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ADVENTURES OF PAINE IN LONDON AND PARIS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

CLIO RICKMAN says that Paine's "Rights of Man," Part I, was mainly written in London, but finished at Versailles. This he could only have learned from Paine himself. But I am now inclined to think that he misunderstood Paine, and that the work was begun at Versailles and finished in London. This is suggested by a letter of Lafayette, "Paris, 12 Jan., 1790," in which he tells Washington: "*Common Sense* is writing for you a brochure where you will see a part of my adventures." I have not been able to find among Washington's papers anything from Paine that could be described as a brochure, and think this must mean that he had already begun a history of events such as that with which Part I opens, and which is dedicated to Washington. The work was probably enlarged (on account of Burke's attack on the Revolution, early in the Parliament of 1790) from time to time until its publication, March 13, 1791. Lafayette appears to have had a residence at Versailles, and probably Paine was his guest. At any rate, the above note from Lafayette shows that he was in some sense a collaborator with Paine in the history of the early stages of the Revolution. About the same time Paine wrote an extended letter to Edmund Burke, who had been his friend, and had entertained him at his residence, "Beaconsfield." Croly, Burke's biographer says: "Among his [Paine's] earliest missives was a letter to Burke in which he eagerly urged him to introduce the Revolution into England by its established name of 'Reform.' Burke threw back the temptation, or the insult, at once," etc. I have made ineffectual searches after this letter. Dr. Macknight, one of Burke's biographers, writes me that Burke probably destroyed it; but Croly had evidently read it. The investigation has convinced me that the family and executors of Burke have suppressed very important papers relating to him. I have long perceived that Burke's personal character will not bear the full light. By the way, I lately found in an old English magazine, *The Argus*, 1796, an epigram on Burke:

"A pension makes him change his plan
And loudly damn the 'Rights of Man.'"

To return to Lafayette. He begins a letter to Washington, March 17, 1790, with apologies for not writing more regularly; "It is difficult, in the midst of our troubles, to learn in time good occasions; but this time it is to Mr. Paine, who leaves for London, that I entrust the care of sending you my news. . . . Permit me, my dear General, to offer you a picture representing the Bastille as it was some days after I gave the order for its demolition. I also pay you the homage of sending you the principal key of that fortress of despotism. It is a tribute I owe as a son to my adoptive father, as aide-de-camp to my General, as a missionary of liberty to his patriarch." Paine sent the picture and the key from London by the hand of J. Rutledge, Jr., May 31, 1790, as is told in my "Life of Paine" (i, p. 274). I have just found in Paris a letter which has never seen the light, from a French agent in America, Louis Otto, which is amusing enough to insert in my rambling story. Under date of New York, August 4, 1790, Otto writes to his chief in Paris:

"In attending yesterday the public audience of the President, I was surprised by this chief magistrate's question, whether I would like to see the key to the Bastille? One of his secretaries showed me at the same moment a large key which had been sent to the President at the desire of the Marquis de la Fayette, by the hand of a young American just arrived from France. [Rutledge came from London.] I dissembled my surprise in observing to the President that 'the time had not yet come in America to do iron-work equal to that before him.' The Americans present looked at the key with indifference, and as if wondering why it had been sent. But the serene face of the President showed that he regarded it as an homage from the French nation." In a letter of December 13, 1790, Otto returns to the key again:

"The key of the Bastille, regularly shown at the President's audiences, is now also on exhibition in Mrs. Washington's *salon*, where it satisfies the curiosity of the Philadelphians. I am persuaded, Monseigneur, that it is only their vanity that finds pleasure in the exhibition of this trophy, but Frenchmen here are not less piqued, and many will not enter the President's house on this account."

JUL 12 1894

So little did these Frenchmen realise the tremendous march of events in France, or the cause of the storm, which really was the American Republic. There were evils in France, though rather fewer than in other nations of Europe, and none to excite a revolution. It was a vision of the Golden Age across the Atlantic which possessed France. Paine wrote to Washington, "that the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the Key comes to the right place."

Early in May, 1791, Lafayette writes to Washington: "I send you the rather indifferent translation of Mr. Paine ['Rights of Man,' Part I.] as a kind of preservative and to keep me near you."

The "indifferent translation" was not that of Paine's friend Lanthanas, but a hasty one by F. Soules, which appeared with the following title (translated): "Rights of Man. In answer to the attack of Mr. Burke on the French Revolution. By Thomas Paine, Secretary of Congress for Foreign Affairs during the American War; and author of the work entitled 'Common Sense.' Translated from the English by F. S. . . . With Notes and a new Preface by the Author. Paris: F. Buisson. Imprimeur-Libraire. Rue Hautefeuille. May, 1791."

