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THE EFFEMINISATION OF MAN.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

SOME of our state legislation is calculated to promote effeminacy. I refer especially to the laws which forbid public boxing-matches. It is the associations now attending these events that render them obnoxious to the orderly members of society, and not the boxing. The mental and physical training which this art requires are of the greatest possible value to a man and should be encouraged, instead of condemned, as is now the fashion. The prevailing expression at least, on this subject, shows how widely the effeminisation of man has extended in this country. The supposition that physical courage should not be developed and exercised is preposterous. The sentimentality that grieves over the wounds of the contestants, while the latter are willing or anxious to receive them, is greatly misplaced. The men who stand before each other in the arena are there voluntarily to give and to take; and they do so without malice as a general rule. Of course, it is impossible for an effeminate man, as it is for a woman, to understand how a man can receive blows without becoming angry. But a cool head is essential to success in all conflicts, and the training which develops this trait, which is nascent, if not well developed in most men, is of great value to them.

It is true that the most conspicuous prize-fighters are not members of the educated classes, and are frequently men of inferior type. Are we to infer from this that physical and mental courage are lost to man as he advances in culture? If so, we have a sad prospect before us as a race. But such a result is not necessary. The best type of man will not appear in the prize-ring as it is at present conducted, nor does he wish to become a law-breaker. As it is, the reform of the prize-ring is an urgent necessity, but not its abolition. The first step in this direction is the suppression of betting on the result. This would deprive the sport of most of the charm which it possesses for the vicious classes. In order to prevent this practice, special police or deputies might be employed, or a commission to superintend sports of all descriptions, including horse-racing, might be appointed by a court. The importance of athletic training of both men and

horses is sufficient to render it a proper subject of rational, and not irrational, legislation. Such a commission or commissioner might also act as dramatic critic, so that useful, and not injurious plays, might be presented on the boards of our theatres. In other words, we would suggest that each State have in its employ a man whose office should be that of censor of public amusements. Such an office and its functions will sound rather paternal to some ears; but we are finding out in this country that mob-rule is more tyrannical than paternalism; as witness the absurd laws that now stand in the way of the popular sport of boxing, on the one hand, and the perfect freedom to produce any kind of corrupting play in the theatre, on the other. Witness also the freedom to become intoxicated, on the one hand, and the refusal to allow cheap musical concerts, which prevent drinking, in saloons, on the other.

The popularity of athletic sports at the present time will prove most useful to us as a race. The time has, however, not yet arrived when self-defence can be entirely dispensed with. If we must have self-defence, that kind which avoids the use of mortal weapons is to be preferred. How much more manly is the British defence with the fist, than the knife of the Latin, or the pistol of the American. Defence is accomplished, and, perhaps, punishment inflicted, but life is not lost. Training in boxing is in the interest of humanity, and those who wish to see the pistol abolished in this country should encourage it. The increase in crimes against the person, of late years, probably due to the immigration of the worst classes of Europe, shows that we cannot yet do without self-defence.

These remarks are apropos of the recent arrest under the laws of Indiana of certain well-known pugilistic athletes, and the obstructions to exhibitions of boxing raised in California and elsewhere. In Philadelphia a recent exhibition of sparring by Mitchell attracted a respectable audience, which crowded the large Academy of Music. The authorities made some feeble efforts to prevent the exhibition, in conformity with the law, but wisely refrained from extreme measures. I leave to the imagination of my readers what would be the effect of woman suffrage on the situation.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BRAHMAN.

BY RICHARD GARBE.

[CONTINUED.]

VI. THE SAHIB AND THE AGHORI.

The sun was already sinking in the west when Ramchandra approached the well-known burning Ghat on the bank. He was musing at the last words of the Purohit and spoke half aloud :

"I think too much! Should I not be allowed to do that? Does not the whole world and all that is in it challenge thinking? Wherever I turn there is a chain of unsolved riddles. The course of nature, is it not a mystery, and shall it not concern me? Even our sacred books, are they not full of problems, and, as it seems to me, of contradictions? The teachers indeed explain all contradictions as only apparent, or as intentionally thrown in, so that the inquiring student shall exert himself to find the truth. And yet, it often seems to me that the context does not admit of the teacher's explanation. Alas! I am yet far, far from the other shore of our wisdom, where peace dwells. I struggle with the flood, and I *will* pass over, but many times the current seizes me, as if it would force me down into the fearful deep. Peace, Ramchandra! You will not sink, if you cling to the one thing which is firmly grounded, which has defied and will defy all storms,—the laws of Brahmanism."

