his supernal dream of the Sensitive Plant? Richard Realf believed that the holy arcana of beauty might be unveiled by the poet's pen. To him, every weed, "pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine."

In his "New Introduction to a Lecture upon Shakespeare," he uses this language: "But do not fancy that poetry belongs only to the extraordinary and uncommon things of life, and not to its ordinary and common affairs. There is no wind so vulgar but it may be turned into music; all the fragrances of paradise are asleep in the dullest clod; and out of the commonest sunbeams may be woven the colors of the rainbow. In the hands of genius, the driest stick becomes an Aaron's rod, and buds and blossoms into poetry. Is he a Bryant or a Longfellow? At his touch all nature is instinct with feeling, and the darkest and nakedest grave becomes a sunlit bank, enpurpled with blossoming life. Is he a Burns? The sight of a mountain daisy unseals the fountains of his nature, and he embalms the bonnie gem in the rarest beauty of his spirit. In the ordinary events and scenes of human life, in humble cottages and huts where poor men dwell, in all the sacred beatings and out-breathings of the human heart and in the sanctities and sublimities of our common nature, in these things not less than in the startling and the strange, the poet finds the elements of his creation through which to express the riches of his soul. Yet, just as the rainbow spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks an eye, and just as the sweetest music is but noise to the soul that has no ear, so without the inward power of sympathy and love, no outward thing has loveliness for us.

Who shall estimate what vast stores of happiness and improvement the domains of imagination have revealed to us? Who shall say that he is without companions to whose soul the marvellous beings of the poet's heart and fancy are constant visitants?

If we will we may have friends for every mood, comforters for every sorrow, a glorious company of immortals, scattering their sweet influences on all the paths of our daily life.

Shapes that "haunt thoughts' wildernesses" may be around us in our labor and suffering and joy, touching the heroic strings in our natures, kindling our hearts, lifting our imaginations, and surrounding our whole existence with that sublime repose which "down from God's bosom silently comes to strengthen and bless and cheer."

Nevertheless, out of these noble suggestions, we are left to condense the statement that genius must, in the main, be its own reward; and that its saddest feature ever holds good, that while it

is not necessarily too sensitive for the world, the world is almost always not sensitive enough for it.

Perhaps there are some who would care to know a little of the man Richard Realf. If so, I can avouch the truth of the following facts, upon excellent hearsay; but it may be wise to note at the outset, that no complete biography can now be put in print. The reason for this is twofold. First, in the mystery that surrounds several years of the poet's life; and, second, the needless misconstructions to which the innocent living might be subjected by the prying of vulgar curiosity.

Born in Framfield, Sussex vicinage, England, June 14, 1834, Realf began to write verses at the age of fifteen, and four years later he became the amanuensis of Lady Byron. And here I may as well say that there is no proof of the story that Realf was the illegitimate son of the world-famed Lord Byron, although there was, perhaps, some physical resemblance in the two men, both of them being possessed of extraordinary facial beauty—half angels, half devils, as poets are supposed by some to be.

Moreover, Byron, as the reader will see, had found his soldier's grave of rest in Greece nearly ten years before Realf had emerged from his dim pinnacle in the "intense inane."

Sired among the common people of England, the boy was early set to work in the fields.

Finally, a phrenologist of Brighton drew a charmed circle of notoriety around the lad; and there, in that fashionable resort, he met Lady Byron, and Ada—"the sole daughter of my house and heart,"—"met also the poet Rogers, Lady Jane Peel, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson and others of like cult. Maybe it was the womanish beauty, the large, tender brown eyes, the sweet imperious mouth, the sad, sensitive face, the noble and graceful form; maybe it was the old soul in the young body; maybe it was a remorseful memory of the great singer who, in a foreign land alone, in dying delirium, called vainly for wife and child, and who slumbered in the desolate precincts of gray Hucknall; maybe it was because Realf recalled to her the foolish wrong she had committed against her dead husband—the grand poet-king—that Lady Byron did all within her power to aid and protect the gifted youth. At all events, the ladies I have named published Realf's first poems under the title of "Guesses at the

Beautiful;" and he pronounced Lady Byron, with the exception of his mother, the noblest woman he had ever known.

Thus encouraged in his nineteenth year, finally adulated and all but adored, the young poet passed swiftly into premature manhood. Of course, the next thing for him was to fall in love. This he did with a lady of the Noel-Byron family. His ardor was fully returned. Relatives interfered; Realf's head was injured physically, while his spirit was whirled in the maelstrom of gloom and grief. The proud poet yielded to the clamor and accursed tinsel of class prejudice.

Col. Richard J. Hinton, whom Realf nominated his executor and who was for years the poet's dearest friend, believes that the injury just mentioned produced temporary aberrations of the mind, and that many unfortunate circumstances in the life of our strange genius must be attributed to this cause.

Be the reason what it may, Realf's attachment for the lady in question resulted not in marriage in English high-life, but in a heart-breaking exile to America.

So, in 1854, we find Realf exploring the slums of New York City, seeking by pen and hand to better the condition of the poor and criminal classes. In 1856, he went to Kansas, where he was employed as a journalist and correspondent of Eastern newspapers. He made the acquaintance of John Brown, "whose soul goes marching on," went with him to Canada, and was to be Secretary of State of the provisional government that Brown projected. The movement being deferred for two years, Realf made a journey to England, followed by a lecture tour through the Southern States.

In 1859, Brown made his raid upon Harper's Ferry, and Realf was left for dead on the scene of that foolhardy conflict. Afterward the poet was arrested in Texas and sent to Washington, being a number of times in grave peril of lynching on the way, as the price demanded for the freedom of expressing his opinion of "the sum of all villainies."

I pass now to the year 1862, when the poet enlisted in the Sixty-eighth Illinois regiment, with which he served through the war.

That he loved freedom more than life, he proved again and again as he "smote for her when God himself seemed dumb, and all his arching skies were in eclipse."

Some of his greatest lyrics were composed during interludes in the rage of battle. After the war he received a commission in a colored regiment, and in 1866 was mustered out with honors.

It may here be recorded that in 1865 there began in Realf's life a series of domestic troubles, the agony and romance of which are without parallel in the abundant personal infelicities of literary men.

Some day someone will be free to relate the strange and melancholy truth; meanwhile no trace of the condor's flight through the heavens will afford any clue to the place of his high nest, for the sightless dead may utter no word.

In 1868, Realf established a school for freedmen in South Carolina; a year afterward General Rufus Ingalls, Q. M. U. S. A., procured him a position in his office in New York.

Forced by fate to leave this refuge, he next became Deputy Assessor of Internal Revenue for Edgefield district in South Carolina. Typhoid fever then played havoc with his health, until, in 1870, he resigned his office and returned to the North. Again he became a journalist and lecturer, living in Pittsburg, Pa.

Among his best lectures are "Battle Flashes" and "Unwritten Story of the Martyr of Harper's Ferry."

In 1873 and the year following he composed and delivered in public a number of poems upon various incidents of the Civil War, notably those that he addressed to the Society of the Cumberland and to the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Without entering into details, I may here be permitted to set down the painful fact that the great heart of this hero and genius was broken by a sinister combination of domestic inharmony and bitter poverty; that with the care of four little children and a sweet woman whom he honestly believed he had wed, all of them ill and in dire want, Realf struggled bravely and hopefully onward for some five years. During the year 1872, Realf had applied for and obtained a divorce from his first wife upon the grounds of her alleged immorality. He married again, believing his action perfectly legal; but, alas for him, the case was appealed and reversed by the Supreme Court of New York upon a mere technicality of law. The first wife, it is said, grew into a veritable Nemesis, and made his life a continual torment. He was hounded from place to place, and finally came to San Francisco in 1878, having borrowed the money to pay his passage hither.

Promised a position in the Mint by General Miller, the leaden clouds of despair were lifting over the head of poor Realf, and he rejoiced in the hope of being soon reunited with those whom he loved. But the woman from whom he fled learned his whereabouts, came to San Francisco and announced that she alone was the rightful Mrs. Richard Realf, putting him in the apparent attitude of a willful bigamist. This, of course, jeopardized Realf's chance for employment at the Mint, and minimized his hope of ever relieving himself or family.

On the afternoon of October 29th, of the year last mentioned, she thrust her unwelcome presence upon him. What passed between them will never be known, except that nothing tranquil came of the interview. We know that when he left her he went to the Windsor House in Oakland, where he then had lodgings; that sick, alone, profoundly depressed, agonized and distracted as only the sensitive ones on earth may know, the grand sad singer laid down in his room, took morphine and journeyed the Eternal way—no more from his "fairy lands forlorn."

Near the couch, where could be seen the cold white face hushed into peace, lay the freshly written manuscript of the "Last Poem," a production which countless eyes throughout the world have since gazed upon in commingled rapture and tears.

Thus came this vagrant seraph from his radiant kingdom to our realm of gloom; came a minister from celestial courts, the accredited letter of whose sacred mission mankind shall some day clearly read: "a great soul killed by cruel wrong."

Does it seem strange that one who had often heroically risked his existence for principle and feared not the shafts and volleys of war, could not yet withstand the insidious torture of a woman's wiles?

As one question frequently answers another, I ask: What is there in history so pathetic as the sacrificial victim of domestic woes?

Here truth enjoins the still more painful statement, that though the grave had closed upon Richard Realf, this same woman, who it has been said was impelled by "the soul of a tiger and the heart of a harlot," sought to insult humanity and mar the glory of the inspired poet by mutilating beyond recognition the one manuscript of some of his unpublished poems. Such language is

indeed stern and harsh; but oh, reader! think of the infamous act! The destruction of the only recorded word of the high spirit that had gone from among us for all time—the word that no man in all the universe can utter unto us again!

What more poignant cause to believe and bewail the doctrine of the freedom of the human will! The poor fragments survive forever to tantalize our best creative minds with that ecstasy that verges on despair.

It is not with Realf's maimed children as with Keats, dying with the incomplete eve of St. Mark, or as with Dickens, fallen dead over the blank pages of "Edwin Drood," or as with Hawthorne, leaving Longfellow to say above his tomb:

Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
Or the lost clue regain!
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,
Unfinished must remain.

The intense individualities, the delicate Ariels of the poet's soul have but one luminous medium for their transmission. There is no second Shakespeare, no repeated Dickens, no duplicate Hawthorne. Even in this sphere of low cunning, selfishness and gewgaws there are some losses that are beyond compute or lamentation.

Hence we must judge Realf by what he has, happily, left intact, and so rest content.

Among his most powerful and finished poems, several of which have heretofore been published in THE GLOBE—see Nos. 2 and 5—are those entitled: "Hasheesh," "Aspiration," "Death and Desolation," "To the Children," "Indirection," "Esoteric," "Interpretation," "Apocalypse," "The Old Man's Idyl," "My Slain," "Inspection," together with a large number of stanzas, sonnets and war poems.

"Hasheesh" might have been composed for a race of gods; for its ideals are supermortal and its metrical beauty contains the joy and sorrow of ages. Distinct, original and glorious as "The Raven;" it has no prototype, nor will it have any imitation, in literature.

Probably no mortal ever conceived such a sombre picture as that of "Death and Desolation." In its lines is the terrible reality of human grief—the unutterable anguish of the lost and hopeless soul. Here and there, its melodious cadences are joyous as

the sky-lark's notes, heard dimly through the ether's vast confines, and we behold glimpses of eternal serenity and love; then come strains as sorrowful as moaning waves upon a cold and savage shore.

No doubt it is a poem fraught with much danger to an unhappy mind.

"Aspiration" depicts the spirit of the hero and reformer, and by the sanctity of an honest heart fiercely demands that justice be done to all of God's poor and helpless ones. The poet's soul longs

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

"To the Children" is a composition whose musical tenderness and sympathy, whose subtle felicity of style, and angelic compassion for the silent tragedies of childhood—give it an absolutely unrivalled position in the realm of letters. However, as this master's sovereign thoughts, all that are known to exist, are soon to be published under the loving editorship of Col. Richard J. Hinton, of the city of Washington, I must here say farewell to the glorious being who dictated these exalted words to the spirit of Love:

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

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

DUDES, GHOSTS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

ARTICLE II, ON THE GENIUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

“Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream ;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.”

THERE were beauty and truth in Longfellow, though not of the clearest, deepest and most abiding. He was sincere to the core, and in his measure always divine and enchanting. I have nothing but love for him ; limited, of course. But the curse of the more modern genius of New England literature is its unutterable and insufferable dullness and insincerity. It has been going to sleep for the last twenty years, petted by a little coterie of dry-nurses in the *Atlantic Monthly*, while other American magazines have won the ears and eyes of millions of happy readers in both hemispheres. It is trying to keep its old respectability. But of all things, literature must be creative or perish.

I am not saying that Mr. Holland and his “Bitter Sweet” and the rest of it, or the magazine he founded and edited, were more immortal than Dr. Holmes and his “Autocrat.” But well looked into and sifted, it will be found that “Bitter Sweet” had a meaning, and a warm, human heart beneath it, and was not merely a muscular, economic moonshine, phantom echo of a meaning only half guessed at in “Nature” and at Concord.

Say, if you will, that the reading classes are largely swine, that it is useless to cast Boston pearls too lavishly at their feet ; yet even the swine show good taste in preferring sweet acorns to wooden nutmegs. A plague on your mere lip-service to literature, while your heart, or your shell of a heart, is not in it, but in your pocket all the while.

True literature includes all the Bibles, all the poems, all the Scarlet Letters of the ages, and shall we class your “Modern Unitarianism,” “Buntling Balls” and “Silas Laphams” with these? Shame on the trash, and on the critics who praise it, and the age that reads it ; except in some sense of duty in order to discover “what fools these (modern) mortals be.”

The New Literary Genius of New England, which was really what first started this unsatisfactory piece of work, has neither individuality nor conviction. It supplies mere chemical blue-wash for criticism, mechanism for art, maudlin sentimentality for sentiment; takes and reproduces its admiration of world-famous masters very largely at second hand, and supplies a sort of "look-up-and-not-down," "ten-times-one-is-ten," "catch-as-you-can-and-don't-be-worried" morality in the place of that religion which two hundred years ago, and as a relic of an old disease, burnt poor harmless women at the stake as witches or hung them, plucked unjust kings by the beard and shook them to death, and nineteen hundred years ago uttered such inspired truths and volunteered such sublime self-martyrdoms as brought the world to its knees in adoration of a poor carpenter, a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and harlots, who yet dared to be a man and would not be a flunky or a white-washer at all.

It was Puritanism at its best that produced Jonathan Edwards and the New England Universities. It was Puritanism disgusted with its own bigotries, but still of strong and sincere spirit, and not modern Socinian dilettanteism that generated Emerson, Phillips, Parker, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier. Even these will experience a fearful shrinkage inside of half a century, but outside of this group there is hardly a New England man of this century, living or dead, whose serious word the world will take note of a hundred years from now.

Of course Webster was ponderous, eloquent, rhetorical, "a locomotive in trousers." Sumner was scholarly, with mere book learning, conscientious and quite a man in the midst of a pack of senatorial and other nobodies; and Everett was eloquent of speech, and of charming manners, and a brilliant gem among scores and hundreds of such who live and die and are soon forgotten in our English-speaking nations every generation. And the Adamses were quite a family, though utterly unworthy Charles F. Adams' twelve octavo volumes of biography. Mr. Alcott was a delightful talker and a genial, good-natured soul; and the Holmeses and the Lowells and Clarkes and Bancrofts and Motleys and Nortons and Hedges and Prescotts and Channings, Noyes, Wolseys, Porters, Fishers and Fisks were, and some of them still are, writers and speakers whose words have aided the amusements, technicalities and benevo-

lences of the middle generation of this nineteenth century; but they, that is this second group and their like, have singly or altogether added hardly one original critical thought toward the better understanding of the ages and men of the past, much less any new, burning inspiring word for the future enlightenment or inspiration of the world. I say this in full view of their best productions. Prescott and Motley and Bancroft may be held as exceptions, but in their studies, methods and imitations they were so utterly European as to have grown well out of their New England origin. And while Motley and Prescott, with clever talents, chose comparatively insignificant themes, and their works are well enough among the treatises of hundreds of comparatively unknown European authors of corresponding ability, Mr. Bancroft chose, as has happened, the greatest theme of all ages, and has treated it very much as a faded courtier treats his mistress in a public drawing-room; posing all the while to watch the effects of his blandishments. True history is made of sterner stuff.

Ex-President Wolsey, of Yale College, was, I think, a great man, but dwarfed by Connecticut pedantry. Some people may hold that the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and his "Ten Great Religions," etc., ought to be excepted from this destiny of oblivion. I hold Mr. Clarke as among the greatest of New England's secondary men; but Max Müller in London, poor Sam Johnson in old Salem, Mass., and Peter Lesley in Philadelphia, had all preceded Dr. Clarke in the scientific and historic treatment of the world's religions and had done better and more original work than he. And time will show that a man, not to be named here, had and has claims in this line that practically antedate and supersede the works of all these men, and that will eventually make Herbert Spencer's *Synthesis of Religions* seem like the borrowed fire it really was and is.

In truth they are all to a great extent the merest echo of the past, and the subservient hirelings of an age which in its blind and selfish levity has missed the one God's message of this century that should have burned itself by this time into the blood and literature of the entire nation.

But when I speak of the New Genius of New England I refer especially to the spirit and work of the group of men who, in one "honored position" and another, and at rates of wages varying

from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year, are still spinning yarns and writing histories and biographies that Nathaniel Hawthorne in his most generous kindness, or even good George Ripley, would have considered vile enough to be damned.

The truth is, that New England spent its religious energy on its witches, creeds and blue laws; exhausted its conscience in the evolution of Wendell Phillips and its gifts to the war; and sublimated its philosophical faculty in the generation of Emerson; uttered and repeated its whole sense of pure art in Nathaniel Hawthorne; never had any real genius for poetry, though Longfellow and Whittier were beautiful approaches thereto; and for the last twenty years has made a worse use of the English speech and its mother wit, than these have ever been put to by any writers claiming to be reputable and respectable men. Trace the eras from Chaucer to Darwin, from Jonathan Edwards to Col. Higginson and Henry James, and do not lose your temper or your head.

On the whole I consider Mr. Brooks Adams' "Emancipation of Massachusetts" a noble exception to the average truck-farm products of New England literature during these later years. It indicates true historic genius; gathers and groups its facts with a master hand. It was not published till after the foregoing sentence and the first draft of this entire work had been written and laid aside for further revision. My volume of the "Emancipation of Massachusetts" is well marked on almost every page. It is a noble book in its way, but utterly wrong in its leading and general judgments on religious and historico-moral problems; as almost all the New England books for the last fifty or seventy-five years have been wrong and will still be wrong, until the next revolution, when Plymouth Rock will fall on the dude and novel-writer and crush him, as it crushed the slaveholder a quarter of a century ago. You cannot get right moral judgments out of petty, stilted and godless lives. Your new ethics are mere dog's vomit. Try the old ethics first.

In a letter to Lady Blessington, January 13, 1835 (see Holcombe's "Literature in Letters," page 205), Walter Savage Landor remarked, "Those who desire to write upon light matters gracefully must read with attention the writings of Pope, Lady M. W. Montagu and Lord Chesterfield, three ladies of the first water." Precisely the same language may be used at this hour in regard to

W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich and Henry James. But "Father of Lights" deliver us! The moderns are not even ladies. They are only women, as it were. Sydney Smith said there were three sexes, "men, women and clergymen." Let us make it four and call the fourth dudemen.

The modern genius of New England has taken two distinctive turns; first, in the direction of ghosts, second, in the direction of imitative light literature; not to mention or emphasize its rage for the nude in art, or its sublime outburst in the muscle of John Sullivan. These things do not spring out of the ground. Even the New England scientific school of Agassiz admits that every effect must have its cause. What caused John Sullivan? Say physical culture and a rage for the nude.

Fifteen years ago, a singular sort of preacher, well known to me, in a MS. book not yet published, prophesied that the Pope or the devil would get complete hold of New England inside of fifty years. Within the last twelve months I have seen it stated in infallible newspaper statistic style, that within twenty years Boston would certainly be the leading Roman Catholic city in the world. And yet the sons of the Puritans prattle of truth and liberty, while Plymouth Rock laughs with derisive laughter. Truly, many things are not what they seem. A genuine New England man, born and bred and educated, square head, spectacles and big feet, all of the native Nantucket type and soil, wrote me in the early part of this year of grace 1887: "Talk of culture! The Boston Hasty Pudding Club is now the great typical evolution and survival of New England Puritanism." Within a month of his letter to me, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, of April 22, 1887, with native pride and modest display printed the following:

"The Harvard ballet was the great attraction at upper Horticultural Hall last night, and it CROWDED the cozy little room with a brilliant audience. It was the first night of the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals, with Mrs. F. L. Ames, Mrs. J. F. Anderson, Mrs. T. F. Cushing, Mrs. Daniel Denny, Mrs. F. Gordon Dexter, Mrs. Augustus Flagg, Mrs. F. L. Higginson, Mrs. George C. Lee, Mrs. A. L. Mason, Mrs. E. Rollins Morse, Mrs. Francis Peabody and Mrs. John W. Wheelwright as patronesses.

"The piece was Francis Michael's extravaganza 'The Talisman; or the Maid, the Monk and the Minstrel,' and it was full of lively

songs to music from a dozen comic operas adapted by W. P. Daniels, who waved his baton over the orchestra. The story was the old one of rival lovers (one under the guise of a minstrel), the cruel parent, all ending in a happy marriage. The Monk was the companion of the Minstrel. He was Mr. D. P. Spaulding, '87, and a broad comedian with his legs and arms full of fun, à la Francis Wilson. He played with great spirit and admirably. The blushing maiden and happy bride was Charles Carrol, who looked a very bewitching brunette in white satin and an overdress of lace, a white wig over his dark eyes. When the audience saw encased in the gown of the coy maiden Mignonette the broad shoulders of W. A. Brooks, which have been seen, browned with the sun, rising and falling in the 'varsity boat, and the coy maiden indulged in a "blameless dance," which evidently was a modification of boat-house gymnastics, they roared and demanded an encore. W. Endicott, 3d, made a portly boarding school mistress. F. Remington was Marquis Croquemitaine, and C. A. de Gersdorff the Goddess of Truth.

"But the feature was the pseudo-female chorus. From the time it came on the stage in poke bonnets to sing Mother Goose melodies it made a hit. When the ten young men dropped colored garb and trotted, with amusing pretense of bashfulness, about the stage in snowy night gowns, there was a broad smile, and the chorus, 'It may be naughty but it's nice,' was demanded three times. When in closely fitting tights and waving skirts of tulle the ballet skipped out upon the stage the climax came," etc. But things are not what they seem,

Within twenty-four hours of the Hasty Pudding festivities—date as above—the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* published the following:

"BRIBERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—THE PRICE OF SENATORS VERY LOW IN THE GILT-DOMED STATE HOUSE.—A special dispatch from Boston, Mass., says: The legislative inquiry into the Beverley Farms bribery charges was continued to-day. Thomas J. Marsh, Jr., of Tewksbury, testified that he had been employed as a lobbyist by Mr. Williams in behalf of the Beverley Farms Committee, and had received \$550 in all. He gave no part of the \$550 to any one for his vote.

"George H. Fernold testified that he was employed in behalf of

the committee and received \$400, but not a cent was used directly or indirectly to influence any senator.

"Michael F. Maher testified that he did not remember the date of his introduction to Mr. Pierce. Mr. Slattery introduced him, saying: 'Here is my friend.' Mr. Pierce said: 'I wish to offer you a retainer of \$200. I say 'retainer' so that Senator Slattery and myself may be protected.' Witness then repeated his testimony about the price offered for Senator Slattery's vote.

"Mr. Jesse Pierce testified that he was first introduced to Senator Slattery by Senator O'Sullivan about six weeks ago. Subsequently he went to the Farms with him and Watson. Senator Slattery talked about his influence with the Knights of Labor, and said he had a friend in that organization who might help us some. A week later he talked again with Slattery, who asked: 'How much money is there in this for me?' To which witness replied: 'Not a cent.' He said: 'I will introduce you to my friend to-day,' which Slattery did, introducing Maher to him as 'Mr. Bennett.' Maher told witness he ought to have \$200 for his services among the Knights of Labor. Witness told him the best he could do would be \$100 down and \$100 when the bill passed. Maher said: 'I can never do it,' and the two parted. The next day witness met Maher at the State House and offered him \$250, which was accepted. The following day he returned part of it, saying he could do nothing for me. Maher was the only lobbyist witness ever hired. Witness gave the money back to Williams after Maher returned it."

The day before Mr. James Russell Lowell sailed for Europe and refused to be a candidate for overseer of Harvard University; causes unknown, "Emancipation of Massachusetts!" "Goddess of Truth!" deliver us. Apply this report to all the state legislatures of the nation and you see what the genius of New England has grown to be.

As these things came to me unsought, I said, Ye gods! Must I fire my "genius of New England" with such brands as these? Reader, things are not what they seem. Behind the dude eye-glasses and the dude slang called culture, and the dude pudding heads, are thoughts and blood and nerve and conscience that will speak in other tongues when the needed time arrives.

"Five and twenty centuries" ago, before the days of intellec-

tual and other liberty, and pudding clubs and Boston ideal legislatures, one King Cambyses is said to have flayed a bribe-taking official, and after due process of curing used his skin as seats for the chairs of other officials; so fastening them as it were to a sense of some very old ethics not yet too generally applied. Of course Cambyses was a tyrant, and modern Boston legislatures and liberal preachers are angels beside him, though in deep disguise; the angel in them being hardly perceptible at times. Verily, things are not what they seem. "Damn him!" you say of me. Very well; he is ready.

Evolution, however, is the law of history even in Boston. There is no discharge in that war. And your pudding clubs and Sullivans did not, any more than did Topsy, grow up simply out of the ground. Perhaps God or the devil had or has something to do with this world after all, even in Boston, and it may yet be accepted as a scientific fact that mere hung and burnt witches and Quakers do, in some sense, rise again.

As a reaction against the witch-hanging mania of the past, modern New England "ultra-brutalism," known as spiritualism, would be amusing for its unique "cultured" human credulity, and its divine vindictiveness, and its elevation of woman, were it not that so many innocent persons are vicarious sufferers from the malady.

No matter how often you burn the rags of Endor and scatter Concord and Boston transcendental moonshine over the spots, cranks with humps and hollows on their heads and without character will fraternize with "familiar spirits," after their own kind, as surely as poets court the muses and prophets see visions and hear the voices of the divine, heroic dead. Something in it? Of course there is something in it; but who wants to run the world's present or future by the mere echoes of the hootings and shrieks of clowns? Irrelevant is it? Why, even Mr. Howells, the special pet of all the so-called "cultured" dudes and dudesses of the day, has made fortune and reputation by rehashing this New England rat-hole and rapping intercourse with the "undiscovered country" from whose bourne any "right smart" Yankee "carpet-bagger" may now return and "put money in his purse" by narrating his own or the experiences of other travelers whose natures were and are too gross or depleted for dreams.

Irrelevant? Why, within the memory of men still young, one Robert Dale Owen, of Old England and Indiana, stepped lightly into American literary fame along New England "Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World," and went clear "Beyond the Breakers" in 1870, by which time, to many "advance minds," the anatomy of men and apes began to look so much alike that "scientific spiritualists" were in doubt whether the returning departed spirits were those of apes, Indians not taxed, or hung New England witches after all. Of course they were apes. The Indians and the witches were too familiar with New England ropes and philosophy to tempt Providence and the Socinians by any return. Only returned apes would undertake to fool a man like M. J. Savage.

Something in it? Irrelevant? Why, at the national, almost international "Unitarian Conference," held at Saratoga, New York, in September, 1886, and composed of all the best "advance minds" of New England and the universe, one of the idols of the convention and of all Boston and New England, seriously, in a public address, rehearsed for an hour the old seance yarns, slate writings and chair jumpings as new proofs, perhaps, of the immortality of the human soul, not to mention the souls of dogs and beetles. And another brilliant, idolized genius of the same convention dilated and conspired for an hour over the infinite divine incarnation to be found in any square inch of space midway between Sirius and our planet; never stopping in his new ethical science to calculate therefore what simply must have been the unutterably superlative and ineffably brilliant, divine and infinite incarnations in any square inch of the body, mind, heart, soul, or sacred silent spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, through whose life and thought and through whose death this very New England Socinian man obtained light and freedom to stand up and declare even the poor nonsense that was in him. What has New England Socinianism to do with facts in Nazareth or Boston or elsewhere? Irrelevant? Reader, after the first draft of these articles was finished, there appeared in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, June, 1887, two books—"Nineteenth Century Sense, The Paradox of Spiritualism," by John Darby (a scientific, mediocre occultist of much enthusiastic unsteady study, but a cool, deliberate surgeon), and "The Report of the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism" (commission represent-

ing the supposed best scientific medico-spiritualistic literary and other talent of Philadelphia)—both books dabbling with untried hands and with unspiritual insight, and hence daubing with untempered mortar this still thriving rat-hole tenement called spiritualism and occultism.

In the face of such facts do we wonder that such worldly gentlemen as Mr. Adler and Mr. Eliot Cous (I speak advisedly) are propounding new systems of ethics and leading silly women astray? Nearly all the ghosts come from New England.

In truth it may never be known how deeply and to what extent the earnest, intellectual genius of modern New England has been upset by mere ghosts.

I will not pretend to trace those spirit dances, accompanied by accordion music, from the rat-holes and cranial hollows in the hut and heads of the Fox family to the latest exhibitions of their untrained spleen in Socinian New Light conventions, or in the clairvoyant termagants of Chicago.

To me it has long been clear enough that the modern seance business, all told, is but another manifested phase of the old Salem witch business; that this again was but an echo of the ancient Endor trade, when and where, 1 Samuel 28: 11, Saul, in a strait, visited the witch of Endor and bade her bring back Samuel from Hades to tell him how matters were to go on the morrow between Israel and the Philistines.

The witch, like Baalam's ass, and many another animal and natural, knowing more than the king, told him a true story; and old women, with touches and twinges of genius in their back bones and not given to polite literature and poetry, have ever since been, as they were long before, excellent advisers of fools, sometimes better than a whole houseful of New England and other male lawyers and doctors combined.

Again, the entire story in Samuel may be only an exaggerated imaginary account of a seance that never occurred; simply to build up Samuel's fame for wisdom, not to speak of his worth as a common carrier and messenger between this world and the world of dreams.

At heart I imagine the core of the allegory of Eden to have been in this same line. Was Eve a snake charmer, or was she herself charmed by the sinuous magnetic suggestions, say distant touches of a ghost serpent as yet unnamed?

Do not worry about the question where was Eden, but take the subtle story to any modern methodist or spiritualist New England or other camp meeting, and see how vividly the inspired lines strike fire and speak the truth of nature and the hour.

Something in it? Why, all ages and nations have had familiar spirit mediums, cranks, clowns and theosophies. I myself in my childhood lived next door to a family who had certainly been bewitched with cramps and despair by an aged woman, their own grandmother, and of course by dampness and mildew in their own house and in their own blood and bones. Still the old witch lived within a half a block of my father's house; lived in an upper room back in a dark alley; never was seen in the streets in daylight, but always prowled about the village at night; and everybody knew that whenever she chose to straddle her broomstick or bean pole she could fly any pursuers, skip the roofs of houses, descend chimneys and, managing her scanty skirts with a deftness known only to the most ethereal genius, could pass like a breath in and out the keyholes of our bedroom doors, giving us nightmares or love dreams, as she chose. Nobody ever molested her. We were all afraid.

Something in it? Every well-read, cultured, observing man ought to know that certain persons, consciously and unconsciously, have the power of giving cramps to other persons even without touching them, even without being present in the same room or country, and that certain persons have the power, present or absent, and without touch, simply by their spiritual imagination, of curing cramps, healing pains, carrying messages and charming the air of other bodies and souls in need.

Some people doubt whether Jesus did it or not, and I do not ask any man to believe that He did. I know that the being who could utter the spiritual truths attributed to Him must have had the power of doing such things; that other men and women since His day and in our own days have done such things without charge or pay; and in the future, when your Columbus has stood his egg up long enough for wiseacre physiologists to dissect it, no doubt they will tell you that all this business comes of a little more or less development or waste or saving of the human marrow, energy or spleen.

If Dr. Holmes had earnestly pursued that vein of inquiry for

fifty years, with scalpel and microscope, and had given the world the true results of his physical investigations, he would have done himself infinite credit, would have won ages of fame and have done the world far better service because of his far better work than he has done in his mere sapless poetry, "Elsie Venner," "Life of Emerson" and an endless talk that nobody, outside of a circle of his New England friends, finds patience to read.

Previous to the publication of his "Nineteenth Century Sense," John Darby assured me in a conversation growing out of reference to the foregoing sentences (then already written), that he had performed this scalpel-on-ghost act, so laying bare the essence and methods of modern spiritualism and of the relation of soul to body in all beings, spheres and things. I content myself here by saying that he has not done so, and that I am not here discussing the total sense, sensation or nonsense of the nineteenth century, but only aiming to point out certain tendencies of the nonsense and genius of New England.

Modern spiritualism was long ago explained under the heads of dreams, visions, hallucinations, imaginations, magnetism and trickery. All that the medical man has any business with is to explain how and why, on purely physical grounds, I see visions and converse with the dead as alive again, while he only sees flesh and bone and muscle and gold-bags. There is nothing occult about it. I have long ago explained it and will again, but not here and now. What I am here to intimate is that the ladies and gentlemen of New England, finding themselves long ago without a God or a religion, and while going about seeking a new religion, have stumbled on a bundle of rehabilitated rags of an old witchcraft called spiritualism, and are really taking it in the place of religion and all true philosophy in these days, proving to me at least that Massachusetts is not half as much emancipated as she dreams.

In truth, the seance and ghost wave has swept New England in the last generation very much as diluted socinianism swept it three generations ago, each wave apparently leaving the shores more barren of intellect and life than they found them; but "you never can tell," and if puritanism had evolved Emerson alone it were enough for a thousand years.

That certain numerous young men and women, and even hand-

maidens and prostitutes, are dreaming dreams and seeing visions in these last days, is undoubtedly true, especially in New England. That the absent dead and the absent living are alike present to the living at times, is certainly true, whatever the dead may be to the dead or to themselves. The universe is yet full of unrecorded pictures and dreams. Are they not all spirits in a sense?

I am not complaining that the ghost is here, but of the contemptible use New England preachers, novelists, mediums and philosophers have made of him. I have long ago argued and proved the unity of mind and matter, and that there is no thought without its corresponding united, albeit potential, body, and no atom without its corresponding united spirit or force, in all the boundless universe; and well looked into, that destroys all vacuums, all disembodied spirits, all mere ghosts, and confines man's visions and investigations to his own living individuality. It is all there, though the ghost ties as many rope knots as he pleases. It is all there; but many doctors and other people, like children, want visions, sensations and occults and Baalam's asses to help them through.

They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them, and if they will not hear them, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. The dead are not dead, for all live in Him. But the wiseacre gentleman who has no better wit or work than comes of modern seances, or Seybert commissions, may "take our thanks and himself away." The genius of New England will be good enough to pardon me for this intrusion. At the right hour I too may dabble with the occult, as one at home; meanwhile, Salis and Longfellow shall whisper our farewell:

"Into the silent land;
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O thither, into the silent land?"

W. H. THORNE.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

ONE of the claims of our so-called modern philosophy is the leveling of all social differences and the reconstruction of a new social and civil order upon the basis of liberty, equality and fraternity. Our philosophers, good-natured people, flatter themselves with the delusion that they have liberalized the thought of the thinking portion of mankind, struck the chains from the toiling contingent of the human race, plucked crowns, coronets, power and all from the ruling few and restored to the multitudes the sceptre of their authority. These wise men style themselves the fathers and guardians of modern democracy, in whose wake follows the magnificent progress of our age. But it is not hard to detect the firebrand of lurking anarchism in their principles and the revolutionary ring of their pompous declamation. How sadly the fitful glare of their incendiary torch contrasts with the serene light of truth! How pitifully their great boast compares with the splendid victories which that older and truer philosophy has been winning for the world these several thousand years.

Without being a *laudator temporis acti*, and bewailing the partial disappearance of an order of things for which I profess the greatest reverence and admiration, I cannot but look with mistrust upon the principles and methods by which the new order is being introduced to us, or rather imposed upon us. The sham and insincerity of all these make-believe schemes of teaching men new things will either disgust or corrupt men and in either case reap the failure they deserve. Men can be duped and cajoled for a time, as may children with baubles, but sooner or later the horse-sense of these victims asserts itself, and with feelings of wounded pride and justifiable indignation they spurn the smooth-tongued deceivers and their liberalizing theories, their equalizing schemes and their fraternizing policies. The common sense of the world at last finds that in all the grandiloquent mouthings of these false prophets there is a great deal more wild theory, more scheming and policy than real intelligent love of, and consideration for, the great principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

These words are sacred words, and very much is it to be regret-

ted that they have been desecrated to the extent of having become the motto of the demagogical theorizers, the sans-culotte society saviours and even the conscienceless political tricksters of our day. Liberty, equality and fraternity are not, as it is claimed they are, the exclusive property of the French infidel or the cultured Parisian God-hater. Nor have spouting anarchists or lachrymose humanitarians at large any monopoly of them. These words and the sublime ideas which they represent have a far nobler parentage. They descend from Calvary. They are of divine birth. They have come down to us fragrant with the Saviour's breath upon them, sacred for their age alike and their origin and glorious for the scars which the centuries made upon them in the battles they fought for peace and love, for the liberation of all human slaves, for the restoration of woman to her proper place in society and for magna-chartas wrung from all the oppressors of every people.

And yet, in France, which we may hope will yet be both Catholic and intelligently republican, in France, the cross from under whose shadow these regenerating messages went forth, the cross of Christ which has ever accompanied the preaching of these saving doctrines and witnessed their triumphs, that cross is torn down from every school-room and public place, and in its stead the impudent and short-sighted atheism of the day writes the legend "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." What singular inconsistency! As if the two did not ever go together! As if they could ever be separated! Away with these paradoxes, these contradictions, these deceptions, this trickery! Do they not know that without religion—this is what that cross means—they can have no true liberty, but only oppression in the midst of the most unbearable license? That they can establish no equality, no fraternity where religion has not taught men their relative value and persuaded them that renouncement of self is a virtue that angels and men admire, and which God rewards? . . . Especially impossible do equality and fraternity, in any true meaning of these terms, become, when inflated philosophy preaches to everyone self-sufficiency, self-importance, self-interest, self-indulgence, selfishness from first to last! Why, not even common politeness can be learned or practised under such a teacher; much less that disinterested love, that sublimated charity for God and neighbor, for country and fellow-man, which moves men to sacrifice themselves and the best they have in behalf of their brothers in God.

Now, as the arch-deceiver always manages to sugar-coat the pill, and leaves a misleading appearance of truth in the false systems which he sows as tares in the gardens of learning, it becomes the duty of every conscientious student to sift out of these systems whatever admixture of truth there may be in them, and throw the rest as chaff to the winds.

The explanation attempted here, in such a standard publication as *THE GLOBE*, is by no means a revelation. There is in it nothing startling, nothing for lovers of the sensational, nothing new for those who are familiar with scholastic thought and Christian philosophy; but it may claim to offer matter for reflection to such as may have given themselves up too exclusively to the reading of German speculative philosophy, or who may have become enamored of French and English materialism.

From Hobbes and Rousseau to Spencer and Renan, from Kant and the entire school of transcendental idealists to Schopenhauer and—well, Herr Most (throw in Ingersoll if you will), philosophy has given very little encouragement and enlightened guidance to poor erring mortals. With one philosopher man is a bad savage; with the other he is a good savage. In one case society is a conspiracy to crib, cabin and confine the native badness of the savage; in the other society is a conspiracy to choke by pedantry, formalism and despotism the native goodness of the savage. In either case society is an abomination, to which all the fastnesses and wildernesses of yet undiscovered continents were immeasurably preferable. German transcendentalism transports man into starry, chill, rarified regions of speculation, where everything but the *ego* fades out of sight. French positivism nails man to mother earth and makes self-indulgence the ultimatum of human life. Nowhere are we told that liberty consists in the power of doing that which is not forbidden, or what is permitted; but everywhere liberty is made to consist in obeying only oneself: tenets as unreasonable and self-contradictory as they are impracticable.

The preaching of this preposterous idea of liberty has at length kindled in the hearts of men an inordinate love of independence, of freedom not only from unlawful or tyrannical authority, but from all manner of authority. It is to this evil that Leo XIII refers in his Encyclical on Christian Marriage, where he declares that to the men of our times nothing comes so amiss as subjection and obedience.

“Man is born free” is one of the articles of the modern philosophical creed. Free to what extent? Free of all duties? If man is born free of all duties he is likewise free of all rights, for these terms and ideas are correlative; but he cannot be free from, nor can he free himself of, all rights; he is by nature autocentric; *i. e.*, the personal owner of the inalienable rights to life and to the necessaries to preserve and perfect it; of the various rights of conscience and such others as cannot be bartered away, contract or no contract. Man, therefore, being born with rights is born with duties. The first exercise of his rights is to contract a debt; for, being naturally dependent upon others for the enjoyment of his rights, the child contracts with his first breath duties of filial piety towards his parents and loyalty towards the state which protects his rights. Hence the liberty of the philosophers, this mere self-obedience, this mere catering to one's own caprice is in the objective order a great sham; in the region of reality and hard facts where we live it is simply equal to zero—a nonentity. For we must all obey, all do obey, either our own better instincts, the will of others, or circumstances. It is better so, infinitely better.

Man is born and lives and thrives, and perfects himself only in society; now in society, domestic or civil, authority is necessary to maintain order. But where there is a right to command, there is and must be a corresponding duty to obey. Liberty then comes to mean that those who must obey are free to do what is not prohibited by lawful authority. It is only with this Christian and civilized idea of liberty that man, even in our free democratic *fin de siècle*, can hope to be free from the despotism of crowned tyrants, the despotism of self and the despotism of anarchy, of mob-rule—the worst of all despotisms by far. The absolute liberty of thought with the consequent liberty of speech and the unlimited liberty of the press; the liberty of conscience, which means liberty *from* worship, not *to* worship; the liberty of labor, which often means the freedom from irksome tasks, and the liberty of capital, which is equal to freedom from responsibility and the ordinary laws of justice and charity;—all these liberties, which are the monstrous offspring of modern philosophism, are liberties of destruction and damnation.

“Men are by nature equal,” say the philosophers, and the anti-phon is caught up and re-echoed by political flatterers and an-

archist reformers. Now what is the nature of this so-called natural equality? To what extent, again, are men equal? The answer will be categorical: men are naturally equal so far as their common essence goes; *i. e.*, they are all by metaphysical necessity rational animals, just as triangles are necessarily three-sided and all circles necessarily round. It is in this sense that there is neither Jew nor Gentile, no king nor peasant, no American nor anybody else.

But as individuals living in society or out of it, men are not naturally equal. Nature herself, with a view to a wise and pleasing diversity, has very diversely distributed her gifts; she endows one with mental superiority, another with physical strength; some inherit wealth, some honor, some a predisposition to virtue, and others are ushered into the world poor, humble, or with a tendency to vice. One is a born leader, poet, orator or painter; while another is naturally or psychologically built to serve, to be led, not to create, yet, mayhap, to appreciate the beautiful in art. Nature casts men in very different moulds. She knits them of different mental, physical and even moral fibre and capacity, precisely because it were not desirable that all should be kings or presidents, inventors, warriors, artists, artisans, or even saints in the same degree of saintship. Unity in multiplicity and variety in uniformity are elements of the beautiful. Inequality, then, is natural among men, somewhat in the same manner that mountains and valleys and winding streams are natural and pleasing inequalities in the physical order, and will remain so in spite of tunnels, railroads, canals, bridges and the hundred other marvelous artificial devices of mechanical and civil engineering. In other words, the communistic leveling of men in society is to the natural social condition of the human race what levees and tunnels and irrigation, etc., are to the natural conformation of the earth's surface. They do not change things much. Force men all you may into an unnatural equality, and the natural inequality will always, as the French saying is, return on the gallop. If the natural can so effectually resist even the supernatural power of divine grace which seeks to uplift man, much more effectually will it resist the artificial displacements and misplacements attempted by the frail band of man.

Now come the soft-hearted and soft-brained humanitarians at

the tail-end of the procession with "Fraternity" inscribed upon their banner. They would have all men be as brothers, love one another, help one another, etc., even forgive one another's faults. These words have a smack of apostolic times; yet humanitarians are not Catholics, they care little whether they be Christians at all. They mouth these words in a careless sort of way, and send them forth with the seal of Ingersollian infidelity upon them. "Love your neighbor for his own sake, or for your own sake, because he is a man—for humanity's sake," they say. Humbuggery and a useless expenditure of wind! Men are not better than they ever were, and they have always needed stronger motives than maudlin sentimentalism to spur them to love any other than themselves. It is still so. Christ, incarnate wisdom, taught men to love one another for God's sake; that to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, etc., will have their reward; He taught men to consider themselves brothers since they all came from the same Father, God; since they are all destined to the same end, to be attained by the same means, etc. Now look at the results: His is the only body of believers and doers whose distinctive mark is the practice of this precept, "Love ye one another;" His the only Church capable of inspiring the sisters of charity, the little sisters of the poor, with that entire consecration of themselves to the relief and comfort and salvation of others. No question of salary. The recording angel alone is their time-keeper and has the account of the wages due them. "But," say the philosophers, "look at our secular institutions, in which the poor and the insane are cared for, the ignorant are taught, etc. These are our glorious works." Let me say first, that if it were not for the proportion of Christianity that remains in your own psychological make-up, if it were not for the Christian atmosphere which, by the grace of God, you breathe, you, with your mere philosophy, would soon with the divine Plato and the indescribable Malthus cast deformed infants into the gutters and kill off old men as useless burdens on the race. Fortunately for yourselves and other men a Providence withholds bad philosophy and other evil influences from plunging humanity headlong into all the misery, the corruption, the culture and the godlessness of ancient paganism. Yes, I repeat it, the inborn religious sense of our modern states moves them to institute poor houses, schools, asylums for the aged, etc.; but remark that those

who are engaged to do the work, all worthy though they may be, do not perform works of mercy: they work for a salary. They are not acting from such unselfish and heaven-inspired motives as do those who vow their whole lives to such merciful ministries for the love of God alone. These hired attendants do not and cannot do their work as well as do the sisters and brothers, who are experts besides being Christians. The one thing which these employés do best and most regularly is to draw and spend their salary, for the which we cannot blame them, since their work is a matter of contract, a bargain, *do ut des*.

Speaking of humanitarian charity often reminds me of an incident which illustrates the unreality and the skin-deep character of philosophical ministrations. A portly and good-natured old infidel on the humanitarian plan once met a poor little girl all in tears because she had lost, in a dark and muddy alley-way, a quarter destined to buy bread for her starving mother. Thereupon the tender-hearted old humanity-lover thrust his hand deep into his pocket and, obeying his philosophical instincts, handed the inconsolable child a *match*,—saying, “Here, go and look for your quarter, my child.” Very often a match is the real extent of all the brotherly feeling of those who are most loud-mouthed in their profession of faith in the brotherhood of men.

It is, therefore, apparent that these great principles, divorced from religion, are as flowers cut from the stems, incapable of doing any real permanent good, of beautifying or enriching the world.

In conclusion, before parting with the too liberal, broad-minded so-called philosophers, let me add that it is as hopeless to find a substitute for Christianity as it is to discover perpetual motion, and far less desirable than that. Again, that since it is in the helpfulness and inspiration of Christianity alone that lies their reasonable hope both of conferring any lasting benefits upon the world during time, and of preparing encouraging prospects for whatever life may open up past the gates of this mortal existence, then, for their own better spiritual and temporal interests and the general interests of those who come under their influence, these teachers of men, knowing anything worth teaching, and especially those who have a weakness for philosophizing about great fundamental principles of human living and social conduct, must come closer to the great central light which enlighteneth all understand-

ing; they must in a word shed a good deal of the arrogance, the pedantry and the deceit which pure reason has cursed them with, and they must become simple, Christian, godly men.

E. L. RIVARD, C. S. V.

LIFE OF BISMARCK.

INTRODUCTION.

THE nineteenth century is a new verification of the old Roman proverb that the Germans are always fighting among themselves. At first sight Christianity seems to have accomplished but little for these people, except to enlarge and sharpen their weapons of warfare and to make their battles more bloody and terrible. There is, however, a deeper view of all this. Prince Bismarck was and remains the telescope through which we obtain that view, and I have undertaken to write the life of this man because, in the freedom and boldness of his youth, the shrewdness of his diplomacy, his far-seeing statesmanship, the material and worldly bases and principles of all his schemes, his aggressive intellectuality, his quickness of perception, retort and action, his military spirit, his courage, endurance, and the victories that came of these in life, he was and still remains the typical, the greatest, the most gifted and successful man of his generation; the true and natural head and ruler of modern civilization.

Further, it is my purpose to show that in spite of all this, as soon as he dealt with the social problem, and the moment he attempted to touch, to muzzle, to invade, to govern the spiritual power of the Church, and to bring it under the dominion of human and worldly wisdom, and subject to military discipline, he became as a child in his weakness; a puppet, a blundering booby in the hands of fate; a grotesque failure in the civilization of the world; a great man merely riding and stumbling through pitiable and laughable gyrations to his deserved fall—the deepest fall ever known to greatness in this world.

The history of Bismarck is not merely the history of Henry IV. of Germany and of Pope Hildebrand over again, it is this on

larger lines and to far sublimer issues. The popes and kings of the earth were, in this latter struggle, in the background, and the real battle was fought between two laymen—the great, the famous, the notorious, subtle, disdainful Bismarck on the one hand, with kings and armies, the money power of Europe and a hireling press at the back of him; on the other, a simple, shrewd, earnest, determined Catholic lawyer; who, in this last great world-battle of force and conscience, right and wrong, proved himself, under God, not only master of Bismarck, but of the modern world.

Herr Windthorst was indeed our modern David, but without his poetry and beauty, simply with his sling and stone; and the greatest Goliath of all the Philistines of the ages lies before him, a cowed and conquered, almost brutal boaster.

Had Bismarck minded better his history, his poetry; had he paid more attention to his university teaching, and less to duels, in his school days; had he made himself familiar with the philosophy of the simplest leading facts of the histories of all ancient and modern nations; had he listened with attention to such poor travesties of the Sermon on the Mount as Lutheranism had to offer its disciples; or had he studied the famous Wolsey's short but wonderful speech to poor Cromwell, Bismarck might have been a far greater and wiser man; loved as well as feared by all modern nations; might have held the reins of power till kindly death gave him relief, and need not have spent the last years of his life like a chained bear, a chafing lion, a surly hyena, gritting his teeth in madness, waiting only the blacker despair of death, the revelations of his treachery, the execrations of mankind, and the derisive laughter of demons in the world to come.

The first chapters of this study, to appear in the next two numbers of *THE GLOBE* will be devoted to a brief sketch of the German people, and the evolution of the Hohenzollern kings, through the favor of the most representative of whom, the late William I., Bismarck rose to power and for twenty years controlled the destiny of modern European nations.

CHAPTER I.—THE GERMANS, OLD AND NEW.

William I., Emperor of Germany, was the most characteristic German king that has ever reigned. Frederick the Great was Prus-

sian, pure and simple; gifted, hard, sentimental, enduring and victorious. Charlemagne, though of German birth, was French in his methods and entanglements; brilliant, rapid, unscrupulous; his work perished though his name remains. The Emperor William, though less gifted than either, was always full of silent, sound sense; a trained soldier from his youth, brave, cool, conscientious, German all over and always; never sectional, but broadly German, and generous to all Germany. He was a final concentration of the long-developing, ruling German family of modern times; and with Bismarck for Counselor and Moltke for General, he, in January, 1871, crowned himself Emperor of the most compact, the best drilled, and the most homogeneous empire that has ever existed among European races and nations. He was a true part of, and the crowned and admired head of, all the German races of the ages, whose story is as full of fascination as a complicated, stirring dream.

To this hour nobody knows who the Germans are or whence they came. German scholars, with all their patience and erudition, are undecided and divided on these questions. It is held by some that the Germans are natives of the soil they still inhabit; by others that originally they immigrated southward from Denmark and Sweden. But in truth the Danes and Swedes and Germans proper are of the same stock, and the one is as likely to be native as the others. Just when the first fair-haired, blue-eyed descendants of Japhet left the upper waters of the Euphrates or sailed from the Mediterranean northward and touched the soil now called Europe and named themselves or were named Germans, nobody knows. So the world goes back to Greece and Rome and chatters about what Herodotus and Tacitus and Cæsar have to say concerning the people whose deeds, in our own generation, have changed the face of Europe and whose valor and discipline are praised in all the civilized world.

Two thousand years ago, when Greece was in her prime, these same sturdy Northmen, worshiping their Thor and Odin in groves and mountain fastnesses, and so apparently even then integral parts of the Norse Brotherhood, known by different names, roamed the mighty forests that stretched between the Alps and the Baltic sea, and time out of mind the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe and the Vistula have been more to them even than the Nile to the Egyp-

tians, the Jordan to the Israelites, the Euphrates to the Persians and the Indus and the Ganges to the Hindoostani. Time out of mind Europe has been their hunting ground, their temple, and at last has become their conquered empire, defended by solid masonry and Krupp guns.

From the earliest times the Germans were noted for their physical strength, for their valor and their indifference to danger and suffering. They always cared more for victory and glory than for any thoughts of the suffering to be borne in attaining them. And while these characteristics are and always have been common to the northern and southern sections, the southern, or, as they have been called, the non-Suevi, to distinguish them from the northern, or the Suevi, centering in what is now known as Sweden, Norway and the Prussian Provinces, have soonest yielded to the softening effects of mental and moral training. In a word, the sectional impulses and traits that dominated the Austrian Germans and the Prussian Germans two thousand years ago, decided the fate of Sadowa and Sedan.

In their own country the ancient Germans were distinguished by the epithet free, from the bondsmen, who, it is claimed, were not of German origin. These *Scavi* were, it is believed, taken originally from their Slavonian neighbors in the East. The Suevi are credited of old with possessing the greater part of ancient Germany. In our day the Suevian has become Swabian, which, in our own time, is more generic in its expression of German life than is the now accepted German itself.

Among themselves, when Cæsar found them, as in our time, they were all freemen and equal. No true German ever was a serf or slave. This idea, gotten into the unwritten English Constitution, took off Charles Stuart's head. Transplanted in America it has made a new constitution and is making a new nation, in which the *scavi* and serfs of all ages are to be free. Bismarck, in his love of kingcraft, has sometimes forgotten the free genius of his brethren, but the Emperor William practically never forgot it. The Roman poet Lucanus said, "Liberty is the German's birthright," and the Roman historian Florus declared that liberty was a privilege which nature granted to the Germans, while the Greeks, by utmost culture, sought it in vain.

At this distance it is clear enough that from the earliest times

the one leading problem of central European history was how to take this widespread, inherent German courage, love of freedom, enthusiastic brotherhood, with readiness to quarrel and fight on the slightest provocation, and train it all into some respect for what we now call constitutional law—in a word, to weld the chaotic, centrifugal German tribes into a constitutional, homogeneous German Empire; not to speak of the larger problem, how to imbue these polytheistic, and more recently speculative German tribes and kingdoms with the spirit and law of Christianity. How to retain their individual strength and freedom, and yet how to band themselves together so as to resist the inroads and attacks of their enemies, was the first part of this problem; and it is interesting enough to find that under Bismarck and the Emperor William and their predecessors from 1840 till now, this problem is still vexing the German mind.

In their wars with the Romans under the Cæsars the Germans wore lion skins and bear skins about their otherwise naked bodies, and fought with spears. Some historians hold that on this latter account they were called Germans, or Spearmen. Even in those days the Germans of the north were less mixed with foreign blood than were their southern and eastern or western neighbors. One of the earliest laws of the German tribes was that the freemen should not intermarry among their slaves. The Germans were mainly light-haired and blue-eyed. Many of the slaves were dark-haired and hazel-eyed. So the North Germans kept their individual characteristics eighteen hundred years ago; and the prevailing opinion to this hour is that the modern Germans of dark hair and brown eyes are in the main descendants of the old Slavic races and not of pure German blood.

All the earliest accounts of these people agree that among their primal laws, oaths and agreements, the most absolute obedience to the chief who led them in battle was exacted and given. But every free warrior had a vote in the choice of their leader. There was a very early contempt for the foreign invader. By an ancient Danish law whoever fled from fewer than four foes forfeited his honor. Great reverence was of old given to the priests of Odin, whose duty it was to attend to the public sacrifices. In time of war, though implicit obedience to the chief was the law, it was also the privilege of every free-born German to speak his free mind on the undertaking involved.

History claims that among the North Germans the land was divided by lot each year; hence that they had no settled homes and habitations. Gradually, however, much of the land was given to able men who had aided in obtaining victories over opposing tribes or foreign enemies, and so were planted the germs of those landed estates, principalities and kingdoms known to modern times. Gradually also these developed State assemblies, formed of representative leading men, and which were generally held on the occasions of great festivals. But here again it is claimed that their first officers of state were chosen on democratic principles, each freeman voting in his own tribe. The laws made by these Councils, "Dings," and "Things," were not exactly public law, but private law, and aimed mainly at security of life, liberty, honor and property, or, in case of injury, at indemnity. Though every man hastened to avenge any personal wrong and the habit of single combat, still so characteristic of the Germans, was looked upon as a check against much general disorder and bloodshed. Virtue was honored among the early Germans, hospitality was generous and refined, so that a stranger seeking shelter was not asked who he was or whence he came.

The honor and virtue of women were cherished and revered among the first Germans known. Young maidens were brought up in the retirement of their homes or family circles and taught the fidelities of domestic life. So with their conscious physical power and beauty, with their rude valor, sense of honor and loyal obedience to the chosen leading man, and with their dim worship of Thor and Odin, the mythological incarnations of German ideas of divine power and wisdom, these early tribes grappled with the first problems of civilization, met the Romans under Cæsar and Varus, and later the Huns under Atilla, as finally they met their Southern, mainly Slavic, neighbors and their Gallicized and more mixed western neighbors at Sadowa and Sedan, keeping their hearts brave and their blue eyes clear. A sturdy, manly, enthusiastic race from the first as still, with many problems yet to solve.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY WARS.

Though comparatively isolated in their position and of acknowledged bravery, and possessing native virtue and freedom, the

Germans from the earliest times, like the Germans during the Emperor William's reign, have always had to fight for their rights and their fatherland. The war problem among them has been three or fourfold: First, how to band together to drive out the invader; second, how to unite and attack so as to capture the invader's country and make a German-Roman or a German-Gallic Empire; third, how to determine whether the leadership among themselves should be in Southern or Austrian, Slavic and Eastern, or in Northern and Western, Suevian, Swabian and later in Prussian, Germany; fourth, how to make two German empires—a Slavic or Southeastern, and a pure German or Swabian, and let their Gallic and Roman or modern Italian neighbors alone.

From 58 B. C. to 9 A. D. the Romans, at first under the great Julius himself and later under Varus, who was placed by Augustus at the head of the Roman troops, made serious invasions of Germany. Julius Cæsar twice crossed the Rhine, but left no such permanent mark of his fighting here as he left in Gaul. He subdued the people on the left or southeast bank of the Rhine, however, and henceforth for many centuries the Germans became mixed in Roman ambitions and wars, as in our own era. The first elaborate Roman attempt to conquer Germany was made by Augustus, and had he or his generals possessed the qualities of Julius, history might have had a different story to tell. In the year 9 A. D. Varus, who had been led by German strategy into the Teutoburg Forest, nominally to suppress a German revolt, was himself and his Roman legions surrounded by German warriors on all sides, led by the famous Hermann, and utterly destroyed. In 14 A. D., under Tiberius, Germanicus assumed the offensive and crossed the Rhine; but meeting only with slight advantage, the attempt at conquest was as good as abandoned. Like all successful warriors, Hermann had trouble enough with ambitious rivals, who finally took his life, but he is memorable in history as one of the first capable Germans, who, with a taste for and a touch of civilization, conquered the then recognized invading civilized powers.

About a hundred years later the Germans became the invaders of Roman territory and henceforth are strongly involved in fading Roman history. In the Marcomanic war Marcus Aurelius, for thirteen years, opposed a vast horde of Germans who sought to

push southward into Roman lands. Meanwhile the Romans had built many fortresses along the northern frontier, and had connected these by the famous Roman wall, remnants of which are visible still. In what is now, as then, Southwestern Germany, the Romans had built towns about their fortresses; so at Augsburg and Regensburg, in the very region of the Lake Constance country, and in a part of the rough Alps, which, centuries later, gave birth to the Hohenzollern kings, the Romans planted the first seeds of that compact, town-like civilization which the Germans had hitherto despised.

In their contests with the Romans the Germans had found that their scattered independent tribal relationships were not sufficiently compact to meet their various demands. The necessity of closer union became manifest, and the German group of people known as the Goths are the first realization of this impetus and necessity. In the third century they were known as the possessors of the Northeastern and Eastern German lands, including the Vandals and the Burgundians. They also held the Rhine country in the neighborhood of the Main, and were continually pushing southward and eastward in search of Roman towns. To the north of these Goths, westward, were the Franks and the Saxons. The Franks gave France her name. The Burgundians left their signature on a chosen part of the same country, as the Normans in later times, and so planted German among the Gallic elements that the Emperor William and his armies had to subdue in 1870 and 1871.

The Goths were the first of these confederations to found a great kingdom. In the fourth century their territory stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. For more than three centuries they harassed and worried the Roman, they stretched eastward, infringing on Asia, and were the aggressive power in Central European evolution. In 410 A. D., at the time of Alaric's death, the Goths had mastered Rome, and could the questions between North and South have been harmonized then, as for hundreds of years later it was tried to harmonize them, all southern Europe might have been Gothic or North German to this day. In the fifth century they conquered the southern part of Gaul and nearly the whole of Spain, as the Northwestern and Swabian Germans were again in one sense obliged to do, or nearly do, in our days—Bismarck and the Emperor William being the idols of these later victories.

One of the oldest and most significant episodes in all central European history, and one bearing directly on the mixture of pure German with other European and Asiatic blood, is that of the invasion of the Huns. Who the Huns were originally nobody knows; whether a fragment of the Semites gone into Central Asia between what is now known as Russia and China, or of mixed Semitic and Japhetic—that is, of Asiatic and European blood, is still an unsolved problem. At all events, from the year 375 to 450 A. D., the Huns or Calmucks, wandering fierce shepherd tribes from Northern Asiatic plains, swept westward, conquering their way as they came. They were short, swarthy and filthy in appearance, without any of the finer instincts even of the Germans. It is said that they ate, drank and slept on horseback and seemed insensible to hunger, thirst or cold. In the year 375 they crossed the Volga in great hordes and poured over the German lands. The East and West Goths now in possession of the country fled before them, outraged and conquered, toward the Danube in the East and toward Rome. Finally the Huns spread over Dacia, which has since been called Hungary, after its invaders' name, and under Atilla contended with the Goths for the mastery of Rome. In 451 A. D. Atilla, with his Huns, marched westward from Buda, overran the south of Germany, crossed the Rhine, and would have left his and their marks on the Atlantic coast had not the Franks, the East and West Goths and Burgundians united with the Romans to stay their power. Atilla, with a fine, sentimental Christian sarcasm, has been called the scourge of God. Between 451 and 453 A. D. the Huns under him met these allied forces in the plains of Chalons on the Marne, and after a furious battle the Huns were defeated and their conquering power broken once for all. But they left many traces of their habits, many stains of their blood, on the face of future European history. How much they had to do with that Saxon break-up which led to the invasion and conquest of England, or to the Frankish conquest of France, to the permanent hold of the German in later Roman history, and finally to that rebound which out of their fragments and the retiring Goths made the German Empires of the future, no man knows; but that these different elements went on fighting for supremacy till the group of men of whom Bismarck and the Emperor William are the central figures, settled it, is a part of accredited human history.

CHAPTER III.—CROSS AND CROWN.

From 481 A.D., when Clovis became King of the Salic Franks in Belgium and when the Franks had extended themselves over the north of Gaul, to 843, when Germany became an independent kingdom again by the treaty of Verdun, Goth and German, and Hun, Gallic and Roman were in perpetual mixture, but mainly under Frankish power, the outcome of which was, that while the German had been Germanizing France and Italy, Christianity, coming up from Syria again, through Rome, through Ireland and finally through Boniface of England, had been adding a new moral element to the general conflict, had, in short, converted Clovis and crowned Charlemagne King of the great Roman Empire. In a word, Rome, taken out of the hands of the Cæsars, when the Constantines were too weak to hold it, had been given to German Princes, but Rome, regenerated, had given these same German Princes a new impulse and a new problem to solve—a problem which was still unsolved when Emperor William became King of Prussia in 1861, and a problem that vexed Bismarck's mind more than any other in all his career.

The Franks were a genuine Rhineland people, the most vital of them hailing from what is now called Lower Franconia, and finding Gaul a pleasanter place than that from which they had been driven, they concluded to stay, and did, as a matter of fact, accomplish great things there. Clovis, called by the Germans Clodwig, later Ludwig, and by the French Louis, gathered his Franks together, got himself a wife, Clothild, niece and ward of the King of Burgundy, through her and certain victories in war became himself a Christian, made Paris the capital of all the land and people he could conquer or persuade to obey him, and so started the Franco-German power in Gaul.

The successors of Clovis, called Merovingians, were an indolent, sleepy race, known as the sluggard kings. They left the governing of their lands mainly to subordinates called Mayors in modern phrase, and of these, one Pepin, of Heristal, near Spa, a robust, pushing man, became more of a ruler than the kings. This Pepin is the father of Charles Martel, called the Hammer, because of the rough blows he dealt the Arabs in the famous battle of Tours in 732. Charles had two sons, one Pepin again, the Short, and Karlo-

man. But Karloman went to a monastery, leaving the new power in Pepin's hands. Pepin the Short had to fight the Saxons from the northeast, the Bavarians from the east and still the Arabs from the south and west. Having to do all the fighting, Pepin persuaded the Pope that Pepin also ought to be known as the ruler. The Pope was willing, and Pepin's generals and nobles put their shields together, pledging him their loyalty, and this Pepin, grandson of Pepin, was anointed King by the English St. Boniface, now Archbishop of Mainz, A.D. 752. In return Pepin captured the territory of the Lombards and gave them to the Pope, so beginning that new perplexity known as "the states of the church," reaching into our own times. Pepin died in 768, leaving two sons, Charles and another Karloman. In a few years Karloman died, and Charles, known to history as "Charlemagne," became one of the greatest characters in all human history, doing in his day in some important particulars very much what Moltke, Bismarck and the Emperor William have done in our time.

From Pepin, Mayor of Heristal, to Pepin the Short, the ancestry of Charlemagne was full of a dominating energy. Charles himself was a large, tall, handsome man, powerful in his build and with good, hard, German blue-gray eyes and long, light hair. History says of him that though he could not write he was a man of fine culture, presenting so a problem over which modern scholarship will not linger. He was great as a warrior, great as a constructive political genius, great as a maker of wise laws, and greater still as an absolute dictator, who, with one power and another, was the first German King that ever succeeded in curtailing the rights of free-born German men and centralizing the powers of their rulers in the persons of counts and princes and in his own person without the vote or consent of the popular will. On the death of his brother, 771 A.D., Charlemagne became sole King, and he immediately set about subduing the Saxons and other neighbors. The Saxons were a free people, whose rulers were numerous and limited in their powers. It so happened that as soon as Charles had conquered one set of the Saxons and made terms with their leader, another leader and another set opposed him. With a good deal of other work Charlemagne kept at the Saxons for over thirty years, and it was not till 804 that he had entirely subdued them. But he had also made them Christians, in a sense. In the year 777

Charlemagne had many thousands of the Saxons baptized into the Christian faith. From 769 to 813 in Germany and in Western and Northern Europe Charlemagne conducted thirty-two campaigns against the Saxons, Frisians, Bavarians, Avars, Slavs and Danes; in Italy, five against the Lombards; in Spain, Corsica and Sardinia, twelve against the Arabs, two against the Greeks and three in Gaul itself against the Aquitanians and Bretons. In all, fifty-three expeditions in forty-five years.

The kingdom of Charlemagne comprised all Germany, though touching lightly that northeastern section known in later years as Prussia, and which has since become the ruling German power; Belgium, France, Switzerland, really always a part of Germany, and the north of Italy and Spain. His empire was made up of different nations, of different races or fragments of races, whose destiny was to part and separate for good and all and not to hold together. The center of it was on foreign, that is, Gallic soil. It was neither a German, Frank, Slav nor Roman empire. It had been conquered by Charlemagne's military ambition; held together by his political genius, and in the nature of things had to fall to pieces again and seek its own centers of unity when he died. He had divided his vast empire into kingdoms, duchies and counties. He called the frontier counties marches, which were under march counts or margraves, as later the Margrave of Brandenburg set there against the Baltic Wends, the two together possessing in germ a compacter empire than Charlemagne ever knew.

In 774 Charlemagne placed the old iron crown of Lombardy on his own head. He everywhere encouraged the work of the Church. At Aix he built the famous cathedral largely out of pillars and hewn stone taken from Roman ruins, and so connected the ancient with our own times. On Christmas Eve of the year 800, in Rome, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the Romans by Leo III., so becoming the most noted figure of mediæval European history and mixing the German problem with the destinies of every race in Europe and with the destiny of Christianity itself. Charlemagne died on January 28th, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was buried there with all the attendant honors man can render to his fellow-man. He was the first real successor to Julius Cæsar, and in some respects a stronger man. But Cæsar could write and did write well.

CHAPTER IV.—NEW KINGS AND NEW ISSUES.

Charlemagne's son Louis, being without his father's genius or power, could not rule his great empire, but he managed to quarrel with his three or four sons, and they to quarrel with one another, till, in 843, by the treaty of Verdun, Lothair got the imperial crown, the Rhine country and the Netherlands; Charles, called the "Bald," all France west of Lotharingia: that is, the western line of Lothair's dominions; and Louis, all Germany: that is, everything east of Lothair's claims. It is curious to note here how the most Roman name of these three is placed in the Northern lands; Charles, the most German name, placed in the West French lands, and Louis, afterward the most French name, is kept Eastward and Northward in the German regions. Nature, however, works her ways in spite of names. By this treaty Germany became one again, in some sense one for the first time in history; and the main thing to be noticed here, covering the next half century, is that in 911, when King Louis, the child, latest royal grandson of Charlemagne, died before he became of age, the race of the great Frankish kings ended in Germany; ended also the hereditary principle which Clovis had established and Charlemagne had held and given unquestioned, and that Conrad of Franconia and Henry the Fowler (911-936), the first two of the line of purely German kings, were elected by the great German vassals, thus bringing Germany back not exactly to the democratic usage of the earliest times, but so breaking up the absolutism of the Frankish kings and establishing that precedent which Bismarck adhered to when he urged Emperor William not to accept his title from a Diet representing the German people, but from the united voice of the great vassals who, in 1861, as long before, had become princes and kings.

There were questions and questions yet to arise for settlement among the people now in possession of the country between the northwestern Mediterranean and the Baltic Seas. The Franks having practically exhausted themselves in Charlemagne and in general expended their energy in the settlement of Gaul and the effort to found a sort of universal German-Roman Empire, a part of that dream was henceforth to be abandoned. Other and still more distinctively German tribes and families were to try their hands; men from the headwaters of the Rhine, Bavarian men and

Saxons, and finally the Elbe men: the Brandenburgers were to draw the lines between Slav and Swabian, keeping the north to themselves and allowing France, Spain, Italy, Greece, the Danubian and all the mixed Eastern nations to find their own centers of unity and fight it out among themselves.

For a good while yet the Germans held to their ambitions to found and hold a German-Roman Empire. From 919 to 936 Conrad the Frank and Henry the Saxon forced the new line of battle eastward. Conrad died, but thought so much of his Saxon foe that Henry, by his advice, was chosen King of the Germans, and Otto I., called the Great, son of Henry, succeeded him in 936. Otto I. was crowned at Aix in the great church Charlemagne had built, anointed by the Archbishop of Mainz, with the Duke of Lotharingia, the Duke of Franconia, the Duke of Swabia and the Duke of Bavaria in various places of honor doing service to the Saxon King. Otto II. and his son, Otto III., died after short reigns, and with Henry II., called "the Saint," a great-grandson of Henry I., the Saxon dynasty came to an end.

Under Conrad I. we hear of the Duke of Lorraine, on account of some slight, as in rebellion against the first elected German king and as transferring his allegiance to Charles the Simple, of France, so beginning that trouble of putting the west province of the Rhine on debatable land, never fully decided till Napoleon III. surrendered to the Emperor William in 1870, and perhaps not finally settled then.

Under Henry I. the Duke of Lorraine returned his homage to German rule and Lorraine remained a part of Germany for many centuries. Charlemagne had established a march between the Eider and the Schlei, but in time and under weaker rulers the Danes had seized the country and had driven the Germans beyond the Elbe. Of late the Saxons had been slowly regaining this ground and under this same Henry I. they advanced into Jutland, made Gorm, the Danish king, vassal of Germany, and history accounts it probable that at this time the march of Schleswig was established, and it is worth naming here as the determination of the local loyalty of this march that it became in our day the cause of the war that made the Emperor William head of the new North German Confederation, which was soon to be the German Empire.

In fact, Henry I., of Saxony, did good work with the rebellious

Danes to the northwest, with the invading and plundering Magyars from the south and east, and established various marches which in time became the centers of burgs and towns in which the old free, wandering Germans were now learning to live. In the reign of Otto I., too, Louis of France, in response to some intrigue of Otto's, invaded and laid claim to Alsace. So with these first two elected Saxon kings of Germany were started the germs of those questions that gave the Emperor William, Bismarck and Moltke the opportunities of their lives and made them immortal.

In fact, under Otto I., and notably in the great battle at the Lechfeld, near Augsburg, in 955, when it is claimed a hundred thousand Magyars were slain, Otto practically established the fact that the German was master in Northwestern and Central Europe; a question, however, and in fact the question, that the King of Prussia had to re-establish at Sadowa in 1866, with new rivers of blood and that may yet have to be settled over and over again.

CHAPTER V.—CHURCH AND STATE.

Henry II., successor to Henry I., and still Saxon, though by a younger line, got himself appointed King by various pleadings and strategy, and though he reigned from 1002 to 1024, never accomplished any great things. Up to the time of Henry II. it had been customary, when a duke died, for the King to appoint his successor. In Henry's time the principle of inheritance was virtually established in favor of the immediate vassals of the sovereign. Henry went three times to Italy and was crowned Lombard King and Emperor.

After his death the great nobles met at Oppenheim and elected to the throne Conrad, a count of Franconia, who, under the title of Conrad II., reigned from 1024 to 1039. Besides battling with various internal conspiracies, Conrad pursued the ancient purpose of making his royal office hereditary, and by using his powers lavishly in favor of his own son, stirred up the Duke of Bavaria in rebellion, here giving us a hint of the delicate relations that have so long existed between the now Kingdom of Bavaria and the reigning German kings. A true explanation of the recent suicide or murder of Ludwig of Bavaria, the suppression of his brother Otto in favor of their Catholic uncle Louis in our own

times, would clearly reveal how delicate these relations still are. But there are many stories that can only be told in fiction. The fated Ludwig, however, was not insane. But Bismarck's mad anti-Roman-Catholic policy had to be thwarted some way, and the only way was through Bavaria. Ludwig was a martyr to Bismarck's madness and to Catholic persistency. So much may here be said.

When Conrad II. ascended the throne of Germany Denmark was ruled by English Canute, a formidable sort of neighbor, the Poles to the east were still powerful and had possession of Bohemia, and the Hungarians, under Stephen I., were a menacing power. Conrad secured for his son, Henry, Canute's daughter in marriage and in return ceded the march of Schleswig to Denmark, so committing an act that made the core of the Schleswig-Holstein question of 1862-65. This same Conrad, in a war with the Poles, won Lusatia and Bohemia for Germany, and reduced the Polish ruler to the rank of Duke, who did homage to Germany for his lands. So old is the Polish question of our own times; the tendency being of old very much as it is now; the pure German in fact being too much for his mixed southern and eastern foes.

