

# The Open Court.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

No. 269. (VOL. VI.—42.)

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

Two Dollars per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

COPYRIGHT BY THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.—Reprints are permitted only on condition of giving full credit to Author and Publisher.

## OUR SAINT GEORGE OF THE THEATRE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

AMERICA owes one debt to George Washington which it has not recognised. He rescued a beautiful art from the dragon of Puritanism. When our revolutionary fathers began the defence of American liberty they straightway began to put it under lock and bolt. On October 16, 1778, Congress passed the following: "WHEREAS, frequenting play houses and theatrical entertainments has a fatal tendency to divert the minds of the people from a due attention to the means necessary to the defence of their country and preservation of their liberties; RESOLVED, That any person holding an office under the United States who shall act, promote, encourage, or attend such play, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office; and shall be accordingly dismissed." Thus was liberty trampled in the name of liberty. Long after independence of foreign oppression was secured the people of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, had to mourn their loss of personal independence. The theatre was rigidly prohibited by law in Boston, and was practically proscribed in Philadelphia. In New York patriotic and puritanical prejudices had been consolidated by the fact that its only theatre had been the "Theatre Royal" during the British occupation, and traditionally the scene of "British orgies." In 1785 an English company came to New York, and gave each play under the advertisement of "A Moral Lecture." But its disguise could not save the drama. There was but one place in America where theatre going was respectable, namely at Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia.

In his twentieth year George Washington first saw a play. It was in the Barbadoes. He entered in his journal: "Thursday 15 [November, 1752] was treated with a play ticket by Mr. Carter to see the Tragedy of George Barnwell acted: the character of Barnwell and several others was said to be well perform'd there was Musick a Dapted and regularly conducted by Mr." That, literally copied, is the only witness now remaining of the theatre at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, which has long disappeared. It may have been the means of engendering in Washington his love of the drama. In 1785 he wrote to General Knox, in Boston, ridicul-

ing the imposition by that city of "restraints which at no time even were agreeable and in these days of more liberty and indulgence will never be submitted to." Nevertheless, they were submitted to, and when Washington was inaugurated President of the United States, in 1789, there was hardly a respectable family north of the Potomac that would have ventured into a "playhouse."

At the time of the inauguration, the John Street theatre, the only one in New York, had been opened by a company from Williamsburg, Virginia. There they had played to the fashionable; in New York they were playing to the "dregs." But on the evening of the illuminations this theatre displayed a memorable picture of Fame crowning Washington with emblems of immortality. Soon after the President crowned Thespis, by giving the poor little theatre his powerful patronage. It so happened that on the evening of his first attendance the play was a rather questionable one. Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania enters in his diary, May 11, 1789: "I received a ticket from the President to use his box this evening at the theatre, being the first of his appearance at the playhouse since his entering on his office. Went. The President, Governor of the State [Clinton], Foreign Ministers, Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, M[aryland or Massachusetts], and South Carolina, and some ladies, in the same box. I am old and notices or attentions are lost on me. I could have wished some of my dear children in my place; they are young and would have enjoyed it. Long might they live to boast of having been seated in the same box with the first Character in the world. The play was the School for Scandal. I never liked it; indeed, I think it an indecent representation before ladies of character and virtue. The house greatly crowded, and I thought the players acted well; but I wish we had seen the Conscientious Lovers, or some one that inculcated more prudential manners."

On June 5, the President and his wife attended the performance of "The Clandestine Marriage," among their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, General and Mrs. Knox, and Baron Steuben. On June 10, was performed "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler,

## THE OPEN COURT.

the first purely American Play (according to Mr. Thomas McKee) ever performed by a company of professional actors. This work was published in 1790 by subscription, the list (556) being headed by "The President of the United States," and including many eminent names in all parts of the country,—the only New England name, however, being Isaiah Thomas of Massachusetts, whose subscription is the largest, 12 copies. The scene is laid in New York, and the Prologue was "written by a young gentleman of New York, and spoken by Mr. Wignell." The opening lines are :

"Exult each patriot heart!—this night is shewn  
A piece, which we may fairly call our own;  
Where the proud titles of 'My Lord!' 'Your grace!'  
To humble 'Mr.' and plain 'Sir' give place,  
Our Author pictures not from foreign climes  
The fashions or the follies of the times;  
But has confin'd the subject of his work  
To the gay scenes—the circles of New York."

It is doubtful whether Washington was present on June 10, but the play was eminently appropriate to the foundation of the new government. The hero, besides paying a tribute to Washington, expresses to the polished villain with foreign airs, his satisfaction in never having gone out of his own country. "When," says Dimple, "you shall have seen the brilliant exhibitions of Europe, you will learn to despise the amusements of this country as much as I do." "Therefore," replies Manly, "I do not wish to see them; for I can never esteem that knowledge valuable which tends to give me a distaste for my own country." The most important character is Jonathan, acted by Wignell. It is probable that the conventionalisation of "Brother Jonathan," as a stage figure, was partly derived from this creation of Royall Tyler. The New England horror of the theatre is satirised by Jonathan's experience in New York. He is shocked at the thought of a playhouse, but mentions going to a hocus-pocus show, where "they lifted up a great green cloth and let us look right into the next neighbor's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made so in that 'ere way?" Not regarding "listening to people's private business" as a sight, Jonathan tries to get his money back, and is told that it is "the school for scandalisation."

