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A CURRENT TOPIC.

BY G. K.

SOME fifty years ago it was a very common thing in almost every part of our country, particularly in the more sparsely settled states of the South and West, for people of a certain neighborhood, township, or county, to get together and organise societies under various names for the purpose of protecting their horses from theft. These associations had their presidents, secretaries, treasurers, their rules and by-laws, and every member, when called upon, had to get on his horse and make hot pursuit after the thief or thieves.

If successful in their hunt, they arrested the criminals with or without warrant, and sometimes, presumably out of pity, saved the prisoner the anxiety of "waiting for the verdict."

Visitors from foreign countries and new comers from across the water were somewhat surprised at first at the existence of such organisations, acting without any authority from the Government, but they soon discovered a justification for such proceedings, which at this age in a thickly settled civilised country would appear as very anomalous, and indeed be considered as a high misdemeanor.

Horses were generally kept in pastures of easy access, or turned in day-time on what was called the range without herdsmen, thus affording to evil-disposed persons a great temptation for stealing horses and cattle. Outside of the larger cities there was no regular police force. A constable or two in a township could not be trusted to pursue and arrest horse-thieves, a very desperate class of fellows and usually well-armed. To have the sheriff or other magistrate to summon a *posse*, an institution which might have been efficient in the times of the first Henrys of England, would have taken more time than was necessary for the thief to allude all pursuit.

These Anti-Horsethief Societies still flourish to some extent in the western and southern states and territories, and are considered to be highly useful, as their very existence deters thieves from plying their vocation.

If the people across the Atlantic had wondered somewhat at those private horse protecting societies, they were really startled when learning about the Pinkerton Protective Bureau.

Here was a private association of a few shrewd and energetic men, that kept an arsenal well stored with the most improved firearms, kept a regular army of several hundred of adventurous men, to be increased if need be by an additional levy to almost any size, ready at a moment's warning to be sent to any part of the country in order to assist railroad and other corporations or even single persons in protecting their property and the lives of those workmen who were willing to work for them, against the assaults of turbulent strikers. That army has to obey the directions of their chiefs, who themselves have no sort of authority from the state, and receives its pay for keeping the peace from the victimised owners of the threatened industrial establishments.

The bitter comments I have lately seen in the foreign press regarding the last deplorable outbreak at the Homestead Mills, are anything but complimentary to our Republican institutions. Nowhere, say these newspapers' articles, not even in Turkey or Persia, was seen such a thing as the Pinkerton Bureau. It must be admitted that the strictures are in sad contrast with the declamations of our Fourth of July speakers who from one end of the Union to the other are boasting of the happy condition of our people, who are not living under the despotism of effete monarchies but under the benign and equal laws, made by the people and for the people, a precious inheritance from our forefathers of glorious memory, granting ample protection to the lives, liberty, and property of all people alike.

General Trumbull in his "Current Topics" which I always delight to read, on account of their being replete with excellent good sense, manly candor, inimitable humor and sympathy with all that is good and noble, has in a late number of *The Open Court* poured out the vials of his wrath upon the Pinkertons; and I would say, justly so. But it appears to me the General should have gone further and should have struck at the very root of the evil, I mean at the cause which has made it possible for such an institu-

tion to be started and to grow to such vast dimensions.

If our governors, mayors of cities, sheriffs, and other executive magistrates, all elective officers, instead of keeping their eyes upon catching votes, had done their sworn duty there would never have been any Pinkertons to denounce and to swear at.

At the great riot at Pittsburgh in 1877 consequent upon the strike against the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, where several hundred people were killed, millions of property destroyed, the call for a *posse comitatus* was of course a total failure. The idea that well-to-do merchants, professional men, and mechanics, mostly fathers of families, should turn out to fight an infuriated mob, supported by the sympathy of a majority of the masses of the people, who in great part live from the wages of the working men, is ridiculous, particularly when we consider that disobeying the sheriff's summons involves the payment of only a small fine. Besides, if even a *posse* could be raised, it would be an undisciplined crowd, far more likely to act with haste and without discretion against rioters, than a well drilled militia under the command of experienced officers. In Pittsburgh even the local militia refused to act and battalions from distant parts of the state, and I believe even federal troops, were called in to quench this terrible outbreak.