With the beginning of the reign of Henry III., son of Conrad II., a new element was introduced into the German-Roman Empire. By common consent, the church had not kept up the pure spiritual enthusiasm of its first founders; in fact, in Henry's day it was noted for certain other than spiritual powers. There were also three different claimants for Papal honors. In 1046 Henry III. entered Rome at the head of a fair army and summarily deposed the three popes, whose contentions had put the church in bad odor, and himself raised the Bishop of Bamberg to the See of Rome under the title of Clement II. When death made succession necessary other German popes were elevated in turn. This was really the first German reformation of the church—a reformation which, like all moral forces, worked in unexpected ways.

As advisor of the latter German popes Hildebrand, later Pope Gregory VII., developed a moral and mental power which in their turn questioned the conduct of Henry IV., son of Henry III., and humiliated him as another Hildebrand, had he existed, might have humiliated Bismarck and the Emperor in these later times. Henry IV. had quarreled with several of his princes and had in many ways a tempestuous sort of reign. In the main he was victorious

over his secular foes, but in Hildebrand he met a power somewhat new in all the history of the world. It was not mere moral energy as in Paul, much less mere moral formation as in Constantine. It was moral energy plus the ruling genius and commanding position of a Charlemagne, plus the grace of God.

In 1075 this churchman, now Pope Gregory VII., issued his decree against the marriage of the clergy and against their investiture by laymen. In the nature of things German kings would not submit to the latter, and in the nature of things German priests would not submit to the former. Luther and Bismarck are among the latest noted enemies of Gregory's decree.

Henry IV., for his part, summoned a synod of German Bishops and deposed Hildebrand. And just as promptly Gregory VII. issued a bull excommunicating the German King, dethroning him and liberating his subjects from their oath of allegiance. At first Henry thought he could disregard this powerful man. But the grandeur of Hildebrand's conduct had overawed many of Henry's vassals and they rebelled against him. Finally he humbled himself before his princes and then pleaded and waited like a beggar to be admitted to the presence and to receive the pardon of Hildebrand. The latter gave him a nominal pardon, but the princes still rebelled and elected Rudolf, Duke of Swabia, as his successor. But Henry had mettle in him and defeated Rudolf in battle in 1080, carried the war into Italy, where he was crowned Emperor by his own anti-Pope, and in 1085 Hildebrand died in exile from Rome.

From Hildebrand to the dawn of the Reformation, say from Henry IV., of Franconia, to Albert II., Duke of Austria—that is, from the decline of the Franconian dynasty to the beginning of the Hapsburgs, or from 1085 to 1438–40—what with quarrels between popes and kings and princes and the frequent divisions and change of owners of the territory and portions of the territory of Saxony, Swabia and Bavaria, it is not always easy to trace the old boundaries or the old lines of royal blood.

German kings still aimed to be German Emperors, and the old conflict between church and state kept itself alive, the kings trying to curtail the growing powers of the popes, and the church in turn seeking to keep the German kings to their own temporal and secular business. In the time of Henry V., son of Henry IV., who

reigned from 1106 to 1125—that is, in 1122, by the concordat of Worms, the right of electing the prelates was left to the clergy, and the Emperor resigned the right of investing them with ring and staff. But it was agreed that the elections should take place in the presence of the Emperor or of his representative, and that he should invest the prelates with the sceptre.

With the death of Henry V. the direct line of the Franconian dynasty ended and Lothair, Duke of Saxony, was elected his successor. Lothair excited the enmity of the Hohenstaufen princes by demanding some of their crown lands, and in order to strengthen himself to meet their opposition gave his daughter in marriage to Henry, called the Proud, grandson of Welf, a prince whom Henry IV. had made Duke of Bavaria. Henry succeeded in holding Bavaria and was also invested with Saxony. Lothair spent a good deal of his time in Italy arranging the honors of his position with Pope Innocent II., who claimed that when the Saxon duke received the imperial crown he did so as a vassal of the Pope. By various bargaining and scheming the imperial representative of German power had fallen so low.

Henry expected to succeed Lothair, but by a crooked election Conrad III., Duke of Franconia, was chosen King. Conrad's reign extended from 1137 to 1152, and the dynasty usually credited as beginning with him is variously called the Swabian and Hohenstaufen dynasty. In fact, Conrad and his Swabian dynasty hail from the well-marked limestone plateau between Rems and the Neckar rivers just to the north of Stuttgart. The region is now included in what is known as Würtemberg. It is a part of the Eastern Rhine land. The little strip called Baden divided it from the Rhine. A line drawn from the famed Lake Constance through the Hohenzollern hills to Stuttgart to Frankfort touches the immortal centers of so much that has made Germany great, and yet will pass within a day's march of the Rhine all the way. And into these very years from 1125 to 1152, that is from Lothair of Saxony to Frederick Barbarossa, we are in regions of country and dealing with names that have produced not only the Swabian dynasty of Germany, but the royal lines of England and Austria, and later the fatherhood of the German Emperor of modern fame.

Henry the Proud, father of Henry the Lion, ancestor of Victoria, could not reconcile himself to the reign of Conrad III. of Swabia,

any more than he could to Lothair, Duke of Saxony, whereupon his duchies were declared forfeited. Saxony was given to Albert the Bear, and Bavaria, then extending to the new Würtemberg region, was given to Leopold, Margrave of Austria. Henry suddenly died and left the strife, but Duke Welf, his brother, took it up and himself hoped to succeed Conrad. With this end in view he agreed that Saxony should fall to Henry the Lion, son of Henry the Proud, and after the death of Leopold Bavaria was granted to Henry Jasomirgott, Margrave of Austria, the tendency of Bavaria toward the south and east being even in those early days clearly seen. Conrad, too, was much given to crusading and hobnobbing with ecclesiastical power, at the end of which, on returning to his claims, he found Henry the Lion at the head of a formidable army claiming Bavaria as well as Saxony. Conrad could not dispute Henry's power, and without accomplishing that end he passed to the rewards he had sought at Rome. Any true relation of state to church seems to need more real religion than has been in the world since apostolic times. The church has but one power, that is spiritual, and kings can only be loyal to that power as they are inspired thereby.

CHAPTER VI.—BARBAROSSA AND THE DECLINE OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

Under Frederick Barbarossa, nephew of Conrad and son of Frederick, Duke of Swabia, Germany passed into a strong and memorable reign from 1152 to 1190. Frederick was allied to the Welfs by his mother's side. He knew the fierce valor of Henry the Lion, and, desiring to conciliate him, pledged to secure him the duchy of Bavaria. To that pledge Henry of Austria strongly objected. To solve this problem and retain the favor of both men Frederick made a separate duchy of Austria, granting it special privileges. So Henry the Lion retained his honors as Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, and set himself to work subduing the Baltic lands to the north, while Frederick reasserted his imperial authority in Burgundy and spent the best years of his life not in cementing his German kingdoms, but in a struggle with the Lombard cities and in keeping up the dignities of the Roman end of the Empire.

In truth, Frederick did little positive work in Germany proper, but he made Italy understand the vigor of German sway. In the

later years of Frederick's life he and Henry the Lion fell out seriously, and Henry having proved rebellious was condemned by a council of his peers to forfeit both his duchies. He was allowed to retain only Brunswick and Luneburg, and his banishment to England was reduced from seven to three years. It was diamond cut diamond between Frederick and Henry the Lion, but the Emperor was naturally the more powerful and, in fact, by far the wiser man. So the Welfs, shut up in Brunswick in disgrace, and after cutting a noisy, rebellious, intriguing figure in Germany, found their way to England and became kings and empresses of an empire on which the sun never sets.

This point in German history is of moment to modern times also, from the fact that by the disgrace of Henry the Lion Bavaria was granted to Otto of Wittelsbach, the first royal ancestor of our modern tragic Ludwig and Otto and also of Luitpold, by another line. But Bavaria was again divided by Frederick, and finally Saxony was broken up. In fact, under Frederick Barbarossa, and from this time on, the plan of dividing the great duchies into smaller principalities and of giving to these unusual independent, princely privileges, was carried on until Old Germany was a land of princelings, each a sort of monarch in his way and destined to make all sorts of broils.

By marrying his son Henry to Constantia Frederick hoped to include Naples and Sicily in his German-Roman Empire, and his ambitions Romeward led him to make a third crusade toward the sunset of his career. On this journey, while crossing a river, he was swept from his horse and drowned, but for generations thousands of the German peasants believed that he was still alive and would come to help their Fatherland in any time of need. Perhaps he learned worldly wisdom in his passage through the river and came back to help the Fatherland under Fredericks and Williams of other names, but in a sense Swabian still.

Frederick's son, Henry VI., reigned from 1190 to 1197. After his death there was a double election. The princes, refusing to recognize Henry's son, chose—one set of them—Philip, brother of the dead king, and another set chose Otto, a vigorous son of Henry the Lion. Philip was murdered and Otto was in a fair way of retrieving all his father's lost fortunes; was in fact crowned Emperor, but being false to his pledges given to Rome, and having

taken part with John of England against the French king, Philip Augustus, and lost his way in the famous battle of Bovines, Otto, son of the Lion and aspirant for a German Empire, returned to private life and perhaps to help on the Brunswick-English dynasty elsewhere. There was never any true principles of honor in this Welf blood, nor are there any signs that it has been improved by breeding up to our times.

Under Frederick II., son of Henry VI., and who was chosen after Otto had behaved so badly toward Rome, Germany became famous for being ruled by one of the most brilliant of its kings. Frederick ruled from 1212 to 1250; was fond of poetry, science, art; was held as a statesman and a gentleman. So much had the visits of the German kings to Rome, and the return visits of the Roman bishops to Germany done to soften the exterior, at least, of the older Germans of a thousand years before.

Frederick II. kept close watch on his Italian rights. Throughout Germany his princes did pretty much as they pleased and were happy. Meanwhile the Prussian lands, now so famous, were conquered for Christianity and modern civilization, mainly by the Teutonic order, who slowly built up the state that was to take the Hohenzollerns, make gentlemen of them and teach them how to draw German and Roman lines.

At the time of his death Frederick II., the brilliant, possessed six crowns, namely, those of Germany, Burgundy, Lombardy, Sicily and Jerusalem. From 1220 he was absent from Germany fifteen years on a famous crusade, in which he did much for the Lombard cities, but little for the real Fatherland. In his absence he was represented in Germany by his young son, Henry, and by Regents appointed for the time.

The more Frederick stayed away, and especially when he was not at home to ward off foreign enemies, the greater the distance grew between him and his German people. One party elected Henry of Thuringia in the place of Frederick; others held to Conrad, Frederick's younger son Henry, for rebellion against his father, having already been deposed. Conrad became the recognized head of the empire, and, like his father, continued to court his Roman possessions till he died in 1254, and so ended this Hohenstaufen or Swabian dynasty.

From crowns we pass to poetry. When the Swabian dynasty

ended the German-Roman Imperial crown or crowns went a begging. The petty princes, dukes, counts and robber-knights held high carnival whenever and wherever they pleased in Germany. All the German princes were afraid of the crown. One party chose Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. of England and son of King John, as German Emperor or King. Others chose Alphonso, King of Castile. Richard hardly ever went to Germany and Alphonso not at all. It was the period of the interregnum, but, like so many fallow periods, not wholly unfruitful of ideas at all events.

The tyrannies of German nobles awoke the opposition of the long overruled German people. The Tyrolese rebellion was brewing in these years. The Reformation was seething into utterance, and last but not least German legendary poetry and German mythic poetry, by and by to find its Goethe and its Faust, were now already weaving themselves into cycles and songs and the *Nibelungen-Lied*.

During this period also the free cities, that is cities which were under no princely or intermediate minor authority, but under the direct rule of the Emperor, gained in influence and power. It was a spring-time for other forces than the mere force of arms, of will and of kings. A force even yet kept down in Germany, but still to rise and teach the children and grandchildren of William how free and great the Germans at heart were and are.

W. H. THORNE.

SOME WESTERN POETS.

THE writer of a recent article in a leading Western journal says very truly, "Where do the writers, in their several distinctive fields of accomplishment, reside, who, to such a large extent, provide the public with its literary feast, so enjoyable and elevating in every way? Are they not Western?" Yet of them all he names but six; Eugene Field, Bret Harte, Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton, W. D. Howells and Joaquin Miller.

Let us add to the list, Maurice Thompson, who represented the West on the Committee to arrange for the World's Convention of

Authors at the great Exposition; Edith M. Thomas, Julian H. Thayer, Alice Williams Brotherton, the Piatts, Susan Coolidge, Prof. Egan, "conceded to be one of the most gifted of Roman Catholic lights in the country," says the Boston *Congregationalist*; John Hay, Ella Higginson, Eliza Allen Starr, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lyman Whitney Allen, author of that much-loved poem, "The Coming of His Feet;" and Will Wallace Harney, whose three stanzas, entitled "Midnight," are among the most exquisite things in our language. These are all poets of Western origin, who have made a fine climb up the mount of Fame. Their names are widely known and their work needs no encomium here.

In point of fact, however, the West is a sort of feminine Cræsus or millionairess, who cannot begin to keep track of her poetic income! For this list of some twenty names is by no means exhaustive. Close behind them are as many more, perhaps not so widely known, but writers of much merit. Among these are Kate B. Sherwood, Mrs. Minnie Patterson, whose sweet rhyme of "Dot and Dolly" is the delight of childish souls; Thos. C. Harbaugh, Ida May Davis, of Indiana; Earl Marble and his gifted wife; Hattie L. Horner, of Kansas, whose love-poems one can hardly resist quoting. Grace Duffie Roe, Mrs. Martha Wintermute, N. J. Clodfelter, "the Wabash Poet," and Louis J. Block, author of "The Exile," whose noble Columbian Ode is reviewed elsewhere in these pages.

But it is unfair to make this paper a mere catalogue; it seems too much like a *menu* whose dainties one longs to taste for himself. Here is a charming *morçeau*, to begin with, by the rising young poet, Robert Burns Wilson.

EVENTIDE ON THE BATTERY.

Here where the granite holds the bay at bay.
 And sets a bound to that more troubled tide
 Outsurging from the haunts where men abide,
 I watch the quiet closing of the day.
 The great outstretching level, lone and gray,
 Blends with the sky. Across the waters wide
 The shadowed ships like lonely phantoms glide,
 And one white sail gleams in the slanting ray.
 The great bronze goddess, stately and alone,
 Lifts her unlighted torch. On his far way,
 Wrapped in the glory which belongs to him,
 The sun goes down. Beyond the islands dim
 The lonely ocean makes eternal moan—
 But my sad soul is lonelier than they.

Now this is a vivid picture, and, as such, quoted to piece out an illustrated article on New York City, in one of our magazines. It certainly spoils the rest, by its infinite superiority. To be sure, it has imperfections, notably the repeated word "bay" in first line, which has a little the effect of a "Tom Hood" pun; yet its beauty is also *en evidence*.

" Wrapped in the glory that belongs to him,
The sun goes down."

This achieves simplicity; and, therewith, a dignity worthy its theme.

Another young author, scarcely more than a college youth, Charles K. Botton, of Ohio, who plainly inherits his mother's literary talent, gives us the following, a gem for the critic's neatest setting:

THE ROSE'S SOUL.

The rose's color soon shall fade,
Like sunset, pass away;
The first sweet flush of life, that made
Its beauty, cannot stay.

The rose's form shall turn to dust,
And withered, crumbling lie;
The tender leaves in silence must
Give up their joys and die.

But fragrance does not turn to earth
At wintry wind's control;
It is a thing of heavenly birth,
It is the rose's soul.

The young poet here instinctively pierces the spiritual deeps, to the Divine which lies at the heart of things. There is more in the rose than color, beauty or grace. There is a soft perpetuity of odor, invisible, intangible; this hidden sweetness being its breath of life, a spark of that holy fire that illumined Eden ere the angels came with flaming swords.

Of Orlando Bellamy, Independence, Kansas, more must be said. His is no boyish work. A peculiar, thoughtful melancholy marks it everywhere. There is no striving after power—no striving after anything,—and herein lies its charm. One hardly knows what to cite from so much that is beautiful. To these "Songs by the

Wayside" the poetry-lover will revert again and again for further revealings of their inborn melody. For these poems wear well. After many readings, one feels more and more that Mr. Bellamy deserves; that his pensive verse lingers in the memory; that the world, in its careless, hurrying course, is not doing him justice.

The following poem, if listened to, sounds a note of startling solemnity :

AT DAYBREAK.

At daybreak, when the sombre angel, Night,
 Calls in the many outposts of the skies,
 Where tiny stars their nightly watch-fires keep,
 And through the holy depths of silence flies;
 Ere the great golden heart of coming day
 Has sent its throbs of light from pole to pole,
 What if the angels, through the crystal air,
 Should send their melodies to call my soul?

At daybreak, ere the hills are all aflame
 With God's crown-jewels, given to the earth,—
 For dew-drops and the sunlight form His name
 In wondrous beauty at each new day's birth;—
 If you should speak in whispers in the room
 And say, "His soul is gone to meet the light,"
 Could I reach out my hand amidst the gloom
 And find that He watched with me all the night?

At daybreak, while the wooded hills are mute,
 And not a note of drowsy song is heard
 To rise from Nature's merry choristers,
 Ere cloudy banners of the night are stirred
 By morning's breath, should angels lift the veil
 That separates our dreams from Glory's Land,
 Could I dare raise my eyes through mists of prayer
 To dimly see the beckoning of His hand?

At daybreak, when the light streams boldly in,
 What if a face is lying still and cold?
 The feet, that oft have wearied in the day,
 Have met the Light beyond the hills of gold?
 Then say, "Now rest is sweet that work is done,
 We'll draw the white cloth up about his face!
 To-day he will not care to greet the sun:—
 God calleth each to his allotted place."

This is more than promise, it is performance.

The West has already recognized one of its most able writers in Mabel Cronise, of Toledo, Ohio. Her narrative poems, too lengthy for quotation, are marked by a power and masterly sweep that set her apart from the feminine versifiers, whose thought is largely subjective. "The Monk's Vision" and "The Legend of the Fleur-de-Lis" are fine examples of her genius. In 1889 Miss Cronise went to Europe, and on her return joined the editorial staff of the Toledo *Commercial*. The reader will be grateful to us for the insertion of the following, which is, indeed, no disgrace to her longer productions :

"Lenten days! supreme revelation
Of the human and Divine,
When the soul's grand thoughts, awakened,
Glow like water changed to wine;—

When, in resurrection garments,
Nature writes upon the sod,
On the grass-blade and the lily,
The Apocalypse of God!

Days of quiet and contrition,
Days of peace and joy and rest!
Legacy of our Messiah!
Holy days, forever blest."

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith belongs to the San Francisco group of *littérateurs* who have built up the *Overland* and the *Californian*. Her poems have a peculiar freshness, like the fragrance of honey-suckles. They express many of Nature's own intensities, caught and crystallized into rhythmic form.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
 And O but the world is sweet;
 I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
 And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
 I will fold in the lily's rim,
 That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
 May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
 O skylark, sing in the blue:
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
 And my soul shall sing with you.

A volume of Miss Coolbrith's poems, entitled "A Perfect Day," was published in 1881.

Many Western authors have given themselves to local and descriptive work, wherein they are more or less successful. Such titles as the following, of various single poems, tell their own story: "California Poppies," by Mrs. Mary P. S. Arms, Beckwith, Cal.; "Tulare Lake," by Mrs. May M. Buckner, Lemoore, Cal.; "On the Des Moines," by Clara D. Davidson, Ottumwa, Iowa; and "Puget Sound," by Genie C. Pomeroy, Hoquiam, Washington. These are all delightfully vivid and go to show what a field has opened to the poet in the mighty scenery of the Great West.

A longer and unusually fine poem by William E. Pabor, of Denver, Col., calls for special praise. Its title alone differentiates it from others of its class,—*"Rio de Las Animas Perdidas."*

"Oh, the star-rays on the river in the solemn midnight quiver,
 And a tremor, like a shiver, seems to touch each wave that rolls.
 Are they wings of lost ones, lifting? Are they forms of lost ones, drifting
 On the sands so soft and shifting, by the River of Lost Souls?"

In this difficult metre, with its weird interrhyming, a poem of some forty lines is sustained without a single flaw in thought or music.

Often, too, these bards are inspired by historic events. As examples we would cite that excellent ballad, "The Unknown Rider of Conemaugh," by Edgar Welton Cooley, and "Sherman's March to the Sea," by S. H. M. Byers. The latter poem met high approval from General Sherman himself, who, after reading it, promptly summoned Mr. Byers to a place on his staff.

The following dainty picture, by Mrs. Marion Muir Richardson, of Utah, is so condensed as to fit our narrow limits:

IN SOUTHLANDS.

The sun on burning levels pours
 A torrent of continuous light;
 The river winds by stony shores,
 A serpent-curve of silver white.

Oh, for the waters of the spring,
 The tasselled fir-tree's wall of shade,
 The mountain breeze's fragrant wing,
 The cool, sweet flowers that will not fade!

The high Sierra's crested brow
 Looks calmly down on sultry days,
 A dim, blue shadow, seeming now
 Like some diviner resting-place.

A promised land, serenely fair,
 The mother of a host of streams,
 Whose presence, throned in upper air,
 Rules the warm darkness of our dreams.

The Rev. Denis O. Crowley, now of San Francisco, in his popular poem, "The Sweet and Golden West," has summed up the whole matter as to this wonderful region, and deserves a vote of thanks from every patriotic dweller therein.

Now, at this point, in all likelihood, the objector appears. "These poems, as cited, are very well," he owns, "sufficiently pretty, sufficiently musical, sufficiently religious; but they lack power, audacity, swing and sweep. "Possibly so," we reply. "Let us, therefore, introduce a writer for the *Overland*, a Colorado man who can give you these, if he will, and music besides. Listen for yourselves."

LET THE WORLD GO.

Join in a toast to the Goddess of Pleasure
 (Flowers that blossom will wither, I trow!)
 Life, love and license, joy without measure,
 Clink all your glasses and let the world go.
 Mad leap our pulses in rhythmic confusion,
 (Dead are the flowers and the autumn winds blow.)
 Life is a nightmare and death a delusion,
 Pour out the ruddy wine! Let the world go.

CHORUS.

A farewell glass at least
 To penitent and priest,
 As Care's gray coast-line vanished from our sight ;
 We live but to forget,
 Let every sail be set,
 For the gay ship Pleasure's bound towards the night.

Heartache and horror, with purple and passion,
 (Soft sleep the violets under the snow.)
 Life must be lived until death comes in fashion,
 Fill up your glass again ; let the world go.
 Who is it prates of a soul's resurrection ?
 (Snow-drifts are melting and spring cometh slow.)
 Banish the thought, with its gloomy connection !
 Satan and sin for me ; let the world go.

CHORUS.

O perfect days of youth,
 When life was love and truth,
 You gleam again in Memory's lambent light ;
 I drop on you the veil,—
 For sin's bright sea I sail
 Till the gay ship Pleasure anchors in the night.

Folly of prophet and fancy of dreamer
 (Roses are budding in May's tender glow !)
 All of this rant of the terrible gleaner ;
 Here's to their vagaries ! Let the world go.
 Pledge me again in those moments of gladness
 (Flowers are nodding their heads to and fro.)
 Ere we go down in a vortex of madness !
 Life, love and license rule. Let the world go.

CHORUS.

My skies are growing dim
 And a spectre gray and grim,—
 Slain Purity's sad phantom,—blurs my sight :
 The sunny days are gone !
 While the bitter ones come on,—
 And the doomed ship Pleasure drifts into the night.

—TRUMAN D. ROSS.

Here is a forcible theme forcibly handled. It is the old fire, the Byronic audacity. What a timely sermon! The recklessness of the bold Westerner, the man we long to save for Christ and the Church! The pathos of the conscience-cry haunting him, its persistence through the reiterated parenthetic lines; the tenderness of nature—"Soft sleep the violets under the snow"—her voicing of his soul's better impulses, its potential resurrection to "newness of life,"—all these are given. Then comes the victim's mad defiance, as a finality, and the dark close, like a Greek chorus with sombre music.

There is artistic sense here, and a strong hand.

Among the utterances of these Western writers the genuine love-poem fails to appear. It is, however, surprisingly rare—few, even among the masters of poetic art, having compassed its creation. We have "Annie Laurie," to be sure, and Burns' "Highland Mary," both full of tenderness; Coleridge's "Genevieve," perhaps, taking it all in all, the most perfect thing of its kind in the English language; and Tennyson's "Maud," in some directions inimitable. Many others, too, where intense fondness is revealed in a few pathetic words, thrown out incidentally as it were, but wonderfully effective for this very reason. A certain reserve, as of powerful feeling repressed, marks the work of the greater men. The fire of passion may be hidden, yet convulsively blazes forth! And the reader quivers with the sense of this.

Yet of love in the abstract, that is, of poems ABOUT love, we have plenty. Mr. Wm. S. Lord, of Illinois, has done some exquisite work in this vein. Since 1880 he has published two volumes of poetry, the first in 1883, and the second, "Beads of Memory," in 1888—the latter title being taken from Wordsworth's line in "The Hermit,"

"Beads of morning strung
On slender blades of grass—"

which, as some one remarks, better describes the modesty of the poet than the value of his verse. He is a truly charming thinker, and the better judges of literary merit will agree with Eugene Field, the Chicago critic, who says: "Mr. Lord's verse is all of the better order, and we like it particularly for its simplicity, its delicacy and its evident earnestness." Now, listen to one of his sweetest sonnets:

LOVE'S BLOSSOM,

When first love's blossom burst within my heart
 I felt its beauty was a priceless prize ;
 I thought the years, though brought from Paradise,
 Could bring no flower so fair in every part :
 And I in praise had sung, " How fair thou art !
 How beautiful unto my spirit's eyes !
 Nor was, nor will be, flower more sweet than lies
 So soft unfolding in my trembling heart."

But still the blossom grew each day more fair ;
 I said, oh, many times ! " Love's flower at last
 Is perfect ;" nor till Sorrow came, with tears
 That fell upon it through the saddened air—
 The while it closed and held its fragrance fast—
 Till shone the sun, saw I the crown of years.

And here, in twelve lines, is a dainty bijou, which if not a love-poem, certainly approaches it. It is by Marion Manville, Lacrosse, Wisc., artist, poet and elocutionist.

AN IMMORTELLE.

An immortelle of a tender thought,—
 A thought, but never a word,—
 I will send to you from my soul to-night :
 Are the lily's blossomings heard ?
 Is any pulse of the white day stirred
 By the birth of a rose or the death of a bird ?

A thought,—the speech of the soul that lives ;
 A word,—the speech of the lips that die :—
 Deep calleth deep, soul calleth soul,
 Through the voiceless language of wave or sigh.
 Does the rose-breath speak, as it passeth by ?
 As bees to the flower love's thoughts should fly.

Here, too, Mr. Bellamy re-appears with his " Golden Lilies," and " Three Roses," both love-poems of intense feeling and sweetness.

Religious verse finds slender place among these newer literary productions. But the why and wherefore are not far to seek. More than art, more even than poetic power are required for its successful creation. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. A certain simplicity mingled with grandeur, the two becoming one in this blessed realm, is of its essence. The Divine forbids ap-

proach, save of lowly access. The true poet puts his shoes from off his feet, when the place whereon he stands is holy ground. The ornamental prettiness, wherewith he is wont to deck his themes, suddenly becomes impertinence. Only the unassuming directness, the bare sincerity of humble religious feeling can win the love we feel for a favorite hymn, which is often, itself, but an agonized cry for help or pardon. Here the cheap rhymester has utterly no place. None but the great poet is a Psalmist. From soundless deeps of contrition soars the blessed Christian hymn. How rarely do we catch its echoes!

Yet there are many poems—not properly, or in any sense hymns—which spring out of deep Christian experience and appeal especially to those who have known the hidden life with its silent blessedness. Such a spiritual song is familiar to many, a unique poem widely quoted, by Lilian Blanche Fearing, of Iowa, “Who Comforteth the Comforter?” It is full of feeling and of sympathy for the spiritual loneliness of great souls.

“Uncomforted?—Nay, think not so!
 White deeds dropped thickly, drift like snow
 And lift the soul where it may boast
 Of saint-like nearness to Christ’s feet
 And angel intimacies sweet:—
 He knows Christ best who helps men most.
 Pure deeds are fruit of love divine
 And bear the soul their own sweet wine
 To make its holiest pulses stir
 With angel rapture; men forget
 That great men suffer greatly; yet
 God comforteth the Comforter.”

Another, of equal value, comes from the pen of Margaret Holmes Bates. It is called “Nineveh,” and gains its touching quality from her own life-sorrows. Her heart was in her lovely home, and all there. Only when that home was desolated by death, only when stricken by many blows, did she remember her poetic message and go forth to deliver it. “Nineveh” is an inimitable conception, Scriptural in its truth, artistic in execution.

A third poem of this class, also very beautiful, despite imperfections, comes to us like a breath from the vineyard regions of Ohio, where its author, Mrs. Ellen Patton, of Atchison, Kansas, passed her early girlhood. It will find its way into any and every heart that has acquaintance with grief.

AMONG THE GRAPES.

I sit upon the hill-side slope, the day is dying slow,
 And all the idle autumn winds are wandering to and fro;
 The western sky is glorified with mingled gray and gold,
 While Night shakes out her shining robes, with odors in each fold,
 And all the while sad whip-poor-will
 Pipes forth his song beyond the hill.

The song repeated o'er and o'er, it holds a vague unrest,
 As if the mystery of grief were trembling in its breast;
 As if the heart of Nature were stirred with some swift pain
 And you uttered it for her in verse again and yet again.

 You make me sad, sweet whip-poor-will,
 Piping your song beyond the hill.

All round about me vine-leaves are curling in the breeze
 And purple grapes breathe incense that floats above the trees;
 The chalice of the night-wind is filled with subtle wine;
 In this enchanted atmosphere I weave a dreamy rhyme,
 While minor notes of whip-poor-will
 Make melody beyond the hill.

All the ruby globes around me seem whispering of a time
 When all their purple hearts will be exhaled in wine.
 Must everything be crushed until it yields its finest sweet?
 Must gold be in the crucible and feel the furnace heat?

 My answer comes from whip-poor-will
 Who sings his plaintive ditty still.

Grapes, gold and hearts are crushed or feel the touch of fire;
 So in the martyr flames I sit and tune my trembling lyre.
 Oh band of pain, that holds me fast, yet leaves me strength to sing!
 Up broken stairways of my heart praise climbs to Christ, our King!
 I join the flute-voiced whip-poor-will,
 Who chants his anthem o'er the hill.

There are some twenty more writers from whom want of space forbids quotation. We can only give them honorary mention, though not unappreciative of the merit and in many cases the great beauty of their work. Among these are Franklin E. Denton, of the *Sun and Voice*, Cleveland, Ohio; Augustus Currey, who has issued a volume of poems, entitled "The Sower;" A. M. Hendee, the bright editor of the *Tribune*, Whitewater, Kansas, whose excellent poem, "Forgiven," one is sorry to omit; Chas. G. Blanden, a very dainty writer; Dr. Patterson McKinnie, of Evanston, Ill.; Jas. Newton Matthews, a poet "to the manor born;"

Alonzo H. Davis, who has written some beautiful Scotch lyrics; Gaylord Davidson, author of "Looly's Lullaby," an admirable piece of dialect; Leon F. Moss, formerly President of the Western Normal College, whose poem, "If," is not fairly represented by its title; Mrs. Harlitt-Bevis, of Ohio, and Miss Minna Adelia Hausen, whose fine sonnets merit high praise.

Thomas Brower Peacock is an author whose poetic work has great value. His "Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes," a thoroughly Western production, and his later works, "The Rhyme of the Border War" and "The Doomed Ship Atlantic" are included in a complete edition of his works, recently put forth.

Bertha May Ivory, of St. Louis, one of the most brilliant writers and journalists in the West, was educated at St. Vincent's Seminary, a branch of the famous academy of Emmittsburg, Maryland. She has held important positions on the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*. The *Magazine of Poetry* says: "Miss Ivory's journalistic career has by no means prevented her from making occasional trips to Parnassus, the result of these stolen excursions being a series of graceful poems, notable for beauty of conception. Personally, Miss Ivory is tall and of distinguished appearance, with brown hair and dark-lashed violet eyes; and by her brilliant attainments and charming personality she has gained a wide circle of friends in her native city."

Ada Langworthy Collier, of Iowa, is the author of many sketches, tales and short poems, of several novels and of one long narrative poem, "Lilith." The latter, published in 1885, is indisputably her greatest work. Laura J. Rittenhouse is another well-known writer, her sweet domestic poems being household favorites; and Miss Carrie Renfrew, of Hastings, Nebraska, a graceful thinker, who deserves fuller representation than that of this fine little quatrain, which is all space permits:

POETRY.

The bloom of thought kissing eternity;
 The light of loves immortal recognized;
 The fire and snow-bloom sprung from passion's sea,
 Their light, their warmth, their fragrance crystallized.

Now, is it not true,—nay, "proven," as the Scotch say,—that the ascent of Parnassus from the West is begun? And well begun?

Crevasses there are, and dangers both to face and to avoid, before attaining the heights; but this is true of other peaks also. Greatness, in any direction, means discipline of hard climbing and icy isolation when the summit is won; its only recompense, the sun-glory—and the nearness to heaven.

An appropriate close for this paper on the many who would wear laurels, seems to be the following, by Dr. Chas. Lemuel Thompson, so long identified with the West by residence in Wisconsin:

A LAUREL SPRAY.

Where the rock goes sheer to the lake below
 Far up on the lichened wall,
 The starry spray of a laurel bough
 Looks up to the bastion tall,—
 Looks up to the deep blue silent sea,
 Clinging close to the rock the while,
 And starry and white—all timidly—
 Looks down on me with a smile.

Could I cling so, I wonder, holding fast
 On the perilous front of things,
 With an eye of longing upward cast
 And a rooting of faith that clings?
 With only a stone for a resting-place,
 In some lone and far defile,
 Could I touch my rock with a lowly grace,
 And toss to the world a smile?

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE NEW WORLD.

EL NUEVO MUNDO. A POEM BY LOUIS JAMES BLOCK, AUTHOR OF
 DRAMATIC SKETCHES AND POEMS. CHICAGO: CHARLES H. KERR
 & Co., 1893.

WHEN, in 1872, in conversation with Carlyle, I told him that I thought of publishing a book and of calling it "Zumé;" "and what's that?" he said; and when I explained, "Call it Yeast," was his reply, I sympathized with his hard Scotch sense, but still adhered to my old title. I have no doubt that Mr. Block had his

reasons for calling his new poem *El Nuevo Mundo*, but I have taken the liberty of putting it into English, and to begin with I am moved to say that this notice has been prompted solely by the superior thought and workmanship found in "*El Nuevo Mundo*."

The title is sufficiently indicative of the spirit and purpose of the poem, viz., to picture what this world ought to be, the various methods man has chosen to realize his ideal, and through all this an indication as to Mr. Block's own preferences among the social, mental, moral and spiritual forces of the universe for the accomplishment of this end. It is a very ambitious but at the same time a very masterly undertaking, and it is a new proof of the steady broadening of the human mind.

Poets no longer seek to magnify the great or the petty deeds of a few heroic men, and out of these to weave their *Iliads* or their *Æneids*. Dante took the whole race and applied catholic theology to its destiny. It was a newer and broader view than Homer or Virgil knew, and Dante's faith and art were equal to theirs if not superior. Krasinski, in his "*Undivine Comedy*," outlined the moral battle of the human race, with his own dear Poland as the new national martyr of modern civilization. Mr. Block builds upon all these efforts and ideals, and from his own beautiful pinnacles of vision sketches the culture of the race up to modern times, and then tells his poetic story of what this new world, bathed by the two great oceans, and lighted by the glory of Christianity, ought to be; and the qualities of his work that have commended the book to my own mind are, first, its breadth, clearness and chastity; second, its complete mastery over the art of poetry, and the elaborate application of this mastery to his own beautiful ideal.

The weakness of the book, as I read it, is found in its insufficient perception of the fearful awfulness of man's immorality, and hence its insufficient grasp of what it has cost God and His saints to accomplish what has already been done for the race, and what will yet have to be done before even Mr. Block's *El Nuevo Mundo* will be a fit place for the angels or for men and women with tender hearts or open eyes.

In a word, the book is not sufficiently realistic; it is too dreamful to wield the power it might have had, if the author, with all his beautiful thought and his unusual poetic skill, had fully un-

derstood the hells out of which the new world is rising, and the agonies, divine and human, that have been endured, and that will yet have to be endured before the Wanamakers and Carnegies will go to their rest, and Christ's own poor and true and exalted souls will be masters of the new heavens and the new earth that are to be.

I shall quote at length from Mr. Block's poem, that readers may judge of its quality for themselves. The dedication opens as follows :

The century's unrelenting strength of quest
 Has followed Thought through blossoms and through weeds,
 And found (men say) that every pathway leads
 Into a cloudland where the footing prest
 Is the insubsistence of a sea's unrest ;
 An island in an ocean of mere dream,
 The life which hoped a truest and a best,
 Learns that the best and truest only seem ;
 A bitter, helpless creed !
 No wonder-working deed
 Can thence draw vigor which should surely stream
 Through all its pulses, and its fire must deem
 Itself a strange subversion of the law
 Holding vague insecurity in awe ;
 A luminous truth that truth is built on ignorance,
 And Time's endeavor vast, the dazzling gift of chance !

After questioning this conclusion in some beautiful lines, Mr. Block suggests a sweeter meaning, as follows :

Some clear-eyed angel must have watched and tended
 The growths of love and patience in the heart,
 Some wisdom guarded with divinest art
 Gentleness, faith, and sweet assurance, blended
 Into a dream which saw the storm transcended ;

God's Thought rose clear before him and he said :
 " Lo ! I will fashion for mine eyes to see
 The mighty miracle of Liberty ;
 Unto my will shall many wills be wed,
 With mine own life shall lesser lives be fed,
 With mine own being filled and wondrous fire,
 The increasing light by which all hearts are led
 Unto the summit of supreme desire ;

From glowering suns and stars,
 From elemental wars,
 From interflux of powers and savage ire
 That bid the engirding night pause and admire,
 From anguish and despair, the wordless brood
 That haunt the expanse of forests primal-rude,
 I will bring forth that mine unenvying soul may know
 The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can glow."

After this there are many splendid verses sketching the accomplishments of the nations of the old world, a few of which I give :

O land most radiant of the ancient world,
 Which burst the troubled dream wherein time lay,
 And shone the crimson dawn of very day
 And life arisen in fields with dew impearled,
 And over which the vanishing vapors curled,
 Uncovering the sky and mounting sun,
 Before you fear and wrath swept downward, whirled
 To deeps of the abysses unbegin ;
 Freedom awoke with Greece,
 And violet-crowned peace ;
 The soul was born and thought's first victory won,
 God stood in manhood's guise, and the foredone
 Base monsters of the ancient dread and terror
 Sank backwards from their pride of height and error,
 Being made subservient to the splendid dance of Love
 And Beauty, come to earth from realms of Powers above.

Next rose the star of wonder in the east,
 And wise and lowly came to worship where
 The babe lay in the manger ; light more fair
 And from diviner realms led to the feast
 Which welcomed chief the one who came as least ;
 Earth's monarchies and national gods
 Trembled upon their thrones, and day increased
 With passing of the worn-out periods ;
 The realm of the within
 Was opened, and the din
 Of outer pomp fell with the lictor's rods ;
 From the great forest's moist and sun-flecked sods
 Swept the blue-eyed renewer, and for him
 God rose in spirit and truth ; the Orient dim
 Clasped hands with sun-souled Greece, and knowledge of the soul
 Glowed on the peoples as their life's supremest goal.

Then the men and deeds that have gone into the work of forming our new world are glanced at, and the author's own ideal proclaimed.

Who knows the secret of the sunrise? who
 Shall say what splendor of the exhaustless sun
 Across the sombre waiting skies shall run?
 Who knows the point from which the first wind blew
 That brought the hidden sky again to view?
 On what far tip of Ocean's many waves
 Fell the first moonbeam? or what drop of dew
 Hid first amid the rose's petals, slaves
 To the sweet dream of love
 Her coming forth hath wove?
 What edge of storm struck first the trembling knives
 Who king earth's follies, and what yawn of graves
 Oped first to enclose them from the lightning stroke
 Fallen and quivering? or what first ray broke
 From what far heavens to shine within the hearts of men
 And bring them back to life and truth and joy again?

Italia! with full hands you have ever come
 Unto the feast of nations, rise once more,
 Be your grand self that all men may adore;
 Your cry of war in olden days struck dumb
 The dwellers of the farthest earth; your sum
 Of glories made a crown for your fair brow
 Which was the light of law and masterdom
 Burning within our house of rule even now;
 Your Church's holy flame
 Made clear the sacred name
 When darkness held the lands; later your vow
 Unto high beauty led you to endow
 The joy of men with its best heritage
 Of picture and of marble; and your rage
 Of large beneficence had not completely won
 Its height of giving had you urged not forth your son
 To find the newer world far in the west
 Toward which some instinct in the heart of man
 Had pointed since the flow of time began;
 Reach but the heights of truth and every star
 Trembles and shines for aims you seek and love;
 The winds become the pursuivants thereof,
 Their blare triumphant heralds you afar;
 No danger can affright, no power can bar
 The stern endeavor leagued with every thought,
 The impassioned hope that is right's avatar
 And sees its substance surely wrought

Into the web of time ;
 He breathes the superb clime
 Of certain victory, who, borne by naught
 From the pursuit his loftiest dreams have sought,
 Follows the rocky path, however steep,
 Which lovers of mankind perceive and keep ;
 All forces of the land and sea and air conspire
 To bring to pass what feeds eternity's desire.

O stern-browed Heroine, far across the sea,
 Your daughter knows your blood within her veins,
 And hearkens to the ever-ringing strains
 Your voice has poured to honor Liberty ;
 Her have you worshiped and you still must be
 Helper and guide upon the luminous way ;
 What you have done to make the nations free,
 Believing ever in the sun-filled day
 That shall pervade at length
 Mankind in all its strength,
 Named you the first of those for whom the play
 Of forces bringing triumph sped the ray
 Of the result divine ; we feel you here
 Within us, and the hour cannot appear.
 O England, which will not turn youwards and repeat
 How your grand life's stream flows within us pure and sweet.

The secret found at last ! obedience
 To nothing alien but the very God
 Fluent throughout the majestic period ;
 The soul of man and life one stream whose whence
 Is in the light of Good's pre-eminence ;
 The heart of each co-equal with the whole
 That round it flows in joyous turbulence ;
 The soul of man one self-divided soul,
 Whose parts innumerable
 Conjoined as light to star,
 A star whose beams around it speed and roll,
 Each beam all light and true as steel to pole
 Unto its source of pure yet mixed flame,
 Each beam all light reflected to the same
 Glory and fervor whence its dreams have ever been,
 And fleeting back from being's utmost verge and sin !

Here in these waiting days I raise my song,
 Catching far gleams from what is sure to be,
 As one who hears the unsighted sonorous sea,
 And the live pulses in him fiercely long

To mix with those glad pulses and the strong
 World-circling flow, I reach forth to the hour
 When subjugate the old tyranny of wrong
 Will range itself beside love's conquering power :
 These accents poor and faint
 But dimly limn and paint
 The centuries-crescent aloe in mid flower ;
 Ah, that a poet of the supreme dower,
 A poet such as earlier periods had,
 Or full-voiced singer as will surely glad
 The expanses of the future would build up the theme,
 And fashion forth the wonder of the truthful dream !

In conclusion it may be well to say that while I consider Mr. Block's new work the ablest extended poem yet written by any American man or woman, I recognize perfectly that it is not the word of the "full-voiced singer" he himself has in mind; that while his mastery over exalted thought and perfect versification is worthy of boundless praise, especially in these crude days when clowns like Walt Whitman are taken for poets; and while it meets in a very high degree the standard of poetry outlined by Mr. Buffet in his article in next issue of *THE GLOBE*, and hence must in a real sense be classed among the great poems of history, it not only lacks the keen moral perception of which I have spoken, or the keen perception of the basis of morals and of moral victory, but it also lacks that winged touch of the spirit of nature, which, far more than mere correctness of form, I take to be the essential and unflinching characteristic of all true poetry.

Nature is not merely nature; human history is not merely human history. Nature is full of spirit with infinite and ineffable lightening touches of the infinite soul. Human history would be a muck heap of Ingersoll babblings of the damned were there not a law of the spirit of life, of Immortal Love, of Immortal God in it, visible, real and eternally victorious. And what I find is that all true poets from Homer to Mr. Block, from Isaiah to Bishop Spalding, have had a true sense of the supernatural law and order of this universe, a divine faith that good would come out of the evil of life, and a sight of the subtle forces of spiritual ethics by which that immortal law of victory was procured.

In a word, had Mr. Block been born and reared in the country, hence saturated with its sunlight and flowers, and had Mr. Block

been born and reared a true Christian, saturated with the essence of the divine law of love, of martyrdom and of victory through these, his New World would have been a far greater poem, more in harmony with the poetic masterpieces of the ages, more in harmony with the facts and meaning of human history, more cognizant of the Supreme, divine incarnate world-fact of all world history, and hence a vastly more useful and beautiful poem than it is to-day.

Still it is a delight to find such a poem written by an American, and it is in some sense a duty to point out the fact that this, the greatest poem of our new civilization, is by a Western man, formerly of St. Louis, now of Chicago, and it seems to indicate that not only in commerce and politics and trade and physical power, but in poetic culture, as in art, music and general literature, the Mississippi Valley is not only to be the world's great final battle-field of armies, but its garden of victory and final dwelling-place for the muses and the gods.

By which, of course, in plain, honest prose, I mean that the battle of Christianity is to be fought out here until God shall be all and in all forevermore.

W. H. THORNE.

DR. BAKER ON THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

SOME time ago there appeared in the *True Knight*, of Philadelphia, an article by Dr. A. Geo. Baker, entitled the "Revival and Progress of Learning." Previous to its appearance in print, the paper had been read before the Cooper Literary Institute, and has received sufficient publicity to demand a reply. First, we shall refute the tenor of this article; and second, we shall take up some of its assertions and "sift them as wheat."

For the first part, we lay down a proposition, namely: The Saracens, Arabians, Musselmans, or whatever you may wish to call those savages of the Middle Ages, did not revive learning in Europe.

Here is our syllogism: Major, every effect must follow its cause. Minor, but the revival of learning in Europe was begun anterior to that period when it was cultivated among the Saracens.

Conclusion, therefore, the revival of learning in Europe was not an effect of Saracen influence. Of course, the gentleman will concede the major, and I shall proceed to establish the minor by historical proofs. In order to dispel a prejudice existing in many minds, let us hear what Guizot has to say about the sixth century: "It is a gross error to suppose that these were times of apathy and moral sterility," etc. ("Cours d'Histoire Moderne," Vol. II, page 122.) It is very evident that Doctor Baker has never read the History of Ireland, or he would not try so much to impress us that the Arabians revived learning in Europe. For his instruction we shall name just a few of the scholars and institutions of learning in Europe during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries. In the sixth century there were in Ireland such places as the school of Clohard, the school of Clonmacnoise, at which the famous Alcuin studied, the school of Clonfert, and the Abbey of Benchoir. There lived such men as St. Finian, the philosopher, of the school of Clonard, and St. Brenard, surnamed the Navigator, who was the founder of Clonfert school, and who wrote an account of his "Seven Years' Voyage on the Atlantic Ocean." Manuscript copies of this work are found in every great European library, and it was translated into almost every language of Europe. (See "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," by John Healy, D.D., LL.D., page 209.) Elsewhere throughout Europe there lived such scholars as St. David, St. Gildas, St. Cathmæl, St. Cæsarius, Archbishop of Arles, and the celebrated St. Gregory the Great, and there flourished such institutions as the College of Llancarvan in Wales.

In the seventh century Mohammedanism arose, and let us see what it did during the first hundred and fifty years of its existence to benefit learning and civilization. It carried on unjust wars, wars of conquest, in Persia, Syria, Arabia and Egypt. It demolished Christian churches—Omar, the second caliph, or successor of Mohammed, destroyed in his reign of ten years four thousand of them—and it put to the sword the inhabitants of Damascus and of the other cities that would not adopt it as their religion, or would not submit to the payment of a tribute. When Alexandria was taken (I imagine I see Dr. Baker blush at the mention of Alexandria), in the seventh century, Amrou, the Saracen commander, was requested to spare the enormous library of that city,

which contained five hundred thousand volumes. He wrote to the caliph for directions regarding it. He was answered that if its books agreed with the Koran, it was useless; and if they differed from the Koran, it was dangerous; in either case, it should be destroyed. The five hundred thousand volumes were accordingly distributed throughout the city, and served to warm the public baths for six months. (See any school book on Modern History.) Was this advancing learning and civilization, Doctor? It should be borne in mind that this happened when Mohammedanism was in its primitive purity, and also that this was ordered not by an ordinary Mohammedan, but by the caliph, the leader of the Mohammedans. It may seem strange to Dr. Baker, but nevertheless it is true, that while the Saracens were shouting their war-cry, "Allah-il-Allah," burning libraries, demolishing churches, and putting their fellow-beings to the sword, the schools and scholars of Ireland were educating Europe.

I feel sure that Dr. Baker knows nothing about the University of Clonard, the schools of Lismore, Cork, Ross, Innisfallen, Mungret; that he never heard of such abbeys as Fathen, Teagh-Munu, and of such men as St. Murus, St. Cronan, and St. Munu. Yet the fact remains that these schools and scholars flourished in Ireland during the seventh century. In fact, the latter part of the seventh century and the first half of the eighth represent the golden period of Ireland's literary greatness. The student of history, be he Irish, English, or Mohammedan, should, if he is a fair-minded man, be aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm when he reads over this period of Irish history. The following distich, which is so often quoted that I am almost ashamed to repeat it, is found in the life of Sedgenus, of the eighth century, and shows the reputation that Ireland enjoyed at that time:

*"Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos, sophia mirabile claros."*

No, no, Monsieur le Docteur, that is not Arabic; it is Latin, and this is the translation of it:

*"With love of learning and example fired,
To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired."*

So universal was the fame of the Irish universities that whenever a man of learning on the Continent was missing, the common

adage was, "Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia," (he has been sent away for instruction or education in Ireland), and Ireland was known as "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum" (the Island of Saints and Scholars). Bede, in his "Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons," Book III, chap. 27; Rowland, in his "Mona Antiqua," and Camden, the famous antiquary, in his "Britannia," all testify that the Irish were famous at this time for learning. It is said there is good authority to prove that Greek was taught in the Irish school of Hy in the early part of the eighth century (see "Ireland's Anc. Schools and Scholars," page 336), and we know that Sedulius, a scholar of this period, who was master of Greek and Latin, was educated in Ireland. (*Ibid.*, page 574.) Why, Dr. Baker, Virgilius, an Irish scholar, taught the doctrine of Antipodes and the sphericity of the earth in the middle of the eighth century, that is, before the University of Bagdad was heard of. (See any history of Ireland.) We can best describe this period of Irish history in the words of the poet:

"There were colleges reared by her blue, laughing loughs,
Academies smiled in her glens;
The schools of her masters were throned on the rocks,
And her friars kept class in the fens."

Remember, Doctor, I do not expect you, as you have expected me, to receive as truth every assertion without giving proper authority. I have referred you above to Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," to Rowland's "Mona Antiqua," as quoted by Irish historians, and to any reputable history of Ireland. Now, I will refer you again to Bede for the truth of a fact which will stagger you. Go to Book III, chap. 27, and you will find these words: "Erant (in Hibernia) eo tempore multi nobilium simul et mediocrium de gente Angelorum . . . quos omnes Scoti libentissime suscipientes victum eis quotidianum sine pretio, libros quoque ad legendum, et magisterium gratuitum praeberere curabant." If you have no translation of Bede's History at hand, Doctor, here is the translation of the above passage: "There were in Ireland at that time many of the nobility, as well as of the common or inferior people, from the nation of the Angles [In those days, Doctor, that meant the English] . . . all of whom the Irish (Scoti) received most willingly and took care to supply with food every day without ransom or reward, and also with books to read,

and instruction gratis." I trust I am not assuming too much in taking for granted that Dr. Baker knows the Irish were called Scoti or Scots, up to the tenth century.

I hope the gentleman has been following the method of this article. I have up to this been endeavoring to show that the Irish themselves cultivated learning even before its cultivation was begun among the Saracens. Now, I shall show how the Irish exerted a direct influence on the rest of Europe by educating foreign students, and by sending their own scholars to foreign lands to establish schools and arouse a thirst for knowledge. Chad, a native of Northumbria, was educated in the Irish monastery of "Rathmelsigi;" Aidan, an Irish monk of the seventh century, was sent to Northumbria to convert the people to Christianity and instruct them; Finan, another Irishman, succeeded Aidan; Alfrid, King of Northumbria, was educated in Ireland; St. Aldhelm, surnamed "The Sacred Minstrel," one of the lights of the seventh century in Britain, was a pupil of the Irish master, Maildulph, and Maildulph himself taught a school at Malmesbury. Aldhelm says the Anglo-Saxons "swarmed to the Irish schools like bees;" (see *Opera. Ed.*, Giles, page 94,) and Bede gives the same testimony (*Eccles. Hist.*, Book III, chap. 27).

The famous Virgilius, who taught the doctrine of Antipodes, and his companion, Sidonius, another Irish scholar, were sent to Bavaria by Pepin to instruct the inhabitants; Agilbert, who afterwards became Bishop of Paris in the seventh century, studied in Ireland; Claude Clement and John Scotus Erigena, two Irish scholars, were brought to France to aid in the revival of learning throughout that country. John Scotus Erigena afterward became Rector of the Royal School of Paris. Dungal, an Irish astronomer, was requested by Charlemagne to write an explanation of the two solar eclipses which are said to have happened 810 A. D. (Strange that some Arabian astronomer was not chosen for this, Doctor.) This same Dungal was afterward brought by Lothaire to open a school at Pavia, where he instructed students from Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, and Genoa. We have already said that the famous Alcuin studied at the Irish School of Clonmacnoise. (See *Ireland's Anc. Schools, etc.*, pp. 264 and 272.) Mezeray tells us that to the Irish immigrants France is indebted for almost all that remains of the history of her early ages. (*Histoire de la France, Vol. I*, pp. 117, 161.)

Melrose Abbey, in Scotland, was of Irish foundation. (Ireland's Anc. Schools, etc., page 592.)

The immigration of such scholars as those we have mentioned, could not but exert a powerful influence for the cultivation of learning. The result of this influence soon became evident in the founding of Egbert's School at York, in the philomathy of an Alfred the Great, and in the diffusion of education in England, which, according to Dr. Lingard, was so widespread that even the Anglo-Saxon ladies "conversed with their absent friends in the language of ancient Rome." (Rome under Paganism, Vol. II, page 237.) The labors of the Irish scholars in France were rewarded in the ninth century by the founding of such institutions as those at Tours, Corbeil, Fontonelles, Fulda, St. Denys, St. Germain d'Auxerre, Ferrière, and Aniane. Historians generally call this period the first era of the revival of learning. For, although the incursions of the Danes and other political disturbances checked the progress of the arts and sciences in Europe, as the migration of nations in the fifth century had almost obliterated them, still the Universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Placentia, Fermo, Montpellier, Salerno, Lisbon, Vienna, and Geneva, kept alive all through this dark winter the spark of learning that had been ignited as early as the seventh century greatly through the influence of the Irish, and that blazed up in the fifteenth century in a mighty conflagration. I do not disclaim the existence of "Dark Ages" in European history—although I believe and can prove that the true state of affairs in those times is often greatly exaggerated—but I do disclaim that the darkness of those ages extended to Ireland, for those very times were the golden period of Ireland's literary greatness. Be it known right here that I myself am a thorough American. I am not influenced by any Bakerian mania or Saracen-like prejudice when I speak as I have spoken of the learning of mediæval Ireland. I have referred to Ireland because history beckoned me there, and because I knew that by so doing I could best establish my minor premise: The revival of learning in Europe was begun anterior to that period when it was cultivated among the Saracens. The conclusion necessarily follows: Therefore, it was not an effect of Saracen influence.

I am willing, as every impartial man should be, to give Mohamadanism its full credit. The Saracens, after the first hundred and

fifty years of their existence, when they had desisted from their pristine blood-and-thunder policy, contributed to the advancement of learning by their labors in chemistry and medicine, and especially by the introduction into Europe of arithmetic and numeral ciphers in the tenth century, and of algebra in the fifteenth. These events, however, did not take place until learning in Europe was already in a progressive state, and should be said to have *advanced* learning, but not to have *revived* it. It was not until Palestine went to the dogs (that is to the Saracens), that Mohammedanism was brought sufficiently in contact with the Christians of Europe to benefit them to any considerable extent by its example. That it was one of the agents that advanced learning *when revived*, we grant Dr. Baker and the other Mohammedans, but that is all the testimony of history will allow us to concede.

We shall now examine some of Dr. Baker's assertions and, according to promise, "sift them as wheat." We shall quote from encyclopædiæ to show not only that Dr. Baker has failed to have recourse to original sources, but also that he has not even consulted books of general information.

Baker: ". . . The royal libraries at Munich and Berlin, the imperial library at St. Petersburg, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, the library of the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library, scarcely number any more works to-day than did the library of Cordova in the eighth century of our era, when books were almost unknown in the rest of Europe."

He has spoken before of this library at Cordova, calling it the "library of the Ommiades of Spain," and saying that it consisted of 600,000 volumes. This, however, is somewhat of an exaggeration; for, according to American Cyclopedic (Vol. X, page 402) it contained but 400,000 volumes. Allowing that it did number 600,000 volumes, it is simply ridiculous to assert that the modern libraries which the Doctor mentions, do not equal it in numbers. Take only three of them: according to Chambers' Encyclopedia (Vol. VI, page 115)

The Royal Library at Munich contains,	600,000 vols.
The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg,	550,000 "
La Bibliothèque Nationale,	900,000 "
Total,	<hr/> 2,050,000 "

Just to think, it was the Mohammedans who gave the science of arithmetic to the Christians, and now I, a Christian, am correcting a Mohammedan for an arithmetical mistake! No one can tell what strange things may happen in this world. Concerning the latter part of the above passage, how could books be "almost unknown" in Europe when there was at Constantinople a library of 120,000 volumes. (American Encyclopedia, Vol. X, page 402.) Elsewhere also there were libraries throughout Europe. Not to speak of Ireland, where foreign students were supplied gratis (Bede, Book III, chap. 27). There were, in the Middle Ages, libraries in the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury; in the abbeys of Fleury and Clugny in France; at St. Gall in Switzerland; and at Monte Casino in Italy. (Chambers' Encyclopedia, Vol. VI, page 114.) If Dr. Baker will read carefully some reputable work on the Middle Ages, he will find that almost every monastery had its "Scriptorium" and kept a number of monks engaged each day perpetuating valuable manuscripts.

Baker: "In medicine the Arabians have been deservedly applauded and every modern physician is under the highest obligation to them for what they have done for it, both as an art and a science." I grant that the Arabians did much for medicine, but let some more reliable and less fanatical authority sound their praise. American Cyclopedic: "Their writings (the Arabians) consist mainly of compilations from the Greek authors, chiefly from Galen," etc. (Vol. XI, page 348). On the same page of the same volume we read, "Hospitals and dispensaries owe their origin to Christianity." Hallam in his "Literature of Europe" (Vol. I, Chap. 1, p. 81), after saying many things in favor of Christian Italy, continues thus: ". . . the medical school of Salerno, that guided medical art in all countries, the first great work that marks an epoch in anatomy, are as truly and exclusively the boast of Italy as the restoration of Greek literature and of classical taste in the fifteenth century." The same author calls Vesalius "almost the creator" of anatomy. Vesalius, of course, was educated in the schools of Christian Europe. We give these few quotations as antidotes to Dr. Baker's assertions, which would make us believe that modern physicians are under the "highest obligations" to Mohammedanism. They are under a high obligation to it, but not under the highest obligation.

Baker: "The medical school of Salerno owed its origin to the commercial intercourse which its people had with the Arabian colonies of Spain and Sicily, and also from their contact with the Arabs in Jerusalem and the Holy Land."

When Dr. Baker speaks of contact with the Arabs in the Holy Land, I suppose he means the contact occasioned by the first Crusade, 1095 A.D. He has said elsewhere the school of Salerno arose in 1060. But, Doctor, how could an effect precede its cause by thirty-five years? About the school of Salerno's being founded through contact with the Arabians, we have heard Hallam say above that it was "*exclusively* the boast of Italy." By the way, the school of Salerno did not arise in 1060. According to the American Cyclopedia: "The school of Salerno is said to have been founded about the time of the destruction of the Alexandrian library by the Saracens. Toward the end of the eighth century it had obtained reputation, and from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries was at the height of its celebrity." (Vol. XI, page 349.)

Space will not permit me to dwell upon the enormous error the Doctor makes when he says the Christian church opposed the progress the West has made in the last hundred years. Christianity has had for its defenders men whose mighty intellect would with one stroke pulverize all the Dr. Bakers on earth; and these men have seen that truth, whether revealed or scientific, is one, and therefore cannot oppose itself. I have not space to dwell upon this subject, but if Dr. Baker wishes further information, let him read "Vaughn's Science and Revealed Religion," or some such common-sense book. He will then know the truth, "and the truth shall make him free."

JOHN J. FAREN.

REALISM AND IDEALISM IN ART.

I DO not know of any sphere of modern thought in which the crude amateurism of our average American culture is more apparent than in the sphere of art and art criticism; and the sole object of this article is to point out the fundamental blunders of our work in these lines and to offer suggestions that may lead to improvement. If my ability to do this is questioned, I can only say

that for about thirty-five years I have been studying the best and the worst products of artists in this country and in Europe; that many years ago, in newspapers, and more recently in certain brief articles in *THE GLOBE*, I have devoted some attention to art criticism, the aim of which, in the main, has been to show that modern art, as it lacks all true apprehension of God and the human soul, lacks of necessity all true expression of the higher and purer qualities of nature and the human soul—for the essence of nature and the essence of humanity are in some sense divine.

To begin with, I grant to our average artists and art critics much painstaking knowledge of what is called the technique, but what I call the mere mechanism of art. Of course these gentlemen understand drawing and perspective; and many of them have good eyes for color and the ministry of mere color to the human vision. Many of them are also far more familiar than I am with the exterior, mechanic differences that prevail in and between the various European schools of art, and the comparative approaches to these made by our American artists; and this knowledge of what I call the physical, material mechanism of art, acquired alike by our artists and our art critics, has long served them and still serves them as excellent stock in trade, alike for the production of pictures and the criticism of pictures. This knowledge is indeed to our artists and art critics what the knowledge of theology is to the theologian, what the acquired nomenclature of modern science is to the average scientist, so-called. It implies a certain amount of labor in a certain direction, gives its possessors a certain conceit of superiority over those who have not acquired such familiarity, and enables the possessor in each line to talk or write with apparent wisdom on what is called his specialty. But thinking persons in all ages have been awake to the fact that many a glib theologian has lived and died without any true knowledge or understanding of religion; that many a scientist, so-called, is a mere automaton stuffed with scientific phraseology, ninety per cent. of which represents not the truth and soul of nature, but the mere conceits and blunders of men in their attempts to comprehend and explain nature. And this, it seems to me, is the state of modern American production and criticism in the line of fine art.

Knowledge has come, but wisdom lingers. Our artists and our critics have grasped the rougher, material features and surfaces of

art, but not having the soul of truth and of nature in them they have neither grasped nor uttered the same either in their work or in their criticism of this work.

Just at this point I have no doubt the average artist and the average journalistic and magazine critic of art will charge me with being an idealist, a mystic in art as in philosophy, and in his august ignorance of anything but his own poor soulless and faithless and Godless work, and his hack criticism, he may dismiss this article without getting out of it the lesson it is meant to convey.

First, then, it is my business to uncover and expose this modern rubbish that we see and hear regarding the real and ideal in art and in art criticism. In a word, to take the conceit out of the foolish, to show him how and why and whence he is foolish, and then to point him on the road to wisdom.

As far as I can gather, what the average artist and the average novel writer, of the W. D. Howells class, and the average art critic and the average literary critic and the advocate of what is called realism in art and literature, means by realism, is nothing more nor less than this: that the artist or the novelist has produced a picture or a novel that represents or describes with some near approach to truthfulness the physical outlines, color and substance of the human body, or of several human bodies, or of trees, houses, mountains, horses, barns, stables, grass, cows, dogs, sheep, or cats, as the case may be.

As far as I can gather, what is called the Impressionist school of modern art and its advocates are not only satisfied with far less than this, but actually boast of a sort of mass of undetail, inaccurate drawing and flashy coloring, provided only at a certain distance and in a certain light and to certain utterly ignorant and untrained eyes their stuff looks something like trees, clouds, horses, or cats and dogs, as the case may be.

In a word, as I see and understand the products of the Impressionist school everywhere, and as I hear our American journalistic and other mere ape-chatter about it, I am convinced that it not only lacks the knowledge of the soul of nature and of man, but lacks also the average correctness of mechanical detail of the better American art of our day, and is in a word, as a whole, too ignorant and too slovenly and too lazy to be worthy of anything but a place in the insane asylums of modern times.

Now what I wish to prove to my readers first of all, is that this sort of stuff in both lines is not realism, as it is usually called, but a mere ignorant mechanical falsehood: a travesty upon nature and man, a lazy makeshift for art, done by mechanics who ought to be pursuing the simple branches of some one of the various mechanical trades. Second, that all true and highest art done by true artists in any and all nations since the world began has been realistic from core to rind, but that at the same time it has been idealistic, that is, it has expressed the higher mind and mood of mankind and womankind as well as the mere physical outlines of the human body; that it has always expressed the atmosphere, the air, the tone, the breath of heaven in which the tree grew or the man or animal lived and breathed at the time the picture was attempted; and further, that all true and highest art in all nations, like all true and highest literature, has always chosen the most beautiful, the most striking, the most historic, the most mental, the most spiritual, most divine subject in the human life and in nature through which to tell the pure and perfect story that true art and true literature have ever tried to whisper into the dull, material ears and eyes of the various ages of the world. In a word, all true art, and all true literature, is in some sense divine, and has a divine mission in this world.

How can I make this matter plain? Men and women are not mere material bodies. They are not mere bodies with the shrewd faculties of acquiring food and of getting ahead of their fellow-beings. They are not mere intellectual bodies: they have hearts that love and hate; they have souls that grovel or aspire; spirits or spiritual faculties that dream of and long for virtue, truth, chastity, purity, God, ideal life, and immortality. Not a human being has ever lived but had these higher faculties, in germ, in potentiality, in abeyance, or in some more or less perfectly developed expression. And what I want to impress upon the faithless workers of modern times is that this higher nature of man is just as realistic as his body; that, in truth, it is the one phase of man's nature that differentiates him from the material and animal world, and that no artist can paint a true man or woman unless said artist has himself felt at some time and responded to this higher nature of the human soul. In a word, this highest in man is the more real and distinctive elemental life of man, and no mere physical,

mechanical, intellectual brutalism can take the place of it in art or in literature.

Again, the grasses, flowers, trees, forests, hills, mountains do not exist alone in an airless, unatmospheric universe; in truth they become real and visible to us only or mainly through and in the light that shines upon them, the atmosphere that surrounds them, the open heavens that enfold them, and the clouds that, in passing, cast their shadows as they fly. And the artist so-called, who only paints in some dim approach to nature's colors and forms, the hills and trees and mountains, but has not learned to paint God's atmosphere that embraces and glorifies them, is not a realist; he is simply a deceiver, an untaught mechanic in a very difficult trade; and the art critic who applauds such stuff as realism in distinction from idealism in art, is a mere scribbling clown. The tree itself is alive, breathes and palpitates beneath God's sunlight with a sapful, ever rising or ever falling power; the air around it is not a solid dead blue wash, or black mud daub; it is a palpitating, ethereal, living atmospheric air; an expanse between the true ideal unseen, divine and our own poor sin-clouded vision; and all the while this atmosphere is as real in nature's landscapes as are the rocks and the trees.

I am well aware that it is true of art as of literature, that the more ethereal, mental, moral, spiritual the subject the more difficult it is for pen or pencil or painter's brush to depict the same; but here is the eternal difference between art and mechanism, between the gift of genius and the plainer gift of mere handicraft in any and all kinds of work. Art to be art at all must have life in it, soul in it, faith in it, atmosphere about it, and the more it has of these highest forces of nature and higher faculties of the human soul, the more clearly does it assert its claim to be true art. And the thought in a picture, and the atmosphere about a picture are as realistic as are its form and color; and without thought and atmosphere the picture is a mere daub, no matter who paints it or who praises it.

Even in what is commonly called interior work, or painting of houses, libraries, drawing-rooms, churches and the like, in which line of work the so-called Dutch school of painters have long been famous, as much depends on the management of the lights and shadows wrought into the picture or allowed to fall upon it from

the open windows as upon the art of drawing and exact coloring in woods and drapery. And the moment you put a human being into one of these interiors and attempt to paint that human being or several human beings, that moment you stamp your own character on the canvas and tell all the world that you are a mere faithless, soulless, coarse and brutal scoffer at all that is refined and glorious in human history, or to what extent the holy flames of love and faith and duty have touched your own soul and inspired your brush or pencil or pen.

There is a realism of the gutter, and a man can paint only himself and his kind; but there is likewise a realism of the stars, of faith, of heroic deeds, of love, of duty and immortal glory; and the artists at all worthy the name in all human history are those who have made these soul powers of humanity real and glorious in the glow of God's own tender skies. A plague upon your cheap democratic claptrap of realism. Cease to be a mere hack of the devil; become a man and try to be a servant of truth and of God, and you will soon know how real are the ideal forces that make art and that rule the world.

Raphael and Michael Angelo in their lives were realists. Every feature, every expression, every refinement of the human soul wrought into their various works has had its counterpart in actual human faces and human lives. Only the wings on their cherubs and angels are ideal.

Claude and Turner were realists, but each in varying degree had caught the secret of painting nature's atmosphere as no other painters before or since their days have done.

Among our own American painters Richards has become famous by his marine views simply because he adheres to nature. Being perfectly sure that he cannot paint the curve and curl and sheen of the wave as seen in clear sunlight, nearly all his pictures are done in clouded skies, so he gets the softer tone of the sea and comes nearer to nature's realism than any one of the thousand amateurs who attempt to do impossible things with the sea, and in consequence produce great glaring canvases that neither represent sea nor land, but masses of extravagant color, dead as the finger-tips that put the colors on.

In one sense the Greeks did the most ideal things in art that have ever been attempted by mortal men; but in truth all their

work was realistic. They studied the human face and the human body in all their noblest forms and expressions, and out of them moulded images of the gods.

Gustave Doré was the child of an age insane with crime and madness; a physical, sensual age of sin run wild; and his pictures, alike from the unharmony of his own nature, and because the artist or the poet is always the photographer of his own generation, are all beastly and exaggerated representations of the human race. But they are not ideal; they are real representations of the diseased and battered sensuality of the painter's day, and are immensely realistic.

There have been various attempts to put into pictures of the Saviour superhuman expressions of patience and love and power and an all-conquering divinity; but in truth there is no picture of him that rises above the realism of thousands of actual human faces such as artists have seen and known. So it is with all artistic attempts at painting the angelic in various forms. You will find that the faces of the artists' angels are those of the choicest of their human associates.

My complaint with our modern American art and art criticism is twofold. First, that in so many cases its choice of subject is so base and unartistic as to render true art expression well nigh impossible; second, that when it chooses subjects into which there ought to be wrought some of the nobler impulses, aspirations and expressions of the human soul; as in the many so-called religious American pictures, these very pictures are the most unreal, false, low-grade, undevout, mere worldly trash that could well be painted. In the American art exhibit of the Columbian Exposition there were literally scores of great religious pictures that were beneath contempt, simply from lack of all true religiousness of expression or refinement in the faces of the so-called devotees.

I have noticed even a coarser and a more degrading thing than this in many of the German pictures that have undertaken to portray priests and monks and nuns during the last generation. Most of these seem to vie with one another in the attempt to ridicule and debase the religious life and the religious sentiment of the church and of the human soul.

And this American brutalism, and this German savagery of art, is called realism. I swear to you that it is no such thing. Its

only realism is in this, that it depicts with absolute certainty the real baseness, coarseness and godlessness of the lives of these artists themselves. It does not in either case tell the true story of the lives or expressions of the faces of the thousands and tens of thousands of devout and noble and lovely women and men in our day who have given their lives to a religious vocation.

Let it be granted that priests, as a rule, enjoy good living, appreciate a good cigar, and are not averse to a glass of wine; but these things are not their life; they only represent the few hours of recreation in their lives. The priestly office is one of countless martyrdoms and self-sacrifices, such as few artists would care to touch with their dainty fingers. And what have nuns or sisters of charity ever done that they should be made the subject of such glaring stuff, such mere hack sentiment pictures as disgraced the walls of the American art exhibit in the Columbian Exposition? No doubt the fad artist has found out that the black and white habit, and the average modest pose of a nun are good points for a striking picture; so he at once sets to work to make his striking picture, and to all but mere groundlings and amateurs it is striking only as an instance of fraud and folly, an insult to all the fine feelings of the religious, and those who believe in religion at all. So while the modern artist is painting pictures of priests and nuns to represent what he calls realism, said priests and nuns are, as a rule, spending years of their actual lives, through study, chastity and charity, to reach an actual idealism of life, all of which are lost on the sensual vision and to the soulless touch of the modern artist. Such pictures are not realism; they are simply an insult to art and to decency; a fraud and a lie. And alas! the converse of this is also true; precisely as the American artist's treatment of religious and serious subjects is apt to lack the real and true ideal of the average life he attempts to depict, so his treatment of what he calls ideal subjects represents their beastly physicalism. There were a half a dozen great canvases in the Columbian art exhibit representing groups of ideal female figures mainly in a state of nudity; some at the bath, others in the clouds, so-called, others still, engaged in ideal music; but in fact these pictures were in all cases mere representations of more or less repulsive and more or less diseased or deformed or poorly framed human bodies, without a touch of real beauty or ideality, except some latent sense of

self-consciousness and shame. So the man of flesh forever paints flesh and cannot touch the actual refinements of the human heart or the human soul, not to speak of soaring into the realms of angels and bringing us back glimpses of the ineffable thought or the spotless and sinless beauty of the unsullied and unseen.

In my own limited experience I have seen scores and hundreds of faces of nuns and priests, whose very presence would shame into penitence and self-abasement the artists who either purposely make sport of these lives or ignorantly fail to portray them because they never have met these faces along the vulgar Bohemian walks of their own poor, narrow lives.

I grant, in fact am constantly teaching, that one reason why literature is so utterly soulless, unheroic, tame, unprofitable and unreal, and one reason why our average American art is so false, merely showy, whitewashy, staring and rude and crude, is that our average American life is the same, and in one sense the crude art is typical and realistic of our crude and democratic society and life; but I constantly maintain that in every American hamlet, town or city there are souls, choice as the choicest God ever made; men and women whose souls and bodies are consecrated to art and duty and truth or martyrdom for God's sake, and that in these and through these the artist and the novelist should find the typical men and women of America, whose lives of freedom and of spotless love are the stars and flowers of our American civilization.

Do you put into your newspapers, into your padded literature and into your art galleries pictures and plaudits of such heroes as Blaine, and Quay, and Wanamaker, and of Mac the reporter and of Tim the bootblack, and ask me to believe that these represent American civilization, culture and accomplishment? I say, to the devil with such faces and such lives! and bid you go and seek in the cloisters of our convents, in the garrets of the struggling but honest poor; amid the wrecked and broken and starved lives of our geniuses whom we have scouted and damned; go seek among these the faces and characters that are truly American and worthy of your honor and of fame.

Because a mere hog of a man has become rich and owns a newspaper here or in Philadelphia or in Boston, is that any reason why you should try to make an artistic picture out of his blackened face and name? And if you make such a picture or thousands of

them and find that there is not a redeeming expression upon their beastly features, is that any reason why you should call such work realistic, and nickname every fine and exalted attempt at expressing an exalted human face as idealism?

I have seen and known sweeter, lovelier, holier faces than the hand of man has ever painted. O for an artist with a soul and a hand choice enough to transfer these faces to such realistic canvases as would make us dream that our Raphaels were back again!

But again and again and again I tell you that our average life being atheistic and ignoble, we cannot paint devout and noble faces in our pictures; and that first of all we must lay aside our pride of intellect, of will, our ambition for sordid gains, and once more try to live simple and honest lives of faith and truth in God. Then will art again become divine; then will the heavens open above us giving us light; then will artists find in their own souls and in the faces of their friends the old lineaments of love and glory, the old strong features of heroism and fidelity, and so, out of a life of real virtue and truth, we may have a realism in art that is beautiful and divine. Really our present American art is simply the idealism of hell.