The first enthusiastic "Painite" in Paris was, probably, Achille Duchâtelet, a young nobleman, who had married an English wife, Charlotte Comyn, and knew English. He and Paine, immediately after the attempt of Louis XVI. to escape from France, in June, 1791, placarded Paris with the first republican manifesto ever issued in Europe. The following is from Dumont's "Recollections of Mirabeau":

"The celebrated Paine was at this time in Paris, and intimate in Condorcet's family. Thinking that he had effected the American Revolution, he fancied himself called upon to bring about one in France. . . . Duchâtelet called on me, and after a little preface placed in my hands an English manuscript,—a Proclamation to the French People. It was nothing less than an anti-royalist Manifesto, and summoned the nation to seize the opportunity and establish a Republic. Paine was its author. Duchâtelet had adopted and was resolved to sign, placard the walls of Paris with it, and take the consequences. He had come to request me to translate and develop it. I began discussing the strange proposal, and pointed out the danger of raising a republican standard without concurrence of the National Assembly, and nothing being as yet known of the King's intentions, resources, alliances, and possibilities of support by the army, or in the provinces. I asked if he had consulted any of the most influential leaders,—Sieyès, Lafayette, etc. He had not: he and Paine had acted alone. An American and an impulsive nobleman had put themselves for-

ward to change the whole governmental system of France. Resisting his entreaties, I refused to translate the Proclamation. . . . Next day the republican Proclamation appeared on the walls in every part of Paris, and was denounced to the Assembly. The idea of a Republic had previously presented itself to no one: this first intimation filled with consternation the Right and the moderates of the Left. Malouet, Cazales, and others proposed prosecution of the author, but Chapelier, and a numerous party, fearing to add fuel to the fire instead of extinguishing it, prevented this."

Lafayette now missed his great opportunity. He was a thorough republican at heart, but did not realise that the people were also such. Both Jefferson and Paine warned him of this, but he maintained that it would be twenty years before France would be ripe for a Republic. This led Lafayette to trust to the momentary alliance of throne and people, which sank under his foot like a quicksand, and left him a prisoner in Austria. Paine, in dedicating Part II of "Rights of Man" to Lafayette, alludes to their only difference. "That which you suppose accomplishable in fourteen or fifteen years, I may believe practicable in a much shorter period." So short was the period that when this Part II, which appeared in London, February 17, 1792, appeared in the late summer in a French translation, the translator had to apologise for Paine's praise of Lafayette! "The seed sown by the audacious hand of Paine," says Dumont, "were now [June, 1791] budding in leading minds." On September 21, 1792, they had borne fruit in the formal abolition of Royalty.

Let me now refer to some unknown items connected with a very different man, namely William Blake, the mystical artist and poet, the subject of important monographs by Gilchrist, Yeats, and Swinburne. There was perhaps no other contemporary of Thomas Paine so remote from his religious rationalism, and yet Blake certainly saved Paine's life. In September, 1792, Paine was lodging at Rickman's house and book-shop (7 Upper Marylebone Street, the house remains and is still a book-bindery). On the 13th the police had determined on his arrest, and had they succeeded he would unquestionably have been hung. But Blake found him at the house of his publisher, Johnson, and said, "You must not go home, or you are a dead man." Paine was got off by his friends to Dover, whither the police tracked him, but arrived too late. They saw the distant sail wafting him to France.

It is difficult to discover from Blake's mystical visions how much political radicalism there was in him. Paine had become to him a transcendental type, one of seven American figures who appear in his "Prophecy" concerning America (1793):

"The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent.
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore :
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night :—
Washington, Franklin, Paine, and Warren, Gates, Hancock, and Green,
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albion's fiery Prince."

These seven are wrapt in the flames of their enthusiasm. Albion's Prince sends to America his thirteen angels, who, however, there become governors of the thirteen States.

Whatever may have then been Blake's politics, they were consistent with his apotheosising Pitt during the war with France, though in a somewhat equivocal way. In the National Gallery there is a picture by him which he described in a catalogue (1809) as : "The spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth. He is that angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the storms of war. He is ordering the reaper to reap the vine of the Earth, and the Ploughman to plough up the Cities and Towers." A close examination of this curious picture suggests that in his catalogue, printed a few years after Pitt's death (1806), Blake gave it a euphemistic construction. The monster jaws of Behemoth are full of struggling men, some of whom reach up imploring hands to another spiritual form, who reaches down from a crescent moon in the sky, as if to save them. This latter face and form appear to me certainly meant for Thomas Paine.

