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EARL GREY ON RECIPROCITY.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE election is over, and we may now take a non-partisan view of the ethics and economics which animated the campaign. We may now examine the "burning issues of the hour" without appearing to support the candidates of either party.

During the summer I received a letter from Earl Grey on the subject of "international reciprocity," a political expedient abandoned by the English government forty-five years ago, but which having been imported free of duty into this country has had a flattering "run" of popularity for several political seasons; a piece of good luck which often attends the revival in America of a mouldy comedy obsolete in England. "Reciprocity," as played in the United States is a friendly compromise wherein one party says to the other, "We will agree that you are half right, if you will agree that we are only half wrong."

As an introduction to the letter, I ought to say that Earl Grey, when he sat in the House of Commons as Viscount Howick, did more to promote the Free Trade revolution than is generally known. His abilities as a reasoner and a debater on the Free Trade side have never been fully acknowledged, because it is a breach of etiquette to accuse an English nobleman of knowing anything so practical as political economy. It is true that the "American Cyclopedia" says of him that, "When the Peel administration came in, Earl Grey earned the reputation of being one of the most brilliant men of the opposition"; but this praise has not been so generously given to him by his own countrymen, for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" neglects him altogether; at least, that edition of it published in the United States.

I have withheld the letter until this time because I did not have express permission to print it, and because I feared that it might be regarded as merely a "campaign document." Both reasons are now out of the way, and so I present it as interesting in itself, and for its historic value. At the time whereof it speaks, Sir Robert Peel was prime minister of England, chief of the Tories, and leader of the Protection party, with

Mr. Gladstone acting as his first lieutenant in the House of Commons. As Mr. Gladstone was then a member of the cabinet, it is very probable that he was chosen by the prime minister himself to defend the "reciprocity" system against the assault of Mr. Ricardo. Whether this be so or not, Lord Grey gives us a picturesque illustration of the intellectual magic that converted Peel. But here is the letter:

Howick, Northumberland, August 11, 1892,

Dear Sir:

I have only this morning received your letter of July 25th, in consequence of its having been directed to a house in London which I parted with long since. The book you have been so good as to send me reached me several days ago, and I only deferred thanking you for it sooner because I have not yet had time to do more than glance over it very hastily, but having now received your letter I will not put off writing to you any longer.

I will, as soon as I can do so, read it more carefully, as I shall be much interested especially by that part of it which relates to the struggle now going on in the United States for the relief of your trade from the absurd restrictions to which it is now subject, and I rejoice to think from such information as I possess that the prospects of the advocates of commercial freedom are very distinctly improving.

Even the imperfect manner in which I have only as yet been able to look at your book, has been sufficient to convince me that your account of the struggle in this country which began half a century ago is substantially correct, at least I have not detected an error in it of the slightest importance, though of course there are points of detail on which your information is imperfect. These are now of little interest for the most part, but there is one point on which I may tell you what you can hardly be aware of and may interest you.

I consider that of all the debates that took place on the question none proved so practically important as those on Mr. Ricardo's motions condemning the policy of seeking for what is called reciprocity from foreign nations when we admitted their produce to our markets. The addresses condemning this proposal which he moved in 1843 and 1844 were introduced by speeches of first rate ability and produced a very remarkable effect. He showed conclusively that it would be impossible to make any effectual progress towards freer trade while the policy of insisting upon reciprocity was adhered to, and that this policy had for its base the false notion that formerly prevailed among commercial nations that it was their interest to secure what was called a favorable balance of trade. The importance of these debates and especially of that of 1844 consisted in the effect they produced on the mind of Sir Robert Peel. When the House was counted out in 1844, I left it with Mr. Ricardo and another friend, and as we walked away I said to Mr. Ricardo, "Though we have been counted out you have gained your object, for I am much mistaken if you have not con-

verted Sir Robert Peel." This opinion was founded on my having watched carefully Sir Robert's demeanor, during the debate, and especially while Mr. Gladstone was speaking in reply to Mr. Ricardo, when I saw what I considered to be clear signs that Sir Robert felt that the attempted answer had altogether failed, and that Mr. Ricardo's argument was irresistible. The event proved that I was right in that conclusion; after the debate I have referred to, Sir Robert Peel never renewed the attempts he had previously made to obtain concessions for our merchants from foreign powers by negotiation, and all his subsequent reductions of the duties on imports were made without the slightest reference to whether the nations from which they came did or did not admit British goods on reasonable terms. In 1846 he emphatically insisted upon that being our right policy. Allow me to add that I am

Yours sincerely,

GREY.

