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LETTER FROM PARIS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

PARIS, January 19, 1894.

IT HAS occurred to me that the readers of *The Open Court* might perhaps be interested in some careful account of several matters, now going on in Paris, and of general importance, as viewed on the spot, even though the daily papers may have anticipated much that I write. I shall have to be somewhat rambling, for Paris is rambling, and perhaps a little gossipy; but the things that impress me here just now have their grave side, which the philosophical readers of *The Open Court* will not fail to appreciate, even if I do not say much in the way of interpretation.

And first let me state, more seriously than the telegraph will already have done, that the recent fire at Chicago, which burnt French articles sent to the Exposition, has extended to Paris, where some of the newspapers are in wrathful flames about it. Information has been sent here from Chicago that on the Tuesday preceding the fire the French agents there protested to the American officials against the withdrawal of nineteen out of the twenty fire-engines which had been protecting the property. Some of the journals reveal a suspicion that the Americans were not unwilling to see the destruction of artistic objects so much superior to their own. The culpability of this negligence is extended to our whole nation. The *Temps* says that the United States was the most tardy nation in accepting the invitation of France to join in the Exposition of 1889. The *Matin* begins a column with the exclamation: "What blackguards (*canailles*) these Yankees are!" It makes all manner of ridicule of the American productions exhibited, and declares that bad faith was manifested towards France in the distribution of medals as well as in the failure to protect the porcelain and tapestries destroyed. It is probable that all this uproar will end in a reclamation against the United States government, from which came the request that France should send articles to the Exposition. It will be probably urged, and not without some force, that this invitation, which came from Washington, connoted some guarantee that the goods would be protected with due care and diligence. At any rate, the thing is causing an excitement which

causes some anxiety at the United States Legation, whose Secretary, Henry Vignaud, has already written a letter to *Le Temps*, denying that his country was backward in the French Exposition of 1889. A hundred years ago France was wild with rage because John Jay formed with England a commercial treaty in virtual violation of our treaty with France, and now the anniversary is celebrated with accusations of bad faith almost as stormy. Chicago ought to know, also, that there is a general feeling in Europe, and that it is shared by Americans, of disgust that the Exposition should have terminated with such a disaster. I should add, however, that particulars have not been fully published here, up to this date, but a long telegram has appeared, dated "Chicago, January 17," in which it is stated that the Germans in Chicago were at the bottom of the obstructions which the French exhibitors met with from the first. It was only by the friendliness of Guatemala, in giving them part of its space, that the French were enabled to exhibit as well as they did. The Chicago Germans managed to prevent the French scheme of arranging a boulevard scene, "Paris-Plaisir." It is added that the Commission of the Exposition has opposed an inquiry, proposed by the State of Illinois, into the fire, basing their opposition on the supreme powers conferred on them by Congress within the circle of the Exposition. Consequently the mysterious affair will never be cleared up. It is regarded as a case of German incendiarism. Of course, I do not give any credence to these suspicions, but it is well that they should be known, and that there should be a complete inquiry, the results being published in Paris.

The incident has occurred at a bad moment. There are reactionists enough in France who will be eager to score it as another point against republican institutions in general. At no previous time since the French Republic was established has there been so much alienation from it. It is a notable symptom that in Paris the Napoleonic legend commands the centenary of the Revolution. The chieftain who raised his military despotism on the ruins of a republic, is to-day the hero of the theatres, figuring in several plays amid popular applause. On the other hand, the present republican *régime* is represented on the stage in merciless carica-