On a smaller scale the strike at East St. Louis in 1886 resembled the Pittsburgh riots. After great wrongs had been committed by the strikers, the sheriff had repeatedly called on the governor for help, but had been advised by the then governor to exhaust his powers by calling a *posse*. Now here were several hundred of desperate men, who had already committed great outrages upon persons and property, were supported by the strongest sympathies of a large majority of the inhabitants and vile demagogues, of all of which facts the governor was well informed, and yet it was assumed that a few quiet citizens from a remote part of the county could quell such a disturbance. The trade and commerce between the East and West had been stopped for weeks at one of the greatest highways, as no freight trains were permitted to pass bridge or ferries, inflicting a pecuniary loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

One of the roads receiving no assistance from the local police force nor from the county or state got about a dozen of Pinkertons, and placed them on the locomotive and tender to escort a freight train going east. When they arrived at the Illinois shore they were received with a hail of rocks, and set upon by a mob, armed with clubs. Guns were fired, but as usual there was a dispute as to who fired first. Be that as it may, some of the Pinkertons to save their lives did fire and one or two persons were killed and several wounded.

Not until all this mischief, burning of trains, beating "scabs" almost to death, and at last this bloody fight had happened, were some companies of militia sent down and order at once restored.

Having such precedents before their eyes, knowing that no reliance could be placed even upon local militia and on prompt assistance on the part of the Governor, when threatened with the destruction of their property worth many millions, can railroads or other industrial corporations be utterly condemned for appealing to the Pinkerton Bureau? Can they not at least plead mitigating circumstances? I think General Trumbull will be the last man to deny them this poor privilege.

MISS NADEN'S "WORLD-SCHEME."

A RETROSPECT.

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

II.

FOR the main object which our author had at heart—"the supersession of a hideous and irrational Divine *Culte* by true Somatic culture"¹ the nœtic or hyloic basis is indifferent. But the latter was her chosen province, both by taste and training. Many of the sources of her thought-suggestion—as revealed in her essays, both published and unpublished—are to be found in the field of the specialist, notably in the debatable points, or so-called "difficulties," which abound in every elementary scientific text-book, and even in some "advanced" ones.² All specialism, she well knew, is bound to betray itself in the end, not only by its confessed limitations, but by the inevitable contradictions arising within its own realm. Here is an example of this, with Miss Naden's indirect correction following. In Dr. Cleland's "Animal Physiology," (Collins's Advanced Science Series)³ the following passage occurs in an account of the sense of smell. "Between the ordinary columnar cells are scattered slender nucleated bodies, each of which is in continuity with a filament of olfactory nerve, and, in birds and amphibia, is furnished with a single hair, or a bundle of fine cilia. These are called *olfactory cells*; and we are led to believe that the wonderfully and imponderably minute odorous particles, drawn into the nasal fossæ in inspiration, affect

¹ *Auto-Centricism; or the Brain Theory of Life and Mind*. By Robert Lewins, M. D. (London: W. Stewart & Co.), p. 39.

² A praiseworthy attempt to grapple with these difficulties has of late years been made in what may be called the "inner-circle" of psycho-physics. The following may be read with profit in this connection. (1) *Handbook of Water and its Teachings in Chemistry, Physics, and Physiography*, by Mr. Lloyd Morgan; (2) *Theories and Concepts of Modern Physics*, by B. F. Stallo; (3) *Absolute Relativism*, by Capt. W. B. McTaggart. Also (4) Dr. Carus's work already quoted from *The Soul of Man*. The drift of all these volumes is more or less towards auto-centric conclusions, though their statements often seem to falter strangely.

³ *Animal Physiology*, by John Cleland, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Glasgow University.

"their extremities, and, through them, the olfactory "nerves." (P. 224.)