Although Paine owned a house and farm at New Rochelle, near New York, and a small house and lot at Bordentown, N. J., he had not much cash. He would not accept rent from the widow who occupied the latter. His "Rights of Man" brought in a good deal of money, but he gave it all away to the various "Constitutional Societies" in England, which had sprung up to propagate his views. In order to do this he had to live poorly. Gouverneur Morris (April 16, 1791) speaks of visiting his "wretched apartments" in Paris. That of course was all changed when he returned to Paris as the representative of Calais in the National Convention. He arrived September 19, 1792, at what was then known as "White's Hotel," No. 7 Passage des Pétits Pères, not far from the Louvre. It is about ten minutes' walk from the place where the Convention sat. On the wall of the Tuilleries Garden, Rue de Rivoli, there is now a tablet in French which reads :

"On this spot, before the opening of the Rue de Rivoli, stood the Salle de Manège, where sat successively the Constituent Assembly from 9th November, 1789, to 30th September, 1791; the Legislative Assembly from 1st October, 1791, to 21st September, 1792; the National Convention from 21st September, 1792, to 9th May, 1793; and where was inaugurated the Republic of 21st September, 1792."

In this vanished edifice Paine was introduced by the Abbé Grégoire, September 21, and received with acclamations.

IN MEMORY OF GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

WE have received many kind letters, addressed partly to Mrs. Trumbull and partly to *The Open Court*, from friends and readers of the late General Trumbull, both abroad and at home, among whom we mention George Julian Harney of Richmond, England, Prof. Richard Garbe of Königsberg, Moncure D. Conway, at present in London, Louis Prang of Boston, Alexander Russell Webb, editor of the *Moslem World*, New York, Michael D. Harter and Col. D. B. Henderson, the two latter members of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., Frederick W. Peabody of Boston, Mass., Edward Atkinson of Boston, the well known statistician, Lyman J. Gage, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, Ill., Col. Edgar T. Ensign, Colorado Springs, Col., Wm. M. Salter, formerly of Chicago, now Speaker of the Society for Ethical Culture in Philadelphia, F. de Gissac of Waco, Texas, C. Staniland Wake, W. J. White of Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Munsell of the *Dubuque Trade Journal*, Col. J. J. Lambert, editor of the *Pueblo Chieftain*.

Frau Baronin Bertha von Suttner, the well-known author of "Ground Arms!" writes from Hermannsdorf-Eggenburg, Austria :

"I only wanted to tell you that I have shed a tear for General Trumbull. I cherished this author, I respected this man—his wit delighted me; his heart was never cold, his judgment never erring. And while I write this, my eyes are again filling with tears."

Dr. Robert Lewins, the philosopher of Hylo-Idealism, writes :

"I cannot deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of expressing the deep interest and admiration felt on perusal of your "Memorial" in the last number of *The Open Court* of the late M. M. Trumbull, whose death must have been a specially great blow and loss to his friends as no doubt it is to universal humanity and the cause of truth. He must have been a grand specimen of a man. That his name was not wider known and more prominent in the outer world, European and American, is one more proof of our racial insensibility—I may even say hostility to the good, beautiful, and true. I have always held with 'martyred Phocion' of old, who, when applauded on the *Bema*, used to stop and ask what he had said amiss. I sincerely condole with you on this occasion."

Prof. J. H. Cook writes :

"My poor words are feeble to express my loss and appreciation of one of nature's greatest noblemen—the noblest that ever graced a 'Wheelbarrow.' I sadly missed one week's mental feast of 'Current Topics,' then to hear so soon of his death, was too much for my nerves. He was one of my dearest universal brothers. I wanted him to live to spread his light for human amelioration many years."

Among the newspapers which commented upon General Trumbull's death, we mention the *London Times*, the *London Atheneum*, the *Review of Reviews*,

all the Chicago dailies, and prominent papers in other great cities.

The *Hayes Valley Advertiser*, in an editorial article dwelling on the merits of General Trumbull, says:

"The press dispatches announced the death of this great man in three lines; they would have given a prize fighter or murderer a half column at least."

The *Newcastle Chronicle* published several letters and one article on General Trumbull's life by Harney, from which we quote:

"The loss to *The Open Court* of General Trumbull's weekly notes must be incalculable. The learned and highly-efficient editor is and will be sustained by able contributors both American and European; but no one can fill the deceased's vacant chair. If no one of the suitors could draw the bow of Ulysses, so no one that I can think of can take up the pen which has fallen from the hand of General Trumbull. In wit and sarcasm, controlled by unimpeachable common sense and the loftiest sense of ethical justice, it will be hard to find his successor. His style made him the most agreeable and desirable of writers. No matter what his topic, or topics, he was sure to be readable and enjoyable from the first line to the last. To illustrate his argument, or to point his moral, he had a whole gallery of characters at his command, giving to 'airy nothings a local habitation and a name'—such as his Marbletown and other worthies; his cute Yankees; his wide-awake Westerners; his roguishly-simple Irishmen; his military Scaramouches worthy of Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin; his impecunious philanthropists; his needy and greedy demagogues; his professional politicians, so adept at pulling the wool over the eyes of their dupes; and many more. All lost to us. Waes me!"