tures of Senator Berenger ("Père Pudeur"), who last year made a state affair of a ball given by the art students to their models. Some of these models, who make their living by posing in studios and art schools, wore little clothing; yet it was a private ball, no money being taken at the doors, and the public not admitted. The students regarded the hall they had engaged as, for that evening, their legal castle. They made a merry demonstration against "Father Modesty," before his doors, and their dispersion led to riots, in the course of which one student was killed. The students desired to attend in a body the funeral of their comrade, but the government resolved to prevent this. The government took possession of the dead body, and the students stood in the streets night and day before the gates of the building. At length a mounted troop dashed out, the corpse carried among them, and galloped away to some place of burial, leaving the youths enraged behind. The legislature then passed a measure, forbidding masquerade dresses in halls and streets excepting during carnival time. The law is freely violated in all the theatres and music-halls, the only sufferers thus far being, I believe, two respectable ladies who were fined for bicycling in knickerbockers in the Bois de Boulogne. They were decently dressed, but had they waited for carnival time might have appeared on the boulevards in tights. Thus it is that the Napoleonic empire, which permitted entire freedom in popular amusements, and the Republic, which has vainly tried to puritanise them, now appear on the stage, the former in dignity, the latter in caricature. By thus confusing its functions with those of the municipality and the police, whose business it is to preserve public decency and order, the legislature and government, besides failing in their attempt, have covered themselves with ridicule,—a perilous thing in France,—and have alienated the students and artists. Furthermore, they have given a dangerous instruction to the suffering classes by assuming the position of paternal government. If government can enter private rooms, and control the costumes of their inmates, why should it not be required to enter them for the purpose of giving clothing to those who have none, and food, and employment? The socialists, anarchists, and all the foes of the present social order, are making the most of every apparent instance of suffering. Dramatic presentations are given of such events as, for example, the suicides of the Caubet family, January 15, last. The father, mother, and daughter, after treating themselves to a fine champagne supper, suffocated themselves with fumes of charcoal. A government which occupies itself with dancers' skirts is naturally burdened with responsibility for all such things. The "bourgeois" Republic was really aimed at by the *immortelles* contributed by socialist societies to the

ashes of the cremated Caubets. Yet it now turns out that they were not in real want, but were all in dejection because M'lle Caubet's artistic efforts had been refused at the Salon, and the Opera had disappointed her theatrical aspirations. Of course, a national legislature which attends to theatrical costumes ought to have attended to Miss Caubet's projects! There are in this legislature some able, large-minded men, university men, and they do as much good work as they can, but they are overlaid by the noisy cliques and their partisans. Among these there is none around whom gathers any national enthusiasm. The late Senator Victor Schoelcher was nearly the last of the race of republican statesmen,—such as Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Victor Hugo. Between that political race and the present yawns a Panama gulf. France shows no decline in literature, science, art, dramatic genius, but in political and parliamentary ability there has certainly been some decline. Under the recent administrations the Republic has been losing friends, but still I do not believe in its immediate danger, for, in fact, none of the parties hostile to it,—papal, legitimist, or imperialist,—has any leader of sufficient ability or fame to strike the popular imagination. Not one seems capable even of the cock-sparrow rôle of Boulanger. And yet there are various elements, Catholic, communist, anarchist, monarchical, which, however antagonistic to each other, agree in a sullen dislike of the present régime. And the fund of popular ignorance and stupidity which may be drawn upon is illustrated by the fact that the irreconcilable Henri Rochefort publishes his suspicion that an unknown person, who sent the anarchist Vaillant one hundred francs, was an agent of the government, which needed a bomb thrown among the Deputies in order to consolidate a majority!

Amid such political conditions the bomb of Vaillant has had effects beyond the physical injuries inflicted. He has been sentenced to death, but is not likely to be executed.* As no one was killed, the capital sentence is really meant, in large part, to punish the attack on the national sovereignty; but this has not been mentioned. The prosecutor did not claim more sanctity for the legislature than for any other group of individuals, and he even alluded to Panama. Ravachol got off in Paris because no one was killed, but was condemned to death at Saint-Etienne where a victim died. Vaillant's case presents some phenomena worthy the attention of those who study the mixed elements of modern "civilisation." The deputy whose voice is heard above all others in entreaty for the life of Vaillant is the chief sufferer of the bomb. This sufferer, who has sent Vaillant his pardon, is also an Abbé,—the Abbé Lemire. Yet it is the church of this Abbé which is responsible for the retention of capital pun-

* Just as we go to press the cable announces Vaillant's execution.