To be "led to believe" is good, but to reason is better. Of course Dr. Cleland's meaning is sufficiently plain. He would probably maintain that his rationale does not pretend to be exhaustive, and that, when he has pointed out the "mode" in which the olfactory organs are "affected," his task is done.¹ If, however, "advanced" students are content with such a rationale as this, which really is no rationale at all, so much the worse for the "advance." In the light of the teaching of Sherakleitos, we should be inclined to call it a retrogression. In the same form the self-same "difficulty" confronts us in, is in fact the veriest commonplace of, the psycho-physiology of the other senses. Yet with all the progress of so-called science, here are persons still to be found expressing their belief in "odorous particles." Now, an *odorous* particle lies on exactly the same plane as that mythical "redbilliard ball," regarding which Prof. Huxley affirms that even, if it existed and impinged upon the surface of the retina, it would fail to convey to him the least idea of *redness*. Redness, he admits, does not and cannot arise from the redness of the exciting cause or stimulant of sensation, since the "exciting agent" can never be the object perceived, or anything like it, but from a succession of etherial tremors, to the tune of 400,000,000,000,000 per second, impinging upon the rods and cones of the bacillary layer of the retina. How, then, is the "wonderfully and imponderably minute particle," *odorous*, any more than the "billiard ball" *red*? If the existence of the particle be justifiable, is it not only a particle *on its way to become* "odorous," seeing that it has not, as yet, reached the olfactory cells or nerves.² But, again, in that case, how is the separate existence of the "particle," seeing that, at one stage, it is wholly unqualified, justifiable at all? Only, it is evident, on the hypothesis of the separate and complete objective existence of everything external "in itself," in other words the poetical theory of the flower blushing unseen, and wasting its sweetness [or "odorous particles"] on the desert air. Modern scientific handbooks, even "advanced" ones, thus appear to deprecate "cold material laws" in favor of illusory, but convenient figments. Really up-to-date science teaches, in self-defence, something quite different, as we shall see later on. Note, meanwhile, what Dr. Cleland has to say regarding vision, and especially as to the inversion of the retinal image.

"A little reflection will show that the inversion of "the retinal image is no reason why the landscape "should appear inverted. What we perceive is *not the "retinal image*, but a number of sensations excited by it; "and it must be considered as an ultimate fact, that "the sensation produced by irritation of a rod, or "cone, of the retina is not perceived as being in that "structure, but as situated vertically opposite it, out-"side the body. If we are to explain why the land-"scape is not seen inverted, we must explain why it "is not seen inside our heads."—("Animal Physiology," p. 245.) The italics are not in the original.

Also, as to the larger *phosphène*.

"A *phosphène* is a luminous image produced by "shutting the eyes and touching one of them lightly, "but firmly, on the outer, inner, upper or lower bor-"der, in short, on any part where the retina extends. "A luminous crescent, or complete circle, flashes into "sight at the point diametrically opposite the pres-"sure. This is called the larger *phosphène* and is "caused by irritation of the retina at the point touched, "referred by the mind, like all retinal impressions, to "the position vertically opposite." (Ibid. p. 250.) Now, as to the first quotation a little more "reflection" will reveal that what we perceive is *neither* "the retinal image," nor a number of sensations excited "by it," all that is at issue is the content of the sensation itself, scientifically defined as a relation between a vibratory ether and the optic nerve. This is wholly different from Dr. Cleland's idea that "the retinal image" excites sensation. In fact his "retinal image" is on-all-fours with his "odorous particle" and the "red billiard ball." His remarks on the larger *phosphène* are conclusive against his own theory as given above. This *phosphène* is produced by *immediate*, mechanical irritation of the retina—not by the excitement of any retinal image. Yet it is crescent-shaped or circular; is visible at a point distant from the *locus* of the irritation, and is "referred by the mind, like all retinal impressions, to a position vertically opposite," and "outside the body." Now, that which is here perceived is it not, as above pointed out, just the content of the sensation—the relation, namely, between the mechanical pressure (corresponding to the impact of the vibration) and the optic nerve? But in this case, what becomes of the "retinal image"?³

The usual way of evading these, and similar "difficulties," is to say—as the popular handbook generally does,—that they are "not, as yet, fully understood." Regular formulæ exist for this expression of hesitancy. The author just quoted is quite an adept in the use of such phrases. "The use of this organ ["that of Jacobson] is hard to conceive" (page 227). "These laws [regulating the colors of the ocular spec-

¹ This limitation, however, as we shall see later on, is an illegitimate one. The sense-function does not end where this handbook states that it does.

² The same message, entrusted to the different sensory nerves, will be translated into the special language of each; an electric shock being perceived as a bright scintillation, a loud noise, a smell of phosphorus, or an acid or alkaline taste.—Miss Naden's *Reliques*, p. 213.

³ Cf. *Saducee versus Pharisee*, (Essay II, Pseudo-Scientific Terrorism.)

