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## GOVERNMENT BY WRITS OF INJUNCTION.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

THE old self-reliant spirit of the independence days appears to be dying out of our people. From citizens we have turned ourselves into subjects, humbly craving the protection and the correction of government. Our will-power and our work-power are growing feeble, and we pray to be coaxed or driven. Our ancient freedom bows in obedience to the writ of injunction, and when we are not ourselves "enjoined" we are "enjoining" somebody else.

The writ of injunction was formerly a private remedy but it is rapidly becoming a social domination and a political power. Its imperious veto may reach across a continent and subjugate a whole community, as well as a corporation. The injunction issued by Judge Jenkins forbidding the laborers on the Pacific Railroad to leave their work, was the resurrection of the serfdom that was buried long ago, and it gives judicial sanction to the writs of injunction issued by the walking delegates elected by the Knights of Labor. Those comfortable persons who sustain Judge Jenkins have no right to complain when his law is adopted and his methods imitated by laboring men.

The quality of a writ of injunction must be determined, not by its legality but by its morality, whether the source of it be a judge appointed by the President of the United States or a judge appointed by the President of the Confederation of Labor. It is time to arrest writs of injunction and confine them within their ancient boundaries.

Referring again to the writ of injunction issued by Judge Jenkins of the United States court, I wish to place alongside of it the following writ of injunction issued by Judge McBride of the United Mine Workers, and dated Columbus, Ohio, April 18. "Coal must not be loaded for any purpose or for any price (after the strike is inaugurated), but where companies want engines run, water handled, timber or other repair work done, it will be permitted provided the wages are in accordance with the scale demanded by the convention." Now, this is a comprehensive injunction, and a lawyer could not have drawn it better, although Mr. McBride is neither a lawyer nor a judge. He is merely President of the United Mine Workers; and yet, any

man who exercises judicial functions, who can issue writs of injunction, and have them obeyed, may very properly be called a judge, and so I leave the title with Mr. McBride.

The day after the McBride injunction was proclaimed, a similar injunction was issued at Minneapolis, not by Judge McBride, but by the judge of another circuit, who forbade any work to be done within his jurisdiction after April the 19th, and the record further says, "A delegation has gone to St. Paul to induce Debs to declare a strike on at St. Paul also. What is that but another way of saying that a delegation has gone to St. Paul to ask Debs to issue a writ of injunction there. I do not know who "Debs" is but I think I shall be safe in calling him Judge, although he may not have any commission or authority from the State.

Another and more practical injunction was issued April the 23d at Chicago by the brickmakers of Blue Island against the brickmakers of the Harland and Alsip yards, and three hundred of the Blue Islanders went over to serve the writ, but in this case there seems to have been a conflict of jurisdiction somewhere for "thirty-five deputy sheriffs each with a rifle firing sixteen shots a minute" were on hand, and they prevented the service. Perhaps the deputy sheriffs had their own writs in their pockets for the protection of the Harland and Alsip yards. And thus it is, that the American republic is gradually becoming in some of its political and social characteristics a government by writs of injunction, one set of judges declaring that the people shall not work, and the others that they shall.

THOMAS PAINE IN PARIS, 1787-1788.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

I HAVE recently made some investigations, historical and topographical, concerning Thomas Paine in Paris, and have some facts and letters, not hitherto published, which will interest American readers.

Paine left New York for France in April, 1787, in a French packet, and passed a happy summer in Paris. He was welcomed by the savants of the Academy of Sciences, who were deeply interested in the iron bridge he had invented, also by his old fellow-soldier Lafayette, and by Jefferson, the United States Minister,

He probably lodged at White's Hotel, as he did when he took his seat in the Convention. Jefferson was residing at Challiot, a suburb now absorbed by the city, not far from the Arc de Triomphe. The main avenue of the Champs d'Élysées had been laid out some years before, and the fountains were playing. Paine one day sent Jefferson the following quaint little essay (unpublished), with neat drawings on it, which is characteristic of his fondness for fancies about nature.

"I enclose you a problem, not about bridges but trees. And to explain my meaning I begin with a fountain. The idea seems far-fetched, but fountains and trees are in my walk to Challiot.