The most famous occasion on which the President visited the theatre in New York was November 24, 1789. This is entered in his diary: "Went to the play in the evening, sent tickets to the following ladies and gentlemen, and invited them to seats in my box, viz: Mrs. Adams (lady of the vice-president), General Schuyler and lady, Mr. King and lady, Major Butler and lady, Colonel Hamilton and lady, Mrs. Green, all of whom accepted and came, except Mrs. Butler, who was indisposed." This was the benefit of Thomas Wignell, and the play was the first performance of "Darby's Return," by the celebrated manager and play-

wright, William Dunlap. Darby is an Irish lad, who relates his adventures in New York to his friends in Ireland, and in his story occurred some lines concerning Washington.

"A man who fought to free the land from woe,  
*Like me*, had left his farm a-soldiering to go,  
Then having gained his point, he had, *like me*,  
Returned his own potato ground to see.  
But there he could not rest. With one accord  
He is called to be a kind of—not a lord—  
I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,  
For poor men love him just as he were poor."

When asked to describe his look, Darby says he did not see him, because he had mistaken a man, "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until the show was out of sight. Here, as Dunlap remembered, Washington, who had been embarrassed by previous allusions, "indulged in that which was with him extremely rare, a hearty laugh."

Few men by their gravity have produced more effect than Washington by this timely laugh. It was heard in all the states, and wreathed the political visage that had become so grim. It reported that Washington was enjoying the theatre, and broke down innumerable prejudices. "When the first citizen of the United States," says McKee, "the immortal Washington, attended in state as president to witness a first-night performance of an American play, the revolution was complete. At Boston a number of the most prominent, intelligent, and influential citizens assembled in town meetings, and passed resolutions instructing their representatives to demand of the legislature an immediate repeal of the laws against theatrical amusements, and upon such repeal being refused they subscribed the necessary funds to erect a theatre, and invited the American company to visit Boston to give a series of performances there, which invitation was accepted. There was some interference on the part of the authorities, but the new theatre was erected and performances publicly given there, while the prohibitory law became a dead letter."

This occasion of the first night of Dunlap's play,—his second, for he wrote forty-nine,—was also memorable as that of the first performance of the air now known as "Hail Columbia." The chief actor, Wignell, had requested a German (Fayles) to compose a piece of music suitable for the President's expected entrance, at his benefit. The result was this "Washington's March" (as it was first termed), which was played while the President and his wife were entering their box. The air was repeatedly encored, and the well-known words afterwards adapted to it. The orchestras ought surely to use that, instead of the "Star-Spangled Banner," at the close of performances, and the portrait of Washington should be in our every theatre. Before he left New York he had committed the chief statesmen of America to an approval of the

stage. Little as we can now realise the fact, it required rather more courage to confront and conquer Puritan prejudice against the theatre than to oppose George the Third.

### OUR RIGHT TO TRADE FREELY.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Nobody wants to be like that ridiculous character in "David Copperfield," Mr. Dick, who "was only allowed to rattle his money, and not to spend it." He could not buy any gingerbread, except at one shop where it was arranged that he should never have more than a shilling's worth a day. It would have been still worse for him, if he could not buy any more gingerbread there for his shilling, than he could not buy for a sixpence anywhere else. He would have been as badly off as we, American citizens, who pay twice as much for clothing, and many other articles, as we should do if any shopkeeper were allowed to sell them as cheaply as they could be imported under free trade.

The worst of it is that this violation of our right to spend our money in the best way for ourselves, involves a violation of our right to use our time and property in the best way for our fellow-men. Our government does no more than is wise and just in letting those of our physicians who study German or French books, in order to keep up with the progress of medicine, get them free of duty; and therefore it is foolish and unjust to oblige a doctor, or any one else, to pay duties of 25 per cent. on every English book or pamphlet, published within twenty years, and also upon every chart, map, or photograph, printed at any time or in any language. Knowledge has a right to advance, and no government has any right to hinder it. The farmer's right, to raise food as cheaply as he can, is fully acknowledged, not only in Great Britain, but also in Ireland and the Netherlands, where the tariff does nothing to increase the cost of his tools, machinery, wire, lumber, tin-ware, horses, or cattle. In these and many other respects, his right to carry on his own business is seriously interfered with by our own government, while it does little or nothing to raise the price of what he has to sell. Our maker of boots and shoes gets no more than his just right in being allowed to import his hides freely from every foreign country, with the exception of those whose hides we have lost by vain attempts at reciprocity. Our maker of carpets, flannels, or broadcloth would have no more than his rights, if he could import his wool just as freely. Start a woolen mill in Canada, or Great Britain, or Ireland, or Austria, or Germany; and you can have wool duty free. You get no more than your just right abroad; but you cannot get even that at home. Here you are compensated, in fact much more than compensated, by the high duties on cloth; but two wrongs do not make a right. You are obliged to put your prices too high to sell your goods anywhere but in the home-market, while your unfortunate fellow-citizens are obliged to pay twice as much as such goods would cost, if it were not for the tariff.

Our forefathers fought against Great Britain in hope of gaining a future freedom in commerce, as well as in politics, than could be enjoyed by her subjects. Shall we be satisfied with less liberty to use and increase our property than has been long established in her colonies, and even in Ireland? Are the merchants of Chicago and New York, the farmers of Illinois, or the manufacturers of New England so inferior in knowledge of their own business to Canadians, Irishmen, and Dutchmen, that they cannot be trusted to drive their own bargains? Is it necessary for Congress to tell the presidents of our railroads where to buy rails, or say to the builders of our great blocks of stores and offices, you must use such and such kinds of stone, lumber, and iron-work, or be fined for following your own judgement? Are we Americans too stupid to carry on any kind of business without this inevitable partner, who brings no capital, always has his own way, makes incessant

blunders, and takes what he pleases out of the profits, without caring if any money is left for the rest of the firm?