Suddenly his thoughts took another turn. "But what did the Purohit mean when he looked so searchingly at me, and asked whether my ambitious thirst for knowledge was the only reason for my unwedded life? What could he mean? Nonsense!"

He slackened his pace, for he had now almost reached the burning Ghat. "To-day shall the body of Lilavati be consigned to the flames," he mused. "She herself tarries elsewhere and enjoys the purest happiness which is her portion as a reward for her dutiful life. But what a life it was! More miserable than that of a jackal or a pariah dog, who gnaws bones and moistens its thirsty tongue with water as often as he pleases. And how many thousands, millions, of poor widows have thus endured and suffered! Even Gopa might—unendurable thought!"

His lips quivered, and he looked up. There he saw Mr. White, the Judge, his pupil, sitting upon a block of stone, and holding a tablet in his hand, on which he sketched the dilapidated structures which fringed the banks of the river.

Ramchandra approached and addressed him: "Salaam, Sahib!"

Mr. White raised his head and said: "Well met, Ramchandra, salaam! Sit down with me a while. I like this place and have been here this morning to look at the bathing Hindus. As often as I come down early to the Ghats, I see with new delight this through

in gay costumes. A truly wonderful picture! I wish I were an artist and could paint it."

"See, Sahib," answered the Brahman, "when I look upon the morning-bath of the Hindus, what a different feeling stirs me. To me the devotion of the masses is elevating; a hymn springs to my lips when I see how thousands are impelled by holy inspiration—"

Mr. White smiled: "Or by the power of habit."

Ramchandra frowned, but, without heeding the interruption, continued: "To wash away the sins of the preceding day by a bath in the Ganges. And you, you say 'a wonderful picture,' and wish to paint it. I shall never understand you."

"The better I understand you."

"Well," said Ramchandra, "you have the advantage of knowing more of our, than I of your, people. Tell me, Sahib," he continued, after a few moments of reflexion, "how it is that you, who place so much value on purity; you, who go always in painfully neat clothing, can eat and drink in the presence of people who are not of your class? Do you not feel the pollution?"

"No, Ramchandra," replied the European, laughing, "why should we. With you the idea is inculcated, perhaps inborn; inherited from generation to generation during centuries, since the custom was introduced."

"The custom!" exclaimed Ramchandra, "since the custom was introduced! You do not believe, then, that the law is as old as the world, that it was the will of the Creator from the beginning, upon this holy ground of India, to separate the castes in all the necessities of life? But no, you cannot understand it, so let us not discuss the subject. Tell me something else. You Sahibs, who are so political and world-wise, who have subdued the earth, who understand how to bring the mysterious forces of nature under your control, how is it that you are so blinded as to watch so little the virtue of your wives, man's most sacred possession. Your women live as you do, do what seems good to them, go where they please; they jest with other men as with their own husbands—"

"And, nevertheless, are as virtuous as your Indian women," interrupted Mr. White. "True virtue needs no guardian, it protects itself. Learn to know our women, Ramchandra, and their nature will be a revelation to you."

"I believe you, Sahib, for I know that you do not deceive me," said Ramchandra. Shaking his head he continued: "But it is strange, most wonderful. Think you that the Indian women could bear unlimited freedom?"

"Certainly, if they were educated as ours are."

"That is impossible, of course. Your customs are

odd, incomprehensible. As you all eat and drink together, so you marry promiscuously, so that one cannot say of your children, of what class, or what nature they are !”

“Yes, Ramchandra,” answered the Englishman, “we marry, as you say, promiscuously, just as education, circumstances, and above all, affection draw us together.”

“And you approve of that? I will not refer to our law books, for they are nothing to you. But look about you in nature. Does it not teach the divine law? Do you not see that in the world of animals each species lives by itself? Do they not shun the companionship of each other? Does the tiger mate with the panther, or the eagle with the vulture? And in the world of men shall the Brahman wed the merchant’s daughter, the merchant wed the soldier’s daughter, or the soldier be married to a coolie maiden?”

“Incomprehensible blindness !”

“No, Sahib, *you* are blind, that you do not see the bounds which have been established by the celestial gods. You, in your foolishness, have destroyed them, and therefore redemption is beyond your reach for all time.”