"tra¹] are curious, and not so easily explained as we "are often asked to believe [being 'asked' and being "led to believe' being, apparently, somewhat different (p. 249)]." "The question is of the utmost "interest psychologically, but is still unsettled" [and will remain so, while crude objectivism is a foregone conclusion] p. 210. "It is difficult to say," and so on.

Scientific treatises really "advanced" are apt to "hedge" in respect of these and kindred points, and indeed these esoterical affirmations, in the absence of any cosmical theory in which to inhere, are often valueless. Here, however, are two extracts of this nature from authorities quoted by Miss Naden in her essays, together with her comments.

"When the excitement has entered the nerve it is "always the same. That it afterwards elicits different "sensations in us depends, again, on the character of "the nerve-cells in which the nerve-fibres end. . . . "The sensations which we receive from outward im- "pressions are, therefore, not dependent on the nature "of those impressions, but on the nature of our nerve- "cells. We feel not that which acts on our body, but "only that which goes on in our brain" ("Muscles and Nerves," by Dr. J. Rosenthal, p. 283). "Thus," says Miss Naden, "if light could be transmitted by "the auditory and sound by the optic nerve, color "would affect us as music, and *vice versa*, so that a "sonata by Beethoven might seem a picture by Ra- "phael. We might then, literally, have a Symphony "in Blue and Silver, or a Nocturne in Black and Gold,"² to which we might add, *pace* Dr. Cleland, "or a retinal image in B-flat."

"If a centripetal nerve (gustatory) be divided, and "its central portion be made to unite with the distal "portion of a divided motor-nerve (hypoglossal), the "effect of irritating the former, after the parts have "healed, is to excite contraction in the muscles sup- "plied by the latter" (Kirke's "Handbook of Physi- "ology," p. 480). "In other words,³ the impulse which "could formerly make itself apparent only by travel- "ling from periphery to centre, can now make itself "apparent, in quite a different way, by travelling from "centre to periphery. The structure of the nerve is "unchanged, and the difference in its function is "caused by the difference in the central apparatus "with which it communicates. From such *data* we "may draw very curious conclusions, which, like the "mathematical definition of a line, or a point, will "possess, at least, an abstract validity, though the con- "ditions postulated may be such as can never exist in "actual experience. Suppose every part of the optic

"thalami and the sensorium to be atrophied, with the "sole exception of the olfactory ganglia, and the corre- "sponding cerebral area. Now, imagine that all the "nerves proceeding from the various peripheral or- "gans were made to converge, and organically united "with the surviving ganglia. What would be the re- "sult? The world would seem one great odor. We "should smell with eyes, ears, fingers, and tongue. "A beautiful picture, or song, would be perceived as "a succession of harmonious perfumes. . . . Yet the "waves of sound received by the ear, and the waves "of molecular disturbance transmitted by the auditory "nerve, would be the same as though these were to "be made, at their journeys end, into notes of music. "The difference would be internal, not external."

Miss Naden was too skilful a dialectician not to anticipate the objection, certain to be urged at this stage, that when the constitutive (really creative) faculty is thus narrowed to the limits of the individual organism, even to "the utmost recesses of the nervous system," the question may be asked "Since everything is ideal, how can the nervous system be exempt from this ideality?" Her answer is, that she does not deny, but affirms, the existence of matter.¹ Here we come back to the *dictum* which, coupled with the assertion that "all things are spectral," so puzzles Dr. Dale.² "Matter, so far from being a nonentity, is "the *fons et origo* of all entities."³

It has always been one of the main fallacies of empirical specialism—a fallacy repeatedly pointed out by Miss Naden—to retreat, in the matter of dualistic proof, from the evidence of one sense to that of another, as if such a method really afforded cumulative verification—and, even, when driven from the sense-province altogether, to cling to hypothetical and insensible figments. The case already noticed is a fair example of this. The hypothesis of an "odorous particle," in the field of olfactory perception, would not be necessary, it would be superfluous, were it not that an equally hypothetical gap has already been posited in the field of visionary perception. The "odorous particle" must be, because the gap between subject and object has to be bridged, and the gap in question must certainly exist, otherwise there can be no province for the "odorous particle!" But this is a see-saw basing of hypothesis upon hypothesis. Instead of this method, the one thing necessary to be established—if it can be established—in the interests of dualism, is a distinct line of demarcation between subject and object. And, once it is conceded—as it virtually is, by theorists of the school of Dr. Cleland—that the stimulus of sensation cannot possibly be any-

¹ Cf. Miss Naden's Essay *The Evolution of the Sense of Beauty* (*Reliques*, p. 85 et seq.) on this point.