ishment in France. Popular feeling has long been against the death-penalty: the law remains because it is biblical, as indeed for the same reason it survives elsewhere. But while permitting Moses to remain the law-giver to society in this particular, the popular feeling is so much against it that all manner of devices and technicalities are used to save the murderer. After the criminal is condemned by a jury, he may appeal to a court of Cassation; if this confirms his sentence, he can appeal to the Commission of Pardons; and even if this refuses clemency, the President can personally overturn the entire series of decisions. But where there are any reasons of State for overruling a jury's sentence the court of Cassation rarely finds difficulty in so doing. Article 337 of the Code of Criminal Instruction provides that the question shall be put to the jury in these terms: "Is the accused guilty of having committed such murder, such robbery, or other crime, with all the circumstances contained in the indictment." Indictments are very apt to be vague about some circumstance. How exacting as to the letter the court of Cassation may be when it wishes, is illustrated by curious examples. In 1856 it quashed the sentence of one Marjoras, who had unquestionably murdered two children, because the indictment had accused him of murdering "two children" instead of mentioning the children separately. Since then several wholesale murderers have similarly escaped because each victim was not severally the subject of a count in the indictment. In some cases a mistake in orthography has caused a verdict to be set aside, the most absurd being when the foreman of the jury had written the verdict as that of the "magorité" instead of the "majorité." Under such precedents the court of Cassation will have little difficulty, as Vaillant's defenders are pointing out, in quashing his sentence should they so desire. The indictment was that he had "on November 9, deliberately attempted manslaughter on the persons gathered in the Palais-Bourbon, in the Chamber of Deputies, then in session," etc. Now, Vaillant himself was one of the persons then and there gathered: did he deliberately attempt to murder himself? The indictment proceeds to say that "the attempt was shown by a commencement of execution, which was interrupted and failed only through circumstances beyond his will." It is urged that according to law each of the charges and circumstances should have been submitted to the jury separately, whereas they were all lumped together. Should this court quash the sentence, Vaillant will be tried over again. If the sentence is again death, it will go on the Commission of Pardons, and probably be commuted. Before this letter reaches you the cable will have announced the decision. My belief is that it will be so arranged that Vaillant will owe his life to executive clemency. The Commission of Pardons is

entirely secret, even its members being unknown; this would be an admirable institution were it not that its recommendations require the presidential signature, which may be withheld. But it will not be withheld by M. Carnot, who refuses even to read the petitions sent him for Vaillant, but transmits them to the Commission. Vaillant and the anarchists would no doubt prefer a breakdown of the prosecution rather than release by craving pardon.

But Vaillant, if he escapes, will owe his life to many considerations. First of all to his only child, his nine-years old Sidonie. She seems devoted to her father, and the tears from her blue eyes are counted by all the reporters. Then the piteous tale of Vaillant's sorrows and hardships is told and retold in romantic versions. In his favor weighs a large public sentiment which, while detesting the man, is all the more opposed to giving him the halo of martyrdom. There is also a large opposition to capital punishment. Some have been moved by his unique defence. He declared that he had developed his ideas by reading Mirabeau, Darwin, Büchner, and Spencer (the two Englishmen have been defended by *Figaro* from such patronage). Vaillant has touched the spirit of young Paris by his courage. Not only did he show pluck in risking his own life along with others by his bomb, but still more in his defiant and scornful answers to the judge. The impression he made on those present in the court-room was better than the papers represent. A young man, not much over thirty, though almost aged by hard experiences, he is rather good-looking, and his manner free and impulsive. He asked wherein his bomb was more cruel than the bombs hurled by the government's orders among the innocent people of Tonquin, and elsewhere, and made many other retorts which will be certain to be quoted by the socialists. As to his mistress, he declared that her husband had already deserted her. The passionate devotion between these two, and the affecting scene when he was visited in prison by her and his little daughter, Sidonia,—the woman hurling herself against the grating that separated them,—have been described with every accent of pathos. Again, the government probably feels that it would be unsafe to attempt to guillotine Vaillant in public. His mistress declares she will be there to prevent it, and a scene could not be avoided which perhaps might be attended with danger. A legislative committee has for some time had in preparation a bill for secret executions, and it has been proposed to hurry it through into law, in order that it may apply to Vaillant. But it is pointed out that such a retrospective application of a new law would be illegal. Vaillant must be executed, if at all, under the laws existing at the time of his trial and sentence. Should the government execute Vaillant in secret a popular outbreak