“There again, Ramchandra,” said Mr. White calmly, “you touch upon something about which I hold a different opinion from you. The redemption, that is, the emancipation of the individual soul from the pains of mundane existence, all your systems which I have studied with you, propose to attain through the medium of the intellect, through this or that knowledge. I seek redemption by morality, and I believe that every one may attain to it in this life. The disciples of Buddha, the enlightened one, whom you Brahmans have driven out of your land, have approached nearer to the true understanding of redemption than you. Do not be angered again, Ramchandra, but answer me one more question. Do not all those whom you have mentioned, the Brahman, the merchant, the soldier, the coolie, and all your other numerous castes, belong to the one race of man?”

“No,” replied Ramchandra, with decision, “the word *man* only designates similarity of structure, it means a being which has head, trunk, arms, and legs, but it does not mean race.”

“I ought to have been prepared for that answer from you,” said the judge. He was thoughtfully silent for a time and then questioned: “Of course you do not doubt, Ramchandra, that you have perfectly pure and unmixed Brahman blood in your veins?”

“I do not !” answered Ramchandra earnestly, “and I request you not to doubt it. It touches my most sacred, my only possession.”

But Mr. White was not accustomed, when he had something on his mind, to give up the pursuit. “Have

you ever,” he queried, “seen your countenance in a mirror?”

“Certainly,” replied the Brahman, angrily, “but what has that to do with it?”

“Then you must have seen that your features are very different from those of the Brahmans in this land.”

“No wonder ; I am a native of Rajputana.”

“Yet there is a peculiarity in your face which I have not found in any other Brahman countenance in other parts of India. Just listen quietly to what I have to say to you, Ramchandra. Do you not know that in olden times, before your present law books came into authority, there were not such strict laws in your land concerning marriage as at present? If a man married as his first wife a maiden of his own caste, he was allowed to take other wives out of the lower castes, and all the children, from which ever mother they were descended, followed the caste of the father. So a woman of the soldier or peasant caste could have a Brahman son. Now, remember, Ramchandra, how few Brahmans there are in Rajputana, and think of the noble, distinguished soldier-families of your fatherland. Do you not believe that your ancestors might have been attracted by the proud daughters of that caste, at a time when this was allowable? Believe me, there flows more soldier blood than Brahman blood in your veins, and your whole character shows it. Were I in your place I should be proud of such an admixture of strength.”

Ramchandra’s brow was contracted, and his face bore a gloomy expression. He had never thought of these things, which had now been so clearly set before him. Why should he indeed? Even in our day the Brahmans are so sensitive upon this point, that they are angry if one applies these simple facts to their ancestry. But how should he refute the Sahib? At last Ramchandra replied: “To know descent and blood one must belong to our people. A strong voice within me tells me that you are wrong.”

The two men, absorbed in conversation, did not notice that during the latter part of their talk they had been observed. Five or six Brahmans who passed that way stood at a little distance, looking at them with no kindly glances.

“There is Ramchandra again with the Sahib ; the two seem to be quite inseparable,” remarked one of them.

“I do not trust Ramchandra,” said a second one ; and after a pause he added: “I hate Ramchandra.”

The first suggested ironically: “Of course, since the Sahib, after a few days of your instruction, dismissed you and chose Ramchandra. He seems to understand his part better.”

The insulted man cast at the speaker a venomous glance, which clearly showed how deeply the thrust had

wounded him, and replied: "The Sahib's conduct displeased me, and on that account I left him. But I should think that you above all had little cause for such scorn. Perhaps you think we do not know that a few weeks ago you were unsuccessful in the competition with Ramchandra for the prize offered by the Raja of Darbhanga."

A third Brahman stepped between them to settle the quarrel: "Do not be angry; we all have cause enough to dislike the haughty Ramchandra. He always speaks to us as if he were better than we."

"And the torrent of his speech," put in another, "cuts short every discussion. It is annoying to be silenced by him, who is so young a man. Look at him! he speaks now just as haughtily to the Sahib."

The one who was first ridiculed here saw his chance of taunting all who had before mocked him, and said: "Only that the Sahib laughs and is not silenced."

The speaker did not notice the remark, but only expressed his surprise at White's behavior. "I cannot understand the Sahib; his countrymen usually do not tolerate such conduct on the part of our people."

Suddenly there was a movement, and the Brahmans dispersed, for from one of the streets which lead into that vicinity sounded the warning cry: "An Aghori! The blind Aghori! take care of yourselves!"