No government has any right to make one citizen's business unprofitable in order to make another citizen's more prosperous. Such injustice is peculiarly censurable in a government established for the benefit of all its citizens. I showed, in No. 262 of *The Open Court*, that precisely this injustice is now being done to many industries in Massachusetts, and also that it is an indispensable condition of a protective tariff. Protecting one industry means crippling others, as is the case when factories which could employ nearly a million operatives are checked, in order that a few men may enrich themselves in making tin-plate. America is, and ought to be, a great nation of manufacturers, but the one thing needed to keep her so is to give every industry an equal chance. Our tariff taxes articles, because they are produced more cheaply abroad than they can be at home; but this very fact makes them precisely what we can best afford to purchase. We are all the better able to buy them, because we pay for them by exporting what we produce more cheaply than our neighbors do. We can export nothing else. If we could produce nothing which our neighbors could afford to buy, we should do very little importing, even if it were put under a bounty instead of a tariff. We have a right to import freely, because that would enable us to export freely of what we can best afford to produce. And there are facts which show that free trade would be a decided benefit, in this way, to our factories.

They were enabled by the low tariffs of 1846 and 1857 to make almost twice as many dollars' worth of goods in 1860 as in 1850, and to export four times as many in 1860 as in 1845, while our farms doubled in value and "the prosperity of the country was general," as Mr. Blaine admits in "Twenty Years in Congress." No such gains have been made since; but our manufacturers have not yet been protected out of all capacity or courage to compete with foreigners. It is stated by a protectionist senator in the *Forum* for July that "nearly every article we can produce for export" can be sent from here to many parts of South America and the West Indies, and sold there "at prices much below those asked by European competitors." That this is the case with agricultural machinery in Australia and South Africa, as well as in South America, is stated by the president of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, who says that he and other manufacturers could do much more exporting if they had free raw materials. Two years ago Secretary Blaine and Senator Morrill gave in the *North American Review* lists of articles, like tools, locomotives, jewelry, silverware, brass and copper goods, carpets, agricultural implements, carriages, boots and shoes, watches, and pianos, in which America was underselling all the rest of the world in Canada. Among our exports during the two years ending with last June were twenty-five million dollars' worth of leather and leather goods, and fifty-seven of iron and steel in various forms, including six million dollars' worth of sewing-machines and four of locomotives.

Wages are peculiarly high in those of our industries which export so successfully. Our farmer, too, pays much more for labor than Europeans do, and can undersell them all at their own doors. Russia and Italy have very cheap labor, and export little else. New South Wales has the dearest labor in the world, considering the low cost of living, and the eight hour law, which has been for many years in force; but the value of her exports, in proportion to population, was five times as great in 1882 as it was in the United States in 1880. Her mills and factories increase steadily in number; and her ship-yards multiply while ours diminish. She has succeeded, as a manufacturer and an exporter, with high wages and low tariffs, while Russia has failed, with low wages and a very high tariff, and cannot even raise her own food. France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, like Russia, have much lower wages and higher tariffs than England; but she has undersold their manufacturers ever since she gave up protection. America was a great ex-

porter, under a low tariff, despite her high wages, forty years ago. High wages are no excuse for high tariffs.

Such wages are paid under every kind of tariffs; because wages depend upon the efficiency of the laborer. They rose nearly twenty per cent. here between 1850 and 1860, while the tariff fell. They are twice as high now in England as before she had free trade, though the cost of living is only one-half as great. They are higher here than in England, because our men do better work. Secretary Blaine said, in 1881: "Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalised by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor." A statistician in his department reported, in 1882, that the number of mechanics was the same here as in England, but the annual value produced here by them was twice as great. Wages are lower in Austria than here, or in England; but it costs twice as much to make a shoe in Vienna as in Lynn. You can hire Hindus to dig on a railroad for a dime a day; but a dollar will move no more earth there than in America. All over the world, labor is worth just what it costs; low wages mean poor work; and wages are high, where profits can be won from many markets. The better the market, the higher the wages. The only way a tariff can raise wages is by enlarging markets. How badly restriction from foreign markets depresses wages appears from the fact, that as stated in the Democratic platform, "Since the McKinley tariff went into operation there have been ten reductions of the wages of laboring men to one increase." That made at Homestead took place because the home market was becoming glutted with iron and steel goods; and the same would be the case in many other industries if men were not kept out of work by trusts, which are protected against competitors abroad by our high tariff. Senator Carlisle has shown that in the fifteen most highly protected industries, wages have gone down, while they have gone up in the industries least affected by our tariff. Our workmen have a right to the benefit of markets for their labor which cannot be destroyed by gluts or trusts; and they have also a right to say that life and labor shall not be made needlessly expensive for them by taxes on the materials of which their tools, clothes, and furniture are manufactured.

In spite of this restriction on cheapness and quality of production, our factories are already able to produce so cheaply and excellently as to justify the demand that they be allowed to produce freely. They defy competition, where they get no help from the tariff; and they should have no hindrance. We ask this not so much for the sake of the manufacturer, as for that of his operatives, and other customers in America who need more employment and cheaper goods.