"Suppose Figure 1 a fountain. It is evident that no more water can pass through the branching tubes than passes through the trunk. Secondly, that, admitting all the water to pass with equal freedom, the sum of the squares of the diameters of the two first branches must be equal to the diameter of the trunk. Also the sum of the squares of the four branches must be equal to the two; and the sum of the squares of the eight branches must be equal to the four. And, therefore, 8, 4, 2, and the trunk, being reciprocally equal, the solid content of the whole will be equal to the cylinder (Figure 2) of the same diameter as the trunk and height of the fountain.

"Carry the idea of a fountain to a tree growing. Consider the sap ascending in capillary tubes like the water in the fountain; and no more sap will pass through the branches than passes through the trunk. Secondly, consider the branches as so many divisions and subdivisions of the trunk, as they are in the fountain, and that their contents are to be found by some rule,—with the difference only of a pyramidal figure instead of a cylindrical one. Therefore, to find the quantity of timber (or rather loads) in the tree (Fig. 3) draw a pyramid equal to the height of the tree (as in Fig. 4), taking for the inclination of the pyramid the diameter at the bottom, and at any discretionary height above it (which in this is as 3 and 2).

"As sensible men should never guess, and as it is impossible to judge without some point to begin at, this appears to me that point, and one by which a person may ascertain near enough the quantity of timber and loads of wood in any quantity of land; and he may distinguish them into timber, wood, and fagots.

Yours, T. P."

A note of Paine to Jefferson February 19, 1788, shows Paine again in Paris, and in consultation with Lafayette concerning his proposed erection of an iron bridge over the Seine, and this must have been near the date of another little essay sent to Jefferson. It relates to a conversation at Challiot, on attraction and cohesion, and has never been printed.

"Dear Sir: Your saying last evening that Sir Isaac Newton's principle of gravitation would not explain, or could not apply as a rule to find, the quantity of 'the attraction of cohesion,' and my replying that I never could comprehend any meaning in the term 'attraction of cohesion,' the result must be that either I have a dull comprehension, or the term does not admit of comprehension. It appears to me an Athanasian jumble of words, each of which admits of a clear and distinct idea, but of no idea at all when compounded.

"The immense difference there is between the attracting power of two bodies, at the least possible distance the mind is capable of conceiving, and the great power that takes place to resist separation when the two bodies are incorporated, prove, to me, that there is something else to be considered in the case than can be comprehended by attraction or gravitation. Yet this matter appears sufficiently luminous to me, according to my own line of ideas.

"Attraction is to matter what desire is to the mind; but cohesion is an entirely different thing, produced by an entirely different cause,—it is the effect of the figure of matter.

"Take two iron hooks,—the one strongly magnetical,—and bring them to touch each other, and a very little force will separate them, for they are held together only by attraction. But their figure renders them capable of holding each other with infinitely more power to resist separation than attraction can; by hooking them.

"Now if we suppose the particles of matter to have figures capable of interlocking and embracing each other, we shall have a clear, distinct idea between cohesion and attraction, and that they are things totally distinct from each other, and arise from as different causes.

"The welding of two pieces of iron appears to me no other than entangling the particles in much the same manner as turning a key within the wards of a lock,—and if our eyes were good enough we should see how it was done.

"I recollect a scene at one of the theatres that very well explains the difference between attraction and cohesion. A condemned lady wishes to see her child, and the child its mother,—this I call attraction. They were admitted to meet, but when ordered to part they threw their arms round each other and fastened their persons together. This is what I mean by cohesion,—which is a mechanical contact of the figures of their persons, as I believe all cohesion to be.

"Though the term 'attraction of cohesion' has always appeared to me like the Athanasian Creed, yet I think I can help the philosophers to a better explanation of it than what they give themselves; which is,

to suppose the attraction to continue in such a direction as to produce the mechanical interlocking of the figure of the particles of the bodies attracted.

"Thus, suppose a male and a female screw lying on a table, and attracting each other with a force capable of drawing them together. The direction of the attracting power to be a right line till the screws begin to touch each other, and then, if the direction of the attracting power be circular, the screws will be screwed together. But even in this explanation the cohesion is mechanical, and the attraction serves only to produce the contact.

"While I consider attraction as a quality of matter capable of acting at a distance from the visible presence of matter, I have as clear an idea of it as I can have of insensible things. And while I consider cohesion as the mechanical interlocking of the particles of matter, I can conceive the possibility of it much easier than I can attraction; because I can, by crooking my fingers, see figures that will interlock. Therefore, to endeavor to explain the less difficulty by the greater, appears to me unphilosophical. The cohesion which others attribute to attraction, and which they cannot explain, I attribute to figure, which I can explain.