would be about as likely as if in public. Thus a mixture of apprehensions, sympathies, and sentimentalities, joined to a general aversion to capital punishment, will probably end in sending Vaillant into penal servitude for life,—that is for a year or so, when he will be again restored to the bosom of society, and perhaps become a more prosperous, as he already is a more famous, man, than if he had never wounded thirty gentlemen and ladies in the Palais-Bourbon. Already his mistress is a heroine, her every movement reported in the papers more minutely than those of any lady in France; and a Duchess (d'Uséz) has recovered the lustre lost since her friend Boulanger's death, by offering to support little Sidonie Vaillant. Vaillant rather scandalised the anarchists by his willingness to have his daughter supported by a Duchess, reared as a "bourgeoise," and they demanded that she shall be the daughter of their regiment. A third competitor for the child is M. Heytz, a billiard-table maker, an old friend of Vaillant, but an opponent of the anarchists. Vaillant agreed that Heytz should adopt her. But this, too, annoyed the anarchists, and so the child disappeared. However, she was found at the house of one Martin, an anarchist, who happened the same day to be arrested. And now Vaillant's mistress has visited him again, and reports that he has given the child to her. The reason he did not do so first was that he supposed she could not support it, but she says she can, though where the income, whose absence he deplored on trial, is coming from is not reported. But thirty anarchists have united to supply one hundred and fifty francs per month for the child's support and "education." Thus many conceivable destinies have hovered over the child's head, and in so doing have saved her father's head. Little Sidonie's tears have largely effaced all memory of the thirty gentlemen and ladies now prostrate with wounds inflicted by an act which the Prosecutor, with unconscious atheism, described as characterised "by an indiscriminate resembling a catastrophe of nature." A round of applause has gone through Europe for the jury which, in the face of many menaces, condemned Vaillant to death. But the probabilities are that the victory will ultimately go to the anarchists, and that Vaillant will win by his bomb wealth for his mistress and his daughter, whom he could not support, world-wide fame to satisfy his inordinate vanity, and freedom to propagate his reckless species. All of this will be due to the continuance of a savage penalty, that of death. Had it not been a question of death, Vaillant would have passed with little notice to his prison-garb and his work; and a little surgery would have prevented, according to his beloved Darwin's science, any further survival of the unfittest in his personal line, besides humiliating his heroic pretensions.

THE MODERN STATE BASED UPON REVOLUTION.

Among the ancients the State was a religious institution, and the State's authority was to Greek citizens not less ultimate than that of the Pope is to Roman Catholics. Socrates attended to his duty of voting against the unanimous fury of the Athenian mob when the ten generals after the victorious battle of Arginusæ were unjustly condemned to death. But he did not venture to oppose an unjust law as soon as it had become law. He obeyed the law when it most outrageously condemned him to death; he might, with the connivance of the authorities, have easily made his escape, but he preferred to stay and to die. Very different from this attitude was the position of Sophocles. He was imbued with the same spirit as our Protestant heroes, a Milton, a Luther: he preached disobedience to immoral laws. Antigone says:

"It was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass
The unwritten laws of God that know no change.

They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live forever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the gods to hear the penalty
Of sinning against these."

Sophocles ranks the unwritten laws of the morally right above the legality of State-laws. In a conflict between the two, the former is to be regarded as the superior authority, and justly so, for the State's authority rests upon the moral law, and it is the State's duty and its ultimate end of existence to realise the moral law in establishing a moral community.

The Saxon nations represent the revolutionary principle in history, and they are proud of it. Historians unanimously praise Hampden's resistance to the payment of ship-money. Hampden became a martyr of the revolutionary principle, viz., the right to resist illegal impositions of government, and such resistance was with him a religious duty. The free England of today gratefully remembers his services in the cause of freedom. The sinking of the three vessels of tea was in some respect a boisterous student's joke, but it was prompted by this same revolutionary spirit which makes it a duty to resist unjust laws; and to fail in this duty is regarded as a sign of unmanliness.

Resistance is right when the State-authority comes into conflict with moral laws. But who shall illumine the minds of the people? Who shall decide whether their own views of right and wrong are correct or not? Even such a scoundrel as Guiteau while standing on the scaffold shouted "Glory, glory Hallelujah!" We can only say that every case must be considered by itself, and every one who feels called upon to stand forth as a champion for his particular ideal of right and jus-

tice, must take the consequences. Mr. Hampden lost his fortune and nobody ever replaced it, and yet we feel sure that if we could arouse him from his slumber in the grave and ask him whether he regretted it, he would most positively uphold his old conviction; he would be proud of the subsequent course of events, which justified his action, although it had ruined his life, and he would be glad to know that the same spirit that prompted him is still alive in the Saxon races.

The revolutionary spirit of the Saxon races possesses one peculiarity: it is based upon manliness and love of justice, i. e., upon the higher morality of the unwritten law; it is pervaded by a moral seriousness and supported by a religious enthusiasm. And this is the secret why the English revolution and the American revolution were successful. They did not come to destroy, but to remove the obstacles to building better than before.

With all this unreserved appreciation of the revolutionary principle, we are by no means inclined to say that it is our duty to resist any and every immoral law. On the contrary, we should consider it as a public calamity if every one who has peculiar and dissenting views from our legislative bodies concerning the morality of a certain law, should resort to open rebellion.