The *Pueblo Daily Chieftain* contains an excellent sketch of General Trumbull's life, four columns long, written by one of his old war comrades, Col. Edgar T. Ensign. We quote from it the comments made on his military career:

"He was mustered out of service with his regiment at Little Rock, Ark., the 16th of the next February. The following complimentary order was issued by Major-General H. J. Hunt, commanding the Frontier district, department of Arkansas:

"The Commanding-General takes this occasion to convey to Brevet Brigadier-General Trumbull and the officers and men of his regiment his appreciation of the good service they have rendered while under his command, and the excellence of their discipline, which has frequently elicited the commendations of the citizens of the district."

"General Trumbull's farewell letter to his command was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS 9TH IOWA CAVALRY VOL.,
FORT SMITH, ARK., Feb., 19, 1866.

To the officers and soldiers of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry:

GENTLEMEN: We are about to separate. Our work is done. The flag of the republic waves triumphantly over all her ancient domain. In the great struggle which has passed you have done well, and you leave the service, carrying with you a noble tribute of approbation from the Major-General commanding the district, one of the greatest soldiers of the country. The hardships and dangers you have undergone have been great, and many of our comrades have sunk by the wayside. The discipline has been severe, but it was necessary to make soldiers of you. In the new position you are to assume preserve your soldier's name untainted, and should the President of the United States again order the "long roll" beaten, I trust we shall all be ready to "fall in."

May prosperity and happiness attend you all. Comrades, I bid you farewell.

M. M. TRUMBULL,

Col. Ninth Iowa Cav. Vols. and Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A."

"At this point may be noticed a few of General Trumbull's characteristic traits, as they appeared to a fellow soldier: His high courage, manliness, and unwavering loyalty need hardly be mentioned; they were patent to all. His sturdy independence and disregard for caste were also strongly manifest. Under all circumstances he strongly maintained the inherent dignity of man, making no distinction of 'race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' Numerous illustrations of this were shown in his army life and relations with people of the South, both white and colored. Many a soldier in the ranks, fleeing Unionist or down-trodden black, has gratefully cherished the memory of his kind and timely deeds.

"His *bonhomie* and love of good cheer were notable. When relieved from the cares of business and military duties, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to gather congenial spirits around him for social intercourse. His quarters in camp, while maintained with strict regard to military discipline, were always a social centre. Officers of other commands delighted to visit him and share in the relaxations of the hour. As a host and *bon vivant*, he was inimitable. Who of the Ninth Cavalry does not recollect the log cabin headquarters at Bayou Two Prairie, Arkansas, called facetiously the 'Colonel's Den'? Upon many well-remembered occasions his brother officers were assembled there for conversation, games, reading, recitations, 'stump speeches,' and the like. The humor and versatility of General Trumbull and his varied and unfailing social resources were remarkable. All were brought within his spell.

"The eminent services which General Trumbull had rendered in the late war were generously recognised and appreciated by the people of Iowa. Upon his return to them in March, 1866, the General Assembly then in session at Des Moines tendered him a public reception. Upon that occasion he made an eloquent and, impassioned appeal, urging his fellow citizens to support Congress in its reconstruction measures."

Another of General Trumbull's old war comrades writes in the *Gazette* of West Union, Iowa:

"Our personal relations with General Trumbull extend back to 1861, when we joined the company he was raising under President Lincoln's first call for volunteers, which became Company I, Third Iowa Infantry, and of which he was captain. He was thoroughly military, a strict disciplinarian, but of a noble, generous nature, faithful and brave as a soldier, never shirking a duty, nor permitting it of others. He received a severe wound at Shiloh, the effects of which lingered by him all his life and probably contributed to his death. He was an invalid many years, and was never able to be present at any of the reunions of the Third Regiment until the last one, at Decorah, two years ago last summer. His reception on that occasion bespoke the love and admiration of his comrades in a manner that brought tears to his eyes, and when he recovered his voice, seemed to renew his youth, talking with that vim and energy so characteristic of the days when he was captain, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel."

F. de Gissac, the same with whom General Trumbull had a passage at arms in *The Open Court* on the subject of "Chivalry," concludes an article in the *Waco News* on his late opponent, the ridiculer of modern imitations of the knighthood of old:

"To condense in one single sentence all these splendid paegeirics, so well deserved by the character and virtues of General Trumbull, and, at the same time, to bring our own modest tribute

to his noble grave, we cannot think of anything better than to say: He was chivalrous; he was a true knight."

Horace Traubel, whose controversy on Walt Whitman and the pensioning of nurses will be remembered, says in the *Conservator*:

"Henry D. Lloyd will not take it amiss if I quote from a private letter in which he does tribute to one whom men of whatever liberal stamp should hold in precious memory.

"General Trumbull was a very brave man and one who had that instinctive love of justice which is so admirable and so necessary in times like these.