"A number of fish-hooks attracting and moving towards each other will show me there is such a thing as attraction, but I see not how it is performed. But their figurative hooking together shows cohesion visibly. A handful of fish-hooks thrown together in a heap explains cohesion better than all the Newtonian philosophy. It is with gravitation as it is with all new discoveries,—it is applied to explain too many things.

"It is a rainy morning, and I am waiting for Mr. Parker, and in the meantime, having nothing else to do, I have amused myself with writing this. T. PAINE."

The use in the above of the phrase "Athanasian jumble of words," more than five years before Paine had expressed any theological heresies, suggests that the conversations between him and Jefferson at Chal-liot had not been confined to science or politics.

#### PESSIMISM: THE WAY OUT.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"I am no optimist whose faith must hang  
On hard pretence that pain is beautiful  
And agony explained for men at ease  
By virtue's exercise in pitying it.  
But this I hold: that he who takes one gift  
Made for him by the hopeful work of man.

Who clothes his body and his sentient soul  
With skill and thoughts of men, and yet denies  
A human good worth toiling for, is cursed  
With worse negation than the poet feigned  
In Mephistopheles."—George Eliot.

HORACE GREELEY was once asked how he decided the success of his lectures? He replied, "I think I have succeeded when more people stay in than go

out." That test of excellence—more staying in than going out—flouts the average pessimist. Is life worth living?—it all depends on the *liver*. If the liver keep his *liver* in fair condition, he is fairly certain to keep his place till the natural end when the peroration of life descends into unbroken silence. It is precisely this crisis of change called death, which the other-worldlings decline to accept without revolt. They hold as valueless the precious labor of the work-days of our existence, if there be no eternity of exaggerated Sabbaths beyond the grave. If the black pall is to blind their eyes to all successions of sunlight and starlight they will refuse to be comforted by the future of humanity. Not for them, to share the promise of human correspondence, when the song of hope from the soul of man is translated in the realisations of the poet's Golden Year. The pessimism of prophetic profitlessness in the matter of post-mortem scrip is unpicturesque.

Less prosaic and sordid is the pessimism of cultured speculation—the concentration of fine sympathies into lament at the barrenness of progress, the inevitableness of evil, and the vast, dramatic sorrow of the world-enigma. The end of the whole matter seems then to be that man is but the fallen god of sublime despair. The voices of the dead ever grow more numerous, and the memories of music fled and the tender graces of days that are no more accumulate till all passion seems lost in annihilation. These are as shadows of fate on the human soul, but the faltering of life is confused with pessimism as a reasoned theory of life.

The pessimist pure and simple is popularly imaged as a malevolent—possibly talented—dyspeptic, with ill-starred designs on the comfortable sanity of the prosperous Philistine. The latter adores *laissez faire* in luxurious privacy. He wishes to be "let alone"—not to have his digestion impaired by the recital of a catalogue of mortal diseases. The Philistine spirit cleaves to light and pleasant fiction—especially in the enthusiasm of excellent dining. In the tranquil season succeeding a dinner decorously conducted, the Philistine distrusts the philosopher more than ever, and regards the philosophic bias as tending to distinct impropriety—stealing the spoons perhaps, or eloping with the lady of the house, whichever the average Philistine might deem the greater calamity.

Pessimism initially is not a distemper of revolt, but a natural incidence of intellectual and emotive influences. Individually, it *may* be an undesirable mood or manner—not necessarily so. A despairing sense of the dreariness and emptiness of life is the legacy of physical suffering—equally of theological misbeliefs to which pertain deliriums, destructive of the homely senses of joy and sanity on earth. Unworthily the

good of this life is outweighed by the adumbrated intoxications of the celestial city.

The seizure of malign vicissitude is upon our modern life, and the Hindu-Germanic philosophy exactly diagnoses the symptoms of evil, and reduces the pressure of weariness in whatever measure the meaning of pain is properly apprehended. Salvation is understanding. Blind leaders of the blind are the optimistic orgiasts of the Hebraistic afterglow. These have not understanding, wherefore instead of redeeming the soul of man they mildew the soul of man. The wave of intellectual sympathy which struck the sensitive brain of the Dantzig misanthrope from remote Oriental meditation, is straining for speculative renewal. The spiritual democracy of Jesus is a destitute alien force. We have loved and wholly lost that supreme, withal so simple soul, that glowed in Nazareth nineteen centuries backward with inexhaustible mysticism and illimitable dreams. The sorrowful fervor of these will influence the soul-organism of the Latin races, in centuries and civilisations yet to come. Yet while the suffering visionary is shorn of his royal sanctions and therefore is but as a fabled remembrance—the lurid perception of evolution has temporarily created another sorrow, another shadow of the spirit. We lament what lies in a receding sepulchre—our eyes are not accustomed to the new illumination. Immortal man is at the parting of the ways—between Christ and science, and reconciled to neither. Therefore in the world-sorrow of the Goethean aroma. More priggish perfumes are abundant—with these pause is unnecessary.