W. H. THORNE.

WOMAN'S LIBERTY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

“At the Catholic Congress last week in Chicago,” says a September paper in one of its editorials, “for the first time in the history of the Catholic Church women were permitted to take part in a general gathering of the Church.” I did not doubt on reading this item that it was inserted in good faith as evidence that the world is moving. Yet, pondering over that word “permitted,” I smiled, thinking that not one of the women who took part on the occasion referred to would suspect that they were permitted any new honor or peculiar privilege heretofore withheld from their sex by their spiritual mother the Church. In their ignorance of Catholic teachings, not unfrequently non-Catholics have contended

for principles, always maintained by the Church, that were protested against by Luther or some one of the various sects or subdivisions of Christianity that sprang into being on his platform of principles. "The divine right of kings;" "that the voice of the people is the voice of God;" "that the binding law of marriage is in civil enactments," etc., these are assertions due to *protesters* against the invariable teaching of the Catholic Church. Bishop Burnet, as we learn from Agnes Strickland's *Queens of England*, instructed Mary, the Protestant wife of William III., concerning her duties as wife and heir in her own right to the throne of England. The Bishop, after his instruction, records she told William, "in a very frank manner," that she had not known previous to the teachings of the Bishop "that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God; that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife, and she promised that he should always bear the rule—that she should gladly obey him, and hoped he also would fulfill his part of the marriage contract by loving her." Isabella, a dutiful Catholic wife, had a very different conception of her duties and privileges as a sole ruler, or Columbus would not have been granted his outfit in Spain for his voyage of discovery. There is in the Catholic Church but one dignity (a dignity not realized in Protestant Christianity), that of priesthood, to which *sex* renders women ineligible. As in the natural order she is debarred from ever being the father of a child, so in the supernatural order she can by no means exercise the functions of priesthood. Both orders are alike the work of God. Shall we cheerfully enter into the designs thus indicated? or shall we whine in envy and complain, beating our wings against the bars in which we are enclosed by God? A woman can confer only one sacrament, namely baptism; yet, in the face of every restriction, Catholic women are instructed to believe that the very topmost pinnacle of the hierarchy of created things, by intelligence and perfection of moral and spiritual beauty, *is a woman*; that the created nature this woman consented to bestow on God, *Creator and defender of her liberty of will*, when he deigned to send an angel messenger to ask it of her in order to make it His, *personally*, forevermore, is alone, in the fires of the Godhead, superior to herself. We are likewise taught that this woman sat with undisputed right in the first and most important Congress of Christ's followers

the world has ever known, and awaited with the apostles the descent of the Holy Ghost on the fiftieth day after the resurrection; and, moreover, since this pattern woman of the coming ages was the priestess of the home life at Bethlehem, in Egypt and Nazareth—during the whole eighteen years about which the Gospel is silent—the apostolic college reverently accepted her as an instructress as long as she survived her divine Son. And from the pentecostal date all along the ages, carefully preserved histories prove to Catholic women that her sex, downtrodden by paganism into petted favorites of passion or beasts of burden, is rehabilitated in the knowledge of Mary, the Mother of God; that whenever woman has been cast into shadow, a despicable, helpless thing, it has been through her own fault in forgetting the true pattern of womanhood set before her eyes that she has lost her liberty, and not because the Church restricts the exercise of natural talents or acquired arts. By that loftiest praise, *canonization*, and the title saint, conferred by the Church indiscriminately on men and women who have illustrated in their lives Christ's Sermon on the Mount most perfectly, it becomes plain to us, through these honored ones, that, while Catholic men and women have often been indebted to the wise conservatism of the Church for preservation from fanatical excesses, ruinous alike to precious talents and perfection of character, into which the most gifted are liable to fall, she encourages the fulfillment of all God-given impulses of genius, and warns her children not to be controlled by human respect where right and duty are concerned.

Heaven is the perfection of her leadership. Order reigns on earth instead of social anarchy whenever the duties naturally belonging to the different states of life are accepted and fulfilled with docility, choice having once been made. Now the majority of men and women *choose* marriage, and the Church blesses the vocation; but her constant teaching is that marriage is indissoluble except by death, and that prudence should be used by the parties entering into it; that some have from God a different vocation quite incompatible with the obligations incumbent on the married, and that for this reason it is essential both to the well-being of society and the happiness of individuals that in early life under skilled direction the matter of special vocation should be settled, since a state of life once chosen and entered upon is not to be forsaken

lightly, however onerous its duties. The Church canonizes her martyrs, who have as heroes sacrificed life in defense of the faith revealed in Christ. She canonized the youthful Stanislaus, who manifested his heroism principally in the unswerving perfection with which he kept the ordinary rule of the order to which he attached himself. And perhaps were the secrets of ordinary home life with its martyrdoms to duty as readily exposed to the judgment of the militant Church as to the eye of God, many names that He alone now knows might be enrolled amongst the sanctified for our edification. Nothing is plainer than this: that in the Church men and women have a like liberty of choice of a state of life in accordance with inclinations and judgment, and that while the vocation of marriage is blessed, Catholic women who prefer a single life and other duties need never be shame-faced by reason of slurs cast upon *old maids*, for if chosen for love of God and the service of mankind the state is not only blessed, but eulogized. "These are virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." And now, to show that Catholic women are sustained in the liberty necessary for following every inspiration of truth and grace however unusual, I will select from a multitude of examples that might be offered a few notable acts of women who have been canonized and so approved by the Church. I do not pretend that these approved ones had no opposition to contend with—the world, the flesh and the devil are always opposed to good. On the contrary, I freely admit that the claimants for woman's political equality at the ballot-box in our day would under like difficulties probably make loud and unheroic contention for an easier time. No matter. In Egypt, St. Catherine of Alexandria suffered martyrdom, A. D. 810. She had represented the interests of Catholic faith in a congress of learned pagan philosophers, convened by order of the Emperor, who, being madly in love with her, desired that she should renounce her faith. In this critical position Catherine exercised her liberty, publicly, boldly and successfully defending Christian principles. The Church, without holding it up for imitation by all regardless of personal fitness, seals the act as performed by the heroic virgin with her approval, giving her the title Saint and naming her for all ages Patroness of Philosophers. St. Paula, a noble Roman lady, on her mother's side of Greek descent, was born A. D. 347. The care of her estates

and the training of her family, though admirably well performed, did not hinder her from deep study of the Holy Scriptures, or from seeking the society of those most conversant with its pages, even in desert places. It is due to *her* efforts, when with woman's ready perception she discerned that the true text was in danger of being irrevocably lost by corruption, that St. Jerome, the most learned linguist of the day, was induced to take up and complete the herculean task of rendering it entire into Latin, then the universal language. He had access to original documents since destroyed. St. Monica lived about the same time. Amidst the trials of domestic life, with a passionate pagan husband addicted to the habits of a drunkard, and a proud, sensual son, she gave a notable example of the liberty a Catholic woman may exercise in the salvation of souls without abandoning her duties. By the wisdom of her actions husband and son were reformed, and the son, now known as the great Doctor and light of the Church, St. Augustine, loved to honor his mother's name by relating the part she took in the religious disquisitions of his learned associates.

St. Catherine of Siena died A. D. 1380, at the age of 33. She for Christ's sake used her liberty to take a most active part in the politics of the restless free cities of her native land. She even harangued the populace in the public squares, entered into correspondence with the kings of many countries, made dangerous journeys, and by persistent and totally unselfish endeavors effected the return of the Popes to Rome after an exile, disastrous to that city, of seventy years in Avignon, France; and all the while in her humble home at Siena she furnishes an example of a dutiful child, a servant of the afflicted, a deep and clear writer, a spiritual mother of a band of religious women still existing in our day, and of youth of both sexes whom she persuaded to abandon the pursuit of pleasure and adopt ways of wisdom. St. Catherine of Genoa died in 1510. Being left a widow she gave up her life to the service of the poor and afflicted, yet won from the Church the title of Doctress of Divinity by the profound insight shown in her writings on theological subjects. In Italy and Spain, during the Middle Ages, women occupied chairs in the universities as professors of law, of mathematics, of languages, and were permitted to compete on equal terms as men for the highest literary and scientific honors even as late as the last of the seventeenth

century. To Juliana of Liège, in the thirteenth century, we are indebted for the institution of the great yearly Feast of Corpus Christi; to another woman for that of the Sacred Heart; to others for the establishment of many organic bodies of women devoted age after age to works of mercy and the education of the rising generations. Blessed d'Artus of Abricelles, in the year 1093, founded an order under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and to show greater honor to this patroness made the *abbess* who lived in a remote monastery, superior over the men by the duty devolving on her to nominate the acting superior. Joan of Arc, who will doubtless be canonized, in saintly innocence led armies to victory; and when the enemies of France had, in order to defame her character, compassed her horrid death, it was the Church, in solemn and judicial conclave, that instituted a rigorous search into her acts and restored her good name. Twelve miles from the city of Mexico, at San Miguel, in 1651, was born the lofty-souled poetess now known by the name of Sister Juana Inez. When three years of age she was able to read, write, and cipher. In twenty lessons she mastered the distinctive principles of the Latin language, and in her twelfth year was so desirous of taking the full course of the great University of Mexico, whose rules excluded women, that she wished to gain her object by assuming the dress of a boy. She was a poetess, a musician, a linguist, learned in literary, scientific and theological lore. Did the Church dignitaries discourage her pursuit of learning? By no means. When she had reached her seventeenth year her reputation in that *then* truly Catholic country was so great and so appreciated that the viceroy at whose court she had been received, called together a congress of notables—theologians, jurists, philosophers and poets—without acquainting Juana Inez with his design, which was in this friendly trap to put her acquirements to a most severe test. Under the canons of politeness of that day she was required to reply to any questions proposed to the best of her ability; and difficult points on various religious, scientific and literary subjects were brought forward for her solution. She bore the test nobly and was loaded with honors. But shortly after, charity drew her from her loved literature and science. She died its victim at forty-four years of age, in 1695, and funeral masses were celebrated in her honor throughout the whole Spanish dominions. Father Siguenza, S. J.,

the greatest of Mexican scientists and one highly prized by Humboldt, preached her funeral eulogy." While Pius IX. exercised the rights of temporal ruler at Rome, 1846-1870, the prisons where the worst criminals of the female sex were confined, were under the sole charge of women—nuns whose lives were given to the service of their fellow-beings for love of God—and men were not required about the premises. If any doubt the liberty of *Catholic* woman to do every noble work needed for which she is fitted by nature and not prevented by prior obligations, let them become acquainted with her deeds on the battle-field and in the hospitals during our civil war, let them learn what has transpired in our convents, and take up, even through curiosity, the history of the Church as portrayed by friends who are able to do her justice instead of by foes who know her not. This alone is needed to silence the voice of prejudice.*

September, 1893.

ELIZABETH A. ADAMS.

THREE BOOKS FROM BOSTON.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS. By Charles Sumner. Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1893.

IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY, etc. Preceded by a Study of the Laws of Mental Healing. By Henry Wood. Same Publishers.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. By Edward King. Same Publishers.

It is significant alike of the present poverty of Boston literature, of its ancient strength, and of its modern appreciation of that strength, and a craving for something like the old-time sincerity, that a Boston publishing house should reissue at this late day Charles Sumner's address upon the True Grandeur of Nations; and I have put Mr. Sumner's little book first in this brief review simply because there is more manly sense, more moral perception,

* In truth, from the days of the Blessed Virgin until now, the Catholic Church has encouraged, honored, and crowned the best women of the race, and has turned many of them into saints and angels.—THE EDITOR.

more Christian civilization, more culture, more power for good and more genuine literature in this little relic of Boston of fifty years ago, than in any dozen books that have come from the Boston new lights of these later days.

Mr. Sumner's general position that the true grandeur of nations does not consist in their military prowess and achievements, but in their moral and spiritual power, is an old ideal of the scholars and prophets of all times and nations; but in his oration before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4, 1845, he took such pains to gather together the salient thoughts on this theme as they had been expressed at various times, and displayed such patience, scholarship and entire comprehension of the magnitude and meaning of his subject, and handled it with such sincerity and oratorical power, that his published word in these days reads like a voice from the mighty dead and a resurrection of those years when Boston was a rallying place not of mere mouthing rhetorical professors and silly actresses, but of such men as Phillips, Emerson, Garrison and the noble author of our little book on the true grandeur of nations.

Readers of *THE GLOBE* are well aware that the leading idea of Mr. Sumner's address permeates all my writings. I suppose there is not a man alive who appreciates more than I the manly bravery of the soldier, and in these days we have grown to look upon that old-time sense of honor supposed to govern in the circles of army and navy officers as something not only peculiar to them and their especial glory, but something that unfortunately is supposed to be passing even out of those circles into the mere dust and ashes of the accursed democratic shuffling and accommodating standards of honor and morality that have taken possession of the masses and the nations of our times. But notwithstanding my keen appreciation of military discipline and the old-time sense of honor and dignity that pervaded all the higher grades of the army and navy—men of all nations—and notwithstanding my human sympathy with the achievements of military geniuses and my enthusiasm of military prowess and victory, I am perfectly conscious that the whole butcher-like starched and padded and applauded business is contrary to the spirit and meaning of Christ and Christianity; and I am constantly teaching that it is only as we gradually change the old-time standards of greatness and glory, so that

the poor man, the true man, the self-denying, humble man, the man who will accept insult and wrong without resentment or revenge, the man who gives his life to virtue, to righteousness, poverty, self-abasement, knowledge, wisdom and Christ-like charity, shall be recognized as the highest and truest representative of the human race, and hence be honored and clothed with glory by gods and men; only as we accomplish all this, that we shall be at all worthy of the name of Christian civilization; and that, dear friends, is the sole root and explanation and meaning of all the protests and criticisms found in this review.

It is not that I love military men and military glory, and science, and material prosperity, and external culture less than the mere literary fops who presume to define and explain it all, but that I love Christ and Christianity more; not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more. It therefore gives me pleasure to receive and review and commend this noble little book containing Charles Sumner's address before the authorities of Boston nearly fifty years ago.

I had in my young days a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Sumner. His style of manhood and elocution always impressed me as a little pompous and overbearing. I liked much better the style and culture of Everett, and, still better, the culture and eloquence of Wendell Phillips. But Sumner had imbibed the essential principles of sincerity, of Christianity and of true culture, and those points have forever removed him from the sickly, namby-pamby, ten-times-one-is-ten tribes of nobodies who have presumed to dominate the culture of Boston since the giants and the true men passed away. And this brings me to the consideration of one of the least of the modern crew whose latest book I have placed second in the order of the present trio.

I think that Mr. Wood is a good man in a sense, a man of good intentions, and he has evidently been a man of studious habits; has read his Bible and Emerson; but I fear he has dabbled too much in the sickly hodge-podge of mock-culture and mock-literature that have been emanating from the spirit-rapping cranks and their legitimate descendants, the Christian scientists and the pin-feather Buddhists, from the days of Robert Owen to M. J. Savage & Co., of our times. A man must take what he can get, and as Boston people have long been, with their literature, much as the Quakers are with marriage, only taking to their hearts that which

emanates from their own provincial and very contracted circles, it is not wonderful that Mr. Wood's book is simply a rehash of Emerson, decorated with the paint and feathers of modern cant and modern humbuggery.

This, in general, is my judgment of the man and his book; but in order to picture the matter more fairly I will dip into it here and there and show how false and stupid and contradictory it is. I will then quote some learned comments upon the book from the *Arena*, to show what other critics think of it, and what fools such critics are.

One has but to read the title of the book to see what a mixed heap of unreconciled, inharmonious, contradictory and fanciful words and ideas Mr. Wood has in his active but untrained head. Let us read it in full: "Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography; a restorative system for home and private use, preceded by a study of the laws of mental healing." Plainly from the combination of words alone, this is charlatanism and quackery, but plainly also these foolish qualities are not enough to condemn the book in Boston. In truth, Boston long ago took to charlatans and quacks, long ago put Dr. Holmes and his Graham crackers in the place of Jesus Christ and the Ten Commandments, and having gone so far it will find no stopping place this side of such hells as it is not expecting. Hence we need not wonder that the *Arena* and its philosophers consider Mr. Wood a great writer, etc., but of this by and by.

While we are wondering what Mr. Wood means by Ideal Suggestion, and what he means by Mental Photography, and what is the scope of the word restorative—"a restorative system for home and private use"—and whether this man has really gotten hold of the laws of mental healing, we naturally turn to the preface and to the book for explanation. In the first line of the preface we fall head over heels in the conceit and contradiction of the writer.

"Suggestion of some kind is the great mental motor." Quackery again. For instance, it would be just as sensible to say: Graham bread is the great mental motor; thought is the great mental motor; desire is the great mental motor; the oyster is the great mental motor;—and still a great deal more sensible to say, God is the great mental motor.

On the other hand, much of what is known as "Suggestion" in

the common, polite and literary language of the day, is anything but a great mental motor. So in the first breath, we see the conceit, the contradiction and the untaught, raw ignorance of this man.

Again, "It (suggestion) may enter the human mind either in thought-waves projected by another mind, or through the advance of an outer sense. Hypnotic suggestion stirs the mind on the sensuous plane by the dominant imposition of the force of another personality. Ideal suggestion is the photographing of pure and perfect ideals directly upon the mind through the medium of the sense of sight. It is voluntary, and free from any admixture of personality or imperfection," etc.

In truth Mr. Wood ought to have been present at all the World's Fair Congresses, male and female, held in Chicago during the past year; for "by the cultivated vigor of thought-concentration" he might have "developed" a much needed "wonderful power and utility."

God knows we need something to straighten us out on many points from Boston to San Francisco; and perhaps Mr. Wood may be at least a sort of forerunner of some new "thought-waves" soon to be "projected by another mind."

Let us grant for a moment that there are thought-waves, as well as sound-waves and heat-waves. I myself have often used the expression in conversation; but strictly speaking I do not know that there are heat-waves, sound-waves or thought-waves; and though the new compound word has a catching sound, the truth is that a real wave is a very physical and ponderous thing, and does not at all serve the acute mind for the description of the very process Mr. Wood seems to be squinting at. And if a real thought-wave should by any chance knock Mr. Wood on the head, I fancy that it or its "mental motor" would only get into the innermost cranial recesses of his mentality, into the subjectivity of his subtletest and spiritual essences, through some one of Mr. Wood's "outer senses."

In a word, Mr. Wood has never learned the first primal meanings of the words he uses, and never has studied psychology or philosophy enough to know the words he ought to use to express his very contradictory ideas.

Let us try another sentence: "Ideal suggestion is the photo-

graphing of pure and perfect ideals directly upon the mind through the medium of the sense of sight."

Here we get at the worm-eaten, rotten core of the man and his teaching. This was the very apple that Adam and Eve munched in their pride just before they ran to hide. But Mr. Wood will not run to hide. No Boston man has felt a sense of shame these last hundred years.

Let us look at the root of Mr. Wood's definition.

„Ideal suggestion is the photographing," etc. Now if it is ideal, purely and perfectly ideal, and if it enters the mind directly, where the dickens is the need of Mr. Wood's clumsy business of "photography" and where is the need of the "medium of the sense of sight?" In truth the man does not know what he is talking about; does not know the accepted meanings of the words "pure, mental, ideal," etc., that he uses; and what Mr. Wood first needs before he ought to dare to presume to write a book on a subject so subtle and profound as the one he has chosen, is to put himself under the training of some competent scholar and teacher of mental philosophy. I confess I do not know where he would find such outside the Catholic Church; but President Elliot of Harvard, or E. E. Hale of Boston, might have told him enough to keep him out of the mire in which he has fallen.

Perhaps not. The wise men of the *Boston Arena* speak of Mr. Wood's book as follows: "Recently, however, some scholarly and finished works have appeared, which will take high rank as literature, and will doubtless hold a permanent place among the thoughtful and thought-inspiring books of the present generation. Notable among them are Professor Wait's 'Law of Laws' and Henry Wood's latest work, 'IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY.' This last work is one of the most charming volumes of essays of recent years. Henry Wood is the Emerson of the new metaphysical thought, and in his writings there is a certain wealth of thought and felicity of expression not found in Emerson. I know of no American essayist to-day who clothes his ideas in such a wealth of rhetorical expression."

It is needless to say that, considering its source, this comment is so much more pitiable and contemptible than Mr. Wood's book, that it can be pardoned only by the utmost stretch of human charity.

I have not the patience to quote the many passages I had marked for quotation in this book. Life is too short. So I hasten to say, first, Mr. Wood simply does not give and is not able to give, not even to state, much less to explain "the laws of mental healing." In truth the expression itself is utter quackery, and cannot in any strictness be applied even to the miraculous healing accomplished by our Lord and His apostles, simply because there were always present certain physical media through which the divine healing power flowed. Second, and spite of the assertions of upstart scientists, and such unlearned people as Mr. Wood, there is no such thing as "the immutability of law spiritual as well as material" in any sense that will bear strict examination; and the only fact approaching "the immutability of law natural as well as spiritual" in this universe is that in His infinite mercy and through His almighty will, God not only can but does constantly interfere with the so-called scientific immutability of so-called natural and spiritual laws in order to heal bodies and souls and change the currents of nature and the tides of time. In truth our age is nerve-bound, mind-bound, body- and soul-bound in abject slavery to this chimera that we call the immutability of law.

The immutability of natural and spiritual law would have sent Boston, Mr. Wood included, to hell-fire long ago, but what the law could not do to damn or save, that God in the beautiful and eternal changefulness and yet changelessness of his immutable mercy has done; hence Boston is spared for repentance, and Mr. Wood may come in out of the rain of brimstone and fire if he will.

Third: What Mr. Wood and the crank Christian scientists mean by mental healing—that is, healing by the projection of human purpose, thought, will, good intention, so that it acts through the media of time and space, near or at a distance, in a manner to heal certain diseases—was practised by our Lord and His disciples; as Mr. Wood himself admits (pages 18 and 19), was promised and foretold as a power that should or might manifest itself in sincere believers, and together with the so-called miraculous powers of healing by word, by touch, by the sacred energy of saintly relics and shrines, was not only practised by the apostles, but has been admitted as a power in and by the Church from the days of Sts.

Peter and Paul to the days of Father Mollinger, late of Pittsburgh, and Father Tom, of Chicago. Hence, to begin with, all this clap-trap of Mr. Wood and the Christian scientists about having discovered something new, and the laws of this new power, is utter claptrap and falsehood.

Because John Calvin and Martin Luther, utter and persistent heretics, and their half-taught bigoted followers, have ruled the so-called miraculous out of Christian history, that only proves that the moral effect of heresy is to narrow and stultify the mind. The true Church has always admitted this supernatural power of healing; and it always must admit it; for its own birth and nature and power and history are all supernatural, and God only knows what undreamed-of powers of light and healing the true followers of Christ may develop and exert before the end of the world, mayhap before the end of this century.

But the Church will stand no nonsense. It must have the facts; moreover, the Church now, as in Christ's own day, sees that the one business of Christianity is to save souls, not to heal bodies. The healing of a few sick, halt, blind or what not is a mere side-show, child's play, compared with the great work for which God was incarnate, for which Christ died, and for which His true Church was founded and has been built up through blood and martyrdom these nineteen hundred years.

And were Mr. Wood a good Catholic to-day instead of a pretended new light beacon brandishing his tallow dip from the heights of Bunker Hill, he would, in the first place, know the things that I have stated, and, in the second place, he would soon take to the true study of Church history and true Christian philosophy and would quit writing rubbish that in the nature of things can only foster human pride and ignorance and lead men and silly women astray.

Again, Mr. Wood says, page 26, "it is unreasonable and unjust to ignore the testimony of hundreds and thousands whose lives have been saved through the rational employment of mental therapeutics."

Now if this means, as it is presumed to mean, that we have the testimony of hundreds or thousands whose lives have been saved from any real disease by the modern Christian science mental healers, I here openly denounce the statement as an impudent and cunning falsehood.

For more than twenty years I have been familiar with the various leaders of the spiritualistic and later of the Christian science movement, and I here swear that to this hour I have never known and have never been able to trace or find a single instance where the influence of Christian science dabbling with disease of body or mind has healed said disease, or done anything but really make human nature mentally, morally and physically still more diseased than it was before.

Let it be understood, I admit the power claimed by Mr. Wood ; and I tell him that the true Church has always admitted it and used it when genuine. But I am here talking of the rebels against God who call themselves Christian scientists, but who are not obedient to Christ or to His Church. I also admit that among these there are persons of exceptional potential powers, and further that their very egotism and ignorance of true healing, while professing the power and the art, may have a providential meaning and mission in modern history ; but that they are, as a rule, an abandoned set of half-taught quacks, especially the female healers among them, I have no more doubt than I have of the color of my own eyes.

In Philadelphia, a few years ago, a renegade Presbyterian deacon, who had failed as a merchant, managed to get a few female cranks about him and together they started a Christian science healing house on Arch Street, above Fifteenth. Very soon invalids were taken there for healing. The newspapers were ready to publish the claimed miraculous cures ; and the millennium of mental healing might have come in Philadelphia, as it might have come previously in Boston, New York and Chicago, but the most powerful female mental healer was soon found to be too physical ; seemed to use her power on too low a plane ; and as she did not get along well with the renegade Calvinistic deacon, she went to Chicago, where her true physical basis would have plenty of mud and soot and ignorance for background, and of course the mental and miraculous healing bazaar, under the guidance of a mere dry-rot deacon, soon fell to the level of a common hospital and boarding house. Nobody was cured as far as I have been able to learn, and the rascally deceivers have gone one by one their own ways to other and greener fields of pasture.

I have followed this thing into other Pennsylvania towns, into

New England centers; I have followed the careers of mental healers in Chicago and have listened to the stories of the healed, only to be more deeply and more everlastingly convinced that the whole business and theorizing represented by Wood, Christian Science & Co., is a rascally, Christless, ignorant business. And while I would not hurt a hair of one of their heads, and fully believe in letting the devil parade his trappings where he will, I want all these people to understand that one man at least, and he at last a devout Catholic, has been through their business and knows it and here pronounces it a pitiable lie. And my only object in writing this article is to plead with these people to seek rest and light by a voluntary and willing obedience to Christ and His Church, wherein light and rest and healing power alone can be found.

Had I space, patience and time, I would like to take up the silly self-assertive so-called philosophy of the new light swingers. To one who has given his life to understand the true nature of mind and matter, and their true relationship in nature and history, it is awfully amusing to hear men like Wood & Company assert that matter is inert and nothing; that "spirit is the only true substance," etc.; old saws that some of us have sharpened to so fine a cutting that heads like Mr. Wood's are cut clean open a hundred ways at once, the moment they set down their words on paper.

May God forgive the silliness of this man and lead his evidently good intentions to fasten to the eternal Rock of Ages, against which all false philosophers, all false creeds, and all false pretensions have been breaking themselves to pieces for nineteen hundred years; while the true central mental healing power of the universe has been daily giving grace and power to the humble, the faithful, the believing, the obedient; and thus ever giving "beauty for ashes," truth for falsehood, health for sickness, throughout all the realms of history within its redeeming power.

"Joseph Zalmonah," the third book in this series, is a novel by Edward King, written apparently not only to entertain the reader, but to advance the moral claims of the Hebrew race. I think the book is very poorly written, in a very slovenly style, etc.; and I notice it here only to say that while an ardent admirer of the Hebrew race and perfectly and gratefully conscious of what it has done for human history, and while perfectly well aware that though

in the world to-day there are many thousands of Jews of good moral purposes, kind and benevolent, and while I am utterly opposed to any and all persecutions of the Jews in any and every land on earth, and believe in giving them the fullest scope for the execution of their masterful genius, as in Disraeli and the Rothschilds, I am nevertheless certain that Christians can be better employed than in singing the praises of the modern Hebrew. Of course I have watched their standing in modern literature, from Daniel Deronda to Joseph Zalmonah, and my testimony on it all, and on this book and the purpose of this book is simply as follows: that while we are bound in social and national life to treat the Jew as a brother, and while in fact conscious that he has us in his pocket and can compel us to treat him as a brother, I am bound to treat him as a brother who has gone astray, and whose whole modern history is perfectly expressed by the Apostle Paul when he says that "blindness in part hath happened unto Israel," until the fulnesses of the nations are gathered unto God.

As an individual, as a citizen, I treat the Jew and would have him treated as a brother; as an historic moral factor in world-history, I am as sure that he is blinder than a bat to the quenchless glory of history and of his own race, and utterly hardened against that holiest and tenderest of all divine Hebrew and Christian light which is at last to melt the whole world into songs of love and glory for the one divine Jew they all looked for and could not see.

In a word, the Jew as a man is my brother, and I glory in his history from Abraham to St. Paul, but the Jew as a moral factor in history from St. Paul till now, I see to be a stumbling-block in the way of his own and of Christ's final victory over the whole world.

Hence, while I believe in the Joseph Zalmonahs, and all the beauty and virtue of their race, they must bend their proud necks to the true humility of faith, or, spite of their wealth and present power, they must be crushed beneath the wheels of on-marching Christian history. And my word to them and to Mr. King is precisely the same as to Mr. Wood and the Christian scientists. All of heaven's light and all of heaven's power, all the best of human philosophy and all needed healing energy were in Christ Jesus and are now in His Church, and the Jew or the gentile, even in

Boston, who will not yield to this power and follow this light, will be crushed and damned in outer and utter darkness, sure as God is God and that His light guideth the stars.

P. S.—Just as I was finishing this article a number of pamphlets or leaflets by one Dr. E. H. Pratt, LL. D., of Chicago, were handed to me for perusal, and in one of these the Doctor goes out of his way to quote and praise some sayings of one W. L. Tomlins, of Chicago, on the subject of music at the World's Fair. I do not know Pratt or Tomlins, but from the remarks quoted in the pamphlet, I should judge that they both belong to one of those crude and conceited half-taught mutual admiration societies for which Chicago and most other modern cities and towns are remarkable in these days. Among other things credited to Mr. Tomlins and quoted in this pamphlet is the following: "To W. L. Tomlins, whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you, is due, I believe, the revelation that music is more than a means of culture, more than a means of enjoyment; it is one of the greatest factors in the world for the regeneration of mankind. How it can be employed for this great purpose, he himself will explain," etc.

Now why do not men like this expert diseased flesh-cutter Pratt, and this musician Tomlins mind their own business of cutting flesh and playing piano? In truth you cannot get men to mind their own business in these days. Priests and parsons like to dabble in stocks and wholesale tradings; piano players, surgeons and bootblacks are confident that they understand how to save souls better than the priests or parsons, and the result is that you have everywhere a hodge-podge of incompetent loud-mouthed clowns understanding and proclaiming other people's business better than their own.

If Dr. Pratt and Mr. Tomlins had been commonly industrious students of history; much more, had they been brought up with any decent regard for truth and piety, they would have known that for many centuries the Church had been using music of the sacredest and most lovely richness, composed by the greatest masters, and sung or played by the ablest human beings within reach, precisely as "one of the greatest factors in the world for the regeneration of mankind," so that to speak of this use of it, or the idea or conception of such use of it as a "revelation" made to and made public by Mr. Tomlins, is perfectly illustrative of the narrow-

headed, conceited ignorance of the Christian scientist and of ninety per cent. of the public babblers of modern times. They are too lazy to find out what the world or the Church has done in the past, and too proud to submit their own crude and untaught souls to those already and long established processes of redemption that would really redeem them, were such clowns capable of being redeemed except through the fires of purgatory.

In a word, Tomlins, Pratt & Co., precisely like Wood, Savage & Co., Bellamy, Carnegie & Co., Quay, Wanamaker & Co., and McGlynn, George & Co., have their own pet schemes for the world's betterment and redemption. "Cause why?" Simply that these modern friends of redemption find obedience to the old ways difficult, and mere half-digested free speech on new schemes so easy in these days of cheap newspapers and wet damnation.

May the good Lord deliver them all from their errors and lead them in the way of truth!

W. H. THORNE.

PAUL BOURGET AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Columbian Exposition attracted hosts of celebrities. As Athens of old, the White City saw roaming about her marble-like peristyle, or sitting under her stately porticoes and domes, artists and men of letters hailing from all parts of the world. But among those illustrious personages there was perhaps none more prominent than the author of "Cosmopolis." Paul Bourget is no doubt the French writer now most in vogue among those who enjoy the literary productions of the day; and what renders him interesting even to religious minds is that he has lately evinced Christian tendencies. It is well known that the famous French novelist began to write upon the principles of a free-thinking skeptic. To-day each of his words is an additional indication of a return to faith.

Being asked, whilst in New York, the cause of this evident and consoling transformation, he explained himself to one of the reporters of the *New York Herald*, with a frankness which one cannot help admiring:

"Yes, I am a Christian," he said. "I perceive in Christianity the virus that M. Pasteur sees in the liquid which he applies to those bitten by mad dogs. He is not more able to cure madness than I am to cure the evil which is in the world.

"But experience has taught him that these injections are in a certain measure a protection against the horrible death which would ensue without them. This is the reason why he believes in these injections without understanding anything as to the cause of their action.

"I have come to find out that the men and the women who follow the precepts of the Church are, in great proportion, free from the moral disorders which I have described in my novels, which Feuillet, Tolstoi and so many others have shown up in their works, and which are almost inevitable when men allow themselves to be guided by their passions, their senses and their weakness.

"As the great majority of young men in our modern cities, I for many years did not believe; but I have been brought to my present ideas by the ever-growing thought of responsibility one has who exercises any influence upon others. I have understood that the life of the man who says: 'I know nothing, and knowing nothing, I do what I please,' is both empty and full of disenchantments; I have understood that in speaking thus, one exercised a detestable influence upon the life of others, especially that of women. And since then I believe—and my belief only increases with time—that Christian faith is necessary for the realization of happiness here below."

Paul Bourget was born in 1852 in Amiens, which is justly proud of her most beautiful cathedral, a real poem in stone. He made his studies at the Lyceum of Clermont-Ferrand, and settled afterward in Paris, where he met Jean Richepin, Maurice Bouchor and hosts of other young men as enthusiastic as himself about poetry, liberty and fame. He was twenty-three years old when he published, in 1875, his first volume of verses: "La Vie Inquiète," and soon after, "Edel" and "Les Aveux."

He wrote in prose "L'Irréparable," "Un crime d'amour," "Cruelle Enigme," "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," "Le Disciple," and a short time ago, "Cosmopolis."

Paul Bourget is the leader of a school dramatically opposed to

that of Zola. The latter pictures the lowest stage of human degradation without even the faintest ray of hope or sight of repentance: he shows us merely the human brute in all its repulsiveness. The former presents the weak sides of our fallen nature, but as still susceptible of remorse and of highest aspirations: he pictures above all the human soul. Hence the system of one is called *Realism* and the method of the other *Idealism*.

The poet in him reveals what was to be the future novelist, burning with a supreme and kindling love of all that is spiritual and immortal in man, of all that makes man God-like. How beautiful and exquisitely tender are the following stanzas:

“Thou callest me thy life, O call me thy soul!
For the soul is immortal, and life but a day.”
Why, in this sky, which the setting sun kindles,
Have I remembered these verses of love?

“Thou callest me thy life, O call me thy soul!”
Thy soul: a word so vague, yet so sweet:
So pure, when breathed by a woman’s pure lips,
To her lover, dying of longing, on his knees.

Were there a word, purer, sweeter, more tender,
It would be the one, when the sun falls asleep,
My heart fain would hear from lips that I know
When the horizon is clothed with opal and gold.

O call me thy soul!—it is soothing and sad—
That cry of love—“thy soul”—and yet do I know
That the soul is immortal, that it even exists?
Still, never will I say that thy cry is untrue.

Yea, though I were sure that this word of the future
Was but naught—the forgetfulness of time,
Always would I bid thee, when the sun declineth,
Call me thy soul, and I still would not lie.

“Thy soul,”—something in thee ever so heaven-like,
That no earthly care could touch with decay:
Something age faithful, and that abideth—
The pledge that a true love never can die.

All that I felt in my beautiful childhood,
When the organ enchanted my heart’s devout song;
All the first ecstasy and all the reverence,
Come back in the words, deep as heaven, and as strong.”

He visited the land of the Cid and the burning climes of the Moors. Now he has crossed the ocean, ascended the lovely shores of the St. Lawrence, sojourned in the White City, and will stop only at the Golden Gate.

This has not yet satisfied his eagerness for becoming acquainted with the moral conditions of man; he travels in the wider world of human thought and endeavors to discover new phases of the soul in the most recent and original writers. He himself gives us the result of his researches in his "Essais:" "In treating of M. Renan and of the brothers de Goncourt, I pointed out the germ of melancholy wrapped up in dilettanteism. I tried to demonstrate, in speaking of Stendhal, de Tourgueniev and d'Amiel, some of the fatal consequences of cosmopolitan life. Baudelaire's poems and M. Dumas' comedies have been to me a pretext for analyzing many shades of modern love, and to indicate the perversions or the failures of this love under the pressure of the spirit of analysis. Gustave Flaubert, Mlle. Leconte de Lisle and Faine afforded me instances to show the types and the effects brought out by science on imaginations and diverse sensibilities."

In the psychologist we find also the moralist; his novels are dramas of conscience. As in most romances of modern writers, his heroes and heroines are often unfaithful to the vows of conjugal life, which, for the happiness of spouses, Christ made so sacred, but even then such deplorable falls are not darkened by despair or reddened by blood. The spirit is aware of the degrading propensities of the flesh and, in its defilement, yearns for purity; guilt pierces the heart with the dart of remorse and fills the eyes with the soft tears of repentance. It is not yet Christian sorrow, but it is the regret of a soul which has not totally forgotten the lights of natural law, and which in its debasement feels instinctively the needs of spiritual cleansing.

This almost Christian emotion which pervades Paul Bourget's prose and poetical works, and gives them their special charm, is felt by many French writers of our *fin de siècle*. What does it mean? Are we to witness an awakening of the Gospel in the souls of so many bright but wandering minds? More than one thinker prophesied this hopeful issue in French literature, if not for this century, at least for the next.

Our age was preceded by two centuries entirely different: one

completely Christian, which saw Corneille rhyming the Following of Christ, and Racine giving up writing tragedies out of scruple; the other entirely irreligious, which heard the blasphemies of Voltaire against the Son of God, and Rousseau's sophistry undermining the very basis of society.

The apparition of the *Genius of Christianity*, after the great French Revolution, was a welcome sign of hope over this deluge of blood. A thorough Christian reaction would have prevailed had not such champions of Christianity as *Lamenais, Lamartine, Hugo, Montalembert, Uzanum, been followed by Proudhon, Balzac, George Sand, Dumas and Zola. The nineteenth century has been essentially a time of struggle, the two armies of good and evil having met face to face. Which one of them will receive the palm of victory? It is not probable that the conflict will be decided before the close of our age, and this nineteenth century will be after all but a period of transition.

But men like Bourget—and how many others!—by coming back to truth, to truth ever beautiful, ever old and ever young, would prepare the triumph of the eternal principles of justice and of the only true morality. Have they not every reason to do so? Like the heroes of their creation they have experienced the powerlessness of human flesh and have understood the bare lie of modern systems. Do they not know that immortal writings and all heroic deeds were made such by the inspiration of a divine idea? The great epics and dramas of Dante and Shakespeare, as well as the exploits of a Joan of Arc and a Columbus bear witness of it!

They sigh for love. Have they not found that it can rest only on what is eternally lasting, on the immortal soul and not on the body whose charms vanish with the roses of youth? Divorce has written in tears of blood the sad tragedies of families once united, but now scattered to the four winds!

They call for the infinite. Should they not look beyond the blue vault of the firmament and the dark portals of death? This world is as narrow to the soul as the iron cage is to the eagle, king of space. Satiety, despair, suicide, tell of the disenchantment and worthlessness of this perishable life!

Have not these noble minds of our age felt long enough the

*The three first writers were in their early utterances religiously inspired.

pangs of doubt, the agony of atheism? With Musset, their highest representative, they must say at last:

“ Whatever we may do,
I suffer, it is too late; the world becomes old,
An immense hope has gone through the earth,
In spite of ourselves towards heaven we must raise our eyes.”

When politics, denying their Christian origin, seem bound to ruin, how consoling it would be to see in France and other lands the princes of thought turn their eyes toward truth and thus help to save human reason and society as well!

M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

GLOBE NOTES.

DURING the past year, among the many hundreds of excellent people to whom I have been introduced, I have found one man who has impressed me as one of the most gifted souls of the present century. I refer to Frederick Horace Clark, pianist and teacher of music.

Mr. Clark was born at Marengo, Ill., December 2, 1859, visited Europe while still a boy, and studied there for about ten years under Deppe and Liszt, and at the Leipzig Conservatory. While in Europe and while still a very young man married Madam Steinecker, who was already famous as a music teacher. Beyond a doubt Mr. Clark was fallen in love with by this gifted woman, who saw in the young American a human realization of all the tenderest and loveliest dreams that had ever come to her in her long and successful efforts to express and teach the soulful art to which she had consecrated her life. She, of course, was his senior by many years. They were married and came to America, first to Boston, of course, to test their genius and try their fortune in this great new world.

The Boston sorosis crowd took to the Madam because she was foreign and had a reputation. Clark they did not take to because he was a native of Illinois, and had more genius than their stilted, provincial and mechanic souls could comprehend. Still the Boston society dames were generous to the new couple from the

financial standpoint, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark went up into the wilds of Maine and rented an old-fashioned country house, intending to finish their honeymoon and dream of and plan for new advancements upon the American public as soon as the new babies were cared for, and Clark had really grown manly enough to face the "cultured" audiences to be found in Boston and elsewhere.

Meanwhile Madam Clark having, in her European loyalty, grown mad at the New England slighting given to her husband, and having also grown into that most damnable of all modern humbuggeries called Christian science, naturally lost her reason and took her own life.

By the death of Madam Clark, Mr. Clark was left a widower with three children, the down scarcely yet off his own chin, and of course with his untried work before him, his reputation to win and his bread to earn.

In due time, 1891, he came to Chicago—that jumping-off place and rallying center of all the isms and essences of the modern world. From 1891 till the present Mr. Clark has been battling with the music mechanics, the music cranks and the music amateurs of Chicago. About a year ago he wrote a couple of articles for a Chicago musical magazine. Of course the articles were so full of genius, that is of real thought, that the mechanical musical editor took them for insane productions. And of course, not being one of the average democratic, mechanical musical crowd, Mr. Clark found himself largely neglected by inferior men till his own found him, and saw in him what his unfortunate wife had seen, that is one of the supreme musicians of the age. As a result Mr. Clark now has all the pupils he can attend to, and before the winter is over the public may hope for the pleasure of hearing him in one of our public halls.

I have heard most of the great pianists, from Gotschalk to Paderewski. I think Rubenstein the greatest of them all, especially in his own compositions. I consider Beethoven the greatest master of profound and sacred musical composition that has ever lived; with Wagner as next best and in some lines of sentiment even greater than Beethoven, but all my life I have felt that there was more in Beethoven than any pianist or orchestra had ever rendered to my ears or to my soul.

I am perfectly satisfied that Mr. Clark is the one man the world has been waiting for to give us a full and perfect rendering of the master-pieces of Beethoven.

It is not my intention in these notes to go into the mysteries or detail of a musical article. Paderewski, our latest popular idol, is a beautiful player, an even, all-round, easy, fluent pianist; but his rendering of Beethoven was much in the line of the Chicago newspaper editorials on morals and theology—very far inferior to the soul of the subject. Paderewski is an excellent player for school girls; has an easy touch and is soothing to their sense of art and of sentiment.

Mr. Clark has made a profound study of the great master of harmony, has studied his life as well as his music, and having woven the two together and mastered the master, his playing of Beethoven is simply the completest, the most profound, and the most wonderful thing I have ever heard in the realm of piano music.

Frederick Clark is to Beethoven and the piano what Ole Bull was to the violin, and that world-range of human passion that the violin, in a master hand, alone can interpret to the human soul.

However, this article is not meant as an advertisement, and I do not wish to overload it with fulsome praise.

Of course, being a gifted man, Mr. Clark has had to pass through all those phases of suffering by which alone the good God leads out the human soul into those realms of light and mastery that forever dazzle the ages of the world. Were he a rich man, and had the world already given him that full and glorious recognition it will soon give him, I should hesitate long before speaking such hearty words in his praise; but because he is poor, and because I have nothing to ask or expect of him in return, and because the mere mechanic amateur musicians have not as yet given him the recognition they will all only be too glad to give after awhile, I take pleasure in pronouncing Mr. Clark in these pages the greatest pianist of the present generation.

In appearance he is tall, slender, erect, with clean and clear-cut features and long, harsh, black hair; altogether more foreign looking than American. He might as well have been a great athlete, or a great writer as a great musician. As it is, his touch of the piano is at once soulful, muscular, unerring, brilliant and

masterful. He plays Bach and Liszt, Gounod and Schumann with as much ease and more perfection than Paderewski, and he plays Beethoven as no other man has ever played that great master since his own soul took its flight from the harmonies of earth to mingle in those higher, richer, universal harmonies sung by the angels of heaven, to whose ceaseless music the stars keep time.

* * * * *

While in this vein of commendation, and in this number of THE GLOBE with its special article upon the literary genius of the West, it gives me pleasure to call attention to other workers not mentioned in Miss Swan's painstaking and kindly review.

John Augustine Wilstach, of LaFayette, Indiana, the well-known translator of Virgil and of Dante, is also the author of a volume of original poems, many of which have won him worthy applause. For my own part, I have been deeply impressed with his fluent translation of the Dies Irae, and his verses on Edward the Confessor; and I quote two of these as revealing the beautiful spirit of this poet, and also as bearing upon the Christian science crankhood of our times. Mr. Wilstach is a Catholic, yet he speaks of Edward as

Sweet, gentle, learned, humble, modest, blameless,
His life on earth he trod with soberest footsteps,
His mortal frame awaiting from its Maker
The Life Divine.

Such were his merits, full beyond all measure,
That grievous ills, that sickness verging deathward,
Fled at his word, his touch bore instant healing
As of Our Lord.

In this connection honorable mention should also be made of the beautiful, though very uneven and always more or less imperfect work of "Henry Hamilton," that is, the learned and accomplished Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Illinois. I reproduce, almost at random, three stanzas which show the fine poetic feeling of this writer:

In everything sweet music lies,
And they who listen well may hear
The murmur of low melodies
Breathe softly on the enchanted ear.

Leaves whisper when leaves fall asleep ;
 The growing corn hums merry tune ;
 The flowers laugh when white clouds sweep
 Through the blue sky in month of June.

The stars at night in concert sing ;
 The sleeping babe smiles in his dream,
 Hearing the stir of angel's wing,
 Brushing across Time's rapid stream.

There are lines and there are thoughts in Bishop Spalding's work so beautiful that we almost wish he had given his life to the muses ; but there are still more lines so strained and New Englandish, as if after Emerson, or Lowell, or Holmes ; so crude and purely American, that the critical ear and soul are constantly offended ; and in reading him I find myself halting and saying, if he had only devoted more time to the masters and less to their mere imitators what a glorious poet Henry Hamilton " might have been."

* * * * *

Kindly mention should also be made of John Myers O'Hara, a young Chicago poet who has just published a volume of verses hardly to be called poems, but guessings at the beautiful fountains out of which poems may be wrought in the slow laboratory of culture and time. I give a few lines of Mr. O'Hara's better verses, only to tell him that nothing inferior to this should ever see the light of day, and to remind him that very much in his little volume is inferior to the lines quoted here. In poetry, above all other spheres of culture, it is perpetually true that men and women must beat their brains out against the stars and gather and re-gather them again and again before any true echoes can be produced of the music of the spheres.

ARCADIA.

The summery sea is there subdued,
 To a breathless pause in the mythical June,
 And a marvel of peace its plaint has wooed
 To a murmur as mild as a mother's rune.

Wild echo reclines in her silken lair,
 On the cliffs where no mists of the sea-god cling,
 And a far gull cleaves the ambient air
 With the deft keen stroke of its sinewy wing.

The cradled wave slips over the sand
 With a tremulous foam-laugh trebled low,
 And the sendal sail like a ghostly hand
 Pales where the changeful cloud-sprites go.

The shells on the dunes are impearled pink,
 Love's delicate urns of ages foregone,
 Enriched with the ashes of those who link
 Their love to eternity's undertone.

* * * * *

Here also mention should be made of a worthy little book by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., entitled *Why, When, How, and What We Ought to Read*. Though not a poet, Father O'Neil is of pure poetic soul, and his modest contribution to the upward trend in modern literature merits our friendly word. For more than twenty years the whole literary world, including the newspapers, has now and again been submerged in the discussion as to what books one had better read; and now, as of old, every live young man and woman will decide that question more by the fatality of his or her own nature and tastes than by the advice of any living or dead man. Still, as the new generations arise, new men are needed to give good advice to wide-awake aspiring souls; and Father O'Neil's little book must be welcomed as one of these new stars in our modern skies.

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Finding it impossible to get satisfactory printing and magazine manufacturing done in Chicago, I put the matter for this number in the hands of my old Philadelphia printers in the middle of November, 1893, but as I had to remain in the West until the holidays, final proofs were delayed till the first of January. I hope that the quality and quantity of this issue will compensate for delay and induce all old subscribers to renew and new readers to forward their subscriptions without delay. Subscriptions may be sent to or paid at either address given below.

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 100 Washington St., Chicago,
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THE GLOBE.

NO. XV.

APRIL TO JUNE, 1894.

WOMAN AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THIS article will doubtless prove a very unpopular one. It flies straight in the face of what is commonly known as the Spirit of our Day. It is utterly and awfully heterodox from the standpoint of Modern Womanhood. It absolutely shows no respect for the Susan B. Anthony or the Lady Somerset or the Frances Willard or the Kate Field gangs of modern female termagants. On the contrary, it openly avows its conviction that this much afflicted world would be better off if every mother's daughter of them were dead and decently buried out of sight and out of hearing of this universe.

In view of these assertions and the method I shall take to explain and defend them, it may be well to state that from my earliest manhood, when I stood in the small minority ranks of the abolitionists, until now, I have been and still am, in some sense, a "woman's rights man;" that is, I have always believed and I still believe, that woman, any and every woman, has stamped upon her immortal soul God Almighty's imperial seal of right to do or be whatever she can do well, or be without injury to her own physical, mental, moral or spiritual nature, and without injury to other human beings.

In the course of this article I point out what some of these are and are not; trace the effects upon womankind and mankind of the boasted independent position of women in our day; and in the name of God Almighty's love and mercy appeal to the women

of the nineteenth or the twentieth century to cease their false ambitions to be men, and try to be women and ladies for the next hundred years. But let us go to the root of the matter.

First of all I assert that the nineteenth century has not discovered or especially exalted woman or womankind, much less has our boasted American civilization made itself glorious by any such discovery or exaltation.

The old story of Eden, so much ridiculed by the strong-minded women and the atheistic men of our day, is, after all, a very lucid and true showing of the amatory and social bent of universal womankind. It is proof, moreover, that observing writers of early human history had already discovered woman—her charms and her infirmities. To my mind it is still further proof that the story itself is in some sense inspired of heaven and was from the first meant to be a sort of beacon for both sexes in their mutual marches through this world. In truth, it is still further proof that the heart of God was already fixed upon the exaltation of womanhood and that the inspired writers of the early scriptures were in full sight of all this and in perfect sympathy with the divine designs. Moreover, the sequel to the story is plain enough proof that the independence of woman, beyond a certain line of beautiful, law-abiding and helpful chastity, was never purposed of Almighty God.

Again, the story of Ruth and Naomi offers conclusive evidence that the Hebrew writers of a later generation had discovered woman, and were perfectly familiar with the lines of her true independence, honor and glory; also the stories of Esther and of the daughter of Pharaoh and of the Queen of Sheba clearly indicate that, under pre-Christian types of civilization, women of ability were naturally exalted to positions commensurate with their abilities; in truth, to positions of such power and glory as to have made them the envy of all modern womanhood.

Some of the most companionable souls the great Socrates ever found were women. Cleopatra was at once the greatest, the most cultured, the most loved, feared and honored person of her generation. Cæsar and Anthony were puppets in her magnetic bonds. A few women have always ruled the world.

In truth, universal ancient history is full of evidence that gods and men had discovered and honored the abilities of women from the dawn of human history to the day of that new dawn of divine

interference with human history whereby the final and immortal exaltation of womanhood, as well as the final and perfect glory of manhood, were to be won. The Sapphos and Hypatias of Greek and Roman literature, no less than the female pupils and companions of Epicurus and of Zeno, all testify that in olden times as well as in our day women of brains filled places equal to their gifts, and were exalted to positions compared with which the screaming, blatherskite speechifyings and platformings of the Miss Anthonys, the Miss Willards and the Lady Somersets of our times are the grotesque somersaults of female clowns.

Again, and still higher in this female flight of exaltation, Greek and Roman history no less than Greek and Roman mythology bear witness to the almost superhuman positions of ideal glory which women filled alike in the social and religious economy of those nations. In the most exalted poetry of Greek and Roman genius women figure as the equal companions of the "gods." In actual history they were the sacred priestesses of the most exclusive temples of worship. I am neither commending their temples, their worship nor the character of the vestal virgins of those temples. "There were always black sheep in the whitest flocks that ever fed on the hills of God." I am not dealing with the ethics or with the theology of ancient or modern, pagan or Christian nations, I am simply pointing out the fact that from time immemorial, and in all nations, women of any special ability, intellectual, social, executive, moral or spiritual, were lifted into positions equal to their gifts and were duly honored of "gods" and men.

Nor must it be thought for a moment that the exceptional women, whose fame has come down to us through thousands of years, were the only women so gifted and so honored in those days. Not at all. The laws of nature have not changed, and these typical women of ancient Hebrew, Greek and Roman history, whose names, vocations and honors have been embalmed in the poetry and history of those periods, were simply representative of the womanhood of those days, precisely as the screaming females of our modern woman's rights platforms are representative of the growing average of the womanhood of these days; and the exaltation and crowning of gifted women in ancient history is at once intimation and vindication of the fact that the virtues, vices, gifts and graces of the average womanhood of the old times

were somewhat akin to those mentioned and were duly honored or pitied and despised as they deserved.

Coming to Christian history I almost shrink from the dazzling brightness of the halo of glory with which the Almighty has surrounded and exalted the heart and character of womanhood.

Precisely as, by the law of eternal justice, the fall of womanhood in the ideal Eden of human existence is the key to the catastrophies of ancient history, so, by the law of eternal mercy, is the immaculate, ineffable, divine exaltation of womanhood the key to the crowning glory of Christian history; but believe me, my sisters, this exaltation did not come and is not to come through some boasted independence of woman, nor by making the average of women more mannish, hard, brutal, froward, self-assertive, but by following strictly in the line of that ideal womanhood through which the Son of God and man found loving shelter and revelation and quenchless glory for this waiting world.

In No. 10 of this Review I said the best word I shall ever say expressive of my apprehension, comprehension and ideal love and worship of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ, Mother of the chosen Child of the human race, Mother of Mercy, Mother of Redemption, Mother of God; and from out all that episode the voice of an unpublished poem comes to me here:

O my beloved one, æons of ages,
 Coming and going, shall break at my will,
 Mine are the armies of prophets and sages,
 And love is the Master Mystery still.

I do not pretend to comprehend it. I only know that in the providence of heaven over universal human history; yea, in the dominion of Almighty God over universal being and nature this motherhood of the Maiden Mary of Bethlehem is the one radiant point of all created and uncreated existence. And through it I also know that womanly obedience to the ideal development of motherhood, and the inspiration and glory it must bring to the human race, and that ideal sainthood of spiritual motherhood in the chastity and obedience to the ideal love of this Virgin Mother of God, are so much more beautiful, more forceful, more lovely, more womanly, more adorable, more lasting, more peace-giving, more angelic, flower-like, sun-like, God-like than anything that is being accomplished by the strong-minded, speech-making, journalistic, and we-want-to-vote women of these times, that while

I honor and revere all women as women, I adore the vocation of motherhood and of womanly sainthood, and pity and despise, as the mouthing of perdition, the vocation of the babbling, plat-forming, voting and short-pants women of the nineteenth century.

But let us move soberly and according to the facts.

In her article, in the last number of this Review, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams pointed out a series of facts going to show that the Catholic Church, working with the carefulness due its divine mission, and moving in the direct line of all previous human history, and on the basis of its own consciousness of the supreme fact that exalted womanhood was the key and motherhood of its own existence, had, from the dawn of its birth till now, given every opportunity for the expression, in its service, of the supreme gifts of superior women. It is also an altruism that the Church, as the voice of Christ, has changed and is slowly changing the relative attitude of man and woman in the marriage bond and in domestic life, until true Catholic women are recognized as the co-equals of men in all the domestic economy. In a word, through these nineteen hundred years of checkered Christian battle and victory the Catholic Church has always welcomed and honored the special work of especially gifted women, and has at the same time elevated the sphere of wifedom until it is becoming slowly but surely what it was meant to be in the Eden of primal love.

I go a step further and here recall to the minds of the public women of this century the fact that this same Catholic Church has taken literally millions of crude, ordinary young women out of all the worldly vocations and spheres of life, and has made educated, refined, chaste, pure, lovely, self-sacrificing, angelic women out of these untaught souls, and has made of them saints of devotion; teachers of purity, of fine scholarship and behavior; sisters of charity; nuns, nurses of the sick and dying, martyrs, heroines of silent, adorable victories; quiet, unobtrusive, often suffering sun-beams of joy and gladness; tender, watchful, enduring, patient soul-mothers of the lost and abandoned; yea has, and that she, this Church alone, has taken the lost and abandoned themselves—poor, soiled, outcast victims of the errors and passions of women and men—and has made modest, reclaimed, industrious and virtuous souls even out of these; and that in order to do all this the Catholic Church has developed thousands and thousands of especially gifted women among its various religious orders, whose

intellectual ability, whose spotless moral character, whose executive ability in all the branches of financial and educational and charitable work indicated, have been the glory of the Church and the one stainless, perpetually immaculate conception and benediction and blessing of all the world; and that these purest and most gifted women of the human race, these last two thousand years have done all this, have grown to be all this, and have died in the doing of all this as quietly as the still, roseate dawn of morning kisses the dew-drops into glory and passes on to the work of the day; to the kingdom of world-wide glory and heavenly joys.

I am simply painting, in a poor, amateur way, my estimate of the beauty of the type of womanhood Christianity has always had in mind. And I solemnly declare to you that between Mary of Bethlehem, the ideal of Catholic Christian womanhood, and the Susan B. Anthony type of independent modern womanhood, a great gulf is fixed, broad as heaven and deeper than hell; and if all the sentimental editors, parsons and churchmen in the United States should hob-nob with and spread themselves in fulsome, rhetorical praise of the advancement of civilization as seen in this latter-day type of female masculinity, the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW will oppose their notions as long as one breath of life or one ray of light remains in his body or soul.

Still, let us be calm and adhere to the facts.

I admit reluctantly, but fully, that the civilization of our time demands the active daily services of hosts of women other than those provided for by the motherhood, wifehood, sisterhood and sainthood of the Catholic Church; and that hereby hangs the story. I know it as well as you. How shall we meet it?

First, by admitting likewise that at least sixty per cent. of the entire energies of the human race is devoted, in this nineteenth century, to the work of pandering to the bodily pride and the needlessly gaudy adornment of the women of our day, and to the exorbitant financial gains secured thereby.

Second, that at least thirty per cent. of the total energies of the human race, in this same nineteenth century, is devoted to the developing of the fighting capacity, the overdressing and the transportation of the bodies of men and women, plus the exorbitant gains and the vanity of life secured in these channels, leaving only ten per cent. of the entire energies of the human race, in this same nineteenth century, for the actual mental, moral and spiritual

development of the universal manhood and womanhood of our day; and that, in the nature of things, therefore, this, our modern civilization, is an infernally physical, corrupt, imperfect, blundering, stupid, conceited, self-assertive, crude, uncivilized, wrong-headed affair, in some way to be righted, altered, changed, converted to better ways and uses, or that the devil will certainly get us; hence, that a sensible, thinking man, while admitting the facts of the new sphere of women's work, need not call this devil's arrangement divine, because Susan B. Anthony and Kate Field are "in the swim," and are getting some gratuitous advertising, by reason of their senseless screamings in the foam of this demonic storm at sea. Let us give even the devil his dues, but only fools are hoodwinked by his ancient, hypocritic majesty.

Still, let us be calm and adhere to the facts.

Granted that for the time being thousands of young girls must work in factories, in offices, in stores, must act as canvassers for the sale of useless and abominable literature, quack medicines, etc.; must enter the sphere of journalism and compete with men, as special article writers and critics, and as editorial writers, and all this because they find no other respectable way of getting bread and fashionable clothing; also in order to meet a popular demand for women's services in these spheres, and above all to develop the financial independence and the intellectual and social freedom of modern womanhood. Granted also that for the same reason women should become school teachers, lawyers, preachers, and that by reason of their advancement into these spheres of independence they have already and may still more assert themselves, and their "rights" as property owners, as citizens, voters, office holders, and that the highest offices in this nation—namely, those of state legislators, governors, members of the National Congress, the Senate; positions in the Judiciary, the Army and Navy, and the office of President of the United States—should be open to them; and I frankly confess to you that from the so-called first principles of our Declaration of Independence and our National Constitution, I know of no reason why women should not become all this and hold all these offices; and I further confess to you that as compared with the idiotic blunders of the male government of this nation, I do not think the women could do much worse than the men have already done.

But is it not well to query, if ninety per cent. of our universal

energies is given to base uses, can the average bent of this nation be pure or wise, or anything but damnable? And therefore may not this very modern necessity for the independence and the self-assertive sphere of womanhood be itself a vicious wrong? In my judgment, candidly, unreservedly, and after forty years of observation and of earnest, independent thinking on the matter, I am fully convinced that it is a fearful wrong. But we will not rest in mere opinions.

Let us candidly face the facts and follow the story. I have admitted the necessity, under existing conditions, that women should engage in the various lines of work indicated, but I question the wisdom, benevolence and practice of the existing conditions, and instead of advocating this promiscuous female employment, and glorying in the "advancement and independence of women," secured thereby, I protest that the so-called advancement is a degradation of womanhood, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, and that the boasted sphere of independence is simply a change of the sphere of dependence upon the devil and his angels rather than upon the type of heroic and true men. Christianity was meant to develop, and would develop if its principles were adhered to in any measurable degree. But we will leave man out of the question for the present, or admit, if you please, that, in the main, he is a selfish, unheroic animal, upon whom the women of the nineteenth century cannot safely depend. Of course, however, in admitting this, I also admit and claim that the man of the nineteenth century is very largely what the women of the nineteenth century have made him; in a word, that mothers and daughters and sons and husbands together have very largely become a cold, hardened, calculating, selfish brood, among whom the question, what can I get, rather than what can I give, has become the question that dominates our lives.

But let us adhere to our chosen theme. To what extent do the boasted and varied occupations of modern womanhood deteriorate and degenerate the physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature of the woman of our day? In what way does this deterioration go on? How can it be avoided? And thus a better ideal and possible attainment for woman than the ideal and attainments of our time be secured?

First of all, my experience has taught me that all grades and varieties of factory work for girls and young women have a tend-

ency to weaken and harden the physical being of womanhood ; that women who have been so engaged for any length of time have little true ability of motherhood or wifehood. By a true ability of motherhood and wifehood, I mean, first, a motherly instinct ; second, a sound physical and vital system, capable of performing the proper functions of motherhood ; and by true wifehood, I mean such simple and true and faithful and trusting disposition as will win and hold a man's affection, respect and honor. My experience teaches me that factory work for girls has a tendency to vitiate all this and leave the young women, cursed by factory occupation, very largely, human machines, good mainly for doing factory work as long as it holds and then of being pitied if not despised by a set of men developed into very much the same order of being ; and I need not add that this deterioration is deep in the mental, moral and spiritual as well as the physical being.

Again my experience teaches me that women engaged in offices, in stores, say as clerks and salesladies, very soon, though less roughly, pass through the same process, physically and æsthetically, mentally and morally, that women engaged in factories do ; that the deterioration of womanhood is just as certain, though perhaps a little slower of accomplishment. Again, I have noticed precisely the same work of degradation go on in every single instance that has come under my notice where women have become journalists, and in this sphere the effects are all the more noticable and lamentable because the young women who seek journalism as a profession are usually among the brightest women of the circles in which they move ; but among the women of this class I have noticed in all cases that the eyes slowly lose their clear, innocent brightness, that the lips very soon grow pinched and severe, voices that were sweet and soft enough to charm the ears of angels, very soon grow hard and harsh and discordant ; all indicating that, here also, as among factory girls, office girls and store girls, those finer feelings of the body and soul that make women women and differentiate true women from men, are slowly sacrificed for the trumpery accomplishments of being able to write unbalanced articles, to run a sewing machine, a typewriter, or the still coarser ability of being able to sell shoddy goods for twice their value, etc., at a small pittance per day or year.

Going still higher, into the sphere of medicine, the law, and the ministry (and it has been my good or ill fortune to meet many

women in these various professions), I have never known a single instance or never more than one or two, where the woman doctor, lawyer, or preacher, did not in a very short time cease to be a true woman and become a mere female, self-assertive, professional person, emphasizing the professional element rather than the womanly element in nearly all her thoughts, words and manners; so to my mind becoming a degraded and a degrading member of society; above all, I have found these things true of the loud, lecturing women, who as a rule seem to be a sort of cross between the ancient amazon and the modern ape, not of the highest Darwinian species either.

Of course this line of facts as I have observed them is still more painfully true of that nameless and pitiable vampire crew of females who glory in their ability as spirit mediums and christian science cranks; and we all take it for granted that the theatrical profession, as such, has always had a tendency to unwomanhood women, though often in other directions than those pointed out among the classes just named.

In truth, the single exception of public occupation for women, wherein the womanhood is sacrificed to the least degree, appears to be that of a school teacher; though the opposite of this opinion is, I believe, very generally held. But I have found, through an experience of forty years, that though female school teachers are apt, at first, to take on the precise and severe manners of the schoolmarm, they do, as a rule, make good wives and mothers when they marry, and that it is only after many years of severe application to the work of teaching that the womanhood loses its earlier softness, gentleness and charms; and even then, that the final outcome of refined mental and moral culture is much the same as in the case of those maiden ladies who have kept their first estate and have devoted their lives to the especial culture of their minds; and as far as I remember, the most accomplished of our literary women have risen largely through this sphere.

My own interpretation of this difference is that school teaching is, after all, in a sense a private occupation; that it is not subject to those sharp and rude competitions with all classes and conditions of men, that women engaged in the more public lines referred to are obliged to meet. Again, I think that the more refined and less damaging effects of school teaching, in truth, very often, the beautiful and cultured effects of the calling, are to be found in the

fact that women school teachers are brought constantly into contact with children; are, in truth, teachers of children, hence that their motherly and womanly instincts, no less than their mental faculties are constantly appealed to and in the way of being strengthened and elevated.

Hence, of all the so-called public occupations for women, whereby they are supposed to gain independence, etc., I hold that school teaching is the least to be shunned, perhaps the most to be courted and coveted; next I think comes the practice of medicine; rather the medical care of the sick, for every man and woman, of any sense and experience, knows in these days that the less medicine is practiced or given the greater the chances that the sick will recover. It is also true that, time out of mind, women have acted as midwives and nurses, and by their skill in these lines have been a perpetual blessing to mankind, without in the least unsexing themselves, that is, without blunting, dulling or destroying those finer and softer and winning and fascinating characteristics of womanhood which make women women, and differentiate them from men in all nations and races of the world.

But I hold that women preachers, lecturers, spirit-mediums and temperance and social reformers, instead of being the blessing that Susan B. Anthony, and Kate Field, and Miss Willard and Lady Somerset & Co. are supposed to be, are, in fact, a disgrace to womanhood and an insult to the true refinements of modern civilization. I am not speaking of the private but of the public lives of such women. One of the latest and worst cases of this false publicity may be found in a recent issue of *The Woman's Journal*, of Philadelphia.

As a conditioning clause to all this, however, I frankly admit the truth, palpable to all intelligent people, that in all times and nations—as in our own time and nation—but in our own time and nation no more than in other times and nations—there have been exceptional women, as well as exceptional men—women who by virtue of the kindlier or stronger mixing of the intellectual elements of parentage, have come into the world with precocious tendencies toward higher intellectual and artistic work; women whose lower faces, as you will usually find to be the case, that is, whose faces below the eyes are larger and heavier and stronger than the average type of women in their own time, women who at the same time have bolder, heavier foreheads, and a larger open-

ing for the framework of their eyes, women in a word, who, like especially great and gifted men, are born, not for the average occupations, enjoyments, uses or sufferings of their kind, but born to greater ends, and often to such martyrdoms in order to reach those ends, as render their lives and their life-work veritable sacrifices for the salvation, sometimes for the damnation, of the race. I have mentioned the names of some of these women in the earlier pages of this article. Mrs. Adams mentioned the names of several others in her article on "Woman's Liberty in the Catholic Church," printed in the last number of this Review.

Among others, in more recent times, we may mention Madame De Staël, whose inborn greatness of intellect made her a martyr to intolerable vanity; which again made her at once the most hated and admired woman of her generation: a woman whose nature could have been curbed and put to its highest uses only by an absolute obedience to the Catholic Church. George Sand, whose intellectual gifts led her to the martyrdom of unlawful sensuality: a great woman spoiled by independence and false notions of liberty. George Elliot, whose superior mental powers drew her into the clutches of life-long unlawful cohabitation with a selfish, babbling clown of a man, and so robbed her of peace and her own ideal life. Anna Dickinson, one of the most gifted and lovely near friends of my own early manhood, a choice and noble woman, whose personal, social and mental gifts led her to such public vocations as finally turned her head and embittered her against even her own blood.

I could go on and give instances in other nations and our own, of women, whose fatal birth-gifts of greatness of intellect, sometimes, yea always, of heart also, have led them, Sappho-like, to beat their winged souls against the bars of fate until death folded them in his merciful arms.

Again, I admit that with women as with men, it is most natural for the gifted among them to have hosts of imitators; but I hold that it is a part of the true work of the educators of the race not to encourage this poor imitation of greatness among girls or boys, least of all among girls, but to establish and abide by such processes of training as shall discover best to each soul his or her own true gifts, and above all to encourage girls to strive for a chaste, a sweet and lovely, fascinating, beautiful, charming, softening, angelic womanhood, motherhood, sainthood; and not to encourage girls to

be boys and mere blundering, self-assertive excuses for and imitators of men.

As to the voting craze, about which so many women are lunatics in these days, it is my opinion that, if about sixty per cent. of the votes which are supposed to rule the destinies of modern nations were burnt in hell-fires of perpetual annihilation the world might be better for the conflagration. On the other hand, I think that intelligent women whose positions as property holders, or persons of sufficient intelligence or of independent income, to share in the national taxation—whatever that may be—and it is well known that I favor an income tax alone—that such women have precisely the same right to vote as men of corresponding positions and income, but for their own sakes I doubt if they had better indulge in the luxury, at least under our democratic form of government; and as to the purification of politics or of social life by universal “woman’s suffrage,” that is one of the shallowest lunacies of our “cheap and nasty” nineteenth century newspaper civilization.

Meanwhile I am free to admit that men and women, taking a different standpoint of estimate of womanhood from mine, can find many examples of women who have excelled in the various public avocations of life and have not lost what they call their womanhood, and I only say that while I see their point of estimate, and respect it, considering the ignorance of those who take it, I want nothing to do with the women so excepted; that they have only my pity, plus my prayers, that the fates which exact certain ideal refinements from women or damn them, may be as kindly as it is possible for such fates to be under the circumstances.

In all my experience I have only known of one woman who seemed to prove an exception to the hardening effects upon womanhood of the public occupations referred to—and this was good old Lucretia Mott, an Hicksite Quakeress preacher and anti-slavery lecturer of the last generation, in Philadelphia. But she was an exceptionally well educated and a thoroughly consecrated Christian woman, whose innate delicate modesty was equal to her clear and strong intellect, and whose pious and womanly refinement kept her from the screaming extremes of her contemporary and succeeding sisterhoods.

Nevertheless, and finally, I admit that civilization being what it is to-day, and the tastes, and extravagant customs of it being what they are, thousands of school girls will try to be not only school

teachers, literary women, journalists, clerks, store girls, factory girls and women, but that it all has to be as it is, and worse and more so, until the new, world-wide revolution, now so near at hand, shall have taught us, as it will teach us, that eighty per cent. of our so-called civilization is utter barbarism and selfish brutalism; that at least sixty per cent. of the energies of womanhood now given to public occupations and to the bungling of work that men ought to do, only much better than they are doing it to-day, could be better given to a finer care of their own bodies and souls; that, with our inflated values of cheap and nasty work broken to pieces and banished to the hells they deserve, and a higher order of work in all lines exacted for less pay, and all the conditions and vocations of life pitched to a more refined and a less spendthrift and a more conscientious and manly and heroic tone of existence than now prevails, there will be no need of so much waste of womanly energies on contemptible positions in life; for men will be men again, and will gladly provide for the more modest demands made upon them, and marriage will be honorable and abiding again, and homes will be sacred, and the prostitution of womanhood to the cheap and foolish selfishness of their own tastes and of men's passions will have ceased to be.

In a word, it is clear to me that the whole tendency of the ter-magant movement of women in the nineteenth century is to degrade womanhood and to destroy mankind, that the movement has already brutalized more women, ruined more men, blasted the lives of more children, broken up more homes, been the cause of more divorces, debaucheries, prostitutions, more unfilial and unparental disgraces and disasters than all the whisky, rum, beer, tobacco and opium that have ever flooded or stupefied or befogged this planet; and my plea against the movement is not that I am opposed to the elevation of womanhood, but that my soul is pledged and sworn to oppose their degradation, and in every possible way to hold their faces and their hearts toward the refinements of earth and heaven; to keep their souls like flowers, and to lead their eyes to visions of angels and the stars.

W. H. THORNE.

THE GENIUS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

MR. STEDMAN has said that the test of poetry is not to be found in its degree of objectivity, but that it lies in the poet's inspiration, his production of beauty in sound and sense, his imagination, his passion, insight, thought and motive. It is unquestionably true that "impersonal work may be never so correct, and yet tame and ineffective," for it cannot be denied that the value of a poem lies in its power to affect the heart of the reader. The mechanical poem must ring woody, while the work of the poet who waits for "the subjects that haunt" him cannot be misinterpreted. "The more he gives us of it the more deeply we are moved. We suffer with him; he makes us sharers of his own joys."

It is this rule that must be applied to the work of every poet if we would predetermine the verdict of the test of time, and, among the modern singers, there are few who can meet every requirement of criticism as easily as they are met by Sidney Lanier. The future may accord proper appreciation to the work of this poet, but the present is too blind to his genius. Those who have heard his message have loved and admired him, however, and to-day he stands more in the light of a poet's poet.

A study of the work of Sidney Lanier presents so many important points of observation that it is difficult to condense the *critique* to the limit imposed by a single article, and, for the same reason, it is impossible to enter into the particulars of the history of his life. It may be said, however, that he was distinctively a poet of the South. Born in the sunny land, he made its life and its interests his own, from the time when he first learned to love the pine trees of Georgia until he sobbed his great soul away beneath the summer sky in North Carolina.

Although Lanier commenced his work while yet a very young man, it was many years before he had succeeded in perfecting the laws of poetic construction that governed all of his later poems. The student of his work can trace the course of gradual success in his poems, and follow, step by step, the thought that led him from one point to another. In "Sunrise" and "The Marshes of Glynn," he presented perfect illustrations of his theory, but the promise that they made was unfulfilled—death coming to place

its quietus on his labors before he could complete the study of nature that he had in prospect.

Lanier's early work did not satisfy him. He felt that he was writing at haphazard, and "trusting to his own mere taste to decide what was good." He appreciated the need of more exact methods of investigation in the scientific criticism of poetry. Music and verse were but the two species of the genus of the art of sound. There were curious melodies of speech in the English language that were "composed of exact variations of pitch so well marked as to be instantly recognized by every ear." These were not the vaguest variations of pitch, but were definite and distinct; and the exactness of these tunes that "are kept in mind for their appropriate occasions just as words are," readily suggested a possibility that afterwards found expression in the "Science of English Verse," a study that cannot be excelled by any work of its kind in existence.