The real justice of this demand lies in the fact that it is not merely for lower prices, but for higher morals. Our country has a great duty to do in teaching other nations not only the value of our innumerable inventions, but the truth of our ideas of the capacity of the people for self-government, of the equal rights of all mankind, of the just position of women, and of the dignity of labor. We have also much to learn from other nations, in art, science, philosophy, and even in politics. The Australian ballot and the system of competitive examination were well worth importing; and the lesson, how large cities can govern themselves efficiently and honestly, has yet to be taught us by Germany. All nations need to interchange ideas more freely; and one great obstacle to their doing so is that relic of barbarism which Herbert Spencer has recently denounced thus: "The suppression of international antagonisms is the one reform which will bring all other reforms." It would certainly free Europe from that constant cause of vice and poverty, the standing army, and thus deprive despotism of its strongest support. In making war impossible, it would prevent frequent interruption of industry, much wanton destruction of property and life, and indescribable dangers to women. It would refute the most plausible excuse for restraining individual liberty, set free science,

art, literature, and every other peaceable pursuit from the baleful competition of what has been called "the fool's profession," and restore to their rightful eminence such virtues as respect for others' rights, willingness to forgive injuries, and superiority to base indulgences. We all desire to have the nations feel more kindly towards each other, and the best way to bring this about is to enable them to interchange benefits freely. Among animals those are most sociable which are most useful to each other. The man who will never do a kindness, nor receive one, has very few friends. The lover wins his lady by serving her gladly, and accepting gratefully even the smallest favor. A nation which is willing to buy from her neighbors what she cannot produce so cheaply at home, is better able to interchange ideas and inventions with them, and less likely to be hurried into needless wars, than if it were the chief effort of her government to avoid importing on any terms. If free trade could be made as successful here as it has been for many years in Great Britain, Australia, and the Netherlands, other nations would follow the example, and the days of standing armies and despotisms would be numbered. Thomas Paine was right in saying, in "Rights of Man," "If commerce were permitted to act to the universal extent it is capable of, it would extirpate war." "It is a pacific system, operating to unite mankind by rendering nations useful to each other." Channing, too, says in his lecture on "The Present Age," "Free trade! This is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every port on earth to every product; this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this, a free nation should especially pledge itself."

THREE LETTERS FROM THE POET WHITTIER TO  
PROFESSOR GUNNING AND MRS.  
MARY GUNNING.

(First letter. To Professor Gunning.)

AMESBURY, 8, 7 MO., 1870.

Dear Friend:

I was called off soon after my return from Brooklyn to Providence and New Bedford, and in consequence I failed to acknowledge thy pamphlet\* which I have read with deep interest. It ought to have been published in the *Atlantic*. It is written tersely and vigorously, and its literary merit alone is noteworthy. The theme it discusses is a very grave and important one, and deserves the earnest consideration of scientific men and theologians.

I have read Alger's defense of Dickens. It is very brave and manly, and I thank him for it.†

I wish you much pleasure in your sea-side visit.

I am very truly thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(Second letter. To Mrs. Gunning.)

AMESBURY, March 21, 1889.

Dear Friend:

I thank thee for thy letter recalling the visits of my friend and thy dear husband.

I remember him as an able and eloquent investigator of natural law, and a serious inquirer into the great questions of life and duty.

He had the enthusiasm alike of science and humanity. I was, I remember, interested in some things he told me of what is called Spiritualism of which I had seen nothing very convincing, though I shared the hope with him that something might come out of it, of service to the world; so further confirmation of the miracu-

\* *Is it the Despair of Science? (The Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.)*

† At the time of the death of Dickens, several bitter and uncharitable attacks were made upon him in sermons preached in Boston pulpits. In reply to these, the Rev. William R. Alger presented an opposite view, in a discourse which was published under the title, *A Tribute to the Christian Genius of Charles Dickens.* It is to that discourse, to which Mr. Whittier here refers,

ous in nature and Scripture and human experience. I do not know as there is any reason why thee may not use my letters, but if it would not be too much trouble I would like to see copies of them before they are printed.

I am now in my 82nd year, and feeble in health. Almost all my old friends and acquaintances have gone before me.

I am dear Mrs. Gunning with much sympathy thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(Third letter. To Mrs. Gunning.)

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., April 7, 1889.

My Dear Mrs. Gunning:

I thank thee for thy deeply interesting letter, and for what thee say of thy husband's last days of labor and waiting.

I see no reason for withholding these letters of mine. Do with them as thee thinks best. I am glad to have them testify my regard for Professor Gunning.

I am truly thy friend

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I had thought to use them in a memorial sketch of my husband.

M. G.

#### SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

In the spring of 1870 Professor Gunning gave a series of lectures in Amesbury on "Nature Studies." The poet came every evening and seated himself among the learners.

The topic on one evening was "The Glacial Period," which comprised a history of the erratic boulders that lie scattered about everywhere in our latitude. These, the lecturer taught, had been wrenched from mountain ledges and carried to lower levels by ice floods or glaciers, which also ground from the rocks over which they passed, gravel, clay, and sand. The triturated rocks were spread over the country by melting glaciers, making a fertile soil for the uses of men. The lecturer took his audience, in imagination, to the high Alps, that they might see the glaciers doing their work, and then returned with them to New England, where the same work was doing a hundred thousand years ago, covering the primitive rock with a deep and fruitful soil. The moral of the lecture was "Through tribulation to fruit." In the peroration a quotation was used, from "The Preacher," in which the process of glaciation is converted into metaphor.

"Never on custom's oiled grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feel,  
The pool he troubled ere it heal,  
Ever from losses the right must gain,  
Every good have its birth of pain.  
The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
The tortured body from which he went."