"General Trumbull often went wrong, but he loved justice and spoke out everywhere for liberty as he understood that transcendent principle of life. I once had a controversy with him in *The Open Court*, in which vigorous statement was not spared on either side. He wrote me afterward as to that: 'You were so plucky and so right from your standpoint, I wished I could agree with you. I like a good antagonist.' Now that he is dead, America and freedom lose a substantial spokesman. We must not despair when such men depart. We need only feel thankful that they had once been given. No star really goes out, however we swim beyond its immediate orbit."

George Schumm in *Liberty* writes:

"A little over three years ago Gen. M. M. Trumbull wrote me, in his characteristic way, that he was suffering with that incurable malady 'invented by a fiend named Bright,' that his kit was packed, his knapsack slung, and that he was ready to march at any moment. But as he was a valiant soldier and fighting more-over under the skilled directions of his faithful companion, his wife, he kept his enemy at bay and continued to pursue his 'perilous trade' as an independent journalist, until only in April of the present year he wrote again (now in his sixty-ninth year), and surely without intending any pious implications: 'I am standing on the very edge of eternity and calmly looking out upon a prospective that is boundless, unfathomable, and inscrutable.' He was still afflicted with Bright's disease, but he knew that it was an unconquerable foe and that it could 'foreclose the mortgage' on him at any moment. And though his body was racked with pain, he closed his letter in the cheerful vein that, 'allowing for that small drawback,' he was enjoying himself well, and that he was 'very thankful that Dr. Bright, when he invented his dire disease, placed it in the kidneys instead of in the brain.'

"Only a month later the enemy rung his knell, and General Trumbull laid down his pen forever. Justice mourns one of her ablest champions, truth an enthusiastic lover, all good causes a chivalrous defender, and free spirits everywhere a most delightful friend and comrade."

After mentioning some events of General Trumbull's career, George Schumm emphasises his brave attitude in the anarchist case. He says:

"General Trumbull thoroughly detested the communistic ideal of society, but this fact did not blind him like so many others to the monstrous wrong that was perpetrated against those unfortunate men in the name of the State, and he chivalrously and without fee took up their defence in the court of public opinion, thus recalling Voltaire, who in a similar crisis from his retreat at Ferney espoused the cause of the hapless Jean Calas."

The *Freidenker* of Milwaukee mentions among other facts relating to General Trumbull's life and works that "he offered to Governor Altgeld the cardinal arguments for his decision of opening to the re-

maining three victims of the anarchist case the doors of the penitentiary."

Liberty asks in an editorial note:

"How is it that *The Open Court's* mourners, in their sincere and appreciative estimates of the late General Trumbull's contributions to the various fields of human activity, refrained from mentioning his great, brave, and admirable work in defence of the "Chicago anarchists"? Was the omission purely accidental? It is impossible to believe it. Perhaps it was deemed well to avoid offending those who did not sympathise with his attitude on that important question, but such a course is in direct opposition to the teachings and practices of the dead worker. Surely even those of his friends who could not endorse his position must have admired the purity and nobility of his purpose and the moral courage displayed by him during the crisis."

The omission was not accidental. It was done because tact and respect for the family of our deceased friend demanded it. General Trumbull was neither an anarchist nor a socialist. His defence of the hapless seven anarchists¹ who had become victims of a misguided public sentiment was made on the ground of justice and of sympathy with the sufferers, not because of an agreement with their opinions. For his brave defence of the anarchists, General Trumbull has been so grossly misrepresented that we do not exaggerate when saying that his reputation suffered. But he, independent as he was, did not mind it. Consider only all the vexations which his wife had to suffer again and again, on account of the alleged anarchism of her husband, and every one will understand that the mere mention of the name "anarchist" at the funeral would have been harassing to Mrs. Trumbull. We honor Mr. Schilling for his self-restraint in omitting that which, as we believe, was burning on his soul. *Liberty* ought to know that a funeral is too sacred to use it in the interest of a party propaganda against the will and the wish of the bereaved family.

There is another criticism made. *Liberty* continues:

"How is it, further, that *The Open Court* mourners sought to convey the impression that General Trumbull was not a materialist and atheist?"

The truth is that General Trumbull changed his opinion. He remained as radical, fearless, and free-thinking as ever to the last moment of his life; but he gave up the crude materialism of former years, which he did not hesitate to denounce in unmistakable terms as narrow and wrong, and he accepted the supernatural God of science, who is the God of aspiring humanity, of free thought, and of progress. P. C.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

ADULTERY.

It was at Jerusalem, at the feast of the dedication; and Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch.

Then came certain of the Jews round about him,

¹ They are commonly called anarchists, and most of them were anarchists, not "socialists," as the peculiarly anarchistic weekly *Liberty* claims.

and said unto him, Rabbi, the chief priests and the elders and the scribes have taken counsel together, to put one of their number out of the Sanhedrim ;

Forasmuch as it is written in our law that no priest shall be of the seed of an adulteress, and this one was not born in wedlock.