Evolution shall grow more sacred as time lends it consecrated contemplations, but that time is unready. Evolution is not an entity to dethrone paternal providence—it is but yet a lonely enthusiasm, which a devout minority cherished and defended through years of upbraiding. But this enthusiasm may fulfil the fine promise of the first impulse, and develop a devotion to the ideal of progress as far redeemed from our faint endorsement, as complex structures are redeemed from the beginnings of life on primordial shores. The story of the crucifixion was an incomparable drama, but the heart of faith that once responded to it is warming with emotive preparation toward the new ideal, and what seemed incomparable may be wondrously transcended.

Meanwhile, for a space the spirit of man wanders forlorn and bereaved between two worlds—dead faith and hope but instantly born. Between these dim worlds the imperishable instinct of construction hovers like a star. All the emphasis possible to educated sincerity pronounces that Great Christ is dead to dogma. The Syrian stars are oblivious, and look down with shining eyes on an undiscoverable grave. The angels rolled not away the stone from his sepulchre. Ecclesiasticism maintains the idol it purloined and set high

in the temple—and the image remains an adamantine sphynx, the symbol of eternal apathy. Whatever there was of genuine beauty, of gentle appeal, of winning tenderness, of suffering devotion, in that storied life of mystical import, is now suspended like an unanswering icicle above the altar of endowed convention. The altar is of stone and the music of its inspiration is the ringing charm of the almighty dollar. The Rock of Ages is a rock of solid gold and around it tempestuously sweeps a flood of ferocity and sick travail. The ministers of hereafter appropriate present advantage—they live on the cross their idol died on.

Evolution, was remarked, is not an entity. Neither is pessimism, or discontent more nebulous. Evolution subdues revolution and recreates pessimism, equally enlarging either in the service of the future. Manifestly the race endures and prospers by the persistence of a Force which is not ourselves—and if it be true that evolution is another name for this persistence of a reality behind phenomena, the meanest imagination will discern the guidance of an ideal at once sovereign and appealing—at once massive and impersonal. Even as coral-insects, so all of human life on this planet may be subject to immemorial pressure, blindly building for a strange and mighty purpose. Look we backward or futureward, all narrow ambition insensibly blends with larger growth. Only the conspicuous intelligence of service is definite. The nomad chief of ancient Israel who died full of years, and sustained only by the consolation that in his children all the nations of the earth should be blessed, represented this truth. The excellence of unselfishness is a religion in itself. "Lay up treasures for yourselves where neither moths nor rust destroy," is a sensual injunction, the negation of ethical grace. Other-worldliness is the vilest, the most voluptuous and languorous worldliness. It is the lust for a good not deserved by righteous labor. Plato in the seventh book of the Republic, pronounces that he who is not able by the exercise of his wisdom to define the idea of *the good*, and separate it from all other objects is sunk in sleep and will descend to Hades. Life is not merely to be profitably lived, but as Aristotle defined it, to be nobly lived, and if evolution have any accessible guarantee of heroic continuity it must be in the contemplation of good without heed to personal advantage—heedful only of membership in the grand historic life of humanity. Simple it is to review the organic communion, as it picturesquely recedes and distantly vanishes beyond the birth of history. But it needs an educative discipline to transcend the strenuous glammers of our immediate outlook, and realise our incalculable littleness along with our immortal greatness, in the policy of impersonal and unremunerating law. Still more difficult is this, when assailed by the morbid despair that

overtake the wisest and the best—when we asselt the gaunt vacuousness of the world, the inscrutable illusions of existence, and the iridescent inutility of our purpose. How difficult then, to emerge into the enthusiasm of understanding and rejoice in the conspiracies trending outside ourselves, toward that “far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.”