P. S. I think the two pamphlets may possibly be of some interest to you, which I send you by book post. The greater part of what I have said in the small one, published in 1881, has since been repeated in other publications, but it is somewhat curious in consequence of the anticipation it expresses (which has since been completely fulfilled) that no relief of British produce from the high duties it was subject to in most foreign ports was likely to be obtained by negotiations.

* * *

That letter serves me as the text for a few remarks; and in the first place I find by reference to the parliamentary debates that the man who replied to Mr. Gladstone, was Lord Grey himself. His reasoning appears to me to have been morally and politically strong, and it may have had some influence on the mind of Sir Robert Peel; but of this Lord Grey modestly says nothing. He credits all the impression made upon Peel to the affirmative strength of Mr. Ricardo, and the negative weakness of Mr. Gladstone. Conceding that, other problems appear; for instance, Did not Mr. Gladstone sympathise in Peel's disappointment? And did he himself not feel that "his attempted answer had altogether failed"? In other words, Did he believe himself that night? Was he merely an actor, cast by the stage manager for a certain part, and playing it as well as he could? Many a time it has been my fortune to listen to the rhetorical tintinnabulations of a politician protesting overmuch, and convincing me at last that he was not making a speech, but singing a party song in prose, believing neither in the words of it, nor in the sentiment.

On the shelf in front of me at this moment is a bust of Mr. Gladstone, and I put myself into psychological communion with it. Peering into its mysterious and unfathomable depths, and calling its attention to the historic debate of 1844, I put this question to the graven image, "Were you sincere in the argument you made that night; and did you believe what you said?" And the effigy answers in the eloquent language of the Sphinx—not a word.

It is hard for Englishmen to understand American humor; and so Earl Grey innocently believes that the

peripatetic troubadours who went about the country in the purple autumn singing the song of "Tariff Reform" were genuine "advocates of commercial freedom." Some of them were, but not many; and he will be equally in error if he thinks that the wandering minstrels of the rival party were all believers in commercial slavery. Many statesmen of high rank in the Democratic party are protectionists in faith, while among the leaders of the Republican party are many believers in Free Trade. Some day there will be an exchange of prisoners between the opposing armies, and then party lines will be drawn on principles, instead of on mere professions used as bids for votes.

As soon as the election was over the victorious Democrats, who had made "commercial freedom" the supreme issue in a political contest involving the whole government of the United States for four years, laughed out, and said, "The tariff is not in politics; it is purely a business question." Perhaps Lord Grey does not see any comedy in that, but I do. The exaggerated impudence of it is worthy of Mark Twain. There are some "tariff reformers" in the United States who believe that one arm of Commerce ought to be liberated by the admission of raw materials free of duty, but they also believe, as an act of compensation, that the other arm ought to be tied a little tighter by an extra bit of string.

In one of Lever's novels, an Irish schoolmaster impressing upon a pupil the importance of mathematics explains to him that in addition to its other advantages, it will make him "cute in thrade." Thinking of that, I am reminded that if the Americans have one vanity greater than another, it is the comfortable conceit that they are "cute in thrade"; and therefore it is amazing to see them fascinated as they have lately been by that scheme of international commerce which goes by the name of "Reciprocity," or trading by treaty; the only system of trading, as I have often said, wherein both parties try to get the worst of the bargain, and give more than they get. This, for the sake of what they inversely call "a favorable balance of trade"; a balance which makes them proud because it shows that they have given more for less. This is anything but "cute," and it is not at all the manner in which the Americans trade among themselves.

Lord Grey speaks of the "balance of trade" theory, as a "false notion that formerly prevailed among commercial nations," as if it were something like the belief in witchcraft that "formerly prevailed." This is anticipating freedom; for the United States, although a commercial nation, cherishes the superstition as affectionately as England ever did, as religiously as did Sir Robert Peel before Mr. Ricardo exorcised it from that statesman's mind and policy. We shall get rid of it in time, but not until then.

TWO PHASES OF RENAN'S LIFE.

THE FAITH OF 1850 AND THE DOUBT OF 1890.