At the place where the Brahmans had just expressed their grudge against Ramchandra's importance and superiority, a blind old man, clad in rags, came groping along with a cane. He was known in that region as a member of a class of men whom the Brahmanic Hindu hears mentioned only with a shudder. Of all the Pariahs, the Aghori stands lowest in Northern India. His daily food is the abhorrence of all men who are not branded with the same descent; even the other Pariahs turn away from him with contempt.

The unfortunate old man remained standing, wailing loudly. "Woe is me! where am I? In the throng of the bazaar, into which I was unwillingly led, my boy was torn from my hands. How shall I find my way? On every hand I hear men running with cries of horror from me. Oh, why was I born, a curse to all creation?"

Mr. White noticed the cry of distress and saw the blind man. "Look at that poor blind man, who has evidently lost his guide. How every one shuns him! What does it mean?"

Ramchandra turned his face away to the river and answered: "It is an Aghori, Sahib; I know him well. He ought to avoid coming into the presence of men and polluting others by his sight. The Brahman law prescribes that the outcast shall dwell in barren and desolate places. In former times he would not have dared to tread the ground of our holy city; men would have stoned him. But since you foreigners rule our

land, much is allowed which is bad, and much is forbidden that is good."

"According to your way of thinking," said the Englishman, indignantly. "Have you any other accusation against this man than that he was born an Aghori?"

"I should think that is quite enough."

Mr. White grew impatient. "The old man is groping his way toward the river; if he continues, he must drown."

"It would not matter much for the scum," said Ramchandra, in a surly, spiteful tone, "but I should be sorry for the sake of the holy water."

The Judge was full of indignation. With flashing eyes and a voice full of threatening severity he exclaimed: "He is a man, Ramchandra; a man like you! and a man who needs the assistance of another." Saying this, he stepped forward, while the Brahman stared at him, and seized the arm of the blind Aghori, who in the meantime had come nearer.

"I thank you," said the old man, "you are an Aghori, also?"

"No, friend. Come, let us go home. Where do you live?"

The blind man stood still in boundless astonishment, as if he could not comprehend what had happened to him; then, overcome with emotion, he poured forth these words: "You are not an Aghori, and you touch me! Ye Gods, ye almighty Gods be thanked. At the end of my days this unspeakable happiness! A man, a man who is not an Aghori, touches me and calls me friend. Yes, it is true, ye celestial ones are merciful; after all, ye are merciful." And tears of joy started from his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORSHIP OF GOD IN MAN.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

AS WE have not yet reached the ultimatum of religious faith, it may be legitimate to ask: What will the next step be? As we are all alike interested in the trend of religious thought, no one should feel aggrieved in hearing his creed fairly analysed or in listening to speculations as to something better in the near future.

As I read the signs of the times, I think the next form of religion will be the "Religion of Humanity," in which men and women will worship what they see of the divine in each other; the virtues, the beatitudes, the possibilities ascribed to Deity reflected in mortal beings.

To stimulate our reverence for the great Spirit of Life that sets all things in motion and holds them forever in their places, our religious teachers point us to the grandeur of Nature in all her works. We tremble at the earthquake, the hurricane, the rolling thunder

and vivid lightning, the raging tempests by sea and land; we are filled with awe and admiration by the splendor of the starry heavens, the boundless oceans and vast continents, the majestic forests, lakes and rivers and snow-capped mountains, that in their yearnings seem to touch the heavens. From all these grand and impressive forces in Nature we turn with relief to the gentle rain and dew, the genial sunshine, the singing birds and fragrant flowers, to the love and tenderness we find in every form of life; we see order and beauty, too, in the changing seasons, the planetary world, in the rising sun, moon and stars, in day with its glorious dawn and night with its holy mysteries, which altogether thrill with emotion every chord of the human soul.

By all the wonders and mysteries that surround us, we are led to question the source of what we see, and to judge the powers and possibilities of the Creator by the grandeur and beauty of his works.

Measuring man by the same standard, we find that all the forces and qualities the most exalted mind ascribes to his ideal God, are reproduced, in a less degree, in the noble men and women who have glorified the race.

Judging man by his works, what shall we say to the seven wonders of the world? of the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos at Alexandria, the hanging Gardens at Babylon and the Olympian Zeus. Yet, these are all crumbling to dust; but change is the law, too, in all Nature's works.