It is precisely here that evolution needs a superstructure of vital philosophy. Monistic agnosticism is scientific humility before God, and assures the humility of man—his incalculable littleness. Historic evolution is the visible signal of man’s immortal greatness. The individual man stands at night-tide by the sea. The hollow vault above him is stupendously scattered with the starry genius of God—worlds on worlds everlastingly rolling. Carlyle, on a memorable occasion, covered his face as he looked up into the immensities. Heine and Hegel stood together one night at an open window, and the latter sneered, “H’m, the stars are only a brilliant eruption!” Carlyle knew the impossibility of the old faith, he knew not the new faith of science—his vision was smitten. Hegel retreated in a withering cynicism. Carlyle unconsciously fell back on an *ignorabimus*—Hegel in mocking negation. Such sights humble the souls of all but the impervious. But pass into the multitudinous murmurs of the day, the labors and signals of labor, love and the burdens of love, imagination and statecraft all mixed and contending in the complex life of man—here we forget (or act out) abstractions in strong service. Contemplation is submerged in action. We have acknowledged our littleness—we are humble no longer, but assertive, masculine, and potent. The most hypersensitive pass from desolate moods into new accessions of sanity and wisdom. As of the individual, so of the race—pessimism is accidental and transient. The reverence of science and the enthusiasm of evolution, if sturdily apprehended, will uphold the Western races through the tribulations of the intellectual exodus.

Pessimism, therefore, is a mood and not a leprosy—the crown of surrendering love, and not necessarily the penalty of transgression. As a reasoned theory it is one of Truth’s innumerable cobwebs, dim with subtle interlacieries. But the stars shine through and brightly contradict phantasmal futilities; and summer blooms with radiant refutations. The traditions of heroic martyrs, and the living breed of noble hearts, surcharge the great organic agencies of the earth with assurance that goodness and gladness are possibilities of life secured by love and labor. Meff happiness is not to be striven for. The “highest happiness” is not attained by seeking, or recognised if attained—it is often akin to sorrow, in that tears and laughter delicately blend. “Those only love who love without hope,” said Mazzini, and his thought is true of all

provinces in the empire of emotive experience. The wanderer tempted of despair in the wilderness may take heart of endurance if he dwell in his exile on the darkest chapters in the lives of illustrious protagonists. From rifted hearts and doom-distraught souls, with no mirages of immortality to sustain them, rays of ecstasy and joyous melodies have wandered like marvellous ghosts from the old Greek temples, with a message to the repining to be strong and fear not. The world is weary of Hebraism—Hellenism is ready for new impulses. The beautiful old Greek gods have a blessing for penitents. We shall love the mountains and the seas anew, and poets will sing merrily again of youth and godhead, and birds will build their nests on carven Christs when the nails and spectres of Calvary afflict us no more. Heine on his mattress-grave, gaunt and ravaged, yet beautiful, evolved from his luminous brain images of life and love that buzzed forth like golden bees, as Théophile Gautier conceived. If this was possible, pessimism loses the significance of its logical menace. For if singers, in exquisite suffering, have dowered their age with eloquent allegiance to the passion of life, the beauty of love, and the mysterious pity of death, surely science may subdue the tyranny of suffering into service of the social order. Pain is inevitable, but is not the supreme factor in our mortal pilgrimage. And the intellectual or spiritual grandeur which so illy accords with the meanness of opportunity, increases the sum of pain in our tangled circumstances. Pessimism and optimism are equally untenable as theories of life. A workable compromise may be discovered in a coherent social faith which accepts suffering as an incidence to bind man more indissolubly to man. And where the strain is acutest, the strength of this social faith must *strengthen the believer* against the querulous spirit of isolation which justifies the recreant in suicide. In the age, the country, the family, and in sublime resistance to whatever would make for the dissolution of duty, must be wrested the necessity of the sentinel accepting the troublous hour as regal, quite heedless of personal requital. Inveterate culprits will flourish through the ages, but contemporary discouragement does not disprove the great thoughts of the faithful. For the proudest spirit submerged in disaster and prone to claim in defiance not to be judged by the rules of the multitude, there is infinite meaning in the indignant query of George Eliot’s “Walpurga”:

“Where is the rebel’s right for you alone?  
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;  
But what is he who flings his own load off  
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel’s right?  
Say rather the deserter’s.”