How sayest thou then: is it lawful to do this or no?

Jesus answered and said unto them, Oh ! faithless and perverse generation ; why tempt you me with your vain questions ?

As it is written in Esaias, the prophet, Bring no more vain oblations, saith the Lord: incense is an abomination unto me ; the new moons and sabbaths and appointed feasts my soul hateth.

Wash you, make you clean ; put away the evil of your doings ; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless.

And again it is written, The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation.

But I say unto you, As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is thy contention concerning fables and genealogies.

For marriage without love is more adulterous than love without marriage.

SAGACIOUS SATAN AND THE SILLY SINNER.

It happened unto me recently to pass a half hour or so in Heaven.

Whether in the body or out of the body I say not ; but I was there all the same ;

Yea, even as John in Patmos, when he had his revelation, was I there—in spirit.

And if any man among you seemeth to be wise, and doth claim that this was very different from being there,

Lo, I say unto that man, A mind that graspeth a situation hath more of a position than a carcass that holdeth a location.

And let not that man forget it.

Now, it came to pass that while I sat me down, certain spirits entered, and these came and sat over against me.

And they did introduce themselves unto me and were very affable, and did make me feel quite at home.

Insomuch that I did lose all my very natural embarrassment, and did chat for some time with them in a friendly way.

And whilst we chatted thus, behold there was a knock at the door, and one of the angels, whose name was Azrael, saith unto me, That is Satan's knock ; wouldst thou like to see him ?

Then saith I unto the angel, Verily, I would, in case no hurt shall come of it, for Satan hath a great reputation among us.

Then said Azrael unto me, It is one thing to be introduced to the Devil, and quite another to get hurt of him. See thou to that.

And I said, I will see to that. And the door opened and Satan came in.

And I perceived that Satan was of a smiling countenance. Wherefore I said unto him, Why art thou so jolly ?

Then he smiled yet the more, and answered me, saying, He smileth most who succeedeth best ; I was thinking how of late my kingdom was enlarged upon earth.

And I asked him to what particular enlargement he referred : Was it Tammany ?

Nay, saith he, not that especially ; Tammany have I always with me.

Then did I mention certain other matters, as Dr. Parkhurst's crusade, the silver question, the tariff, the liquor traffic, and the labor problem.

But it was none of these that caused Satan to be so exceedingly jolly.

Thou tirest me, saith Satan, for verily these things are of the earth earthy, now dusty, and again muddy, as the weather permitteth.

Of a truth am I pleased because of the foolishness of man, which no weather seemeth to affect.

Now lettest thou me give unto thee a straight tip. Thou hast heard with thine ears, and thy fathers have declared unto thee that man hath a free will.

So if man were wise he would choose the Lord and his ways and not me and my ways ;

For what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose himself, and have no use for the world when he hath gained it ?

So is it better to be wise than to be good ;

For if he be wicked he may repent and be baptised and leave me, I was going to say, in the cold, but now I bethink me, quite otherwise.

But if he be silly, verily there is no help for him, and he cometh unto me quite naturally ;

For man hath power over his own conduct, but verily hath he no power over his brains.

As it is written, (or ought to have been,) He hath made man not only male and female, but brainy and otherwise,—mostly otherwise.

Verily, the Lord knew this, for inasmuch as he hath made man free, it must be morally and not intellectually.

And so, no matter how good a man may be, if he be not wise, his goodness profiteth him nothing.

And that is what causeth me to be jolly ; for man remembereth not that saying of the Lord : I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat ; I was in trouble, and ye gave me no sympathy ; I was ill-natured, and ye gave me no soft answer.

Then saith I unto Satan, Hold on! Go slow, for thy memory faileth thee as to that quotation.

And Satan saith: Any poor devil that erreth ought verily to take correction whenever he findeth it. Be merciful therefore unto me and point out my fault.

Then saith I, There is no mention of any soft answer in the passage of Scripture that thou hast quoted.

Satan smiled, and saith: That may well be, seeing that I am not up in the Scriptures; but verily I know one soft answer, and it is thine own;

For what doth the language matter if peradventure thou gettest the idea? And what is a word but the sign of a sound? And what is a sound but the body of a meaning? Understandest thou me?

Then saith I: Satan, now gettest thou beyond thy depth, though it be the bottomless pit;

For verily have I been taught from my youth up the inerrancy of the Scriptures.

And Satan answered and saith unto me: That is why I smile;

If thou hadst been born again, thou hadst known the truth, and the truth had made thee free.

But now I must be going, but I shall see thee later on. Verily, I can do only the feasible, which in thy case seemeth not difficult.

And when Satan had gotten gone I asked the angel Azrael if he thought it prudent of the Lord to let him make so free around Heaven.

And then Azrael (curious as it may seem) smiled, but the smile was quite unlike Satan's, and saith: Shall the truth fear the Evil One?