The manifestation of man's power is more varied and wonderful as the ages roll on. Who can stand in St. Peter's at Rome and listen to the deep-toned organ reverberating from arch to arch, with a chorus of human voices alike pathetic and triumphant in their hymns of praise, without feeling the divine harmony in architecture, poetry, and song? And yet man, so small in stature, conceived and perfected that vast Cathedral, with its magnificent dome, strung every key in that grand organ to answer to a master's touch, and trained every voice in that great choir to melody, to perfect time and tune,—a combination in grandeur surpassing far the seven wonders of the world.

And what shall we say of the discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years, by which the labors of the world have been lifted from the shoulders of men, to be done henceforth by tireless machines? Behold the magnitude of the works accomplished by man in our own day and generation. He has levelled mountains and bridged chasms; with his railroads he has linked the Atlantic and Pacific, the Rocky and Allegheny Mountains together; with steam and the ocean

cable he has anchored continents side by side, and melted the nations of the earth in one. With electricity man has opened such vistas of wonder and mystery that scientists and philosophers stand amazed at their own possibilities; and in the wake of all these physical triumphs, we are startled with new mysteries revealed by psychical researches into what has hitherto been to us the unseen universe.

Man has manifested wisdom, too, as well as power. In fact, what cardinal virtue has he not shown, through all the shifting scenes of the passing centuries? The page of history glows with the great deeds of noble men and women. What courage and heroism, what self-sacrifice and sublime faith in-principle have they not shown in persecution and death, 'mid the horrors of war, the sorrows of exile, and the weary years in prison-life? What could sustain mortal men in this awful "solitude of self," but the fact, that the great moral forces of the universe are bound up in his organization? What are danger, death, exile and dungeon walls to the great spirit of life incarnate in him? Our ideas of mankind, as "totally depraved," his morality "but filthy rags," his heart "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," his aspirations "but idle dreams of luxury and selfishness" are so many reflexions on the Creator, who is said to be perfect, and to have made man in his own image.

The new religion will teach the dignity of human nature, and its infinite possibilities for development. Its believers will not remain forever in the valley of humiliation, confessing themselves in the Church service, on each returning Sabbath day, to be "miserable sinners" imploring the "good Lord to deliver them" from the consequences of violated law; but the new religion will inspire its worshippers with self-respect, with noble aspirations to attain diviner heights from day to day than they yet have reached. It will teach individual honesty and honor in word and deed, in all the relations of life. It will teach the solidarity of the race, that all must rise or fall as one. Its creed will be Justice, Liberty, Equality for all the children of earth. It will teach our practical duties to man in this life, rather than our sentimental duties to God in fitting ourselves for the next life.

A loving human fellowship is the real divine communion. The spiritual life is not a mystical contemplation of divine attributes, but the associative development of all that is good in human character. The Old and New Testaments, which Christians accept as their rule of life, are full of these lessons of universal benevolence. "If you love not man whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?" Jesus said to his disciples: "Whatsoever you have done unto these my brethren, you have done unto me." "When I was hungry you gave me meat; when naked

you clothed me; when in prison, you ministered unto me" When the young man asked what he should do to be saved, Jesus did not tell him he must believe certain dogmas and creeds, but to "go and sell all that he had and give to the poor."

The prophets and apostles alike taught a religion of deeds rather than forms and ceremonies—"Away with your new moons, your sabbaths, and your appointed feasts; the worship God asks is that you do justice and love mercy." "God is no respecter of persons." "He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

When the pulpits in our land preach from these texts and enforce these lessons, the religious conscience of the people will take new forms of expression and those who in very truth accept the teachings of Jesus will make it their first duty to look after the lowest stratum of humanity.

To build a substantial house, we begin with the cellar, and lay the foundations strong and deep; for on it depends the safety of the whole superstructure.* So in race building; for noble specimens of humanity, for peace and prosperity in their conditions, we must begin with the lowest stratum of society and see that the masses are well fed, clothed, sheltered, educated, elevated, and enfranchised. Social morality, clean, pleasant environments, must precede a spiritual religion that enables man to understand the mysteries binding him to the seen and unseen Universe.

This radical work cannot be done by what is called charity, but by teaching sound principles of political and domestic economy to our educated classes, showing them that by law, custom, and false theories of natural rights they are responsible for the poverty, ignorance, and vice of the masses. Those who train the religious conscience of the people must teach the lesson that all these artificial distinctions in society, must be gradually obliterated, by securing equal conditions and opportunities for all. This cannot be done in a day; but this is the goal for which we must strive.