The audience, all neighbors and friends of Mr. Whittier, recognised the quotation, and applauded, looking and smiling at Mr. Whittier, who also applauded as heartily as any. He did not recognise his own lines. After the audience went out he assured the lecturer that he had thought little about the glacier until that night, and was amazed that he could have written anything that applied so perfectly as the quotation. "Thee amazes me by my own words," he said. The lecturer replied, "Ah, but you poets are often wiser than you know." The clipping here subjoined was cut from last Saturday's *Journal*, and may be an account of Mr. Whittier's version of this incident.

To an Englishman who lately visited him, Mr. Whittier expressed his surprise that his guest should know so much of his poetry by heart. "I wonder,"

he said, "thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme. It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said, 'No, I don't; but it's good.' It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

About this time in the season of the mayflower, the lecturer was invited to bring the writer to visit Mr. Whittier, and a drive was planned to Kenosha Lake. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, I cannot say to this hour, but it rained the entire day of the appointment, a good, old-fashioned New England rain. No Lake Kenosha and no gathering of the mayflowers with the poet as guide, but instead there was a quiet time in the Amesbury home. The lecturer and our host conversed as only those can converse who have made life worth the telling. Unknown to one another until the lecture episode, both were children of the soil and of labor. The birth year of one was the year (1828) when the other wrote his famous letter to Garrison in Vermont, declaring against slavery. While the editorial office of one was sacked and burned by a pro-slavery mob in Pennsylvania, the other, yet a boy, in Ohio, was intrusted with the grave duty of helping runaway slaves by night, from station to station of the underground railroad to Canada. One had been schooled in the Puritan school house, and the other in the more primitive log-cabin of the West. One had earned means for advanced education by making shoes, and the other had been apprenticed to the tailor's art. One was given as a religious guide the "inner voice" of the Quaker. The other inherited the rigid rule of the Scotch Covenanter. Each had maintained full mental freedom unstained.

I remember best, after a mass of anecdotes of persons and places, the rehearsing of critical passages in the campaign for freedom. Now and then a terrible fire glowed in the dark eyes of the poet, after recalling some recent act of a "northern dough-face" in the times that tried the souls of those who hated slavery. The occasion has grown shadowy. The quiet apartments, the half-light of a rainy day, the refined repast, the souvenirs of noted people in the library and on the walls (among which was a bouquet which Phebe Cary had brought a day or two before), and the presiding genius of the poet, are all shadowy. I can remember neither our arrival nor leave-taking, neither welcome nor farewell, all was so simple and low-keyed. I had smuggled from home a pet copy of Mr. Whittier's poems to ask him to write his autograph on the fly-leaves of the volumes, and which some robber now possesses, autographs and all.

It is better so,—to recall only the shadowy impressions over which Time has had no power.

On the occasion of another lecture trip to Amesbury, a year or two later, Mr. Whittier and the lecturer while conversing, walked aimlessly about the streets. They were seen to halt before a window, at which a young child sat, back to the window, in a "high chair." They could see only the little head with fair curls shading the baby neck, and the white robe and bright sash. Mr. Whittier stood gazing on the figure of the unconscious child, and after a little passed on, musing silently. Neither of the grave seniors could (or would) recount again more of the musings, than the poet's words in "The Changeling."

"O, fair and sweet was the baby,  
Blue eyes and hair of gold."

Possibly the thoughts that centered for the time on the babe, were to the poet himself, unspeakable. To "The Angel of Shadow" this incident also has long been gathered, in the subdued but imperishable hues that Time sheds on all that is worthy of remembrance.

M. G.

WALTHAM, Sept. 17, '92.

## HYLO-IDEALISM, OR THE BRAIN-THEORY OF MIND AND MATTER.

"Take the Godhead into your own Being  
And it abdicates its Cosmic throne."—Schiller.

I trust some attention has already been given by the editor and readers of *The Open Court* and *The Monist* to the above interpretation of the universe, abstract and concrete, i. e. to perception and conception, alike traceable to apperception, by which subjectivation of the objective, a consistent Monism is reached, in which the solipsismal ego, or self is seen to be centre, radius, and circumference of all things. Things, indeed, during the process of apperception are quite transformed and dissolved into thoughts—a resolution of "dissolution" quite apocalyptic, opening up vistas, altogether incalculable, to the hitherto lettered mind and conduct of mankind. On its data deity is quite superseded by humanity and the latter collective term by egotism. Without this solipsismal assumption, a visional assumption, when rightly contemplated, seen to be self-evident, freewill seems utterly visionary. On its realisation, determinism and indeterminism are recognised as identical. For if there be no will, accessible to each of us, but our own, chance and destiny are at once reconciled. As indeed Epicurus of old saw and Napoleon, in later times, did not. Even Julius Caesar, with whom Lord Byron compares the Corsican, to the disadvantage of the latter, is somewhat shaky on this special point. As for Augustus, he was the victim of every kind of good-devil augury, vitiating entirely his claim to be considered a rational being and only, as Dean Swift says, *capax rationis*. If things be so, if in every separate brain there is a separate universe of percepts and concepts, all traditional and authoritative systems fall to the ground. And first among these, the foundation of morality on religion, with which reason, as apprehended by the *Zeitgeist* of our *fin de siècle* generation, is utterly incompatible. I hope the fulcrum on which I place my lever to move the world is approximately seen. If so, materialism is self-evidently formulated in so far as the brain, though only mentally apprehended, like every thing and every nothing else, can only be logically apprehended as a corporeal structure. What is falsely termed "spirit," therefore, of which theism is only a segment, falls quite out of the play, as only the manifestation, or function, of our somatic organism, and all knowledge must thus, ultimately, be categorised as states of individual consciousness—creation, therefore, of each individual brain. Identify indeed, every form of consciousness, as this synthesis does, with cerebration, and we see, at a glance, that solipsismal egoism is the maker and founder, *vice* the effete notion of deism, of all the worlds, which is, in other words, affirming that our only knowledge of the universe and its contents, can only be (by *synecdoche*) phenomenal—a quality entirely ratified by exact scientific research. I say by *synecdoche*—as, putting a part for the whole—phenomena having only reference to one of the five senses, viz., vision, held to be the noblest—and leaving out of sight, smelling, tasting, hearing, and touch as usually understood; though in reality, all forms of sense have touch, in some shape or other, for their basis. The above seems so clear and conclusive that further attempts to elaborate its meaning could only complicate and confuse us. Its acceptance quite condemns the present principles on which the world, in every civilised country, but in none more than in England, is governed. The slightest interference of "spiritualism," as in deities, supernal or infernal, is quite fatal to rationalism. Idealism, as formulated by hylo-zoism and hylo-idealism, is nowadays, and for at least sixty years past, what spiritualism claimed, and, indeed, still claims to be. Without allusion to other evidences of equal validity I am quite willing to test the above proposition by the following instance, viz., on the identity of the organic and inorganic kingdoms—an identity *satis superque* demonstrated by the artificial manufacture, in the laboratory, of the latter into the former since Wobler's experiments on *urea* in 1828.