BY PROF. JOHN DEWEY.

I HAVE been much interested in the recent articles upon Renan in *The Open Court*, and hope that the discussion may not end at once. Particularly do I hope that the discussion of his "Future of Science" may continue, as I think that book is far from having received the attention, or exercised the influence, it deserves. Many things in it tend to arouse interest. The way in which the great philosophic formulations of Germany, just then losing currency as official doctrine, were continued by passing over into the attitude and atmosphere of science, especially of historic science, is a point fastening attention. That which in Hegel had been an attempt at a comprehensive philosophising of the universe has become, in Renan, the conception and method of the science of philology. The conception of philology is a science of the human intellect as a single whole developing throughout all history, and having its record in language, in a sense which understands by language all records which the human race has left of itself, whether in the *form* of language, or in its substance—in literature. The method (and this is 1848) is fixed by the idea of evolution. "The science of man will only then be placed in its true light when students realise that consciousness is evolved—that it only attains its plenitude after having gone through diverse phases. . . . The great progress of modern thought has been the substitution of the category of *evolution* for that of *being*; . . . formerly everything was conceived as 'being,' as an accomplished fact; people spoke of law, of religion, of politics, of poetry in an absolute fashion. At present everything is conceived as in process of *formation*." (P. 169. I refer to the American translation.) And when we go on to consider the law of evolution: from the undifferentiated homogeneous, the syncrete, through the multiplicity which results from analysis, to a synthesis which comprehends, while it never destroys, the multiplicity: when we consider this, the transference of the Hegelian doctrine becomes even more marked. It is the same law, only considered now as the law of historic growth, not as the dialectic unfolding of the absolute.

Remembering the date, Renan's protest against the psychology of the time and his sketch of its true course attains importance. His protest is directed against the static and purely individual character of the current psychology. Psychology has confined itself to a study of the human intellect in its mature state. The necessity for the future is a form of psychology which Renan, significantly enough, terms an *embryogeny* of the human soul, a psychology which shall study the first ap-

pearance and gradual development of those powers which we now have ready-made. Not less striking, in its prevision, is the idea that this genetic science is to deal equally with the race and with the individual in their growth from infancy. Surely there is something more than a chance anticipation of the modern conception of the relation of ontogeny and phylogeny when Renan says, "Each individual travels in his turn along the line which the whole of mankind has followed, and the series of the development of human reason is parallel to the progress of individual reason." Aside, then, from the study of childhood, Renan suggests as a method of reproducing the mind of the past, the products, the monuments in which the mind has recorded itself. Chief of these records is language. "The deep study of its mechanism and history will always prove the most efficacious means of mastering primeval psychology." Through this study we should get, Renan goes on to say, "the facts which interested the mind at its first awakening, the influences that affected it, the laws that governed it. Beyond this, psychology is to give less emphasis, less absoluteness, to the manifestations of psychical life in the individual and more to those of humanity. History itself, in final definition is to be conceived as the psychology of humanity." (Pp. 152-168.)

Of interest again is Renan's grasp of the conflict which is always going on between specialisation and generalisation in science, and his idea of the way to direct the conflict, so as to sustain the minimum of loss. The discussion is of special interest in connection with the present reaction against Renan's work as too viewy, too given to broad generalisation, lacking in the detailed element of technical research. The balance is difficult to keep, but certainly Renan's theory cannot be charged with erring in this direction, and if his practice errs the next generation may count the error no more heinous than that of a devotion to detail which carefully ignores all larger meaning. On one side, Renan demands an ever increasing amount of specialistic work, of monographs, of technical research, on every point however minute. Although the "grand" histories have already been attempted, yet without more numerous and extensive monographs, their real history cannot be written short of a century. He even goes to the point of saying that the "true heroes of science are they, who, capable of the loftiest views have been able to resign themselves to the rôle of humble monographers." And again, "the specialist-savant, instead of deserting the true arena of humanity, is the one who labors most efficaciously to the progress of the intellect, seeing that he alone can provide us with the materials for constructions." But all this is no excuse for the isolation and dispersion which exists at present. "The great present obstacle is the dispersion of work.

the self-isolation among special studies which renders the labors of the philologist available only to himself and a small number engaged in the same subject." The defect is not in the multiplicity or minuteness of investigations, but in the fact that there is no machinery for distributing them, no apparatus for condensing and concentrating the results of the special research of one so as to put them at the disposal of all others. It is a form of egotism which insists that one's monograph shall always remain in just the state in which one wrote it; which resists all reduction of it to its gist so as to make it available, in its net outcome, for any and all investigators. The real need is for organisation, for control not of the liberty of individual specialisation, but of the results so reached. Our ideal must be to reproduce on a large scale the ideal attained, in small, in certain monastic orders—a grand scientific workshop. (Pp. 212-240.)