The first step to this end, is to educate people into the idea, that such a moral revolution is possible.

It is folly to talk of a just government and a pure religion, in a nation where the State and the Church alike sustain an aristocracy of wealth and ease, while those who do the hard work of the world have no share in the blessings and riches, that their continued labors have made possible for others to enjoy. Is it just that the many should ever suffer, that the few may shine? To reconcile men to things as they are, we have sermons from the texts, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven," "The poor ye have always with you," "Servants obey your

masters," "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." As if poverty, servility, and authority were decrees of Heaven!

Such decrees will not do for our day and generation; the school-master is abroad, Webster's spelling-book is a classic. The laboring classes have tasted the tree of knowledge and like the gods they begin to know good and evil. With new liberties and education they demand corresponding improvements in their environments; as they reach new vantage-ground from time to time and survey broader fields of usefulness, they learn their rights and duties, their relations to one another, and their true place in the march of civilisation. "Equal rights to all" is the lesson for this hour.

"That cannot be," says some faithless conservative; "if you should distribute all things equally to-day, they would be in the hands of the few to-morrow." Not if the religious conscience of the people was educated to believe that the way to salvation was not in creed and greed but in doing justice to their fellow-men. Not if altruism instead of egoism was the law of social morals. Not if coöperation instead of competition was the rule in the world of work. Not if legislation was ever in the interests of the many rather than the few. Educate the rising generation into these broader principles of government, religion, and social life, and then ignorance, poverty, and vice will gradually disappear. The reconciliation of man to his brother is a more practical religion than that of man to his God; and the process is more easily understood. The word religion means to bind again, to unite those who have been separated, to harmonise those who have been in antagonism. Thus far the attitude of man to man has been hostile, ever in competition, trying to overreach and enslave each other.

With hope we behold the dawn of the new day in the general awaking to the needs of the laboring masses. We hail the work of the Salvation Army, the King's Daughters, the Kindergarten and industrial schools for the children of the poor, the University Settlement, etc. All these, added to our innumerable charities, show that the trend of thought is setting in the right direction for the health, happiness, and education of the lowest classes of humanity.

The interests of the race are so essentially one that all must rise or fall together. Our luscious fruits and fragrant flowers on tree and shrub must have rich soil and room for their roots to spread and find abundant nourishment; so the highest development of the best types of humanity must find their enduring soil in the cardinal virtues of the masses. "Blessed is the people which generation after generation has a school of prophets to call men back, with Isaiah-like yearning, to the love of the living God incarnate in man."

CURRENT TOPICS.

TUESDAY'S proceedings in the Senate reminded me of the early days in Marbletown when the villagers encircled the red hot stove in Abner Henderson's store, and lazily "smoked and jawed." They sat on boxes, barrels, crates, or anything else convenient, and sometimes careless rustics would roll up kegs of gunpowder, and sit on them. This was not especially dangerous if the stoppers were well screwed in, as they usually were, but when those Western men, with "rude, misgoverned hands" lighted their pipes by scratching matches on the kegs, I always thought they went a little beyond the boundary line of prudence. The senators all seem to be sitting on kegs of gunpowder, for whenever one of them refers to the dark record of another, he is told that in matters of that kind he himself is no better than he ought to be. In Tuesday's debate, Mr. Morgan, the Senator from Alabama, forgetting the keg of gunpowder that served him as a senatorial seat, rashly scratched a match upon it by censuring Mr. Hill, the Senator from New York, for the subtle and crooked politics of that imperial province. In the explosion that resulted from his imprudence Mr. Morgan was very much disfigured, for the New York Senator thus replied: "I do not know to what the Senator from Alabama refers by the 'corrupt politics and the corrupt elections of New York,' but let me tell him that from all I have heard of the election methods of Alabama, I think those of New York will stand easy comparison. And let me say also to my Alabama critic that if we may judge from the report in the contested election-case of Cobb vs. Wilson, the political methods of the Senator himself are not above suspicion." The retort of the Senator from New York left the Senator from Alabama very much in the condition of Mark Twain's boy, who was so badly scattered by dynamite that a separate inquest on his remains was held in four different counties.