This fact surely alone proves that there is no real partition between what at first sight seems two distinct spheres. Or, in other words, that in so-called vital organisms no factor enters other than is present in ordinary matter—an element overlooked of late years, long after 1828, by men of exceptional genius as Faraday, and G. H. Lewes, as indeed by Tyndall, Sir G. Stokes, Wallace, Adams, etc., of to-day, and indeed paltered with even by Mr. Darwin, whose excuse is that he did not wish to ruffle too strongly the prejudices of "good men"! At bottom the question is an anatomical one.

R. LEWINS, M. D.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

THE death of Tenyson leaves England without a poet, or at least, without a poet of Tennyson's rank; and the literary stature of him grows colossal when the wise men begin to look about for one of equal quality to take his place as laureate. This duty was begun as soon as the prophet's eyes were closed, for there is a wierd fascination in a dead man's shoes. If he held an office we immediately begin to fit them on to various candidates; and sometimes we try them on ourselves. Where an office is involved our maxim is, "business first, sentiment last"; we cannot give precedence even to the funeral, nor wait for the closing of the grave. Sometimes our enterprise anticipates death. I once knew a lawyer who went to a dying judge and got him to sign a petition recommending the said lawyer for the impending vacancy on the bench. Such thrift, however, is rare; we generally wait until five minutes after the death of the incumbent before we seek his place; and this appears to be the custom in England, judging by the premature speculations of the English press concerning a successor to Tennyson. As soon as we heard that the poet laureate was dead, we immediately went into a sort of literary caucus and began to "nominate" candidates for the succession, thinking that our advice and opinion would have weight with Mr. Gladstone. As there is not anybody now in England that the shoes of Tennyson will fit, the Prime Minister has an excellent reason for leaving the office of laureate vacant, or for abolishing it altogether. It is a comical anachronism now. A court poet rhyming flatteries to a king is out of date; especially in England. His ancient colleague, the court jester, became obsolete long ago. As laureates like Shadwell, Cibber, Nahum Tate, and Pye, could not lower the office, neither could laureates like Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson raise it. Tennyson's official poetry, except, perhaps, the welcome to the Princess Alexandra, is lame in the feet; it is mere limping versification, without art or inspiration in it. It was dear at the price, although the salary of the laureate is not large. With Tennyson, the office of laureate can die with becoming dignity, a copy of Shakespeare in his hand.

\* \* \*

As compared with former times there appears to be no spirit in the political campaign this year, not even whiskey. Vehement appeals to "turn out," and "rally" for "reform" and various other impossible things, have not the force they formerly had. The "rousing" oratory of the stump speaker puts men to sleep this year, and the jokes of the platform clown fall dead. "It's like talking to tombstones," remarked a silver-tongued stumper to me the other day. "Why! you remember that old joke of mine about the puppies getting their eyes open? Well, sir, that used to make a roar of laughter, and this year it fails to provoke a smile. The public taste is not so cultivated as it formerly was." I suggested that perhaps the tariff had something to do with it. "How so?" he said. "Well," I replied, "the tariff is an interesting theme, and quail is delicious meat, but eating a quail a day for thirty days will tire the appetite of any man, although the feat has been done occasionally for a wager. The tariff is our political quail; and you cannot offer a bet big enough to tempt a man to make a mental meal of it every day for six months." I think the Republicans are

entitled to the thanks of the country for breaking the monotony of the debate by warning us against a Wild Cat Currency, which they tell us is hidden somewhere down in the Democratic plan. Senator Hill in his New York speech tried to make the war of 1812 an issue in the campaign, but there was no market for it; and I fear it is now too late to get anything better for a relish than the question of a Wild Cat Currency.