Lanier conceived that the sound-relations of music and verse were the same. Verse, like music, was not dependent upon words. It impressed itself upon the mind through the medium of the ear by the means of sound, the association of ideas having no effect upon its character as verse. In other words, verse was nothing more than a collection of related sounds properly arranged. In the same way words were merely the embodiment or sign of sounds that, caught by the eye, were flashed to the ear, at last finding final lodgment, "not at all as conceptions of sight, but as conceptions of hearing." Both the eye and the ear were imaginative, and, in this province, the eye could minister to the ear, leaving a perception of sound on the mind, "not by virtue of actual vibratory impact upon the tympanum immediately preceding the perception, but by virtue of indirect causes (such as the characters of print and writing), which in any way amount to practical equivalents of such impact."

These relations of sound that had been suggested by the natural laws formed the basis of Lanier's science of verse-making. Accepting the primary statement that a formal poem is a set of sounds and silences (or of their conceptions or signs) that can be clearly perceived and compared in respect to their individual characteristics, Lanier divided sound into four particulars :

Duration, or the length of a sound ; *intensity*, or the force of a sound ; *pitch*, or the shrillness of a sound ; and *tone-color*, or the

composition of a sound. Of these all but *intensity* could be accurately estimated by the ear, so that there remained three fundamental principles to govern the classification of the effects of sound. These the poet applied to the art of verse, making an accurate classification :

“The effects ordinarily known as ‘rhythm’ depend primarily upon duration ; those known as ‘tune’ upon pitch ; those known as ‘colors’ in music, and as ‘rhymes’ and ‘alliterations’ in verse—besides many allied effects of verse which have never been named—depend upon tone-color.”

“Lanier also made a close study of the technical beauties that depend upon vowel and consonant distribution, and his

“Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure”

is not less striking than Tennyson’s perfect M-color and vowel-color :

“Of moans of doves in immemorial elms
And murmur of innumerable bees.”

Few poets have understood the full value of the phonetic syzygy. Not comprehending the necessity of conforming to the requirements of the vocal organs they have selected words that, while proper enough in one sense, are sometimes awkward. Such ignorance or negligence does not often result in the choice of those words “that melt flowingly into each other.” Tennyson and Poe have made good use of this vowel and consonant distribution, but their success, especially in the case of Poe, was more due to a refined perception of the inelegant than to the perfect familiarity with the secrets of metrical composition that was shown by Sidney Lanier during the last years of his life.

The application of the exact methods in the investigation of the art of music to the art of poetry was somewhat of an innovation in criticism, and Lanier was compelled to contend against considerable opposition. A deeper study of these laws of construction has proved that the poet was right, and that there are exact scientific laws other than those of the “classic grammarian’s table of trochees and anapests,” before which modern poetry must stand for judgment. His own poems present one of the best illustrations of the value of his theory when it is carefully applied to the making of verse, and it is to this ceaseless pursuance of an original and scientific art of construction that Lanier owes much of his reputation as one of the princes of American poesy.

Lanier's life, as well as his poetry, was highly ideal. He lived in the midst of the melodies of nature, and from this cup of pure inspiration he never ceased to drink. But in this search after the ideal he did not lose his love of life. His rare catholicity of spirit kept him in sympathy with the world and its people. He could implore the trees to

"pray me a myriad prayer,"

but he never forgot that poetry "is the choicest expression of human life," and even in his most imaginative poems the ideal beauty that he finds within his soul as well as in all nature is interwoven with the sweetest of human sympathy. It is this *vox humana* that has given force to his poems so that they are not mere artistic chiselings of cold marble, but they ring with the strength that comes from a deep love of life, and love, and beauty, and all that is pure and good. If the songs are sometimes sad it is because the poet has written his great soul into his verse, and has stamped it with an individualism that makes a study of his work a study of his life.

Poe defined poetry as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," and this may be accepted as a statement that, while more or less broad is quite logical. Beauty in poetry does not mean the mere individual attractiveness of a poem. The metrical creation that is smooth and flowing of rhythm may not be altogether beautiful. Such a poem might better be termed "correct," for "beauty" implies fidelity to other ideals that are quite as important as grace and technical perfection. Lanier realized this, and the term "beauty" may be applied to his poems more often than to the work of almost any other American poet.

William Hayes Ward, Lanier's biographer, has given us an account of the poet's ancestry, and it is not difficult to imagine that he was born and bred in an atmosphere that greatly facilitated the growth of the artistic in his temperament. His father was descended from one of the oldest families of the South—a family that was related by marriage with Washington. His mother's family occupied a similar social position, and many of her ancestors had been gifted in music, poetry and oratory.

If there is any truth in the theory of the transmission of character and genius from one generation to another, Lanier was born under the most favorable circumstances. The influence of an ideal

home life tended to a culture and refinement that every poetic soul demands. In his college life he was exceptionally favored, and it is not surprising that he had already discovered his genius when he was but eighteen years old. Although he first contemplated a musical career, his college notebook shows that he soon turned to the more promising field of literature. Mr. Ward quotes a few sentences from this book. The boy had been discussing the most important question of his soul—his own life-work—with himself. Then he says:

“The point which I wish to settle is merely, by what method shall I ascertain what I am fit for, as preliminary to ascertaining God’s will with reference to me; or what my inclinations are, as preliminary to ascertaining what my capacities are, that is, what I am fit for. I am more than all perplexed by this fact, that the prime inclination, that is, natural bent (which I have checked, though) of my nature is to music; and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer. But I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician, because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things which, it seems to me, I might do. Question here, what is the province of music in the economy of the world?”

This was not the prating of a youthful egotist. It was the sublime aspiration of a great soul seeking to find the right way in the maze of life by which it was surrounded. Those who hold that a man should be silent respecting his own abilities have raised a false standard. The man who knows that he can do good work in any field of art is false to himself if he refuses to admit that he possesses this power. Such conduct would deserve to be regarded as affectation, if not to be rated under the more opprobrious head of hypocrisy. The admissions that the young poet made so freely were strictly honest. He knew that he was gifted above his fellows, and he scorned to relegate his genius to a lower standard.

At the breaking out of the war Lanier enlisted, and he fought through the four years’ struggle. “The tyranny and Christlessness of war” was very oppressive to him, but he did what he regarded as his duty, and he did it well. Here, again, his great soul asserted itself. Where others were selfish and thoughtless, he was ever mindful of others. He even refused the opportunities for promo-

tion because he felt that it was his duty to remain near his younger brother, and his horror of the "unhealthy odors of the plant" of war did not make him any less brave or zealous.

The remainder of his life was one long battle with the dread foe that he had contracted in the army, the insidious consumption. Hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. From one State to another he fled, seeking to find his lost health amid "pine breaths and clover blossoms," and, in the midst of this, another struggle incessantly continued. The name of Lanier was practically unknown. His methods of composition were new. Editors would not pay him for his poems, for the readers could not appreciate them. But Lanier would not "fit his wares" to the demand of the public. He wrote to his wife:

"Have then . . . no fears nor anxieties in my behalf; look upon all my disappointments as mere witnesses that art has no enemy so unrelenting as cleverness. It is of little consequence whether *I* fail; the *I* in the matter is a small business: '*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre!*' quoth Danton; which is to say, interpreted by my environment: Let my name perish—the poetry is good poetry and the music is good music, and beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it."

Giving to his work all the force that his strength would permit, he was willing to leave the reward to time that judges all things wisely. His courage never deserted him. He knew that he was right, and, although he was unable to provide his family with anything more than the mere necessities of life, he remained true to his ideal, becoming more and more familiar with the inestimable possibilities of his theory, gaining confidence in his own powers with each new success, bearing each new disappointment with indomitable patience, ever seeking to crystallize his theory of formal verse, and to introduce his readers to the truly artistic side of the art of poetry.

At last the end came. He wrote his greatest poem when he was too feeble to raise his food to his mouth, and its last stanza will ring out forever as the requiem of the dying poet:

"Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,

And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
 And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
 Labor, at leisure, in art, till yonder beside thee,
 My soul shall float, friend Sun,
 The day being done."

While the four poems that appear as the "Hymns of the Marshes" represent the last and greatest triumphs of Lanier's theory, many of his other poems are quite as important and as worthy of attention. Even his "unrevised early poems" bear the mark of the true poet, and as Mrs. Lanier says in her introductory note, they are valuable "as examples of his youthful spirit, his earlier methods and his instructive growth." It is to his later poems that we must turn, however. They are the exponents of the poet teaching, and it would be unfair to attempt to judge him as an artist from any other standard.

"Corn," which was one of the first poems that attracted particular attention to Lanier, appeared in 1874. It is a perfect picture of nature, with such exquisite poetic harmonies and such truthful simplicity that the reader can close his eyes and see

—"the zigzag-cornered fence
 Where sassafras, intrrenched in brambles dense,
 Contests with stolid vehemence
 The march of culture, setting limb and thorn
 As pikes against the army of the corn."

Such a natural and delicate word-picture could not pass unnoticed, and its success opened the way for the more mature work that followed. When Lanier was selected to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition, his name was first brought to the notice of the general public. When his words were prematurely published, however, his public laughed at him. The critics failed to realize one most essential fact: That the words were written by a poet-musician who fully understood the close relationship between music and verse, and they proceeded to judge of the merit of the words without regard to the orchestral score. When this masterful composition is read in the light in which it was written one cannot but admire the courage of the poet who remained so true to his ideal in the face of the jeers of an unsympathetic world.

In the "Symphony" and the "Psalm of the West," that appeared at about the same time with the cantata, Lanier estab-

lished his right to the title of poet. The "Symphony" is one long delight to the lover of poetry and music, for Lanier has caught the messages of the orchestral melody and has immortalized them in his original verse. The poem is not only a poem, it is a symphony. All through the verse the reader can detect the sounds of the instruments; the "All for love" delicate melody of the violin; the "heartsome voice of mellow scorn" of the "bold" and "straightforward" horn, and the dainty imaginings that are suggested by the wordless songs of the instruments make the poem appear more like a dream of the ideal than a reality. Of these I will quote but one:

" But presently
 A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
 Upon the bosom of that harmony,
 And sailed and sailed incessantly,
 As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
 Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
 And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
 And clarified and glorified
 The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
 From the warm concave of that fluted note
 Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float,
 As if a rose might somehow be a throat ;
 ' When Nature from her far-off glen
 Flutes her soft messages to men,
 The flute can say them o'er again ;
 Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
 Breathes through life's strident polyphone
 The flute-voice in the world of tone.' "

The latent possibilities in the scheme of the cantata must have appealed very strongly to Lanier, for the "Psalm of the West" is the original idea considerably enlarged. The two poems bear a marked resemblance to each other, however. Both are mainly historical and treat of the immortal glories of this new world. That Lanier was a true son of the Republic, and that he loved the land of his birth with all the force of his ardent, patriotic nature, is shown in every verse of the great poems. Notwithstanding this fact the cantata cannot be compared to the "Psalm of the West." The two works were written under different circumstances. In writing the cantata the poet was necessarily restricted to certain limitations that did not present themselves in the poem, and he was able to take the stern historical facts and make them

even more luminous with his dainty touch. The reader who follows Lanier from the voyages of the Norsemen to the heroic deeds of the Revolutionary patriots will learn to appreciate the story of American history as it is seldom appreciated by the ordinary student. His Columbus sonnets are particularly graphic. The poet takes the bold mariner at Palos and follows him in his course across the unknown ocean. For a moment it is Lanier himself who is on the deck of the little wave-tossed vessel, and, as he makes the thoughts, the hopes, the fears and the final success of the great navigator all his own, he succeeds in presenting a picture that may be said to have attained the height of the realistic. The last sonnet is not more striking than those that precede it, but lack of space makes it impossible to quote more than one:

" I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
 From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
 Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light!
 Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
 I, prithee, stand and gaze about the sea;
 What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
 Well, Sanchez of Segovia, come and try;
 What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
 Well! but *I* saw it. Wait! the "Pinta's" gun!
 Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear; 'tis done!
 Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
 God's East—mine, West; good friends, behold my land!"

The "Florida Sunday" is one of Lanier's most beautiful nature poems. The breath of the Southland seems to be present in the verses. It is a day of subtle quiet. A "divine tranquillity" pervades the very air of the semi-tropics, while even the

" Long lissome coast that in and outward swerves,"
 appeals to the heart as—

" The grace of God made manifest in curves."

"Tampa Robins," "The Bee," "A Song of Love," "Clover," "Owl Against Robin," and the "Evening Song" are among Lanier's most beautiful poems, while "My Springs" and "Special Pleadings" are songs that sprang from the depth of the poet's heart. One stanza of "Special Pleading" is particularly touching:

"Sweet Sometime, fly fast to me ;
 Poor Now-time sits in the Lonesome-tree
 And broods as gray as any dove,
 And calls, *When wilt thou come, O Love?*
 And pleads across the waste to thee."

The last stanza of "My Springs," a poem that was written to his wife, is none the less charming and effective :

"Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
 Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
 —I marvel that God made you mine,
 For when He frowns 'tis then ye shine !"

"The Revenge of Hamish" is a most artistic legendary poem, very difficult of execution but extremely fascinating, and the "Hard Times in Elfland" is one of the most dainty domestic poems in the English language, although the reader is not able to enjoy the quaint humor as thoroughly as he would if he knew that the incident had no foundation in fact. The poem has a touch of realism which suggests that Lanier was one of those noble souls who can smile in the face of misfortune. When we have read the sad story of the poet's life we would not be surprised to hear him say, in the words of the poem :

"Dear boys, *don't* look for much this year :
 Remember, Santa Claus is sick !"

Mr. Ward claims that Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee" deserves a place beside the "Brook." "It strikes a higher key," he says, "and is scarcely less musical." One who reads the exquisite melody will not be prepared to deny this assertion, broad as it is.

"All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
 The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here on the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

It is "Sunrise," "The Marshes of Glynn," "At Sunset," and "Individuality" that are all Lanier, however. Who but this great and true poet could have painted this picture so clearly ?

"Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
 The vast sweet visage of space.
 To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
 Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
 For a mete and a mark
 To the forest-dark :—

So :

Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
 Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
 (Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)
 Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
 On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea."

Or these passages from "Sunrise" ?

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
 Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
 Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
 Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves.

O, rain me down from your darks that contain me
 Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
 Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
 That advise me of more than they bring,—I repeat
 Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
 From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
 Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
 The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
 And there, oh there
 As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
 Pray me a myriad prayer."

"Oh, what if a sound should be made !

Oh, what if a bound should be laid
 To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence a-spring,
 To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string !
 I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
 Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,—
 Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
 Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
 Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound, or a motion made."

It is difficult to formulate the rules for producing these dainty word-effects on which the ear loves to dwell, and which are the result of a "deft marshaling of consonants and vowels, so that

they shall add their suppler and subtler reinforcement to the steady infantry tramp of rhythm." Lanier was a master of the delicate effects that depend upon the use of liquids and fricatives, and the progressive position of the organs of articulation, but it is an art within the art of poetry that cannot be learned by rule and law. The poet to whom the gift is given will possess the wonderful power in all its fulness, but he who obtains the effect by rule and not by intuition can only expect a certain degree of success.

Passing Lanier's dialect poetry, which is humorous, characteristic, and entertaining, but scarcely worthy an extended notice at this time, it will be important to glance for a moment at the religious spirit in his verse. The readers of American poetry have been disappointed so many times when this test has been applied to the work of the native poets, that it is a pleasure to turn to the deep, refreshing tones of Lanier's poems. Even Longfellow has failed to affect the human heart as it is affected by Lanier's simple utterances. While it would be difficult to locate Lanier within the fold of any sect, he shows the deepest love for the Saviour of mankind, and a most perfect realization of the relative positions of the Creator and His children :

"The Master, with His lucent hand
Pinched up the atom hills and plains
O'er all the moiety of land
The ocean-bounded West contains :
The dust lay dead upon the calm
And mighty middle of His palm.

"And lo! He wrought full tenderly,
And lo! He wrought with love and might,
And lo! He wrought a thing to see
Was marvel in His peoples' sight :
He wrought His image dead and small,
A nothing fashioned like an All."

It would have been like Lanier to have uttered the words that Mr. Stedman credits to one of the Victorian poets,—“What an imagination God has!” for he loved to think of Him and His wonderful attributes.

In the “Ballad of Trees and the Master,” that sweet thought to a lover of trees, Lanier shows the same sweet, reverential spirit and deep perception :

“Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent.

Into the woods my Master came,
 Forespent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him,
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him :
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.

“ Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When death and shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last :
 ’Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
 When out of the woods He came.”

How much more depth there is in these little melodies than there is in the “classic” and stilted attempts at reverential verse that are affected by so many of our wordly-wise latter-day poets.

The charm of Lanier’s poetry is that it is as sweet and simple as his religious fervor. While he remained true to his original technical system of verse it did not prove to be a restriction to him. As a true poet he worked with beauty, his love of nature was that of a poetic soul who had been reared far from the city. He knew the fields, the forests, the ocean, the marshes, and the air itself, as dear companions who loved him as he loved them, and who whispered beautiful thoughts, that he alone could understand, in his listening ears. This intimacy with the secrets of nature cannot be evoked from the imagination. But the poet who is blessed with this gift is indeed a poet. To him the heart of nature is like an open book. The soul of mankind speaks to him with an audible voice. His imaginings are true,—not stilted,—and effective. It is such an one to whom Lanier refers when he says :

“ My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell ; he shall play ball with the earth ; and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy’s he shall still be taller than the great redwoods of California ; his height shall be the height of great resolution, and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation ; his head shall be forever among the stars.”

If Lanier was not such a poet America has yet to listen to the inspired words, for a reward that is not deserved by his genius can never be meted out to Lowell, to Longfellow, or to Whittier.

When we think of Lanier's work and the manner in which it was accomplished, however, our love and admiration for the poet increases. His opportunities were so slender, his life was so short. And yet, notwithstanding the continual battle that he waged with poverty and consumption, he lived and died true to himself and true to his art, winning, against every opposition, a name that time will make more glorious, until it stands as one of the brightest in the history of American poetry. If there ever was a hero, Sidney Lanier was a hero. If there ever was a poet, Sidney Lanier was a poet.

JOHN RICHARD MEADER.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

CHAPTER III.—THE GENIUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

I AM well aware that to the eyes of modern worldly literature many things published in the *GLOBE REVIEW* look unreasonable, and even treasonable to the civilization of the nineteenth century. From the first it has been my fixed purpose that they should look so; and I have been expecting that, in accordance with a suggestion in the *Boston Herald's* last notice of the *GLOBE*, certain dudes and ghosts might rise up and thrash me. But, bless their dear hearts, who cares for their single eye-glasses or their unbleached spirit-forms? In truth, the best of the dead as well as of the living are with me.

In founding *THE GLOBE* I believed, and I still believe, a single page of intelligent criticism to be of more value than a whole stack of hack journalism and socinian sermons. I am simply aiming at intelligent criticism; and it has long looked clear to me that from the earnest, though mistaken faith of the New England witch-burners to the faith of modern seances and the literature of such, was no greater fall than was taken downward in the higher spheres, so-called, from Jonathan Edwards and Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne, to Joseph Cook, M. J. Savage and T. B. Aldrich.

Edwards and his set had faith, clearness, strength, depth, sincerity, conviction, hope; believed in God, in justice, and went about their Father's business as children with some reverence for the past and some purpose to make the future better and truer than the immediate past had been. Emerson had sight, new sight, first sight of nature's truth and laws; was a chaste spirit and of a beautiful candor, was in some sense an angel dropped from the clouds of Puritan and Pilgrim fires; still he was in no sense the god he has been painted by Boston literary chromo-lithographers. Hawthorne had the literary art and culture and power that came of true genius, nourished and fed by good birth, good breeding, good reading, independence of mind and conquered leisure for the maturing of facts and ideas. Joseph Cook is brimful of sound and sophistry and rhetoric, all crowned with a sort of dictionary and magazine statistic learning, but apparently without insight even into his own contradictions, and without sincerity, depth or hope of any kind except to make money and induce people to stare at his insane extravagances. M. J. Savage, of Boston and New England fame, is the slimmest, sentimental, would-be æsthetic-scientific, socinian and new ethical religious nobody ever heard of outside the circle of decorous pew-renters of an ordinary Puritan meeting-house; but a very nice gentleman in his own sphere. And Mr. T. B. Aldrich is to Nathaniel Hawthorne about as the latest plaques and fancy sketches of the Boston Tile Club are to the Sistine Madonna of Raphael or the best lines in the "Tempest."

The bed-rock, soul and marrow, and eternal mistake of all these new young gentlemen is that of Browning's "Pambo"; they seem to think that wisdom is to be found without practicing it; that art is a mere daubing with paint or with words; that the age of martyrdom and vicarious redemption by carrying the cross one's self, or working or speaking like men; in fact, that all sorts of serious undertakings are at an end in this world; and that all there is to do now is to hurl rhetoric at sleepy audiences, to hang socinian tapestries before the cross of history, or to write a few pretty lines "after the manner" of Arnold, or Swinburne, or Tennyson, or Browning, and to fling perpetual incense at Emerson and Longfellow, not to speak of kneeling down in æsthetic worship before the dainty humorist of the "Biglow Papers," or the medical "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

The autocrat was very good for an amateur and for amateur readers. But my advice to these young men and their coadjutors who apologize for them and praise them is to chew pebbles, eat electric wires, feed on Goodyear rubber, butt the Bunker Hill monument, stop voting and writing for a decade and do something, anything to give themselves character and a mind of their own, remembering always that lightning never strikes the same place twice; that there never was and never will be but one Emerson or Longfellow, and that to ape them is as bad as aping the old ghosts in the seances.

An earthquake, a new Christ with cat-o'-nine tails, anything to shake the average conceit and nonsense out of modern New England vanity and whip its acknowledged latent power into life again, would seem to be of more service in Boston in these years than a million ballot-boxes for each citizen, male and female, or any amount of E. E. Hale's mere slippery and slovenly moral moonshine.

Born in 1703, and settled in Northampton, Mass., in 1727, Jonathan Edwards was driven out of New England precisely on the same ground that Ann Hutchinson was banished two generations earlier; that is, because he believed, saw and taught, as all true teachers since the days of St. Paul have believed and taught, that man's salvation from selfishness and his own innate hell, not to speak of a future hell at all, was by the grace of God and a new, pure gift from heaven. I find that some penciled notes of mine made many years ago on the liberal margins of Prof. H. B. Smith's "History of the Church of Christ" read as follows:

"The Pilgrims were skeptics, driven out by certain wax noses and the devil, then the main occupants of the Puritan Church of Christ. Edwards was a Pilgrim, driven out by the devil in the New England Church and received by the wax noses at Princeton College." So Providence kept up the equilibrium. Edwards thought more and knew more of man's spiritual and moral nature and relations in a year than Emerson and President Elliot and President McCosh combined and shaken together in the spirit world for a thousand generations will know throughout eternity.

From 1650 to 1850 there were at least two hundred New England writers, professors and what not, most of them famous in their day, and many of them worshiped as God-like men of immortal wisdom. It is now seen that among all these, including

Emerson, hardly a man, except the elder Edwards, took anything more than a superficial view of the moral and spiritual life of man as related to the moral order and laws of the universe. Yet Emerson and Channing were lovely and lucid in their chosen and narrow spheres. I speak advisedly.

In truth, however, it is not at all certain that the much boasted supremacy of the New England intellect and culture, even in the late or golden Emersonian age, will hold in history. I am inclined to think that Albert Barnes, author of "Barnes' Notes" and other purely Calvinistic religious works, and founder of the New School Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia and America, was of deeper and clearer and better trained intellect than Waldo Emerson; that he did more permanent work with it; and in person and character and manners he was just such another dainty, delicate, fine and beautiful nature. I knew and have talked with both these men, and have studied their works with love and reverence for more than a quarter of a century.

On this point the true form of inquiry eventually will be: Was Albert Barnes in his life and work as much of an advance beyond the average New York and Pennsylvania Presbyterianism of his generation as Waldo Emerson was an advance beyond the average New England Unitarianism of his generation; that is, which of the two men had the clearer, deeper and truer view of the moral and divine order of nature and history? and not at all which of them said the most catching, popular or startling things in his day? I am not here attempting to answer this question. I know too well the merits and divine power and loveliness of the two men to be dogmatic in the case. I need hardly add that the cheap critics of the newspapers, and the mere fiction writers of the present generation are in the nature of things incapable of deciding this question, or of contributing a single thought toward its proper solution. They are not built that way. Truth and the soul of man are not their specialties, but rather cant and the pockets of men. Still it is worth while recalling that the man of clearest spiritual force is the man who contributes most to the intellectual and other liberty of the human race.

One has but to look into Emerson's ancestry and feel the pulse of the New England atmosphere in his early days to learn that it was as natural then and there for clever people to talk transcendental philosophy by the hour or week as it was for them to keep

their faces and shoes clean and to understand good housekeeping. And if socinian and other New England people will study Albert Barnes as honestly and lovingly as I have studied Emerson they may find that their perpetual face-making at the doctrine, for instance, of the atonement, comes mainly from the weakness of their own facial and cranial muscles. The eternal trouble with New England new-lightism especially has been and is its insular and unc cosmopolitan nature and training.

No man has ever yet written such stories as Nathaniel Hawthorne. I will not wander out of the English speech, not even out of the American brotherhood, except for a moment to say that it seems to me Thackeray is the only man of the English-speaking race that has approached Nathaniel Hawthorne in the lucidity, power and beauty of his stories, and I unhesitatingly give the American the highest place of the two. Dickens and Scott and George Eliot were mere long-winded babblers beside them. Any one chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's is worth all that Holmes and Lowell and Howells and James have ever written. Hawthorne's is literature; theirs, with exceptional lines and verses, is mechanical talk, said over a thousand times by hundreds of nobodies in all parts and ages of the world.

And what did contemporary New England do with Hawthorne? May God forgive her, I never can. Any mere stone mason can build the sepulchres of the prophets. What I mean is that New England did not crown, honor and reward Hawthorne as she should have done, and did not follow in the line of his exquisite genius. Of course New England bought the "Scarlet Letter," and gazed with some complacent admiration at least toward the divine creative spirit at the root of it all. But she did not give the author enough to eat, and she let him die almost alone. Through near friendship he got a poor place in the government employ, was soon discharged, and the publishers no doubt received the lion-share of the proceeds of his books and brains. That is natural, of course, considering the liberal and cultured spirit of his age and ours.

A wasted harlot may still gaze with admiration upon the Apollo of immortal beauty, may even pay her quarter to see him, and shed a tear over his divine grace so far above her; but she would not practice the virtues of motherhood; she preferred "sinfire" instead.

Following this line of thought I am quite sure that Dr. S. Weir

Mitchell's novels are much stronger and more finished than are those of Dr. Holmes, and will outlive the work of the Boston man. Dr. Mitchell's poems are also infinitely more poetic than those of Dr. Holmes, that is, they are poetry, while Dr. Holmes never wrote a line of real poetry. True poetry is always original, inspired. Dr. Holmes' poetry is very much like that of Pope and Dryden: borrowed, imitative, stilted, unnatural, measured out like so many quarts of nutmegs; yet the Doctor is brilliant in the medico-chatty sphere where he is at home.

Here is a glimpse of "The Chambered Nautilus," by Dr. O. W. Holmes:

This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main;
The venturous barque that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-naiads rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed;
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

* * * * *

I call this thoughtful and beautiful prose, but not poetry, except as it is given in measured lines. And here is a glimpse of "Camp Fire Lyrics: Noonday Woods," Nepigon, by Dr. Mitchell:

Between thin fingers of the pine
The fluid gold of sunlight slips,
And through the Tamarisk's gray green fringe
Upon the level birch leaves drips.

Through all the still, moist, forest air,
Slow trickles down the soft warm sheen,
And flecks the branching wood of ferns
With tender tints of pallid green.

To rest there close to mouldered trunks
 The red and purple berries lie,
 Where tiny jungles of the moss
 Their tropic forests rear on high.

Fast, fast asleep the woodland rests,
 Stirs not the Tamarisk's topmost sheaf,
 And slow the subtle sunlight glides
 With noiseless step from leaf to leaf.

And lo, he comes! the fairy prince,
 The heir of richer, softer strands;
 A summer guest of sterner climes,
 He moves across the vassal lands.

And lo, he comes! the fairy prince,
 The joyous sweet south-western breeze;
 He bounds across the dreaming lake,
 And bends to kiss the startled trees.

Till all the woodland wakes to life,
 The pheasant chirps, the chipmunks cry,
 And scattered flakes of golden light
 Athwart the dark wood-spaces fly.

* * * * *

Dr. Mitchell has the good sense to admit that in the lines of literature and poetry he is an amateur, but it is doubtful if any New England man has had a modest thought of himself during the last seventy-five years. Still the muse, like nature, is an exacting mistress, and lavishes her finest charms only on the gentlemen wholly devoted to her.

It is with poets and poetry, as with other matters: our ideas depend upon the quality and scope of our own faculties, our basis of estimate, the scope of our reading and our point of vision, whether large and free or small and prejudiced, and in the exact measure of these things. As I see it, the second generation, say the second forty years of the nineteenth century, developed but four really great poets in the English-speaking race: Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Swinburne and Richard Realf—the latter by far the most incomparable genius of the four, but wrenched and twisted into suicidal courses, finally into actual suicide by the average lying prostitution and the prevailing, unprincipled, low-bredisms of the land of his adoption and of the age that killed him; which land and age in his ardent enthusiasm he helped to save; a man fit to shine with ineffable splendor

among God's purest angels, but who was chained to termagants and demons, and yet who, in spite of his companions, nay, perhaps, by aid of their putridity, sang the divinest songs that have ever been sung by mortal man.

These men were not of the calibre of our Homers, Sophocles, Dantes, Shakespeares, Goethes and Hugos, yet in some respect they represent a finer order of genius, and in some ways are finer measures of the lucider and larger human faiths and accomplishments now dawning on the world. In Old England or New England there have been no other great poets since Byron and Shelley and Burns. Elizabeth Browning and Jean Ingelow, and Henry Longfellow and John Whittier were all choice souls, attuned to music, but lacking in the larger faith and faculties, as also lacking in that absolute culture and mastery of the faculties necessary to the utterance of sustained and perfect poetry. Worship them by all means if you will; they are at least our second best; but do not allow your idolatry to interfere with that true worship which under one disguised incarnation or another adores only the perfectly divine.

There are beautiful lines in "Lucile," strong passages in "Festus," but the age is forgetting the poetry and poetic claims of Meredith and Baily as readily as it is forgetting the poetry of Martin Tupper, W. C. Bryant and J. G. Holland; still the "Proverbial Philosophy" and "Bitter Sweet" had literally millions of worshipers within the memory of men still young, and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has been lauded to the skies. It all depends on the calibre of our own faculties and on our own special point of view.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell once said to me, "great critics are rarer than great poets," but he must have meant such great poets as Matthew Arnold, John Morris, James Lowell or Dr. Holmes, whose poetry is as dry and stilted as their own lives and as lacking in faith, moisture, native pulse and just sight of nature as the preaching of the average modern socinian or other parson is apt to be lacking in sincerity and inspiration.

There are stray gleams of poetic strength among the coarse and brutal crudities of Whitman's quasi-idiotic verbosity. George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, had in him the making of a true poet, a greater poet than Longfellow, but he was choked with wealth and worldliness. Edgar Poe was the rarest poetic genius ever born in

America, but he was cursed, like Realf, with the necessity of hack work, though unlike Realf he never rose above his debauchery.

In the absence of prophets these are our modern literary guides of the world. I take little note of mere occult, that is, literally and always untaught, uncultured, conceited, rat-hole cranks called spiritualistic philosophers. If they were all with their books and newspapers burnt in hell to-morrow they "never would be missed."

Lack of information is not a crime, but it is a crime to sit on a few old tripods in Boston winking at Concord and Cambridge idols and crying down and rejecting such daylight of nature as is burning in other than Boston and Cambridge brains and their productions. Time and space would fail me here were I to speak of the Thomases, Grosses, Furnesses, Seilhamers, Woods, Garrettsons and others, whose professional works and books in general literature have made Philadelphians famous in everything except in mere self-esteem.

Every earnest student of American dramatic poetry knows that George Boker was a far more accomplished poet than James Russell Lowell. There are touches in the "Biglow Papers" almost as unique as Burns, but Mr. Lowell's muse was too vain to sing its native Yankee wit, and taking to visions of "St. Launfal" and other saints was lost in the midst of incense neither human nor divine, a sort of socinian smoke of battle, mixed with fumes of mammon fires and sheer, stuffy, practical yankeeism, such as he himself ridiculed in his *earlier and better days*.

Either with or against his will Mr. Lowell was simply a humorist. "Nasby and "Mark Twain" would have been mere humorists for pugilists and butchers and ranchmen if Lowell had followed the true vein of his earlier and real genius.

The following lines by Mr. Lowell, published in February, 1887, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and reaching me for the first time just two days after the above sentence was written, tend, I think, to confirm my estimate:

I don't object, not I, to know
 My sires were monkeys, if 't was so ;
 I touch my ear's collusive tip
 And own the poor relationship.
 That apes of various shapes and sizes
 Contained their germs that all the prizes
 Of Senate, Pulpit, Camp, and Bar win
 May give us hopes that sweeten Darwin.

Who knows but from our loins may spring
 (Long hence) some winged sweet-throated thing
 As much superior to us
 As we to Cynocephalus?

This is consoling, but, alas,
 It wipes no dimness from the glass
 Where I am flattening my poor nose,
 In hope to see beyond my toes.
 Though I accept my pedigree,
 Yet where, pray tell me, is the key
 That should unlock a private door
 To the Great Mystery, such no more?
 Each offers his, but one nor all
 Are much persuasive with the wall
 That rises now, as long ago,
 Between I wonder and I know,
 Nor will vouchsafe a pin-hole peep
 At the veiled Isis in its keep.
 Where is no door, I but produce
 My key to find it of no use.
 Yet better keep it, after all,
 Since Nature's economical,
 And who can tell but some fine day
 (If it occur to her) she may,
 In her good-will to you and me,
 Make door and lock to match the key?

The last line being but a poor echo of the long famous "Mikado," which with biting wit "makes the punishment fit the crime." Mr. Lowell was always a wit; nothing more; a genteel wit, who, had he kept himself from "idols" and his heart and head and hand free, and had treated Darwin and Herbert Spencer and Joseph Cook, not to speak of Ingersoll and the Forty-ninth Congress, all rare subjects of wit, with half the humor he gave to Hosea Biglow, or half the pathos with which he touched the inimitable Zickell, who "crept up all unbeknown and peeked in through the winder," might at least have kept our modern "tables in a roar" for three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. But now how flat, stale and unprofitable is the total outcome of his work.

I have friends who claim that Lowell was a great critic if not a great poet. He was a great critic of the early Yankee political genius, but did not follow the bent of his own mind, and American literary judgment was not generally advanced enough to produce a great critic when the *Dial* and the *Atlantic* and the *North Ameri-*

can Review were started. A writer is a great critic only as he or she follows his or her native intellect. Hawthorne's few literary judgments are worth a world full of Lowell's *North American Review* and other labored, rhetorical and imitative book reviews. It is a native greatness of mind and soul, with some loyalty to strict truth, that produces great work in any line.

To press still higher into the New England circle, where the muse did not sit in dust and ashes with folded and plucked wings or hide behind the arras of English aristocracy, but did soar skyward and soulward, as in Longfellow's "Excelsior," "Footsteps of Angels," "Voices of the Night," and in "Evangeline," inspired it would seem, in the latter instance, by Hawthorne's graphic narration—it being said that Hawthorne told Longfellow the story—and again, in Whittier's "Snowbound" and minor poems. I am perfectly sure that there was more poetic genius in one year, in the souls and utterances of Edgar Allen Poe and Sidney Lanier, both from little Baltimore and our benighted Middle and Southern States fraternity, than could have been generated in or evolved out of Longfellow and Whittier in a thousand years. Again I beg your pardon, and pass on.

Of course the New England singers, being Yankees (I use the word always as being the best generic word for New England), and practical, and saving, and industrious and wise, making to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and taking care of their own natures and earnings, were what is called successful, while the Baltimore men, being unhealthy, uncared for, erratic, died like all martyrs to the new ray of light the world needs, but in its conceited cussedness will not open its eyes to let in, and, above all, will not pay for.

I hold that Poe and Lanier were as literally martyrs to the cause of American culture as John Brown and Lincoln, and the million brave men who died on the field, were martyrs to the cause of American liberty. But when you find a modern New England poet or preacher playing voluntary martyr, know that the long-looked-for millennium is near at hand; that Plymouth Rock, grown tired of Hasty Pudding, has pounded itself in new mortars, and reinstated its soul in the old thoughts out of which John Cotton, Ann Hutchinson and Jonathan Edwards were born and born again.

I will not name Richard Realf in any comparison with the pets

of New England, for while he wrote the divinest poetry ever breathed on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and in one sense, the ripest poetry of all time, he was of English birth, a mere hack journalist of the Middle States by profession, and died, as the fool dieth, by his own hand, while trying to serve God and mammon, and while bearing a burden too heavy for mortal man.

But though I am not here dealing with the genius of Old England or the Old World at all, we will, for rest and change, step out of "this provoking chapter" to the music of a few lines from the last martyr named :

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

* * * * *

O Earth ! thou hast not any wind that blows
 Which is not music ; every weed of thine
 Pressed rightly flows in aromatic wine ;
 And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
 And every little brown bird that doth sing,
 Hath something greater than itself, and bears
 A living Word to every living thing,
 Albeit, it hold the Message unawares.
 All shapes and sounds have something which is not
 Of them ; a Spirit broods amid the grass,
 Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
 Lie in the melting shadows as they pass ;
 The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
 The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

P. S.—I need hardly explain that this whole series of papers upon New England, with the exception of modernizing lines added here and there, for their present publication, and that these references to Richard Realf were all written years before I founded

the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and hence before I had dreamed of becoming a member of the Catholic Church ; and as to their having in them any personal bitterness toward New England, as some critics have claimed, that is the mere chatter of children and of clowns.

W. H. THORNE.

THE LITERARY QUESTION AT THE WEST.

It may happen that a man is the voice of a country or a period. He may stand so related to the thought which is moulding the time that when he speaks the listener understands the communication is far more than an individual expression of opinion. The world, however, appears to be so constructed that it usually refuses to accord to its prophet the recognition which he feels to be his due. The object which his forth-reaching insight holds up religiously and vehemently may be the emancipation from galling bondages or the prospective enjoyment of various ameliorating conditions, but the recipient of all these benefits proceeds stolidly and indifferently on his ruinous way. Indeed, often the person to be loaded with kindnesses is wholly unconscious of the many disabilities under which he is said to writhe and groan, and refuses to be admitted into the paradise alluringly disclosed before him. Somebody is always sure to find the existing arrangement of things all wrong, and the other person is quite as ready to believe that the method of improvement is the one which general experience has found to be the best, and which gradually but certainly transforms the worse into the better condition and knows itself to be closely and vitally connected with all that has gone before it. To fly in the face of the antecedents which have made us what we are, is, on the whole, little conducive to genuine progress, and the various and fiery revolutions which have shed their tremendous glare upon the past are now seen to be terrible errors, which a better and more deeply informed wisdom hopes to avoid in the conflicts impending or to come. Indeed, our good old grandmother, the mighty past, smiles down upon us benignantly from behind her spectacles and beneath the shadow of her frilled cap, and is so little affected by irreverent things said about her under her very nose, that the large and majestic face shows no ripple across its grand surface and

gazes down with unchanging goodness upon the disbeliever himself.

I suppose that the writers of the West, and especially those who have the privilege of living in Chicago, ought to feel properly grateful for the championship of their cause against the unjust prescriptions of older literatures, and the wounding unrecognition by accepted masters, which has recently been undertaken and strenuously maintained through speech in various localities and articles in various publications. As most of the writers defended are acknowledged to be still in the shadow, it is a matter of some difficulty to ascertain how far their highly original methods and wholly novel effects have been decried by those more in the light, who are entirely, and perhaps blissfully, ignorant of their present or prospective existence from a literary point of view; also, as a few of them, and questionless the more prominent, have been kindly patted on the head and called very promising by the grayer generations, it is again somewhat obscure wherein the grievous offense lies, and what exigency provokes so much willingness to make one of an army of dissidents to whom the fact that a thing is not new is sufficient to warrant the tossing it high in the air on the horns of an immediate and righteous contempt or indignation. Mr. Lowell wrote a memorable article on a "Certain Condescension in Foreigners," in which he took to task, with ironical urbanity, the attitude which the European held toward American literature. It appears now that our brethren of the East have been fully and properly received into the guild, made part and parcel of the movement whose center is in London or Paris or Berlin—who shall say?—and that they have at last reached the glorious opportunity, when, having been duly elevated themselves, they can salve over their still remembered pangs by looking down on somebody else—namely, the struggling writer of the West. The latter, in his turn, becomes resentful and wonders, peradventure, when he shall arrive at the blissful height of gazing from within the ethereal edifice of established repute at some grimy literary toiler amid the Rocky Mountains, or lightly-clad worshiper of the Muses amid the South Sea Islands, not yet fully acknowledged, but who is sure of an entirely original message, justly and resplendently decked in the manner incident to warmer climes or more dangerous situations.

I confess that it has always seemed to me a mark of provinciality—I believe that is the correct term—to be aware of an air of

condescension on the part of any one. A writer who really has something to say, and who says it, even though it be very inadequately, will be listened to by mankind, and his place in life is not subject to any permissions or condescensions whatever. The right to existence and expression are unassailably his, and it is a rather comic spectacle for him to act as if he doubted it and allow another to put him into the position of defending it. The tone of condescension or hostility is mainly in the consciousness of the thin-skinned person who agonizes under it; and as for the arrogance which assumes, usually without warrant, to sit in the place of judge and arbiter, we can console ourselves with the old-fashioned reflection that "Pride goeth before a fall." Laurels too easily won are apt to grow rapidly sere and crumble from the baldening brows, and to stand firmly on our feet, and do our work fearlessly, are virtues yet acknowledged in a world that is not wholly given over to the doubters and the scorers. In any case, it is wise to wait until we are fairly attacked, and not plant a blow in the suppositious enemy's middle face, while he is yet mildly asseverating that he considers us the real hope of the future, although he believes that we have not altogether done the best that is in us.

The literary question is always a great and important one, and curiously enough the *litterateur* is accustomed to undervalue rather than overestimate its significance. He is very likely to lose sight of the extent of the subject with which he is dealing and content himself with the ascription of high necessity to the field in which he happens to be laboring. When the dramatist appeals to the cold and half-attentive public for a juster recognition of his art, he usually assumes that the drama is the chief occupation of the best mind devoted to literary expression, and has therefore the supreme right to a full and unprejudiced hearing. Now that the producer of short stories has settled himself as a permanent occupant of the most fertile sections of the domain, we are given to understand that a long story is merely a combination of short ones, and as the ingenious Mr. Poe some years ago demonstrated to his own satisfaction that an extended poem was a contradiction in terms, it will soon be equally apparent that the novel must go the way of all flesh and receive decent burial in the neighborhood of the moldering great ones of the past. In ways like these the field is narrowed until one discovers that the critic appears to believe or has brought himself to believe that by literature is meant, let us say, the brief character sketch or the exquisitely finished lyric poem.

The subject thus very easily assumes the proportions demanded by the "great" magazines, and we are not far from the conclusion that nowadays the best that is published has first felt the genial sunlight in those pages, which, unhappily being limited and frequently bespoken months ahead, can afford but slender opportunity to the "new art" chafing against the restrictions of accepted canons and clamoring for the roughly clad freedom of the prairies or the mountains or the great Northwest. The limitations thus exteriorly imposed on literature do not, however, belong to it in itself, and the probability is that a development yet in prospect and nobler than any which has had the ill luck to precede, will claim again as of old the entire region over which the former has hitherto exercised authority. The patient and laborious historian will still send forth his volumes often quite as interesting as the serial, pride of the magazine, which introduces us into the choice company of Mickey of the slums or Pele of the Hawaiian leper settlement. The Tyndalls of the future, with their refined and clear expression, will not take kindly to their exclusion from the republic of letters, and will occupy the large spaces assuredly their own, serenely as in the earlier day. The university professor, dreaded upholder of the antiquated and master of the accumulated wisdom of the past, will be heard as before, and his voice as always will advise that moderation in matter and manner, which the world in the long run has always received as what it especially wanted and has never willingly let die. Science, poetry, philosophy, history, criticism of the large objective type will as hitherto constitute the literature that is to be, and the great writer of novels, whose place is not less than that of the others, will, as he has formerly done, assimilate himself unto these.

Carlyle spent much of his fierce and impatient force in trying to convince us that the art of a nation was something more than a mere outlet of its exuberant spirits or an ingenious, not to say labored, way of getting a little half-dolorous amusement. One would suppose that his intense demonstration stood in no danger of being forgotten by the generation succeeding him, yet one is sometimes inclined to seek for another burst from that silent voice, and another strangely luminous showing us what lies in the very brain and at the very life-roots of all literature worthy to be so called. It seems that a mere individual bent, a veritable idiosyncrasy of an author, however superficially interesting, cannot be trusted to the

production of anything that is likely to be permanent. It may be true that the largeness of opportunity which is coming to the author and the growing willingness to hear all sides of a subject impartially discussed will give a more immediate impression of variety in the works rising into the light of day, but it will be found, I am sure, that a deeper and more pervasive tendency must underlie all that. The value of literature is in proportion to its representing the deepest facts of the life around it, and more widely the deepest facts of all life whatever.

Literature is, or ought to be, one of the humane and civilizing forces of the world, persuasively inculcating those comprehensions which lead in the direction of purer intellectual atmospheres and the predominance of gentler influences. The truth and the whole truth is to be the purport of its delineation, and by truth no one is to understand merely the combinations of sensible impressions, but that spiritual unity in which all things live and move and have their being. The mere idler in the paths of letters has never received very marked consideration at the hands of his fellow-men, but the scientific observer, the philosophic historian, the poetic interpreter of man's finest experiences, has justly held a place not lower than the one accorded to the highest of men. If literature be thus considered as an occupation which is not beneath that of the statesman or scientist, if the place of the great writer is with those whose eyes penetrate to the causative agencies of civilization, and whose words are heavy with import to the race, the setting up of sectional lines and differences becomes singularly inopportune and meaningless. To see the fact just as it is and to state what is seen with a directness as perfect as can be, has always been the effort of great writers in all ages, and to assume that this is to be a distinguishing characteristic of a "school of writers" (odious expression), which the West is slowly but surely preparing to pour out upon the country, is really a failure to perceive what literature must be and has always been.

After all, how much is local color worth? And how long do these colors, put on with such care, last? What is it in any work which, after the lapse of a single generation, becomes mere antiquarian splendor which only very high "culture" can make anything of? As for myself, I am free to confess that there is much in the dialect story which I have a good deal of difficulty in making out, and which, after I have fairly done so, at the expense of

some investigation, I hardly find worth the while. To discover what is universally true and to tell it as adequately as possible to the universal mind of man, will be the effort of literature in the future as it always has been in the past.

Similar statements must be made in regard to the medium employed. A language grows with great slowness, and the genuine additions made to it at any one time or place are few and far between; in its intimate structure the progress is even less and the development proceeds after a manner in which individual pleasure holds but a very subsidiary position. It is to be said that no change, presented by the audacity or originality of the individual, meets with acceptance unless it falls in with a general tendency of the language that is more than the work of one or many authors. The English of the Atlantic writers sprang directly from the language brought over here by the early settlers, and in its best estate does not differ extraordinarily from the language of England contemporaneous with its production. Hawthorne and Emerson demanded a medium subtle, dignified, flexible and refined, and such a medium is the result of combined ages of scholarship and effort. Words carry about with them a wondrous atmosphere of wide associations, and the cadences of a great writer and his choice of verbiage bear with them distinctly a part of his message. Lowell, it is true, succeeded in making a dialect burn with invective and flash with a national passion, but after all he remained in the "Biglow Papers" within a certain limited range of thought and feeling that have indeed the merit of being common to all men, but are common in the same sense that a foundation may be said to be common to the whole house. When he wrote the great ode on the death of Agassiz, he voiced sentiments no less common to all mankind, but they could not have been satisfactorily put into the rougher vehicle. The Western writer will not, any more than his predecessors, find it wise to go too far in reproducing the linguistic peculiarities of the wide region with which he is to deal. A dialect is either a language in its hopeless decadence on the way to extinction, or a new tongue not yet arisen into full mastery and knowledge of itself. In either case it is clearly unfit for the highest literary expression, and the great successes in that kind only emphasize the conclusion. Burns and Whitcomb Riley accomplish their wonders by submitting to limitations which their genius instructs them to be inherent in their task, and the latter poet

shows a marked propensity to abandon the "hoosier" for the poetic language of his race and nation. The Western writers will no more use a new English than they will produce a literature which is a something entirely strange and gorgeous and marvelous, and which therefore no one will appreciate or understand. Foreign critics, not wiser in this respect than some of their compeers nearer home, curiously seek what their better reason and the juster among themselves know they have no business to expect; and it is worthy of note that here, as in many cases, we come face to face with the brilliant contradiction that we are in one and the same breath told to be true to ourselves and so produce something unheard of before, and are then condemned for not subjecting ourselves to the methods which have for so long been known to be the best.

Literary revolutions, like so many others which have signalized the movements of the past, only re-assert that permanent unity which lies at the basis of both life and letters. There appears to be nothing in the substance of American thought to-day which indicates one of those extraordinary tensions of conflicting elements, when we are forced for the time to choose sides, although we know that the ultimate result of the battle must be the organic unity of what is best in both. We are only peacefully expressing again, with perhaps greater freedom from mere and ignorant observance of *technique*, the thought of the time, and we are, moreover, getting more learned in the method of all revolutions and, knowing the ways of progress, discover how hopeless and needless are violent efforts to expedite the appearance of the just and the true. We certainly ought not to trouble ourselves very much about the location of literary centers, and the probability is that America will demonstrate the feasibility of a number of such centers harmoniously and even joyously co-operating. The age of arbitration and union of independent centers of activity has fairly set in, and literature will not fail to be imbued with that prevailing influence. The country is quite large enough to admit of Boston, and New York, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and St. Louis, and San Francisco, and others having their significance and power in the great world of letters, and it is altogether likely that such a result, with all its marked and decisive advantages, will show that the single city like Paris or London dominating life and letters belongs to the epoch which was not republican. At any rate we

should avoid the error of the revolutionists who preceded us, and not disown our father and mother because the older peoples do not like some of our erratic ways, and advise us to a course which we, when we have reached the age of discretion, will, doubtless to our great surprise, find ourselves adopting of our own accord.

We may very well be proud of our derivation from Hawthorne and Emerson and Tennyson and Arnold; the last named especially, with his moderation and clearness and sanity, has a good deal to tell us; and Whitman himself in his highest and most permanent achievements does not differ from them, and it is noticeable how in matter and manner his best approaches their best. And on the whole, Shakespeare and Gœthe will serve as well for masters as Ibsen and Tolstoi, and obedience to the historic method of all progress will do no harm, when we knowingly and voluntarily give it allegiance, guarding ourselves against the excesses of more explosive natures, who would destroy all that we have, while they cannot even agree on what would be a satisfactory reconstruction of affairs when the desired individualism and chaos have fully begun.

The insight which makes any literature valuable is not an individual possession. The effort can be made to tear ourselves loose from the manifold relations in which our life is held, but the result will be pitiable and small and undesirable. The eyes with which the poet or the scientist sees are the eyes of all mankind, and his seeing, if it be other than this and merely individual, is of small import even to himself. Every achievement in any department of great and beneficent toil receives its benediction and its utility from the universal interests which appear in it, and the success will not be lessened by a consciousness, full and ample, of this fact. The Western novelist, if he expects to see life aright, must see it through eyes that are trained with all the refinements of wisdom coming to them as inheritances from the toilers who have lived and died that his sight might be better and clearer. What would be thought of the astronomer who should leap into the arena and, beginning by repudiating Newton and Laplace and Gauss, should end by refusing to use the telescope which combines the inventive skill of a hundred makers of instruments? The world has not been toiling in vain for all these ages, and no man, however great, can afford to go to work without an adequate acquaintance with what has been done by those earlier in the field.

Culture is not merely an accumulation of dry and dusty material, stored in libraries, where no one but the pedant disturbs the oblivious repose gradually sinking down upon it; it is rather power, faculty, penetrative insight, comprehension, and the new writer or the new literature needs to be warned, lest, like the foolish Roman, he rushes into the Senate House with the superfluous information that the sun has arisen. Surely no literature ever set up this claim to recognition before, that it knew and cared nothing about the great forerunners, and it proposed to accept no aid in its performances except such as itself had made. Civilization, difficult task as it has proved to be, would indeed have found its labor impossible if each age had to contrive all over again everything that its predecessors had already accomplished. The average man may now find his picture delineated at full length in the gallery of art, but if the work of art itself be merely average we shall not especially care for it, simply because it was produced yesterday in Chicago or Seattle. The Western writer will not fail to perceive that the faultless art of Sophocles and the divine harmonies of Dante are nearer and more central to the noblest work he can do than the vague and pessimistic echoes of a decaying French style of story that cares more for the exact noun precedent to the proper verb than it does for any portrayal of life, high and worthy.

But a truce to all these geographical restrictions! What have we to do with East or West, North or South? We shall hope to be properly respectful to the equator and both poles. The meaning of life to-day lies in the recognition of its unity. Individuality may all be very well, but what is it in reality save a sincere and profound understanding of the great questions which interest all men? No doubt there is much that is taken at second-hand, there is much said that is a mere echo of somebody else, there is a large ambition to do what another has done, there is rarely the power of really seeing and saying the deep things which need constantly to be said. If by individuality is meant, therefore, that the mature writer must express what he has in truth felt and thought, that he must not merely reproduce what some vehement and energetic writer has just been sounding into men's ears, the statement assuredly cannot be gainsaid. Moreover, if emphasis be placed on the substance of literature rather than its form, if we are recalled again to the view that "art for art's sake" is a hollow mockery, unless we remember that art covers the whole of life and can be

satisfied with no delineations save the highest and the noblest, the statement again must be received as useful amid the controversies of the day. But a Western or an Eastern literature is certainly a thing that is no longer worth talking about, and an emancipation from fetters that in truth have never had any real existence, is also a matter of no possible congratulation. Emancipation from the fetters of all artistic procedure, from the necessary modes of creative faculty, the Western writer will probably learn to be as undesirable as the Eastern has already done, and the choice of unworn subjects belongs forever to every writer wherever his eyes first respond to the sunrise. Moreover, now that we know and believe that mankind is one, that the movement toward self-expression has run a single and organic course through all the ages, that it is misleading to talk of Greek literature or Chinese literature, or English literature, and there is but one literature to which all times and peoples have contributed, the talk about a Western creative epoch in the United States seems rather superfluous and sounds rather hollow. The business of the writer of to-day primarily is to be above such limitations, to be widely learned, large-viewed, and catholic in sympathy and expression, and we Westerners of the West must touch the current of the universal thought if we hope to participate in the genuine literature of the world. We shall indeed be truly individual, truly original, truly the new and vital exponents of the best, if we comprehend more deeply and fully that universal thought and give it the utterance which is but itself in a different form. I am persuaded that all the enthusiasm for a Western school can have no lesser significance than this, and we may hope that the great examples of Emerson and Hawthorne and Lowell will not be lost upon us.

No doubt the next ten years will see the production of a great many books, and the rise of many new names. Probably the West will have its due share in these manifold activities. Most of these books will have their little day and then pass peacefully to the limbo prepared for them. It is altogether too early to make predictions about the next movement, if the term movement be at all applicable to that persistent and deepening form of self-reflection which we call literature. However, we can safely affirm that if it be anything worth while, it will hold up life in the light which comes from the truest and completest study of all that has been.

It will see life at first hand, assuredly, but it will be satisfied with nothing short of that accuracy and fullness, that subtlety and depth, that indefatigable thoroughness which mark the best scientific and philosophic effort of the time. *Thorough* it will be above all. Perhaps we can say that it will not be merely naturalistic; the hopes, the aspirations, the forecasts, the ideals of the race, the potencies which make the next age, and, deeper yet, those potencies which make all ages, will be to it as real and as true as the last social pastime or the most recent vagary of the empty seeker after *bizarre* sensations. This thoroughness, however, it will attain by the same wise and profound knowledge, by the same breadth of culture, flowering and culminating in wisdom (for wisdom apart from culture is unthinkable), which have always been at the foundations of great writings. It will also make its high attempts in all the fields which the author cultivates and the poet and novelist must take their place side by side with their co-laborers and compeers, the statesmen, the historians, the philosophers, the scientists. Universities will be to it centers of light and co-operation, the rarest and best critics that it can find, the justest and most helpful guides, and probably will house some of its most illustrious leaders and masters. Libraries do not necessarily make authors, but the great author has always been master of all the learning of his time, and the neophyte may take to heart the saying of George Eliot, that genius is only a life-long patience. Observation and experiment, uncorrected by the wit and wisdom of all observers and experimentalists usually lead no whither, and even when they produce great and permanent results, do so with a difficulty and singularity that might just as well have been avoided.

To the young writer of the future, one, perhaps, may say: Learn to reverence duly the art to whose practice you are willing to devote yourself. Be sure to understand what literature really is, both as a whole and in its specific manifestations. The study of your fellow-man will only be possible to you when you have adequately mastered the instrumentalities of that study and the achievements of your predecessors will furnish no small portion of your equipment. Remember that literature is more than any one of its separate departments, and the writing of stories and the production of brief lyrics, however exquisitely finished, are only small segments of the full circle of letters, which accords place to

elaborate treatises and profound endeavors. Be as novel and original as you please, but do not forget that the most novel of things and the most original and candid of messages will be to tell the highest and all-pervasive truth. On the whole, it will not hurt to be correct, and, the more learning, genuine, deep, delicate, you can carry, the better for all concerned. Avoid the danger of mistaking the commonplace glitter of colloquial wit and the sudden new growths of thought or speech for the splendor that shines from work perfect to the finger-tips. The more complete is your immersion in the thought of mankind, the more fully you drink at those fountains of permanent speech and form, which the love and gratitude of men have placed in unassailable glory forever, the more will your own labors partake of that which is above the reach of Time's fingers, being really part of the infinite and the eternal. Care only for that which is true, and the next creative cycle will be glad to number you as one of its chief producers and sustainers.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

LIFE OF BISMARCK : FOREGLEAMS.

CHAPTER VII.—DAWN OF MODERN IDEAS.

THE Middle Age was to all appearances one of the weakest periods in German history. Her princes preferred play to power and, in truth, after various accidents, the Hapsburg dynasty grew up out of an interest taken in Germany by the Popes and out of their purpose that Germany should be governed when the princes cared not whether Germany was governed or no. So the Popes have some right in Germany.

After the death of English Richard, Pope Gregory X. gave the electors to understand that if they did not elect a King he would. The electors met and chose Rudolf, Count of Hapsburg, who ruled from 1273 to 1291. The Hapsburgs, as far as traced, are of Swiss, not of Austrian origin. At the time Rudolf was elevated to the throne one Ottocar was King of Bohemia, and his lands then included the Austrian possessions of the house of Babenburg. Ottocar would not do homage to Rudolf, so after the battle of Marchfield, in 1278, having defeated Ottocar, Rudolf annexed to

his possessions Austria, Styria, Carinthia and Carniola, and besides founded the Hapsburg line of kings, which, after one mishap and interregnum and another, held the leading German power for centuries and became at last the rival of the Hohenzollern Prussians, to commemorate one of the latest of whom this portion of our story is told.

On the death of Rudolf, in 1291, Adolf, Count of Nassau, was elected his successor to the German crown. At Adolf's death, in a battle near Worms, the German crown again reverted by election to Albert I., of the Hapsburg line. On his death it passed to Henry VII., Count of Luxemburg; then by a double choice again to Frederick the Fair, son of Albert I., and to Louis, Duke of Bavaria. Louis, proving the better man of the two, reigned from 1314 to 1347, and for a moment again the contest for supremacy was between Bavaria and Austria. Louis did not wear as well as he began, and was ambitious of gaining territory by intrigue rather than by battle. In Louis' reign, however, it was decreed by actual German electors meeting at Rome that henceforth the German King and Emperor, if appointed by a majority of the electors, received his authority from God alone and needed no Papal sanction.

This, under Pope Benedick XII., in 1338, was a long way from Hildebrand and the days when the German Emperor was considered a vassal of Rome.

Previous to Louis' death, Charles, Margrave of Moravia, had been appointed to fill his place. Afterwards the friends of the dead Louis elected one Gunther, Count of Schwarzburg, but Charles IV., who for some time had been fixing his gaze on the German Emperor's crown, is said now to have bribed his enemies and induced Gunther to resign. At all events, he got himself well seated on the throne, and when he died wore the crowns of Bohemia, of Germany, of Burgundy, of Lombardy and of the Empire.

Of far greater importance than the number of crowns worn by Charles of Bohemia was the fact that during his reign, and after much negotiating, there was passed in 1356 the famous Golden Bull, which decided that henceforth the number of German electors, with a right to vote for the Emperor, should be strictly limited to seven; that the spiriual electorates should belong, as before, to the Archbishops of Mainz, of Cologne, and of Treves—

at last all become centers of Roman-Christian culture—and the secular electorates to the King of Bohemia, the Rhenish Palatine, the Duke of Saxoy and the Margrave of Brandenburg. These electors it invested with full sovereign rights within their territories, made their countries indivisible and the crown hereditary, by election only, on the principle of primogeniture.

Charles IV. was succeeded by his son Wenceslaus; Wenceslaus by Rupert, Elector of the Palatinate, and Rupert by Jobst, Margrave of Moravia, and Sigismund, King of Hungary. Sigismund, with his spendthrift, elegant ways, was always short of cash, and once in his dire need he appealed for aid to his friend, Frederick, Count of Hohenzollern. This is really the starting point of the special Hohenzollern power.

Frederick, who came of a saving race, loaned or advanced Sigismund the round sum of 400,000 gulden. First for pledge, and afterward, money still being scarce with the Emperor, Sigismund granted to Count Frederick as a permanent fief the March of Brandenburg, set there first as a line of defense against the Baltic Wends, but destined in new hands and under new management, quite other than that of Sigismund's, to be the central keystone march of a new German Empire.

Sigismund was succeeded by Albert, Duke of Austria, another Hapsburg, who, as Albert II., reigned only a year. But by some this period is marked as the dawn of the genuine Hapsburg dynasty, though as Swiss Rudolf was the first Hapsburger, and as he, by his unexpected valor, won Austria for the Hapsburgers, old Rudolf must stand as the father of their line.

Albert II. was succeeded by Frederick IV., Duke of Styria, who reigned from 1440 to 1493. Albert II. and Frederick IV. both had to deal with the new moral surges of the coming Reformation. Albert was favorable to the new impulses, but died out of sight. Frederick cared more to hold the favor of Rome for his empire than he did to make Rome a greater moral power in the world. In response to this impulse at the councils of Basel and of Constance, Frederick signed the Concordat of Aschaffenburg, and so, without meaning it, forced the new moral conflict with Rome and hastened the day when, against its will, Germany proper would be dominated by Protestantism, and when the German King or Emperor would cease to be also Emperor of Rome.

Frederick was crowned Emperor in 1452, but he was the last

who passed through the ceremony at Rome. During his reign Germany lost much of her influence in Italy. Charles the Bold, of France, plucked from him the Duchy of Burgundy and made it French. Internal wars between German princes and the free cities were numerous. Local Diets sprang up and became popular till in 1488 a great Swabian reform confederation naturally sprang into life, the tendency everywhere being to clip official and ecclesiastical vices and honors, and to cut down the nominal powers of inefficient kings.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE REFORMATION.

Maximilian I. succeeded to Frederick IV., and his reign, extending from 1493 to 1519, marks at once the end of what has been called the Middle Ages and ushers in the Reformation and our modern times. Maximilian opposed the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., of France; opposed also the Venetian Republic, and tried still to keep up the Roman side of the Empire, but failed.

The age was too great for palpable shams. In 1492 Christopher Columbus rediscovered this side of the world. In 1517 Martin Luther nailed his rebellious theses to the old church door in Wittenberg. In 1564 William Shakespeare was born in English Warwickshire. In 1599 Oliver Cromwell saw the light in English Essex. John Milton, poet, was alive, secretary to Cromwell, and writing poetry. Even George Fox and his Quakers were under way. William Penn was evolving. Altogether it was no time for any consequential Austrian or other kings to be going about seeking honors and crowns for which they had not fought and labored.

It is not a part of this story of Germany and of William and Bismarck to dwell on the Reformation. Men differ upon it very deeply, yet, and the future of it may in many ways appear in other than the light that still shines on it in our times. Protestantism is quite as one-sided as it has charged Romanism with being; and clearly the whole story will have to be retold.

It concerns us here only as it developed the necessity that the kings and electors of Germany should take sides in their own land—should join hands either with the married monk of Erfurt or with Rome, and how, out of this necessity, among other things, the electorate of Brandenburg gradually evolved into the Emperor William and his Bismarck, and our new German Empire, with its Krupp guns and its questionable morality and immorality.

When Maximilian died his throne was competed for by his grandson, Charles, by Henry VIII. of England, and by Francis I. of France. Charles was chosen and reigned from 1520 to 1555, including the first great agony of the Reformation, the Nobles' war of Ulrich Von Hutten fame, of 1522, the Peasants' war of 1524, in which Götz von Berlichingen won a fame that Goethe increased in his way, and resulted, in some measure, on the Lutheran side, in the Diet of Augsburg and the famous Augsburg confession, in Charles' edict of toleration for its adherents in 1532, and, finally, in the religious peace of Augsburg in 1555.

But in 1521 Charles issued an edict from the Diet of Worms denouncing Luther and placing him under the ban of the empire. In all this, in fact, our Hapsburg, Austrian Emperor Charles V., inclined toward the Roman side of the controversy, and the northern Brandenburg electors, though in the main Protestants and ruling Protestant subjects, cautiously kept out of the conflict for a time.

Charles V. was succeeded by Ferdinand I., who, like all German sovereigns after him, was recognized as Emperor without being crowned at Rome. This is the gist of the great Reformation: that kings should be kings without the sanction of church or prophet. True prophets never needed the sanction of kings.

Ferdinand I. held sway from 1556 to 1644. He tried to conciliate the Catholic-Protestant factions. Maximilian II., from 1644 to 1676, pursued the same policy. Rudolf II., from 1676 to 1612, reversed this policy and naturally under him there was a Catholic reaction. Then came the Protestant Union in 1608 and the Catholic League as an offset, everything growing to daggers points again. In Ferdinand II., from 1619 to 1637, the Catholic cause found even a stronger defender.

The Thirty Years' War was the natural result of Ferdinand's policy. It is a part of the Reformation. This, too, is one of the most stirring and fascinating episodes in all German history, but not to be followed here, except in outline. With the famous Tilly at the head of the army of the Catholic League and the still more famous Wallenstein at the head of his own independent army, King Christian, of Denmark, as representative of the new Protestant League, was soon overthrown.

And, elated by success, Ferdinand issued his famous edict of restoration, restoring to the Church all the ecclesiastical lands of

which the Protestants had become possessed, and soon afterwards dismissed Wallenstein from the Imperial service. It was an inauspicious moment of exalted pride in victories Ferdinand had done little to gain.

In 1630 Gustavus Adolphus left Sweden to march southward with a well-drilled army and to help the failing Protestant cause. At Breitenfeld he met and defeated Tilly at the head of nearly the whole force of the League, and might have marched on Vienna, had he not been overcareful to guard the way southward by which he came. After again defeating Tilly, who was wounded and died, Gustavus took possession of Munich, while Duke Maximilian fled in fear before him. At this juncture Ferdinand appealed again to Wallenstein, who made his conditions severer than ever, but undertook the work of opposing the victorious Gustavus.

In the battle of Lutzen, in 1632, Wallenstein was defeated, but Gustavus was killed. Now there was danger of a Wallenstein dynasty, but the murderer interfered and the crafty Wallenstein was put out of the way. The Thirty Years' War robbed Germany of nearly fifteen millions of its inhabitants and gave Metz, Toul and Verdun officially to France. Soon after France also got possession of Lorraine, but the war brought the peace of Westphalia in 1648, which had for principle the central truth of modern liberty, viz., that men should not henceforth be persecuted for the religious creeds they believed in. Alas! this is only a theory still.

Under Ferdinand III., from 1637 to 1657, and under Leopold I., from 1658 to 1705, the German imperial honors were still borne by male descendants of the Hapsburg line, and still under Joseph I., from 1705 to 1711, and under Charles VI., from 1711 to 1740. And here had it not been for the pragmatic sanction and for Maria Theresa's claim under it to the throne, the Hapsburg line would have ended in peace, as it was never supposed by native Germans that a woman would occupy the German imperial throne.

Maria Theresa, however, was brave and vigorous, asserted all her clear and doubtful rights, but the time had come when the electors were growing restive under the Hapsburg yoke, and especially when Frederick II., of the Hohenzollerns, had made up his mind to put his foot down and destroy some of the prestige that had too long kept down power in the North, and for his part, to do something worthy of a crown.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

The Hohenzollerns best known to modern times, with the exception of the late Emperor William, have not always been a mild-mannered, lovable race, and many writers have found pleasure in emphasizing the hard and brutal sides of them. It was not mere brutality, however, that made Prussia a kingdom and later made Germany a Prussian Empire. Sooner or later Germany had to be governed as Germany and by a German who would mind his own business and not try to be Emperor of Germany and Italy at the same time; by an Emperor, too, and by advisers of the Emperor who would not shirk hardship and labor, but, who, themselves, would be a part of the aspiring, unique, German brotherhood, and work and fight to death in defense of their Fatherland, in preference to any other object on the globe. What is also clear to earnest, impartial students of German history is that the line of Prussian kings, with some pitiable exceptions, have fulfilled these demands.

The German family from which the Emperor William I. descended takes its name from the old castle of Zollern, or Hohenzollern, on the mountain of Zollern, a northern rough fragment of the Alps, about a mile and a half south of Hechingen. The famed Lake Constance is only a little to the south of it, and the sources of the Rhine and Danube are not far away. It is a rugged, bold spot, near enough to the Southern nations to take abundant observation of their ways, but also German to the heart of its native hills.

One tradition connects the Hohenzollerns with the Colonna family of Rome; another with the Colalto family of Lombardy. A more likely legend fastens it to a Swabian count, Thassilo of Burchardinger, who is said to have built the Castle of Zollern at the beginning of the ninth century. The first counts of Zollern of whom history takes note are Burchard and Wezel, who in 1061 fell in a feud during the minority of Henry IV. Count Frederick III. of Zolre, who died in 1200, was a trusted adviser of the Emperors Frederick I. and Henry VI.; became also Count of Nuremberg in 1191 by marriage with the heiress daughter of Count Conrad II. of Nuremberg, and his sons, Conrad III. and Frederick IV., founded respectively the Frankish and Swabian lines of the family. So far we have Swabian and Frankish blood with good Nuremberg money in the life that was to make Germany's future Emperors and Kings.

The Frankish line went steadily ahead. Frederick V., 1363, was raised to princely rank, and Frederick VI. was Sigismund's friend, who, by frugal use of his great-grandmother's money, bought the march of Brandenburg in 1415, still keeping his eye northward, and so starting ages of a new crown and culture yet undreamed.

As early as 1438 Frederick I., now elector of Brandenburg, was a candidate for the Imperial throne, and so early crossed the open path of the Hapsburg. Elector Frederick II. pursued the ways of his careful father; consolidated the Brandenburg interests, and became a sort of champion of the people's honest industry as against freebooting nobles, so called. He considered the new town of Berlin a part of his possessions and erected a royal castle within its walls. He also got his claim on the Neumark, which was under the rule of the Teutonic order, and reached out for Lusatia and Pomerania, but the Emperor interfered; a steady, moving, grasping man, that meant business and downright northern German rule from the start. Under his brother, Albert Achilles, the principle of primogeniture was established in both branches of the Hohenzollern family, and so another force was added to the tendency of holding their own lands together and all the rest they could claim.

His successors, John and Joachim, in 1539, announced their adoption of the Protestant faith, and though as yet conservative in their creed, this step marks another point in the new German departure. In this way, too, by the secularization of the church properties Joachim increased his revenues immensely and devoted them to very practical uses. Joachim also made a compact of mutual right of eventual inheritance with the Duke of Liegnitz and Brieg, which in due time gave Frederick the Great an excuse for his claims to Silesia.

This same Joachim in 1569 secured the right of succession to the then Duchy of Prussia, and by this time Hohenzollern Brandenburg had been increased to 15,000 square miles. John Sigismund married the daughter of the Duke of Prussia and so made the treaty of 1569 an accomplished fact, and besides secured a claim to the duchies of Cleves and Julich and other lands in the Rhine region. The latter claims were contested, but at the death of John Sigismund his territories covered an area of 31,000 square miles, thanks, among other things, to marriages and money on the mother's side.

Under George William, from 1619 to 1640, the Brandenburg-Prussian interests and country passed under a cloud. The Swedes invaded it, and for the first time since the Hohenzollerns got possession strangers pressed on and occupied the soil and interfered with the hitherto sturdy march of prosperity. Under Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, however, all this was changed. The Great Elector, seeing that the Swedes and the freebooters and advocates of the Emperor got ahead by fighting, strained every nerve to possess an army worthy the name. In his prime he was able to command such an army of some 25,000 men. By his own pluck, sense and energy he won his honors, and at the time of his death had increased the area of his dominions to 43,000 square miles. He found Brandenburg a weakened dependency of the Empire. He left it the strongest, best governed and most forceful factor in Germany. He was a harsh old demon, but not more cruel than his refined foes or his modern traducers.

His successor in 1701 became Frederick I., King of Prussia, the factor got by marriage again, and so by the great-grandmother's inheritance becoming the leading factor in the Hohenzollern dynasty and the government of the Old World. His son, Frederick William I., pursued the Great Elector's ways, only more so. He was not a diplomat; he despised the external repressions of Southern culture, was in many ways a violent and hard, unreasoning, stubborn madman, but he managed during his reign, from 1713 to 1740, to double the revenues of Prussia, and at his death left his kingdom with a well-filled treasury, and an army of 85,000 men, all of which his son, Frederick II., called the Great, used with such advantage that Prussia became under him the natural head of the North German States and a recognized rival of Austria for leadership in the German dynasties of the future.

In Frederick's youth there were some signs that the Hohenzollerns might too soon develop into the ways of Southern and Western culture. Frederick was fond of music, took a fancy for French literature and made a pet of Voltaire. But his father scared much of this nonsense out of him, and Frederick became an advanced good type of the Hohenzollern blood. It is not worth while debating the justice of his cause. That factor had long fled from Imperial German diplomacy, and Frederick had lots of family grounds and precedents on which to excuse himself for attacking Maria Theresa's Silesian lands.

The first so-called Silesian war left him in 1745 in undisputed possession of almost the whole of Silesia with the frontier that still exists. The two Silesian wars exhausted the army and savings of the Great Elector, but when Frederick II. began his seven years' war in 1756 he had an army of 150,000 men out of a population of a little over five millions, and in the war was opposed to forces representing nearly a hundred million souls. Frederick was now the greatest military genius in Europe, and with all these immense odds against him, he held his own. During the war it is estimated that some 850,000 men perished, of whom 180,000 fell in the Prussian service. At the end of the seven years' war Germany was almost as badly wrecked as after the thirty years' war, but by 1770 Frederick had rebuilt his ruins, put new lands under cultivation, improved his debased currency and proven himself one of the greatest rulers of all times.

In 1772 Frederick united with Austria to check the growth of Russia westward, the partition of Poland being the result, infinitely to Prussia's advantage. In 1778 Prussia and Austria were in opposition on the question of the Bavarian succession, but the matter was adjusted without an appeal to arms. Frederick died August 17, 1786, having increased his Prussian territories to an area of 75,000 square miles, with a population 5,500,000.

CHAPTER X.—WILLIAM'S DENOUEMENT AND EARLY LIFE.

Maria Theresa died six years before Frederick II., and was succeeded by the Emperor Joseph II. Frederick II. was succeeded in Prussia by his nephew, Frederick William II., whose term extended from 1786 to 1797. The same year, March 22, 1797, the future Emperor William was born.

While we were making a new nation in America, Frederick William II. was asleep, unconscious of the great temple his uncle had reared, and oblivious of the ocean currents of history that had swept over France and were creeping into Germany. Frederick the Great left in Prussia freedom of religion and the press. Frederick William II. abrogated these in 1788.