Suggestive as are all these and many other special discussions of Renan, the most important thing to my mind is, after all, the conception which Renan had, in 1850, of the universal—the social, the religious significance of science and his partial retraction of this faith in 1890. The book in question, "The Future of Science," was written, it may be of interest to recall, in 1848 and 1849. It was the outcome of the conflux of two movements—the growth of the scientific spirit in Renan in his progress out of Catholicism and of the political movement which found its expression in the various revolutions of '48. The volume breathes a constant and bracing tone of optimism: the "Future of Science" is not the future of erudition nor yet of knowledge as such. It is a social future, a development of humanity, which Renan has in mind. This was the origin of the book—"the need I felt of summing up in a volume the new (i. e., social) faith which had replaced the shattered Catholicism." But just as he was ready to publish he went to Italy in connection with certain researches in the literary history of France and in Averroism. The artistic side of life, till then, as he says, closed to him, opened; it unbent him. Nearly all his ideals of 1848 vanished as impossible of realisation. He became, as he puts it, reconciled to reality—a world in which "a great deal of evil is the necessary condition to any good, in which an imperceptible amount of aroma requires for its extraction an enormous *caput mortuum* of dead matter." Was he reconciled to reality? or was it that the æsthetic spell passed over him, that he went to Italy a democrat—a believer in the universal function of science—and returned an aristocrat—sceptical of the intellectual and artistic life as one capable of being shared in by any beyond the select few? However it was, when he came back to his volume it no longer satisfied him, either in substance or in style. The *coup d'état*,

happening soon after, added the finishing touch. The result was the Renan with whom we are most familiar: the man quite disillusioned, quite conscious of the impossibility of deciding among the multitude of ends which life presents, something of a dilettante, but always sympathetic and always conscientiously bent on the faithful culture of that spot of ground which belonged to him to till. The contrast between the enthusiast of 1848, apparently most interested in science because of the social mission of science, and the Renan of 1890, purposely ignoring its social function, is one of the most interesting things that I know of in literary history. I cannot do better than to close these remarks with a quotation from the *Moderne Geister* of Brandes. After quoting the later creed of Renan as summed up in the saying, "The scholar is a spectator in the universe; he knows the universe belongs to him only as an object of study," he goes on: "it is difficult to measure the demoralising effect upon French scholars exercised by the Second Empire; how their life became accommodated to the *fait accompli*. Everywhere under Napoleon III. the higher French culture is characterised by an inclination to quietism and fatalism. Traces of this influence are to be seen everywhere. Complete freedom from enthusiasm was quite synonymous with culture and ripeness of judgment." Brandes quotes what Renan said to him in disparagement of universal education: in contrast read the enthusiastic plea for universal culture in the "Future of Science" and the transition is before you.

The Renan of 1848 wrote: "The most sublime works are those which humanity has made collectively and to which no name can be attached. . . . What do I care for the man that stands between humanity and me? What do I care for the insignificant syllables of his name? That name itself is a lie; it is not he; it is the nation; it is humanity toiling at a point of space and time that is the real author." In 1871, in his "Intellectual and Moral Reform" Renan writes: "At its outset, civilisation was an aristocratic accomplishment: it was the work of a very few—nobles and priests—who made it obtain through what the democrats call the imposition of force. The continued preservation of civilisation is also the work of the aristocratic class." In 1848 he wrote: "Only one course remains and that is to broaden the basis of the family and to find room for all at the banqueting table of light. . . . The aristocracy constitutes an odious monopoly if it does not set before it for its aim the tutelage of the masses—their gradual elevation." In 1871, his tone is: "The people properly so-called and the peasantry, to-day the absolute masters of the house, are in reality only intruders, wasps who have usurped possession of a hive they did not build."

FRENCH FREETHINKERS.