² *Reliques*, p. 120.

³ *Reliques*, p. 215.

¹ *Reliques*, p. 216.

² *Reliques*, p. 235.

³ *Induction and Deduction*, p. 161.

thing like the sensed object, the ground falls beneath them. Unless the sensation contains, by virtue of the imparted stimulus, at least a copy of the external object, how can the subjective organism have had conveyed to it, across the visionary gap, an inkling even of what the "external object" is? Outside reference of the irritation by projection will not serve as a rationale, on Dr. Cleland's own showing, inasmuch as an *immediate* irritation of the retina produces a reference of the irritation, in the shape of a *phosphène*, to a more or less distant position. Now what is the difference between *this* referred retinal impression, and *other* retinal impressions? Are they not *all* similarly referred? Supposing, then, the *phosphène* to affect, by means of the nerve-transference experiment already detailed, the olfactory, instead of the optic, nerve, would a succession of "odorous particles" pass from it to the subjective organism? And if not, why not?

Logically pursued, objectivism lands in absolute separation of the perceived object from the perceiving subject, and, to bridge this gap, hypotheses have to be invented in connection with every sense which does not involve apparent contact. Hence, we have undulations, vibrations, odorous particles, etc., all professing to convey the objective to—or rather into—the subjective. And all this really in contradiction of that other view of physical science, which shows a subtle and continuous interchange of substance taking place throughout the self same cosmos in which this secondary, and superfluous, sub-interaction is thus posited. Hence there is a two-fold error, first in positing a gap where none exists, and, second, in providing a series of supposititious entities wherewith to bridge it. In this respect, the latest development of psychology is in advance of any corresponding progress in the sphere of physics.

This latest development, however, is a reaction, and, as is usual in such circumstances, overshoots the mark. Modern psychology finding the supposed external universe to disappear with Berkeley, commits subjective suicide with Hume. Hence, latter-day assertions to the effect that the ego of consciousness, even consciousness itself, being practically only an aggregate of sensations, is but fortuitous. Professor Mach assures us, "The primary fact is not the *I*, the 'ego,'¹ but the elements (sensations). The elements 'constitute the *I*. *I* perceive the sensation green, 'means, that the element green occurs in a given 'complex of other elements (sensations, memories). 'When *I* cease to perceive the sensation green, when '*I* die, then the elements no longer occur in their

¹ But an ego which is not primary is not an ego at all. A secondary ego on or below the level of sensations, or elements, can only be accidental, as is seen from what follows. This is not "an old friend in a new dress"; friend and dress are both familiar. "Groupings" constitute everything. That is all. But the "grouping" is only a *Gedankending* itself.

"customary, common way of association."¹ That is "all. Only an ideal, mental-economical unity, not a "real unity, has ceased to exist."² (*The Monist*, Vol. "I, No. 1.)

In a subsequent number (III) of *The Monist* the same writer again enlarges upon the "green," which, with him, seems all in all.

"Physicists have accustomed us to regard the "motions of atoms as 'more real' than the green of "the trees. In the latter, I see a (sensory) fact, in "the former a *Gedankending*, a thing of thought.³ "The billions of ether-vibrations which the physicist, "for his special purposes, mentally annexes to the "green, are not to be co-ordinated with the green, "which is given immediately."⁴

It is an evidence of the acumen of Miss Naden, that she was not misled by this philosophic recoil. She holds firmly by the ego—not the liminary ego, either of physics or of philosophic dualism, but the cosmical ego, which is at once the unit, and the synthesis of all possible units. Hence the following, a hard saying to many, but the profoundest, and yet the simplest, truth.

"For if subject and object be indissolubly one, "the simplest unit from which we can start must be "the ego in its entirety; that is, the universe as felt "and known . . . For the philosopher who deals with "the universe as a synthesis, the self, or ego, is that "same synthesis, including all the various relation- "ships of self and not-self which can be set up in "thought . . . The complete synthesis, which from "one point of view may be called the universe, from "another point of view the ego, is the only real unit; "since every object which it includes is found to imply "and condition every other object." ("Reliques"; pp. 153-4-5.)