Nay, but he who is true may get instruction from him. See thou to that.

Verily thou art in the way of truth. As Satan said himself, he can do only the feasible; but with the Lord and with them that love him the impossible is as easy as the inevitable.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

PANIC BLUNDERS.

THE rashness and recklessness of a panic-struck multitude would often be blessings in disguise, like the storms that stir the stagnant atmosphere of a coast-swamp, if their mismanaged energy were not, besides, almost sure to be misdirected. Near the convent of Montluc, in the highlands of the Cévennes, a French surveyor one evening saw the floods of a cloudburst dash down a mountain-side like an avalanche, and after reaching a place of safety, was horrified to see a troop of fugitives run at breakneck speed in a direction that would bring them directly in the path of the descending deluge. He shouted a warning, but the refugees had been misled by an echo of the rushing waters and only continued their flight with increased haste. The warnings of clear-sighted American patriots are equally lost upon the dupes of the Commonweal demagogues, who rush at panic speed in a fatally wrong direction. From the almost-reached vantage-ground of free trade and freedom from the curse of a meddlesome bureaucratic boodle-syndicate, they hasten into the direct path of the impending avalanche of communism, blinded by vague fears and

deafened by the mob-echoed howl for Government pap. Their blind eagerness for the chains of a Bellamy workhouse despotism might be considered a sufficient proof that they do not deserve their freedom, and like Buffon's bats in the Catacombs, "must know best what is good for them," and the mental disgrace of their blunder is, indeed, eclipsed by the moral infamy of those who crawl under the yoke with their eyes open.

A SANCTUARY OF FREEDOM.

Far up in the highlands of the Athabaska River, the prairies of British North America are broken by a wilderness of pines, stretching a hundred miles north to Deer Lake, and east almost to the shores of Hudson Bay,—a territory of some fifty thousand square miles, where cereals refuse to grow, but where individual enterprise, aided by a good axe and a berry-basket, might well contrive to keep frost and famine at bay. Capt. Lloyd Robertson's account of a recent trip through that stronghold of solitude ought to be welcomed by every lover of independence. The winters are extremely, almost arctically, severe, but the same frosts that kill out grain-crops will also keep out the slave-drivers of socialistic despotism; the pathless forests that insure the survival of the wolf and the pine-falcon, also offer a permanent refuge to men who decline to sell their freedom for the prerogatives of a Government workhouse-boss-in-chief. Twenty-eight inches of snow for seven months in the year, tend, no doubt, to hamper a hermit's freedom of motion, but can be abated on the precincts of the hermitage, and are, on the whole, preferable to perennial slavery. On the borders of Afghanistan there is a mountain-range that almost precludes the possibility of road-building by the frequency of snow-storms and the tremendous steepness of the summit-rocks. "Why, you could not get a provision-waggon across this pass," said the traveller Pallas, when his guide halted near the top of the cloud-capped ridge. "Oh, that's all right," said the native, "as long as the Russians can't get their artillery up, either."

COUNTER-RUFFIANS.

In the free-and-easy republic of the ocean, the over-multiplication of every aggressive monster is checked by the truculence of rival ogres, and on the same principle moral philosophers can see a beneficent tendency in the vindictiveness of such men as the Caserta brothers, who were visited by a committee of Texas White Caps and received their guests with a hail-storm of buck-shot. The occasional confessions of these midnight reformers make it highly probable that their motives have something to do with the love of sport, not to say of mischief, and the established possibility of an intended victim contriving to get the trump-cards in a game of that sort would undoubtedly tend to moderate the zeal of such sportsmen.

HOTBEDS OF DISEASE.

The violent outbreak of the plague in the Chinese seaport-towns is a minor wonder compared with the fact that the police of those cities have contrived to keep the disease within anything like manageable bounds. A correspondent of the *North China Herald* describes the floating suburbs of Canton as labyrinths of galley-like dungeons, moored in a festering melange of garbage and sewer-fluids, and confining their tenants to cockpits where the supply of oxygen gets almost exhausted between sunset and midnight, leaving an atmosphere of concentrated miasma for the remaining hours of the night. Under the brooding rays of the mid-summer sun fevers become epidemic, and the frightful rate of infant mortality saves poor parents the necessity of the rustic method for the removal of superfluous babies.

SENSITIVE TURKS.

The eight newspapers published in Constantinople in the Turkish and Arabian idioms, are under control of a Government censor, who shows his teeth at the first whisper of disloyal senti-

ments, and often orders the confiscation of an entire edition, reserve-files and all. Books, too, have to get the *imprimatur* of that Rhadamantus, before they can be offered for sale in the public book-shops, and violators of the press-laws can think themselves lucky if they get off with a fifty-dollar fine and a week in jail.

PRIMITIVE REPUBLICS.