BY DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

ERNEST RENAN, the "arch-heretic," as the orators of the Sorbonne called him, was a Unitarian of the Theodore Parker type, and the gospel of universal tolerance had no more eloquent defender. How did the apostle of that charitable creed happen to become the bugbear of his pious countrymen?

In explanation, a lover of fairness might mention a revival of the Holy Inquisition in Henry county, Tennessee, where three "Seventh Day Adventists" were recently sentenced to the workhouse for a violation of the Sabbath laws. Their trial established the fact that the defendants were, in other respects, model citizens, and the prosecution admitted that hunters, fishermen, and picnickers had in hundreds of cases broken the Sabbath with impunity, but the unpardoned offence of the Adventists consisted in claiming a right where others had risked only a peccadillo, and setting up a new moral standard of their own where others had only occasionally ignored that of their neighbors.

Renan, too, had ventured to set up a new standard of faith, and was made the scapegoat of sins that had been condoned to scores of less scrupulous offenders. Besides, he had been educated in the seminary of the Abbé Dupanloup, and his colleagues could not forgive his desertion: "*On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens*," as Edmund About expressed it.

Renan, however, disdained to resent the virulence of his enemies by trying to deserve it, and remained conservative to the last. In the controversies of Levy-Talman's soirees, he generally assumed the rôle of a moderator. He detested the ostentatious infidelity of the Berthelot clique, and the "high-priests of atheism" never ceased to banter his compromise dogmas. "He is on the road to Lourdes" (the French Loretto), said Henri Rochefort when the venerable dissenter talked about passing a winter in the South of France.

In 1887 Renan, at the advice of his physician, visited the gymnasium of the Rue Montfort, where some of his friends caught him in the act of trying to climb a rope-ladder by the hand-over-hand process. "He wants to practice the Jacob's ladder trick," said M. de Chavannes, "because he realises his inability to get to heaven in the ordinary fashion." Victor Hugo, too, advised him to add a biography of St. Peter, (he had published a work on St. Paul) so he could intercede for him with the doorkeeper of heaven. That time Renan could not suppress a repartee. "If Hugo ever does get there," he said, "his first impulse will be to compliment the Lord on his success in the act of creating an author of his talents,"—by way of quizzing Hugo's mania of self-esteem, which now and then really bordered on the sublime.

In questions of literature, Renan had, indeed, very

strong opinions of his own, and was not afraid to express them, at the risk of provoking additional heresy-crusades. With all his predilection for the Semitic races he lost no opportunity for repeating his protests against the "intolerable platitudes of the Koran," a code of faith which in one of his works ("The Future of Science," p. 372) he defines as "from beginning to end a medley of sophisms and absolute nonsense." Shakespeare he thought overrated, but acknowledged the transcendent genius of Lord Byron and denounced Tom Moore's consent to "burn the autobiography of his friend in order to propitiate a set of British bigots," as "all in all the meanest act recorded in sacred or profane history." His American favorites were Irving and Emerson, and he thought Longfellow "head and shoulders above any English laureate, and, indeed, any living English poet, Arnold (Edwin) perhaps excepted." "The light of Asia," he said, "is both too immortal and too heterodox to leave its author a shadow of a chance for a niche in Westminster Abbey; to which remarkable pantheon the required passport does not seem to be genius, but a capacity for mental prostitution, alias, conformity to established dogmas. An honor conceded to Southey and refused to Byron will yet come to be avoided as an intellectual stigma." He called Walter Scott the "British Homer," but when Taine asked him for his opinion of Percy Shelley, he shrugged his shoulders. "That poetic youth," he said, "would have made a fine Buddhist; his lyrics breathe weariness of the present world without much confidence in the chance of a hereafter."

There is a story of a Kansas deacon who personally objected to the use of strong language, but who, on one occasion, invited a cowboy to mount his mule cart and do some swearing for him. With a similar refinement of casuistry Renan encouraged the literary desperado Cluseret to try his talent on the swaggering Kaiser, though on general principles he objected to the dagger-tongue of the French Thersites. Cluseret had not spared even the victor of Sedan, and on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday observed that "he would probably hang on ten years longer, to avoid meeting the First Napoleon in the other world," and when his eccentric grandson proposed to write the history of the Hohenzollerns backward, so as to begin the chronicle of the dynasty with his own person and wind it up with the reign of the Great Elector—"yes, I see, he must be a Darwinian," said Cluseret, "and starts out with the description of an ape, to lead up to the appearance of man."