Such compromise and social conviction may be resolved by monists, or agnostics, from the theory of existence labelled meliorism. Optimism, which affirms

that pleasurable consciousness overwhelms the displeasurable throughout the universe, so far as we have explored it—and at every accident of time—is impossible for the educated observer of human life. Pessimism, which *per contra* affirms the greatest sum of misery consistent with the conditions of the universe, as we know them—has been reviewed in its various aspects and protean moods, or shadows of aspects and echoes of moods. Bonism, which implies increasing happiness, and malism, which implies increasing pain, are distinct theories without pronounced differences beyond the element of locomotion. Pejorism is too nearly akin to pessimism and malism to need pausing with.

Meliorism—a term invented by George Eliot—affirms that the relative proportions of pleasurable and painful consciousness are ever tending toward readjustment for the good; that it is possible for human effort to diminish the million miseries of life one by one, and above all that science is extending its empire in a plastic world and vitally expanding the hopes and faiths of devoted men. This is intellectually reasonable, and appeals to the best instincts of mankind. To monists, meliorism may be commended as the scientific approach to a saving faith.

#### THE RELIGION OF ANTS.

SINCE the holding of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the interest in comparative religion has greatly increased. Ancient and modern creeds are now the objects of close investigation, and it is hoped that in time they will all be exhibited in a museum to be erected on the shores of Lake Michigan. It is to be feared, however, that one branch will be neglected—the religion of animals, especially of ants and bees.

An old German professor, Albert Weller by name, one of the liberals of '48, after having retired from public life, sought refuge in the backwoods of North America and devoted the remainder of his life to the study of the various animal civilisations. He must have known many of their languages, for—at least so it is said—he had begun to write a grammar of Comparative Ant-Speech. He observed that ants of one species, if educated from pupahood in the hill of another hostile species, would speak the language of their adopted country and as little understand the speech of their parents and brothers as an Englishman reared by Chinese nurses in the interior of China would understand English. In case of war between the two ant tribes, the transferred ants, although different in size, shape, and color, fight on the side of those whose language they speak, against their own kin whom they resemble so much that no human being could tell them apart. This is only one argument among many which proves how important language is in the life of ants.

It seems that ants have no printing presses, but according to Professor Weller it is safe to maintain that they must possess something equivalent, for there are not only old traditions as faithfully preserved as if they were written down in books, but they have also daily news promulgated in some such form as that of human newspapers. Professor Weller has studied what he calls their literature, and we have no doubt that he knows what he is speaking of.

Professor Weller had intended to visit the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago to read a paper on ant-religion, but he fell sick before he could announce his intention to the committee, and died. This is lamentable, especially as a few months after his death all his manuscripts were accidentally destroyed by fire, and we know only some of the most important statements which he intended to make before the Parliament; and as no system of comparative religion can be perfect which does not at least consider one branch of animal religion, we here reproduce briefly from memory what we know.

The ants have as many and as various religions as human beings, some very primitive, others highly developed. There are also freethinkers among the ants, but Professor Weller's references to them were few.

Our black garden ants were the main subject of his inquiries and experiments. And he found that their sacred scriptures contain a highly creditable religious system. He made a translation of several books of which we recapitulate a few passages. The first chapter of a book called "The Origin of the World" begins as follows:

"In the beginning there was the Arch-Ant, and there was nothing beside Her, neither heaven, nor earth, nor an ant-hill in which ants could sing the praise of the Arch-Ant. And the Arch-Ant begot heaven and earth and upon the earth She made a great and glorious ant-hill, but there was no one who lived in the ant-hill. Then She thought to herself, 'I shall create beings that are like unto Myself,' and She took some grains of sand and formed out of them pupas which She left exposed upon the hill to the rays of the sun. After a few days ants came out of the pupas, some female, some neuter, some male, and peopled the whole hill; and they were blackish in color and like in shape unto the Arch-Ant; and the female black garden ants are the only ones whom She created in Her own image, unto the image of the Arch-Ant. All the other ants, be they red or yellow, are inferior in intelligence and in anthood.

"And the ants enjoyed life and forgot in their prosperity to worship the Arch-Ant. When the Arch-Ant saw that Her creatures cared little for Her, but otherwise everything was well, She retired from the world She had begotten to the Celestial Hill where there is

joy everlasting. From that moment evil originated and all kinds of injurious animals sprang into existence, among which the most formidable ones are the ant-bears with their long tongues and the two-legged giants called men. Among all the enemies of anthood they are the most fiendish and threaten to exterminate all the ants upon the earth.