How this thought-solvent was with her of universal application may be seen from the following, an extract from her essay "What is Religion?"

"What we know as the external world is composed "of colors, sounds, tastes, touches, and odors, and, "since these can have no existence prior to their birth "in the sensory ganglia, we see clearly that every man "is the maker of his own cosmos. It comes into "embryonic existence with his very first gleam of "conscious life, and develops with his development, "as he gradually learns to combine its lights and

¹ This elision of the ego—"when I die,"—may smite the theory, but it is not to the point.

² This attempted distinction of "real," "more real," "ideal," will not serve for monism, in which everything is *real*, and the real, everything.

³ A thing of thought is a "think." How is it less real than a "fact"?

⁴ The "ether-vibrations," though necessitated in thought by what we must hold to be an erroneous theory of a gap, or gulf, between subject and object, are not less *real* on that account. An unreality is a nonentity. An erroneous judgment, or hypothesis, exists as really as a correct one. Else how could it be challenged?

"shades into symbols of form, size, and distance, and "to indue its varying tones with relation and significance; it becomes less vivid with his decline, and, "at last, dies for ever with his death." ¹ ("Reliques"; p. 120.)

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THOMAS COOPER.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

TO AN old man the world appears to move with dangerous velocity; and so rapidly is it whirling now that I can hardly keep my feet upon the earth. Thomas Cooper lies dead upon the field, after having made a splendid fight of it for eighty-eight years; and scarcely have I had a moment's time to lay a wreath upon his coffin, when I am called upon to read that Kier Hardie, a working man, recently elected to Parliament, "dashed up to the door of the House of Commons at the opening of the session in a four-in-hand coach, filled with men and women cheering like mad, their voices drowning the strains of a band which meanwhile played the Marseillaise." To make it more theatrical and spectacular it appears that "Hardie, himself, in the garb of a workman, held the reins." This dazzling panorama is all weird and fairy-like to me, and the contrast between the old man going out, and the new man coming in bewilders me. Cooper suffered martyrdom that Hardie might make a triumphal entry into the House of Commons. Woven into a romance, the story would outshine the splendors of *Ivanhoe*. Imprisonment is one thing and martyrdom is another, but two years in Stafford jail, at any time between 1840 and 1845 was martyrdom; and that was the sentence imposed and executed upon Cooper, for blazing a pathway to the House of Commons for Burt, and Burns, and Kier Hardie. A melodramatic part of the romance, is the appearance of Mr. Gladstone in the first act, and the fifth. He was a member of the government that imprisoned Cooper in 1842, and he was on hand in 1892 with a welcome to the House of Commons for Kier Hardie tramping into Parliament in the garb of a laborer to the music of the Marseillaise. Is there not something like that somewhere in the story of the French revolution? Cooper saw his own crown of thorns blossom into a crown of laurel for Kier Hardie, but he had to live eighty-eight years to see it. I congratulate Kier Hardie, and I envy him too. His political field of effort reminds me of a western prairie as I have seen it in the month of June, a soft green carpet bespangled with a million flowers. It was a heart-breaking and dangerous jungle in my time.

¹ This is "all," in a different sense, however, from Prof. Mach's already-quoted view. A real unity—the only reality—not merely "an ideal mental-economical unity," has "ceased to exist."

In those days the vision of a working man in Parliament appeared to be as fantastic as a scheme to seat him on the throne.