Renan was so tickled with that conceit that he called his friend Berthelot's monkey "Guillaume," but Berthelot himself went much further and when Billy surprised his subjects with a Puritan sabbath-law, Berthelot at once closed his chemical laboratory on

Thursday and worked it under full steam on the first day of the week.

Their mutual friend Lockroy "the Ex-minister of Education," contented himself with defending the liberty of public amusements on the day when ninety-nine of a hundred laborers get their only chance of leisure, but never wearied of quizzing the zeal of a New York saint who bought up a line of street-cars to prevent his fellow-citizens from enjoying a ride on Sunday. "If he hears that Berthelot's ape rode his dog last Sunday," he said, "he will probably send an agent across to buy up all French poodles." "His readers," he added, "get a quotation from scripture with every copy, and I shouldn't wonder if before long some enterprising Yankee rival does not offer his subscribers free baptism or a free bottle of unction-oil."

The same daring radical recommended "civil baptism" as a supplement to the civil marriages of the code Napoleon, and when his colleague, M. Hippolyte Taine, proposed to debate the question, if the teachers of a public school have the right to discuss theology during the recess of regular lessons, "Why of course, they have," said Lockroy, "as plain a right as to state their theories on the size of the man in the moon."

Agnosticism could certainly not go much further, but Lockroy made it a point to "drop controversies at the brink of the Styx," and on the day after Renan's death was the first to urge his right to the honors of a national funeral. That proposition was as cordially seconded by the Rabbi Cavagna, one of the few persons who had ever succeeded in staggering Renan by this talent of sarcasm. "Oh, then I take it all back," he said, when he learned that Renan had received fifteen thousand francs for his "History of Israel." "Take what back?" "Why, my remark about the unprofitable study of Hebrew antiquities."

"Defend yourself as you like," Renan once told him in a spirit of banter, "but you cannot deny the suspicious fact that in all countries of Christendom Jews are dreaded as cheats."

"*Mais oui*" smiled the Rabbi, "*c'est que vous étiez trompé si furieusement par un Juif de naissance.*" "*Ou de demi-naissance,*" he added, to obviate misunderstandings about the godless drift of his repartee.

In the long run Renan could condone witty imperfections of that sort much easier than the stupid rage of his orthodox opponents: "They want to wear out my patience by the persistence of their attacks, but, like Henry Heine, I could forgive all their raucor, if it was a little less tedious. They have not even the ingenuity of malice; in their blind wrath they explode their gunpowder in kegs and barrels—instead of using it in a scientific rifle."

Still, after reading the attacks upon his fellow-martyr, Strauss, he thanked his stars for having been

born on the west side of the Rhine. In 1886 he wore out his shoes in trying to hunt up a job for a poor student of theology who had been expelled from Leipsic on a charge of rationalistic tendencies.

"What trouble you Saxons could have saved us and yourselves," said he, "if you had not betrayed Napoleon in 1813,"—alluding to the Saxon troops who changed sides in the crisis of the battle of Leipsic.

Like most French savants, Renan followed the "by-trade of politics," and his day-dreams often reverted to the glories of the First Empire, "when the voice of a demi-god seemed to revive the age of heroism."

"The fates were kind to him, after all; St. Helena was a lesser evil," said he once, after perusing a column of political home-news: "Government committees for the elaboration of a medal to reward achievements in millinery! He escaped the doom of witnessing such exploits of the great nation."

Next to a death by violence (sure to be recorded as a "judgment") the great dissenter dreaded a lingering disease that "might tempt the mind to repudiate the work of his saner moods."

Renan was spared that ordeal. His last illness, though preceded by warning symptoms, was brief and comparatively painless. An attack of the grippe, contracted by a carriage ride and a subsequent visit to a crowded lecture-hall, brought on a congestion of the lungs, and on the first of October, Renan formally took leave of his friends. Metaphysical speculations and political auguries (rather pessimistic as to the prospects of continental Europe) were mingled with sallies of facetious humor, as when he requested his publisher to "scare the proof-readers with the vengeance of his ghost," and "not let the flies make additions to the diacritical points of his Hebrew manuscripts."

