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BOOTY'S GHOST.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THE boldest and most original newspaper in America, in 1830, was the *Free Enquirer*, then edited by Robert Dale Owen and Frances Wright. In turning over its dingy little pages I have met with many stories which seem worth reprinting. Let us begin with an unusually well authenticated apparition.

In 1687, the captains of three British ships appeared in the court of the King's Bench with their log-books, in each of which was the following record: "Friday, May 15th. We had the observation of Mr. Booty this day." All three had gone on shore with other men to shoot rabbits on the little island of Stromboli, where there is an active volcano. "And about half an hour and fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we all of us saw two men running towards us with such swiftness, that no living man could run half so fast as they did run. All of us heard Captain Barnaby say, 'Lord bless me! The foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor.' But he said he did not know the other who ran behind: he was in black clothes, and the foremost was in gray." All this they put down at Captain Barnaby's request. "For we none of us ever heard or saw the like before; and we were firmly convinced that we saw old Booty chased by the Devil round Stromboli, and then whipped into the flames of hell."

When they came back to England, they heard that Mr. Booty was dead; and Captain Barnaby said he had seen him "running into hell." He was prosecuted for libel by the widow; and the damages were estimated at £1000. It was proved at the trial that "The time when the two men were seen and that when Booty died coincided within about two minutes." The captains and many sailors swore to the accuracy of the log-books; and ten men even swore to the buttons on Mr. Booty's coat, which was brought into court. One witness, named Spinks, was asked if he knew Mr. Booty, and replied, "I knew him well, and am satisfied that I saw him hunted on the burning mountain, and plunged into the pit of hell, which lies under the summit of Stromboli." Then the judge said, "Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may

never see what you have seen! One, two, or three may be mistaken; but thirty never can be mistaken." So the widow lost her case.

This story may have been published by the *Free Enquirer* in order to bring its readers face to face with the question, whether any amount of evidence could prove that the order of nature does not exist. Here is a ghost story, which is supported by the testimony of thirty witnesses; and moreover, to quote Captain Cuttle, "It's entered on the ship's log, and that's the truest book as a man can write." If all this proves anything, it is a personal devil, and a hell with real fire under that volcano.

Another instance of the power of the imagination is given in the number for January 26, 1833. A physician residing on Block Island, R. I., Dr. A. C. Willey, tells how he had seen the meteor known as the Palatine light, and supposed to represent a ship on fire with all her ropes, masts, and sails. Whittier, in a poem first printed in his *Tent on the Beach*, and called "The Palatine," says that a ship with that name was lured upon the rocks with false lights by the islanders, more than a hundred years ago; and that the meteor was seen on the very spot where the wreck was burned, after it had been stripped of everything worth carrying off. Dr. Willey says that the Palatine was run on shore by the seamen, who had murdered some of her passengers; and these latter are stated in a note to have been emigrants from Southern Germany. Dr. Willey also says that the people of the island spoke of the light only as seen on the water, and from half a mile to six or seven miles from the north shore. It was described as appearing often, usually on still nights before a storm, and sometimes for several evenings in succession. He saw it twice himself, first for fifteen minutes at evening twilight in February, 1830. "It was large and gently lambent," or flickering "very bright, broad at the bottom, and terminating acutely upward. From each side seemed to issue rays of faint light." The next time it was small, and moved back and forth parallel to the shore, with an occasional halt. This time the light may have been on a vessel which was tacking frequently. What the doctor saw in February was probably the *aurora borealis*. I suspect that none of the islanders saw as much as they

thought they did, and that those talked most who saw least.

Among the *Enquirer's* stories of village life in Connecticut, shortly before 1830, is one of a man, who was voted out of the church, presumably for heresy, but on every communion Sunday brought his own wine and bread to his pew, where he partook of a sacrament which was quite as holy as if it had been blessed by any man who was paid for doing it.

In another of the little towns, the tavern was kept by a deacon, who was also a farmer, a wheelwright, a captain in the militia, and a tithingman. In the last capacity, he stopped people who were travelling on Sunday, and forced them to put up at his tavern. One forenoon, he arrested a pedlar, who begged for leave to travel on a little further to his uncle's where he and his horse could get the food which they needed sadly. "Never mind your uncle," said the deacon. "You shall have plenty to eat and drink here; and I'll put up your horse." The pedlar yielded accordingly, and accepted whatever was offered him, including an invitation to go to church, but took care not to ask for anything. Early the next morning, he got ready to depart; but the deacon urged him to stay to breakfast, and at the same time offered to feed his horse with oats. The pedlar then took a stroll about the village, before returning in time to take a hearty meal. In fact, both he and his horse were in much better condition than when they were arrested. He mounted his wagon, thanked the deacon for his hospitality, and told him "If you come our way—" "But you're not going without paying your bill?"