The method of settling questions of right or wrong by the majority votes of legal representatives has, with all its faults, also its advantages. Problems as to the fairest methods of taxation, as to restrictions for temporary exigencies, as to peace or war on a given provocation, etc., have a deep moral significance and should be decided not according to private interests or party politics, but solely from the moral view of the subject. Should, however, a popular error concerning their right solution be so prevalent as to make it possible to procure for it a majority vote, we may, on the one hand, deeply regret the lack of the people's insight, but must, on the other hand, grant that under the circumstances and in a certain way it is good that the State should act according to the erroneous notion popular at the time; for the people, if not amenable to reason and the sense of right, should find out their mistake by experience, so that the public mind may be educated.

The justice of the revolutionary principle can be doubted only by those who regard morality as a blind obedience to authority. We demand a higher conception of morality; we require that the truth shall be openly investigated, and that truth itself, not a representative of truth, as a pope, or a church, or dogmatic formulas, shall be the ultimate authority of conduct in life.

This is the spirit of the new dispensation, and this, too, is the basis upon which we build our national life. And we are conscious of the fact that we stand upon a

higher moral ground than those who praise submissiveness to this or that authority, which is regarded as a divine institution, and derives its power directly from the grace of God, according to sacred revelations which are said to be infallibly right and reliable, even where they are in conflict with facts and where they flatly contradict reason.

The revolutionary principle has been doubted by some, not on account of its justice, but on account of its alleged impracticability. Its success, however, among the Saxon nations, with their consequent unprecedented and unrivalled advance in industry, trade, literature, art, and general prosperity, can no longer be doubted. Those nations alone possess the future who sanction this revolutionary spirit, based upon the higher morality of manliness and freedom.

The modern State-ideal (which is not an embodiment of individualism, for that would make the State itself impossible, but which recognises nevertheless the principle of individualism) procures for its members a wider liberty and a fuller justice, thus removing all the shackles that prevent progress or hinder the free pursuit of righteous enterprises.

The State which in opposition to the Church came to be regarded as a profane institution, is now again sanctified as a moral power, having moral aims, existing for a holy purpose, and destined to realise and to help its citizens to a life according to the highest ideals of humanity. The State is a moral institution, and it is therefore our duty, according to the precedent of Christ, one of the first and greatest representatives of the revolutionary spirit on earth, to drive out of its halls those who barter there for private gains. The State does not exist to be a den of thieves, and it is but right to cast out the money-changers and those who sell and buy in this most sacred temple, built of the souls of men.

TREASON AND REFORM.

The question now arises, Can there be in a State which recognises the justice of the revolutionary principle, any such thing as treason? We answer in the affirmative.

Treason, according to our definition, is any act which, as the result of conscious and deliberate purpose, tends to undermine the existence of the State; and treason is not merely a punishable offence, it is one of the gravest crimes that can be committed.

In giving this definition, however, it must be added that the name "traitor" has been flung at every revolutionist, at every advocate of the rights of the oppressed, and at every reformer. Not every revolution is treason. Those revolutions which stand upon moral grounds, being, as it were, an appeal to the unwritten laws of our highest ideals, are aspirations for reform;

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they are attempts to replace any traditional law, which, from the standpoint of a more humanitarian justice, is felt to be unjust. Treason is that kind of revolution which comes to destroy, which is not based upon moral motives and does not bring to the front a higher moral conception.

It is very difficult to draw any well-defined line between treason and reform, especially when it is remembered that every reform appears necessarily as treason to a conservative mind. As to would-be reformers, who commit acts of treason in the vain hope of doing a good work of progress, we can only say that they take their chances. If a man is not positively sure that his resistance to the law is a true act of reform, or a better and juster arrangement of society, he had better leave the work to other men; and even those men who feel quite sure that they are called upon to become reformers should carefully question their own sentiments, lest their vanity inveigle them to enter upon a thorny path, which to them appears as one of martyrdom, but in fact is only the error of an empty dream. Both will suffer equally, the reformer and the vainglorious prophet of error, but the former only will live as the martyr of a great cause; the latter will perish without even being respected or even so much as pitied by following generations.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

WHEN Jesus had finished these sayings he came down from the mount, and went into the city.

And while he abode there, certain of them who had heard him on the mount came unto him.

Asking of him an interpretation of the doctrines which he had preached unto them.

Then said one of the multitude unto Jesus, How can a man love his enemy?

Jesus answered him, Verily I say unto thee, even as the sun shineth alike upon the evil and upon the good.

And upon him that blasphemeth and him that bleseth.