* * *

Last week, referring to the filibustering in the Senate, I said that the Senate has no rules to prevent obstruction because the House of Lords has none. This was not a sneer, but the statement of a political fact. Excepting that the senators have no hereditary senatorial birthright, the Senate is, and it was intended to be, as nearly as possible, a House of Lords. Because of this close imitation, and the lordly absence of rules, the American Senate has for many days been paralysed by a minority of its members. Impatient of this, many newspapers call upon the president of the Senate to exert the power inherent in all presiding officers to preserve order and bring the assembly to a vote. The *Chicago Herald* urging that course of action, has had some instructive articles on this question, and in one of them it says: "The power to preserve decorum is inherent in all presiding officers." This, while generally accepted, is not strictly true, for the presiding officer of the House of Lords has no such power, and it seems that the president of the American Senate is equally without authority. The Lord Chancellor presides in the House of Lords, and when he is himself a peer he may take part in the debates like any other member, but he cannot exercise the powers given to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He cannot "give the floor" to any member, nor call a member to order, nor appoint the standing committees; and he is never addressed as the speaker of the Commons is, by the members in debate. The Senate, like the House of Lords, does not allow the presiding officer to appoint the standing committees, and there are many other points of resemblance between those two kindred political institutions. The tactics of the minority are now vehemently denounced as "revolutionary," and it is demanded that the President of the Senate curtail debate, limit the right of senatorial speech, and put the question. The proposed remedy is revolutionary, although it may be necessary to adopt something like it at last.

Referring again to the *Chicago Herald* on the Senate question, that journal seems to think that the prerogatives asserted and maintained by individual senators against the Senate itself are encroachments upon the earlier practice of the Senate, and that they are due to a reaction begun by Mr. Calhoun, when he was president of the Senate fifty-seven years ago. "It was in 1836," says the *Herald*, "that Calhoun abdicated his power as president of the Senate in refusing to call John Randolph to order for violating the propriety of debate." Mr. Calhoun, however, maintained that the president of the Senate never had any such power, and therefore could not abdicate it. To exercise it, he said, would be a usurpation. I quote again from the *Herald*, "Mr. Calhoun and his friends honestly contended that the Vice-President as presiding officer had no power over the freedom of debate unless the Senate delegated the power to him. The ruling was in consonance with his high states-rights doctrine placing the senators as representatives of the states above the Vice-President." This may have been one of his reasons, but his ruling is entirely consistent with the aristocratic theory that the American Senate is a House of Lords where all the states are peers. Mr. Calhoun merely defended in the chair the rights which before and after he was Vice-President he asserted as a senator on the floor. As a peer of England, when speaking to a question, says "My Lords," ignoring the presiding officer altogether, so Mr. Calhoun had a habit of saying "Senators!" instead of "Mr. President!" when addressing the Senate. It is hardly fair to ask Mr. Stevenson to exercise arbitrary power and suppress the ancient right of senators to be as foolish as they please. Let the Senate assume that responsibility by giving him the power to do what is necessary to be done. Even the "Czar" in the House of Representatives has no power over the members except what they give him in the rules; neither has the president of the Senate.

* * *

A few days ago, in the Senate, Mr. Voorhees of Indiana made a theatrical and very nearly a tragical appeal for the right of the majority to rule. "I would rather," said Mr. Voorhees, "be carried from this desk feet foremost and put to sleep at my home in Terre Haute forever, than to yield the principle that the majority has a right to govern." He also adopted the style so popular in the nautical drama, and exclaimed with Ben Tarpaulin in the play, "If I go down, I will go down with my flag nailed to the masthead." Shiver my timbers, messmate, that was bravely said; and the defiance gave emphasis to the triumphant question, "Shall the minority govern? Answer me, shall the minority govern? Somebody has to rule; somebody has to control this Government. Shall it be the minority or the majority?" Now, the answer to that question depends altogether upon where you are. If you are in the House of Representatives, the majority rules; if you are in the Senate, the minority is the ruling power. Mr. Voorhees appealed, rather hysterically, to the Constitution, saying, "We have reached the question of constitutional government"; and right there, in the Constitution, he may find the law that allows a minority to control the Senate. If he had thought historically for a moment, he would have remembered that unless the right of the minority to rule in the Senate had been conceded in 1787, the Constitution could not have been adopted at all. At this moment, twenty-three States, containing but fourteen millions of people, have forty-six votes in the Senate, while twenty-one States, with fifty million people, have only forty-two votes, and thus the minority rules. This may not be a very good plan of government, but Mr. Voorhees must admit that it is "constitutional." He probably means that a majority of the Senate should rule in the Senate, and in that he is undoubtedly right; but that majority may represent a very weak minority of the American people; and thus it is by force of the Constitution itself that the majority does not rule. It is not by accident that the minority controls the

Senate; such was the design, intent, and purpose of the Constitution.