"Yes, but I am though. You compelled me to stop, and then invited me to eat, drink, and lodge with you. You took care of my horse, too, all of your own accord. Of course, I couldn't very well refuse. I can't allow you to sully your hospitality taking money for it; but I'll return the favor when I get to be a tithingman, and meet you travelling on Sunday."

"You won't pay your bill, then?"

"Not I, Deacon. I'm much obliged to you."

"Then I shall get a writ for the amount, and also a warrant against you for travelling on the Lord's day."

"You may save yourself that trouble and expense, friend Deacon. As to the travelling, I called on the 'Squire before breakfast, and complained of myself, which saved half the fine. I can prove that you invited me to be fed and lodged, and have my horse taken care of. I took care not to ask for anything. It's as contrary to law as to good manners to present that 'ere bill. So good morning."

Equally justifiable was the shrewdness with which a negro made good his escape from slavery. He had already reached Pennsylvania, and was journeying

northward on foot, when he was overtaken by two mounted kidnappers. He made no resistance, but appeared very weary. After a while, he was put on what he saw to be the best of the horses. He really was an expert rider; but he pretended to be so much afraid of falling off, that the captors soon ceased to take much trouble about leading the horse, which was willing enough to follow his master. The first thing they knew, the negro was off at full gallop; and the pursuit was as vain as that after the young Lochinvar.

Another colored man was the shepherd of a flock of black sheep in Albany, New York, at the time when the Legislature voted that every pastor in that city should be invited in turn to open the proceedings with prayer, and be paid accordingly. He applied for an opportunity to officiate in his turn; and the situation was embarrassing. At last, a compromise was agreed upon; and the colored preacher received as much pay for not making a prayer, as any white brother had for making one.

As a specimen of the solid matter in the *Enquirer*, I may add that early in 1832, Robert Dale Owen, who was a leading socialist, stated that there had been "considerable improvement" at New Harmony since there ceased to be "anything in the shape of a community of common property." He still thought there was too much competition in England; but "Here it is far different. The race of competition is not yet run. The evils we feel are not those of competition, but of its absence." He also admits that "There is, there must be, more of what in one sense may be termed restraint in a co-operative community than in individual society." "I think," he adds, "that whatever progress is made here will be made, for many years to come, under the individual system of small landed proprietors." There are advantages in combining for such objects as public libraries and scientific lectures. "But for the more intimate and comprehensive measures of co-operation, the breaking up of domestic households and the abandonment of private property, I doubt whether, in this generation and this country, men are prepared for it. There is nothing here to drive them into it; and men so seldom change any darling habits until they are driven to the change." In a postscript he insists on "The absence of all necessity for co-operation; and that after all is the main point. When a man has enough to furnish wholesome food and comfortable clothing for himself and family, the hope of a few dollars more or less is not inducement sufficient to make him subvert the habits of a lifetime."

America was too prosperous for socialism in 1832, according to so good a judge as Robert Dale Owen; and our country is still more prosperous now. There is an article in the *North American Review* for Septem-

ber, 1895, proving that wages average twice as high per operative at present as in 1860. It is also shown that there has been such great improvement in the production and distribution of all the comforts and luxuries "which make the life of the people worth living," that we are much more comfortable than our parents were in 1850; and our children, in the twentieth century, "will have twice as many luxuries and live twice as easy and comfortable lives" as we do today." Many of us remember that the daily meals and ordinary furniture are much more luxurious now than they were forty years ago. What were rare luxuries then are common comforts now; and there are few luxuries at present which cannot be enjoyed by the great majority of Americans. The inhabitants of this country will in all probability continue much too well off to feel any need of making as great a change as is demanded by the socialists. The visions of Bellamy and Morris are likely to remain as different from any possible reality as the Palatine light or old Booty's ghost.

PAN-EGOISM THE KEY=NOTE OF THE UNIVERSE.¹

(Posthumous Article.)

BY THE LATE ROBERT LEWINS, M. D.

"Alone in the kingdom of Space I stand,
With Hell and Heaven on either hand.
Men and their Gods pass away, but still
I am Maker and End, I am God, I am Will."
—A. Mary F. Robinson.