* These articles on the nature of the State which appeared in Nos. 334, 335, 336, and 337 of *The Open Court*, originated in the following way: In October, 1892, the indictment of the Homestead rioters for treason was the occasion of some remarks by Gen. M. M. Trumbull in *Current Topics* (No. 269 of *The Open Court*) where treason was glorified on the ground of the fact that it has always been the fate of reformers to be branded as traitors. This remark elicited in turn an editorial comment on the nature of treason, which was defined as "that crime which directly attempts to undermine the State" (No. 269), and also an editorial article entitled "Does the State Exist?" (No. 272). After the publication of this article we received several letters from individualists and anarchists endeavoring to demonstrate the non-existence of the State, and in publishing several of them (Nos. 272, 275, 279) we promised to explain further the nature of the State in some subsequent articles, but were unable at the time to find space for them. We have now at last found room for these articles. They are as timely now as they would have been during the anarchist or Homestead trials, for the dynamite crimes in Barcelona and Paris demand a reconsideration of the nature of treason in the light of the modern State conception, which recognises the aspiration for reform as a right and even as a duty of all good citizens.

Even so do ye also unto them that be round about you.

For as the sun warmeth them that be cold, so is it with the heart of him in whom dwelleth the love of the Father.

And even as the cold of the earth chilleth not the sun in the heavens.

So is the heart of that man which is born of the spirit.

For the righteous man hath not an enemy.

Thus spake another unto Jesus,—a certain citizen of Decapolis, versed in the law:

Rabbi, thou didst say unto us, if one take our coat let him have our cloak also; and if one compel us to go with him a mile, that we go twain.

Shall I then give unto a robber the garments that I might give unto my children?

Or shall I forsake them of mine own household to follow after a stranger?

Jesus answered him, Hast thou not heard also that he that provideth not for his own hath denied the faith?

And yet again, Give not that which is holy unto the dogs.

Verily, verily I say unto thee, love asketh not, neither questioneth, nor doubteth.

For to him that believeth shall be given understanding.

And he that loveth, knoweth.

THE FREE VINE.

Then the disciples asked Jesus concerning that saying, The truth shall make you free.

And Jesus saith unto them, Behold yonder vine.

And the disciples say unto him, Master, we see no vine; that which thou seest yonder is a tree.

Jesus saith unto them, Look again. Can a tree bear grapes?

And one of the disciples ran unto the tree and plucked the grapes;

And when he came again he saith, Truly it is a tree, and yet it is a vine also, for behold the grapes that I have plucked.

And Jesus saith unto them, Learn a lesson of the vine;

For while it was yet young and tender the gardener planted with it a staff;

And, after many years, the staff, having no life in it, rotted away;

But behold, the vine stood upright, as it doth now.

So is every one that is called of the spirit. And he shall be like a vine that the gardener planted, which bringeth forth fruit in due season.

Wherefore should I say unto you: See that ye despise not the vine?

Verily the vine requireth not that I should say unto you, Despise it not ;

For behold freedom speaketh while it is yet dumb.

Or wherefore should I say unto you, Despise not the fruit thereof ?

Verily the fruit that ye have tasted speaketh for me.

But I say unto you : Despise not the staff which the gardener planted.

And ye that are free, despise not the staff which thy brother requireth ;

Neither say unto thy brother, cast aside thy staff.

For behold he needeth it.

But the time cometh, when from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same ;

In every kingdom, and nation, and language shall no staff be required any more forever,

For every soul shall be free on the earth even as it is in my father's kingdom.

And they were astonished more and more daily at the doctrine which Jesus taught unto them :

For he spake as one having authority.

CURRENT TOPICS.

LAST night the Society of the Army of the Potomac enjoyed its annual dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago; and among the battle-scarred veterans present was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the most martial man in all that martial company, his voice reverberant like the long roll of the spirit-stirring drum, stimulated the grizzled warriors and urged them on to new conquests and additional glory. Colonel Ingersoll wanted more territory, and in pursuit of his patriotic ambition he would "the multitudinous seas incarnadine." Waving his metaphorical sword, he said: "I want to gobble up the West Indies, and the Bermudas, and the Bahamas." He wanted Canada, too. "I don't want to steal it," he said, "but I want it." He wanted Mexico; for the curious reason that "there is only air enough between the Isthmus of Panama and the North Pole to float one flag"; meaning, of course, the flag of Colonel Ingersoll. Even the Sandwich Islands were not beneath his patronage, and he wanted them "for a coaling station." As there was no more land in sight he put in a claim for the Pacific Ocean, and wanted to "gobble up" that. His youth was renewed by the recollections of the heroic olden time when he was a soldier charging on the foe, and in a glow of enthusiasm he oratorically mounted his war-horse once again, while his dry sword, thirsty with a peace of thirty years, rejoiced at the promise of battle. Colonel Ingersoll was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Army of the Potomac, but he ought to have been appointed commander-in-chief.