* * *

Lucy Stone Blackwell is dead! There is no more of her in this world but an inspiration, and that will never die. A soul heroic, scarred all over with wounds, passes to the Valhalla where the martyr-spirits dwell. If there is a battle-flag of God, it is the banner of equal rights; and under that banner women fight better than men. Supported by inborn, spiritual strength, Lucy Stone fought her painful way for fifty years against the combatants that women fear so greatly in our present social state,—the jeers, mockery, scorn, and ridicule of men. Perhaps all these were easier to conquer than the opposition and indifference of women. Brazen images of great soldiers are worshipped in this land; and shall there be no statue to this woman, who led the forlorn hope against the ramparts of prejudice and wrong? She died with her armor on, as the glorified warriors die; for only a month or two ago, she stood in the Art Palace in Chicago and spoke bravely as ever for the rights of women and—men. Crowned with a diadem of seventy-six useful years, she delivered her message like a queen upon the throne. She did not lift up women to the full height of her hope; her life was too short for that; but she added something to the social stature of them all. She overthrew the barriers that shut women out of the colleges, the professions, and the light mechanical trades. By breaking down the fences that limited the field of woman's energy and action, she increased the capacity of women; and she gave them the blessing of larger independence. To others is left her uncompleted work, but it will not be so hard for them as it was for her. There is a new gospel spreading among men; something of an improvement upon the teachings of Saint Paul, and it says, "Let women *not* keep silence in the churches, nor in any other places that need reformation." It further says, "And if they will learn anything, let them *not* ask their husbands at home, for they will not find out much if they do; but let them learn wherever they will, and let them do whatever they can."

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DO THE FRENCH DEGENERATE?

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Permit me for once to take exception to one of your utterances. In No. 318 of *The Open Court* you say: "When Napoleon the First observed the symptoms of degeneration in France he employed the remarkable words: *Donnez moi des mères*" (let us have mothers).

In pronouncing those words, Napoleon had not in view any "symptoms of degeneracy," as you believe, among that nation which, before him as well as under him, had been able to victoriously wrestle with a European coalition. It was not a better *quality*, but a larger *quantity*, of men he wanted then, or when he said those other well-known words, "*La victoire finit toujours par se ranger du côté des gros bataillons*" (Victory in the end always belongs to the bigger batallions). It was, again, under the prompting of this same idea that he so ungallantly answered Madame De Staël, who, "fishing for a compliment," had asked him: "*Quelle est la femme que vous admirez le plus?*" Napoleon curtly retorted, "*Celle qui fait le plus d'enfants.*" Madame De Staël had no children, and she never forgave Napoleon and since that time was his bitterest enemy.

Lately an English writer, who by no means can be accused of partiality to France, Mr. Stuart Henry, wrote in the *London Contemporary Review* (last August's number): "Even the French ballet music, which one would expect to find reaching that astonishing licentiousness which Teutonic races always impute to the

French, is almost purely mental in its charm, and is signally free of sensual taint."

If the deficiency of France does not lie in any inferiority of her people as "quality," it really resides in the want of "quantity," the ratio of births in France being greatly less to what it is in other countries, particularly in Germany. That deficiency, if not promptly corrected, will necessarily weaken France, and, may cause her ruin in a more or less distant future.

If the Chinese people were moving as an avalanche over Europe, neither the superiority of European civilisation, nor of European tactics, would preclude them from overrunning everything, by the the mere impetus of their great numbers. No lion or elephant, nor anything else, can resist an army of African ants.

Unfortunately, a kind of Malthusianism prevails in France, as well as in the United States, which precludes a high ratio of births. I hope, however, that soon the various obstacles French law and French customs have raised against early and prolific marriages will be set aside, and then the wish of Napoleon, "let us have mothers," will be realised, and France will have the "quantity" as well as the "quality" to enable her to stand for centuries again in the front rank of human civilisation and influence.

F. DE GISSAC.

[The statement quoted by M. De Gissac was made as the anecdote is generally told and without entering into the question whether or not Napoleon's view is correct. It did not occur to the writer that it could be construed so as to convey the idea that the French actually were in a state of degeneration. P. C.]

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