\* \* \*

One reason given for the spiritless character of the present campaign is that both candidates are so eminently respectable and safe that the contest is thereby deprived of interest; but this really appears to me to be a reason for greater enthusiasm on both sides. It is also said that there is not money enough in either corruption fund to spiritualise the struggle; and another excuse is that there is not literature enough distributed among the people free. There is something plaintive in the yearning of one of the "doubtful" state committees for more circulating libraries, as appears by the following dispatch to the Chairman of the National Committee at New York: "Meeting of full committee yesterday. Outlook not so favorable. We need national speakers, and 500,000 pieces of literature touching labor." The literature here called for is the illustrated kind, printed by the government on thin sheets of paper, white on the front, and green on the back, biographical on one side and historical on the other, pictures of eminent men on the obverse and of celebrated scenes on the reverse side, such as the Landing of Columbus, Washington crossing the Delaware, DeSoto discovering the Mississippi river, and other events equally attractive and interesting to "labor." As the case now stands between the "two great parties" in that very "doubtful" state, I believe that 500,000 pieces of such literature judiciously circulated will make the "ticket" of either absolutely safe; unless, of course, the rival party has a library of equal size. A ripple of agitation appears on the surface of the campaign when it appears in the papers that Judge Brown, a lifelong Republican, has gone over to the Democrats, and that General Jones, a lifelong Democrat, has gone over to the Republicans, but these incidents are merely wrinkles on the sea. Not until more pieces of literature touching labor are distributed shall we hear that in Jenkins county "the woods is full of democrats" yelling for Cleveland, and that in Tompkins county "the prairies are on fire" for Harrison.

\* \* \*

I have received a circular from an enterprising firm in Chicago commending to my notice a patent flambeau, which by a very ingenious chemical and mechanical arrangement shoots a six foot flame into the sky, so that a procession of republican or democratic patriots armed with the patent flambeau becomes literally a marching conflagration. I know not why the circular was sent to me, as I have long since quit carrying torches in a political campaign, because I have seen the folly of doing so, and not because I am no longer young enough to enjoy the excitement of an illuminated march; but sent it was, and as I gave it a cynical reading I wondered whether I made light of it because I had grown wise, or because my pulses had grown chill. In addition to many other virtues claimed for the flambeau, it is "warranted to create enthusiasm." As this quality appears to be lacking in the present campaign, I thought it my duty to hand the circular to a friend of mine who has been very busy failing to create enthusiasm for the past three months at the headquarters of the state central committee. He gratefully took it and promised to try the patent flambeau as a party stimulant, but he probably did not have pieces of literature enough to do it, for the fire engines have not yet been called on to put out the enthusiasm which the flambeau ought to have aroused. We are pouring superabundant honors upon the explorer who discovered America, and I think that some of them might be spared for the man who discovered a mechanical means to create enthusiasm.

A very effective though rather expensive way to "roll up" a majority for the ticket, was the plan of sending carriages round to bring tardy and reluctant voters to the polls; and I have known men so ambitious for a carriage ride that they would stay at home all day, knowing that one committee or the other would send for them in time. Those very same persons linger on the way to heaven thinking that the angel Gabriel will send a carriage for them and take them up to the golden city in style. It was a weakness of the negroes of the south in the good old slavery days, that they cared little for the heavenly journey unless they could make it in a "chariot." It is a proud and perverse generation that requires literally to be hauled along the way of salvation, but this is the condition to which we have come at last, as appears by the following call for theological carriages which I find in *The Congregationalist*, "Why should not gospel wagons be sent into the country neighborhoods with invitations to the inhabitants to ride into town and attend public services there?" Well! the reason why not is this: the Congregationalist, or any other Christian who will not go to church unless he is hauled there in a "gospel wagon" is not worth hauling. In addition to the luxury of a wagon ride *The Congregationalist* offers these inducements. "It would give them opportunities to become better acquainted with one another, to hear good preaching, to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance and to join in public worship, to which they have grown indifferent after having been at first deprived of it. We believe that many a church might much enlarge its influence by maintaining such a gospel wagon." I do not like to volunteer advice to the churches, although they have never been delicate about giving advice to me, but I think that if they should maintain gospel wagons, the vehicles would become denominational and sectarian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and so on, which would necessarily stimulate unbrotherly competition for passengers; and besides, each church in a spirit of Christian endeavor would seek to make its own gospel wagon a little more luxurious and attractive than the others. Of this rivalry the indolent brethren would surely take advantage. Church attendance would be diminished, for every worshipper would at last require to be hauled in a gospel wagon.

\* \* \*

The prosecution of the Homestead laborers for treason is a moral victory for them. They may now exclaim with Patrick Henry "If this be treason, make the most of it." It throws grave suspicions on the cause of the masters, that they have been driven for vindication to conjure up the ghost of that sanguinary old fantasy known as "treason"; and in sarcastic harmony with all the other parts of the serio-comic play, it has been ordered that the Homestead men shall be tried by a "king's jury." Every forward step taken by social and political civilisation since governments began was an act of treason in its time; and there never was a scarcity of judges to declare it so. The law of treason has to be dug out of mouldy statutes, and the antiquated and foolish decisions of hired courts. A great newspaper, complimenting the charge of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, wherein he expounded the tory law of treason, says: "It is essentially the ruling of the judge in the Chicago anarchist cases, which ruling was sustained by the Supreme court of Illinois." The compliment is deserved, but it might be made stronger by saying also that it was essentially the ruling of Judge Jeffries at the trial of Alice Lisle, when that "distinguished jurist" went the "bloody circuit" in the west, a little more than two hundred years ago; which ruling, by a happy coincidence "was sustained" by king James the Second. The attainder of Alice Lisle was reversed in the next generation, as the American attainders of this generation will be reversed in due time. Alice Lisle was put to death, but king James himself was driven from the throne a few years afterward for tyranny, which according to Lord Byron is "the worst of treasons." And our own Lowell, with the heroic blood of historic traitors coursing through

his veins, and inspiring his genius as he wrote, has told us that "The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed; man is more than constitutions." The great newspaper aforesaid insinuates also that "the time has come when heroic treatment is necessary, and that the Homestead affair must be used to teach disorderly strikers that they must obey the laws." This has ever been the cant of kings. It was the exhortation of Strafford to King Charles, urging him to that career of tyranny which brought king and minister to the block; although instead of "heroic," Strafford used the word "thorough." It is the excuse condemned by grand old Milton, himself a traitor, where he says:

"Necessity,  
The tyrant's plea excused his devilish deeds."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

[The last note of General Trumbull seems to us to call for special editorial comment. Is not our highly esteemed contributor here carried away by his sympathy for one party—viz. the strikers—and thus become unjust toward the other—the state? His glorification of treason is a masterpiece of eloquence; it is excellent in sentiment, and breathes a lofty love of freedom, but it seems to us that it is not sound in logic and so will not stand.

The impeachment of the Homestead strikers for treason was made in the name of the state—of the same state whose authority was inconsiderately trampled under foot by the strikers. In our American society where the state as a rule is so little thought of, so often ridiculed, and sometimes even despised, it is praiseworthy that the chief justice of Pennsylvania courageously stands up for the dignity of the state. The state is that power which protects peaceful citizens in their industrial pursuits; it protects also our liberal institutions, freedom of thought, free speech, and a free press. Without the protection of our liberties we could not fearlessly publish all sides of a question as we actually do.

What is treason? Treason is that crime which directly attempts to undermine the existence of the state.

While it is true that all ruling classes such as usurpers, tyrants, monopolies, aristocracies, and castes, are in the habit of branding every attempt at reform or progress as treason, General Trumbull goes too far in speaking of treason as the ghost of a sanguinary old phantasy. He exalts treason; and his argument makes it appear as if real felonious treason did not exist. The state in order to maintain itself must defend itself against treason. The state that suffers treason not only becomes ridiculous but will soon terminate its existence.

What would become of society if General Trumbull's view should prevail! Guiteau must have read similar encomiums on the sublimity of treason. With General Trumbull's argument, he could at least regard his impeachment as a "moral victory." Being condemned for felony and murder, he suffered, in his own opinion, the death of a reformer and martyr. It was more pitiable than grotesque when that poor, misguided wretch died on the scaffold with the shout "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" on his lips.

The Chicago Anarchists were tried for murder and for conspiracy to murder, a crime of which they were not guilty, at least of which they were not proved to be guilty. They should have been tried for treason. *The Open Court* was strongly opposed to their execution, and since that time we have not changed our opinion. The execution of the convicted anarchists was neither fair nor just because public opinion was, during the trial, too much excited to make an impartial judgment possible. We believe that in the case of anarchists, as in all similar cases, clemency should be used. In the case of the anarchists we must not forget that society as a whole was not without grievous faults; society not only tolerated their rampant speeches, but whole classes, among them many respectable citizens and great daily newspapers, approved of the dynamite method of warfare of class against class.

It was not recommended for our trouble at home, but it was encouraged in England and Ireland. As soon as the evil results appeared, the severity of the law was too suddenly resorted to. Nor should we forget that the anarchists were not common criminals, but were misguided idealists.

But exactly because misguided men are too easily carried away and led to commit criminal acts, strikers should be carefully informed that a difference exists between the legitimate aspiration of improving their condition and treason.

Lowell is right when saying that man is more than constitutions. So life is more than the rules of health. But the state is not less than the citizens of the state. A state is a real and indeed a superpersonal being. States have been preserved and must be preserved even at the sacrifice of many human lives.

We grant that that state is the best which allows as much liberty as possible to its citizens. So far the principle of individualism is quite right. The highest ideal of a state is therefore a republic. A republic is a state in which all the citizens are sovereign kings. The principle of individualism that pervades republican institutions is good. But an individualism that goes to the extent of abolishing the state, that poops his authority and threatens its very existence, throws us back into the barbarity of savage anarchism.

Concerning the Homestead trial, we demand that every reason for clemency be heard and respected; let us also make ample allowance for the sentiments of the men implicated in the affair. They cannot be regarded as common criminals, even though they committed criminal offenses. But on the other hand let everybody know it, and let everybody mind it, that employers as well as laborers, the companies plotting a lockout and the strikers quitting work, in short, that everybody without exception, must obey the laws, and that the state will not and cannot suffer its authority to be disregarded.—[En.]

## THE OPEN COURT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

TERMS THROUGHOUT THE POSTAL UNION:

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

\$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

All communications should be addressed to

**THE OPEN COURT,**

(Nixon Building, 175 La Salle Street.)

P. O. DRAWER F.

CHICAGO, ILL.

### CONTENTS OF NO. 269.

OUR SAINT GEORGE OF THE THEATRE. MONCURE D. CONWAY.....	3423
OUR RIGHT TO TRADE FREELY. F. M. HOLLAND.....	3425
THREE LETTERS FROM THE POET WHITTIER TO PROFESSOR GUNNING AND MRS. MARY GUNNING. M. G.....	3426
SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER. M. G.....	3427
HYLO-IDEALISM, OR THE BRAIN-THEORY OF MIND AND MATTER. R. LEWINS, M. D.....	3428
CURRENT TOPICS: The Poet Laureate. A Spiritless Campaign. Campaign Literature. Flambeau Enthusi- asm. Gospel Wagons. The Law of Treason [With Editorial Comment]. GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.....	3428