Like the gushing of a crystal stream was Colonel Ingersoll's praise of liberty. What he said on that theme looks like poetry, reads like poetry, and it *is* poetry. Without freedom as an inspiration, a camp-fire of Union veterans would be nothing but ashes and dead coals, a feast without a sentiment. When liberty magnetised our bayonets, victory came to our cause, and the triumph of liberty justifies the war. Eloquent as an old prophet, Colonel Ingersoll said: "I congratulate you that you lived in a period in which the North attained a higher moral altitude than was ever achieved by any other nation in the history of this world, and that you now live in a country that believes in absolute freedom for all—freedom of hand, of brain. We believe that every

man is entitled to what he earns with his hands and to reap the harvest of his brains." This just and magnanimous creed, this doctrine of "absolute freedom," was qualified a little farther on when Colonel Ingersoll condemned the freedom to buy and to sell. Limited by that qualification, it appears that every man is entitled to what he earns with his hands if he will spend his earnings under the direction of Colonel Ingersoll. This eloquent advocate of liberty is willing to allow his neighbors freedom to think and to write, freedom to work and to talk, but not freedom to trade. He draws the line there and says, "Take any liberty but that." He is willing to allow the people as much freedom as he thinks is good for them, but no more; and herein he differs little in principle from the emperors, the bishops, and the kings. Colonel Ingersoll thinks the public interest requires that the "absolute freedom" of a laborer to spend his wages wherever he can get the best bargains ought to be taken away from him; and some other colonel thinks the public welfare demands that the "absolute freedom" of speech indulged in by Colonel Ingersoll ought to be taken away from *him*. And these two colonels differ only in degree, and as to the specific freedom that ought to be restrained.

* * *

A very interesting controversy as to the character and meaning of the Scriptures is now going on between two Baptist Doctors of Divinity, the Rev. Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, and the Rev. Dr. Henson, Pastor of the First Baptist Church. Dr. Harper is giving a course of lectures on "The Stories of Genesis," and he shows by abundant learning that they are not history, nor science, nor fact, but are merely legends and fables with a spiritual and prophetic meaning. To this degradation of the Bible Dr. Henson objects, and he thinks it rather inconsistent for the president of a Baptist University to conjure fanciful meanings into the Scriptures when the language of the text is plain. The subject of Dr. Harper's lecture on the 28th of January was the story of Cain and Abel, which, he said, "was no more true than the myth of the capture of Troy by the wooden horse, or the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus." In the opinion of Dr. Henson this comparison is not well made, and he thinks it not impossible that Troy was taken by means of the wooden horse, and that the story of Romulus and Remus is true. Dr. Harper said that the prophet "simply rewrote the stories and traditions which were in the mouths of men of his day to the purpose of teaching religious truths." He said, "This is the principle—that of turning into gold the material at hand by infusing it with the spirit of good—that the ancient prophets went by. It was the method of God." Dr. Harper has made further explanation of his meaning, and that explanation is described by Dr. Henson as "involved, intricate, and incomprehensible"; and he says that "analysing Genesis is child's play compared to discovering what Dr. Harper means."

* * *

The allegorical story of Cain and Abel is imperfect, because it has been chipped and mutilated in moving about from place to place during four or five thousand years. It is like some of the resurrected statues of old Rome that were broken by the Goths and Vandals, and like those venerable relics it must be repaired. It is a chapter in the story of Evolution, and although it is written in fable, it explains a law, that merciless and unrelenting statute which we call the "survival of the fittest." Properly, there are three brothers in the story, representing different epochs in the development of civilised man, Seth, a hunter, Abel, a shepherd, and Cain, a tiller of the ground. When it was discovered that food could be obtained with less labor and more certainty by herding tame animals than by hunting wild ones, the doom of the hunter was decreed, and Abel killed Seth. When it was found out afterwards that there was more food in tillage than in pasture, the race of the shepherds was run, and Cain killed Abel, for Cain was

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a tiller of the ground. As we must all of us live off of the land, the men of a race that can raise the most food on a given territory will have the territory, and to get it they will kill the others. The drama of Cain and Abel and Seth is being repeated now here in America, the new Garden of Eden discovered by the white man four hundred years ago. The red hunter is nearly gone, and in due time the cowboy will surrender his grassy plains to the plough-boy, for such is the law, as it was written in the scriptures of Evolution long ago.