The semi-despotic republics of Spanish America can, in certain respects, boast a free-and-easy state of affairs which our own country enjoyed only in the days of Daniel Boone. *Matanzas* (beast-fights) can be arranged by any picnic-manager, without the interference of a municipal moralist, and in Paraguay pedlars, who in Ohio would have to pay a licence of a hundred dollars a year, are not only tax-free, but exempted from bridge-toll, to give the settlers of sparsely-settled districts a chance to provide themselves with the commodities of civilised life.

TIMBER-FIENDS.

In the coast-range of California, timber-sharks are cutting down magnificent redwood trees for the sake of a few planks, leaving the rest of the wood to rot where it drops. Groves of considerable extent have thus been destroyed in Santa Cruz, Monterey, and other counties, where timber is already beginning to get so scarce that in a few years a tract of woodland will be a more valuable possession than a vineyard. Is our continent, after all, destined to share the fate of the Mediterranean coastlands? The progress of our forestry associations, though undeniable, is still discouragingly small, and Professor Goebel of Pittsburgh estimates that the number of trees planted on Arbor Days is only about one-twenty-five hundredth part of the aggregate destroyed year after year by wood-cutters and forest-fires. Irrigation and Dyrefurth's rain-charms will be of little avail against the consequences of that reckless waste. What part of North America can hope to escape the doom of climatic deterioration if sea-girt Asia Minor could become a desert?

FRENCH CLAIRVOYANTS.

The mind-reader Marlot has revived the Parisian miracle mania, and every *salon* is now trying to produce a mesmeric oracle of its own. The advertisement columns of half a dozen dailies are crowded with the addresses of the mystic fraternity, but female prophets are less abundant than on our own side of the Atlantic; within the last eighty years, at least, no clairvoyant has contrived to match the fame of the Pythoness Lenormand, who amassed a fortune by her successful peeps through the keyhole of the future, and is said to have predicted the career of Joachim Murat and the downfall of the first Napoleon.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

In Rome, the same city where Gordon Bruno was burned in 1600 and where only one hundred years ago Cagliostro was imprisoned for life on a charge of freemasonry, an enterprising publisher has just announced the third edition of Camillo Rocca's *Segreto del Pontificato*—"The Secret of the Papacy." "How shall we explain the fact," Macaulay asked in 1839, "that the power of the Roman Pontiff has survived the revolt of the Albigenses, the assaults of Protestantism and of the French Rationalists, and is gaining, rather than losing ground, in this age of critical research?" These questions Signor Rocca answers by the audacious theory that the votaries of the Vatican are attracted neither by the hope of heaven nor the love of truth half as much as by the charm of an intellectual *dolce far niente*, the lazy submission of reason to authority and the comfort of considering mental sloth a duty and virtue. "It is so pleasant," he says, "to be able to silence a charge of ignorance, stupidity, and mental emasculation by calling your opponent a heretic." The author then proceeds to demonstrate that the prestige of the Church has invariably declined in periods of intellectual revival, like that preceding the French revolution,

and as invariably regained its lost ground during the far longer periods of reaction and mental indolence, *alias* indifferentism. The work abounds with diatribes against the leaders of that reaction, but the Church prudently continues to ignore both the book and its admirers, and the orthodox press contents itself with quizzing the patriotic zeal of the author, and pointing out the inconsistencies of some of his tenets. FELIX L. OSWALD.

NOTES.

In reply to several inquiries from admirers of the late Gen. M. M. Trumbull, we state that at present the widow receives no pension. Friends intend to take steps in the matter, but nothing as yet has been attempted, and what will come of it we do not know.

The Messrs. Bickers & Son, Leicester Square, London, W. C., have put together in a small pamphlet some interesting press and personal opinions on the works of the late Constance Naden, which they publish. The opinions are both critical and complimentary, and give the reader a splendid insight into the character and genius of this lamented authoress. Miss Naden's philosophical works have been frequently mentioned in our pages.

We are informed that the Rev. T. C. F. Grumbine, who has championed the cause of spiritualism several times in *The Open Court*, has resigned his ministry at the Unitarian Church in Geneseo, Illinois, and expects to travel through the South and California this fall and winter as a spiritualistic lecturer. As his inclinations always tended in this direction, Mr. Grumbine will feel himself more in his element on the spiritualistic rostrum than in the pulpit. We may expect to hear from him again concerning his further development.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 359.

ADVENTURES OF PAINE IN LONDON AND PARIS.

MONCURE D. CONWAY..... 4143

IN MEMORY OF GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL. EDITOR. 4145

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA. Adul-

tery. Sagacious Satan and the Silly Sinner. HUDOR

GENONE 4147

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS. Panic Blunders. A Sanc-

tuary of Freedom. Counter-Ruffians. Hotbeds of Dis-

ease. Sensitive Turks. Primitive Republics. Timber-

Fiends. French Clairvoyants. Signs of the Times.

DR. FELIX L. OSWALD..... 4149

NOTES 4150