Frederick William III., whose kingship lasted from 1797 to 1840, was only a mild improvement on Frederick William II. and at first was still more unfortunate. Without the principles of honor, he played fast and loose with England and Napoleon in

regard to the transfer of Holland. He had allowed the splendid Prussian army to lose its fine discipline and its grip on the field, and having gotten into a war with Napoleon, now fresh from his victories over Austria, which was virtually a conquest over Italy, and his campaign in Egypt, Frederick William and his Prussian hosts were defeated at Jena and Hochkirch, October 14, 1806, and Prussia was broken to pieces like a potsherd. Humiliating capitulations followed. Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph and was master of all the world the German-Roman Emperors had been aiming for during a thousand years. At the peace of Tilsit, July 9, 1807, Frederick William III. lost half his kingdom, including all that had been captured by the partitions of Poland and all Prussian territory west of the Elbe.

The year 1806 had been a fearful year for Prussia—on the whole the worst year she had ever known. Out of it came some gleams of hope and reform. In 1807 Prime Minister Stein got under way his edict abolishing serfdom and establishing freedom of exchange in land and free choice of occupation. The Prussian army was also reorganized; the condition imposed by Napoleon that it should not exceed 42,000 men was evaded by developing a succession of armies, replacing each body by another as soon as the former was well drilled. William von Humboldt was already forming the modern Prussian system of education. The University of Berlin was founded in 1809, and Goethe had long since made Germany immortal by works above our praise.

Meanwhile, in 1813, Russia, Prussia and Austria united against Napoleon, and the world-famous battles of Dresden and Waterloo brought up the Prussian status; in fact, the entire German cause. At the Congress of Vienna, 1815, Austria received Lombardy and Venice, the Illyrian provinces, Dalmatia, the Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Salzburg, the Innviertel, Hausnickviertel and that part of Galatia formerly ceded by her—in all, a reconquest of 3,200 square miles of territory. Prussia got the northern half of Saxony, her old possessions to the west of the Elbe, Swedish Pomerania, the Duchies of Berg and Julich and other districts in Westphalia and on the Rhine. Prussia had not quite got back to where Frederick II. had left her, but the fates had turned in her favor and the Emperor William and other boys were growing up, who would more than compensate for all her losses and make gains beyond their own dreams.

Frederick William IV., whose term extended from 1840 to 1861, began his reign with much deference to the growing spirit of the age. In 1830 Prussia had established a customs union, or Zollverein, with herself as the head of several German states. In 1850 Frederick William IV. granted his people a national constitution based on democratic ideas, and German Diets and German liberty appeared to be getting matters in their own hands. In 1849, however, the King refused the imperial crown offered him by the Frankfurt Parliament, representing the people of the German states, and the conflict in his own mind and with his people being too much for him, he broke down in 1858, when William, Prince of Prussia, became Regent. He had already reached the sixty-first year of his age, and had long been an important factor in the kingdom.

A pleasing story is told to the effect that in October, 1806, while the Queen of Prussia was in flight, after the battle of Jena, she addressed to her boys a noble exhortation touching the glorious work of Frederick the Great, appealing to them to repair the ruins of the present and restore Prussia's former glory.

The boy William was then in his tenth year. On the 20th of January, 1807, still under ten years of age, he was appointed by his father an officer in the Prussian army. It is said that at his confirmation, in his sixteenth year, in response to some questions from the bishop, William made a wise and pious address, touching his sense of the responsibilities that fell to his share of the salvation of Prussia.

History credits him with being along with his father in the battles that redeemed Prussia from the grasp of Napoleon; and on his return as indicating then, in his eighteenth year, that his powers belonged to the world and his country, not to himself, and that he would avoid flatterers and seek to do his whole duty.

The rhetoric of the period is no doubt colored, but William was from the start, as his mother said of him, simple—that is, single-minded, sensible, sincere, honorable, dutiful, and withal broad in his sympathies, and true to his sense of honor. It was not a genius, but a solid, well-built, healthy, high-minded German boy and man, made—evidently by powers not always consulted—to fit in with Bismarck and Moltke and others to do the great work there was before them.

William was, of course, educated by private tutors, and having

worked hard to fit himself for the post, he, in his twentieth year, received a seat and voice in the Council of State. But he was always better trained as a soldier than as a statesman. As early as 1815 he had become a major in the army. By 1825, then in his twenty-eighth year, he was Major-General and Commander of the Third Army Corps. Three years later he married the Princess Augusta, of Saxe-Weimar, and in his thirty-second year is described as the "noblest figure" to be seen in Germany, a well-trained, strong and able man.

William was now known as Prince of Prussia. In 1840 he was appointed Governor of Pomerania, and two years later, while his brother was absent in England, the conduct of Prussian military and civil affairs fell largely to his hands. In 1844 William himself visited England, and by an exchange of ideas with Prince Albert, Sir Robert Peel and others, he got quite a liking for a constitutional monarchy. But when the National Assembly, called by Frederick William IV., grew unreasonable from the monarchical standpoint and had to be dissolved, Prince William, both from instinct and sense of duty, held by the king, being convinced that while democracy was good in its place the crown of Prussia was the most splendid thing on the face of the globe. In a word, he was liberal-minded, but every inch a Prussian king.

In 1849 Prince William commanded the army sent to put out the Baden uprising, and he did the work inside of six weeks. In October of the same year he was appointed Military Governor of Westphalia and on the Rhine, and changed his residence from Berlin to Coblentz. In 1854 he was made Governor of the federal forces of Mayence and elevated to the rank of Field Marshal. It is said that he disapproved of his brother's severe measures against the press, of his reactionary conduct generally during the years from 1850 to 1857, and that as the rivalry for leadership between Prussia and Austria developed itself during those years, Prince William was looked upon, though not exactly hailed or fully trusted, as the head of the Constitutional Party, who, with their purposes to put Prussia at the head, had also in mind the so-called rights of popular government. William was certainly to put Prussia at the head of Germany, but the popular government dream was to wait a little longer.

CHAPTER XI.—WILLIAM AND HIS WARS.

In 1858 Frederick William IV., never of the most vigorous and commanding intellect, gave way under the burdens of his station, and Prince William, then in the sixty-first year of his age, became Regent, and on the death of his brother, January 2, 1861, was crowned King of Prussia.

He had long known Bismarck well, and from this time a more vigorous and less rhetorical tone enters into all the King's utterances. In 1858-59 he indicated his future policy. He would reform the more arbitrary and inadequate customs of the monarchy, but the democratic spirit of the age must also quit its dictatorial and threatening tone. The government would recognize and foster liberal ideas as far as they were consistent with the strength and rights of the Prussian crown—no farther; and, above all, the Prussian army, which had made their kingdom what it was, must be improved and improved, cost what it might and whoever opposed.

This, in brief, was the essence of the new King's designs. Bismarck, who had already served the government in various stations, became William's Prime Minister in 1862, and immediately the new music of sharper conflict between King and people began.

In our next paper we shall bring the personal life of Bismarck to this same point in German history, after which the new triumvirate of Bismarck, Moltke and William I. become the supreme factors, not only in the modern history of Germany, but in the modern history of Europe, and at the same time the seed germs and the burning heart of that new volcano of blood which is soon to deluge the world.

P. S.—In the last issue of THE GLOBE, page 584, I used and, in a measure assented to, the generally accepted historical tradition that Charlemagne could not write. As bearing upon this point, I take pleasure in publishing the following from Rev. Charles Becker, Professor at St. Francis, Wis.:

“One of the greatest German historians, Dr. J. B. Weiss, Professor at the University of Graetz, in Austria, quotes a passage from the life of Alcuin, which reads as follows: ‘The King (*i. e.*, Charlemagne) studies the Trivium as well as the Quadrivium, Mathematics, Dialectics, Astronomy, as well as the art of singing psalms; he is concerned about everything, be it present or past. Once he

writes to his teacher, who could not always be at his side on his expeditions, where the planet Mars had strayed, because he had not seen it for a long time. And in another *letter* he inquires why the hymn sung by our Lord after the Last Supper was not contained in any of the four Gospels.' (Weiss' History, Vol. II, p. 665. Guizot, Vol. I, p. 197.)

"In Einhard's (Eginhard's) biography of Charlemagne, we read: 'He (Charlemagne) endeavored also to write, and therefore he used to have always a slate and paper under the pillow of his bed, in order to exercise his hand in the drawing of letters, whenever he was at leisure. However, he did not make much progress, since he had begun too late.' (Vita Einhardi, c. 25). This report of Einhard has induced some historians to think that Charlemagne could not write. The best historians of our times, however, hold that this remark of Einhard has no reference to the art of writing in the usual sense of the word, but to calligraphy, *i. e.*, to the artistic drawing of so-called uncials, a hobby, so to speak, of those times. (Weiss, Vol. II, p. 664. Holzwarth, Vol. III, p. 75. Guizot, Vol. I, p. 196. Wetzter und Welte's 'Kirchenlexicon,' Vol. VII, p. 166.)

"In the Life of Adalhard (Mabillon, Annal. O. S. B., iv, p. 710) we find the statement, that this grandson of Pepin was educated together with Charlemagne in all profane sciences. In Latin he had made such progress as to speak it like his vernacular; Greek he understood perfectly well. Does it therefore not seem absurd, to suppose that Charlemagne could not write?"

In view of this testimony, it is certainly easier to believe that Charlemagne could write than to believe that he could not write. Nevertheless, I still find my own opinion wavering on the point, with an inclination to the conclusion that he was never fluent with the pen.

W. H. THORNE.

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRANCE had been described as "the heart of Europe." Her history and development stand as types of modern progress, moral and social. Her literature reflects these, like some magic mirror whose strange images may not be considered apart from the things

signified. Behind her *Chansons de Geste* lies the feudal system, with the tyranny of the great barons; behind her Renaissance, the Reformation of Luther and the despotism of her kings; behind the Louis Quatorze brilliancy of letters, the growing misery of her populace; behind Voltaire, the agonies of Revolution; behind Victor Hugo, the France of to-day, cured indeed of Napoleonic delusions, but wavering in fog between Catholicism and unbelief.

Familiar ground, this, to all students of world history; yet a bird's-eye glance may bring out a few new points, as seen from our American "cogn of vantage."

Beginning with the twelfth century, we find the *Langue d' Oc* already become the tongue of Provence and the *Langue d' Oil* flourishing in Northern France, both dialects being modified forms of Mediæval Latin. The "jongleurs," or minstrels of the day, —whence our word "jingle"—did much to popularize these, and being men who possessed an exquisite sense of rhythm, their lays had a measured sweetness as of pealing bells. The lyrics of the Troubadours and the longer *Chansons de Geste* formed their general repertory. They were the news-mongers of the land, its opera and concert troupes, whose arrival was hailed with joy by the lonely *châtelaine* and her bower-maidens. The ballads of Provence had a Spanish flavor and even caught some flush of Oriental warmth from Moorish civilization. Their love ditties, the quintessence of romance even at this day, bound Cupid's pinions with cords of poesy, and Courts of Love reduced his vagaries to a science. On the whole, these Troubadours seem an easy, light-minded company, incapable of actually founding a literature, but a genial force in certain ways, noted for merry, good-natured acceptance of the existing order of things.

The Trouvères of the North were sterner men. Their great epics, narrating the deeds of heroes, fought also a mighty battle for Christianity. Ignoring the real services of Charlemagne, whose fostering work, hand in hand with Alcuin, can never be overvalued in the interest of civilization, they made of him a saintly hero, exalted into a type of pure Christianity—the terror of infidels.

Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare in "King Lear," and later Tennyson, found both matter and inspiration in these *Chansons de Geste*. For they breathe a fresh hero-worship; the chivalry of Christian manhood, the purity of Christian womanhood had even then won the world.

The Church, herself, fully participated in this early unfolding of letters. Her monasteries held the libraries of the day and most of the learning. Moreover, Christianity was passing rich in the possession of one great man, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, whose glorious hymns are pearls exceeding precious even to us, faithless barterers of a money-getting age, and whose organizing work, intended for his own day, had results passing human estimate. His struggle with Abelard tested the gigantic ability of the latter to its uttermost. It was a battle of the giants.

The thirteenth century came to the front with a French historian, the earliest known to fame, Geoffroy de Villehardouin, whose "Chronicle of the Conquest of Constantinople" bears date of 1207. This grave, concise, military history, invaluable as to facts, shows also that poetry, always earliest in national literatures, was now slowly receding before the development of prose. Here, too, we come upon Thomas Aquinas, the celebrated "Doctor Angelicus," whose immense but uncompleted work on the Divine in its relations to humanity, entitled "Summa Totius Theologiæ," but generally known as "La Somme," is a miracle of mediæval thought and learning.

The life of the next chronicler, Joinville, extends into the fourteenth century. In point of style, this lapse of time brought about great gain; for Jehan de Joinville is a story-teller, lively, vivid, natural, so that his "Memoires" are, even now, pleasant reading.

In Louis IX. he had a monarch worthy of biography, and none better fitted than he to understand the heart, "du bon saint homme roi." Listen to this: "When the Prior de l'Hospital came to ask Saint Louis if he had any tidings of his brother, the Comte d'Artois, the King replied, 'Yea, in sooth! I know well he is in Paradise.' The prior then strove to comfort him, praising his valor shown that day and the glory won. And the good King answered that 'God should be adored in all He had done;' but the big tears gushed from his eyes so bitterly, that the many great personages who beheld it were moved with anguish and compassion." Have we any picture in letters more tender and touching?

The religious feeling and faith of the age are further evidenced by the production of the treatise, "De Imitatione," otherwise, "L'Internelle Consolation," whose exact authorship is still unknown. A very fair-minded French historian declared that "the demand for it was prodigious." Twenty MS. copies of it were found in a

single monastery; the newly invented printing-press was principally employed with its reproduction. More than two thousand Latin editions of it still exist, besides a thousand in French.

This lovely treatise on the Following of Christ, the joy of Christian souls, sprang from the cloister, and it defines, in its highest form, the work of true priesthood.

A third historian of feudal times was the agreeable Froissart. He has given us vivid word-pictures, rich in warmth, color and light, of the wars and tournaments, solemn assemblies, balls and court pageants, knights and ladies, feats of arms and royal marriages, which made up the variegated life of his age. The world is greatly indebted to him for this, and he is well styled "the Walter Scott of mediæval days."

Yet Philippe de Commines, who came fifty years later, far outstrips Froissart. His "Memoires" are more than pictures; he, himself, more than a story-teller—a wise chronicler, rather, who perceives the mighty issues of events and understands the cunning of the Prince he describes; a man who knows whereof he affirms and spares no pains, in search for truth. His account of the administration of Louis XI., says an able writer, "has a calm and simple grandeur which remains unsurpassed."

With the fifteenth century comes a new canto in the world-poem. The so-called Dark Ages vanish like a scroll. The world, grown secular, clamors for freedom. The rule of the nobles is past; the rule of the king, strong; the rule of the people in sight, but not nigh. On the threshold of this bold aggression stands the mad, merry poet, Villon. A scholar at the University of Paris, yet so poor as to become a vagabond, a brawler and a thief, driven by starvation to every extreme; twice condemned to be hung, but pardoned by Parliament and favored of the King, he bore his sufferings with gayety and wrote his beautiful Rondeaux as if greeting pain with a smile. History has her revenges; and it is one of these that the finest London culture of the nineteenth century should be doing homage to Villon, its daintiest poets sitting at his feet, striving after the secret of his exquisite refrain,—

"Où sont-ils, Vièrge souveraine,
Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

The Reformation and the general revival of classic letters changed the whole tone of French thought. What had been mere good-

humored fun, hitting at random, became the sharp French sneer. The general loosening of reverence did its fearful work. Rabelais, buffoon as he was, led the dance. The greatest satirist of France, he sums up, in himself, the virtues and vices of the Renaissance. An eminent critic says of him: "A monk to begin with, a voracious scholar and indefatigable thinker, rescued by Budé from the punishment attending his persistent and illicit study of Greek, his fame rests not upon ecclesiastical labors, but upon the coarse, rough humor of two works, "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," wherein he lashes his own age and his own profession.

The intoxication of the newly revived classical learning, the outburst of free thought, free speech, free action, the overcrowding of new ideas and the dazzling splendor of new facts, all are present in the writings of this genial monk." The joyous curate of Mendon foresaw most of our modern reforms, foretold political and religious liberty, the overthrow of privilege, general education and a perfected legal code. He was the predecessor in direct line of Pascal and Montaigne, on the side of high thinking, and of Béranger and Le Sage on the opposite, of rollicking popularity.

Montaigne and Erasmus were alike champions of emancipation; yet, in religion, as in politics, the former passed for a conservative. "Reverent as he is," says a famous writer, "and outwardly in harmony with the orthodoxy of his day, the very principles of his philosophy declare him a skeptic."

That the aggressive thought of the age in regard to religion should not appear within the Church, but outside and apart from her, was another consequence of Luther's revolt. Rabelais calls his contemporary, Calvin, "le démoniaque de Genève." Yet these men, who seem in Bible phrase, "to have a devil," are set to hold the world in leash. Calvin's iron logic has its grasp still, frantic but firm, on the thought of America, and those of us least in sympathy with it will be driven, on searching out the facts, to higher estimates of its force. We can neither leave him out nor pass him by. The "Institution Chrétienne" is a fact in literature, and a factor in ecclesiasticism, forever. "Our doctrine," says its author, in his dedication to Francis I., "is not our own, but that of the living God and of His Christ, whom the Father has made King to rule from one sea to the other and from the rivers to the ends of the world; and so to rule that by smiting the world with the very tip of His mouth, He breaks it with His glory and power

like a potter's vessel." Here was the dignity of simple faith asserting and magnifying itself before the dignity of royalty. Here, too, was "a concision of language never before heard in France." With Calvin French prose attained its manhood, though Francis de Sales and not Calvin was its most characteristic representative.

Clement Marot and Ronsard were both poets of the Renaissance. The former collected the works of Villon, whose wine-bibbing successor he seems to have been, translated the Psalms of David into French, which psalms, strange to say, had a fashionable run at Court,—wrote satires on Diane de Portiers, for which that irate dame got him imprisoned on the charge of eating bacon in Lent, whereupon he writes to Bouchart, "I am neither a Lutheran, a Zwinglian, nor even an Anabaptist; in short, I am one who believes, honors and values the holy, true and Catholic Church." Being liberated by the King, he made France too hot to hold him by further satire, was exiled, and in exile died. The historian may well say, "Marot was one of the *enfants terribles* of his day."

Malherbe, born at Caen in 1555, was a writer of most critical daintiness, and, as such, duly appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. "He set his face," says Lénient, "against the careless, un-studied rhymes and metres of his predecessors, hating the free-thinkers of literature as much as Calvin hated the freethinkers of religion." The following stanza, on the death of a fair young girl, has enough beauty and delicacy to vindicate the fastidiousness of the poet :

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

"Malherbe invented taste," says a high authority, "it was his creation. Attuning the French tongue to lofty poesy, he made possible Corneille and Racine." Boileau sums up the whole in three words, "Enfin Malherbe vint!"

In 1629 Corneille commenced his career. "The Cid" was his first success. And no wonder! for he had a wonderful subject. The heroic past of Spain, the deeds of the Cid, his rude generosity, his incorruptible loyalty, the ancient Castilian honor and pride give nobility and dignity to the whole setting of the play. Its moral qualities are loftier still. The struggle between love and honor in Rodrigue, between love and duty in Chlimène, make this an immortal

tragedy. Next appeared "Cinna," wherein his Romans are like, wise heroes. "A dramatic conception of imposing grandeur," says Demogoot, "Cinna is royalty divinized by clemency." In Polyeucte we reach his masterpiece. The divine spirit of martyrdom here lifts heroism into a holy ideal, a flight to the skies. The Cid triumphed as a Spanish inspiration; Polyeucte rose even higher, "grâce au sublime chrétien." The religious drama of the Middle Ages had found its apotheosis and French drama could have no grander culmination.

In 1635 the French Academy was founded, under the protection of Richelieu; but Molière and Descartes were not among its members. Descartes was the Herbert Spencer of that day, and to the solid students of philosophy his work is familiar ground.

A high type of the religious thought of the seventeenth century comes to us in the works of Blaise Pascal. A man of power and sweetness, full of the simplicity which means greatness, a philosopher, astronomer and mathematician, in early childhood he "frightened his father by the grandeur and power of his genius." Later, in his "Provincial Letters" from the Monastery of Port Royal, he hurled tremendous blows at the hypocrisies of his day and the crime of the man who stifles the conscience-cry in any human heart. Finally he saw that greater work than this lay before him, work for the ages, for humanity, and for Christianity, as its only true uplifting force. "Les Pensées de Pascal" is the flight of a great soul up to God.

The Golden Age of Louis XIV., as it comes before us, is simply dazzling with intellectual splendors. Catholic eloquence is there at its best, in the charm of Massillon and the brave austerity of Bourdaloue; Catholic authority, in Bossuet, whose mighty Hebraic eloquence is but one of the many weapons wherewith he would defend the unity of faith; Catholic inspiration, in Fénelon, a flower-like sweetness, crushed by Bossuet because he failed to comprehend it, but a spirit-force which, after authority and eloquence have ceased, is alive forevermore! The Church seems to have had a true sense of this; for, in the judgment pronounced by the Sacred College, Bossuet, though said to be in the right, is by no means dismissed without wholesome castigation: "The Bishop of Cambrai (Fénelon) has erred through excess of the love of God; the Bishop of Meaux (Bossuet) has sinned through lack of the love of his neighbor."

In general literature the age gives us Boileau, the finished critic, and La Fontaine, of the charming "Fables;" Malebranche, a mild philosopher of the Cartesian type, representing its deeper thought, and La Rochefoucault, of whom M. Henri Martin well says, "He knew men; yet man, himself, he knows not,"—a moralist who leaves with us a rather disturbing sense of the pettiness of humanity.

The drama found its crowning glories at this period. One stands in awe before the great names of Molière and Racine. The former summons up, as if by magic, such varied and vivid types of our complex humanity, turns such intense, piercing scrutiny on its motives and its meannesses, that his world all at once becomes our own, the very every-day society, whose peccadilloes we thoroughly know. The would-be literary woman, the *Précieuses* of our own circles, the miserly Harpagnons, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, the pushing Marquis, whose motto is

"Pressez, poussez, faites le diable
Pour vous mettre le premier!"

have we not seen them all in New York and Washington? With *Tartuffe*, however, we shrink from claiming acquaintance. He in some sort belongs to tragedy, as the type of evil which awakes keenest hate, because it insults the things we hold in deepest reverence. *Mephistopheles* does this, as an evil spirit, a demon; but *Tartuffe* is a man, and we long to strip off his religious cloak and pay him that he deserves. It is a war of true piety, which Molière fully respects, as against evil wearing its garb.

Racine was fit successor for Corneille. His tragic muse is a trifle less lofty; but his personages have more naturalness and beauty. He shows the same knowledge of the human heart, its workings and strings, its mysterious mechanism of subtle, silent influences, its energies of life and conscience. *Andromaque*, *Iphigénie* and *Phèdre* are among the mightiest creations of genius, unequalled save as Racine himself rivaled them in his subsequent conception of *Athalie*.

La Bruyère merits extreme praise for having kept the position of a cool, sensible, level-headed thinker amid the court splendors of Louis Quatorze. He ridicules Versailles, rails at the throng in its golden salons, and calmly remarks, "A healthy mind receives at court *a taste for solitude and retirement.*" Many are the unvarnished portraits he has etched for all time. "Among the great," he declares, "a malignant and corrupt sap is hidden beneath an out-

ward covering of politeness. The people have scarce any knowledge—and the great have no soul. Must I choose? I do not hesitate; I wish to belong to the people." The ignorance of the populace he is wise enough to apprehend as a danger; alone, of all the writers of his day—following his prescient master, Montaigne—his sympathies are roused for the toiling peasants. "We see certain savage beasts," he declares, "male and female, scattered over the country, black, livid, scorched by the sun, bound to the soil which they trample on and which they sow with unrestrained obstinacy. They have, as it were, an articulate voice, and when they raise themselves on their feet they show a human face; and, in fact, they are men. At night they retire to dens, in which they live on black bread, water and grapes. They save other men the labor of sowing, toiling and gathering for subsistence, and deserve thus that they *should not lack the bread which they have sown.*" Reading this can we not almost foresee the mob clamoring for bread in the Reign of Terror?

For we are approaching the tragic crisis of our story. The baptism of blood wherewith the French nation was baptized in her days of Revolution has many lessons for the world and for us—the main point being that pride, insolence and cruelty build for themselves a scaffold whereon the axe finally falls in majesty of divine retribution. Dynasties rise and fall, aristocracies, autocracies and republics come and vanish; but the Eternal God fainteth not, neither is weary.

"Deus est Deus pauperum."

"He heareth the poor when he crieth; the needy also and him that hath no helper." That cry ascends in every age, like the smoke of a furnace; its inexorable answer comes sooner or later, and must come, from the very constitution of the Divine itself, in judgments whereat men shudder, fainting for fear of "those things which are coming on the earth."

The French Revolution proving this—and much else—on its political and economic side, unfolds other visions from its spiritual point of approach. Dealing with literature, these specially confront us. For starvation and blood, oppression and madness the world has seen before and may see again. Yet if, even amid these horrors, man still clings to his Maker with the cry, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," that faith becomes the very shining of Divine presence. Not until trust itself is slain and the tortured

human heart rejects its only comfort, comes down the thick darkness "that can be felt." Then, instead of angels, demons appear with mocking gibes and lances of raillery, and they have much the tone and temper of Voltaire: "The evil men do lives after them." Much of the modern Parisian infidelity—much, too, of the Robert Ingersoll church-attacking spirit in this land—is the yet lingering echo of the eighteenth century, dominated throughout as it was by this prince of skepticism. For what Voltaire did, what the Revolution did, was to rouse the latent antagonism to good, the awful power of "the Everlasting No," which ever lurks in the heart of humanity, leading it on to make the Great Denial, waking it to consciousness of its freedom, its free-will, its divinest attribute, only to the end that it should choose evil and refuse the good, fling off its crown and thrust away its salvation.

This the man acknowledged to be the greatest writer of his age did with raillery. Satires, tales, vers de société, madrigals, letters and epigrams were his arrows touched with wourali. His serious writing is not of the highest; his essays, histories and dramas, though meritorious, will not hold the ages in fee; but as a master of incisive thought, possessed of unequaled satiric power, and wit sharpened by sense to the edge of a Damascene blade, he quelled his antagonists and forced on the future a resettlement of the true basis of authority and the true meaning of human liberty.

In Montesquieu this frantic age evolved a practical philosopher. Like Voltaire, capable of finest irony and most subtle analysis, as proven by his "Persian Letters," his intellectual equipment in no wise hampered him. He contrived to be very bright, in a worldly way.

In England he shone easily at the Court of George II., and was elected a member of the Royal Society. One day a bore was striving to make him believe something more or less incredible. "If it is not true," said the latter, "I will give you my head!" "I accept it," said Montesquieu, "such little presents keep up friendly feelings." Late in life he produced his great work, the "Esprit des Lois," far too great a work for light discussion here; one sentence from which may be quoted, however, as a germ of profitable thought among Americans. "Not much probity is necessary," he remarks, "for the maintenance and sustenance of a monarchical or despotic government. The force of laws in the one, the arm of the prince ever upraised in the other, rule and constrain all. But in a popular state one spring more is needed, which is *virtue*."

The brave and worthy Minister of Finance, Turgot, who died in disgrace, like D'Aubigné, trying to benefit the masses and save France from bankruptcy, was a follower of Montesquieu. Here, too, we come upon the French Encyclopédié, and the two leaders in that colossal enterprise, Diderot, the enthusiast, and D'Alembert, author of its noble Preface. Its first edition appeared in 1718; six have followed, at varying intervals, since; the last in 1867. Its literary merits are unquestionable. Its religious attitude generally wrong.

D'Alembert, however, was a man of strict integrity. Refusing the temptations held out to him by Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia, the latter having offered him a salary of one hundred thousand francs to leave France and become tutor to her son, he writes thus to Voltaire: "I shall remain in Paris, there I shall eat bread and nuts, there I shall die poor; but there, also, I shall live free. I shall practice geometry and read Tacitus. If you only knew how sweet a refuge from idleness this geometry is! And then the fools do not read you, and, consequently, do not blame you and do not praise you. Geometry is my wife and I have established my household. M. de Maurepas (the minister) and Mme. de Tencin have taught me how to *do without place, fortune or consideration.*"

Space forbids more than a passing mention of Buffon, the great naturalist, and Rousseau, the passionate child of the Revolution, whose burning sentences thrilled France just as Byron's verse fired every combustible element in England.

Then this so-called Philosophic Age, with its Deism and Rationalism and garments rolled in blood, found its close, as do all things earthly; and a truce came for a while. Chateaubriand appeared with his beautiful defense of Christianity, and was heard with respect. Light literature of the most graceful sort sprang into bloom here and there. Madame de Staël introduced her countrymen to Richter, Herder, Schiller and other Germans, above all, to Gœthe. The modern novel sprang into being beneath the creative hand of Alexandre Dumas, the romances of Madame Sand and the wonderful character studies of Balzac effecting in later years its artistic development. Thiers, Guizot and Michelet became the historians of modern France; Béranger, Lamartine and De Musset, its minor poets; but "chief among ten thousand," the greatest genius France has produced of the creative sort, both in poetry and prose, the man of our own day, yet the heir of the ages, startles, dazzles, nay,

overwhelms in the mighty personality of Victor Hugo. We are too near him, as yet, for a fairly measured estimate; the future will give him place of his own—the greatest place, perhaps—in the temple of Fame.

Meanwhile, we can study his work as characteristic of modern thought and expressing the literary temper of his day.

What do we find amid his volcanoes of rhetoric, his wonderful personations, his picturings of Paris—from the magnificence of *Nôtre Dame* to the haunts of *Jean Valjean*—his fiery poetic denunciations of that hollow sham known as the *Second Empire*? First of all, that his sympathies are with the people, the toilers, "*Les Misérables*," with the "*Submerged Tenth*" of Paris, with the rugged fisher-folk of the sea-coasts. Next, we find that he had faith in his earlier years.

I.

My daughter, go and pray! See, night is come;
 One golden planet pierces through the gloom,
 Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
 Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
 All else is hushed; the tree by the road-side
 Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness and pain:
 Let us to prayer! calm night is come again.
 The wind among the ruined towers so bare
 Sighs mournfully; the herds, the flocks, the streams
 All suffer, all complain; worn Nature seems
 Longing for peace, for slumber and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak;
 While we are rushing to our pleasures weak,
 And stained with sin, young children with bent knees,
 Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
 Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer,
 On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh, peaceful cradle-sleep!
 Oh, childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
 Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
 So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
 Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
 Its head beneath its wing and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
 Upon this earth of graves,
 For all whose weary pathways lead
 Among the winds and waves;
 For him who madly takes delight
 In pomp of silken mantle bright,
 Or swiftness of a horse;
 For those who, laboring, suffer still;
 Coming or going—doing ill
 Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
 Until the day dawns bright—
 Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
 His dance and banquet light;
 Whose impious orgies wildly ring
 Whilst pious hearts are offering
 Their prayers at twilight dim;
 And who, those vespers all forgot,
 Pursues his sin and thinketh not
 God also heareth *him*!

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
 The prisoner in his cell,
 And those who in the city wide
 With crime and misery dwell;
 For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
 For him who impiously blasphemous
 Religion's holy law.
 Pray thou! for prayer is infinite—
 Thy faith may give the scorner light,
 Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

This beautiful litany of Intercession is interwoven with Hugo's life-work. His pity for the outcast is the essence of Christian love ("Les Misérables"); his arraignment of the aristocracy ("L'Homme qui Rit") the world's protest against oppression. It is not without significance that he makes *Nôtre Dame* itself the shelter for his poor Esmeralda, the girl of the people. He would restore to the church its privilege of sanctuary.

From this cursory survey of French letters, noting the willful tone of it all, from the early day of that young lord of Fauçonnès in the *Chanson de Gestes*, whom his dying father adjured to deliver up his castle to the foe, and whose defiant reply rings out like a tocsin, "If I had one foot in Paradise and the other in the Castle

of Naisil, I would draw back the one I had in Paradise to put it again in Naisil!"—on, on again through independent thought, rising into spiritual grandeur, of a whole line of Gallican prelates; again, in secular letters, the continual boldness of historian, dramatist, poet and philosopher—who can wonder that so high-spirited a nation has been hard to drive, whoever held the reins? Nothing but great wisdom and moderation, tempered with actual sympathy for and kindness towards the working and peasant classes, will give France any stable political rule; nothing but consummate wisdom, shown in much patience with erratic thinkers, will reinstate the Church in her heart of hearts.

And, here, to-day, in our own land, also, is a power of Voltaire a power of Calvin, a power of Fénelon and Pascal; nay, amid our new Christmas books of 1893 still shines the "Imitation of Christ." For the conditions of French thought do largely obtain immediately around us; and, similarly, only the gentlest of calm, sweet guidance can hope to hold our turbulent America or turn her open-eyed independence towards the "things that belong to her peace."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

TOO SEVERE ON PROTESTANTS.

WERE I to publish one-hundredth part of the good things that are said about *THE GLOBE* in the newspapers and in hundreds of private letters sent to me, I should be accused of unpardonable vanity; hence I accept kindly comment, as a rule, in grateful silence and notice more particularly the few faultfindings that reach me. One of these is embraced in the title of this article, viz., that *THE GLOBE* is too severe on Protestants. I have heard this from priests and laymen. There is, therefore, probably some ground for complaint, unless, indeed, those readers making the complaint are themselves mistaken in their reading, or mistaken on other grounds.

I have thought the subject worthy of notice, not alone by reason of complaints made regarding my own writings, but because many priests seem to be of the opinion that converts from Protestantism are apt, as a rule, to be unreasonably severe toward the various sects out of which they have come.

THE GLOBE reaches and is read by many thousands of representative Protestant men and women, and for their sake as well as for the sake of the thousands of Catholic priests and people who may have this feeling, I wish to make the matter so plain that no man shall have excuse for further misunderstanding.

First of all, I consider it greatly to the credit of priests that they have this tender regard for the feelings of the Protestant community. It seems to be an evidence of sincere Christian charity on their part, and I am all the more glad to point out the fact because Protestants, as a rule, are of the opinion that priests are a bigoted class of men, only waiting a fitting and favorable opportunity to show their hatred of all that is Protestant in all parts of the world. Doubtless some priests may be of this turn of mind and disposition, but I am glad to bear witness to the fact that my experience with many hundreds of them goes to show that while they are absolute and clear in their own opinions and doctrines, and, of course, could not be priests unless they were so, their hatred or bigotry toward Protestants seems to be a minus quantity; and as regards priests in general, and as regards the Catholic Church as a whole, I am satisfied that all that Protestants need is to know the facts to be more and more inclined to embrace Catholic Christianity.

On the other hand, I am inclined to believe that many modern priests and bishops, like many Protestant preachers, may have become a little too tenderly conservative of the truth to be final judges in the question at issue. Possibly were they a little more apostolic in their absence of care regarding the financial and social consequences of the truth plainly spoken, their own words might now and then be touched with a finer flame of inspiration. Official position makes one conservative. The pressure is great upon me not to abuse bad books. If you say severe things about trashy and pretentious books, publishers are not half so willing to advertise with you. And the priest or bishop who is *en rapport* with the wealthy and worldly Protestant people of his parish or diocese, does not like to have these gentlemen disturbed by a lay Catholic who may feel called upon to call things by their most characteristic names. I make no charges; I am simply confessing that in my own sphere, as in the sphere of the priesthood, I am familiar with the difficulties in the way of speaking the truth, and that I am also familiar with the mixed motives that govern the best of human lives.

In a word, I give these gentlemen credit for all their good motives, for all their Christian charity, and assure them that I have similar feelings; but my duty is mine and their duty theirs.

I have no doubt that many bishops and priests have the ability to edit and publish a better review than *THE GLOBE*; but as a matter of fact, they have not yet accomplished that object. No perfect work is easy.

On the other hand, there is not a Catholic parish or a Catholic diocese in existence into which I could not enter and inside of six months make many pertinent criticisms and suggest many improvements. But the gentlemen in charge do the best they know how. I also do the same. So much for the general charity of the priesthood and for their general attitude toward the question of this article.

On the proposition that converts, as a rule, are apt to be too severe toward Protestants, I am moved to say, first, that they probably know a great deal more about the subject than the average priest. They have gone through the mill and know by experience the dullness or sharpness of its driving wheels. As a rule, the priest knows his own church and his own ground perfectly; but never having had a Protestant's experience, he neither knows the virtues nor the vices of the system as an educated Protestant knows them; hence, on this point, I think the intelligent Protestant convert is the better judge as to what tone of statement or argument he should use in his definition or denunciation of the system, which, while attempting and professing to give him light, gives him only darkness and the shadow of death. In a word, if Protestantism is the schismatic and deceptive and imperfect thing that the Catholic Church professes to know it to be, the convert who has personal as well as theoretical knowledge of the fact, and who may have suffered endlessly in conquering the delusions and imperfections of Protestantism, may well be pardoned, perhaps admired, for his earnest denunciation of the same.

So much for the general proposition that converts, as a rule, are apt to be too severe toward sectarian Protestantism. In a word, I think that said converts are the best judges of the facts and of their own duty in the case. In this same line, I may be pardoned for the suggestion that the whole work of the priesthood is not embraced in its ministry to the faithful; that there may be even a greater and a more solemn duty before it than the regular ser-

vice at the altar and in the confessional ; that, perhaps, in its conservative care of the temporal needs of the Church, it may have too far forgotten its primal duty of converting sinners to the truth ; that perhaps if it would study more carefully the signs and needs of the times, as seen in the immorality of our political legislation, our social ideals, our modern Ingersoll atheism, our modern commercial mammonism, and our general wealthy Protestant and so-called Catholic, immoral impudence of contemptible damnation, it would find that there is a crying need in this nineteenth century of something besides theological and ecclesiastical dispensations, or something besides the regular ministration of the sacraments.

I hold that the average legislation of this land is dictated by the devil and his most despicable angels of ignorance, selfishness, vice and hypocrisy. I hold that the social ideals of our day are beneath the pity and contempt of a decent man. I hold that all this, done in the name of Christianity, is a lying libel against Christ and all that is worth living for in this world. All my articles are written on the basis of this knowledge and conviction. Ninety per cent. of our modern priests believe about the same, but they are afraid of offending their friends if they say so in a way to have effect. I am not afraid of offending friend or foe. I shrink from giving offense. I have dear and honored and loved friends in the various Protestant denominations ; but if they remain my friends they must be willing to receive the truth ; and this brings me naturally to the question as to the over-severity of my own articles toward Protestants or Protestantism.

Here, first of all, I make the discrimination between Protestants and Protestantism. Toward individuals, whether Catholic, Protestant, Infidel or Pagan, I cherish only the kindest and gentlest feelings of charity, regardless of their creeds and regardless of their personal relations to me. Even toward the Honorable ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker, whom I know to be a typical incarnation of all the virtues, vices, imperfections, contradictions, hypocrisies and moral blindness and ignorance of modern pious Protestantism ; and toward Col. Robert Ingersoll, whom I know to be the typical and ultimate embodiment of all that Protestantism gone to wild grass and moonshine is bound to arrive at ; as to other deceived and deceiving sinners, I have nothing but kindness, and would be glad to do either of the rascals a good turn if it came in my way. But toward the stuff that made them what

they are ; toward the falsehoods of hell, and the ignorant pretensions of Protestant creeds, out of which these gentlemen have grown, I have undying hatred, and against them I have sworn eternal war. You say, but why not put it milder? I say, mind your own business, and when you feel called upon to preach God Almighty's truth, regardless of your own life, come to me and we will decide who is to blame.

The history of Protestantism is now too well known to be quarreled over among educated people. It is on the one side an outgrowth of the pride of the human intellect in protest against the divine light and authority of the Church, as in all the sects of historic Christianity, and last of all in Luther, Calvin and Ingersoll. It is, on the other side, an outgrowth of the lust of human passion in protest against the divine law and moral obligations of the Church ; as among the early Christians who worried the life out of the Apostle Paul ; so in Henry VIII. of England, and the Church that grew out of his willful conceit and bastardy. Mr. Froude is perfectly wise and consistent in defending this gross and mouthing hypocrite king. The Church of England must stand by Henry VIII. or die.

The early Church of England was Roman Catholic, and that man is either willful or foolish who attempts to disguise the fact. Pardon me, my Episcopal friends, and be patient with me. God knows I love you, many of you, quite as well as I love any Catholic I have ever known or expect to know. But truth is higher and deeper than human friendship.

Out of these two sources, Protestantism, as far as it differs from Roman Catholic Christianity, came. What it has that is good belongs to the old Christhood and Motherhood of the Eternal God and the Church. I admit gladly many of the beautiful spiritual aspirations of Protestantism, rather of Protestant individuals. I admit gladly many of the beautiful devotions of Protestant individuals. Even Wanamaker has streaks of sincere piety. But in any moral emergency he is sure to go wrong. I admit gladly the many noble self-sacrifices of thousands of Protestant individuals. They have striven, spite of their creeds, for the soul of the Redeemer, have caught its touch, and, so far, have been redeemed. But bring them face to face with absolute truth, and they are unable to bear the burning glow.

Growing out of these two sources of error, Protestantism, spiet

of its many connections with the source of light and truth, is forever pursuing the falsehood that you can preach the truth without knowing it; that is the whole of it. And that you can reform the world while you yourselves are out of harmony with the moral order of the universe, if not in utter moral blindness and sin.

I have been a Protestant of the Protestants, and I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge; and nearly ninety per cent. of modern Protestantism is too everlastingly conceited alike on the intellectual and moral side, to be convinced or changed by anything short of such moral and intellectual and social and national and world-wide historic earthquake as I know to be near at hand.

And shall I tie my lips or chain my pen lest some time-serving Catholic editor or priest may be shocked by my words, or some worldly Protestant friend of his be led to sneer at the same? A plague upon such nonsense! By and by these gentlemen will understand that the editor of *THE GLOBE* is not a child.

So far from being more severe toward Protestantism since my reception into the Church, observing readers of *THE GLOBE* will eventually see that my expressions have been milder than of old; and I am determined, for the sake of all sides, that they shall continue to grow milder still. Meanwhile, thousands of priests and of younger writers will have caught the flame and by and by it will be as easy to write the truth as it is now easy to write dogmatic platitudes and mere sycophant praise.

I have learned, by the bitterest of human experience, covering a period of more than a generation of mature and thoughtful life, that Protestantism, even in its most representative clergy and laity, is unfit to guide a human soul through the mental and moral bewilderments of this world; that when it comes to a question of personal morality, of domestic integrity and duty, of social, commercial and political life, said Protestantism, or ninety per cent. of it, will follow the maudlin dreams of its own sentimentality or selfishness, and will not be loyal to the law of God. I blame no man for this; I condemn no man. God forbid. I need too much charity for my own life. It is not my business to judge or condemn men or women, but it is my business to tell you the truth, even though you condemn me.

In the representative articles of *THE GLOBE* during the last four years, say on the problem of divorce, on Jonathan Edwards, on

Emerson, on the labor problem, on Count Krasinski, and later on Ingersoll and Wanamaker, I have not spoken in the heat of passion, or from momentary impulse, but out of burning convictions, the principles of which I have been learning through funeral pyres of national and individual experience these last thirty years, and when my critics, Catholic and Protestant, are freed of cant and have learned how to mind their own business, and when your rivers run with blood, as they will; and when your hearts are breaking with anguish by the million, as they will; then you will understand that I have seen the beginning, the meaning and the end of all your sophistry, and have simply been yearning, longing, sometimes almost raving, to save you from your doom; and what are your titles, your sycophancy, your wealth and your hypocrisy to me?

If THE GLOBE and its editor are not worthy of your respect and support, do not respect and support us. If we are worthy, and you boycott us, stab us in the back and expect us to wink at your hypocrisy and your upstart, plebeian vanity, we may wink, but not in ignorance of your aims. I do not look upon the Roman Catholicism of the past or the present as the highest possible ideal of Christianity. I am forced to admit that some of its corruptions made Protestantism necessary. Nevertheless, Protestantism, as a system, is doomed to the dogs of hell, and the Catholic Church of the future shall be so world-wide, grand and simple in its service, faith and charity, that its veriest slaves will be turned into honest men.

As for the recent Chicago Congress of Religions, about which so many amateur Catholics and Protestants have gone into ecstasy, it was simply the resweeping of a lot of piles of dusty sea-foam, the foul gases and errors of which have been exposed and exploded and blown deathward by the winds of heaven, over and over again during these last eighteen hundred years. I have no sympathy with that foolish convert priest of Detroit who told the young ladies of his parish that they had better marry negroes than Protestants. I am fighting errors, not men; but if Protestants, or Pagans really wish light, let them come to the true source of light, or go the devil—with the kindest wishes and sincere regrets of

W. H. THORNE.

ADVOCATE THE POPE'S TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY.

THE restoration of the temporal power of the Pope is advocated in the following pages on one ground alone, that of its necessity as the only efficacious means of ensuring to him the proper and complete fulfillment of his spiritual office. The territory, or material basis of this power, constituting it a temporal sovereignty, has been seized and taken possession of by a stronger power, with no higher warrant of right than that bestowed by superior material might. Regarded simply as a stroke of national aggrandizement, such an unjustifiable act of spoliation is no uncommon occurrence calling forth any unusual manifestation of censure or condemnation on the part of the world at large. In the eyes of the world such an act gradually loses its immoral aspect, and as time goes on its simply *de facto* character assumes also that of the *de jure*, when to talk of restoration would be to provoke a feeling of wonderment or a smile of disdain.

Dynasties may be displaced and forms of government overthrown, when to seek to restore the fallen would be to wrestle with the inevitable; but as regards the Roman injustice, no force of adventitious conditions or circumstances can create solid motives for acquiescence in the disastrous results involved. In the case of Piedmont's lawless seizure of the Papal domain, and persistence in its retention, there is involved something more than ordinary injustice. The blow struck by that power in its unlawful act of aggrandizement, has a wider reach than the territorial limits of the Roman States; it is a blow struck at the Catholic Church itself, in that it abrogates the one temporal condition rendering its Head equal to the proper and complete exercise of his spiritual functions. In view of this momentous fact, the earnest discussion of the question involved, laboring to state it in its true import, in all its just bearings and serious aspects, is, even in the initial and less adverse stages of the inauspicious state of things that give rise to it, neither uncalled for nor inopportune.

Of the many grave and unsolved questions which at present force themselves upon the attention of Catholics, there is not one that demands their serious consideration in a higher degree than

that of the present temporal position of the supreme head of the Church, in common parlance, the "temporal power of the Pope." Due reflection on what it is to which this question refers and which gives to it its significance will make manifest its importance and its seriousness. It is not a question of temporal power for its own sake, but of temporal means to a higher than a temporal end—the exercise of the most exalted prerogative bearing upon the government and well-being of Christian society.

Intimately connected with the question of the temporal power is that of the relation of fitness which the territorial seat of the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction bears to the universal Church, a question which should not be lost sight of in the consideration of the temporal power. As the Church is a stable institution, it would seem as if the fitness of things in its regard required that the seat of its jurisdiction should possess in some measure a corresponding distinction. In point of fact, such has been the case up to the present time; and in looking back on the past history of the Christian Church, it would seem that no part of the habitable globe could have furnished to it a central ground of supreme jurisdiction and authority capable of bearing this characteristic as it has been maintained in the seat always occupied by it. In fact, it would seem as if there was a providential relation between the Church and this hitherto only seat of its supreme rule.

When about entering on their mission to preach the Gospel to the Pagan world the Apostles formulated their summary of Christian doctrine, the Apostles' Creed, one of the articles of which elicited an act of belief in the *Church Catholic*; the one alone center of governmental rule in the world that possessed in a temporal degree the attributes of universality and stability was the city of Rome, as being the central seat of universal political supremacy, and therefore the only capital whose name, as being significative of those attributes, could the most fittingly serve as a qualifying term to that of *Catholic Church*. The Church as a teaching body, demands a designative term besides that of Catholic, or universal, a term designative of the seat of its authority and jurisdiction. As Rome is the central seat of the authority and jurisdiction of the Church, and has been for two thousand years, or since its foundation, the very facts of its life—of its establishment and continuous existence—attach to it, not in a distinguishing, but in a generic sense the word *Roman*. Those who in speaking of Catholics think it

not proper to designate them as such or as Roman Catholics, but as "Romans" or "Romanists," do not display extraordinary intelligence or consistency in their choice of disparaging epithets. They seem not to be aware that these appellations bear with them the very idea they would fain surpress—Catholicity or universality. The wear of ages has not been able to efface the signification of an attribute; a world's empire, temporal and spiritual, has attached to the empyreal name of Rome.

Of the many forms of the Christian religion, apart from the Catholic Church, there is not a single one whose name is capable of bearing a qualifying term designative of a central seat of Catholic jurisdiction and authority. The names borne by all those Christian teaching bodies are *divisional* expressions. There is, there never has been, and there never can be, but one territorial center of Catholic unity, authority, and jurisdiction. What the future may bring forth with regard to the continuous permanency of Rome as the capital of the Christian world, no man can tell; but the fact, that since the chief of the Apostles made it the seat of his jurisdiction, it has remained such, through all the vicissitudes of nearly twenty centuries, would almost justify us in regarding it as a providential condition of the Church's functional life. One thing is certain, and should be plain to all, the Church which alone of all other teaching Christian bodies has occupied a distinct territorial ground as a center of unity with respect to the actualities of its functional life—its supreme Catholic authority and jurisdiction; and which can show, beyond a reasonable doubt, that this territorial center of unity is identical with that occupied by the chief of the Apostles and of his successors in unbroken continuity down to the present time, the last of whom is the present Pope of Rome, Leo XIII.;—the Church that shows this, shows all that is necessary to be shown in validity of its claim to be regarded as the one only true Apostolic Church of Christ.

The merits of the question of the "temporal power" hinge upon two essential points. First, as to the manner in which it was acquired. Second, as to whether the present constitution of civil society necessitates its continuance. With respect to the first, or to the *de jure* aspect of the question, it is the point least touched upon by the adversaries of Papal civil rule. All the argumentative powers and eloquence of these opponents of Papal temporal sovereignty are spent upon the administrative character of the

Pope's civil rule, judged, not in accordance with the spirit of the times, or respective periods through which it has passed, but in the light of our exacting and censorious era. A striking illustration of this was furnished us a short time ago, when that arch-enemy of the Papacy, Sig. Crispi, foreseeing the near approach of events bearing the first fruits of Piedmont's act of usurpation, and exhibiting to the world the true nature of the consequences involved in that act—when the ex-premier of Italy essayed to make his voice heard on this side of the Atlantic, in a long apologetic strain of Piedmontese-colored statements, endeavoring to counteract the moral effects coming events may possibly produce in regard to the criminal position of his government; and when his effort was immediately seconded by two sympathetic auxiliaries, who, taking up his anti-Papal parable, expounded it after their own manner, but not with less acrimony, confining themselves exclusively, like him, to a virulent attack upon Papal civil administration, and who, like him, were very careful to shun the *de jure* aspect of the question. One of them did, indeed, venture to cast a passing glance in that direction, but only to unveil the unreasoning prejudice animating him. With a flourish of his pen, he coolly intimated that Charlemagne should have delivered up to the barbarian Lombards the territory he had bestowed on the Pope, because, forsooth, they, in a pillaging raid made into Italy a short time previous, had possessed themselves of this territory! The question of the temporal power lies deeper than the real or imaginary faults of civil administration so vehemently urged against the Pope's civil rule during the many centuries of its continuance. The temporal rule of the Pope, like that of every civil power, must be judged with reference to the existing state of society and to the elements composing it. We know that dating from the origin of the temporal power, society has been in a transition state, and we know the nature of the elements of which it was composed at its several transition periods; and we know, too, that the one active potency in the assuagement of these rude elements was the Papacy in the conjoint action of its dual sovereignty, temporal and spiritual. With respect to the second point, as to whether the constitution of civil society necessitated and still necessitates civil sovereignty as an appendage to the Pope's office as chief ruler of the Church, the reality of such necessity must be apparent to every just and reflecting mind. The

Catholic Church is an institution confined in the actualities of its functional life to no special divisions of peoples or races; it is a Catholic organism, or explicative medium of religious truths on the earth, and as such requires, on the part of its head, a temporal position preclusive of the direct opposition and antagonism of any civil ruler or government to the expoundings of those truths, when condemnatory of the injustice or criminality of such ruler or government. Seeing, then, that civil independence is an actual necessity of the religious situation of the head of the Church, why such intense opposition to the alliance of the two sovereignties in the Papacy? It is due, principally to two causes: First, want of true comprehension of all that is comprised in a spiritual sovereignty universal in the scope of its jurisdiction and authority and in the application of its principles. A just conception of such sovereignty would be that its rule and authority should command the material means and channels through which alone its free action with respect to its authority, its jurisdiction, and the application of its principles, is possible. In the second place, it is due to the confounding this dual sovereignty with the false connection of Church and State outside the Catholic Church. Outside the Popedom, dual religious and temporal sovereignty is a twofold evil, exerting as it does a pernicious and unhealthy influence, religious and political, as it has within the body of the Church, even when assumed by the civil power for purely temporal ends, and the aversion evinced toward it is reasonable and well founded. But to fail to distinguish it from the Popedom in its religious aspects is neither just nor reasonable. Yet, the great majority of non-Catholics so confound it, and entertain the idea that the Popedom signifies the very essence and root-element of this false connection of Church and State. Great is the force of catch-words; empty catch-words not unfrequently carry more weight than solid arguments. When applied to the Pope's temporal power, for instance, what argument can avail against the single dictum—"No connection between Church and State." Not to bow immediate assent to so wise an utterance in such connection would be to incur the imputation of being an obscurantist of the most pronounced type. Yet, how little do they on whose lips those words are so frequently heard, and who utter them with such an air of self-conscious wisdom, how little do they think, and realize the fact, that the connection of Church and

State in its really reprehensible sense has been prevented most in the nations of the Christian world by means of the Pope's civil independence or temporal sovereignty. The connection of Church and State in a false sense is a usurpation, an assumption of prerogatives for which there is no just sanction; it is an unnatural inversion of things in the religious order, making the spiritual subservient to the temporal,—the spiritual the means, the temporal the end. The great safeguard against this false assumption of religious prerogatives by the civil power lies in the absolute freedom of the head of the Church in the exposition of moral and religious truths. It is only in this freedom exercised outside the sphere and influence of any particular political sovereignty that his authoritative voice can have its due force and efficacy in the exposition of those truths. As civil legislation must necessarily have a more or less remote bearing upon the domain of religion, for religious principles lie at the basis of the social order, the tendency of this bearing, as regards the civil power, is to take an explicative and authoritative form. From the authoritative action alone of the Papacy as the one divinely sanctioned and appointed authorized exponent of the divine law with regard to morality and religion, and as standing outside and independent of the civil power, comes the constant check to this tendency. History verifies and makes plain the fact that the usurpation of religious prerogatives by national rulers never could have been effectually resisted, or resisted with the effectiveness it has been, had not the Pope stood on a level of political independence, with respect to those arrogating powers. And history, in its universality—ancient and modern history makes plain the fact of the tendency of national rulers to assume and invest themselves with religious prerogatives. Had the Pope, during the reign of Louis XIV., not stood on a plane of civil independence, or had he been the mere subject of that ruler, or of any other national potentate, "*Le grand Monarque*," in his undue assumption of authority, would have gone one step further than he did when he said, "*L'état c'est moi*;" he would not have hesitated to add to this declaration, "*L'Église c'est moi*," and to constitute himself, like Henry VIII., the head of the Church within his own realm, which, in fact, he practically did to a great extent. Or to come down to almost our own day, when another powerful potentate, whose lust of rule and ambition could brook no opposition from the Pope in his exposition

of moral law, and who sought with all the force of his genius and of his crushing material power to make the head of the Church the mere tool of his ambition and love of conquest.

Man, in virtue of the constitution of his nature as a moral and religious being, needs a divinely authorized teaching, or explicative medium of religious truths, such as is the Catholic Church, acting through its directive unifying principle of headship, the Papacy, inasmuch as religious truths relate to his final destiny, and are therefore susceptible of but one exposition under the Divine sanction. Intuition from within, explication from without, the latter complementary to the former, and which in the actuality of their fundamental correlation are the one only means by which man attains to the unity and perfection of his manhood. It is only in the verbal explicative symbol that the intuitional thought becomes realized in living actual form, that it becomes an efficacious factor in the actuality of man's intellectual and rational life. The intuitional ideal elements of justice, right, obligation, duty, which lie at the basis of man's spiritual being, become living and actual religious forces only when his ears are pierced by the preceptive symbol—"The Lord thy God thou shalt adore and Him only shalt thou serve." "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Honor thy father and thy mother." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." That is, by language, in the preceptive symbol from without. The ignoring of the great fact that man can act in the unity of his dual nature only in the verbal explication of the intuitional, or that the soul can act independently of the body or the senses, is an error fraught with the most dangerous consequences, an error which underlies the late work of Dr. Martineau, "Seat of Authority in Religion," in which the author makes a desperate effort to create a rational ground of justification for ignoring the claims of the Catholic Church and of escape from all external authority in religion, by falling back on intuition pure and simple—a philosophical error of the deepest kind. As to the work itself, which is but the unfolding of this error in a thousand different, subtle forms, it is no exaggeration to say, without the least intention to be unjust to the venerable author, that it is, fundamentally, one of the most anti-Christian books that has ever been written.

If the majority of non-Catholics fail to recognize the fact that the Pope's temporal sovereignty acted as a potent preventive of the false connection of Church and State, not so with some of the

profoundest thinkers both among Protestants and Catholics. The following, from the pen of M. Guizot, is well deserving of attention.* “The union of the spiritual and temporal power in the Papacy was not brought about by any systematic and deliberate course of action looking to its attainment, nor by any ambitious pretension. It was necessity, continuous necessity, that has produced and maintained this fact through all sorts of obstacles. In fulfilling and in order to fulfill its religious mission, in exercising and in order to exercise its spiritual power, the Papacy had need, absolute need of independence, and, in a certain measure, of material authority. These were at first acquired in Rome, then around Rome, then in other parts of Italy, successively and by different titles; at first under that of municipal magistracy, then of territorial proprietorship, and in virtue of the political power inherent at the time in property, then by title of sovereignty full and direct. Temporal possessions and government came to the Papacy as a natural appendage and necessary support of its grand religious situation, and in measure as this situation developed itself. The donations of Pepin and Charlemagne were only one of the principal incidents of this development, at once spiritual and temporal, which commenced at an early hour, seconded by the instincts of the people as by the favors of kings. It was in order to become the chief of the Church, and to become really such, that the Pope became the sovereign of a state. Thus brought about by the natural course of things and force of circumstances, the union of the two powers in the Papacy has had one natural though unforeseen result: *it has established and caused to prevail their distinction everywhere else.* It is necessary, said with great reason M. Odilon Barrot in the legislative assembly, it is necessary that the two powers should be blended in the Roman States in order that they may be separated in the rest of the world. Many centuries before Odilon Barrot, *Christian instinct and the general welfare of European civilization had said this same it is necessary.* As temporal sovereign, the Pope was not to be feared by any civil power; but he drew from this sovereignty an efficacious guarantee of his independence and moral authority. The equal of kings in dignity without being their rival in temporal power, he was able to defend everywhere the dignity and rights of the spiritual order, true source and true basis of his power.”

* L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861. Chp. 19, pp. 143, 144, 145.

The above, from this profound thinker, establishes beyond all controversy the legitimate character of the temporal power.

From the dead and buried Roman sovereignty of the Cæsars sprung naturally, as a plant from its seed, the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It was not a popular creation either by compact or revolution, neither was it a usurpation on the part of the Church authorities; both elements, the popular and the ecclesiastical, entered into the development process by which the territorial seat of the Church's jurisdiction was transformed into the capital of the Christian world under conditions fitting to the new order of things—the formation of distinct and separate nationalities. The idea—Rome as the capital of the universal Christian republic—was the idea which evoked the spirit in which it was further established and guaranteed, as the gift of legitimate conquest, by the great Charlemagne. Will the boldest defenders of Piedmont's act in assuming the sovereignty of the Roman States, dare to say that this act was within the limit of legitimate right, or that this transformed power is not indebted for its investiture of this sovereignty to the favor of secret conspiracy, assassination and lawless violence? A sovereignty, such as that of the Roman patrimony, by its very nature, and in virtue of the fact that it embraces, in a certain sense, the whole Christian world, and that its integrity touches the religious interests of millions, is wholly outside the right of political revolution on the part of, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of people, the redress of whose real grievances lay within the compass of peaceful measures. And equally is this patrimony outside the right of conquest on the part of any political power. No power on earth has the right, either by revolution or by conquest, to subvert this patrimony.

Within the memory of men still living, a powerful potentate did lay violent hands upon and possessed himself of it, but he did so to his ruin.

There are, underlying the moral order, three broad and pregnant principles which in their expansion embrace man in the entirety of his moral nature. They are: "The material is for the spiritual, and not the spiritual for the material; the temporal is for the eternal, and not the eternal for the temporal; the state is for the individual, and not the individual for the state." During the first three centuries of her existence, the Church, in maintaining those transcendental religious and moral principles, was in con-

stant conflict with the civil power. If it be asked how she, during so long a period, was enabled to maintain this conflict, and to issue, finally, triumphant from the struggle in the absence of temporal conditions of independence on the part of her chief pastor, the answer is, that there were absent from the adverse conditions of this first period of her existence certain influences more profoundly antagonistic to her growth and to the prevalence of her principles, even than persecution and death—the influence springing from nationalism, not in unity, but in diversity. When Christianity appeared on the earth, nationalism had its manifestation in unity; as manifested in separate, independent sovereignities, it had long been absorbed in the one universal Roman nation or empire. When we turn our thoughts to the origin of the Christian Church, to the nature and character of its constitution as being founded upon a principle of unity or of individual headship, we are led to recognize the Divine guidance in the disposition of events placing the central seat of the supreme authority of the rising Church within the territorial limits constitutive of the central seat of political unity and authority. It was eminently fitting that the seat of universal political supremacy should include that of *Catholic* religious supremacy. In more respects than one did this providential fact have an important bearing upon the future of the Christian Church, when the supreme representative of the civil order, Cæsar, himself, was brought to “render unto God the things that are God’s.” A single passage from Rank’s history of the Popes is illustrative of this view. “Theodosius the Great commands that all nations claiming the protection of his grace should receive the faith as propounded by St. Peter to the Romans. Valentinien also forbade the bishops, whether of Gaul or of other provinces, to depart from the received customs of the Church without the sanction of that venerable man, the Pope of the holy city.”*

It was at that momentous epoch when the universal Roman power was overthrown, and when commenced the formation of new and independent nations composed of the rude conquering barbarians, that arose the imperative necessity for a limited territorial sovereignty as a means to the proper and effectual exercise of the Pope’s spiritual functions—functions embracing in their

* Rank’s History of the Popes. E. Foster’s translation, Vol. 1, p. 8.

exercise the whole human family. To the reflecting Catholic, at least, who views the course of events in the light of a supervising Providence, the Divine Hand is here again plainly visible in the shaping of events and in the instruments made use of at this critical juncture in the world's history, placing the head of the Church on a footing of independence with respect to those nations newly sprung up from a state of barbarism. With regard to the past, there is not an intelligent, unprejudiced man, who, history in hand, would maintain that the unity and integrity of the Church could have been preserved had its supreme head been confined within the territorial limits of any one of the nations of the world from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present time. There are to be met with in the history of each of those nations certain eventualities and combinations of circumstances that would render such a conclusion as chimerical as a dream. But how is it with regard to the present? It is with the temporal power as regards the present that we are principally concerned. The question is, does the situation of the political world, as determined by its distribution into separate, independent sovereignties, afford still the same reasons as heretofore why the territorial seat of the head of the Church should partake of the same character of independence and sovereignty? In other words, have the reasons which gave birth to, and which have maintained in existence, the temporal power ceased to exist, as having been eliminated from the civil or governmental order of society? Let living actual facts answer the question. Do not certain legislative enactments aimed at the Church in its doctrinal teaching and in its religious orders by some of the foremost nations of the earth, and which we have seen enforced with relentless severity, bear unimpeachable testimony to the incompatibility of the Pope's temporal position as the subject of, or as residing under the roof of any particular civil government? And as to those sanguinary conflicts springing from national jealousies, ambitions and disputes, and which would be the certain cause of disturbing results affecting the whole body of the Church, were the temporal position of the sovereign Pontiff one of civil independency, surely these things belong not wholly to the past. The din of war that swept over a great part of the civilized world between 1848 and 1877 has hardly yet ceased to ring in our ears: the potent voice of evolution has not yet quite hushed to calm and stillness the stormy

elements of humanity nor obliterated the causes that rouse them to activity; but yesterday the earth shook beneath the crash of their pent-up forces, to-day they may be silently gathering for a fresh outburst on the morrow.

However strenuously the temporal power of the Pope is here maintained, nothing can be further from the writer's thought than to assert it as an elementary principle of the Church's constitution. The Pope's proper sovereignty, as every Catholic holds, is in its nature, purpose and ends, a purely spiritual sovereignty. The question engrossing our attention bears exclusively on the temporal conditions essential to the effectual exercise of this sovereignty, that is to say, on the Pope's temporal, not his spiritual status; as the sphere of his spiritual rule is a temporal sphere, he must, in exercising the functions of his office, necessarily occupy a temporal position, and one that ought not to be enimical to but in harmony with his spiritual jurisdiction and authority. But the temporal power is abolished, we are told, actually abolished. To what purpose then the agitation of the question? Why not submissively yield to the inevitable instead of vainly endeavoring to stem or push back the resistless current of events? The abolition of the temporal power is something outside the ordinary current of events. At present, it is true, its abolition is an accomplished fact, but not for the first time; and what is the measure of its accomplishment? A few years more than that of its accomplishment in Napoleon's time. It was an accomplished fact some centuries ago, when its measure of accomplishment extended to nearly a century. And it is also true that at each period of its occurrence this fact affected the world in an extraordinary manner, as a happening outside the ordinary course of things. During the Avignon captivity, as it is called, Christendom was disturbed and agitated as it never was before: in the eyes of men the occurrence bore a portentous and startling aspect, as it did in the eyes of the Catholic world during the Fontainebleau captivity, from 1809 to 1814, when, while Napoleon was in the zenith of his power, the enemies of the Pope clapped their hands with joy at the irretrievable downfall, as they believed, of the Papacy. Perhaps, too, the present occurrence of this momentous fact bears with it a *portend* which, owing to the excitements and engrossments of the period, we do not fully realize. The phenomenal character of the fact itself, and its non-permanency at each period of its occurrence, are two of the principal

reasons why Catholics do not accept it and become reconciled to it. But, again, another fact, or alleged fact, is brought forward as being conclusive of the permanent downfall of the temporal power,—the alleged fact that the Pope's former subjects are opposed to the recontinuance of his civil rule. Allowing that there may be some truth in this statement, how much more forcibly might not a similar argument, bearing on the same point, have been urged during the Avignon period, when it might be said with truth that the Popes themselves, owing to the treatment they had received at the hands of their people, had no desire to resume the grievous task of civil government in their regard; when the enlightened and far-seeing men of that time, seeing that the Pope's stay at Avignon was being dangerously prolonged, made earnest, but unavailing efforts to have it terminated; when such men as Dante, Petrarch, and other eminent men of the period, failed to induce the immediate predecessor of the last of the Avignon Popes to return to Rome and resume the dual functions of the Papal sovereignty. By what instrumentality were the apparently insurmountable obstacles to the restoration of the temporal power removed at this time? By that of a young and delicate girl, "the dyer's daughter," St. Catherine of Sienna, sprung up like a fair flower in the midst of noxious weeds and thorns. Amid the din of human passion, disorder and conflict, her gentle voice was heard, preaching the sweet charity of the Gospel, entreating and exhorting for Christ's dear sake, to mutual forgiveness, reconciliation and peace, all directed to the end destined to be accomplished through her instrumentality. At an early hour of her brief life, the abnormal situation of the Papacy filled her heart with sadness, and inspired her with the resolution of devoting all her energies to bring to a termination the contention that was rending and afflicting the hearts of Christians throughout the world. After repeated embassies, under the auspices of princes and nobles, had failed in the object of their mission, St. Catherine, in the summer of 1376, wrapping her mantle around her, undertook the same journey, in order to effect what those grand and influential embassies had failed to accomplish. Arrived at Avignon, she had an interview with the Pope Gregory XI., and that enlightened Pontiff, with the penetration of the spiritually illumined, perceived at once that her cause was inspired by the Divine Spirit: he listened to her words, regarding them as nothing less than a Divine admoni-

tion, took the resolution to depart from Avignon, and in the course of a few weeks sat out on his journey to Rome. Are the obstacles to the restoration of the temporal power less surmountable at the present crisis than were those of the Avignon period? and have the providential instrumentalities restorative of it been exhausted? After all, what foundation of permanency has this alleged fact, regarded by some as the principal obstacle standing in the way of restoration? Popular sentiment. Popular sentiment has no intrinsic permanency; it is neither infallible nor unchangeable. No good reason can be shown why a change of sentiment may not take place among the Roman population in regard to their present political situation; why oppressive taxation, such as they were never burdened within the calmer and less showy times of Papal rule, and the attaching of them and of their sons to the chariot wheels of their new national King, may not awaken them from their day dream of national bliss; may not dispel from their eyes the false glamour of a past national life and earthly glory that can never, never be revived. And the aspiring monarchy, seeking to invest itself with the halo of a former greatness, in assuming the title and sovereignty that signified and constituted it, after experiencing at its cost that it arrogated to itself, by its sacrilegious act, an element portentous of danger and disaster, may, like the Philistines of old, in the case of the Ark of the Lord, hasten to divest itself of and restore a possession betokening nothing but trouble and embarrassment. He is a wise man that can predict with certainty the permanent abolition of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. And in laboring to restore it—to redress the most momentous of wrongs, Catholics have little cause to fear that they are "kicking against the good;"—a wrong which the philosophic author, already quoted from, does not hesitate to say "*est, à coup sûr, l'un des plus étranges actes d'usurpation que connaisse l'histoire et que l'esprit puisse concevoir*"—"is undeniably one of the strangest acts of usurpation known to history, and that the human mind can conceive."

JAMES FINN.

ABANDON THE POPE'S TEMPORAL SOV- EREIGNTY.

I WAS glad to receive and to publish Mr. Finn's able paper in this issue advocating the Pope's temporal sovereignty; first, because of the exceptional ability of the article; second, because I believe that the ground on which the temporal power of the Pope is advocated therein to be the only strong ground upon which it can be advocated, that is, the ground of expediency; third, because I hope and believe that the next generation will see the question settled for once and forever, and all claims and pretensions of temporal sovereignty on the part of the Pope, and all advocacy of it on the part of true and loyal Catholics, laid quietly to rest in eternal oblivion.

In common with all true Catholics and all honorable men, I hold that to whatever extent the existing government of Italy has despoiled the Pope or the Church of any lands or estates that were rightfully the property of the Church, said government has committed a simple act of robbery; precisely in the same sense that William the Conqueror, Henry VIII. and the entire brood of English kings who despoiled and confiscated the lands and estates of the Church in England and in Ireland were common thieves, with this darker stigma, however, to the quality of their crime, that wherever and whenever, under any pretense, kings and princes or any persons in authority—political or ecclesiastical—rob a friendly person, or an innocent and peaceful person, or institution, who, or which, by the very nature of the case, is not in a position to reclaim or reconquer the stolen property, there is added to the crime of common theft the despicable and cowardly offense of unutterable meanness of theft.

In this light I hold that the existing governments of England, France, and, to a less extent, Germany, are guilty of precisely the same offense that Italy has committed, only in the case of Italy it was robbery nearer home, nearer the central heart of the Church, and hence the crime has seemed more exasperating. And this common crime of the nations against the Church has been in no way or degree modified or palliated, in my estimation, by the fact that later the legislative governments evolved by these princely or so-

called "republican" thieves have formulated laws justifying their acts, and at the same time intended to prevent the large acquirement of property by the Church in present or future generations.

In a word, I look upon the entire range of the so-called *mortmain* (common law) in England and the United States, as an *ex post facto* attempt to legislate the blood-stains out of an eternal crime; and I am thoroughly in sympathy with those special or private laws, in certain portions of the United States, whereby the Church, under the individual ownership of its bishops or archbishops, is able to hold property to any extent whatsoever. Again, I would be thoroughly in sympathy with any legislation, or with any military aggressions that would in the next quarter of a century or in the next ten centuries reconquer for the Church every inch of land and every dollar's worth of property (interest included) that the nations have stolen from her in the past centuries.

But, I hold, just as strongly and clearly that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, or that phase and quality of authority, power, or dominion designated as the temporal power of the Pope, was from the first a phase of authority that the Pope never had any right to accept or assume; that it is in no sense necessary to "the proper and complete fulfilment of his spiritual office;" that on the contrary, it has always been a bone of contention, an element of weakness, a perpetual cause of ambition and jealousy; that it is absolutely foreign to and a debasement of the high and star-like, glorious and world-wide, ineffable and incomparable spiritual power of the True Father of all Christian souls; that the present Pope, of all the blessed graces, kindnesses, charities and great abilities—Leo XIII.—has been a greater power in Europe and the world, and has exercised his spiritual office more successfully since the temporal power of the Pope was taken away; and has won and received and deserved more spontaneity of love, reverence and obedience from the faithful of all nations, and even from Protestants, unbelievers and infidels, than any Pope that ever preceded him, and infinitely more of these blessed ministries than he would have received had he retained the poor semblance of temporal sovereignty for which Mr. Bonaparte, Mr. Finn and many others have been pleading.

How to make all this plain to Catholics so that they will love the spiritual power more and the temporal power less is the sole object of this article.

Since the question as to the source of any and all human authority, temporal or spiritual, is not under discussion here, we need not go into it, except to remind the reader that ever since the dawn of historic civilization it has been a recognized custom for the people, or such accredited representatives as were acceptable to them, to vote for and choose their generals in war, their governors of states and their presidents, princes, kings and emperors, until precedent has wrought it into a law of civilization that the source of government is in the hands, the voice and votes of the people governed. And though this is not *absolutely* the truth of all history—and I would be the last to demand that it should be the law of all history—there is a sense in which the Pope is elective, though the college of cardinals who choose him are in no legal sense representatives of the people to be governed; for as priests, bishops, archbishops or cardinals, power and position were conferred upon them by a pure monarchical authority, without regard to the votes of the people one way or another. And my position in regard to all this is that the priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal or Pope is, from the old sources, a lineal descendant of the spiritual lawgivers and prophets of the Hebrew faith; later, that they are the true descendants and the ordained official representatives of Christ and his apostles, and that their first real sense and source of power to teach or to rule is in their consciousness that they are chosen and ordained of God through his Church; further, that here, in this very difference of the source of authority to teach or rule, is the primal difference between what we call the temporal and spiritual power.

It may be well to follow this thought a point farther. There is exactly the same difference in the spheres of temporal and spiritual authority that there is in their sources. The president, prince or king is simply ruler of the temporal interests of men, but he dare not touch their liberty of thought or try to govern their consciences or assume any spiritual authority whatsoever. King David and Henry VIII. were both poor failures in this particular, and they have had thousands of ridiculous imitators, of whom Bismarck is the last and greatest.

On the other hand, the prophet or the priest of old, and the prophet, priest or Pope of these days has no authority in the secular or temporal affairs of men or nations; has no power to enforce his temporal authority should he choose to assume such,

and must not have ; for the spheres are absolutely separate in origin, purpose and aim ; but this same prophet, priest or Pope—and it is the Pope we are speaking of—is absolute lord and master over the conscience, the conduct, the dogma, the moral choice and life of the individual soul ; and he is this primarily not by any election of the people, but by the voice of God, as seen and heard in the voice of the hereditary representatives of the prophets and priests of the ancient Hebrew inspiration, and later, as the representative of Jesus and his chosen apostles.

My object in retouching this old, old story here, is not especially to reassert this truth, nor to settle the question as to the source of political or temporal power, but to emphasize the fact that in the nature of the case, in human history, and I doubt not in the eternal Providence of God, there is a gulf fixed in this world alike between what we call temporal and spiritual power, the sources of them and the administration of them ; that no one man has a right to assume or accept both spheres ; that our Lord himself, when upon earth, did not so assume, and, at this point, only to intimate that it is enough for the disciple—though he were Pope a million times—to be as his master, and not greater than his master.