Thomas Cooper has been called in some obituary notices the last of the Chartists, but this a mistake. He was neither the last nor the first of them. George Julian Harney is the last of the Chartists, if by that expression is meant the last of those who were eminent as leaders in the Chartist agitation, a movement which has been strangely undervalued in history; a passionate appeal for political justice which by its energy and enthusiasm, in spite of its mistakes, was the inspiration and argument for nearly all the reforms which have been achieved in England since 1848, when Chartism itself was tamed and broken to the Liberal harness. Harney came into the agitation earlier than Cooper did, and he staid in it longer. As a Chartist evangelist Cooper did much to arouse the multitude, but he had not the genius to organise it. He was personally brave enough, but he lacked the audacious judgment, and the tenacity of purpose and opinion which a revolutionary leader ought to have. In these qualities Harney was far above him. Cooper was a philosophical student, always learning, and often changing, but in all his changes he was approved by his own conscience; and therein lies the supreme test of an honest man. Christian, Infidel, and again Christian, in every contradiction he obeyed the injunction of Shakespeare "to thine own self be true." Although he lived to be eighty-eight years old, he was an unfinished man, like the most of us, but unlike the most of us, Cooper had qualities which would have rounded him into completeness, had he permitted them to do so; but whenever the work was almost done he put himself under other discipline; and so, in each of his characters he looks like an imposing edifice without a roof on it. He made shoes until he was almost a good shoemaker, and then he went at something else: he taught school until he was almost qualified for a professor, and then he quit. Just on the eve of success as an editor he went to lecturing, and to prison. He taught himself languages and mathematics, but was never considered a great scholar. He wrote well in prose and verse, but never attained the eminent place he might have had in the literature of England. He knew much law, and proved it on his trial for sedition, but he never became a lawyer. He taught theology and preached hundreds of sermons but never was a Doctor of Divinity. He held spiritual sway over thousands of men, and taught them politics, but he never became their captain. The perseverance with which he climbed up, up, up, to the last round but one of the ladder was wonderful. He was a remarkable man, a famous man, and very nearly a great man.

Thomas Cooper was one of my political school-

masters, and my religious confessor. Although in after-years we were wide apart in doctrine I have always regarded him with affection and respect. His lectures filled me with inspiration, they were so full of liberty. His talk was an eloquent appeal to the spirit of resistance against mastership and arbitrary government; and his heroes were the great apostles of revolutions, Washington, Luther, Mirabeau, and Cromwell. Whenever I read Macaulay's description of the struggle between King Charles and the Parliament, I always think of Cooper, for I seem to be reading the very words that Cooper spoke to us before Macaulay's history was written. In those days Cooper believed in the gospel of unbelief, and he preached it without fear. He told us that through doubt, and not through faith lay the way unto salvation. In after-years he believed otherwise, and much was made of that, as if his change of opinion had made something true or something false that was not so before. The belief of millions in a lie will not make a truth of it, and although millions doubt a truth, and never a man believe it, it remains a truth for ever. I have just received in a letter from an unknown friend a clipping from the *New York Christian Advocate*, which in a kindly tribute to the memory of Cooper says: "He continued his attack upon Christianity, being an abler man in argument than Robert J. Ingersoll, and no mean speaker. In 1856 he experienced a change of heart, became a true Christian, and began to lecture on religious questions in opposition to Bradlaugh, and other noted unbelievers." A true Christian he certainly was, not because he was a Christian but because he was true. He was a true Christian in his youth and in his old age, and he was a true Infidel in the middle period of his life. He would have been a true Mohammedan had he believed the Koran. Why is it necessary to emphasise a Christian as "true" as if there was a lurking doubt or suspicion somewhere about the title? George Julian Harney, in a calm, candid, and dignified sketch which appears in *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of July 23, says: "His mental changes from Wesleyanism to—well, I had best say—Straussism, and from ultra scepticism to evangelist Christianity, were startling. But he was always sincere—I may say, with no injustice, intolerantly sincere. Could he have lived to the age of Methuselah, and in the course of years have become Moslem, and at the end of another term Buddhist, and finally have veered round again to Christianity, or to d'Holbach's *Système de la nature*, and could I have witnessed such changes, I must have held Thomas Cooper to be in every instance equally sincere." I borrow from Harney the closing words of this farewell, "Honored, be the name and memory of Thomas Cooper. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

GISELA HEGELER.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

I was greatly moved by the address at Miss Hegeler's funeral, as given in *The Open Court*, and was especially touched by the expression, "She died in the bloom of her youth,"—and as you will see, those words, transposed, form the first line of the rhythmical testimony to her worth and the love of her friends for her—which I venture to send to your care.

I send this poem simply as a sympathetic expression to a bereaved family from one who has herself for twenty-eight years mourned the loss of a sister who died while her life was yet young and full of promise.

Yours Truly,

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

GISELA HEGELER.

"Life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."
WHITTIER.

In the bloom of her youth she died,—

Nay, rather, to life she arose,

Where the sweetness of youth should eternally bloom

And her soul all its beauty disclose.