* * *

It was not a great battle that was fought the other day in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro between Admiral Benham of the United States Navy and Admiral da Gama of the insurgent fleet of Brazil; in fact it was nothing but a soft glove contest for points, and the decision of the referee is that Admiral Benham won. The importance of a battle is not to be estimated by the number of killed and wounded, but by the value of the principle that was victorious in the fight. The principle maintained and asserted by Admiral Benham is, that while belligerent powers have certain rights in war, commerce also has rights that must be respected by the belligerent guns. The ancient precedents may not sustain Admiral Benham's argument, but his cannon spoke the language of the more enlightened opinion of this modern world wherein so much of individual prosperity depends upon international trade. The barbarous blockade code must be revised. The action of Admiral Benham seems to be approved by all the other powers; in fact the German Admiral at Rio threatened several days ago to sink the insurgent fleet should Admiral da Gama forcibly interfere with German ships lawfully loading or unloading in the bay. The lawyers will now brush the cobwebs from their books on maritime law and explain to us the ethics of blockade. We shall now learn from the decisions how foolish it is for a merchant ship to get in the way of an ironclad when the war ship is bombarding a town. We shall get an immense fund of information concerning the rights of neutral powers in belligerent ports, and at the end of all our abstract learning we shall have a practical suspicion that the biggest nations have the biggest rights.

* * *

It is the misfortune of Mr. David Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States that he takes his mouth along with him wherever he goes, and fires it off in a very reckless and scattering way. He needs it, of course, for eating purposes, but after dinner he uses it for talk, and his critical gossip involves him in a medley of absurdities that bring down upon him ridicule, censure, and recrimination. In an after-dinner speech delivered by him recently before the Yale Alumni he took a fling at what he called "this age of cranks," and he classified among the cranks a number of men, women, and ideas prominent in law, labor, education, and politics, including within his ridicule no less than three governors of States, Tillman of South Carolina, Waite of Colorado, and Altgeld of Illinois. These, however, are living men, actually now in office, and therefore public property, but with judicial wit and terrapin pleasanry he referred contemptuously to a former President of the United States, now dead, as "the husband of Mrs. Hayes," and this it is that hurts our western feelings, because his awkward conversation is excused as "western manners." This is hardly fair to the "rowdy West," for as Mr. Justice Brewer was the guest of the Yale Alumni, we have a right to assume that he is a product of that famous eastern college. As the *Arizona Kicker* has well said, "We have our idioms," out here in the West, but they are not those of Mr. Justice Brewer.

* * *

It is a familiar old adage that those who live in glass houses should never throw stones, and this venerable warning may be profitably studied by Mr. Justice Brewer. In his light and chirping way, at the dinner of the Yale Alumni, he poured sarcasm upon

Governor Waite as a crank who would solve the financial problem "by causing blood to flow bridle-rein deep," and upon Governor Altgeld for his "pardon of anarchist murderers as a means of justice." Judge Brewer forgot that not more than six months ago he himself was denounced by the newspapers as an anarchist and a crank, because in the "calamity speech made by him on the Fourth of July he anticipated Governor Waite in his prophecy of blood. Speaking of the wage system and the conflict between capital and labor, Judge Brewer theatrically wanted to know "if a bloody struggle would be required to abolish this form of slavery as a bloody struggle had been required to abolish negro slavery." This Fourth of July oration was condemned by one of the great papers of Chicago as "a hysterical cry of alarm that might be expected of a rattle-brained blatherskite at a meeting of the Trades and Labor Assembly." Judge Brewer ought to know, and very likely does know that the so-called "anarchist murderers" were condemned, not for what they did but for what they said, for making speeches like the orations of Mr. Justice Brewer. Had he been tried with the anarchists, that Fourth of July oration, if already delivered, would have convicted him, and in that case he himself would have been a subject for Governor Altgeld's pardon.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

NOTES.

Professor Max Müller sends us a prettily bound memorial pamphlet which he has compiled in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his receiving the doctor's degree in the University of Leipsic. The pamphlet contains pictures of the Professor in five stages of life, namely, three years of age, at school, student in the University of Leipsic, Professor at Oxford, and as he is now. The rest of the pamphlet is made up of a catalogue of his principal works and of a list of his degrees together with reduced copies of his new and old Leipsic diplomas. No doubt the Professor would gladly send a copy of this delicate little memorial production to any admirer of his who might request it.

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