Having intimated so far, we may pause a moment to consider a declaration used by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte in his address before the Catholic Congress held at Baltimore, Md., in November, 1889. According to the official report of the proceedings of that Congress, pages 37, 38, Mr. Bonaparte said : “ Every Pope, to be true to the Church and his great office, must inflexibly assert that no living man was his superior,” etc. And this is the sort of stuff that Mr. W. J. Onahan called a masterpiece, and for which he induced the convention to give Mr. Bonaparte a vote of thanks. I call it a masterpiece of clap-trap, much after the manner of the speeches of American politicians at the hustings ; something after the manner of whole avalanches of such masterpieces read by the thousand every year by fossil rhetoricians before mutual admiration literary clubs, etc., and fit only to win the thanks of very young children.

If Mr. Bonaparte means that any or every Pope has no superior in moral character, I leave the question to the sphere of comparative ethics ; if he means that no Pope ever has a superior in general intelligence, I leave the question to the sphere of comparative

mentality; if he means that no Pope ever has a superior in theology, I leave the question to the sphere of comparative theology; if he means that the Pope has no superior as a spiritual ruler over the spiritual lives of the faithful—a common truism—I take him by the hand as a brother and kneel in obedience for the Pope's best blessing; but if he means that the Pope—any Pope—from St. Peter to Leo XIII., *has no superior as a temporal sovereign or ruler*, the declaration is so absurd and so false to the facts that any school-boy might kick it to pieces and laugh at the silly shreds.

In truth, this bugaboo of ambition for temporal power was the one blight of fellowship between Jesus and his first chosen followers. "Wilt thou at this time restore the (temporal) kingdom?" was one of their foolish questions; and "that we may sit one on thy right hand and on thy left when thou comest into thy kingdom," was another outcropping of the same weakness.

Meanwhile, the Saviour, from first to last, had emphasized in his teaching and in his life the truth that "My kingdom or dominion is not of this world, otherwise my disciples would fight for me; but, lay up thy sword; and lay aside thy temporal ambition. Places at my right hand and my left in the eternal kingdom will be given to those for whom they were chosen of my Father before the foundation of the world; many that are first will be last, and the last first; and he that is (really) greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

In a word, to serve, in the humility of eternal truth and quenchless love, is the watchword, the key, to immortal spiritual power, and beside its unconquerable, all-conquering majesty, the poor, beggarly, pitiable, fast and loose, tricky and vanishing trappings and pretensions of any prince or temporal sovereignty of any Pope that ever breathed, are as the fading smoke of the ashes of perdition. Again, as showing that our Lord held himself and His disciples as simple and loyal subjects of the land in which they dwelt, even though their dear land was then in the hands of hated and pagan conquerors and usurpers—when he was asked and tempted or tried on this point by the question: "Is it lawful to pay tribute or taxes to Cæsar?" Jesus, on viewing the realm coin of the land, said: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." So he, the Lord of life and glory, while in our human form and sphere, acknowledged his own and

his followers' loyalty to the existing temporal powers ; and St. Paul said, later, " the (temporal) powers that be are ordained of God ;" and in simple truth there never has been a Pope so great that he, in any way, ought to have been exempt from the laws and authority of the land of his birth or habitation ; no Pope so great that he should ever have felt above obedience thereto, except in cases where the temporal power would interfere with his spiritual or conscientious office or life ; and in such cases it always has been and always will be alike the glory of the Apostle, Pope or humblest follower of Christ on earth, to resist the temporal power even unto death, as quickly and as strongly as he would resist the devil and his angels. I need hardly add that a feather's weight of martyrdom in such case, for the Pope or the humblest Christian soul, insures a greater spiritual power and victory in all future life than the combined temporal powers of all the kings and all the worldly princes that ever existed.

It is not that I love the temporal power less but the spiritual power more, and because I see in it, through the majesty and martyrdom of infinite love, the master force, the master music, and the eternal victory of the world.

It is not that I am anxious about the temporal welfare or government of the Italians, the French or the Germans. Thousands of able statesmen have that matter in charge. It is not that I am enamoured of the modern and silly dream of patriotism and liberty. I have long seen all that to be the mere mouthing and ranting of demagogues and thieves. It is that I am conscious of a splendor of the spiritual power, of simple Christian truth, and loyalty ; conscious of a majesty of spiritual power for the Popes of the future, compared with which the spiritual and temporal powers of the Popes of the past were but as the childish foregleams of a world-wide, immortal glory of the Church that is yet to envelop with peace and heavenly charity and beautiful, silent, loving rule, all the nations of all the future ages of the world.

You may call this a dream and plead for the facts of history. Let us look at them. So far we have frankly emphasized the beauties of the spiritual power, though there is much yet to be said on that head. Let us just as frankly emphasize the facts and possible advantages of the temporal sovereignty.

I do not forget that our Lord, previous to his bodily departure from this world—for there was and there remains a sense in which

he has never departed—said to his disciples: “All power is given to me in heaven and on earth.” . . . “As my Father hath sent me so I send you,” . . . “go disciple all nations,” . . . “whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained,” etc.; and to avoid questioning, I frankly confess my utter and absolute adherence to the belief in this power of the priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I frankly admit that there is a possible intimation of final conveyance of a certain kind of temporal as well as of spiritual power to the Apostles and the priesthood in the first of these words; but we must not forget that our Lord did not use his divine right of temporal power as a prince in this world or in any way attempt to relate himself to the temporal powers of the princes or kings of this world; and we must frankly admit that the actual powers conveyed to his Apostles and through them to the priesthood of his Church, certainly, were wholly, purely and exclusively spiritual powers and authority. In a word, the entire phraseology has reference to the spiritual work of teaching, of binding or forgiving the offenses of the moral and spiritual nature of man, and has no reference whatever by any stretch of exegesis or human ambition to anything that can be construed into an excuse for or an assumption of any princely or temporal or worldly rule on the parts of priests, bishops, cardinals or Popes in any future generations of the world.

Indeed, the whole tenor of our Lord's life on earth, and the whole ideal work of his disciples then and now were and must forever remain such as to exclude the very feelings that are as natural to worldly princes as humility, spiritual insight, and sweetness of heart, and kindness of disposition, and modesty of manner, and tenderness of soul, and fatherly and motherly and angelic and Christ-like loving charity ought to be natural to and characteristic of every priest, every bishop, and above all every Pope that has been or may be exalted to fill the position of the successor of Peter and the representative of Christ in this world.

Here my position is not only that the spiritual power of the Pope is infinitely more to be desired and cultivated than any possible temporal power that kings can give him or than he can conquer and hold on his own account, but that in the life of our Lord

and in the Scriptures there is no ground for seeking, accepting or using such power as the temporal power or sovereignty of the Pope; and further, that such power is unnatural to, inimical to, averse to, and destructive of the higher ideal of spiritual power which, by the grace of heaven, is in fact the natural birthright of every Christian heart and life, and supremely the natural right and the ineffable and eternally victorious right and inheritance and possession, weapon and crown of glory of every Pope of the Catholic Church.

Frankly, however, I have not now and never had the Protestant view of the infallibility and all-sufficiency of the sacred Scriptures; but always saw and admitted first, the need of spiritual insight—the gift of God—in order to understand them; second, the truth that, as the Church in its earlier stages made the Scriptures, that is, decided what words were to be held as inspired and what were not, so the Church, throughout her entire history, must have the final right of interpretation; in a word, that the same authority which made the Scriptures must be the final appeal for their interpretation; and I have no expectation or fear that the final voice of the Church will be in favor of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes in the ages to come.

Meanwhile the question is an open question, and I have the same right to an opinion, and to express my opinion, that any other man has who has given his life to understand just such questions as are here presented. I may add in passing, that in my judgment, mere huckster worldlings, whether Catholic or Protestant, have no such right, and as a matter of fact had better keep their glittering rhetorical generalities in their own poor heads.

Believing, however, that as the Church made the Scriptures the Church must be final authority in their interpretation, I should doubtless have light given to me to change my present opinion in the matter should the Church finally decide against my views; but I have no fears of that, as I said. Again, I frankly confess my belief that this same Church has the moral right to ordain and establish the temporal power of the Pope even if there appears at present to be no definite ground for it in the Scriptures.

In a word the Church is greater than the Bible. The Church is the *living* voice of God. But its final voice is always made up—like the voice of the dawn of morning—out of all the particles of matter and force and friction that go to make up the final voices

and utterances of God in this world, temporal or spiritual, and I feel that I know the soul of the universe of love and of truth so well that I am confident as to what the final voice of the Church will be on this point; and I am only uttering my feeble word toward that final and immortal burst of dawn that shall satisfy the Church with its own undying and ever triumphant spiritual power. Believing, however, in the present and past divinity of the voice of the Church, great respect is certainly to be paid to the consent and actions of its representatives in the past touching the acceptance, assumption and use of this phase of authority known as the temporal sovereignty.

For though it be not in the Scriptures, if it be in the Church, and has been recognized as the Church's right and as sort of a right hand to the exercise of the Church's spiritual power, it also may be divine, and we would not be found fighting against God.

Let us trace the story of its evolution, its rise, and its decline and fall. We all know the beautiful drama of the Church's early victories. During the first three centuries, when it was purely and simply a spiritual power, and that while persecuted by the one temporal authority which then dominated the so-called civilized world, this divine outburst of the heart of God and man planted its banners on the walls of Egypt; erected its temples in Palestine, and in Eastern Arabia; radiated as sun-spots of glory in various benighted regions of Africa; swept the Mediterranean like a breath of glory; covered the islands of this old historic sea with new songs of gladness, even the songs of redemption; gave new light and life to the peninsulas of Greece and Italy; spoke with new tongues of flame in old Athens and Rome; shot itself in arrows of light through Turkey, France, Spain, England and Ireland, and became at last the recognized voice of God to the human soul throughout the ancient civilized world; subjugated the old philosophies of Greece and Rome and Egypt, also the mythologies of those nations and the theosophies of the Asiatic nations to its own divine revelation of God in Christ Jesus and in his Church; and no longer shrouded in darkness mid the agonizing cries of Calvary, was at last clearly in sight of its spiritual mastership of the world. And, humanly speaking, it looks as if the Church ought by this time to have been the easy spiritual master of all the nations of the world. But—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

Far be it from me to criticise or complain of the events that followed. Clearer and clearer it is to me that the process of redemption on this earth is a much slower process than many Catholics and Protestants have believed; and I have no doubt that the conversion of Constantine—sincere or insincere—and the recognition by him of Christianity as the state religion of the civilized nations had, and still has, its divine meaning and lessons for those times and for all times. In truth, I have no doubt that all the kings and princes and rulers of this earth will one day follow his example, and not only declare Catholic Christianity as proclaimed and administered by the Catholic Church to be the religion of the states and nations, until no clown of a king or ranting atheist will even be inclined to question the truth, but that all kings and rulers will gladly bring the treasures of the nations and pour them, ocean-like, into the lap of this new Jerusalem of eternal truth and glory; and with all this my whole being is in deathless sympathy; to all this my whole existence is pledged as in the sight of God and man; but, in as far as this act of Constantine's gave the Church of Christ a bent toward the assumption of any temporal sovereignty of its own, I am sure it was a blunder that the Church has already suffered for and will still suffer for until such notions are snow-washed to everlasting whiteness out of its immaculate soul.

We must not, however, lose sight of the facts or confound this act of Constantine's with any real granting on his part or with any assumption on the Church's part of what is known as the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, as it appeared in later generations or as it is clamored for to-day.

As far as the acts of Constantine recognizing Christianity as the religion of the state, gave to the Church greater dignity and power in the eyes of the then pagan world; and as far as they tended to concentrate the ecclesiastical powers of the Church, and lead up to the perfect papal form of monarchical government in the Church, and as far as they insured to the Church richer contributions in money and estates from the temporal authority and from private individuals, and as far as those acts had a tendency to develop a purer, grander, bolder, and more ritualistic service, based in greater measure upon the formalities of the Roman state, those acts have my unbounded approval. I look upon all these evolutions as needed in human history, as in fact sure to come all over the

world ; but so far as those acts created or developed in the hierarchy of the Church a taste for worldly display, as far as they led to a closer communication between princes and priests and a more pronounced display of the new wealth of the Church in the princelike living and attitudes of her bishops and of her chief bishops and thus led up to the thirst for and the willingness to accept princely privileges, honors and powers on the part of said chief bishops, I look upon these acts as among the deepest and subtlest misfortunes that ever tempted the Church of God.

There is no need of making especial mention here of the generous, well-meant and princely acts from Pepin to Charlemagne, which finally conferred upon the Popes of the Church the titles, lands, rights, honors, and obligations of temporal princes or kings.

They are a part of the common history of the world. Mr. Finn has made specific reference to them in this issue of *THE GLOBE*, and Father Bernard O'Reilly has just depicted them in another American review. They are among the petted points of Roman Catholic admiration. In all probability it would be much more for my temporal interest to pet and defend them than to question and disapprove of them. But what are such considerations to me! *THE GLOBE* was not born for this.

Nor on the other hand is it necessary to make specific repetition of those acts of modern Italy that have rescinded the old gifts of temporal sovereignty to the Popes ; for these also are now a part of the common history of the world, and I am not here to use space or time in vain repetitions of the old platitudes of history.

My work is to get at the spirit of their meaning and to point out wherein they are right or wrong ; not to set up a well-meant error as a sublime truth, and then exhaust the rhetoric and sophistry of language to defend that error as a truth, but to see why it is an error, and to give reason upon reason, sharp as lightning, for preferring the truth. And what are the mere fossil rhetoricians of the Church to me? except that they may be of service as showing us what errors live in the individual members of a Church with an infallible head and a glorious history. The primal aim and purpose of the acts conferring temporal sovereignty upon the Popes were to honor the Fathers of the faithful in all the world. With that aim and purpose, I absolutely and eternally agree. But I question the intrinsic quality and value of the acts themselves. For this phase of my attitude I have given reasons in the previous pages of this article.

The second aim and purpose of the acts conferring temporal sovereignty upon the Popes were to make them independent of other temporal powers, and to put the temporal power and position of the Popes on an equal footing with the position of other princes and kings. This I hold to have been a great mistake and always practically impossible of accomplishment.

To me its utter unwisdom is seen, *first*, in the fact that, everywhere, such honors conveyed by a prince or king may be taken again by said prince or king, or rescinded by his princely or kingly or democratic successors; *second*, in this universal fact of history, that princes and kings are not to be depended upon. Their moods change, and the gifts of princes and kings—especially in the way of honors intended for intail—are pretty sure to be taken from the recipient or from his successors by the very king that gave them or by succeeding kings or generations.

I know of no exception to this tendency, amounting to historic certainty in all the histories of all the nations of the world. And I firmly believe that for this very reason, among others, our Lord himself warned and guarded his apostles against the ambition for temporal powers, and against the whole phenomena of accepting honors, titles or sovereignties of men; and of all men and angels, the Holy Father of the faithful followers of Christ should not be in a position to receive honors of men, or to be robbed of any honors he had received, or to have such honors rescinded. Therefore, as what a prince gives in the way of honor or power he or his successors may take away, so humiliating the recipient, I hold that the Father of the faithful, the Vicar of Christ, should be above such position and should accept honors from Christ alone.

Again, were it possible for princes or kings to confer honors that they or their successors could not take away, I hold that it is unbecoming the head of the Church of Christ to receive such honors of men. Further, were it becoming to receive such honors and could they be held for sure and for all time, I hold that the honors themselves are a dangerous element in the heart of the head of the Church, almost sure to lead to pride of position and to engender a false notion of his true attitude and work in this world. I hold, further, that the history of the centuries from Constantine to Garibaldi proves my position. In a word, that the Roman hierarchy grew too worldly in many ways during those centuries,

and I am confident that the Church would have been much more triumphant and in better moral odor to-day if no such thing as temporal sovereignty had ever been conferred upon the Popes of Rome. My sacred love for the Church prevents me from going into detail on this head. I simply cannot do it. Our enemies have done this, and will do it again. And we are obliged to admit, more or less, the truth of their testimony. It is unfortunately true that many of the Church's sacredest shrines became, during those centuries, places of rendezvous for the passions of ecclesiastical princes of various degrees of exaltation; and it sometimes looks to me as if the Church, during those centuries, grew to think that because princes came flocking to her monasteries she had really conquered the world.

Alas! how hard a task it is for the rich and titled of this world really to enter into the holy of holies of the kingdom of God. Far be it from me to judge any man. I do not forget the saints and scholars that shone as stars in the Church's eternal crown of glory during those centuries. But I am fully convinced that her habit of princely headship and her confidence therein led up to disasters in many lines, and that the Church of the future, with its temporal sovereignty gone forever, and its spiritual sovereignty magnified, will be free of the old abuses of power and will shine with greater glory in all nations of the world. Again, were it becoming on the part of Popes to receive the honors and positions of the temporal power, and could they be held as against the caprices of the king that gave them, or his successors, and without the danger of moral pride or disaster, I hold that the position of a Pope as a temporal sovereign is a laughable anomaly among the temporal princes of the world.

The backbone of all temporal sovereignty on earth is its fighting capacity; and what a travesty of warfare was seen in the puny efforts of the soldiers of the Pope only a few years ago! It is simply the mockery of temporal sovereignty. And suppose our blessed and good Father Leo XIII. could, in a day, by virtue of his spiritual headship, call an army of fighting men around him that might conquer all the other combined armies of the world, what a travesty of the mission of Christ and his Church to be engaged in such a business! Let the brutal Bismarck butchers of history murder their fellow-men, the Popes of Rome are here to save their fellow-men. But if the Popes of Rome are held or hold themselves

as temporal princes, they should accept the conditions of temporal princes, and everywhere on this earth those conditions are, that what is held by the sword must be defended by the sword. In fact, were the Pope a temporal prince at all he should be absolute temporal emperor of the whole earth, as he has spiritual subjects in all nations of the earth, and any mere sideshow of temporal sovereignty is alike beneath his true dignity and his true position.

Next it is my duty to point out the fact that there is no power on earth capable of guaranteeing or insuring the steady and unmolested holding of the temporal power of the Pope. Granted that it is not his business to fight, who is to fight for it when menaced, as all temporal sovereignties are menaced sooner or later in this world? The territorial possessions and the political principles of nations are constantly changing. Your Constantines and your Charlemagnes die, and your Fredericks, your Napoleons, your Garibaldis, your Victor Emmanuels, and your wild-brained, ranting republics, run by your Carnots and your President Harrisons, and the mobs that lift such men to power, take the places of the old emperors who were the proud defenders of the petted Fathers of the faithful. And what do these powers or the powers of hell, or the powers of heaven for that matter, care for a few square miles of land or a few tinsel ornaments and dignities that you call the temporal and territorial sovereignty of the Pope? And who can make them care?

It is all very well for old Mr. Onahan and young Mr. Bonaparte and Mr. Finn and others to weave their sophomoric veils of rhetorical argument and hang them up before the historic facts, but real life is made of sterner stuff, and God's real battles are fought by stronger men than these. If you ask for proof of the statements I am making, I point you to the universal facts of European history these last eighteen hundred or these last twenty-five hundred years, more particularly to the common facts of French and Italian history these last one hundred and fifty years. What princes or lines of earthly princes have not lost their temporal position? What was the temporal sovereignty of any Pope compared with that of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Cromwell? And yet the powers of earth and heaven snapped the sovereignty of these men like so many threads of straw.

If all the powers in Europe to-day should agree that the city of Rome and one hundred square miles of territory about its ancient

walls should be the inviolate palace home of the future Popes of the Church, and that never a man of them should be subject to any earthly dominion ; that each should be absolute prince and master in his domain, and absolute monarch over the bodies and souls and lives of all people inhabiting his domain, such things would be likely to occur in the next fifty years as would lead one-half of these powers to change their mind, their attitude, and to encourage, in armed rebellion, any smart Roman who might arise and claim that Rome belonged, of right, immemorial, not to any Pope, but to the citizens of Rome and the inhabitants of Italy. In a word, what has occurred will occur again, and no temporal sovereignty on this earth is secure or can be made secure. Herein is manifest the eternal wisdom of our Lord when he said : " My kingdom, or my sovereignty, is not of this world."

True, in his divine capacity he was and remains temporal as well as spiritual master of the universe, but no Pope aspires so high. Hence, as I view the case, the temporal sovereignty is, *first*, beneath the dignity of any Pope of the Christian Church ; *second*, if it were not beneath his dignity and were it a desirable thing to have, and all the present powers and kings of the earth were disposed to give it and guarantee it, there is no power on earth strong enough to keep that guarantee against the possible, yea the certain, revolutions of human history. In a word, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope must take its chances along with all other temporal sovereignties, and, for the reasons given, is sure to be plucked and thrown to the winds of our on-marching and ever-changing history ; and I thank God that it is so. As these lines of statement and argument, as I have used them, represent the facts of universal history, it is almost useless to answer Mr. Finn's position that the temporal sovereignty is pleaded for in order that the Popes may adequately exercise their true spiritual power.

Can any sane Christian man believe that God Almighty could or would make the exercise of the spiritual power of the fathers of his Church dependent upon so flimsy, evanescent, vanishing and trumpery a thing as the temporal sovereignty of man on earth, or upon the temporal sovereignty of all the princes and kings in this world ? Alas, if every earthly crown, and every honor and power representing all the temporal sovereignties of all the Popes and all the kings and kingdoms that have ever existed, were ground to powder, to dust and ashes and trampled under the feet of dogs

and men, the true spiritual power of the Pope, of any Pope, would remain intact, and his ability of executing it would not be, could not be, to a hair's breadth, impaired or soiled thereby.

Bob Ingersoll could as soon stop the sunrise as could the Italian robber that stole the estates of the Church injure or weaken the spiritual power of the Father of all Christian souls.

I have already pointed out the fact that Leo XIII. is a greater man and better loved, obeyed and honored without the temporal sovereignty than he could possibly have been with it; and what child of the Church is so weak or foolish as to dream that the loss of temporal sovereignty has in any manner interfered with the full and splendid exercise of his spiritual headship in any one or in all the nations of the world? In truth, the temporal loss has been a splendid spiritual gain.

No! No, these poor rhetoricians set up an idol of supposed and so-called princely dignity, put a tinsel crown upon its head, surround it with all the trappings and honors and customs of ancient kingcraft and then dream and argue that if the crown falls or the Pope's soldiers are beaten or his lands taken, the dignity and power of God and the soul in that man are gone also. It is not true. The temporal sovereignty of the Popes never helped them to exercise their true spiritual powers. The princely diplomatic representatives of the Pope, like most other diplomatic representatives of other princes and nations, have, all too often, been meddling and mouthing busybodies in affairs that did not concern them, and they have all too often brought the Church into ridicule by their worldly doings and aims. Within three hundred years there may not be left in all the world one temporal prince to shake a stick at and the Pope is naturally the greatest democrat on the globe.

In arguing thus, my readers must clearly see that I have no desire to rob the Popes of any true honor or glory that belongs to them and their office. I am simply showing the fallacy and folly of the arguments of the defenders of the temporal sovereignty.

I am well aware that the Pope is not a private gentleman, and that being what he is, the head of the Church on earth, he should be so honored and surrounded as to ensure his comfort as far as possible and to facilitate his free communication with all members of the body of which he is the head; but that a Pope with the temporal sovereignty can do this better than a Pope without the temporal sovereignty is simply a dream of foolish and really unthinking, that is deeply-thinking men.

What power on earth can guarantee the secrecy of telegraphic communication? The birds of the air will babble the matter.

What power on earth can guarantee even the permanency of the city of Rome? A respectable earthquake may swallow it any day, and the Church is in no way dependent upon it.

What power on earth can guarantee the carefulness of an ambitious Woolsey? The poorest little imps that burrow in the brain of pride will scatter all thoughts of exact care.

In truth, no temporal sovereignty, or single habitude or phase of it, is secure, or can be made secure, in this world; but the power of Christ, given to his apostles, and through them to his Church, and through the Church to the head of the Church, is so absolute, so pure, so untouchable, stainless and invulnerable, so subtle, so universal, so godlike and divine, that to dream of it as depending upon any temporal power is, to me, an insult to God and to Christ's living mastery over the world.

Concerning the emphasis usually put upon the importance of the city of Rome as the territorial head and center of the Church, I almost regret to say that I have as little respect for this as I have for the temporal sovereignty itself. I regard with great veneration the city of Rome, rather the phases of the victories of Christian truth that have taken place there since Augustus was worshiped as a god and Saint Peter was crucified. But Jerusalem was a sacreder spot; Babylon was a greater and grander city, yet they have ceased or ceased to be of value or importance in world-history, without the loss of a single pennyworth of the spiritual power of truth in this world; and I doubt not the day is coming when neither at Rome nor in Chicago shall men worship the Father; for the simple fact that every stone in their mammoth buildings and temples shall be hurled to the ground; but though all the cities on earth were broken in ruins to-morrow, the true worshipers would still worship the Father in spirit and in truth, and these, with all their hearts, would recognize Leo XIII. as their spiritual father on earth, just as readily as if he were exalted on the richest throne the Cæsars ever knew, and crowned with diadems more brilliant than the heart of the sun.

The temporal sovereignty is not necessary to the Church of Christ or the head of the Church on earth. The city of Rome is not necessary to the Church of Christ or to the majesty and dignity and perfect spiritual power of its head.

With all Catholics I share that loving veneration for the head of the true and only Catholic and Apostolic Church ; and out of this universal love of the Church the true Popes of the future will be cared for, honored, loved, housed and protected as by the angels of heaven. And, of course, I would surround this head of the Church with all the wealth, all the comfort, all the luxury that his heart and soul could bear ; and, of course, I would fight or die that he might have all needed facilities for exercising his spiritual office, but I cannot admit or dream that those facilities depend in any manner or degree upon so trifling a thing as the temporal sovereignty of any man or set of men in all this world.

As long as Rome stands and seems to be the providential center of Christendom, so long will the fathers of the Church of Christ live there, protected of God and men, and from its ancient sanctuaries rule the spiritual destinies of the world.

But were Rome a heap of ruins to-morrow, never to be rebuilt, and the Pope for any cause an exile in a windowless dugout along the loneliest bluffs of the Dakotas, he could and soon would find every facility of exercising his spiritual power to the full, and all true Catholics would honor and love and obey him all the more for his Christ-like misfortune.

Dream not, my brethren, that the power of the Church depends upon the consent or the favor of kings. It is built eternal in the heart of God and the love of mankind.

As I see the economy of this universe, a single loving thought of man is of more worth and inevitable power than all the crowns and thrones and armies in the world. What then must be the subtle, the profound, the ineffable and godlike spiritual power of the Father of all the true followers of Christ, all of whose hearts and minds are charged and surcharged with love for him and for his chief vicar on earth, and what need has such a man for the trumpery trappings of an earthly king ? His private telegrams will find their way. All true Catholic hearts will obey him ; and by being himself a good citizen in the land of his birth or adoption he will all the more readily win families of kings and nations of men for the true fellowship and obedience of the Church of the living God.

W. H. THORNE.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A REVELATION of interior sentiments and dispositions, through the medium of certain movements and combinations of sound, is called music. It is as old as man himself. Even in the early times of the art-loving kings, David and Solomon, music was allowed to participate in the divine service. Pagans also have practiced music for more than 2,000 years; but among them we notice very little progress, even at the present day. The reason for this is explained by Dr. Katsenberger, Professor University of Würzburg, in his prize essay on "Religion and Art," as follows: "All works of art are a product of the intellectual culture of man; this culture, however, is dependent on the consciousness of God, which is given by religion, which must necessarily exert its influence over art, as it is the true foundation of all proper mental development. As art is a tender fruit of religion, it will be more elevated, in proportion, as the principles of a positive religion are purer and nobler."

After Christianity had done away with the abuses of paganism, music, being the language of feeling, was elevated to the dignity of a specifically Christian, ecclesiastical art. In fact, Christianity had, as it were, a musical beginning; for we learn from the Bible that at the birth of our Lord the angels sang, "Gloria in excelsis Deo;" that at the institution of the blessed sacrament, Christ intoned the hymn of praise (Matth. 26: 30) and St. Paul writes (Col. 3: 16) "teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles, singing with grace in your hearts to God."

So, little by little, music, and especially singing, came into the service of the Church, indeed with special honors and privileged care; for at no time has the Church prescribed a certain style of architecture or a particular kind of painting, but for her singing the Church has formed and officially published a definite standard—namely, the *Gregorian chant*.

The Gregorian chant is then *the* music desired by the Church, declared so by several councils as well as numerous papal decrees, for instance, Clement VIII., Innocent X., Benedict XIII., Benedict XIV. and Pius IX. (July 16, 1846).

The Polyphone or Palestrina style is recommended by the Church, while the purely modern is tolerated, but only so long as

it keeps within the bounds of certain rules. However, as chant music seldom receives the recognition which it should, is often underrated and therefore neglected, we shall consider for a moment the remarks of several musical authorities concerning its merit. Ambrose, in his history, says: "In general it may be remarked that we can hardly conceive of a kind of singing which is better suited in every respect to the ritual of the Church. The history of art, from her point of view, can refer only to its high dignity, sublime simplicity and impressive force. The interior vitality of this music is so great that without all harmonizing it can assert itself to the greatest intensity. Music in general was strengthened and cultivated by the wonderful vitality of the Gregorian chant."

Jean Jacques Rousseau says: "People cannot have any taste at all, if in church they prefer modern music to Gregorian chant."

Halevy asks: "How can Catholic priests admit the indigence of modern music to their churches, when they possess the Gregorian chant, the most beautiful existing religious melody." And the great Mozart declared himself willing to renounce all his fame, if he could say that he had been the composer of the *Gregorian Preface*. So much about the kind of song prescribed by the Church.

In the course of time, worldly music borrowed form and substance from church music, which through outward influence and religious indifference had degenerated and become worldly—so much so indeed, that at the Council of Trent, 1561, the assembled bishops wanted to banish all kinds of figurative music. But at this moment of need there appeared a man who was destined to rescue *true church music* and to bring it to its highest point of perfection—namely, Giovanni Pierlingi da Palestrina (generally called Palestrina, after his birthplace), the *prince* of music, who, authorized by Cardinal Vitillozzi and St. Charles Borromeo, as well as eight members of the Papal choir, composed several pieces, among them a Mass dedicated to Pope Marcellus (*Missa Papæ Marcelli*), which, through their deep religious spirit, affected the listeners in such a manner that figurative music was preserved in the Church; and all religious and art-loving posterity is thus indebted to this wonderful master. After this Mass had been sung the first time, a celebrated author wrote: "When for the first time these tones filled the Sixtine chapel, that sanctuary which had but shortly been glorified by all that was most perfect in architecture and

painting, these arts sprang from their seats, embraced music as their worthy sister, and greater enthusiasm filled those present than the musicians and poets of Greece ever produced." Such religious enthusiasm and devotion are inspired by true church music, which is in the *service* of the Church as a part of the holy liturgy and ceremonies, so that through it the faithful heart feels itself drawn to the altar of God, where the priest, as Christ's representative, offers the holy sacrifice, which must positively remain the principal point of the divine service.

The works of Orlandus, Lassus, Nanini, Allegri, Vittoria and others, contemporaries of Palestrina, are also most edifying and entirely according to the spirit of the Church. But, as time wore on, religious life became again indifferent, and with it church music also, so that even great masters, as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, etc., paying homage to the popular taste of the time, created indeed great masterpieces, but in doing so, diverged so far from the precepts of the holy liturgy that, according to the decrees of councils, they are not allowed to be sung in church. For the holy sacrifice of the Mass is the only sacrifice worthy of the Divinity, substantially the same as that on Calvary, differing from it only in form—therefore we celebrate *not human, but divine* service, glorifying the thrice Holy One, whereby the mind of man should be lifted up to God himself, and not yield to the popular taste or the sentimentality of the singer.

To say that a piece of music is beautiful does not prove at all that it is suitable for church.

What would we say were a priest to read one of Shakespeare's tragedies from the pulpit, or to set up in church a masterpiece of modern sculpture—such poetic work and fine statuary may have a great value considered merely from an artistic point of view—are they therefore religious?

Pope Benedict XIV. says in an encyclical: "Holy and not worldly should be the music of the church, the house of God on earth." Holy music, in the house of God for the glorification of the divine majesty, should be sung only by faithful Christians, who alone have a right to participate in the liturgical ceremonies. Are the singers in those so-called fashionable churches of the present day asked whether or not they are Catholics?

On this point, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., who, so far, has been the only prelate in the United States to declare positively

what may and what may not be sung in his diocese, expressed himself as follows in a sermon, July 12, 1887: An infidel in the choir sings "credo," and another hating the Church sings "credo in unam sanctam ecclesiam." Is this not blasphemy?

The Church has declared precisely, "in ceremoniale episcoporum, Missale, Graduale and Rituale," what is to be sung. For instance in the bull of Pope Pius V., 1570, we read: "The mass, whether sung aloud with the choir or said quietly, must absolutely be celebrated according to this formula. This is a command and strict ordinance in virtue of holy obedience (*mandantes ac districtè in virtute sanctæ obedientiæ*), and in effect for ever." Then also a decree of Pope Urban VIII., which is copied in every missal, renews the already existing decrees and commands that the directions of the Roman Missal be followed in each and every respect, without allowing any pretext or habit which is only an abuse to countereffect it. From this it is certainly evident that no bishop, priest or choirmaster has a right to omit or change what he pleases, for none are above the law of the Church, all are subject to it.

But, according to the law, Introitus, Kyrie, Gloria, Graduale, Credo, Offertorium, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei and Communio must be sung by the choir at every solemn High Mass, and indeed only those words which are officially prescribed for that special day, so that thereby the faithful may follow the ecclesiastical year in all its beautiful and interesting changes. Where these precepts are not obeyed it is simply impossible for the laity to perceive any change in the ecclesiastical year except from the pulpit, where the proper epistles and gospels are read.

How sublime and beautiful are the words which the Church has suited to the various feasts, for example, the offertory for the first Mass on Christmas: "Latentur cœli," etc.; for the third Mass: "Tui sunt coeli, et tua est terra;" the magnificent sequence on Easter Sunday: "Victimæ paschali laudes," etc.; also offertory: "Terra tremuit," etc.; for the Feast of the Ascension: "Ascendit Deus in jubilatione," etc.; for Pentecost: "Confirma hoc," etc.; for the Feast of the Assumption: "Assumpta est," etc.; for the Feast of All Saints: "Justorum animæ in manu Dei sunt," etc.; and so forth for every day in the year. But what do we hear in our modern churches for an offertory? O Salutaris, Ave Maria, Salve Regina—anything—in fact any pleasing air to which Latin words have

been adapted is considered good enough, while those whose duty it is to guard the sanctity of the music and the preservation of the liturgy seem to have no idea of their high, important office, perhaps through inculpable ignorance, perhaps through carelessness, or that their attention was never called to the fact that there are definite laws regulating the words which should or may be sung.

The error in the taste and variety of church music has been carried so far that compositions are sung which, belonging only on the stage or in the concert hall, are still produced with so much effect, that the audience are made to forget entirely that they are in the house of God, their devotion is disturbed, and it is only a matter of surprise not to hear them applaud and cry out "Da capo." The participants as well as the listeners are to be pitied, not being better instructed or not to have a chance to perceive in the holy place a difference between true, pure, deeply affecting, religious, holy music, and the trivial music of the concert hall, ball-room or theater. The holy place and time alone inspire every individual almost unconsciously to devotion, for there, where our Saviour himself is really present in the Blessed Sacrament, our ordinary conduct, even our walk, is quite different from what it is out in the world on the streets; only music, called cheerful but really worldly, is allowed to dominate instead of *serve* in the temple of God, on account of the lack of pious sentiment which discriminates between worldly mirth and spiritual joy.

It is much to be desired that the various seminaries, penetrated with the importance and necessity of a change, will soon embrace the already widely introduced "reform church music," so as to strengthen pious Christians in their belief in the dignity, sublimity and sanctity of the Mass, instead of profaning the holy place and making it merely a concert hall or ordinary place of amusement.

In consideration of the high destination and the actual state of our so-called church music, it is certainly necessary that all persons, whether priests or laymen, in whose hands the fate of the music for the divine service is placed, should strive earnestly that only noble, pious melodies, suitable to the holy place, be sung, instead of the often-heard worldly, profane, trivial compositions.

In fine, it may be remarked, that not only the above decrees and precepts should be obeyed, but that we have also the confirmation of Pope Pius IX., who felt induced to say the following, December 16, 1870: "It cannot be too much lamented that in most churches

of this country as well as others, a way has been forced by a certain style of music which is suitable only for the stage, and therefore rightfully disapproved of and forbidden by the canonical law and our ancestors, as well as ourselves."

He also praised those composers who keep aloof from the worldly and effeminate airs of the theater.

F. DONIAT.

GLOBE NOTES.

"THE Irish could vote and the Chinaman could not, so the Hibernian dictated legislation at Washington, and the Chinaman, though much his superior in many ways, has had to go."

Since the last issue of THE GLOBE I have learned with regret, though not with surprise, that the above words, which appeared in the article on the Labor Problem in that issue, awakened such serious opposition in the minds and hearts of many gentlemen of Irish birth, that THE GLOBE, No. 14, was in some cases flung against the walls of their rooms and treated to such mild cuss-words as men will utter now and then in moments of righteous or unrighteous indignation.

Of course, in this case the indignation was unrighteous, and very foolish, but how to make my Irish friends believe this: that's the question. So it happens in these GLOBE Notes—as often before in the moral architecture of the race—that the stone which the builders rejected became the head or chief stone of the corner; the keystone, if you will, around which this last little arch must be builded. I do not propose, however, that the Irish question shall become the main question in this Review, as it has in many other quarters these last few hundred years.

I was so glad to receive and publish Mr. Farren's article on "The Revival of Learning" in the last GLOBE, because it expressed in a scholarly way a beautiful defense of the religious Catholic and classical influence of the Irish upon European civilization during a period that has been so long and studiously misrepresented by Protestant writers, and I was so sure that the Irish readers of THE GLOBE would appreciate that article, and honor me for publishing it, knowing, of course, that it expressed my own views on the subject; and that article was so much on my mind, as covering THE

GLOBE's word regarding the Irish, that I had utterly forgotten my own two or three lines in the article upon the Labor Problem, as quoted above. But when I learned how great a matter the little fire had kindled, I remembered that at the time of writing those words the still, small voice of warning had come to me, saying: Look out! there's mischief in that hoodlum and Chinese comparison!

Nevertheless, the words went in as you see, and I propose to stand by them.

By a strictly just, not to speak of a charitable interpretation of these words, in view of Mr. Farren's article already named, the Irish spoken slightly of in the comparison were the hoodlum Irish, and especially those factions of them that agitated in favor of the anti-Chinese legislation, first in California and then in the halls of the National Government at Washington; and had these anti-Chinese hoodlums been Negroes, or Poles, or Italians, or Germans, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or a lot of escaped lunatics from pandemonium, I should have spoken of them with the same contempt that I have ever spoken of the hoodlum Irish who did the nefarious business.

As it happened they were Irish, in the main, and if there be any educated Irish readers of THE GLOBE, who love hoodlumism, anti-Chineseism and other anti-American, unjust and treacherous means of dealing with the Asiatic, Negro or other races of the world, more than they love truth and justice and Christian charity, why those gentlemen I have offended, and could I be proud of such trifles. I would be proud of the honor of having offended them.

I admit, however, that a broader and a perfectly justifiable reading of my words warrants the interpretation that I held the average Chinaman in many ways the superior of the average Irishman; and it gives me pleasure to say that I shall stand by and defend my words even under this interpretation. But you must not compare Chinese laundrymen with educated Irish priests any sooner than you would compare ignorant Irish hod-carriers with the educated classes of China.

In justice to myself, however, and not to court the opposition of any one race or nation of men in particular, I am bound to say that for more than a quarter of a century and after repeated studies of their history and literature, their educational and political and social life and their artistic and mechanical accomplishments, I have held that the average Chinaman was superior, *in many ways*,

to the average man of any of the nations of Europe in our day and generation ; and I have preached this little gospel in various quarters for a great many years. Hence, the Irish must not feel themselves singled out for an odious comparison in this instance.

As a matter of historic verity, the Chinese were an educated, civilized people of fixed national existence from 500 to 1,000 years before the German, English or Irish knew anything better than a wild and woolly western, tow-headed, benighted, tribal, barbarian and utterly uncivilized, gutter-like, animal and pagan existence. And, as a matter of fact, unlike the ancient national civilizations of Egypt, Greece and Rome, China has never lost her old-time compact civilized and national life, but has maintained it, in one stream of largely quiet and unwar-like peace and prosperity for between two and three thousand years. And if the gentlemen of Irish birth who flung *THE GLOBE* at the walls of their rooms would mind their world-history a little more and their petty and provincial and ignorant prejudices a little less, they would often be better teachers of Christianity and far better educated and more gentlemanly men.

In a word, and positively, *THE GLOBE REVIEW* is not here to pander or yield to the ignorant prejudices of any man or of any set, sect or nation of men ; but for the simple truth, without varnish, hypocrisy or sycophancy of any kind, measure or degree. If you do not like it, you need not take it ; but you are the ones that are being judged, not I.

In *THE GLOBE* Notes of a previous number of this Review I explained my personal relationship and feeling toward many noble Irishmen who had come in my way, in years gone by and in recent years ; also my anti-English-Tory attitude toward the Irish question as it has stood for centuries and still stands between England and Ireland. In the first paragraphs of these Notes I have expressed my hearty approval of Mr. Farren's fine defense of Irish scholarship and its relation to the so-called revival of learning in Europe during the centuries usually and foolishly misnamed the Dark Ages.

Here I am to add, with another glance at history, that as the Celtic Irish, more valiantly and more successfully than the Celtic English or the Gallic French, hurled back the Norse invaders, and for centuries yet kept their Emerald Isle for their own, while France yielded and became Norman in part, and while England yielded

and became Saxon and Norman by turns, the Celtic Irish have my everlasting honor, as they deserve to have the honor of all men. Again, as the Catholic Irish held the faith to their hearts and died amid the ruins of their homes and churches, in poverty and anguish and loneliness, while Germany, under Luther, and France, under Calvin, and England, under that red-headed hypocrite, Henry VIII., and his henchmen, all went over to Protestant ranting, and later to Voltaire damnation, the same Catholic Irish have my eternal love and gratitude; for God only knows what had become of Europe, and this greater Europe between the Atlantic and Pacific Seas, if Ireland had not kept the faith in those trying years.

God bless old Ireland! She suffered her heart to be broken, her homes to be laid in ashes, her churches to be stolen, because she could not any longer resist the Norman, now become English and Cromwellized, but she held the faith to her bleeding heart and defied the upstart, ranting, Protestant world.

I do not forget these things. I never forget them. They are our modern Thermopylæ, and I hold that the religious Catholic, cultured Irish are to-day, in some sense, the modern saviours of the world.

But for the hoodlum Irish, the political Irish, the treacherous Irish, the boycotting Irish, the dynamite Irish, the Irish that kept up perpetual factional wars out of contemptible and petty family and tribal jealousies for a thousand years, from about 600 A. D. to about 1600 A. D.; for the Irish that never could unite to put down their own accursed and stuffy upstart sectional pride, or agree upon any one united form of government, or upon any one King, President or other ruler, and through whose treachery at last Cromwell and Co. were able to do what the earlier Norsemen had failed to do; and for these same hoodlum, quarrelsome and treacherous Irish, now figuring in the politics of the United States, who would embroil this land with England, who stab their betters in the back, body or soul; who would shut out the Chinese, the Italians and the Poles, and who in higher ecclesiastical circles made it necessary for the Holy Father to send an Italian Bishop over here to keep them in order; for all these classes of Irishmen, and especially for those who have given up *THE GLOBE* because they could not stand just two lines of unvarnished truth, I have only pity, verging as closely to unutterable contempt as Christian charity

will allow. And I need hardly add that these latter classes of Irishmen were the ones I had especially in mind when the comparison of the last GLOBE was written.

Finally, however, there have also been tens of thousands of educated and cultured Chinamen whose devotion to their own creeds has been as heroic as that of any Celt ever born; and I take it that the vast difference between Asiatic and European civilization—leaving out a few of our mechanical inventions, which I care little about—is not that we are more cultured than they, but that we have, by the grace of God, in our keeping, the eternal Catholic truth of Christianity, which, heaven forgive us, we have at times put to the most despicable and barbaric uses. If we want to understand the Chinese we must put ourselves in their place and judge culture by culture and class by class.

Thus once more I take my farewell of the Irish question, and I doubt not the future will justify my words.

If we are opposed to the Chinese because they are Pagans, in God's name let them come here by the million, and let us make good, pure, upright, fair-dealing American Catholic Christians out of them. That ought to be easy, if we only had a little true religion ourselves; and it is a far less expensive way than to send missionaries to China.

The last rascality in this same line is the movement proposed by the Knights of Labor to colonize American colored men so that the Knights—God pity the vulgar clowns—may have a free field for their striking and spendthrift organization.

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Perhaps the Boston *Herald* man, who seems to think that Mr. Thorne has not got his own thoughts and ideas well in hand and under control, would like to have the murderers of Dr. Cronin, the grass widow of Charles Parnell, or that vulgar blatherskite, Powderly, edit and revise the foregoing; and this moves me to say that if any man, priest, bishop or Yankee journalist wants to control this Review, and to dictate to me what I shall say or shall not say herein, he can first pay me \$40,000 for the four or five years of hard work I have put into THE GLOBE, to force its victory over ignorance and cant, and then guarantee me \$10,000 a year for my editorial services during the next ten years—under which circumstances I will agree to write at his dictation, at least until I have convinced him that my method is better than his own.

In truth, the critic who could see no more in my article on the Labor Problem than that the scheme proposed "would cost more than it would come to"—is such a mad and owl-headed bat-blind Yankee, that it is not worth while heeding what he says. Nevertheless, the beautiful consistency of the *Boston Herald* man is very amusing.

A year and a half ago he generously admitted that THE GLOBE was "the spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that came to his office." Later, he frankly said that Mr. Thorne's entrance into the Catholic Church had broadened his mind and made his work more genial. Still later, that Mr. Thorne had his mental and moral forces well in hand, etc.; later, that when Mr. Thorne was a "Free Lance" his independent criticisms of modern life and thought had been acceptable enough, but now that he used this liberty and sharpness in defense of the Roman Catholic Church, it was simply unendurable; later, this same *Boston Herald* man wondered that certain New England ghosts did not rise up and thrash THE GLOBE man; and latest of all, he finds that Mr. Thorne is writing too much for his own good; that Mr. Thorne has not his thoughts under control, and is in need of some hack literary or ecclesiastical chaperone. In simple truth, I am not now writing as much per week or month as the *Boston Herald* man himself, or as much as I was writing per week or month ten or twelve years ago, when I held on a leading Philadelphia daily a position similar to his own.

Spite of all of this, I like the *Boston Herald* man. He is one of the best and fairest critics on the New England press of this generation. But in saying this I am bound to add, God pity the stilted and slavish broods of quasi imbeciles who are his imitators and yet his inferiors.

When I first founded THE GLOBE, that poor old spectacled and blink-eyed spinster, the *Boston Advertiser*, undertook to inform me as to the probable year of the birth of William Shakespeare, but on finding that some time in my life I might have seen a cheap copy of William's dramas, with a sketch of his life, the *Advertiser* gave up THE GLOBE as a hopeless pupil, altogether too conceited to receive lessons from the book reviewer of the *Boston Advertiser*.

In truth, I like Boston and Boston men; everything about them, except their strutting and mouthing insufferable conceit, as if no man outside of Boston had a right to speak above his breath,

when the sources of knowledge and of culture are open to us all, and some of us at least have spent a life-time to woe and win them, while these same Boston wiseacres have been swilling their souls with cant that was always too thin for well-bred swine.

Let them treat THE GLOBE and THE GLOBE man as we deserve, and there will be no quarrel between THE GLOBE and Boston; but, until they do this, we will see who has or has not his forces well in hand.

Quietly sleeping in the same envelope, alongside of this later notice from the *Boston Herald*, and a stupider screed from the *Boston Times*, was a notice from the *Northwestern Review*, which contained these words:

“Mr. Thorne, with striking force and clearness, shows a way whereby not only all the present unemployed in this continent might be engaged on useful work, but carries out his scheme far enough to find work for every unemployed man in the whole civilized world. We venture to say that this one article, reproduced in pamphlet form, and circulated all over the country, would prove of more value in the cause of humanity and progress than all the speeches of all the members of Parliaments and Congresses for the last decade.”

In fact, were I to print the hundreds of such encouraging words written to me and published in various journals concerning THE GLOBE, Boston would think me insane with vanity, and would tear its own bald pate with madness because Mr. Thorne was not a Boston man and his review was not published in Boston.

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Subscribers and correspondents will please notice, 112 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, is the address of my Philadelphia printers, where I founded THE GLOBE REVIEW in 1889 and where it was published for the first three years. 100 Washington Street, Chicago, is the same as 716 Title and Trust Building, and I have chosen to use the number of the building and the name of the street, rather than the number of office and name of building, simply for the convenience of correspondents, because 100 Washington Street is easier to write and remember. In future all correspondence should be addressed to me or to the GLOBE REVIEW, 100 Washington Street, Chicago, or 112 North 12th Street, Philadelphia.

W. H. THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XVI.

JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1894.

WRECK OF THE MAYFLOWER.

CHAPTER IV OF THE GENIUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

IF one wishes to get a glimpse of modern New England genius in its most conceited and dullest moods, let him read or read into the Rev. Frederick W. Holland's "Intellectual Liberty in Europe," an octavo of the utterest wisacre new ethic rubbish on a theme far beyond the author's grasp, and through which he never sees or reflects the real daylight of history; or read "The Life and Genius of Goethe," a thick twelvemo volume of Lectures of the "Concord School of Philosophy," and the veriest dilettante talk that has ever been uttered about that vigorous and subtle genius since Frederick the Great expressed the opinion that Goethe was a sort of sentimental nobody, unworthy of being compared with the French genius out of which sprang his own favorite, Voltaire; or, finally, let him read, and pray over a volume called "Modern Unitarianism," composed of Socinian sermons, mostly by New England prophets, and preached at the dedication of the new First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, February, 1886, and, on the whole, perhaps the poorest so-called religious teaching ever uttered on any important occasion on this earth since man began to "call upon the name of the Lord."

Here are a few glintings from Mr. Holland's "Intellectual Liberty," with comment: "Five-and-twenty centuries ago scarcely any man rose above the station in which he was born. Few could choose even what to do, much less what to think. There were

no teachers but the priests. Urgent business was constantly delayed and atrocious crimes instigated by dread of signs and omens. All the keys of knowledge were in hands busy with slaying sacrifices, pointing out auguries and collecting fees. Rulers, priests and people worked together to keep things as they were and make every one think and act alike."

The evident purport of these lines is to paint the past—twenty-five centuries ago—as black as possible;—very much after the fashion of the average orthodox modern preacher, when he pictures the darkness and blackness of the age preceding and surrounding the birth of Jesus—simply to make the succeeding age and the present appear ineffably beautiful and brilliant and free by comparison very much again as Protestants speak of the "Dark Ages," not knowing the eternal secret of their power.

If any man uninformed about the past—or prejudiced against the past—will read what is known to-day of China, India, Persia and Greece, as they existed five-and-twenty centuries ago, he will find that Mr. Holland's statement is false in every particular. Rawlinson, Max Müller, and the English encyclopedias, without the aid of any Chinese, Persian or Greek scholarship on his own part, will inform him that in those countries, then the live and cultured centers of the world, good and strong but poorly born men did constantly, then, and a thousand years earlier, as now and always, rise out of the spheres of their birth, and were frequently aided by ruling kings and priests so to rise. David himself, the immortal poet-king, was a shepherd boy. And nearly twenty centuries ago a certain carpenter of Nazareth and a tent-maker of Tarsus rose so far above the sphere of their birth that the civilized world to this day has taken one of them for a God, and the other for the greatest teacher of all time. He will also find that men were then as free or freer than now to choose their mechanical or professional vocations—freer than now, if one remembers the cold-blooded and unreasonable tyrannies of labor organizations in these times—and that perhaps there were more real free thinkers to every one thousand of population "five-and-twenty centuries ago" in any one of the countries mentioned, than there are in any part of Massachusetts to-day.

Further, there were many other teachers than the priests in those days, and the priests themselves were often better teachers than, when they meant it for life and death, than the average

Yankee teacher of these days, who, as a rule, makes his teacher's tripod simply the stepping-block to political ambition, guided and damned all the while and delayed in any possible outlook toward real moral or intellectual liberty by dishonest, debilitating and contemptible life-motives and pressures far more damaging to manhood and womanhood than any ancient "signs and omens" ever were.

Twenty-five centuries ago we come to the era of Solomon and David, of Sophocles, Socrates, Plato and Phidias, of Zoroaster and Guatama, and such lights as still illumine the world.

I believe in liberty, have for a generation fought and suffered to win it for myself, for my children, and as many worthy souls as can stand the pressure required; but I do not take a hidebound, hoodwinked, prejudicial, elated, puffed-up, modern new ethic, half blind and wholly cowardly so-called liberal religionist, or what not, here or there, for a person imbued with intellectual liberty, simply because he cries down the past and exalts the present by the devil's old process of slipshod falsehood. And after twenty years of commendable and enjoyable intellectual freedom, and in full sight of all that the genius of New England has had to say about that matter, I am more than ever inclined to the old orthodox saying, that "he is free whom the Son makes free," and that all are slaves besides—even in Boston.

Personally Mr. Holland is a delightful gentleman, and he deserves the world's gratitude for the accumulation and arrangement of so much valuable historico-moral matter in this handsome volume—and he deserves the world's pity and forgiveness for the blunders of judgment to be found in his work. He could not help that. He himself was built that way. And were I to quote his book in the center or on the last page of it, as I had marked it and as I have quoted the first page, I should be obliged, in common justice to the truth of history and the common dignity of man, to treat it in the same way. I am not myself any special lover of priests; but I believe in giving every man his due, and when it comes to the question—as it will come again by-and-by—whether an educated and consecrated priest is a better secular as well as moral teacher for children and adults than the common pedagogue, pettifogger and upstart scavenger of these days, called reporter or newspaper editor, the common sense of the future may decide in favor of the priest again, though—let us hope—for a

more enlightened and human priesthood. God and inspiration have not wholly dropped out of human history, and only the man that lives for truth—though it fling him into disgrace or against the hidebound and barbed-wire fences of modern liberalism, and modern temperance and modern labor societies, and modern reporters—only the men and women who live for truth, not for lust or gold, can ever know the meaning of intellectual liberty, in Boston or elsewhere.

Alas! Mr. Buckle and Mr. Lecky, and our own Dr. Draper about twenty-five years ago, all performed a similar feat of autopsy upon the European intellect—their fine octavo volumes, interesting to me at least for a time, now and long since quietly sleeping with Mr. Holland's in dust-covered oblivion on our bookshelves: dust to dust—the same old story. And it may as well be understood, now and forever, by the philosophical and other genius of New England, Old England, and the world at large, that the mental and other development of the human race, or any part of it, can be understood only by placing the spiritual in man, and along with it all priests and prophets of the spiritual, at the head and not at the tail of all worthy intellectual or other human liberty and accomplishment whatsoever. Above all things it will appear clear as noonday, inside the next twenty-five years, that the true prophets and priests of New England are and will be its sole surviving and adorable elements, and that these will survive when the mere light literature of its earlier and later genius shall have found the contemptible quietus it has always deserved. Both Emerson and Hawthorne were in some sense priests in disguise. Each saw that the spiritual was the highest in man and in history, and treated human nature from that point of view; this is, in one sense, true priestcraft and the spirit of prophecy.

In the twenty-second volume of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, page 665, in the article on "Sunrites and Shiites"—composed jointly by the late William Spitta-Bey and Professor A. Müller, of the University of Königsberg—it is stated that nowadays "the rivals of the clergy in popular influence are the dervishes, whose show of holiness cloaks an immorality and propensity to crime far exceeding what is found among their brethren in Egypt and Turkey." With us in New England, in America generally, and in Old England, the popular editor, novelist or politician is now the dervish; and, for the hour,

this popular dervish bestrides our modern world very much as a turkey-gobbler struts in his native barnyard. He may be an improvement on the old priest—I am unable to decide that—but I am sure that the priest of the future will use this modern dervish much as a sailor uses a swab—to clean the decks of future history.

By ordinary accident I open the Concord School's "Life and Genius of Goethe," at page 241, and read that "with Frau von Stein his intellectual yearning for sympathy found full satisfaction, and his Christine gave him for a time the home-like content, more often known in the cottager's hut than in the palace, which he had never known before." Passing the clumsy weakness of the sentence as characteristic of the literary construction of the whole book, one is inclined to remark that the Frau von Stein was largely a sentimental grass-widow lion-hunter among intellectual men, that she was the brightest woman of her class that had come in Goethe's way, and being thrown much with her, their entire relationship became one that the less said about it the better; but to say that with her "his intellectual yearning for sympathy found full satisfaction" is simply to talk Concord school semi-Swedenborgian, Platonic, New England twaddle, and to miss the actual lineaments of both parties to the unenviable temporary relationship.

With poor Christine, honest and true, and literally of a good mind and heart, Goethe simply acted like the generous and noble-minded fellow he always was; stood by her to the end; and hence got some lucid ministry as for a streak of duty fairly well done—as such men and not mere Concord hacks always do receive.

Once more it proves true, as always, that strong men need strong men to understand them, and that mere scribblers and hurrah-for-our-free-press-period folk cannot understand such men, much less act as their interpreters for the average world. The modern genius of New England is not big enough for Goethe; even Emerson treated him as some hack journalist or secretary.

But Goethe had more subtlety and depth of thought in many a single day than Emerson had in any one of his best dozen years. The genius of New England should free itself from modern quasi-scientific and so-called liberal cant before it undertakes to criticise or expound great men or the radiant episodes and evolutions of human history.

With the volume on Modern Unitarianism we will be as gentle as possible. It means well. Opening it at page 150 the Rev. Howard N. Brown, of Brookline, Mass., treating the subject of Religion and Democracy, declares that "One of the finest sayings of modern times, and one that may serve as a kind of text for the line of thought to which I invite your attention, is to be found in an address delivered by our late minister to England shortly before his departure from that country. 'Democracy,' said Mr. Lowell, 'does not mean, I am as good as you are; it means, you are as good as I am.'"

This is taking the long ago rejected Declaration of Independence and "going it ten better," as the gamblers say; and the Rev. H. N. Brown, in his insular and provincial "Intellectual Liberty," does not know or has forgotten that on all such matters Mr. Lowell was always a wit, and had the privilege of poetic and other Yankee license.

Did Mr. Lowell believe or practice any such nonsense? In less than a year from the utterance of that mawkish after-dinner sentimentality Mr. Lowell was in a serious controversy on a question of veracity between himself and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and in his New England, aristocratic conceit publicly declared that the time had come when a man of character would have to pray for deliverance from the children of his friends. No doubt Mr. Julian Hawthorne, with a quieter and more manly resolve, concluded that it was a man's privilege to deliver himself from his father's friends.

"You are as good as I am!" Read the sermon on the Mount, again, and pray awhile, brother Brown!—and treat Mr. Lowell's fine sayings as texts for jokers.

There are, however, many good words in this latest representative volume of the genius of New England. For instance, on page 203, near the bottom, the Rev. Joseph May, of New England and Philadelphia, exclaims with a pathos unusual for him or his creed: "Heaven hasten the day! that the whole church may experience—may experience it a hundred-fold—the quickening, warming influence which our own branch of it has enjoyed since it came fully to the position of intellectual freedom." No conceit in this! Nobody has ever felt the warming spoken of, however, and in the special meeting of two or three hundred Unitarian ministers at Saratoga in 1886, referred to in a previous chapter, there was not one man who dared to exercise intellectual freedom.

But the genius of New England is nothing unless it keeps clear of facts, and struts on stilts, a wooden figure with a wax nose and a pair of huge eye-glasses.

Lest any man should think me prejudiced, let me say frankly that in December, 1886, I heard the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Boston, preach a sermon, in this same Philadelphia church, on "The Hidden Man of the Heart," which, in itself, was worth all the three volumes referred to. There was in it, of course, a poor little fling at the vicarious atonement, explainable by lack of muscle in the soul, as I said—that is, by lack of real courage to face the greatest, darkest and yet most sublime facts of history.

Perhaps we have not yet done justice to the New England women, so let us touch a lighter and a happier vein. I have long been convinced that there was far more genius and literary power in Miss Phelps, Gail Hamilton and Miss Alcott than in any three New England male writers of their corresponding generation—always excepting Emerson and counting him as belonging to an earlier generation. Miss Alcott has perhaps been the most fortunate in a purely popular and literary sense; Miss Phelps being the more earnest and incisive, and Miss Dodge, on the whole, the smarter and profounder of the three. But they are all far more gifted than the Trowbridges, the Higginsons, Fiskes, Warners and Aldriches, of whom we constantly hear—and I think they are far better writers than Mr. Howells or Mr. James.

Again, brilliant and magnetic and wonderful as Henry Ward Beecher was in all his sermons, Star Papers, and scandals—and smart and gifted as were Charles and Thomas, his brothers,—who doubts that Harriet Beecher Stowe had more real genius than any one of her brothers?

To the mere literary culturists, who think, or seem to think, that moral and spiritual force in one's work takes the edge off its culture, all the Beechers and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be ruled out of literature; but I fancy that while human hearts continue to beat human heads will do best in some sort of harmony with the same. As for poetry, I know of nothing in all New England verse that has a richer poetic tone than Mrs. Stowe's "Abide in Me:"

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a sweetness not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul
All heaven's own sweetness is around it thrown."

Twenty-five years ago I called the attention of a literary critic to the beauty of these lines and was surprised to learn that said critic—though a friend of the Beecher family—did not know that Mrs. Stowe had ever written poetry.

Good friends, there are cultures and cultures in this world, and your chosen fact or guiding star may not be mine. There is room for us all. Each page of Shakespeare laughs, weeps and prays at every stroke of the pen; and in all true art, art is subservient to the soul.

In my capacity as a reviewer of books I have, time and again, during the last twenty-five years, pointed out the fact that Turgeneff, Tolstoi and Bjornsen, as representatives of Northern European life, were the great realistic writers of this period, men whose souls and works our American novelists had better study and copy, if they could or dared; later, that among our own well-known writers Mrs. Burnett and Miss Murfree—"J. Egbert Craddock"—and Col. Page were doing a similar kind of American work, while Howells and James and the Fawcetts were simply "playing in the dirt yet," as children like to do.

While making a final revision of these papers, now more than seven years ago, I saw that Mr. Howells had been interviewed again—the advertising, in all that, being palpable enough to people who understand the world—and that he, too, had at last found that Turgeneff and Bjornsen and Tolstoi were great writers, only he makes the stupid blunder of crying down Dickens and Thackeray while crying up the Northern men. It all comes of our circle of reading and the caliber of our brains, as I said: ten years steady reading of Alexander Dumas might give Mr. Howells an original idea.

As to comparative culture, I hold that a man who does not know Homer and Sophocles, Horace and Virgil, Dante and Tasso, Goethe and Schiller, Hugo and De Musset, Shakespeare and Milton and Browning and Tennyson—not to name the great scientific, philosophical and historical writers of all their respective nations—and who does not hold them in the hollow of his brain, together with the best Russian and Spanish work—and this, with a reverence that gives him a standard for all lesser stars, meteors, rush-lights and tallow dips—has no right to say one word about culture in an age like this. But I find scores of young men and women and many older ones engaged in the literary and critical culture

business who have never even mastered Moses and David, Isaiah, Solomon and Job—not to name Zoroaster, Mahomet and Madame Blavatsky!

I absolutely have no prejudices, but some very fixed principles and literary standards that are out of joint with many of the mere tinsel and paste ideas of these times. And as for being abusive, God forgive the fools who charge me with this. I am simply pledged to the Spirit of Truth, and bound to do its bidding.

Let us, however, return to the Mayflower, now spreading her sails and with lots of imaginations in her chaste bosom, steaming as it were toward the East River, Hell Gate and the Fulton Market yet to be. Following the genius of New England in the last generation, as it migrated toward and wrought itself into the poetry and literature of New York, and as it is now rising again in "Buntling Balls," "Silas Laphams," "Sinfires," and platitudes of praise over great Christmas books as "works of art," which are simply triumphant works of the printer's skill—we have just as sad a story to tell, and just as great a fall, "my countrymen."

Of course every man goeth as from eternity it was determined he should go; and even Mr. Fawcett, when with vaunting ignorance he declares, in the January, 1887, number of a Philadelphia magazine, that Emerson was divine even in his mistakes of judgment while Carlyle simply shrieked and posed himself into fame—still cannot add to or take a cubit from his own stature or theirs. But let us follow our genius in order.

There was poetic fire in Bryant's soul and poetic beauty in his early eyes. There was a high ideal of literary and religious life in George Ripley's early dreams. And George William Curtis, though one of the youngest of the enthusiasts that expected to save the race by building a fence around Brook Farm and raising good onions—by no means a despicable work—had, at the start—at least so it has long seemed to me—more life-giving and kindling power in him than any of the early New England group, except Emerson and Phillips and Hawthorne, and hardly excepting even these.

Well, Mr. Bryant dulled his poetic vision and flattened his wit on mere slavery to the New York *Evening Post*, which is still a monument of stilted dullness, relieved mainly by the elements given it through the practically defunct *Nation*, which again came from another part of the globe; that is, the old world.

Mr. Ripley did good, honest, plodding work, as good as the honest, plodding *Tribune* of Horace Greeley's time could bear, and what with his own cherished instincts, his friendship with Emerson, his admiration for Carlyle, did not a little toward elevating to a certain unsteady, unclear and unsure height the American literary taste of the last generation; the greatest misfortune of his life being that at his death he fell into the hands of Octavius B. Frothingham, an utterly utter new light of the thickest darkness, who was called upon to write Mr. Ripley's biography.

Mr. George Ripley was not a great man, not even a great critic; but, on the other hand, he was a *man* and was not fool enough to mock at the New England conscience or his own, as our newer men are inclined to do. And he did choose and follow the highest line of life and work any man can follow who is hired by the day or week or year and is not his own master, free to sing his own song or preach his own poor word as he himself and the gods incline.

For Mr. G. W. Curtis, gone into Mugwump politics and dilettante Socinian sermon-reading, on Sundays, and such editorial and "Easy-Chair" philosophy as would help the Harpers to put money in their pockets and his own, I have little that is good to say, mainly, however, because I have so high an opinion of the genius, motives and power with which he started in the race. And it is folly to suggest or claim that such gifts are not worth preserving for the highest possible uses and ends. But perhaps *Harper's Weekly* editorials were the best that was in him and all that he was really good for.

Unfortunately the boys were, most of them, poor; and though Puritan and all true religion and Christianity had made honest poverty honorable, and heroism and culture nobler than wealth and boorishness, still their Socinian Christianity, spelled with a small 'c,' had changed the Christian for the ancient Roman standards, and had concluded that while poverty was well enough for Jesus and His apostles, and for slaves, they preferred such literary lights and fortunes as fell to Cæsar and Cicero and Seneca. Hence much of the Puritan and early Unitarian, would-be saintly and poetic genius of New England sold itself to the mammonism of New York; and, twenty years hence, if you find anybody reading Bryant's poetry or Ripley's book reviews or Curtis's editorials, or if you find that they have together blown their breath one inch into

the common every-day mammonite dust of this material and devilish age of the world, telephone or send a medium after me to heaven or the other place, and I will, with Peter's or the devil's permission, come back to apologize or to be hanged, if you please.

The true successors of the men just named—that is, as far as the world's recognition is concerned—are George Parsons Lathrop, William D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne and Henry James. Of Mr. Lathrop I shall say but little, because in my judgment he never has written anything worthy of special praise or blame. The age is a plain-spoken one—I offer no apology and mean nothing but truth and the utmost kindness. I will add, however, at this date, March, 1894, that since Mr. Lathrop has become a Catholic, it seems to me his work is better than it ever was before.

Of Mr. Howells I speak with great diffidence, because so many excellent people, of a certain quasi-chromo culture at least, seem to like him and because, after trying very hard for several years to admire and love him and believe in him, I find it, so far, impossible; and I do seriously believe that he is untrue to nature, false to his own best ideals, insincere and slovenly in his work, and quite as unworthy in his way of any national literary reputation as was his far more successful contemporary, Mr. E. P. Roe.

To my mind the "Undiscovered Country" was a mockery and a snare, written in the service of Mammon exclusively. To my mind "Silas Lapham" is a lie, unworthy the better grades of novels and novel-readers. But no man—not even a novelist—can ever write above the level of his own nature and associates. Whether it is Scott or Dickens, George Eliot or Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Miss Phelps or Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox, or Mr. Howells: they all tell their own stories and unconsciously picture their own hidden lives. No doubt that, for amateur readers, Mr. Howells is a pleasant writer—as was Mr. Roe—evidently. But I am not writing from the amateur's standpoint.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne in recent confessions, 1888, states plainly that he has written so far mainly for hire and at the spur of necessity; that his work has neither been well matured nor well finished; and a man who speaks so disparagingly of himself and who withal, in his more recent work, indicates a spirit of kindness and fairness, as far as he can, toward the work of other men above and below him, disarms criticism and arouses in one all the feelings of a brother man.

I accept Mr. Julian Hawthorne's confessions regarding his work so far; have for years indicated in published criticisms the very faults that he himself now admits, and that, too, while many of his contemporaries were daubing his fame with untempered mortar.

I think that Julian Hawthorne has so far been largely swept along into the mammonite, slovenly tide of the times, but that, unlike many of his contemporaries, he has taken to such work under an inner protest and against his latent will. I am sure that he has by far the deepest, most subtle and most powerful genius of all the younger new men named, and that if ever this inner giant shakes off the vulgar lethargy of the flesh and the hour, Julian Hawthorne will yet do work in which even his father, were he alive, might feel pleasure and pride.

James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving look like men of supreme and immortal literary genius compared with our popular modern masters in New York and New England. With the utmost deliberation and after repeated attempts to find to the contrary, I assert that Edgar Fawcett, for instance, has never written a page or a verse that did not, as far as it had any influence, tend to degrade and debase all true standards of culture and literature. And I am here to stay and to keep on saying such things till mere fops and slovens, like the Gilders, shall understand that the art of writing and teaching does not belong to them.

Mr. Howells and the new men have never injured me, and I would not injure them, not a hair of their heads. I do not love them less, but truth and literature more. I know how difficult it is for this generation, which is every year sinking deeper and deeper in its incapacity for seeing, believing or speaking the truth, to understand that a man can speak earnestly and even offensively from a kindly sense of duty and not moved by any feelings of personal wrong. But justice and truth are not dead—even if prostitutes have taken to theosophy and are held as guiding stars in modern literature.

Mr. Henry James has gone over so unutterably to mere windy Oscar Wilde-ism, London West End milk and rose-water plaque-ism, and spins yarns by the acre and quarter section so much like a female trance medium opiumized, or a Kate Field termagant,—spouts false philosophy—that is, as a fishwoman cries her fish, or as an ape chatters—so much chatter to the mile,—that perhaps it is best to let him alone till he comes home dragging his tale behind him.

"The Princess Casamassima" contains six hundred closely printed pages—at so much a page; that tells the story—read it, if you can.

There were men and women in the "Idyls of the King," though of an exalted ideal. Frank Stockton's fairies have a touch of nature; Shakespeare's thinnest sprites and thickest Calibans were still human; even Mr. Haggard's extravaganzas have a gleam of reality; but Mr. James' fanciful heroines are mere wax-figure talking-machines without blood enough to blush at their own senseless and endless tattle.

The temptation is great and perpetual in a résumé like this to run into the mention of a thousand nobodies in the shape of novel-writers whose books every critic has had to look into in the last decade. I have purposely kept to the best-known names in New England, barely glancing at these and only touching a few writers in the Middle States, simply for comparison. I have not thought it worth while to follow the track of the "Fool's Errand," or to re-create "Bricks without Straw," or to spend a moment in the company of the "Ambitious Woman;" and as for "Sinfire," etc.,

"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch while some must sleep.
Thus runs the world away."

P. S.—It gives me pleasure to add here that spite of the *GLOBE's* severe criticisms of recent New England literature, and spite of the admitted general dilettante dullness of the modern Massachusetts product, there is still a good deal of literary genius in New England, and that four of the writers in this number of the *GLOBE*—viz.: Miss Swan, Dr. Schuman, Judge Webster and Mr. Robinson—are from the little town of Gardiner, Maine. Miss Swan's recent prose articles in the *GLOBE* are certainly among the best expressions of what may be called reawakening New England thought; and I do not hesitate to say that Dr. Schuman, though as yet comparatively unknown, is the ablest and the most finished poet living in New England to-day. Miss Averill is sweeter and lovelier, but neither so abundant nor so full of art. Judge Webster is another instance wherein the bench, the bar and the bank have appropriated what rightfully belonged to literature; and Mr. Robinson—a much younger person—bids fair to outshine all competitors in his native state. There are other New England lights,

even in Gardiner, not to be mentioned here; and has not Tom Reed a sort of statesman-like reputation? It may even be remembered that the late James G. Blaine once wrote a book. Recently Mr. Aldrich has produced a sort of guide to the low-grade relics of Portsmouth, N. H., but without any touch of the higher, soul-stirring heroisms of the old historic town; nevertheless the book is daintily done, of course. And is not Mr. Fiske at this moment illuminating old Oxford, England, with excellent Yankee blue light? God help them all and grant unto them far beyond what they ask or think, as, of course He will—and I will.

W. H. THORNE.

IDEALS OF ART.

I.

It cannot be the sun; out of the sea
 A somber glory rises, and the air
 Thrills as with longing; all the landscape fair
 Shows weird beneath the outpouring vast and free
 Of that mist-clothed effulgence; nor do we
 Know whither we are led, save that 'tis where
 The dwellings cease of gentle joy and care
 And love for what has not yet come to be.

Under the dream-light ever; lo! vague shapes
 Tread the smooth lawns and fade monotonous,
 And, sailing past far-seen and perilous capes,
 Tall ships go forth on quests that have for us
 The fascination and the wondrous pain
 That they those outland shores may never gain.

II.

Farther into the labyrinth; more and more
 The dread light brazens, and the songs awake
 Of a large woe that sings for pleasure's sake;
 Dark ghosts of passions, whose fierce anguish tore
 The mad souls of the elder time and bore
 Their frenzies toward the dull-starred stream and lake
 Where Destiny's multiformed pale blossoms break,
 Resume the robes their baffled fantasies wore.

Lo! there beneath the white-flowered almond tree
 Clear naked dreams in half rejoicing dance,
 And yonder many a golden, glittering lance,

Halting in woods a-nigh the sobbing sea ;
 But, through the bitter splendor of the trance,
 The moan of death that must forever be.

III.

Nay, let me break the languor ; from the glooms
 Of lust and sin, the strains of palsied fear,
 The cries for things that have no lodgment here,
 Nor in the life that may be ; from the tombs
 Self-made, and hopes far worse than any dooms,
 Let me escape the prison-house so drear,
 With the vexed shining and the flaunting veer
 Of flames in which the pageant dims and looms.

The enchantment wavers, and a wind of fate
 Sweeps the wild whirl into the deep abyss ;
 The clear fields laugh again and small waves kiss
 The patient shores ; the harvests glow and wait,
 The slender smoke-wreaths curl and dissipate
 From simple roofs and settled home-bred bliss.

—LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

 LATIN VERSUS SAXON COLONIZATION.

At the Annual Commencement of the University of Michigan, June 13, 1892, the opening address was delivered by Mr. Justin Winsor, LL.D., the learned librarian of Harvard College. The distinguished scholar and historian took for his subject an episode of early Canadian history, which he entitles "The Pageant of Saint Lusson."