Towards evening General Ferrier and De Freycinet, the Minister of War, were introduced by M. Berthelot, but found the patient asleep, and contented themselves with entering their names in the visitors' book. About sunset Renan opened his eyes and pressed the hand of his wife. "Yes, I am going under," said he, "*mais qu'est-ce qu'un pauvre bateau?*" The great stream of time goes on forever."

At midnight his mind began to wander. "I see flying birds before my inner eye," said he once in his half-dream, "they are traveling cranes, do they want to guide my soul home? Life is a child of the tropics, and our northern trees stretch their arms to the South like homesick exiles to their native land."

At five he turned his face to the window. "Yes, I shall have light on my way, as well as guides," he muttered, and died just as the south-eastern sky heralded the dawn of a bright morning.

AN EDDY IN SCIENCE.

BY PAUL R. SHIPMAN.

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, the naturalist, in closing his lecture entitled "Biogen," sums up his views on the origin of life in the following interrogatories:

1) "What is the difference between a Godless, self-created, always-existent cosmos of matter-in-motion, and any perpetual-motion machine which men have dreamed of inventing, but which philosophy declares impossible?"

2) "What is the difference between any mechanical or chemical theory of the origin of life, and that spontaneous generation of life which science declares unknown?"

3) "What is the chemico-physical difference between a live amoeba and a dead one? And if there be no chemical or physical difference, in what does the great difference consist?"

4) "What is the principal difference between a living human being and his dead body, if it be not the presence or absence of the soul? And, if it be nothing like this, what, then, is it more like?"

To these in their order the following answers, among others, may be offered, although scientific thought has reached a stage, and is swinging forward at a pace, which might well be deemed to supersede the necessity, if not the use, of an answer.

1) The machine would be finite, yet absolute—self-dependent; the cosmos is both infinite and absolute. The former is a contradiction; the reverse of the latter is inconceivable. They differ by the whole diameter of being.

2) Nothing; only science, instead of declaring unknown the "spontaneous generation of life" at one stage of the earth's development, declares positively, through a group of her most authoritative exponents, that the admission of such generation is a logical necessity. And certainly this declaration is not less consistent than positive, seeing that science accepts evolution, and evolution necessitates *abiogenesis* at some time.

3) The chemical difference, whatever it may be, depends primarily on the physical difference, which consists in the balance between the internal forces of the amoeba, and the external forces playing on it, the maintenance of which balance is life, the destruction of it death.

But the destruction of this balance involves the dissipation of both sets of forces, leaving behind the mere body of the organism, emptied of its own forces, and severed from the corresponding ones of the environment. The difference between a live amoeba and a dead one is thus, at the lowest, the sum of these balanced forces—in itself an enormous difference, but

purely physical. The mere body of the amoeba is a broken hulk. Analysing it for the cause of life is like melting down a piston-head to find out the principle of the steam-engine.

4) It is bad enough, at this late day, for a man of science to look into the crucible for the secret of life; but to make the failure of his quest the ground and sole support of the exploded hypothesis of a vital principle—a true cause, a real entity, at the same time immaterial, as well as self-conscious—is too bad. Verily, the stream of science, like other streams, has eddies, and this is one of them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DOES THE STATE EXIST?"

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:—

It seems to me that the question "Does the State exist?" may be answered quite truthfully either "yes" or "no", according to the definition which is attached to the question on any particular occasion, and that therefore (owing to the variety of definitions) the question in itself, that is, when unaccompanied by a definition, is indeterminate and useless. Taking the definition you have given on page 3451, to wit: "a modern offshoot of society which on a special and limited territory has established itself, and . . . has codified the most important of its relations (and, it may be added, the most trifling) in statutes called laws," and the answer "yes" follows almost as a matter of course. It is as if one had asked "Does the Roman Catholic Church exist?" or "Does the People's Party exist?" or, "Does Tammany Hall exist?" for no one questions the fact that groups of people, more or less compactly bound together under these various names act concertedly within certain limits and toward certain ends, which is one way of existing.

'Tis easy to see, however, that men do not agree as to the definition of the word "State"; and I submit a few definitions, (each of which has its advocates), with my answer to each.

State:

1. A divine institution, the depositary of special privileges delegated to it by God; the officers of which, as God's agents, are entitled to special respect and implicit obedience. "Does the State in this sense exist?"

No; it is a theological air-castle.

2. "A moral being, with a will, a conscience, a history, a responsibility." (This is the definition of no less a politician than Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.)