She hath risen, and, far beyond pain,

Henceforth she will dwell in that joy

Where the gold of a blissful life knoweth no more

Earth's shadows and sorrow's alloy.

She dwells in your hearts, though you see her no more,

For the bonds of your love are not riven,

And the hour when you meet in the world of the Real,

Will be to you, surely, as Heaven.

And meet we all must, for, as Love claims its own,

While the lover has freedom and breath,

So love will endure, and its chosen ones greet

In the land where Life lords over Death.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[For the above poem and letter I hereby express my and my family's sincere thanks to Mrs. Hanaford. To the reader, who may not be acquainted with the positive psychology upon which as a foundation the work of *The Open Court* stands, I will say what again and again I tell myself, that we ARE the ideas and memories of which in the language of the day we erroneously say—that we have them.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.]

NOTES.

The great "Reunion Conferences" which were to be held during the present summer at Grindelwald, Switzerland, under the management of Dr. Lunn of London, editor of *The Review of the Churches*, are now in progress. Great numbers of people have gathered there, ostensibly not in the character of tourists to climb mountains, but as reformers and peace-makers, to remove some of "the obstacles which stand in the way of a real unification of some of the churches of Christendom." The *London Times* of July 25th, in a somewhat lengthy editorial comment, forcibly remarks upon the different methods practiced now and formerly for the solution of philosophical and religious problems. Anciently, "Men spoke directly to men; there was much belief in the efficacy of silent, soli-

tary reflection ; it had not dawned upon any one that crowds, committees, clever organisations, and machinery, and what engineers call 'the forced draft' created thereby, might dispose of questions which have baffled isolated theologians and scholars." It is admitted that all that good-fellowship can accomplish in such conferences, is accomplished. But good-fellowship is an inadequate basis of reunion and reconciliation, and brings with it all the varied temptations which are incident to such assemblies. People wish to be genial, and in the spirit of fraternity, suppress their true convictions. "The foundation of a durable peace," says *The Times*, "cannot be laid in the cloud land of sentiment." These remarks apply equally well to scientific and philosophical conventions generally. It is a mistake to believe that in these departments very much good is accomplished by conventions and conferences, except such as results from the contact of scientific individualities and the making of personal acquaintances. At the best, these conferences are simply to be regarded as scientific or religious outings, and those who go to them and especially those who read about them, should not deceive themselves as to their real purport.

The leading article of the present number of *The Open Court* is by a gentleman who has held the highest executive office of the State of Illinois. The subject of the article is one of interest to all our readers, and a discussion of it, a propos of the recent remarks of General Trumbull in "Current Topics," may be soon expected from the pen of Mr. E. C. Hegeler.

We have received from Mr. E. W. Scripture, Ph. D., a small pamphlet of four pages on "Education as a Science." It will be of great interest to teachers, pedagogues, etc., who expect in their department great results from the science of experimental psychology.

Prof. William James, of Harvard, has written for the August *Forum* an estimate of the scientific value of the work done by the Society for Psychical Research. The Professor thinks that many kinds of "spiritual manifestations," from ghosts to "séances" can be scientifically classified.

We have received the first number (July) of the *Folk-Lorist*, the periodical publication of the Chicago-Folk Lore Society. This magazine is edited by F. S. Bassett, Lieut. U. S. N., and will be devoted to the gathering and the publication of the traditional lore of the Western States. It will have, however, correspondents in all countries, and will interest itself in the collection everywhere of material important to the study of the history of mankind and to the solution of the problems of life. (Chicago: The Chicago Folk-Lore Society.)

THE PLAINT.

BY "IGNOTUS."

[Translated from the Italian by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea).]

I shed no tears: neither for love I gave
Which was betrayed, nor yet that it hath died;
Nor for those bitter fruits which in the pride
Of youth were gathered, did I solace crave.

To weep were cowardly! Within my heart
Fierce strength arose to meet the storm—a crowd
Of clamouring wrongs that called to me aloud:
No rancour to my soul could they impart.

Yet, sad am I. No foreground do I see.
To-day is thickly veiled, and light-winged Hope
(Which can exalt this life) shines not for me.
O happier he, perchance, on earth's rough slope,
Who can assuage his grief with groan or sigh:
The heart still shuddering knows nor speech nor cry!

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