The event thus designated occurred at Sault Ste. Marie on June 14, 1671. It consisted of the taking possession by France of "all the lakes, straits, rivers, islands, and regions, . . . stretching to the sea at the north, or at the west, or on the opposite side," etc. The proceedings were carried out with an imposing display of pageantry. The execution thereof was confided by Intendant Talon to a gentleman of high standing, Le Sieur Daumont de Saint Lusson. Indians of all the tribes of the Green Bay Country had been gathered to the spot to witness the ceremony and be impressed by its solemnity. M. St. Lusson was accompanied by four Jesuit missionaries, in order to increase the gravity of the event and inspire reverence among the Indians. When all had

been prepared, "St. Lusson, with solemn step, accompanied his compatriots to a little knoll." The Jesuits, in their vestments (?), walked at the head of the procession. A large cross of cedar was erected, and a post, to which was attached a shield, bearing the royal arms of France sculptured upon it. St. Lusson, "with a sword stretched in one hand and a crumbling turf in the other," commenced his harangue, "In the name of the Most High and Redoubtable Sovereign, Louis the Fourteenth, Christian King of France and Navarre," etc. The function partook of a semi-religious character, and was accompanied by the singing of hymns and psalms. St. Lusson was followed by Père Allouez, S.J., in an impassioned and eloquent discourse, setting forth in glowing terms the mighty power of the French king and the terror his name should inspire.

We need not be surprised to find Mr. Winsor giving expression to a passing smile of mingled compassion and contempt at this "melodramatic pageant." Such an event offered too tempting an opportunity for the strong religious bias, which unfortunately warps and kinks the mental fiber of that learned gentleman on all matters wherein the racial or religious element enters. Hence, he has a depreciating allusion to the "yelps of the capering Indians," and "the atmosphere of rhetorical smoke in which the swarthy savages grunted, and wrapped themselves in amazement."

The incident is put forward as if peculiarly characteristic of the French system of colonization; but this is not correct. We know that the doughty Anglo-Saxon and gallant Devonshire knight, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, performed the same, or a strikingly similar, "pageant" in 1583 on taking possession, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, of "all Newfoundland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, for two hundred leagues in every direction." He, too, was bravely dressed in all the finery of lace and puffs and slashed doublet, hat and feather, sword and sabretache. Twig and sod were presented to him, in token of feudal and seigneurial right. Nor was the accessory of the royal escutcheon omitted,— "cut in lead, and affixed to a pillar," and raised aloft to strike terror and admiration into the surrounding crowd. Thus, we see that the "pageant" idea was not exclusively a French or Spanish institution.

There were, however, some notable differences between the two displays. Firstly, in the case of the representative of Queen Eliza-

beth, we find no mention of the Cross, the symbol of Christianity. Secondly, it was not on ochred and feathered Indians, but on the stalwart and brawny fishermen of Spain, France, and Portugal, who thronged the harbor of St. John's at the time, that this pageant was palmed off—men who, with their fathers before them, had exploited these seas, and explored these lands, for a hundred years previously, while England's colonizing genius still lay slumbering. Thirdly, although the emblem of the Cross is not mentioned, still the religious phase was not wanting, for Sir Humphrey declared religion established according to the formularies of the Church of England, and ordained that any one who should speak a word derogatory to Her Britannic Majesty, should have his ears cut off!

Mr. Winsor then gives a dissertation on the respective merits of the Saxon and Teutonic systems of colonization, and that of the French or Latin races generally. Underlying this, as an *arrière pensée*, one seems to read the dominant idea that Protestantism, or the enlightened spirit of the Reformation, is the origin of all true civilization and progress; while, on the other hand, Roman Catholicism, or *popery*, is the inevitable parent of barbarism and ignorance. Hence, we have a glowing description of the success and advancement of the colonies settled along the Atlantic seaboard by men in whose veins ran "a promising fusion of English and Dutch blood. These were the men who plowed the turbulent ocean, and took rum, codfish, and clapboards across the sea." Further south, on the Chesapeake, there was added to the New England stream a tinge of "German and Scotch blood" (Lowland, no doubt). We then have a description of the country: "The streams which, in Canada, made canoe-paths in search of peltries, thwarted the thrift of the plowman;" but the streams of New England "made manufactures the handmaid of agriculture." We are told of the effect produced upon the mind of the Jesuit Father Dreuilletes, on his ambassadorial visit to Boston and Plymouth. He observed with astonishment the homely thrift and vitality of a colonial life so different from what he had known in Canada. He found bridges to cross streams. . . . He saw forges blazing . . . heard the clatter of saw-mills . . . noted the Yorkshire immigrant weaving cotton . . . listened everywhere to the *swish* of the scythe . . . saw sheep dotting the hillsides, and cattle browsing," etc. Mr. Winsor implies that all this pastoral scene was something quite different from what the Jesuit

had beheld in Canada, or New France. There, "the black-robed priests and white nuns had created a class. . . Agriculture was discountenanced, because it spoiled the country for the beaver and the musquash. . . Carrying trinkets to the Indians, and taking skins in exchange, laid open the waterways, but it did not develop the country; . . the well-being of the country was sacrificed to the gain of the fur companies, . . while the self-centering of New England prepared her in due time for that western movement when her tillers of the soil could make habitable a region that France had only unfolded to geography." Such is the statement of the case made out by Mr. Winsor.

It requires but a very superficial acquaintance with Canadian history to show how one-sided and unfair this picture is.

So far from Père Dreuilletes being astonished at what he saw in New England, the contrary was the case. They were amazed at him. The English minister Elliot "was stricken with respect and astonishment on seeing the venerable missionary who spoke the languages of the Indians as well as themselves; who had passed many winters in the smoky cabins of the Oumamiouks and Papi-nachois, some three or four hundred miles from the French settlements." . . .

Let us briefly consider one or two points:

(1) *Fisheries*.—It is well known that the French, the Basques, the Bretons, the Portuguese and Spaniards, had developed and exploited the fisheries of the Grand Bank and the North American coasts for a hundred years before an English prow had ruffled these waters. From the archives of the city of St. Jean de Lux we learn that the inhabitants claim the discovery of *Cap Breton* long anterior to Columbus or Cabot. "Already since 1412 their whalefishers had advanced as far as the shores of Iceland. The bank of Newfoundland appears to have been known to them toward the middle of the fifteenth century, and it is most probable they had pushed as far as the shores of Le Cap Breton . . . Since the first years of the sixteenth century abundant cargoes of cod-fish came, together with oil and whalebone, to enrich the city of St. Jean de Lux." (Goyetche, "History of St. Jean de Lux.") The average product of the Grand Bank fishery of France, about one hundred years ago (1785) was 40,000 quintals, valuing thirteen millions of francs. The fishing fleet, coming out annually, consisted of over 400 vessels, equipped by 10,000 men, sailors and fishers. (Official Records.)

(2) *Trade*.—Kirke ("Conquest of Canada," p. 23) says: "While England made no attempt to utilize her discoveries for seventy-two years after Cabot's time, Spain was reaping a rich harvest in America, and yearly vast treasure-ships sailed across the Atlantic to empty into her bosom the spoils of the New Continent."

(3) *Manufactures, agriculture, etc.*—It is true that many of the French settlers, inheriting the romantic spirit of the Crusaders, revelled in exploring the vast and trackless forests of the New World, stemming its mighty water-courses and hunting the wild beasts in the fastnesses of the rocks, and, as Longfellow says, "*Chasseurs-des-bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

But to represent them as a class as "a wild and restless race that shot the rapids of Canadian rivers" (Winsor, p. 23), and who had no idea of the sweet comforts of *home* (*the foyer*), is manifestly incorrect, and shows an incapacity or unwillingness to duly appreciate their character. Who can forget the beautiful picture drawn by Longfellow of the vast meadows of Grand Pré, "stretching away to the eastward," and the "pastures and flocks without numbers"? And those works of immense labor and industry the "dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant;" their scientific system of farming, by which they "shut out the turbulent tides, but at stated seasons the floodgates opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows." Then there were the "fields of flax and orchards and cornfields spreading afar." . . .

But lest it may be said that this is "only poetry," I would refer my readers to the works of M. Rameau, "*Une Colonie Féodale en Amérique*," and L'Abbé Casgrain, "*Un pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*." There, from the authentic sources of official archives and reports, we get an idea of the vast extent to which the Acadians had pushed both farming, manufacturing and trading operations. The following description of a farm and manor of one Nicholas Gauthier, at *Belair*, near Port Royal, may serve as an example: . . . "The site was well chosen and picturesque . . . he had a beautiful house and vast out-offices (*dépendances*). He had two corn-mills and one sawmill . . . two ships for the transport of merchandise. His commerce did not prevent him from cultivating a large farm. He had another house further up the river, valued at ten thousand pounds (*livres*), or \$5,000.00. His father-in-law, Louis Alain, was a trading captain along the coast

(*cabotage*), as far as Massachusetts. . . . On inheriting from his father-in-law he extended his commercial enterprises, and amassed a fortune of 80,000 (eighty thousand) livres, in funds and property. His supplies of wheat, flour and other products necessitated immense stores and granaries. He transported in his ships flour, spars (*madriers*), cattle, and codfish to Boston, Louisbourg, and to the Antilles; he brought back merchandise of every kind, sugar, molasses, etc., not only to Port Royal and Les Mines, but also to all parts of the coast of Beaubassin He was well seconded by his wife Maria Alain and his numerous family. His two sons were brave and sturdy lads (*de forts et déterminés gaillards*) who sailed with their father." . . . In the wars and skirmishes which followed, this splendid establishment was burnt and pillaged by the English, and the brave woman who, in her husband's absence, faced the soldiers, was seized, and thrown into prison. But all that is beyond my present scope.

The above, which is taken from an official inventory, will serve to show that all the enterprise and commercial industry, and home virtues, were not monopolized by the Saxon and Dutch races. At the time of the expulsion of the Acadians official accounts, preserved in the archives of Paris, show that they possessed "80,000 (eighty thousand) head of horned cattle, 10,000 (ten thousand) horses and more than 160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand) sheep."

(4) *General civilizing influences*.—Bancroft, by no means a suspected partisan, says: . . . "Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the Cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior . . . five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston Harbor."

In fact, in matters of education, the French were far ahead of the English colonies. In 1675 they possessed two excellent colleges of higher studies—one at Montreal and one at Quebec—which were infinitely superior to Harvard in Massachusetts. As to the ignorance of Virginia, up to the Revolution of 1774, it was proverbial. Berkeley, the governor, in 1650 said: "We have in the colony neither free schools nor printing offices, and I hope we never shall for three centuries."

But while thus showing that the true spirit of colonization was not wanting in the French race, we do not mean to deny that it

was animated by a different spirit from that of the Saxon and Teuton. To these latter, worldly and material comfort, the amassing of wealth, and the monopoly of the new lands, were the main and sole objects. For these purposes, the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, who were looked upon as an obstacle in the way, were driven backward, step by step, before the onward march of progress, civilization and cultivation, and at length ruthlessly exterminated as pestilential vermin. On the other hand, the French, inspired by the teaching of their old Faith, looked upon the savages as fellow beings and brethren, with human rights and aspirations, with hearts capable of love and sympathy, minds to be elevated and ennobled, intellects to be educated and cultivated, and above all, souls to be saved to immortal life. They held forth the hand of fellowship and brotherhood to them, they intermarried with them, raising them to the dignity of Christians. No wonder then, that the warm and simple hearts of the savages went out to them in sympathy and undying loyalty and fidelity, while the brutality of the English created in the hearts of the Indians an inveterate hatred and ever vigilant suspicion.

Mr. Winsor introduces us to "that fiery little pilgrim soldier, Miles Standish. We may take him as a worthy type of the Saxon colonist. This is how Longfellow paints him to us. The Puritan hero is addressing his secretary, John Alden :

"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church; a preacher who speaks to the purpose;
Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox; flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen;
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come if they like, be it Sagamore, Sachem, or Pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto or Tokamahamon."

Again he savagely addresses the Council of War:—

"What! do you mean to make war with milk and water of roses!
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted,
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly, the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks thro' the mouth of the cannon."

Then there is the horrible massacre scene where the dying Indian chief, the ruthless bullet having pierced his brain,

. . . "fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers."

And finally

“As a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort which at once was a church and a fortress.”

Neither is this “all poetry,” as can unfortunately be proven from too many historical sources. Thus a certain Colonel Knox of the British Army wrote in his diary (1755): “Two armed sloops have cruised off Cape Sable to intercept the *vermin* (Indians) lest they escape in their canoes.” Again General Wolfe, the great conqueror of Quebec, and the pride of the British Army, in a letter to his uncle (July 12, 1758), says: “I take them (the Indians) to be the most contemptible *canaille* upon earth. They are a dastardly set of bloody rascals; we cut them to pieces wherever we find them.” In fact, the English in their inhuman pursuit became *savages* themselves, and adopted savage modes of warfare.

We learn from the Massachusetts records, that a bounty of £50 was offered for every Indian woman or child under fourteen years, or for the *scalp* of an older one! This reward was increased to £100, and one Harman having shot a party of Indians near Waterville, in 1724, brought the *scalp* to Boston and received the reward and a lieutenant-colonelship. (Williamson, “History of Maine.”) The *slave trade*, against which Mr. Winsor inveighs so bitterly in his “Life of Columbus,” was also carried on by the English. Smith (“History of New England”) tells of one Master Hunt who stole twenty Indians and sold them in Malaga.

How different was the sentiment of the French for the poor Indian! As Longfellow has given us Miles Standish as a type of Saxon colonization, so in *Evangeline* we have the French counterpart:

. . . “On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.

* * * * *

Just as the sun went down they heard the murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of a tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel,” etc.

How different from the fort (with death-belching howitzer on the roof) that was "church and fortress together!" Innumerable citations might be made from Champlain down to show the truth of this picture, but I have already trespassed too long. I have placed before my readers the two systems of colonization. It seems to me not difficult to choose which is the more worthy of our race and dignity. I must say, however, that it is not just to attribute to a whole people as a national characteristic the traits which may arise from accidental circumstances, or may be developed in some individuals or even classes. Were I do to so I should be falling into the grave error which I am condemning in Mr. Winsor. I believe there is no race on earth more noble, more upright, honest and true, than the Anglo-Saxon. And we have among the early pioneers of colonization, some examples of Englishmen, full of the same noble sentiments that permeated the breasts of Champlain, Cartier, Pontreincourt, Lévis and others. One example may be cited—that fine old honest sailor, Richard Whitbourne, "true-hearted Englishman" as he called himself. He was filled with the spirit of true Christian sympathy for the Indian, and desire for his conversion and amelioration. Writing to King James I, 1619, he says: "That which will crown the work of plantation will be the advancement of the honor of God in bringing the poor infidels to His worship and their own salvation." His letter is full of such noble expressions.

When, then, we seek to find a cause for the brutal and savage spirit displayed by the early English colonists in their treatment of the Indian, we must look elsewhere than in the national character or *indoles*.

I consider, then, we must trace it partly to the fact that many of these men were daring and heedless adventurers, lawless freebooters; partly to the excitement of the wild life of the new settlements, liable at a moment's warning to an attack from the Indians; but, principally, I attribute it to the complete uprooting of the chivalrous and religious sense arising from that great social convulsion of the sixteenth century—the Reformation. I speak now of the Reformation not from a religious, but from a purely national and social point of view. It shook human society to its very base. It severed the dearest ties of mortal life. It set man at strife with his brother. It destroyed the fond affections of the family circle. Stamping with the brand of disgrace and ignominy those mem-

bers of the family who held on to what their consciences told them was the old and true Faith, it estranged father from son, child from mother, brother from sister. Founded upon a system of plunder and confiscation made legal by special laws for the purpose, it gave a plea for private pillage, and helped to blunt if not to eradicate altogether the sense of justice and charity.

The modern Englishman believes that by the Reformation he has achieved freedom from spiritual tyranny, liberty of thought, and the spirit of enlightenment. It might be easy to discount to a great extent this supposition, but even granting it for argument's sake, it was *dearly bought*. It destroyed a great deal that was beautiful and sweet and pleasant in this poor weary world. One half of the English race was estranged from the other and a black gulf placed between them. But it seems as if now, after a lapse of three hundred and fifty years, a reaction is about to set in. The English Protestant is beginning to look upon his Catholic brother as not altogether so base and degraded a being as he once believed him to have been.

It is a pity then that a man in the position of Mr. Winsor—a position in which he has power to do so much for the weal or woe of his country, for the sowing of the seeds of discord, and social and religious strife, the embittering of the founts of national life and patriotism; or, on the other hand, for the healing of old differences, and blending of our varied races into one glorious and united people: being a man of such undoubtedly vast historical knowledge and research—it is a pity, I say, that he should allow his judgment to be affected by prejudice of any kind. It detracts from his efficiency as a safe historical guide, and makes him an influence sadly baneful to the future prosperity of that great country which is honored by having him for a son.

Rt. Rev. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D.

SWINBURNE.

THIS singer sings an eagle-soaring song,
 A mighty music yearns within his brain,
 He voices passion's fierce and splendid pain,
 His utterance, as the sea's, is sweet and strong.
 The cloud-accustomed hills he sweeps along,
 He thrills the rivers as they thread the plain,
 The gods he wakes to ancient life again,
 He strives to crush oppression's cruel wrong.

England, reject him not! He is your pride,
 The offspring of your songward years of toil,
 Your chiefest bard howe'er you may deride;
 The boldest singer he that treads your soil,
 Swayed by your ocean's uncontaminate tide
 And quickened by your errors' stern recoil.

—A. T. SCHUMAN.

WHEN LOVE IS NEAR.

WHEN Love is near, though of him unafraid,
 Ofttimes the power of speech forsakes my tongue,
 Like to a voiceful bell, once lightly rung,
 That now by some impediment is stayed;
 And yet the words, from utterance delayed,
 When Love is gone are fluently outflung:
 In stress of fervent feeling, said or sung,
 I call to him in accents passion-made.

Haply he heeds me and trips merry back,
 Haply he heeds me not and ne'er returns.
 Ah, pained and saddened am I at the lack
 Of light when Love's lamp neither cheers nor burns;
 For if he come not all is bare and black,—
 But if he come the flame-warmth upward yearns.

—A. T. SCHUMAN.

KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF.

THE world of thinkers, in this our day, is divided into two great armies. Upon the banner of one is blazoned, in every tongue known to man, the single word "Knowledge;" upon that of the other appears, as conspicuously, the word "Belief."

In the camp of the former host is gathered together a mighty concourse, whose bond of unity is a determination to resist and annihilate whatever and whoever present themselves before it under a flag containing another device than science; in the other camp are gathered all who are persuaded that science alone is not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the spirit of man.

If peace and unity are to take the place of strife between these contending multitudes, it can only be by each one seeing that, in itself, it is incomplete and that in the other is its necessary complement.

To reach the beauty of harmony requires a willingness, on the part of all concerned, to examine into the constitution of the human intellect and heart, and to discover, if that be possible, the process whereby whatever of truth man now possesses has found its way to him. Let this be our aim.

A great and therefore humble saint and doctor of the olden time made known his intellectual position by the bold declaration, "*Credo ut intelligam.*"

The petty and therefore vainglorious sciolist of this present time answers this declaration with a sneer.

If it be within our power to discover which of the two attitudes just symbolized be the more reasonable, *i. e.*, in conformity with what has been and what is, we will have advanced, at least a little way, toward the peace so necessary for the well-being of humanity.

At the outset, it is indispensable to have clear understanding of the two terms "Belief" and "Knowledge," and this necessitates a very elementary examination of the process whereby the human intellect is compelled to assert *this* and to deny *that*; for the intellect is never free in occupying any position that it may be in. For instance, try how one may, one cannot refuse internal assent to the proposition that two and two make four, any more than one can refrain from internal denial that the same numbers make five.

Again, the intellect cannot, unqualifiedly, assent to any proposition into which enters any element of uncertainty, *i. e.*, a condition wherein the object proposed to the intellect is not *clearly* perceived by it to be what it purports to be.

Now all assent of the intellect is brought about in one of two ways: either by direct perception, or by means of testimony. *Objectively*, when any thing is discovered by the intellect as a result of its own verifying investigation, that thing constitutes knowledge; when, on the other hand, anything is made known to the intellect by any other means than those employed by itself, such thing constitutes belief.

So much for the definitions. Knowledge is direct, belief is indirect; or, to put the same thing in a different light, knowledge is an immediate acquisition of the intellect, belief is a mediate.

The world has yet to discover the moment when a child first knows that it knows anything; but there is always a time when the child discloses its possession of an intellect like to that of its

elders. This first of its truly human manifestations, the child is very apt to exhibit in its recognition of its mother, as its mother, not only as the being from whom it receives its nourishment, but as the being who is, for it, the most worthy object of its love and confidence. Now, the appreciation of the maternal relationship must come to the child under the form of belief rather than of knowledge, for the reason that the child observes the conduct of those about it, indicating the existence of some bond which binds it to one woman, in a way that it is not bound to any other person.

And as it goes on increasing in age, the child goes on increasing in its dependence on testimony for most of its intellectual development. From the day that the American boy learns the beautiful story of George Washington and his hatchet, to the day when he feels that he, himself, may some time become President of these United States, he is the victim—if one so pleases to regard it—of testimony, which is only another way of saying that his mental provender must reach him under the form of belief as well as knowledge.

Even after adult years are attained, the vast majority of men, however much some of them may pretend to chafe under it, continue to believe what they possess of truth; for the simple reason, if for no other, that very few men take the trouble to search for the foundation of their intellectual edifice.

No one will gainsay this statement, so long as its application is confined to the mass of humanity, but the moment that it is assumed to have any bearing on certain men, eminent in science, it is said to be without any justification.

And yet, a very little reflection will show that at the bottom of all men's acquisition of truth, in any of its forms, lies belief, and not knowledge.

Take any one of the exact sciences, and every possible advance in it is, necessarily, dependent upon a conviction that the laws of nature are enduring and consistent. Without such conviction, it is evident that no one could make the shortest prognostication, and that would, of course, mean an end of the matter.

Without an abiding faith in the uniformity of nature's action, Newton's discovery could never have been made by him.

But it may be answered, this is not belief, it is knowledge, for the reason that experience and personal investigation have demonstrated the stability of nature's action. Plausible as the objection

seems, there really is very little, if anything, in it; for, on what ground, other than belief, can it be presumed that what has been will continue to be?

How can one declare, as a matter of *knowledge*, that because the sun rose to-day it will rise to-morrow? Knowledge cannot, from its nature, transcend the past and the present, and this being so, whatever convictions are entertained with respect to the future, are resting upon belief as their ultimate base.

Under a very different aspect, the necessity of belief, as a precursor of knowledge, is just as evident.

It was, and could only have been, because of his belief in another world beyond the Atlantic, that Columbus ventured forth on his voyage hither.

And so one might tell again the tale of every discovery or invention which, to-day, constitutes the measure of truth in man's possession, and the same invariable and inflexible rule of order would appear. Belief precedes knowledge.

Even the most conceited of men must confess *credo ut intelligam*, with the same truth as, albeit without the humility of, the saint. It may be that in many cases the confession will not be audible, but deep down in every man's heart—for even the man with little head must have a heart—the mighty words must be said.

When one considers the extent to which each individual in the world is dependent upon some other individuals, from his birth to his death; when one reflects on the utter helplessness of a man left to himself, it seems incredible that conceit should have any hold upon any human being; and yet look where one will, whether into his own mirror or into the faces of those persons with whom he is brought in contact, and the ugly thing is apparent.

And it is the same hideous warp in man's nature that, more than any other thing, causes him so often to shut his eyes to the truth, except where it forces itself upon him against his will.

But truth is, just as certainly, the necessary nourishment of the intellect as is food of the body; and the two forms under which truth can alone find an entrance into the intellect are worthy of equal respect and hearty welcome.

But, somehow or other, most men seem to feel that belief is less admirable than knowledge, and that it is more worthy of man's dignity to have a little knowledge rather than widespread belief.

This attitude is surely unreasonable, for if truth be always

agreement between the assertion of the intellect and the object of the assertion, what difference does it make how that agreement is reached?

Unless work, for work's sake, and without any end in view, be noble, then whatever of truth a man obtains in this world is more or less highly to be prized as it is, in itself, of more or less value, and not as it is the outcome of more or less work.

In a community such as ours, where the very vast majority are simply compelled to work as a necessary pre-condition of eating, it is almost inevitable that anything which savors of idleness should be regarded as unworthy and blamable.

In view of the necessity of work as a means to an end, there is much to be said in justification of such an opinion. But the danger of it is that many unreflecting minds are led to imagine that the mere exertion involved in work—whether mental or physical, and quite irrespective of the object worked for—is something very admirable.

Plainly this is all a mistake, for were it true that work in itself considered is worthy of respect, then all effort of equal degree, and regardless of result, would be entitled to equal respect. Looking at the matter in this light, one sees that work, or indeed any exertion which results or, more than that, is meant to result, in nothing, is foolish and vain.

No, the only way to measure the dignity due to work of any sort is to discover what is the motive that induces such work, and what is the result obtained by it.

And so we come back to knowledge and belief. Applying to these two terms the thought just dwelt upon, it seems quite plain that whatever of truth is obtained by the one mode of arriving at it, is just as admirable as any equal portion of truth arrived at in the other way.

In one respect, knowledge may seem to afford a safer criterion of truth than any that belief has to offer; and that is, that, as knowledge comes from one's own effort and investigation, it is more apt to be reliable than belief, which much rest upon the effort and investigation of some one else, and reaches oneself on the credibility of that other. Specious and plausible as this objection seems, it arises entirely from a confusion of ideas, the foundation of which consists in an assumption that, in itself considered, the *datum*—if such a word be permissible—of belief is less trustworthy than that of knowledge. Herein lies the fallacy.

Truth is one; for, of its very nature, it is always an agreement between the intellect affirming and that which is affirmed. Now, to repeat, knowledge and belief are simply means whereby truth is made possible to humanity, and so long as they serve this end they are entitled to the same degree of respect.

For instance, if I am out for a walk with a friend who is blind, and I see anything which I tell him about, each one of us is, equally with the other, in possession of this truth, with the single difference that I obtained it under the form of knowledge, and he under the form of belief. Given sincerity and intelligence in a witness, and what I receive from him, through my ears, is just as valuable as what I obtain myself through my eyes.

In the ultimate analysis of these two *media*, whereby the intellect attains truth, the end reached is the same. Indeed, it is a fact of common experience that belief is not alone as useful as knowledge, but that it is, in most cases of human interest, the only source of enlightenment for the understanding.

If, for instance, only the men who have, by their own investigation, discovered the revolution of the earth around the sun, could safely affirm the fact, they would be so few as to excite the derision of the rest of mankind for the absurdity of their conviction. It is by such simple tests as the one just made, that the general dependence of the race upon belief, rather than knowledge, is made evident.

Probably the most powerful barrier that belief, as a source of enlightenment, has to overcome, is the extravagant opinions entertained by many persons upon religion. Manifestly the ultimate factor in religion, of whatever kind, must be something which lies back of human experience, and therefore must be accepted, if at all, under the form of belief. Just as manifestly the source of this testimony upon which religion rests must, in the end, be something that eludes the senses or, rather, which surpasses the possible grasp of the senses.

Whatever be the explanation of the phenomenon, mankind, as a whole, is religious, at least to the degree of affirming the existence of something superhuman. This instinct—for instinct it must be, seeing that even the most degraded and unreflecting of men give unmistakable evidences of having it—has often given rise to such glaring absurdities as to excite the derision or horror of men of enlightenment; with the result that many men have come to

regard all religion as, essentially at bottom, absurd. And, as religion must be held, if at all, by the intellect, under the form of belief, everything else which exists in the same category is looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion.

Even if all religions were demonstrably the outcome of superstition, and utterly without foundation in fact, this would be no justification for the contempt with which so many men profess to regard belief, for equally with knowledge itself, as the direct acquisition of one's own self, it rests upon the testimony of the senses. Whether what I seem to have immediately acquired, by my own investigation, be really what I have acquired, is just as important a matter for me to determine, as whether what I have, mediately, acquired, through the testimony of some one else, be reliable.

There must always be the necessity of testing the grounds upon which the intellect rests for its affirmations, and it matters nothing whether those grounds be mine or another's.

Indeed, in many cases, as has already been pointed out, the testimony of another is worth indefinitely more to establishing the reality of an alleged fact, than one's own best efforts to verify it. In addition to the man of cautious judgment who, from an appreciation of the chances of mistake to which every one is liable, hesitates to accept unqualifiedly anything that he does not himself discover, there is a large class of men who, from a combination of mental and, much more, moral cowardice, are desirous of appearing too independent to be under guidance. Such men seem to have an abiding conviction that if they persistently pose as skeptics, they will be mistaken by the world for philosophers.

And, just in equilibrium with the degree of their ignorance is the manifestation of their feigned disdain of everything that they regard as requiring belief for its acceptance. At the same time, of all men living, these pseudo-skeptics are apt to be the most credulous, as distinguished from rationally confiding.

To be *thought* superstitious, or liable to be imposed upon, is, to such men, far and away, worse than *to be* really subject to the most self-contradictory superstition, or to be the slaves of the grossest imposition. If these human monstrosities chance to be in the midst of men of normal reason, they generally manage to excite an aversion, which they take to be fear of their superior intelligence. There is, of course, superstition, and there is, too, irrational

credulity. The first consists in assuming anything to be for which there is no evidence. The second consists in a proneness to accept anything without considering the grounds upon which it rests. To be, therefore, either superstitious or credulous, is to be either wanting in common powers of discrimination or to have a love for the extravagant.

Rational belief, or willingness to accept whatever is alleged to exist, if supported by the testimony of sincere and sufficiently intelligent witnesses, is as different from superstition or credulity as is light from darkness.

Whoever reflects that the vast body of facts which is to-day the possession of mankind rests upon belief, rather than upon knowledge, must be exceedingly bold in asininity, if he is ready to express any want of respect for belief in itself.

To repeat again, and this time by way of conclusion, Truth is the only proper end of the intellect, and Truth is an agreement between the intellect and the object, and such agreement is just as possible under the form of Belief as it is under the form of Knowledge; and, under whichever of the two forms it exist, it is, equally with the other, worthy of the love and admiration of mankind.

W. R. CLAXTON.

FATE IMMUTABLE.

A GRAVE was dug to-day
 In forest far away
 Where foot n'er trod and eye n'er saw before;
 There only God and I
 Labored beneath the sky
 To square its sides and smooth its oozy floor.
 And lo, I cast therein
 Pride, envy, malice, sin,
 Old hates, old loves, then hates more fierce and fell,
 Truces with error, lies,
 Cold haltings, hot replies,
 False deeds and smiles whose savor was of hell.
 Then took I of the mold,
 Yellow as sunset gold,
 And cast it deep above the sweltering mass,
 Watering the mound with tears
 Until thick grassy spears
 Concealed the spot, should any chance to pass.

My weary task-work done,
 Joy was to me like one
 Whose love-suit, long delayed, has met success;
 But turning with a smile
 To where God stood the while,
 I saw Him weeping with a sorry grace.

I took Him by the hand:
 "Nay," said I, "understand
 That those be buried from the light of day:
 No more at their behest
 My soul shall have unrest;
 I walk with Thee and with Thy grace away."

But God made little pause:
 "I weep," He said, "because
 Of this which man's dull wit cannot divine,
 That what has been must be
 To all eternity,
 And Fate's omnipotence is more than Mine.

"With her what were the boot
 The future to dispute,
 Since in the stony past her feet are set;
 And each delinquent soul,
 Entered upon her scroll,
 Must there abide until it pay the debt.

"So from this seed of sin
 What harvest she shall win,
 By Me foreknown, may be by you foreseen:
 She changes not her guise
 Until some power arise
 To make what was as if it had not been."

—HENRY S. WEBSTER.

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO?

THE figures in the following statements were sent to me by a very earnest priest in the State of New York, with a request that I would give them publicity in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and add some living word concerning them.

In previous issues I have treated the questions of modern morality in a way that no other standard American review has dared to treat them, and I am glad, though bitterly regretful, to emphasize these facts by placing them in this issue of the *GLOBE*.

Twenty-five years ago, when preaching to a Unitarian congregation in Wilmington, Del., I prophesied that the Pope or the devil would get the American nation inside of fifty years. I am now satisfied that it will be the devil first and the Pope afterwards; and, of course, I am now very well pleased with the latter part of the prospect; at all events the following statistics seem to point that way—that is, to the devil for punishment and to the Pope for cure:

“In the United States, during the year 1892, there were 7,357 murders; 236 persons lynched; 3,860 suicides; 82,000 persons in jail; between 40,000 and 50,000 divorces; 17,457 insane persons in the State of New York alone, or about 500,000 in the whole United States—that is, persons recognized as insane—and a good 2,000,000 more that ought to be so classified. In the same year there were \$1,000,000,000 wasted in drunkenness, and such countless numbers of infanticides and fœticides, such widespread and barefaced robbery, stealing, cheating, and every species of injustice, that one is obliged to define the public conscience as a sinkhole of infamous and nameless iniquity.” Concerning the causes of this awful condition of things, a prophet has said: “Non est scientia in terra. Maledictum, mendacium et homicidium et furtum et adulterium inundaverunt et sanguis sanguinem tigit.” (Os. 4.) If any man thinks that these figures are not large or alarming, considering their proportion to the entire population, he has but to recall the fact that the figures show about one-fiftieth of the population as openly criminal or insane.

In the last census more than forty millions of American citizens answered, “We belong to no church.” This again is the natural result of public schools without God, of culture without religion, and of a thousand hydra-headed hypocrisies, all thriving in the name of religion until it has become a byword for the laughter of fools.

Where are we going to? “Gens et regnum quod non servierit tibi, peribit et gentes solitudine vastabuntur.” (Is. 60.) Where shall we find help or remedy?

First, in true religion, taught in Catholic schools and elsewhere. *Second*, and among Catholics, in a more loyal obedience to the Church. *Third*, by sacred vows, among all classes, to avoid and shun dangerous society. *Fourth*, by the daily practice of common honesty, honor, integrity and Christian charity, in word, thought

and deed ; and nothing else will do, as the *GLOBE* has proclaimed from its first issue until now.

Statistics show that the crimes just spoken of are not to be thrown on the shoulders of strangers, foreigners and unlearned people ; a large proportion of these crimes were committed by so-called well-educated American people ; and a still larger proportion of crimes committed by this latter class never come to light at all.

Time and again in this Review I have pointed out the fact that our modern cities were not only in a state of moral decline, but in a state of moral consumption closely approaching moral death. Time and again I have pointed out, here, the fact that the great bulk of our American literature was either skeptical or atheistic—hence, false as hell and sure to lead people in that direction. During the last two years I have noticed a change for the better in the *North American Review*, the *Forum* and the popular monthlies. The Robert Elsmere lines of novels also seem to point to a more serious mood ; but the grand total literary culture of modern times is atheistic and fearfully dangerous ; and the newspapers, as a whole, I believe to be a greater incentive to vice and crime than any other degrading influence known to society, except such execrable literature as that produced by William T. Stead.

Time and again I have also pointed out in this Review that the military culture and training of European nations, and our own tendency in the same way, could not help modern life ; could only at heart, and sooner or later, hasten the world-wide moral catastrophe now so near at hand. In a word, nations, like individuals, get what they aim for ; hence, by the simplest laws of logic and of history, modern civilization must end in world-wide murder.

There are many thousands of lovely and upright people in the world. So there were in the days of Cyrus, of Nero, of Napoleon, and of Abraham Lincoln ; but there were not enough of them to hold back the avenging hand of God in view of the moral iniquities of those periods. And as the rectitude of the laws of this universe cannot be broken, there are not enough of such people in the world to-day to hold back the hosts of destruction that we ourselves have been marshaling for the slaughter. Hence my simple answer to the question propounded is now—as it has been over and over again—we are going to the devil by the limited lightning express, protected, of course, by every sort of tariff

reform. But as truth is truth and God is God, nothing now can avert a well-nigh world-wide disaster. I am very sorry. But we have played false with eternal truth and justice, not to speak of Christian charity, and simply must go to the father of lies. Again, with the sincere regrets of

W. H. THORNE.

TO THE WIND.

WIND of the tree-tops, free and joyous,
 Whither, O whither so fast away?
 Take me with you, roving ever
 Through the night and through the day.
 Sorrow knows no rosy dawning,
 Day and night are one to me;
 Take me, happy zephyr, take me,
 Let my spirit rove with thee.

As it sped o'er shining meadows,
 As it brushed through leafy glade,
 It might lose, O wind, some sadness,
 Or the bitterness might fade.
 Let me touch the warm earth's bosom,
 Let me soar to heaven with thee,
 Let me triumph in the woodland,
 Let me revel o'er the sea.

Then the crashing in the forest,
 And the dashing of the deep,
 Will betray me from my anguish,
 While my eyes may cease to weep.
 Then the *freedom* shall rejoice me,
 Whom rejoicing long hath fled;
 Then, if *life* hath nothing left me,
 Mine the triumph of the *dead*!

Free to think and feel, aye, suffer,
 All unbound by mortal throe,
 Free! to think and feel untrammelled
 In the face of hopeless woe!
 Free to pluck my heart out, writhing,
 And to live without its life.
 Free! with will o'er desolation,
 Free! with conquest over strife!
 And without a heart for loving,
 Still to love more mightily
 Than the hearts of half creation,
 Than the lashings of the sea!

—AMELIA VEIL.

TENDERNESS.

Is there another word in the English language more full of meaning? Is there an attribute in the human character so sorely lacking? Everywhere it is needed, and everywhere it is looked upon, if felt at all, as if it were beneath one to experience such feeling.

Tenderness implies love, sympathy, and charity, the "greatest of these." How small and slight is the effort to be tender, to be gentle, and kind!

In its stead, its opposite, harshness, is placed foremost. And it seems to be the desire to appear even harsher than we really are. There is a mistaken idea that it is unmanly, or childlike, to evince the least tenderness.

Why is it, that so many of our homes are only so in name? That the very atmosphere is cold and repellent, even though abounding in luxury? Why is it, that wives and husbands grow so far apart, and that children even distrust all that is done for them, only with an object in view? Why is it, we doubt, and disdain, and sneer, and cavil? Simply because we lack "tenderness." What is love, or sympathy, without tenderness?

Why is it, if we chance to see a demonstration of "tenderness," we are so prone to call it affectation, or hypocrisy? Perhaps, it is because we are so false ourselves, knowing how, daily, we stifle the kind thought or action within us, and will have none of it. We are too greatly afraid of being imposed upon, forgetting, or overlooking the fact, that in this we are our own worst enemies. How often we hear it said, and we know "it takes so little to make people happy," yet we are constantly "thanking God that we are not as other men," and then, leading them astray in this, or following in their footsteps, persist in making people unhappy.

There is not a spot or place on earth, where a tender word or action would not be felt and appreciated, even though there might be a deceiving appearance.

If there were less of this shamming—for it is nothing more nor less—and we would act more in conformance with our heart's best desires, how much more worth living would be this life! Take any instance, from the cradle to the grave, and let the case be what it will, there is always room for "tenderness," kindness and sympathy. "It is a little thing to give a cup of water," etc., but he

who dares to give it other than in a spirit of "tenderness," will have much to answer for. Too often is it given with a spirit of you-don't-deserve-it-ism that would shame the devil, and make such an offering an insult. In our homes, and, oh, the disgrace of it that they are called homes—"merely four square walls hung with pictures, and gilded"—where we live, move, and have our being, more like automatons, we gaze into one another's eyes with a cold, stolid indifference, and if there is a smile it freezes before it reaches the eyes, those windows of the soul, from which, try as we will, all our greeds, longings, doubts and heartaches are mirrored and known to all men. We think we conceal, but the very effort rises up and confronts us, and we are betrayed by it.

Go into these so-called homes, go into our business-houses, our offices, when and where you will, and note how potent is the harshness and indifference of one and all. The employer, who should set the example, does not do it. It would lower his dignity to appear kind, or solicitous of the welfare of his employees. A brusque, dog-in-the-manger manner is more to his liking. He imagines his employees will do more for him if they fear him! Will they?

What makes this hue and cry for work, for bread? Why are men and women so dissatisfied with the paltry dollar, doled out to them? In their hovels, there is nothing but want and squalor. Poverty makes them bitter, and morose, and continuous poverty, with pinching want, whether it be of their own doing or not, at length staggers the brain. In the so-called homes of this people, where, when all else is lacking, there might, at least, be "tenderness," kindness and gentle words, there are none of these. The constant gnawing at the stomach, and shivering of the scantily-covered limbs, precludes the thought of kindness. Poor wretches! they consider the world against them, and consequently they are against the world.

Who shall blame them, when with all other ills never a kind word is given them. Who is tender, who is gentle and forbearing with them? Not one.

Look to it, ye of sordid gain only, when such cries as this go up from the downtrodden and oppressed, "I would be willing to work for less wages, if they were kind." This is not an infrequent cry. "He treats me like a dog" is another, and "I want *good* money." These are accompanied with a sigh in one case, and in the other with a spirit of revenge.

“Am I my brother’s keeper?” Certainly you are. And in that day when “He maketh up His jewels,” what? It is painful to contemplate!

What are gold and fine raiment, and palaces without “tenderness?” What is wealth without “tenderness?” Naught but a Barmecide feast.

Watch the ordinary nurse in the sick-room! How patent it is that she is in most instances simply working for money. There is no lowering of the voice, no soft gliding footsteps. The room trembles with her hurried tread. The door is shut with a slam. If the curtains are lowered, it is done with a certain action, if not a spirit of vindictiveness, as if to purposely annoy. The pillow ’neath the weary head is seldom changed or freshened up, or lightened by a gentle hand, and with a “tenderness” that soothes and is very grateful to irritable nerves. We are but children older grown at best, and the soft caress, the gentle voice, and kindly sympathetic glance, all aid the physician in the recovery of his patient. The world is but a hospital, in one sense, and we but babes and sucklings in it, bemoaning what we cannot have.

“Tenderness” does not mean mawkish or maudlin sentiment, nor too much familiarity. “Tenderness” is produced by kind thought and a loving and sympathetic heart. There should be schools of “tenderness”; but no, “tenderness” cannot be taught, it must be felt to be expressed, and it is only by completely annihilating self and giving others their just dues, learning to bear and to forbear, to “suffer long and be kind,” to be willing “to live and to let live,” to be appreciative of even the smallest of favors, for the most beautiful and acceptable things of life come to him who has been perfect through suffering.

“Like the tender grace of a day that is dead.” Who of us has not read this? and what is it that beautifies and glorifies this simple line? The word “*tender*.”

It was the “*tender*” grace of the day that was dead, that never came back; that which softened and soothed and caressed. This is what we want, what we need, what constitutes the longing and craving, and dissatisfaction of our lives. We need soothing. The hurry and worry of our everyday lives are mostly full of harshness, almost necessarily so from the very nature of things; then, when the gentleness comes, the “tenderness,” it is like the dew upon the parched plant, and like the drooping flower we are

refreshed and strengthened. "It takes so little to make people happy." Let us try and remember this, and put into practice the best wishes and desires of our hearts by being "tender." "Tender" to those who are old especially, and to the young always, not neglecting the needs and wants of the middle-aged; and let us by our example to the poor and oppressed teach them to be kind. Instill into their hearts the spirit of "tenderness," and much of the present dissatisfaction will have disappeared, together with our utter selfishness toward them.

"Tenderness!" If you do not understand its meaning, watch a loving mother as she bends over her child in distress or illness. Her voice is a poem, and the love-light in her eyes like the "light that never was on sea or land." And no matter how coarse and toil-worn the hand, it is as if it were sheathed in velvet, and like a rose-leaf in touch, as it obeys the promptings of her tender heart.

MRS. S. C. HAZLETT BEVIS.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

THEY are all gone away,
The house is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Malign them as we may,
We cannot do them ill,
They are all gone away.

Are we more fit than they
To meet the Master's will?
There is nothing more to say.

What matters it who stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away.

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill,
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill;
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

—E. A. ROBINSON.

THE MIRACLE.

"DEAR brother, dearest friend, when I am dead,
 And you shall see no more this face of mine,
 Let nothing but red roses be the sign
 Of the white life I lost for him," she said.
 "No, do not curse him, pity him instead ;
 Forgive him—forgive me; God's anodyne
 For human hate is Pity; and the wine
 That makes men wise, Forgiveness; I have read
 Love's message in love's murder—and I die."
 And so they laid her just as she would lie,
 Under red roses. Red they bloomed and fell;
 But when flushed Autumn and the snows went by
 And Spring came, lo! from every bud's green shell
 Burst a white blossom. Can Faith reason why?

—E. A. ROBINSON.

THE BURNE-JONES PHASE OF ART.

EXAMINING some of the leading London periodicals, awhile ago, to see what London had to say for itself—for it usually has something to say—the first thing presented was a reproduction of the paintings at the New Gallery, where Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Watts, Mr. W. B. Richmond, and others of the same clique, exhibit their work. As a whole, these efforts attract public attention; perhaps, from the sharp contrast they present to the sixteen paintings lately bestowed by Sir John Gilbert upon the city of London. The latter form a magnificent series of historic subjects, strongly handled. The sturdy English power, the strength akin to that of Norseman and Viking, which should mark the true Briton, finds expression here. The picture of Henry VIII, leaning on the shoulder of Wolsey, the great Cardinal, startles with its actuality. One can seem to see the two, walking leisurely down some stately hall, conferring together, the amazing qualities of their contrasted characters shining out on the two faces, as if emphasizing themselves across the ages—wondrous power of the human visage to tell its own story, reveal its own secrets!—till the beholder needs no word to tell him the catalogue name of the picture, "Ego et Rex meus," "I and my king."

The mighty figure and venerable face of the Bishop, in another notable canvas, his haughtiness, a sublime conviction of its impregnable basis lifting it far above pomposity in his own estimation, his august serenity, his matter-of-course acceptance of the services of the meek little acolyte, up-bearing his heavy volume—these qualities make the picture an epitome of all hierarchy ecclesiastical. And the other paintings resemble these two; in fine, all are essentially English, and, as such, fully appreciated by Englishmen. On the 26th of September, 1892, the honorary freedom of the city of London was conferred on Sir John Gilbert. "In recognition," says the official report, "of his long and honorable career in the art world and more especially of his generous gift to the Art Gallery of the Corporation of selections from his pictures—a graceful act, which can not but be of especial value in the development of the Gallery."

On this occasion the City Chamberlain made an eloquent address, in the Council Chamber of the Guild-Hall, on Sir John Gilbert and his life-work. "There are many phases of his art studies," says a leading London journal, "which can not be too heartily recognized; such as the depicting in black and white of all the heroes of childhood—Don Quixote and his squire—and that magnificent gallery which makes us inevitably think of his conceptions whenever we read the masterpieces of Shakspeare."

But at the New Gallery, now separated from Burlington House, the scene is shifted. Alas! Can it be possible that these are also Englishmen, these creators of prettiness, these dilettanti of the Burne-Jones-Rossetti-Morris Poet Academy?

After having rubbed our eyes and somewhat overcome our amazement, let us strive—in the interests of fair play—to do them justice.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones appears first with one of his characteristic compositions, "The Heart of the Rose." The subject, here, be it observed, is in nowise taken from life; it is an ideal, presented in a strange, foreign way, beautiful yet elusive. Where all is ethereal and unreal, we have nothing to grasp. Even as a poetic dream, it is a dream of shadows. The lines beneath the picture are by Wm. Morris.

"The ending of the tale ye see;
The lover draws anigh the tree
And takes the branch and takes the Rose,
That Love and he so dearly chose."

Let us examine the treatment of this theme. The accessories, throughout, are conventional. The gigantic circular rose-bush, in whose center the maiden is seated, is frankly impossible. Tall white lilies rise, straight and rigid, on the one side; on the other are stiff bunches of fleur-de-lis, a flight of birds *toward*, instead of *away from*, the group; and, on the extreme right, a glimpse of near forest. The lover, whose bent head and eager face are striking enough, stands before the maiden, his outstretched hand clasped in that of Love, who appears, also, standing before her. Not as the conventional Cupid; but tall, slender, of the seraphic type—his robe falling in utterly straight severe lines from neck to feet—white, bare feet, very beautiful—round, cap-like head-gear shading the neck and forehead, so that the face is seen only in profile. The leading point of the composition is his mighty wings, like those of an eagle, measuring more than his own height, one being outspread so as to overshadow the maiden, whose beautiful head appears just beneath, while the clasped hands of the two, in front of her, break the outline of her figure at the waist. Her timid eyes are bent on her lover, whose fiery, pleading gaze is fixed, not on her, but on the seraphic bestower of joy.

The composition thus gives two circles: the rose-bush, with its lovely center, forming the larger, outlined on one side by Love's tall bow—which is held upright, rigidly straight, its tip on the ground—and by the curve of his right wing; on the other, by the bowed figure of the lover. The smaller circle frames in the female face; its lower curve made by the outstretched arms and clasped hands; the upper, by the Dantesque head of the man and the great curved pinion of the seraph. The idea of the rose, with its circular whorls and golden center, thus dominates the whole.

Now, this is splendid drawing, superb work, a conception of great beauty, yet allegorical, conventional, and utterly impossible.

The pre-Raphaelites of the Holman Hunt school can be fairly held responsible for much of this. The stiffness of Perugino and the earlier Italians was a defect, one of the *défauts de leurs qualités*; but, imitated without their peculiar genius, repeated by men of a different stamp, religiously and spiritually, in a later age, it gives different results. The only points attained by it seem to be a certain unearthly stateliness, and the power of opposing and counterbalancing curves through these rigid straightnesses. The dependence on accessories, so notable in recent work, is from the

same source, and merely a cover for feebleness. It is, now, become impossible to paint a saint without help of golden background or Easter lilies, these, in the modern mind, being "the outward and visible sign" of a grace it cannot otherwise, nor in any deeper sense, apprehend. Equally impossible, to paint a beautiful woman without a sensuous setting of velvet rugs and tiger skins; impossible, again, to give us a clear, statuesque treatment of anything in marble, unencumbered with explanatory symbols.

In this very collection is a portrait, whereof an honest English critic thus discourses: "Mrs. Hammersley, *in a rose-red, velvet dress, its bloom painted with such consummate skill as so call away attention from the wearer, is half-reclining on a couch,*" and so on. But, pray, what manner of portraiture is this? It recalls Jean Paul's story of the schoolmaster's bright pupil, who "remembered the exceptions, but forgot the rule!" This artist can paint a red velvet gown, but not the body and soul of the woman who wears it! The higher and spiritual things elude him. It is a plain case, and not uncommon. But, wherever accessories—red velvet dresses or what not—are allowed to become intrusive, or break the predominance of the main subject, feebleness stands at the door. The poet who entangles his theme with verbiage, the story-teller who pads his novel with thin description, the publisher who would make a poor book sell by dint of cheap and showy illustration, are all working on the same lines—striving, by introduction of extrinsic matter, to cover lack of power in the main creation. For this insistence on side issues is a confession! The ability to grapple with a grand theme, and that artistic concentration which is the key to the great French demand for the unities of the drama, must be deficient in the man, be he poet or painter, who cannot focus his thoughts, or his productive power.

Greatness never fails in this regard. An eminent critic says of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius:" "As in the Prometheus of Æschylus, the principal character is everything, the attendant figures comparatively nothing. Gerontius himself interests us so much that we hardly notice the accessories of the picture."

W. W. Story, in his "Conversations in a Studio" insists on this very point. "What is not necessary in art," he declares, "is impertinent. Each work has its one word to say, its one blow to strike, and if that be missed, all the rest is rubbish. I have a modern picture in my mind, now," he continues, "painted with

great technical skill. But it had no central point of interest. Each detail was emphasized as if it were essential, and the artist seemed to have given as much love to each bit as to the whole. Indeed the whole was lost in its parts. When I first saw it, the impression it made on me I can not better express than by saying that it seemed to me as if I entered a room where everybody was talking at once,—each claiming my attention and each saying his word as loud as he could!"

This, you will note, was a *modern* picture. Not such, however, the special works in hand. The "Heart of the Rose" is finely centralized, as is also its companion, which represents "The Arrival of the Wanderer at the Gate of Idleness." But the followers of Mr. Burne-Jones are likely to fall into the ditch. In both pictures, too, the color-tints are cool, the dominants being green and blue; "blended," says the complimentary critic, "in delicate harmonies throughout." But how will it be when the hapless imitator attenuates this color still more?

For when a school of art is founded—and these men ARE founding a school, their work, after all is said, being the most original and effective England has seen since the Holman Hunt period—we have to gravely consider its characteristics,—precisely what they are, whither they tend, in what line other and younger artists will be led. We have continual notices, like the following from the *London News*: "The 'Hamadryad' enclosed in her oak, listening attentively to the pipings of a young Satyr—a picture by Mr. Waterhouse—shows an increasing tendency to the school of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, although his work is more realistic than either of his leaders," which means that the neophyte is missing the loveliness his masters achieve. For this fragile type of beauty, with the imitator becomes mere prettiness; while the faults of the school—its sensuous effeminacy, its attenuated, unnatural delicacy, its unreality, its enfeebled Italian flavor—guide into dangerous pathways. It is said that the markings on a caterpillar predict the tints of the butterfly, the chrysalis being also significant. But tell us, what kind of a butterfly can spring from such a chrysalis as this?

It seems much like the product of a decaying age, a weakened civilization. It mistakes pallor for light. It is vague—in a certain beautiful, timid, shimmering way. There is no strong, sure, noble step in its advance; nothing of the imperial poise, nothing of the

Greek goddess. It is re-active, to be sure, as against the Realistic school, which gives us the model, and nothing more; but we want more!—more than either the Burne-Jones men, or Alma-Tadema, or the French can supply! “Art is not illusion,” says Story, again, “not even a mere reproduction of Nature; but an expression and bodying forth of the inmost being of the artist. Its germ is within and not without.” We want the solidity of actual living beauty, spiritualized by the divine indwelling of the artist-soul. Is this too much to require of the age that has produced François Millet?

England has evolved Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Browning. Can she give us nothing, in these days, but Rossetti—and Oscar Wilde?

It is true she has been overrun before by foreign invaders. In the Elizabethan age, even, the period of her most intense national life, the imitation of Continental ways and of fashions from Spain and Italy had become a fever with the upper classes. And Shakespeare, with his sound good sense, meets it with doses of ridicule, in his better comedies. Don Armado stalked round in London, Oscar Wilde fashion, and the court-world ate *caviare*. The Italian sonnet found favor, driving out the fine Old English ballad,—just as, nowadays, the Andrew Lang poets affect Rondels, Villanelles and other forms of set verse. It is as if a similar wave of foreign influence, a great tidal wave, had recently hit England and left her with this semi-Italian enfeebled trend in art and letters.

But let us turn our scrutiny for a moment to the more promising side of this new development. The type of beauty evolved, as we have said, is not of England;—the doubt “whether life be worth living” is not English, either;—this spiritual enfeeblement, and the corresponding artistic droop like a fading lily, are morbid phases in morals and æsthetics, at variance with the better, higher, nobler instincts of the nation. Therefore their prevalence presents a curious phenomenon and one of mere, temporary duration. This is important; for a school of Art, which is to live, must be rooted in national thought and in the spirit of its past. A sickly sprout hardly ever makes a tree.

Yet it can not be denied that the world, like the individual, has discouraged moods—its days of doubt and depression, as well as its days of Byronic rebellion. Then, a miserable spiritual uncertainty pervades everything, penetrates everywhere, like a London

fog. Through such a drizzle glimmers this school of art, with a certain hazy light. For it has beauty—of a kind—and a faint faith in love. A gospel of these can do no harm, though it be a homeopathic remedy of infinitesimal dilution.

That the beauty in question has a degree of originality must be conceded. It is different from the high-bred loveliness of English portraiture. The fresh, healthy, rosebud type, which is pure Saxon, has nothing in common with these languid, sensuous, ideal faces. The Greek head, with its restrained beauty of line and its divine stateliness, the French vivacity, the Greuze sweetness, the Spanish Madonna-face, are, one and all, real. But these intoxicant, evening-primrose creations, too frail to bear the sun, their subtle grace of trailing garments and drooping eyelashes, with exquisite curve of elongated neck and poise of Lilith head, "like a fainting rose in the heat of June,"—what can we say of these, but that a new thing has come to us? It almost defies analysis, as you stand in breathless bewilderment, held by its potency against your will, your critical judgment falling into abeyance.

Then, noting the tenderness of color, like a melody of Schubert in A minor, and, as in this "Heart of the Rose," the long, white, taper fingers, too frail for earth, one feels that these poetic hands belong to no live, flesh-and-blood maiden, that this supernatural delicacy can not be a solid feature of good art work.

The result of analysis seems to be that fragility and sensuousness in hitherto unknown combination constitute the new idea. The full, round, rich curves, the analogous color richness of the Venetians have no part or lot here; yet this pallid beauty veils intense amorous power. It is the Hungarian opal, its heart of red fire.

Now, we have to count the delicacy in its favor. Also, a faint spirituality that often controls the sensuous element, as in the picture described. Moreover, this work is never coarse, never openly, frankly luxurious. It belongs to an artificial age—to a social development too elaborate. "The common and human in literature" is not in the Rossetti-Morris-Andrew Lang super-refinement, nor is the common and human in art creation within the gift of these nineteenth-century virtuosi.

There is a mediæval artificiality and an obvious lack of directness in the over-frequent use of allegory. Rossetti's sonnets, lovely as many of them are, become difficult reading as whole, a because

cumbered with obscure thought and an infinity of beautiful imaginative comparisons crowded into small space, making most complicated lines. It is Italian thought struggling with the refractory English tongue. Figures and poetic metaphor may be in themselves original and charming, yet so tangled and interlaced and unwisely inserted that the main thought suffers because of them. These far-fetched conceits, these mediæval symbols, influence the painters, to their hurt.

For better than types or figures is the very substance of the things; better than sonnet-allegories of faint, mysterious meaning, treating of love, his wiles, or his willfulness, is the true presence of love itself, as revealed, for example, in Shakespeare's "Juliet" or Coleridge's "Genevieve," in "Annie Laurie" or in the heartbreak of the quivering cry, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

In fine, the world never outgrows simplicity. No Jaqueminot banishes the wild-rose. Our natural passions, love, anger, pity and jealousy, supply the deepest intensities for poet or painter, and he who uses these with most might and straightforwardness is the maestro.

The polish of overelegance, so fast undermining our social life on both sides the Atlantic, and the many fashionable "fads" of the upper classes, rising defiant of common-sense, are even now driving the working-man into mad attacks on the sources of that wealth which alone makes them possible. Is it not this state of things which also enfeebles author and artist? Is there canker at the heart of England that her poets despair, her painters prefer amorous shadows, and her increasing complexity of cultured life issues in sorrow of soul and vexation of spirit? Or is the good English oak solid, nay staunch, as a whole, and these but parasitic growths, pale mistletoe-boughs on its branches?

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

WOODLAND FANCIES.

ONE morn I lay at ease,
Upon a green bank in a woodland bower;
From distant hills a little wandering breeze
Crept through the pines and through new budding trees,
And swept down perfumes in a faint, sweet shower.

With half-closed eyes I heard,
 Low blended music that did there belong ;
 Murmur of bees and leaves that softly stirred,
 Till the loud carol of a mocking bird
 Awoke me quite, with his imperious song.

In gayer, wilder glee
 He sang, until his sweet capricious notes
 In many a nest and many a tall fir tree,
 Awoke an answer of sweet melody,
 A choir of varied song from many throats.

And like enchanted chimes,
 Now through my brain so long distraught with care,
 Rung many poets' half-remembered rhymes,
 From years forgotten and from distant climes,
 While round me yet the bird-songs filled the air.

As o'er a harp doth stray
 A hand uncertain yet what melody to awake,
 So did my fancy with sweet closes play,
 Touching the chord, and ere it died away,
 Sending another strain to overtake.

Now swelled some sounding lay,
 And 'fore my dreaming eyes rose cloudy palaces,
 Whence floated music of a festal day ;
 Proud mirth of those who held the world in sway
 And drank life's wine from golden chalices.

Gemmed Cleopatra and her guests,
 And revel that hath rung through many years,
 With royal echoes marking time's dull rests,
 Reminding small men of their gay conquests,
 And largess that life gave them over all compeers.

And then another strain
 Chiming the close of some medieval song,
 And straightway knights across a sunny plain,
 With glint of spears and shields, a gallant throng,
 Rode grandly forth to right some grievous wrong.

Then manifold and sweet
 Came spells upon me from the land of day ;
 My bower was filled with grace and charm complete,
 And lovely phantoms then with hastening feet,
 Passed as I sighed they might not longer stay.

Far o'er a moonlit sea
 Swam a gondola with its stolen bride ;
 Sweet Jessica in trembling haste to flee,
 Then Juliet leaning o'er her balcony
 I saw, and Viola just rescued from the tide.

To Rosalind I heard Orlando speak,
 Sitting like me beneath the green-wood tree,
 And through the wood I saw Lysander seek
 Helen and Hermia, and an elfish freak
 Puck played them as they strayed near me.

Oh, may such summer days
 Shine yet for me with wild flowers small and sweet,
 And may I wander where some green tree sways,
 Forgetful of life's narrow, sordid ways,
 And the coarse clamor of the crowded street.

—VIRGINIA CECIL.

LIFE OF BISMARCK.

CHAPTER XII.—GENERAL VIEW.

“Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a colossus: and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.”

In the early part of this century all Germany had been humiliated and broken to pieces by the First Napoleon, and history will long continue to wonder by what subtle forces and processes of reaction Nature and Providence evolved out of its fragments the Emperor William, von Moltke and Prince Bismarck, by whose united efforts and leadership the petty and wrangling states of Central Europe became a German Empire, which, to-day, dominates the international political policy of half the world.

Prince Bismarck did not accomplish this work alone. In fact it will grow clearer and clearer to thinking people everywhere, first, that without the well-trained and well-directed Prussian army, due, in the main, to Moltke's genius, Bismarck could never have plucked German leadership out of the hands of Austria, as finally at Sadowa, or have conquered France at Sedan; in a word, that very much of the world's glory, long heaped upon Bismarck exclusively, belongs to Moltke the silent, and his fighting men. Second, that without the check-rein of King William's conservative and humane judgment, Bismarck's willfulness and consequent blunders would, much earlier in his career, have left him a stranded wreck on the shores of time.

For all that, the famous Chancellor of the German Empire will

long and justly be regarded as one of the greatest men of all times, and the group of men among whom he was leader, and the work they did in history, will long mark an epoch to be studied as among the redeeming, recasting, providential periods of the world: a period whose inception, evolution and accomplishments were fateful and pregnant with a wisdom far beyond human creation or comprehension.

Bismarck and the work he did were too great and too mixed for mere adulation—in some instances the man and his work were so questionable as already to have called forth the severest condemnation of many of the best men of the century—and yet both he and his work appear to have been so necessary, and hence, providential, that his worst enemies forgive him as if he were a mere instrument wielded by an unseen hand.

Bismarck has been compared with Cromwell, but the likeness is only in their early domestic surroundings, and even there it fails in its most vital parts. Bismarck was a madcap from his youth, while Cromwell was always a serious boy. The men were somewhat alike in their mutual contempt for sham greatness, and what is called liberty and popular government, but here again their standpoints and aims were wholly different; and as there is hardly another man in all history with whom to compare him, Bismarck must in the main be studied, and crowned or condemned alone; always, however, remembering the triumvirate of which he was a member, and the imperative facts and demands of his age and his national kindreds.

Though a confirmed Lutheran church-member at the age of sixteen, Bismarck was Pagan where Cromwell was Christian, and while the English Puritan would govern England for the glory of God, the German Saxon would govern the German States for the glory of Prussia and the Prussian king. In many personal traits Bismarck was more like Wolsey than Cromwell, only he was, perhaps, less subtle in his own selfish interests, though this is doubtful; and besides, he had Moltke's army back of him, and a wiser and a more generous king to appreciate, reward and honor him. Bismarck was what Mirabeau might have been had the great Frenchman been German born and carried on the crests of such fortunate tides. In accomplishing his work as a statesman, he more nearly resembled Richelieu than either; but Bismarck was in all things himself, with unique forces and grandeurs

of character to be admired if not adored, and with faults and limitations of character to be deplored if not despised; and palpably he was made more for human admiration than for human love.

The Emperor William was shapen and reared in comparative royal adversity; Moltke and Bismarck were evolved out of comparative poverty—that is, the poverty of good families, so-called; but between them they have remodeled Germany and one-half of the Old World, and all on a plan and on principles utterly at variance with the popular tides of their times; in this last thought is the secret mystery and fascination of Bismarck's career and of the new German power.

CHAPTER XIII.—MADCAP OTTO.

SCHÖNHAUSEN, the place of Bismarck's birth, is a small German village in the arrondissement of Jerichow, Department of Magdeburg, in the Province of Prussian Saxony. It is just east of the Elbe River, between the Elbe and the Havel, about fifty miles due west from Berlin, on the western edge of the old mark of Brandenburg, and is much like thousands of other small villages to be seen in Germany, France and England any day.

Close by the village church stands the somewhat pretentious farm mansion in which Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck was born on the first of April, A. D. 1815. The mansion was not a peasant holding, but that of a Rittergut or knight's fee, so marking the grade of German aristocracy at which the family had arrived when the greatest of all the Bismarcks was born.

The estate of Schönhausen had for several generations been in the possession of Otto's ancestors, and thousands of stories are told about their varying fortunes and heroisms. One had belonged to the ancient guild of tailors at Stendal, a little west of Schönhausen, and another had been a soldier of fortune in the seventeenth century, and had helped France, then in the hands of Richelieu, to gain Alsace from Germany in 1634—a very poor stroke of work which our hero was to undo. Others had served in the Prussian army under the great Elector, and again under Frederick the Great, and all together had for some centuries been making their mark in the world.

In 1806, the year of the battle of Jena, and, on the whole,

the worst year in German history, Charles William Ferdinand von Bismarck married Louise Wilhelmina Menken, an orphan daughter of a bureaucrat who had been employed in the Foreign Office under Frederick the Great. Louise was not titled at all, but she was beautiful, well trained, of clear, penetrating mind, pure at heart, and nineteen years younger than her husband.

To this pair there were granted, in the course of years, six children, of whom Otto Eduard Leopold was the fourth. His father, Captain Frederick, appears to have been a robust, genial, gentleman farmer, and his mother, a good wife, a good house-keeper, a good shot with the pistol, and of lucid, persistent vision concerning the superior gifts of her fourth child.

At the age of six, Otto was placed at a boarding-school in Berlin; at the age of twelve, he was removed to one of the public high schools of the same city. Here and at another school of the same kind he remained for five years, mastered the rudiments of German schooling, studied Latin and Greek and began his French and English; meanwhile his parents had resided alternately at home and at Berlin.

At the age of sixteen, Otto was confirmed in Trinity Church, Berlin, by the famous Schleiermacher, and at the age of seventeen passed the final examination which gave him the right to pursue the higher spheres of study. Practically, however, his schooling ended at the age of seventeen.

A year after Otto's birth his parents went to superintend some inherited estates in the district of Naugard, in Pomerania, about twenty miles northeast of Stettin, the capital of the province. Otto's boyhood was therefore divided between Schœnhausen, Berlin and the estate of Kniephof in Pomerania. At the latter place particularly he learned to ride like a Centaur, to swim, fence, row and shoot, with fearlessness and to great perfection. When a young man, he could with his rifle take off a duck's head at a hundred paces; his aim with the pistol was deadly, and his daring and endurance on horseback were the talk of the neighborhood.

At the Berlin schools Otto had been studious only by spells, but was noted for his quick intelligence, which is often in the converse ratio of bookish studiousness. At the age of seventeen, a slim youth, tall, thin as a knitting-needle, straight as a bar of steel, of bright, blonde hair, and clear, intense, and something fierce, blue eyes, he went to the University of Göttingen, nominally

to study law. At Göttingen, however, he was seldom seen at a lecture, was loud and pompous in his appearance, got himself up in long boots and velvet jacket, was an earnest member of his fighting club, and in constant broils with his fellow students. When summoned here by the rector on one occasion for misconduct, he and his dog sauntered into the presence of this functionary as if both were equally indifferent to the University lectures, lawgivers and laws; as in fact they both were and about equally so.

During his short stay at Göttingen, Otto fought twenty-eight duels and drew blood from his antagonist every time. At Göttingen young Bismarck became acquainted with, and it is said took quite a fancy to, our American John Lathrop Motley, whose milder nature and ways there and later at Berlin seem to have been congenial to Otto's more thoughtful moods.

CHAPTER XIV.—OTTO AS AUSCULTATOR AND SOLDIER.

In 1833, Otto Bismarck went from Göttingen to the Berlin University for a very short time, and after passing his first state examination was sworn in as Auscultator, or official law reporter at one of the Berlin tribunals. Here a witness one day proving intractable, Otto exclaimed: "Sir, take care, or I will kick you out," upon which the Judge interposed: "Herr Auscultator, the kicking out is my business." Later when the witness again proved rebellious, Otto exclaimed: "Sir, take care, or I'll have the Judge kick you out." It was the first official expression of a brass that carried him through many a battle in after-years.

Up to this time young Bismarck had shown no special signs of his future greatness, or of his special career, except that he was unusually full of fight and noise and always victorious. At Berlin in those years, that is, from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year, he went much into society, which he judged rightly as having "plenty of apparent, but no real good breeding;" that is, very little good breeding. From Berlin, in 1836, he was transferred to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was attached to the administrative department of the district, his chief being an uncle of that Count Harry von Arnim, German ambassador to Paris after the Franco-Prussian war, the only gifted rival the great Bismarck ever had, and who was in due time ruthlessly destroyed by him.

In 1837, Otto was transferred this time to Potsdam in the service of the Crown office, and here he entered as a one-year volunteer in the Jæger or sharpshooters of the guard, to absolve his compulsory military service. From Potsdam he soon got himself transferred to Greifswald, in Pomerania, in order to practice soldiering and attend lectures on agriculture at the same time.

CHAPTER XV.—OTTO AS FARMER AND LANDRATH.

Still there was no fixed choice of a profession or a career for our hero. But about this time Captain Frederick von Bismarck's farming not having gone overly well, the father offered his sons the management of the Pomeranian lands, and the next eight years, say from Otto's twenty-fourth to his thirty-second year, our future Prince oscillated between Pomerania and eastern Saxony, say between Kniephof and Schœnhausén, still pursuing his education as it were, but now in the midst of "night posts, sick oxen, bad rape and worse roads, dead lambs, half-starved sheep, want of straw, fodder, money, potatoes and manure"—a very excellent kind of training for a young man of parts and poverty.

In 1840, Captain Frederick von Bismarck went with his two sons to Berlin to witness the coronation of Frederick William IV, neither of them, father or sons, taking any especial prominence in that august proceeding. Bismarck's day had not yet come, except to look on.

Back again at Kniephof, Farmer Otto writes his sister in those years, now of walking all day in the sun, of drinking a good deal of champagne, of looking in at various balls, and of representing his roving brother Bernard as Landrath, holding county court in the hottest weather; of reading a good deal, especially in the line of history, and of fox-hunting now and then; other lines of preparatory studies, all excellent in their way.

It was in those years that he won for himself the title of "Mad Bismarck," avoiding equally the parsons and æsthetic teas. He, however, managed to read much in the lines of philosophy as well as history, worked over Spinoza, became passionately fond of Goethe, and learned to comprehend the genius and power of Shakespeare—all good signs of possible greatness.

His first speech before a rural assembly treated of the consumption of tallow in the workhouse. His mother, who was

always his best friend, died in 1839. Perhaps with some recollections of her belief in him he went over to Potsdam to continue his work in the Crown office, with a view of passing his final examination, that might open a way to the higher state offices. But his stay was short and the examination never even attempted.

Being called on to draw up some report on the compensation for certain properties bound to suffer by some projected "modern improvements," he wrote, among other things, "You could not pay me in cash if you were to turn the pleasure-garden of my father into a carp-pond, or the grave of my deceased aunt into an eel-swamp." Of course his spectacled old-lady superiors stood aghast before such calculations, and the aspiring Otto soon returned to his farm, his champagne and his mad rides.

In 1845, Captain von Bismarck died, and the family estates being finally divided, Otto received Kniephof in Pomerania, and Schœnhausen as well. So, in his first real proprietorship in his own right, he was Saxon and Pomeranian too.

In March, 1846, he wrote his sister of intending to take her husband to a "sitting of the society for improving the lot of the working classes," to be held in Potsdam. Previous to this, to break the monotony of his life, he had visited France and England, and had taken his estimate of the outside world. He had, too, been offered the post of Landrath on his own account, but had refused the modest honor.

CHAPTER XVI.—MARRIAGE AND POLITICS.

ALONG in the years 1845-46, or in his thirty-first or thirty-second year, Otto Bismarck is said to have become "alive to the terrible truth that he "must marry, the devil take me," and turned melancholy, "prone to love." "She makes no impression on me, it is true, but that is the case with all of them." Not born for love, as we said.

After his father's death, Otto von Bismarck chose Schœnhausen as his own main place of residence. Here, in 1846, he was appointed district superintendent of the Elbe dikes, and worked hard to keep matters in repair, as much for his own interest as out of a sense of duty to his position. Here, too, he was elected alternate, or vicarious Knight's Deputy, from his native arrondissement to the Landtag, or provincial Diet of Prussia, a sort of quasi-Parliament made up of representatives of the then eight

united Diets of the monarchy. This Parliament was Frederick William IV.'s gift to the demands of constitutionalism in his day, and to it, April 11, 1847, Herr von Bismarck-Schoenhausen went as substitute for the real representative who had, by good or bad luck, fallen ill; a statesman in the making, but who had never fitted himself by exact Prussian methods.

Bismarck was now in his thirty-second year, stood six feet two inches in his shoes, was stalwart and imposing, with a full head of blonde hair and a full beard; a German to the core, with as yet unuttered giant energies.

The same year, July 28, 1847, he married Johanna, daughter of Heinrich von Puttkamer, of Viatlum in Pomerania; a pious, careful young lady, of sound sense, who remained a helpful, inspiring, rest-giving companion to him throughout his long and hard career.

Of this union there came one daughter, Marie Elizabeth Johanna, born August 21, 1848, and two sons, Count Herbert, born December 28, 1849, now a statesman of savory and broken fame, and William, born at Frankfort, August 1, 1852. Herbert stands a little less than six feet two inches, and William a little less than six feet one inch—the father always having been the largest of the Bismarcks in every way, and by a very long way.

Bismarck's career as deputy lasted with several intervals for about four years. At Göttingen, and hitherto in his life, he had manifested no strong political tendency. His attitude toward constitutional liberalism had simply been negative, more from instinct than from reason; but his impulses seemed to be of the humane kind, and among his friends he had been regarded as "something of a liberal." When, however, the test came in his parliamentary career, Bismarck found that at heart and in head, every way, he was a loyalist, opposed then to the constitutional concessions wrung from the King, and ever afterward opposed to any and all concessions in that line. In fact, from his birth he was an absolutist of the direct species.

All the records of those early Diets indicate that when Herr Bismarck rose to speak there was "excitement and uproar, cheers, deep murmurs, great tumult, stormy interruption, commotion, sensation," and the like. He was not only the King's man, but there was force and fire in his words.

He opposed and voted against every new privilege that it was proposed in those days to extend to the Jews, and denied that their emancipation meant progress in any true sense of the term.

On all sides he felt that the struggle between the crowd and the Crown had set in, and he was everywhere for the Crown. No middle ground seemed clear to him. To him the spirit of German liberalism seemed little less than the spirit of robbery, clothed with pedantry and platitudes. And as great cities seemed to be the centers of this disease, he held that they ought all to be swept from the earth.

Through all this he had naturally fallen under the special notice of the King and of the Prince of Prussia as well, and by the former had been invited to dine at the royal table and speak his mind freely on Prussian and German affairs. Invited by the King to Sans-Souci, and questioned as to his approval of the concessions granted after the revolution of 1848, Bismarck again defined his position. He would support all royal concessions to the popular demand, but his judgment was against them, and ever afterward the Hohenzollerns and Bismarck were practically one.

To stem the tide of liberalism Herr Bismarck got himself elected to the first Prussian Parliament proper, which had been summoned to revise and sanction the constitution granted by the Crown, in April, 1849. He opposed the royal amnesty for political offenses; said it was only the letting loose of so many rebels, and to a liberal nobleman—Count Schwerin—who asked Bismarck what he had against him: "That you were not shot in the battle of Prague," was Herr Bismarck's curt reply. He again was chosen to the second Prussian Parliament, 1849-50, and during its sittings nothing aroused him so much as the attempt to erase from the charter the provision that "existing taxes and imposts shall continue to be raised."

When England, France and Belgium were quoted to him as examples of free government, he saw nothing in any of them to justify Prussia in following in their footsteps; as for the constitution of Belgium it was "only eighteen years old; a highly attractive age for ladies but not for laws." Already he perceived and declared that the army was "Prussia's life nerve." He argued against the acceptance by the King of the crown offered him by a deputation of political notables, in 1849. But he favored the "Tri-regal alliance of Prussia, Saxony and Hannover," looking to a restricted union of all the German states, save Austria, which, however, would be invited to conclude perpetual amity with them—a thing very typical of what occurred in later years.