"Since the origin of men ants began to pray to the Arch-Ant, and the Arch-Ant took pity on the ants and roused prophets in the hill and revealed Herself to the ants. And the prophets of the Arch-Ant said to the ants: 'The evil that afflicts you has been created by your negligence and the Arch-Ant will not undo it. You must suffer the consequences of your sin. But She will have mercy on you and such as believe in Her; She will resurrect them and receive them in the Eternal Hill where they shall have sweet food forever, milch-kine and slaves in abundance.'"

Theological discussions arose and created schisms in the church. Professor Weller mentioned some of them.

There is the sect of the male ants. A male ant began to preach and declared that the Arch-Ant could not be a female, but was most probably a male. He explained that all the misfortunes in the hill originated from the preponderance of the females. He demanded with good logical reasons, equality of the three sexes in politics, economics, and in religion. "Education," he said, "is monopolised by the female and the neuters; and the neuters are only sterile females. No wonder that our race degenerates and succumbs to men and other creatures of evil influence." The sect of the male ants has acquired little recognition. "The idea that the Arch-Ant should be a male individual," says one prominent ant-philosopher, "is so absurd as to be unworthy the trouble of refutation. Not only are the males naturally inferior in everything, but how could they have begotten the world?"

There is another sect called the sceptics. They say, "We cannot know whether or not the Arch-Ant exists, whether or not there is an Eternal Hill above the clouds, whether or not ants will be resurrected after death." Thus, they conclude, "We should worship the Arch-Ant, so as to be on the safe side. But we must not be over-confident in our expectations." The sceptics are suspected of being infidels. Under the guise of a modest suspension of judgment they promulgate indifference in religion.

A third sect maintains that the Arch Ant is neither female nor male, nor neuter. Nor is the Arch-Ant, as the bees maintain, a bee queen. The Arch-Ant, they say, is indescribable, and indeed superior to all creatures, being the creator of all. The adherents of this sect do not deny that the Arch-Ant has begotten the world to serve as a great hill for ants; "the world,"

they maintain, "exists for the sake of ants," but they doubt the utter uselessness and badness of men, while they insist on the devilish nature of ant-bears.

Some liberal-minded prophets love to speak of the "sisterhood of ants and the motherhood of the Arch-Ant," but they find little support among the fashionable churches, for the race prejudice of the black ants against all other ants is very strong.

Lastly we may mention a very small sect of innovators who are generally considered as what men call atheists. They find an esoteric sense in the traditional religion. Although they deny the existence of a personal Arch-Ant, they have faith in ant-ideals and thus propose to worship the general idea of anthood.

There are many more issues in the religious life of ant-religion, but it is too difficult for us to understand them and Professor Weller who was thoroughly familiar with them has passed away.

Human beings have their peculiar notions about the world, its origin, and the future fate of beings after death. It seems advisable for us to let some ant-philosopher explain his notions on these different subjects and compare notes with our conceptions. It is difficult to say how we shall get at the facts to make a comparison possible; but we ought to do it. The mere consideration that there are other beings in existence and that they also are God's creatures yearning to be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of a divine childhood," will help us to purify our own religious views. "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves, also, who [so at least we trust] have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption."

We must conclude from Professor Weller's remarks that the ants are very exclusive and dogmatic. They would scorn to confer with bees whom they regard as very inferior beings, and will, most likely, refuse to send delegates to a religious parliament in which they are likely to meet on an equal footing either with men or ant-bears or other lower creatures, none of which pay reverence to the Arch-Ant in the Eternal Hill of Bliss.

Some ant-philosophers regard mankind as quite rational and concede to them a high rank, not in morality, yet in intelligence and cunning. It is true that the fanciful notions on the intelligence of men have been given up again among the ants, since a great ant-naturalist has proved that what appears to be intelligence is mere instinct developed by the survival of the fittest. Instinct, he claims, is sufficient to account for the facts, thus it is quite redundant according to the principle of economy in explanations to assume the existence of any conscious or purposive intelligence.

We cannot here investigate how far the good opinion of ants concerning men is justified, but we hope that there is some fact back of it.

We regret that, owing to the exclusiveness of ants, there is little hope of meeting in conference with them. All the more ought we to consider the statements made by Professor Weller. We repeat, that without a proper appreciation of the religious problems from a radically different standpoint, such as that of the ants, comparative religion cannot attain completion. P. C.

#### IMAGO.

BY CHARLES ALVA LANE.