No; the State is far too loosely constructed to warrant this view.

3. "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

No;—rather let us say a government of the people, by some people, for some people.

4. "A loving mother. . . . working for humanity, caring for the weak and feeble, loyal to all that is good, loving liberty, protecting the toiling masses, reverencing all that gives the Christ-like qualities in men."

[This picture, paraphrased just enough to change the grammatical construction, is the utterance (probably for campaign purposes only) of one of the most successful demagogues of the day—the young man who was lately re-chosen Governor of Massachusetts, and it may fairly be called a political air-castle. It is so far from being truthful as this: that probably the State, on ac-

count of its slowness to adapt its rules and methods to modern life, and the ease with which excuses for rascality may be found in its mass of un repealed laws and decisions, does more harm than good to humanity, while its love, loyalty and reverence are obviously mythical. The State, as Governor Russell uses the word here, emphatically does not exist.

5. An association of officials and politicians, with their adherents (numbering the major part of the adult males, and many more) somewhat loosely held together by the varying pressure of the bonds of old custom, superstition, (political and religious,) local and "national" pride and self-interest, taxing and ruling the people by intimidation and force.

"Does the State, in this sense, exist?" Yes, verily; and withal flourisheth, and magnifieth itself greatly in men's eyes, and taketh up great space in the daily papers, and supposeth itself, and is supposed to be the greatest thing in the country. But—let it be noted well—the claim which is so often made by its supporters, that it is *rightfully* in possession of the powers it wields, and ought to be obeyed by every one in the land, rests on the same foundation which supported the tortoise that in the old fable supported the elephant, that in his turn supported the earth—to wit: on nothing.

"Does the State exist?" Yes—and No—that is,—it depends.

Respectfully,

THEODORE P. PERKINS.

To the Editor of *The Open Court* :—

Pardon my persistence in pressing my point. The word state, as you say, is invented to describe facts. This word state, I have admitted, may be used to describe all the relations among men which are compulsory, resting ultimately on the power of compulsory taxation, and the thing state, so described, I have said must vanish. You, on your part admit that government must vanish. Now government itself is essentially that power of taxation upon which rest the resulting relations, which I have called the state; and, in admitting that government must vanish, you virtually admit that the state, as described, must vanish also.

But perhaps you claim that there are some other "facts" which you call the state—the ideal state, if you will.

What are these facts which you so designate?

All the voluntary relations among men I have grouped as society, in contradistinction to the compulsory, which I have called the state.

Are there any others? If there are none, either the ideal state does not exist, or you are applying it to one or the other group, either to the voluntary or compulsory social relations.

Perhaps though there are other relations.

The only other relations that I know are such as, although apparently voluntary, are done, not with full freedom, but with bias that results from thinking that what does not exist exists; from believing, for example, in a god, or in the Unknowable, or in a superhuman entity called the State.

This is the state that I have called a pumpkin-head. It is the last object of superstitious reverence. Driven from our idols in other forms we have taken to worshiping Duty, the Right and so on, each of us assuming that he knows the will of this divine Duty, and that he is commissioned by Duty to club into submission all who respect not the Right. With these vague idols of ideals the State, with a big S, must rank; with these and all other idols and ideals it must perish.

What I will is for me the only right.

If my actions are suited to accomplish my desires they are perfect. You may point out that my actions are mistaken, or inadequate, or calculated to defeat other desires; but if you attempt to control my actions, not because they invade your liberty, but

out of deference to some supposed Duty, or State, or other fetich, of which you allege yourself to be the hierophant, you enslave me and remain a slave yourself, or a tyrant, which is the same thing.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

NOTES.

Gen. M. M. Trumbull must have had a hard time during the last election campaign. As a prominent member of the Grand Army he is by tradition a stout Republican and by conviction an advocate of unequivocal free trade. We know not how he voted, nor what pangs of conscience he endured either in deserting his old party or in voting for the prolongation of its unjust policy.

The correspondence of this number has reference to the editorial "Does the State Exist?" in No. 272 of *The Open Court*. The editor intends to publish a few additional articles on the subject which may be expected in the middle of January of the next year.

Prof. John Dewey will trace the change wrought in Renan's life, from the enthusiasm for science in 1848 to the resignation of the disillusioned savant of 1890, in another article which will appear in the first or second number of the new year.

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