W. H. THORNE.

PARDONS.

O PERFECT pardoning word of childhood's hour,
 That washes clean the childish guilt or grief
 As when the sunlight lifts the burden brief,
 Of dewdrops from the petal of a flower!
 Dear child, this little face I fondly scan
 Is fever-flushed, and mingled shame and ruth
 Have stilled the song and pinions of thy youth,
 Soon glad to be as ere thy woe began.
 Ah, they are blest who lean upon the law,
 Saying, "Lo, man forgets and God forgives!"
 Nay fool, not God's, not man's this wrong that lives
 In Heaven's eternal harmonies a flaw;
 Some beauty aye is lost in earth or stars,
 And pardons wash out stains, not cover scars.

—ANNA R. FITZ-GERALD.

JOAN OF ARC AGAIN.

It seems that an era of reparation has dawned upon us. But yesterday America invited all the peoples of the earth to do honor to her immortal discoverer, whose memory slept for centuries in the night of oblivion.

To-day France, unmindful of her late reverses, raises her head in pride, when a new ray of glory illumines her deliverer's name.

To-morrow, the antique papacy may, perhaps, be hailed by every race as the benefactress of the world, and reappear in our future, threatened by a flood of evils, what she was in former ages, the saving ark of our momentous interests and hopes.

To achieve this great work of justice, from how many minds should be blotted out prejudice and falsehood, which have disfigured memorable events and darkened the brightest records. It behooves us then to revise history, all history; for being too often written by the misinformed and slanderous, it has in many cases become a conspiracy against truth.

O Joan of Arc! inspirer of these few lines, art thou not a proof of these deadly plots against truth and worth? Have not thy matchless exploits been turned into ridicule? Were not thy pure face and fame besmirched in a vile poem, as once was the Divine

Majesty in an endless night? Voltaire, who named the Son of God the *infamous* and called himself Prussian, had to drivel on the purity of a virgin, on the heroism of the sweet Angel of France. Do not the birds of darkness hate the light? The sophist's insults have not injured her incomparable renown any more than did her murderers' condemnation. The heroine's name emerges from these calumnies radiant as the sun through the clouds.

It has justly been said of Joan of Arc that she is the fairest, the purest, the most benign and the most womanly figure since Mary's morning-like smile rejoiced heaven and earth. Her history is a national poem such as neither France nor any other country ever had before or since her day. It blends in one life all the sublimest inspirations of poetry. Her youth spent in the blooming valley of Domremy, by the clear waters of la Meuse, in the shade of mountains crowned with forests, centuries old, is an idyl, full of grace and freshness.

Delightfully does the soul linger amid these rural scenes, to follow the innocent shepherdess leading her white sheep to the green pastures; to hearken with her to the heavenly sound of bells dying in the purple shades of evening; to kneel by her side before the Archangel Michael, Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine all dazzling with the glory of eternity and urging the astonished maiden to free from its enemies one of the fairest kingdoms on earth.

Their call is heard and now begins an epopee more wonderful than the creations of Homer. The epic, the divine element is not absent from this living poetry. Joan recognizes the king, disguised, among his brilliant courtiers and convinces him of her heavenly mission by revealing secrets known to him alone. The timid girl is suddenly transformed into a warrior equal to the conquerors of Ilion. Under the altar of Fierbois a mysterious sword is found for her frail hand. Equipped as a knight and in the midst of camp and bloodshed, she ever yet remains modest and compassionate. An atmosphere of purity, like the silvery dawn preceding the approach of day, surrounds her wherever she moves, and fast do the tears flow from her eyes when they rest on the dying victims of battle.

In a few months she forced the English to raise the siege of Orleans and from victory to victory won for Charles VII. a kingdom that was hopelessly lost, and, with all the splendor of the monarchy of old, had him crowned in the cathedral of Rheims. When

this majestic temple was all ablaze with a thousand lights, perfumed with the censor's misty breath, re-echoing under its arched vault the triumphant songs of an overjoyed multitude, Joan of Arc stood by the golden throne of mighty monarchs, by her beloved crowned king, holding high her spotless banner. "Il avait été à la peine, il devait être à l'honneur!" (It had borne the brunt of the battle, let it share the honor of the day!)

O glad moments of triumph, but fleeting like all earthly joys! In tears, at the feet of her royal master, in vain did she beg to return to her flock on the hillside, declaring her mission fulfilled. She had, however, to wage war without the help from above; and drink the bitter cup of suffering, aye, to its very dregs. She will know the anguish of defeat; she will be betrayed, sold, dragged from prison to prison till she is burnt at the stake. Is it not a renewal of Christ's passion in her own chosen soul? A repetition of that most sublime but heartrending drama ending on the cross? To have been so triumphant and so unmercifully crushed! To have appeared so angel-like and then stigmatized with the brand of hell! O unparalleled tragedy, written in tears and blood, whose catastrophe is a burning scaffold with a dying martyr!

O gracious "Pucelle," nothing is lacking to thy fame, it is stamped with the seal of misfortune, the test of true greatness. Pine not for thy smiling fields, thy peaceful haunts, the enlivening solemnities of Easter; and to free thyself, waste not the candor of thy guileless soul, the flash of thy bright intellect! As the encaged bird attempts to wing its flight to the azure sky, thou wilt break thy wings against thy prison bars. Thy judges are bound to murder thee!

But be consoled: thy funeral pile shall become the pedestal of thy glory. Thou diest in the bloom of thy years and marked by the divine touch of sorrow, like Alexander departing this life, still young and master of the world; like Cæsar, crowned with the laurels of a hundred victories and stabbed on the threshold of imperial power; like Napoleon, this new Prometheus devoured by the English vulture on the ocean's solitary rock! Thy misery moves every heart. Thy executioner says that he has murdered a saint; a soldier sees thy soul, in dove-like form, soaring to heaven; thy enemies wish they could extinguish the flames with tears, but their lurid glow still projects on the night of ages and thy name shall live for ever!

Upon whom is to fall the odium of Joan's cruel death? Upon the Church, or upon the enemies of her country? It is evident from a careful study of her trial that her execution was a political crime as was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. True, her judges were ecclesiastical, but they belonged to the English, or were bought by them, and the few who protested were threatened with death.

At their head was Cauchon, one of the instigators of the schismatic council of Basle. Did he belong to the Church, this doctor of the University of Paris, appointed by the invader in an invaded country? No! He was bishop *de facto* but not *de jure*, temporal, not spiritual. He bargained about the price of his judgment and was given the bishopric of Lisieux in the English province of Normandy to compensate him for having lost the see of Beauvais, whence he had been expelled. The Church did not approve of Cauchon's sentence. For, though he was dead, she rejected this false bishop from her bosom; Callistus IV. excommunicated him, and Louvet states that his bones were taken from consecrated ground and thrown into a stagnant pool.

According to the legislation of the period, the accused was to be delivered into the hands of a lay tribunal whose duty it was to inquire into the grievousness of the laws violated, the extent of punishment to be inflicted, or the measure of mercy to be given; but that nobody did, and she was inhumanly hurled from the ecclesiastical court to the stake.

All the proceedings in that lamentable trial were irregular. This forsaken girl vainly asked for the judges and prisons of the Church. She would indeed have been saved by appealing to the Holy See, which would have set aside this false ecclesiastical tribunal of Rouen, then deprived of its spiritual head. The iniquity of this suit could be consummated only by the rejection of the Holy See, says Charles de Beaurepaire. The Roman Church is not responsible for the condemnation of Joan of Arc. The Pope would have saved her as he rehabilitated her. The crime of Cauchon and his creatures does not reflect more on the Mother of our souls than the treason of Judas dishonored the faithful Apostles, nor more than the murder of Carnot makes the Italians accomplices in Santos' dark deed.

The Church, a few years after the death of the Shepherdess of Domremy, avenged her heroic and saintly name. She declared

null the suit in which the most elementary principles of justice had been trampled under foot ; she acknowledged that her revelations and mission appeared to be of God as they were confirmed by the gift of prophecy, an angelic life and a complete submission to God's supreme representative on earth, her act of abjuration having been subscribed to through threat and deceit.

Our age will see not only her vindication, but her glorification. The great Leo XIII., from the serene heights of his position, turns his eyes alternately from the past to the future to repair the injustice of men and to insure the destiny of nations. Joan of Arc has received from his hands the title of *venerable*, and it seems certain that she will continue to ascend the ladder of the Church's honors till she rests on our altars, till her virginal brow is encircled with the halo of sanctity.

REV. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

PROHIBITION NOT THE SOLUTION.

"PROHIBITION" says Allen O. Myers, "is a proposition to abolish all human and divine teaching and experience and to make the world better by an abstract idea."

A loyal prohibitionist will reject this statement as utterly devoid of sense and reason, as a bit of arrogance ; but to a fair-minded person acquainted with facts and the truth in the premises, it is replete with significance. Why is it a proposition to abolish all human and divine teaching ? Because : (1) Ethically, it is false, dangerous doctrine. (2) Because it has no scriptural indorsement. (3) Because it is unjust and unbecoming the American people. It is a proposition to make the world better by an abstract idea, because all its alleged beneficial results have no real existence, outside of the imagination ; they are mere mental abstractions of no practical use or value.

The ground is taken, that prohibition is a moral question. It is said that liquor-drinking and liquor-selling, with whatever moderation or restriction, are sins in themselves, and no more to be tolerated by a righteous and Christian community than theft or murder.

It is upon this theory that prohibitionists base their chief arguments. They affirm that strong drink, of any kind or quality, is

sinful and wrong in itself, and as such is opposed to the chief end and aim of society and good government. The end (they say) of the civil government is the material progress and prosperity of the people, and everything, and every traffic that opposes this progress and prosperity ought to be abolished, *i. e.*, legislated out of existence. Now, all stimulants, such as alcohol, wine, beer, and the like, are directly opposed to, and destructive of, said prosperity and happiness. Therefore the sooner said articles and traffic are done away with, the better for the country and its people.

To the statement, that strong drink is subversive of good government and opposed to the prosperity and happiness of the people, I reply by making a distinction. (1) Strong drink, and the entire traffic in strong drink, cannot be criminal, it cannot be sinful *per se*. Hence, if stimulants are taken moderately and in proper times and seasons, and for a good purpose, they are not only not sinful, but good and recommendable.

(2) Strong drink and the traffic in strong drink can become sinful *per accidens*. Hence, if these stimulants be taken immoderately, and are sold for an evil purpose, *e.g.*, if sold to a minor or drunkard, the result may be pernicious and far-reaching in its evil consequences; but in this case it is the abuse and not the use of strong drink that plays havoc.

As to the first part of the distinction. It does not require a profound knowledge of philosophy to arrive at the truth, which declares that all created things are good for one purpose or another. Every creature serves its purpose. No creature proceeds from an evil principle. Now if wine or alcohol are not for drinking purposes, for what purpose are they, pray? With their bogus assumptions and absurd conclusions the prohibitionists do not hesitate to arraign God at the bar of public opinion by condemning the use of a good thing, which He has given for the good and comfort of man. It is precisely against such hair-brained sophists, that St. Paul, after telling Timothy (chap. 4: 4) "that every creature of God is good and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer," directs this little piece of advice: "But avoid foolish and old wives' fables and exercise thyself to prayer." I believe that the great majority of the American people are sensible enough to know that no law could drive alcohol out of nature, where God has placed it for a good purpose, and where it will ever remain

despite the crazy protests of impracticable cranks. Neither could any law lawfully break up the traffic in strong drink. This is evident. If a thing is good in itself and not destined *ex cese* to do any injury, the sale of this thing is lawful, for the very reason that the possessor has a right to the income or gain which the disposal of said commodity would realize.

Now as for the second part of the distinction, I have said that strong drink and the traffic in strong drink may become sinful *per accidens*. The evils, and God knows they are many, that result from the abuse of stimulants are something frightful to contemplate. We admit all this, but what of it? Make the admission as sweeping as you will, what follows? Does it follow that we should strive with all our might and main to abolish the use of drink *in toto*? Not at all. But it does follow, that we should use our best and noblest endeavors to diminish and correct the abuses and excesses. We boast at least a sufficient knowledge of sound logics to understand that the '*abusus non tollit usum.*' What would we think of a man who should advocate the total abolition of popular suffrage, simply because he had detected that in several instances there had been illegal votes cast? We would place such a man in the category of the insane doctor who advised decapitation as a radical cure for headache. These may appear strong comparisons, but of a truth the prohibitionists are guilty of as glaring fallacies. Ask any one of them why he is (at least in theory) so bitterly opposed to liquor, or what he is pleased to call the liquor habit. He will invariably tell you he is fighting the liquor habit because of the horrible excesses and abuses of the habit. Correct! But why not confine your battles to the abuses and the excesses? Why this jump from the unlawful abuse to the lawful use? If the moderate use of stimulants is perfectly harmless, let it serenely alone. If the abuse is the cause of the evil, get at it. But our prohibitionist friend may tell you, as one once told me, that the only possible way to remedy the abuses of strong drink is to get at the very root of them; and with the same breath he will tell you that the first cause, the root of all evil, is the use of strong drink, and that, with whatsoever restriction or moderation.

That the moderate and reasonable use of drink is necessarily the cause and root of the excesses and horrors of drunkenness, we most emphatically deny. The causes of intemperance are to be sought

elsewhere. Some of these causes are negative, others are positive. As an example of a negative cause, I might mention the lack of proper training in men. They have not been taught to govern their appetites and control their passions. They do not know how to use properly the gifts of God. As an example of a positive cause, I might mention the consciencelessness of the saloon-keeper, and the lax laws which make it possible for him to positively encourage inebriety and to dispense his intoxicants indiscriminately and without regard for the welfare of the customer. We should have strict laws regulating the sale of liquor. Not every Tom, Dick and Harry should be able to set up a dram-shop of the lowest kind, for the purpose of dispensing the vilest alcohol, at the vilest prices, to the vilest classes. Viewing the present condition of affairs, high license seems to be the only effectual remedy. High license, were it everywhere enforced, would have the effect of reducing the number of our saloons to a respectable few, and the result would be, that the low and vile places would close up and crime would take a downward course.

The prohibitionist is wrong, therefore, in attacking the lawful use of drink, because of the abuse made of it. He might just as logically try and prohibit, by constitutional enactment, the use of all such things that grow with the principle of alcohol in them. No more corn, no more barley, no more hops, no more potatoes, no apples, no grapes, for fear that man might pervert them to bad uses. No! Sensible people cannot be educated to despise a precious gift of God; they rather can be taught to use in moderation, thankfully and reverently, every gift which God places within their reach. They will never believe that the blood of the grape is something pernicious and damnable in itself, but they will believe that true virtue consists in self-control, in self-denial, in a proper mastery of the mind over all passions.

A prohibitory law as advocated by prohibitionists, besides being wrong from the standpoint from which we have reviewed it, is also founded on a false principle of legislation, and on this account is a very dangerous doctrine. It is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the American constitution. The true end of our ideal constitution is individual liberty, responsibility and self-independence. Prohibition tends to bring about the very opposite results. "The prohibition law," says President Lincoln, "strikes a blow at the very principle on which our government was founded." It

tends to grant to the State a power which is not lawful, and which is not allowed by the constitution.

"The power of the State," says Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., "must rest on liberty, which defines as the right of the individual to do what he pleases without infringing on an equal right of another."

The success of prohibition carries with it, logically, the destruction of all civil and religious liberty. A writer in the *Princeton Review* says: "If it is right in this case, it is right in any case to call upon the strong arm of the civil law to enforce a special view of morals or a peculiar tenet of religion. For such reasons it is objected that this moral theory of prohibition either goes too far, or does not go far enough. If the principle is true, then should it sweep the fields of morals and religion."

"It is indeed," says the learned writer whom I have quoted at the beginning, "a very dangerous power which the prohibitory folks would give the State, for who can, with any logic, say that the State has a right on moral grounds to regulate our beverages, but not our food, our clothes, or—what is vastly more important to our welfare—the amount and kind of our religious worship."

At the commencement of my article, I have stated that the doctrine and theories of prohibition are neither maintained nor indorsed by the Bible. This ought to be a very severe blow to its advocates, because the honest, loyal, true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool prohibitionist is also, as a rule, a crank on the subject of religion and the truthfulness of the Bible. Prohibition and religious fanaticism usually supplemented each other. It was, at first, my intention to show the disagreement of prohibition doctrines with those of the sacred book, by quoting largely from each and every book of the Bible, but since I have treated the question rather extensively from the ethical point of view, I shall be content with a few of the more pointed and irrefragable quotations. There are passages in the sacred book which commend in no uncertain tones the use of strong drink, and which prove beyond a doubt that instead of being a curse, it may become a blessing:

Deut. 7: 13: "And he will love thee, and multiply thee, and will bless the fruit of thy womb, and the fruit of thy land, thy corn and thy vintage, etc."

Deut. 11: 14: "He will give to your land the early and the latter rain, that you may gather in your corn, and your wine, and your oil," etc.

Judges 9: 13: "Can I forsake my wine, that cheereth God and men," etc.

Prov. 31: 6, 7: "Give strong drink to them that are sad, and wine to them that are grieved in mind; Let them drink, and forget their want, and remember their sorrow no more."

Isaiah 62: 8: "The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored."

Luke 7: 34. "The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a man that is a glutton and a drinker of wine, a friend of publicans and sinners."

Luke 10: 34. "And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine," etc. The good Samaritan used wine for the performance of a corporal work of mercy. See John 2: 3-11, for the account of the turning of water into wine. The fact that Jesus wrought a miracle in order to procure wine for the marriage-feast ought to be a sufficiently strong argument to convince any one that wine in its proper place is good and desirable.

Col. 2: 16: "Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a festival-day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbaths."

1 Tim. 5: 24: "Do not still drink water; but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities."

Dismissing the consideration of all its follies and absurdities, it is next in order to state that the attempt to foist constitutional prohibition on the American people is an insult to the nation. The friends of this illogical doctrine place a very low estimate on the character and moral nature of our people.

It is a well-accepted truth that the more a man learns to govern himself, to restrain his appetite and subject it to right reason, the more manly and virtuous that man becomes. The prohibitionists would have Europeans believe that Americans are not capable of true manliness and virtue. They make out that Americans are the weakest and most depraved class of humanity on the face of the globe, since nowhere else was there a dream, much less an attempt made, to impose upon the people such an obnoxious measure as prohibition.

They are pessimists of the darkest dye. Their dismal cry is: Prohibition or drunkenness; which? Neither! is our response.

We take a fairer and brighter view of things. We believe that temperance and true liberty are twin sisters, that they can still co-exist, work hand in hand.

EDWARD H. LARKIN.

MR. MOUNTEBANK STEAD.

MANY readers of THE GLOBE have now and again requested me to write something about Mr. Wm. T. Stead, the gadabout, noisy, nominal editor of the *Review of Reviews*—so-called; but as I hardly know whether to write about, or to despise, most, the mountebank Stead, or the people who have been gulled and fooled by him in London, Chicago and elsewhere, the task has not seemed an enviable one.

To me Mr. Stead appears as the most brainless and brazen clown now posing as a reformer before the European and American public; but that crowds of so-called respectable and intelligent people, in Chicago and other cities, should or could have been induced to follow this man's beck and call; to attend so-called Reform public meetings, in order to listen to what this wild-brained and half-taught apostle of modern shot-rubbish had to say, is to me a far more serious aspect of affairs than if a thousand men like Stead were to join hands some fine moonlight night and plunge into the mud of the Chicago River, there to rot forever and a day.

Many years ago, while I was literary editor of one of the Philadelphia daily papers, some of our London exchanges announced that the *Pall Mall Budget* would henceforth be the daily issue of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* and that Wm. T. Stead would be its editor. I am writing wholly from memory and, as far as I recollect, this was my first knowledge of the man Stead. I distinctly remember, however, that from the time named the *Pall Mall Budget* was a daily issue of shot-rubbish, a cheap-John re-hash of refuse, a sort of Wanamaker & Co. hocus-pocus of Reform cant and contemptible mendacity, an insult to respectable journalism and a muck-heap of ignorant, presumptuous hypocrisy.

Later, Mr. Stead posed in London as a sort of Frances Willard social purity reformer; but his method was unique and to my mind dastardly. As far as I can recollect from the newspaper reports of the period, he undertook to prove that there lived in

London a class of women known in modern literature as procuresses, and that there lived in London so-called respectable gentlemen who hired these women to hire young girls of tender years for the immoral and lustful purposes of said gentlemen. Finding legal proof difficult of access and yet resolved on implicating somebody, this beautiful reformer, at last—so it was reported—himself hired a woman to hire a girl for immoral purposes in order to show that the vile business could be carried on in London; and for this bit of expert folly Mr. Wm. T. Stead was deservedly clapped into prison, and suffered as a martyr, of course, in the cause of social purity.

Now, men and women who know the world at all, know that wherever men and women, young men and young women, old men and old women have existed, ever since the dawn of creation there have been imprudent and all too often criminal relationships between the sexes; and all good men and good women—that is, men and women who desire the purity and moral security of society more than the gratification of their own immediate desires—have deplored the vices of lust and, in their own quiet and refined and Christian ways, have tried to stem the floods of iniquity, always practicing first upon themselves, and trying to set a good example; but, as far as I know, it was reserved for this new English clown of a man to proceed in the method above suggested—a method which, to my mind, was as silly as it was rascally; and I think its perpetrator deserved not only imprisonment, but at least sixty lashes of a well-seasoned old cat-o'-nine-tails, and exposure in the public stocks for at least twenty-four hours.

Later still, as I recollect, this reformer, Stead, wrote a book upon Russia—he had been to Russia—to freeze the prison-stiffness out of him, I suppose—and, of course, like many another English scribbler, he must write a book concerning his travels. I read that book. It was execrably written, worse than W. D. Howells' thinnest novels, and only served to spread its author's reputation as a slovenly scribbling incompetent.

Recently, Mr. Stead was announced as the editor of the *Review of Reviews*; that is, a rehash of the illustrated and written insipidities of various English and American newspapers and periodicals that ought never to have been written or published or read by mortal man or woman.

And now, having written himself down an ass in London, and induced somebody to back his slovenly magazine of useless second-table scraps, Mr. Stead visits Chicago and undertakes to reform that city—God pity the fool!—by visiting houses of prostitution, hobnobbing with the poor, unfortunate girls he found therein, drawing their tragic stories out of their half-intoxicated heads, and then publishing the results in a book, giving addresses of said houses of ill-fame, etc.—a book which, for blasphemy of title, for weakness of composition, vileness of influence, incapacity for good, and for general brass, and ignorance of all refinement, was and remains, itself, a viler sink-hole of corruption than can be found to-day in the blackest dens of infamy in London or Chicago; and all this in the name of Christian Reform, and, for respectability's sake, lined and padded with some of Mr. Lowell's very poor poetry.

I am no especial admirer of the Chicago newspapers—but the dirtiest sheet in that most infamous of modern cities would not dare to publish, even as an advertisement, the vile things that Stead published in his book of Christian Reform.

Finally, it is most remarkable that, whenever and wherever this great reformer found a poor prostitute ready to reform, if she only had sixty dollars or sixty cents, Reformer Stead was not forthcoming with the cash, could not advance this pittance, not even “to save an immortal soul!”

“What would Jesus Christ do, were He to come to Chicago?” He would say to such men as Stead & Co.: Scribes, pharisees, hypocrite editors, etc., who hath warned you to flee the damnation of hell? Bring forth fruits meet for your pretensions of reform! Doubtless, He would also overturn some of the new tables of the money-changers in the churches, and send many a priest and parson to purgatorial fires; but He would not advertise houses of prostitution, or put money in His purse out of the vile proceeds of the same.

If Mr. Mountebank Stead were really casting out the devil of modern prostitution, or the devil of dishonesty, or the devil of any species—even out of himself—and were he playing real exorcist in the name of John Jacob Astor, or Hamlin Garland, or other amateur saviours of society—or even in his own name—and succeeding at all in the business, I should be the last to criticise, or “forbid him;” but when he is simply advertising the rascally,

infamous—"booming" it, so to speak—it seems time to define his own peculiar sphere among the many reform spheres of the day.

Perhaps Christ, in His holy spirit of charity, of loving wisdom, and of righteous indignation, has come again to Chicago and elsewhere; and, perhaps, the editors of the Stead fraternities have already done with Him what they would; and perhaps He is, in these very words, advising said Stead fraternities of editors, and others, to repent—and believe; to seek shelter, and pardon, and redemption, and guidance where alone these can be found; and to repent at once, for the day of eternal Judgment is at hand.

W. H. THORNE.

THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

It has long been a favorite diversion for literary minds to attempt an answer to the question: "What is Poetry?" The definitions formulated are as numerous as poetical critics themselves. The task has been independent of verbal derivation and dictionary terminology. It has been that of bounding the common invisible soul of those widely different animate creations which make up poetic literature. One reason for the many failures is doubtless the identification with poetry of qualities which are not its exclusive heritage, but which it possesses in common with prose. With a freedom exercised by others, let us consider the more practical side of the question.

In the first place, it seems fitting to use the noun "poetry" as abstract rather than as concrete. In common parlance, it may denote a certain order of writings of high merit; but in a more technical sense, should refer to those qualities which give this group of writings its distinctive character. In other words, "poetry" is identical with all, and that alone which differentiates poetical from other forms of composition. And since there are no purely intellectual qualities which poetry can claim to the total exclusion of prose, we infer that it consists in *form*. Granting that this alone is worthless though beautiful, and that many general elements must be found in conjunction with it in every true creation of the muse, still poetic form is the one condition without which it cannot exist. Sublime or exquisite thoughts are the marble from which the statue is chiseled, whose form is poetry.

Cannot we consider as axiomatic the dictum of Poe that "the sole arbiter of poetry is *taste*?" To the taste appeal all arts; but they reach it by different channels: painting and sculpture through the eye, music through the ear, and the masterpieces of literary art through the mind. The impressions made by the first mentioned three, though greatly enhanced by culture and study, are primarily of a spontaneous nature, while the beauty of the last must often be laboriously ferreted out by the reason, and guaranteed by the judgment, heart or conscience, according as it consists in wisdom, tenderness or truth. But there are some kinds of written discourse whose effect is independent of reason. The taste appreciates them not merely because the judgment, heart or conscience detect merit, but like sculpture and music directly, and for their intrinsic beauty. This is an ideal, and the true intensive distinction of poetry, as we consider it; but since elegant prose often shares this peculiarity, there is need of a more arbitrary and extensive limit. For European poetry, the adjective *rhythmic* will best make the discrimination. Some critics might prefer *versified*; yet poetry and poetical prose have a deeper-seated difference than a capital at the beginning of each line—albeit the writings of Walt Whitman are thus excluded from the former. Hebrew poetry, such as that of the Psalms, has an arrangement in balanced antithetical clauses and sentences, which takes the place of rhythm.

We have then defined poetry as: *That rhythmic form of expression which appeals directly to the taste.* It is, however, by no means a simple and elementary principle. Edgar Poe has pointed out that the art of music is bound up in its structure. So largely is this true as to prompt the suggestion that poetry may be but a department of music itself.

There are four qualities of poetry which may be called its vital organs. They are concept, idealism, harmony and rhythm.

By *concept* is meant the embodied thought. This embraces sublimity, truth, pathos, passion and other properties of the idea, to which, wisely, more attention is usually devoted than to those of expression. Many of them reach in the soil of poetry their most luxuriant growth, and in turn impart to it a richness it peculiarly needs. Some of them must always be present to a marked degree, yet no one of them can be cited that is not commonly found in prose, or whose presence is indispensable to poetry. Even passion

—the quality divine—may be absent from verse so exquisite in thought and style as that of Keats.

Idealism should properly denote not only the description of ideal things—for which romanticism is a better word—but viewing those things to be portrayed in an ideal light. To transfer such an impression from his own mind to that of the reader, the poetic artist must depend largely upon figurative, flowery, quaint, or archaic language. Both romanticism and idealism are, in many quarters, falling into sad disrepute. Science and democracy are the miasma in whose atmosphere Art must die. The poet should use no microscope. His best eyes are those of his imagination. The greatest poets are blind. And wherein consists the beauty of provincial dialect, slang phrases, or current gossip?

Harmony, the concord of sweet sounds, is due largely, yet not altogether, to the music dwelling in the verse. The ear can appreciate the sonorous tones of the ballad in an unfamiliar tongue, but not with the discriminating taste of one who knows their meaning. Words agreeable in themselves are anything but harmonious if not in keeping with the theme; while in the clever onomatopœa, harsh grating consonants may give exquisite pleasure. In a thousand ways does a knowledge of the verse prepare the ear for a favorable impression of the sound. Variety, novelty, and surprise are among these. When an early American poet speaks of a “*magical sad sound*,” or a later of the “*infinite pure ether*,” the ear is gratified by the freshness of reversing a common rhetorical custom in placing the shorter adjective last. The introduction, if it be seemingly unavoidable, of a melodious classical or foreign name, has redeemed many a rugged line.

Rhyme is a division of harmony so unique as to derive autonomy in most treatises. Its function is not only to please by the sound, but to mark time. It limits and balances the clauses of the writer and furnishes the reader at the end of every other line with a haven of rest for which he has been prepared by one preceding, so that he may approach it without tiresome uncertainty and fear of discord. But to what tortures has not rhyme been subjected? To the possibility of uniformly good ones the works of Thomas Hood bear witness; and this is a mere matter of patience for anyone. It would seem then that those who have least talent for anything else would follow eagerly this sure path to perfection, yet such has not proved to be the case. The most abject poetasters are apt to

scorn most this "trifling matter of detail." Some critics will have it that rhymes to the eye alone are permissible. Yet these are really none at all, for rhyming is entirely a matter of sound, of which the ear can be the only judge. In far better taste would be blank verse or bald prose. Double rhymes are unfairly spoken of as "weak." Their use once in awhile and as the first rhyme of a quatrain, is an element of strength. The last and most distinct poetical characteristic is rhythm—musical motion. It is not synonymous with metre, yet metre in the hands of the true poet becomes rhythm. Its uses are threefold—to produce an agreeable sound of movement, to lend emphasis and to carry the reader smoothly and restfully along. The two last, which are of primal importance in all verse intended as a vehicle of thought, are frequently overlooked. The aim of modern elocution seems to be that of annihilating rhythm and reducing poetry to most rugged prose. The happy mean between this and a sing-song style of reading is hard to find, but rests largely with the poet, who should make his clauses and periods correspond to the natural undulations and pauses of the movement he has selected. But our magazine bards prefer that their metre should follow in the wake of their ideas, rather than their ideas in that of their metre. Theoretically this may be the better plan, but in practice it produces a series of rambling, hitchy, irregular verses, to read which is an arduous, not to say painful, matter. Why will they persist in bringing lines of greatly unequal length—worse yet when they rhyme with each other—into close contiguity?

Promiscuously mixed verse is another crying evil, albeit the anapest may, except in the most formal verse, be substituted freely for the iambus and the dactyl for the trochee. The modern lawlessness of style is not the bold yet tempered variety of *Christobel*, *Marmion*, *Lalla Rookh*, or the *Isles of Greece*.

Of all numbers the hexameter is nearest perfection. This is because of its graceful, spontaneous undulation, rising and falling, unconscious of effort, with the times of breathing.

"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."

Rhythm need not consist alone in the gliding of metrical feet in the verse; there is often a gliding of verses in the group or stanza. The nine lines of that made classic by Edmund Spenser

compose a single majestic movement, attaining its height in the fifth, and dying away in the last with a slow cadence. Only as one becomes accustomed to this stanza is its full beauty perceived. There is reason, then, in its use exclusively in long opens. The following is an example of a system unmolded by formal arrangement of the lines :

“What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous gave to crime.”

Such a rhythm as this may be protracted as long as the ear can hold the continuous train of melody.

Finally, it seems in order to enter a plea for the preservation of the poetic art for the poetic art's sake. Form is as essential as alone it is worthless. Its demands are rebated on no excuse of “poetic license,” which is permission to overstep the rules of common speech for the sake of verse, and not, as some would have it, the rules of verse for the sake of indolence. When reading poetry, be not afraid to appreciate the music with which it is inextricably entangled. Poetry is nothing if not ease. The precious metal of prose must be obtained by a laborious working of the ore, but many of the bright gems of poetry are strewn upon its surface. If a writer of verse be wise, admire him as a sage; if patriotic, as a patriot; if imaginative, as a seer; but as a poet, only in so far as he possesses that power of expression which appeals directly to the taste.

EDWARD P. BUFFET.

HOPE.

I WONDER if the morn will ever rise
 When my tried heart can rest at peace with Thee;
 When all the voices of the earth and skies,
 And all the music of the murmuring sea,
 Shall ever come to me
 As love's own melody.

There have been moments, beautiful as day,
 When touched by silver light the constant stars
 Have faded into heaven's blue away,
 And, clothed with roseate light, the scars
 Of sin and death and night
 Have changed to spotless white.

So, so the magic of Thy kindly hand
 Works wonders still in every land and sea,
 And cloud and wreck shall not forever stand
 Between my trust in Thy dear love and Thee;
 For e'en through death I see
 Thy love's own destiny.

All that the Father gives will come to me,
 What I have lost His angels still will find,
 And through the changes of life's stormy sea
 Love's hidden treasures round my temples bind;
 So, so, abide in me,
 And I, for aye, in Thee.

September 6, 1890.

—W. H. THORNE.

FAITH.

"VIA crucis, via lucis,"
 Watch the springs whence thoughts arise;
 Through the cross love's perfect light is
 Filling all the earth and skies.

"Via crucis, via lucis,"
 Dream thy dream of liberty;
 By and by e'en thou wilt know 'tis
 Christ's own cross must make thee free.

Via crucis, via lucis,
 Sunlight of the human soul;
 Spread thy beams where darkest night is
 Brooding still from pole to pole.

Via crucis, via lucis,
 Wouldst thou trace its glory still?
 Walk with God where truth as love is,
 Do the Heavenly Father's will.

Via crucis, via lucis,
 Wouldst thou all its glories know?
 Walk with God where life as love is,
 Keep thy heart as white as snow.

March 28, 1891.

—W. H. THORNE.

CHARITY.

THE days are growing longer, longer, dear,
 The nights that seemed so bitter, dark, and still;
 So full of anguish and foreboding fear,
 Are breaking into glory, by His will.

And the afterglow of life's long day, dear,
 Lingers in splendor as the suns go down;
 And all the wide, wide world is full of cheer,
 Of angels, offering love's immortal crown.

And the stars that looked so far away, dear,
 So steel-like, heartless, and so very cold;
 So unresponsive to our love or fear,
 Are soft and warm, as they were burnished gold.

And the dark nights are filled with music, dear,
 As silver star did touch with star above,
 Throughout the farthest heights of heaven, clear
 As angel voices tuned to deathless love.

February 12, 1894.

—W. H. THORNE.

A PERSIAN RETROSPECT.

THAT mass of ancient Asiatic literature, the vast aggression of centuries preserved from out the everlasting twilight of the past, tablet and papyri, even from before the days when "*search was made in the house of rolls*" for the imperial decree of Cyrus concerning the rebuilding of the temple, has been the most priceless treasure laid at the feet of kings and bred into the very existence of the priests. The collection is appalling, and to take more than a glance would be the despair of all but the favored and special student, willing, nay loving, to so consecrate the flitting years to the imperishable.

Miss Elizabeth Reed, member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, has, by long and patient research, given to the lovers of literature two invaluable works in her "*Persian Literature*" and "*Hindu Literature*," beginning with an etching, one might say, of the early history of Persia, that land which held out an always unfilled hand, to gather in the spoils of conquered nations. We are told "the whole civilized world was taxed to maintain the splendors of her court, the imperial purple was found in the city

of Tyre, and her fleets also came from Phœnicia, for the experience of this maritime people was indispensable to their Persian masters." The book then goes on to speak of *Accad* and *Sumer* in the "far-away land of Ancient Babylonia." It is supposed this part was originally peopled by a non-Semitic race, but that the Semites had power over Accadia (North Babylonia) at an earlier day than over the South or Sumer.

Long before the Exodus, these people possessed a culture which has reflected its wondrous glory upon all later time. The Pharaohs and priests of Egypt preached their moral precepts long before the Princess *Meri* discovered to us the voice of irrevocable command in the wail of the babe in the bulrushes. A wilderness is a typical background for the form of immortal Truth.

There were sentences in the papyrus of the Egyptian Prince *Patah-Hotess* when he was enfeebled by age, when his faculties were failing, the utterance and meaning of which have never been excelled. I herewith copy the words of this papyrus, said to be the oldest in the world :

"If thou hast become great after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty, being because of that the first in thy town; if thou art known for thy wealth, and art become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who is the author of them for thee; despise not another who is as thou wast: be toward him as toward an equal."

In the Persian there is a proud assurance and assertion, a glorification in his believing, even while propitiating and sacrificing; there is none of the very exaltation of humility that is as an exquisite kind of pride of greatness of Egypt.

In the reign of Sargon I., who carried his conquests into the land of the Elamites, and even subdued the Hittites in Northern Syria, we find that literature was grandly upheld. Miss Reed says beautifully.

"Long before the poets of India, of Greece, or of Persia began to weave their gorgeous web of mythology, the seers of Accad and of Shinar watched beside the great loom of nature as she wove out of the curtains of the morning and the crimson draperies of the setting sun. They listened to the battle of the elements around their mountain peaks, and dreamt of the storm-king; they heard the musical murmurs of the wind, as it whispered to the closing flowers; they felt the benediction of night, with its voices of peace; and the divine poem of earth's beauty found an echo in their hearts."

It is like a reverberation that the ear of imagination catches the first words of nature set to a primal rhythmic song. Four thousand years ago in Accadia, this Babylonia was the birthplace of the stars. In that fair land, they whispered their secrets and confessed their eternal reality. Upon the upturned faces of the Babylonians they beamed a transcendent light, that was clearer than a scintillation, and since that time the firmament has been the visible presentment of mystery and the golden revelation of a verified heaven.

We are told that in these Babylonias, *Accad* and *Semur*, mathematics obtained at an early date, and the Chaldeans had a simple but marvelous method of calculation. This knowledge we find was recorded in the works preserved in the library of *Larsa* or *Senkereh*.

Ancient *Nineveh*, "that home of ancient splendor," was the abiding place of the Assyrian kings; her walls, 400 feet high (according to Diodorus), and so broad that four chariots could be driven abreast upon them, while 1,500 towers, supposed to be impregnable, arose from their massive foundations.

It is said, the germs of Greek art, as well as Greek mythology, were found in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Doric pillar and Ionic column reared their first beauty to the sun-wrought skies of this land of farther culture. Before Greece, even well beyond the time when gray old Egypt thought her mighty thoughts in stone, these lovely lowlands of the Tigris felt the chaste touch of art.

Nineveh was in the fullness of her glory when she placed her jeweled crown on the head of *Assur-bani-pal*. These were the days when India to the Ægean Sea trembled at her power—almost in the very *melée* of conquest or the incensed atmosphere of court luxuries. This great king's grandest dream was *Literature*; his highest accomplishment, a *Library*. The crumbling tablet or faded papyri of Babylonia was conveyed by reverent hands to Nineveh, where careful copies were transcribed. A new text—a rare inscription—was a treasure-trove the most precious to this monarch. Gold and jewels paled before intellectual fire. To him the world owes its debt for the preservation of the Babylonian literature. Stored away in "curious vaults," were thousands of books, written on "pages of clay." Historical, mythological, legal records, geographical and astronomical works—as well as poetical

—were kept. “There were lists of stones and trees, of birds and beasts, besides official copies of treaties, petitions to the king, and the royal proclamations. Strangers came from the Court of Egypt to this ancient seat of learning; also from Lydia and Cyprus. The haughty *Nebuchadnezzar* was also a patron of letters. Indeed, from the inscriptions of his time we get an idea of his pride, and power, and magnificence. These books were written mostly on stone, and it is said were secreted from the reach of conquering kings. Lynx-eyed discovery may yet ferret out some still hidden treasures.

The literature of the Babylonians, like that of the Hindus, claims fabulous antiquity. We even read “that, during the immense cycle of time, there were strange creatures, half man and half fish, who ascended from the ocean, and taught the tribes of Babylonia the rudiments of civilization.”

Still their literature was not all fable. Her arts and sciences held high places. History tells us that Babylon, the Queen of the East, with all her culture, her paintings and sculpture, was, like other Asiatic cities, “a hot-bed of moral corruption; even her religion was a craze of sorcery and enchantments, of witchcraft, and horrible sensuality. Her high priests were astrologers and soothsayers, while her gods were the personification of evil.”

“Therefore, I will execute judgment upon the graven images of Babylon . . . and all her slain shall fall in the midst of her . . . The treacherous dealeth treacherously, and the spoiler spoileth. . . . Go up, O Elam! besiege, O Media Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her gods he hath broken unto the ground.”

The Persians called their kingdom *Irān*. Persepolis was for a long time the capital; but it is said that twelve centuries after the fall of the new city, *Shīraz* was the capital. The name *Persia* is mentioned in the Prophets; it was a kingdom formed of *Medes* and *Persians*.

Unlike the old Scandinavians, who revered only their *Sagas* and *Eddas*, even enacting laws for the punishment of the lesser poet, the Persians held literature next to their gods and goddesses. Their artistic sense involved their inscriptions with the very caress of color. The most beautiful calligraphy, with exquisite floral designs with golden background, was the rare work of their scribes. Miss Reed’s volume has a wonderfully beautiful copy of an illuminated portion of the *Shāh-Nāmāh*, a manuscript of priceless

value. Great honor is due the publisher for his fine and costly reproduction of it as frontispiece to the work. The illumination is full-size; the golden background softens and diffuses, like a sunlight, the high coloring of the red and turquoise of its floriation—just as the sun sheds its golden glamour over the brightness of summer flowers.

Calligraphy was called the "*Golden Profession*." And we read in Persian accounts that a copy of the *Korān* has been valued at \$100,000, while the pen-artist "had his mouth stuffed with pearls." This beautiful facility was sometimes a matter of life or death, as in the case of the unfortunate *Mīr Amar* of the fifteenth century. He was, we are told, summoned to court to prepare a most elaborated copy of the *Shāh-Nāmah*; but his delicate work went on all too slowly for the exacting monarch, who had the manuscript torn to pieces and the calligraphist executed. Yet it is said this work is still beautiful; after the lapse of three hundred years, screeds from his pen are set in gold and sold at fabulous prices.

Modern Persian poetry begins with their national Epic, rewritten from the collection of traditions gathered from the people—its date is about 1000 A. D., and like the more ancient and beautiful *Kalivala*, the Finnic Epic, it must have formed a mosaic of many legendary fancies; indeed, *Ferdusi* said himself he gathered from the old books and from men familiar with the ancient poetry. He says: "*Nothing of what is worth knowing has been forgotten, all that I shall say others have said before me.*"

Persian tablets tell us that *Belshazzar* reigned co-existent with his father, *Nabonidus*. The chronicle is mutilated in some places. Eminent writers, such as the Assyriologist *Buscarven*, say "from the seventh year of his father's reign until the fall of the empire, *Belshazzar* seems to have been the leading spirit and ruler of the kingdom, and this may account in some measure for his prominence in the book of Daniel." The cylinder inscription gives the following prayer; it was found in the temple of the moon-god at *Ur*. This copy is from Miss Reed's work:

- 1 "As for me, *Nabonidus*, King of *Babylon*,
- 2 In the fullness of thy
- 3 Great divinity (grant me)
- 4 Length of life
- 5 To remote days.
- 6 And for *Belshazzar*,

- 7 *My first-born son,*
 8 *The offspring of my heart,*
 9 *Reverence for thy great divinity,*
 10 *Establish them in his heart."*

Historians are enabled to fix the year, month and day of the fall of Babylon in the account of the capture found inscribed on one of the tablets. Xenophon claims "that the attack was made when Cyrus perceived that the Babylonians celebrated a festival at a fixed time, at which they feasted for the whole night." The Hebrew prophets were also aware of this surprise upon the "Lady of Kingdoms." There are the numerous inscriptions of the different Persian kings found at Persepolis, at Mt. Elvend, at Susa and Suez. They are of greatest import, except, it is said, that of *Behistan*. A later tablet "is merely a note of hand, given by a Persian king (*Pacorus II*) with a promise to pay "in the month of *Iyar* (April) in the Temple of the Sun in Babylon." This bears the names of three witnesses.

The land of dawn saw in its rosy light the birth of the gods and goddesses of the Persian mythology. To quote from Miss Reed: "Tablet and palace walls have alike been questioned concerning these early myths, and behind the dust of centuries we find stories of gods like Indra, the Storm-King of the Hindus, and Jove of Olympus, like Odin and Thor of the Northmen." These old tablets have kept an ever-presence of the Persian heaven, their cosmogony is found in a Chaldean legend; it is the old pervading spirit of conflict between good and evil, which mankind from his genesis feels as the bequeathment of mortality.

The Assyrians counted three hundred spirits of heaven and six hundred of earth. Magnificent temples were built for their deities, and a newly-built temple welcomed its incoming god with festivals and processions.

Cyrus among the many stands forth well in the light of centuries, the "king of kings" whom the story tells us would have cast away even his crown for a woman's love.

"King am I of all the living,
 Living! let them all to me be dead;
 Mine, nor sceptre, crown, nor kingdom,
 Thy love alone, my realm instead."

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

GLOBE NOTES.

Is THORNE "erratic"? Five years ago, when I established this Magazine in Philadelphia, I was in poor health, penniless, homeless, deserted, and oppressed well-nigh to death by the deepest domestic sorrow that can ever befall a man of honor in this world.

Under these circumstances, out of these conditions, and prompted by impulses and events which, after five years of labor and reflection, I am still bound to consider providential, I was moved, in some sense as a duty to God and the highest culture and welfare of mankind, to found this Review; *first*, in protest alike against the prevailing atheistic and trivial character of the leading reviews and periodicals of this country; *second*, to assert and insist upon a higher order of moral and literary merit in the magazine and popular book literature of the day; *third*, to declare and reiterate, as out of my own conviction and consciousness, these to me self-evident propositions, viz.: That human life without religion was an incomplete, self-destructive negation of the eternal moral order of human history and the universe; that private or public morality without the safeguards and inspirations of religion was an utter impossibility; that literature without religion for background and guardian angel was a hollow mockery of the highest needs, impulses and destiny of the human soul; *fourth*, that as a very large portion of the magazine and book literature of the day was avowedly skeptical, irreligious, and in many leading quarters contemptuously atheistic, there was a crying need for at least one first-class, standard, literary Review whose pages, in season and out of season, by every power of reason, passion, eloquence, rhetoric and inspiration, should fly in the face of this devil of atheism, and proclaim the foregoing truths with constant, relentless, unyielding and undying power.

Such were my convictions, aims and purposes in founding this Review. I consulted a very few people regarding the undertaking; only two or three gave me any encouragement; and of these I asked no favors. I stated my plans and my poverty to my future printers, and, to my amazement, they were willing to print and manufacture the first issue, trusting wholly to my honor and credit to pay for the same. During the summer months of the year 1889, the most fateful and bitter of all the years of my

life, I had written and prepared with scrupulous care, and in very humble quarters, every line of manuscript that went into that first number. My previous training for and experiences in the Christian ministry; later, as business manager of the periodical department of one of the largest publishing houses in the United States, and, later still, as the literary critic and foreign editorial writer, for several years, on the staff of one of the most influential daily papers published in Philadelphia, had given me unusual personal and literary advantages for such an undertaking. I was perfectly aware of these advantages. They were my only capital, and I have never ceased to use them in a quiet, unobtrusive way for the furtherance of the interests of this Magazine. I have never, however, presumed upon old friendships or business connections, and during these five years have made so many new ones that they now seem almost as numerous and as beautiful as the flowers of spring-time or the stars of heaven.

By dint of hard work I had so arranged the actual business income of the first issue that I was able to pay my printers for the manufacture on the day of that issue, that is, thirty days in advance of my pledges; and the fact that the printing-house that manufactured the first number is still doing the work, gives evidence enough that the GLOBE, spite of the fight it is engaged in, is still able to pay its way.

* * * * *

When the first issue—fresh and clean as a primrose in April—was handed to my intelligent friends in Philadelphia, many complimentary things were said of it, and, with undisguised curiosity and amazement some of them said to me, “Why, Thorne, who is backing you? Who is furnishing the capital?” And when I replied that God Almighty was back of me, their astonishment and amusement were clearly seen; for, of course, that was a silent partner not counted on by any of the business houses of the day.

The first edition of the GLOBE was 1,000 copies. It has grown from 1,000 to editions of 5,000, and by judicious distribution it has, during the past five years, been read with care by more than one hundred thousand of the more intelligent, thinking people of this and of other lands. Had sufficient capital come to me in the right spirit I would have advertised this Review in every newspaper, on every fence and on every mountain-side of the planet.

As it is, I have fought a quiet fight; the critics, considering our very variant views of existence, have been unexpectedly kind to me; and I have in my possession so many hundreds of beautiful testimonials that, were I a small man or given to vanity, I might, by this time, have allowed my pen to run away with me; but steady courage and a fixed unyielding battle for the truth are all the motives of which I am aware.

* * * * *

To understand that the GLOBE has had a marked influence upon the leading periodical and other literature of the country, as well as upon the private lives and impulses of thousands of its readers, one has but to recall the fact that six or seven years ago the *North American Review* and the *Forum*—the only respectable high-class and serious reviews in the country—were practically dominated by skepticism and atheism, the writings of the famous Col. Ingersoll being most welcome and popular, especially in the first-mentioned of the two, and that the so-called popular magazines were almost wholly given over to light-weight novels and dilettante reproductions of sickly illustrations, while during the past two or three years the writings of leading Catholic authors and clergymen are sought after by the editors of these reviews and magazines, and Col. Ingersoll has already become a dead letter, except in the minds of the utterly irreligious and uneducated. Now, in founding this Magazine, I resolved, before God, that these things should be so; and by and by all eyes will see that there is nothing erratic in its pages, but a steady depth of purpose and of culture far beyond their dreams.

* * * * *

Seeing that the earlier numbers of such a serious magazine were widely and generously noticed by the press, the GLOBE soon had imitators: the *Arena*, a sort of bantam Liberal-Christian bird of paradise, appeared in Boston in 1890. To give character to its otherwise insipid pages, it pressed the Rev. Phillips Brooks into its service, published his picture, etc., and in general paraded his name as a figure-head. In due time, however, Mr. Brooks, now become an idolized "Liberal" Episcopal Bishop in Boston, died, and the *Arena*, like the self-consequential untaught bantam it always was, now seems waiting the knife and a good hot oven.

Later still, that is, 1891-92, the *New World*, a sort of heavy-

weight Cambridge and other professional champion of the æsthetics of scholarly cant, made its appearance in Boston; but never seems to have made its way outside of that charmed circle of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s, whose titles and conceit are of so much more importance than their wits, that the titles are all we know of them.

Meanwhile, all along the lines of "modern thought," there have been serious advances during these last four or five years. *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, the *Century* and *Harper's* have wrought into their pages a larger proportion of serious work than formerly; the amateur Christian but able novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward have been read more widely even than were George Eliot's skeptical effusions of the previous generation; and Amelie Rives-Chandler and Ella Wheeler Wilcox have fallen into poems and novels of thought rather than novels of lust and poems of passion. Howells and James, of course, were and are lost forever in their wordy, windblown sea-foam of verbosity, and poor Edgar Fawcett and Co. are looking for publishers green enough not to detect the hollowness of the trash they have been palming off as American literature.

During the same period, and notably since the editor of the GLOBE became a Catholic, there have been various advances in the direction of Catholic journalism and periodical literature. The *Catholic Quarterly Review* holds its own scholarly and steady way, working in now and then an approach to literary rather than purely ecclesiastical and theological articles by using the writings of laymen. The *Catholic World*, which for a time seemed smitten with the baby aims of the popular monthlies and was well nigh sunk in weakest mediocrity, appears to be striving for a touch of its former manly ability, and the *Catholic Reading Circle*, organ of the Catholic summer school, has made quite a flutter of popular scholarship. *Donahoe's* is striving to win and hold a higher literary level than of old. The *Catholic Times*, a weekly—founded in Philadelphia since the GLOBE left its Philadelphia headquarters, and edited by that gifted soul, Rev. Fr. Lambert, one of Ingersoll's earliest annihilators—is an honor to the religious journalism of this age and nation. The *New World*, another "New World," with very much of the folly and weakness of the Old World—of all the old worlds about it—a Catholic weekly founded in Chicago about two years ago—after passing through various laughable phases of early, featherless incubation, and wobbling on both

sides of half a dozen Catholic fences, seems now to be aiming for a fairly good career of second or third-class religious journalism.

The editor of the *GLOBE* welcomes all these evidences of a genuine and serious turn of mind in the American literature of the day. He is not jealous of any of these publications, but wishes them all the success their real ability deserves. In all this serious turn of thought the *GLOBE* has been a pioneer and leader. Any man who doubts or denies this is simply very unfamiliar with the subtle workings of the intellectual forces of our day. In thousands of cases the writings of the *GLOBE* have been followed; have served for texts and inspirations for the writers of articles in other reviews, and that, where no mention or recognition of even its name has been given. But the good work goes on and the editor of the *GLOBE* has already more recognition and praise than he deserves.

* * * * *

In the first number of this Review, and in accordance with the fixed and by no means erratic purposes already referred to, I pointed out the fact that the Catholic Church in this country, with its distant and seemingly slight and infrequent direction from Rome, was practically becoming an Episcopal Church; that is, a church governed by bishops and archbishops and not palpably by the firm and solid monarchy of the Papacy. And even while a Protestant of the Protestants, I regretted this; for all my life I have firmly believed in Roman Catholic ecclesiastical polity. The fact that my foresight was clear in this matter has been verified alike by the felt need and later by the sending of His Grace, Mgr. Satolli, an Italian representative of His Holiness, the Pope, to this country, and the good work he has done here is now known to all men.

Again, in the earlier numbers of this Magazine, I affirmed and reiterated the truth, which I will make still clearer in future numbers, that Wendell Phillips and the orthodox abolitionists were, in point of conscience and culture, the true successors of Jonathan Edwards and the best early New England life and thought; that Emerson had been vastly overestimated even from an intellectual point of view; that he and his transcendental followers, not to speak of his weakling antecedents and successors in socinian pulpits, never had understood the Christian religion or its meaning and mission in this earth; and that the entire speckled

brood of them must come to true Christian ground or fade out of existence as so much mildew, pierced and scattered by the rising sun; and it now looks as if that part of the GLOBE was not at all erratic.

In the same early numbers of the GLOBE I insisted—almost alone among respectable periodicals—that the literary genius of the Southern and Middle States had been and was still, more gifted, more American, more natural, more cosmopolitan, less imitative, less formal, slavish and provincial than the New England literary genius, especially in the lines of poetry. After five years of this hammering I have lived to see New England men, and even New England magazines, taking similar ground, and it begins to look as if Thorne was no more erratic on the literary than he was on the religious side of him.

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From a child and for now nearly fifty years, I have been a "Liberal" in politics, that is, an anti-Tory in English politics, in favor of all Gladstone's reforms; and an Abolition Republican in the politics of the United States; but, from first to last, I have been a believer in absolute free-trade for and between all nations, and in an income tax as the only just and lawful means of raising money for the support of any and all governments in the world. As opportunity has offered, I have insisted upon these theories in the GLOBE REVIEW; and judging from the only statesman-like address Grover Cleveland ever promulgated, and the only decent approach to statesmanship the late James G. Blaine ever made—I refer, of course, to his reciprocity measures—and judging from the shameless and shifting rehash of compromise and hypocrite ignorance displayed by the American Congress of 1893-94, over these issues—all showing the tendency of our age—Thorne has not been so very erratic on the political side, either!

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In the last issues of the GLOBE I have taken up the Labor Problem and the Woman Question, two of the toughest subjects of modern wiseacre philosophy; and the fact that great armies of unemployed men, and the leaders of the People's Party, so-called, have been beating at the doors of Congress with their demands that the Government of the United States should employ the millions of unemployed in this country upon the thousand needed improvements named in No. XIV of this Review, is evidence enough that a

fire has been kindled in the United States household of upstart ignorance which all the Trusts inside and outside of perdition cannot quench. I may say here that I have no sympathy with the ignorant, wild-cat schemes of the Populists regarding government ownership of railroads, no individual ownership in land, and taxes on church property, or with Henry George's folly of single tax on land, etc. My aims are not their aims and I am not one of them. Much as I distrust him, I would make Matthew Quay dictator of the nation rather than vote any crazy Populist into any important office I have heard of up to date. In this line also Thorne does not seem to be very erratic. I am simply against fools and thieves.

In truth, the Populists are in the main an untaught set of hoodlums, and that the Democratic party never was or will be capable of governing this nation ought to be plain enough to the simplest minds from the fact that by their old compromises with sin and hell, under Pierce and Buchanan, they practically forced on this land the fearful civil war of the last generation; and that, after a quarter of a century of defeat, they have simply wasted and butchered golden opportunities under Mr. Cleveland's first and second Presidency; and that at this hour the leaders of the party do not know whether to stand on their heels or their heads; whether to kick the old tariff monopolies to death, and establish a lawful and rational bi-metal standard of money in this land, or to enslave themselves to new monopolies and play into the hands of the gold-bugs in Europe and New York.

In simple fact, and without boasting—and not because I desire any position the Government can give—had President Cleveland sent for me after the issue of the January GLOBE REVIEW and had he intrusted me with the organization of a new Labor Bureau, giving me *carte blanche* to improve, according to my own judgment, the highways and the wharfage of this country, guaranteeing me good ready money in United States silver or greenbacks for payment of wages, I would by this time have had two millions of men, in well-organized companies, under well-selected "bosses," all at work, eight or ten hours a day, at rates of \$1.50 per day, upon the roadways and ocean and river frontage of this continent—that is, upon work actually crying to heaven and a pig-headed Congress to get itself done. And there would not have been the shameful scenes of bloodshed and riot that have lately been enacted in Chicago and other fair portions of this land. But while the Republican party

did, under Abraham Lincoln, and pressed by eternal justice, undertake and accomplish a much-needed piece of work from 1861 to 1865—I am not aware that the Democratic party of this country has ever done anything except to frame compromises with death and hell and drive this land to the vilest gutters of despair. Poor, moribund, God-forsaken bastard of statesmanship! surely it is time that the Democratic party of America were dead and buried with all other relics of the lost cause in our late civil war; and there seems to be nothing erratic in the GLOBE in this line.

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On the Woman Question there are already many indications that the newer lights among our public sisters are ready to abandon the loud claims of the earlier termagants touching the vote, temperance and the like, and are quite ready to concentrate their forces upon "social reforms," so called. By and by they will all see that the true way to do this is to seek for lovely and clean lives on their own account, to become modest wives, mothers of healthy children, model superintendents of cultured and pious nurseries and heads of well-kept, clean and scientific kitchens and households; and so the GLOBE will not long be considered erratic on this head either.

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Regarding the all-prevailing crime of modern divorce and its attendant "liberties," the GLOBE has never had but one word—and that, of such utter denunciation that leading men and women of many spheres have expressed the desire that the GLOBE article on Divorce could be printed in pamphlet form and scattered by the million in all nations of the modern world.

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So far in this brief résumé I have only glanced at a few of the salient points of my own articles in this Review. I may here add that of the hundreds of articles sent to me during these five years I have accepted and published only those whose fundamental conceptions of life seemed to be or to approach the truth on the various themes presented. Many of these articles have been written at my own suggestion by parties who have at first offered other articles that I could not use; and in all cases where slight alterations have been needed to bring these articles into harmony with the wide-orbed consistency of truth for which the GLOBE exists, I have not hesitated to alter the same.

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In response to a recent article of mine opposing the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, I have already received numerous congratulations from many loyal American Catholics, and I have no doubt that were its views generally accepted, the conversion of Protestantism would be near at hand.

If my life is spared for another five years I purpose continuing this same order of work—only, if possible, on still higher grounds; and I may be pardoned for saying here that those men and women—editors, priests, or what not—who treat this Review as a common, secular, literary hack review, but very poorly understand its editor or the signs of the times in which we live. In truth, if Catholics generally understood what this Magazine is doing for the advancement of Catholic truth, and if Protestant Christians clearly perceived what it is doing for the upbuilding of Christian faith and life; and if reputable publishers saw clearly what it is doing for the advancement of the higher standards of literature—hence for the true advancement of their interests—its patronage would be a hundred-fold what it is to-day.

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After these GLOBE NOTES were finished my attention was called to the Apostolic Letter of His Holiness Leo XIII., whose beautiful voice has by this time gone out into all the world. It is a letter that needs no comment; and I am moved only to say that to me it reads like a new divine voice from Sinai, from Calvary, from the summits of eternal wisdom and charity, and deserves and awaits simply its crown of glory.

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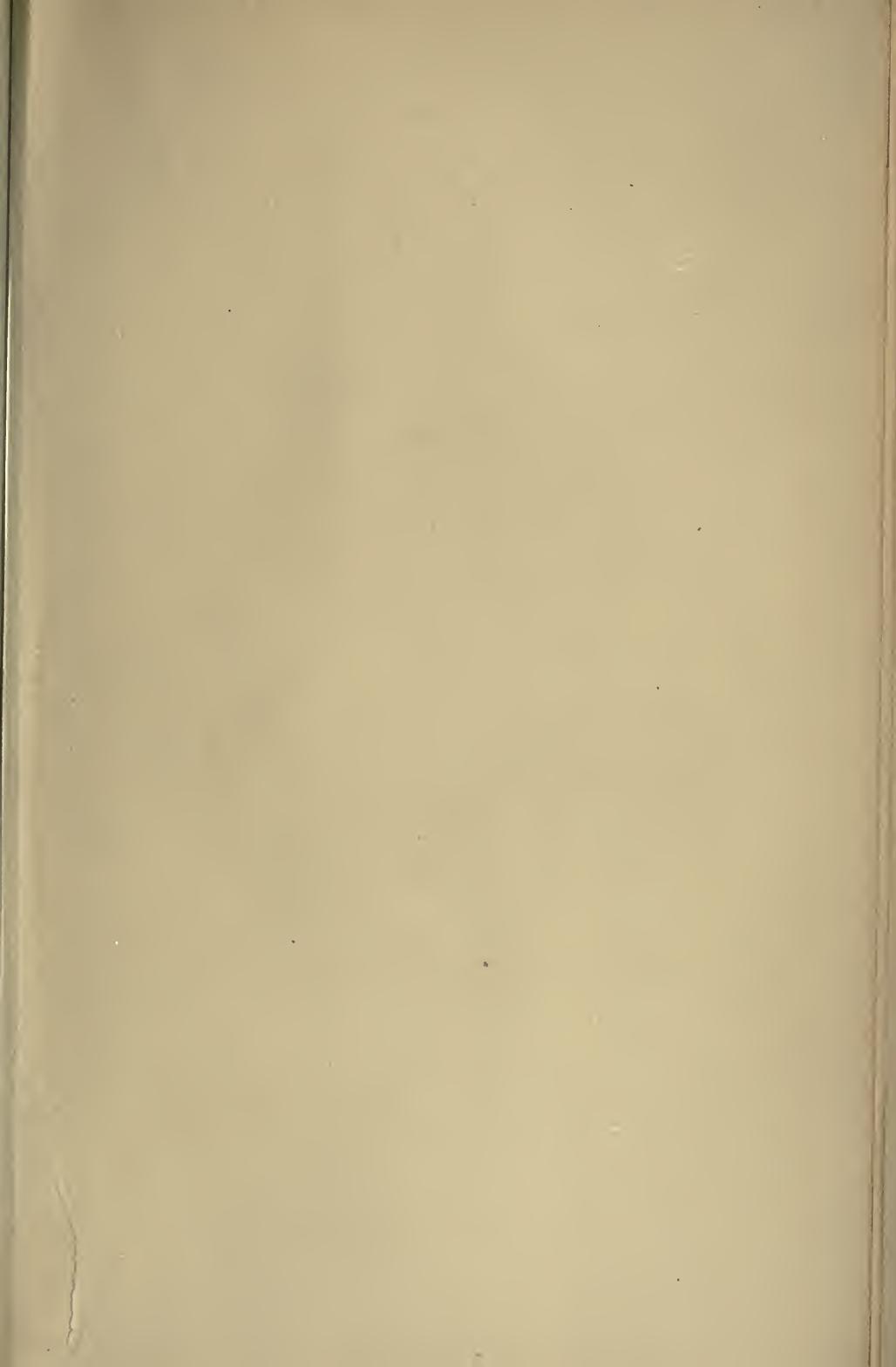
This issue of the GLOBE being a sort of fifth anniversary number, I have adorned it with an unusual selection of original poems—offerings of art and love—that they may help to sing its way into wider circles of prosperity and victory.

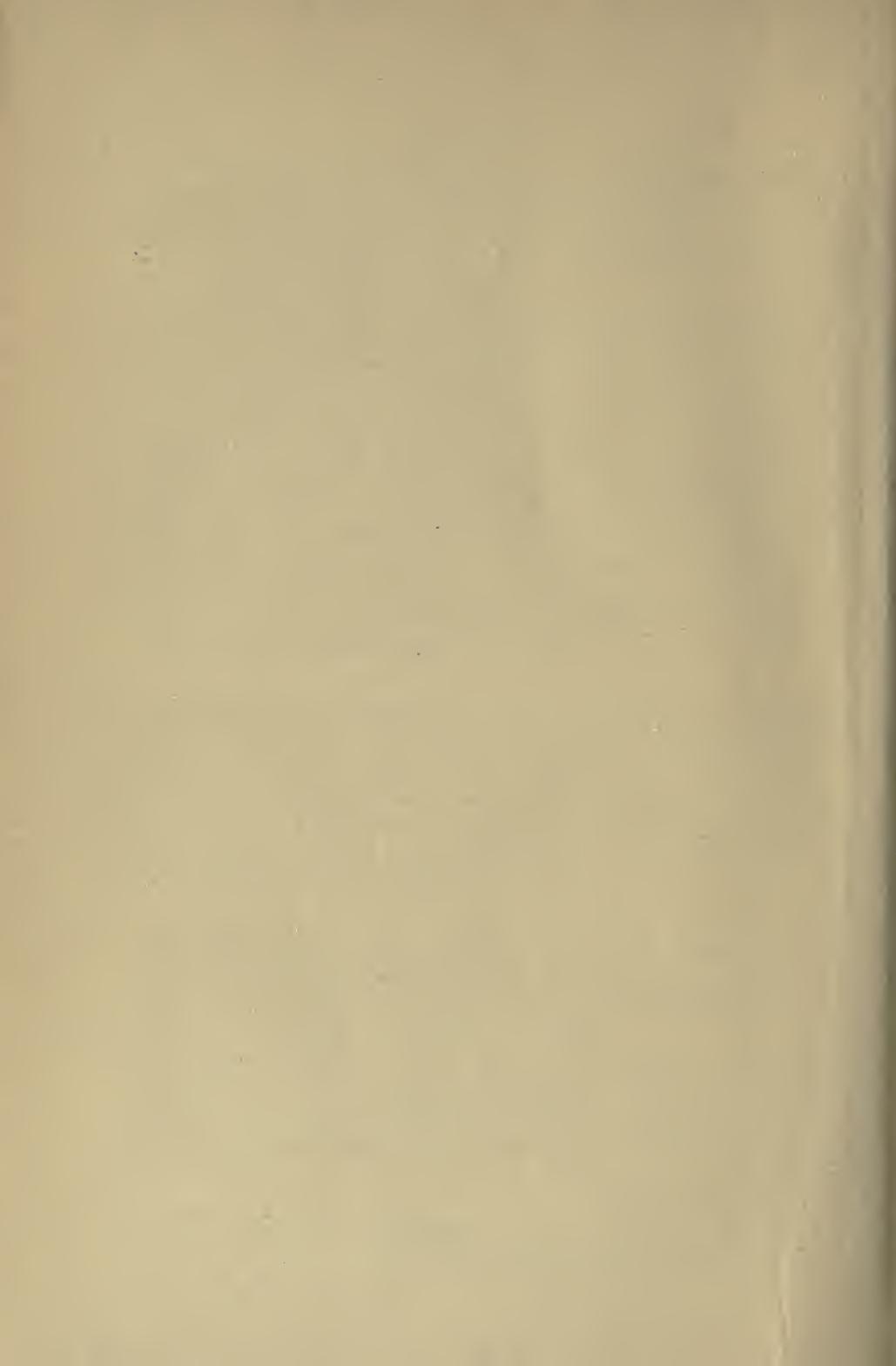
Any subscribers who do not receive this Magazine regularly will please report delay as promptly as possible. We try to avoid mistakes, but they will occur. In conclusion I again appeal to the friends of Christian Truth to aid me in furthering the prosperity of this Review.

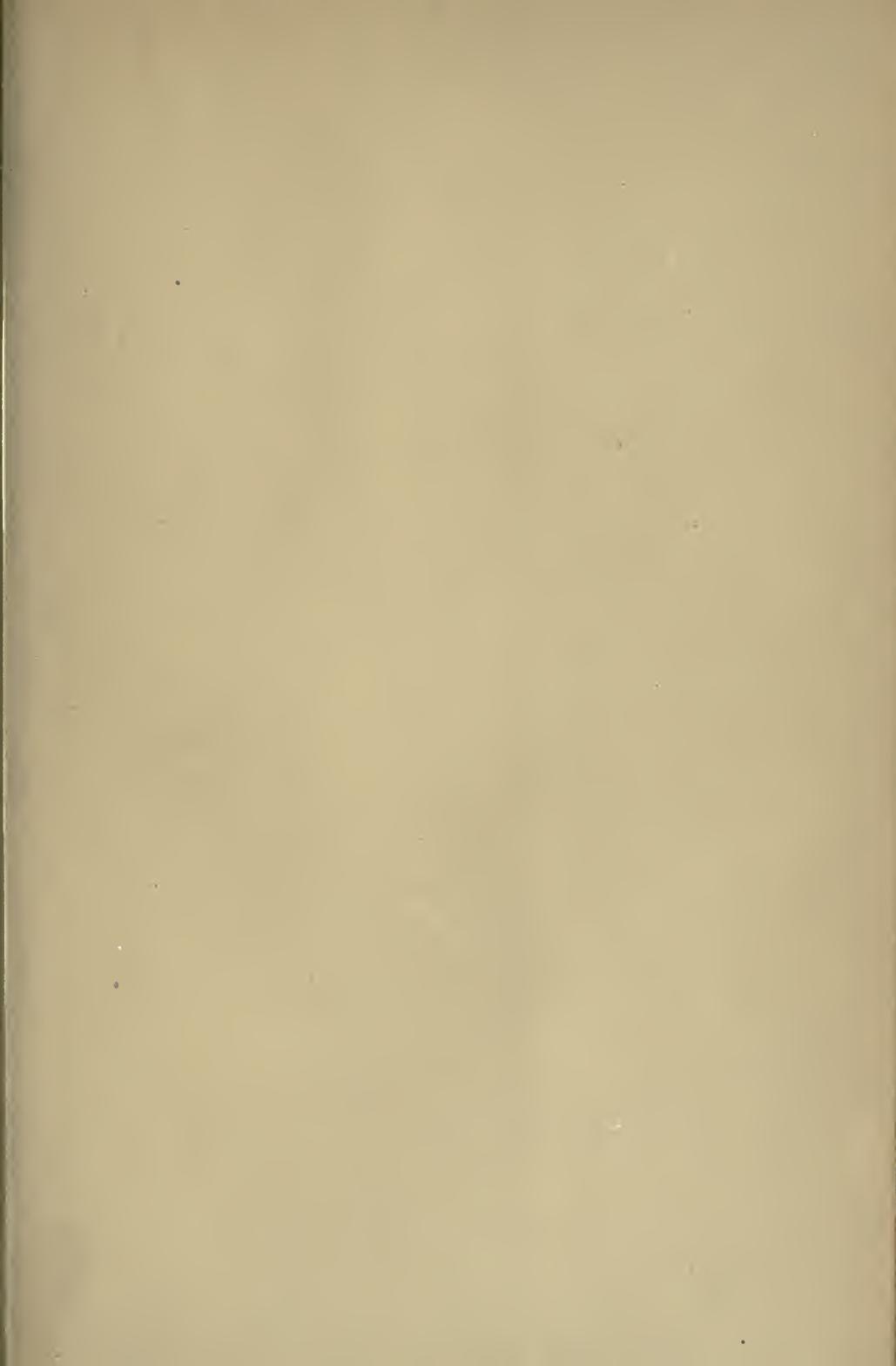
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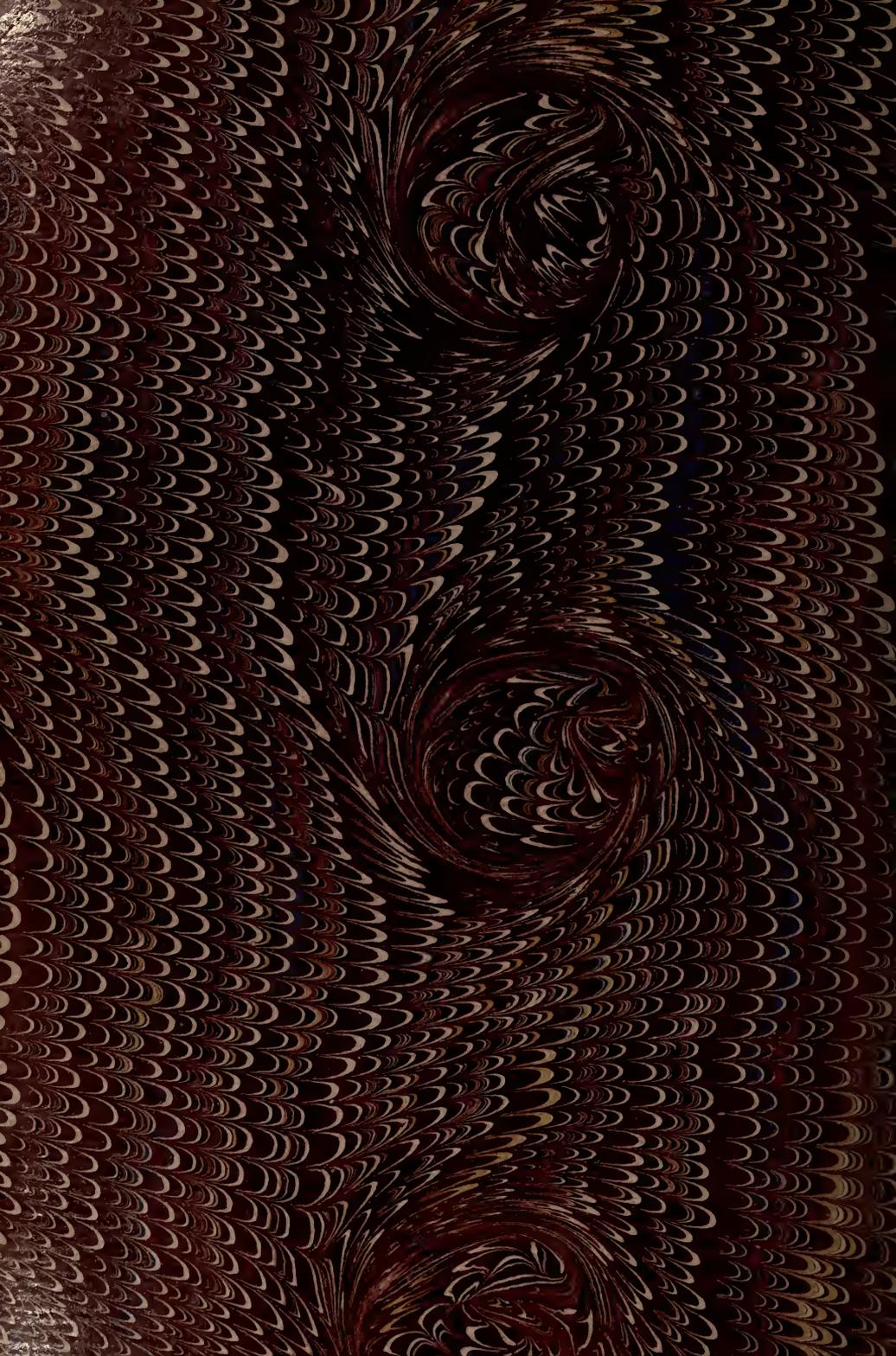
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