O fools and blind, to whom the life is meat!  
 Across whose multitude of business fall  
 No dreams; whose deaf ears will not hear the call  
 That starry silence and blue days repeat  
 In Gabriel tones, proclaiming Life is sweet  
 Unswathed of its aurelia, wherewithal  
 The sense doth seal the soul, till Thought is thrall  
 To appetence, and gyved of wing and feet!

Unseal thine eyes, O Soul! for all the hills  
 With flaming chariots burn of thronging Truth,  
 And Beauty of her speech the world fulfils,  
 Whose words the flowers are and dreams of youth,  
 Delight and song and longings rich and rare  
 As gathered fruits of Love's first visions are.

#### KOSSUTH AND GENERAL GORGEI.

MR. THEODORE STANTON writes us as follows from Paris:

"I notice in *The Open Court* some little discussion concerning Kossuth and Gorgei, which makes *à propos* a poem by Theodore Tilton, given in his new volume, 'The Chameleon's Dish,' published at the Oxford University Press, a very pretty piece of typography, by the way. Here is this spirited bit of verse:

'KOSSUTH ON GORGEI'S CAPITULATION,

A. D. 1849.

I could have better borne the blow  
 And throbb'd with less of fever  
 Had he, the Traitor, been my foe  
 And not my Captain,—whom I know  
 As my deceiver.

Is ancient fealty at an end?  
 Is shining honor rusted?  
 Alas, the blow to which I bend  
 Was from "mine own familiar friend  
 In whom I trusted."

To such a blow what balm can be?  
 O God, it healeth never!  
 For even if the land be free,  
 My heart, a wounded aloe-tree,  
 Must bleed for ever!

"The note, which the author appends to this poem, is in accord with your own, in your issue of April 12. Here it is:

"Gorgei, the Hungarian General of 1848, and the friend and comrade of Kossuth, unexpectedly surrendered the Hungarian army; but it is fair to add, in Gorgei's behalf, that his surrender has been vindicated on the ground of military necessity, and as a humane measure to prevent the needless slaughter of his troops."

#### BOOK NOTICES.

*Is the Bible a Revelation from God? Dialogues Between a Sceptic and a Christian*, by Charles T. Gorham (London: Watts & Co.)—103 pages—impugns the notion of revelation; the arguments of the author are chiefly rationalistic.—*The Pyramider of Hermes*,

With a preface by the editor, (Collectanea Hermetica)—pp. 117—edited by W. Wynn Westcott, M. B. Lond., D. P. H., Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Society, Master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge (Theosophical Publishing Society, London, 1894), is a reprint of the English translation by Dr. Everard, 1650, of one of the seventeen tracts attributed to Hermes Trismegistus; the book is neatly got up.—*A Square Talk to Young Men About the Inspiration of the Bible*, by H. L. Hastings (Scriptural Tract Repository, 1893, pp. 94, price, 75 cents), was originally a lecture delivered at Massachusetts before the Young Men's Christian Association; and after revision and enlargement was issued as the first number of the Anti-Infidel Library; it claims to be in its third million, twelve tons of it having been printed in London at one time; the book is within the comprehension of any reader. We have also received tracts by the same Library and with the same tendency, entitled "The Higher Criticism."—*Right Living*, by Susan H. Wixon (Chicago, Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1894, pp. 292), is a collection of pleasant talks upon the chief practical problems of life; we cannot enter into a discussion of the foundations of the author's views.—*Human Nature Considered in the Light of Physical Science, Including Phrenology, with a New Discovery*, by Mr. Caleb S. Weeks of New York (Fowler & Wells Co., 1893; pp. 240; 117 illustrations; cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents) is written in a sober, self-contained style, which, considering the subject, does the author much credit; it is free from most of the vagaries which usually characterise such works.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Louis Prang, the well-known art-publisher of Boston, who from the character of his business might be expected to hold just the opposite views upon this subject, has delivered an address at the dinner of the New England Tariff Reform League; March 9, 1894, in favor of free trade. Mr. Prang declares he is perfectly ready to compete with the European market, even in the formidable domain of lithography. Other speeches were delivered by Hon. Peleg McFarlin, Treasurer Ellis Foundry Co., Mr. Henry C. Thacher, wool merchant, and Mr. W. O. Blaney, flour and grain merchant. (Boston: New England Tariff Reform League, 1894.)

## THE OPEN COURT.

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