LET ME VENTURE on this occasion to furnish a few more *data* out of the inexhaustible cornucopia of the above theory. My position is very clear from the title of this sketch alone, viz., to make each individual sentient self or ego what the Greeks term *αω* (breath), i. e., alpha and omega, first and last, beginning and ending, or, in other words, the *omne scibile* of all knowledge, outside which can be only nullity. Or, otherwise stated, that perception and conception are alike apperception, or self-perception, autosism or egoism. So that each of us, while seemingly absorbed in scientific research or devotion is, in the last resort, only experimenting on, or communing with, our own egoity. Deity and all other objects other than that egoity become thus not only *quantités négligéables*, but in the relative sphere altogether non-existent. As Goethe says, "In Beschränkung zeigt sich der Meister." The world and all other objects of thought, abstract and concrete, vanish as swallowed up in, and by, the victorious subject self or ego. Subject and object are reconciled, self-evidently thus verifying the poetic couplet of:

"Unloosening all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

and shattering all seeming antinomy. All, therefore, that has been predicated of the Soul, God, Logos, or Holy Ghost must be transferred to this somatic pan-

ego, illustrating, on up to date scientific postulates, the motto attached to this paper by a youthful poetess of our age. If we weakly must have an object for divine worship, the very need of which is already mental esuriency, as a form of desire (suffering), we must be *discontent*, like Narcissus, with self-worship—a fact which to a sober, self-possessed, and dispassionate mind puts all worship whatsoever, in our age, out of court.

Natural religion, as that of Voltaire's, Rousseau's, etc., is thus an apostacy from the higher forms of *pseudo-revealed* ones—a clear case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire. All of the latter—the Semitic, Islamic, and Christian especially—are attempts of well-intentioned, but ill-judging, not to say "cranky," enthusiasts of humanity to institute, by servile modes of propitiation, a *modus vivendi* with a provisional almighty power, which as "Author of Nature" reveals itself as indifferent and even malignant towards mankind and other sentient beings. As before stated, Bishop Butler, in his *Sermons* and *Analogy*, is perhaps the profoundest apologist for natural and revealed religion in any age or clime. Yet basing his argument, as he does, on the imaginary perfection of nature, it is seen to be, as soon as we arraign the latter as imperfect and incomplete, thoroughly invalid,—as are all teleological ones, including Paley's *Evidences* and *The Bridgewater Treatises*. And if nature be thus faulty what must be our verdict on its author supposing him to be, unlike the classic Pantheon—thoroughly unconditioned and uncontrolled by fate (which already the Epicureans identified with Chance) or other inhibitory factor? So of the visible and concrete world. It can only be the content of our own sense and thought, which are essentially one; a proposition in which is implicit, and indeed explicit, that all our knowledge of it is apperceptive or self-derivative, i. e. the product of our own *sensorium*, which is thus not a passively receptive, but an actually constructive, *sensifacient* or creative agent. Each sentient self is thus both creator and creation of the only world, visible or invisible, to which, through consciousness, it has access. The transcendence of Pan-Egoism *vice* Pantheism, is thus seen to be a *reductio ad irrationale et impossibile*. To postulate as explanation, or *rationale*, an occult *causa causarum*, is indeed, as I have ever insisted on, the "unpardonable sin" in the sphere of common sense and right reason. It means the futile attempt to "explain" one crux by another still more obscure and, from its nature, utterly unverifiable. The touch-stone of verification is completely absent. In this direction Lord Bacon and most modern scientists who, as realists must be dualists, and as such never can identify thought and thing, are just as much at fault, on one side, as divines on the other. Both il-

illustrate Luther's metaphor of human nature being like a drunken man on horseback: "Shove him up on one side, over he goes on the other." Let us try to change all that, or at least to lay the foundations for such change.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

TWO TRAVELLERS having returned from a lengthy sojourn in other worlds were welcomed home and entertained hospitably by their friends. After the report, in response to the unanimous request of those assembled, one of these had the following to say in respect to his travels and to the things he had seen while away from home.

"I saw," he said, "a great gulf, so deep that it had or seemed to have no bottom; dense black clouds rolled within it, sometimes breaking away and permitting a sight through the jagged edges of the vapor of depths blacker than the blackest cloud below. Whether this meant an underlying stratum of opaque cloud, or reflected,—to borrow a symbol from the light where light there was none,—or was the real bottom, or opened up a glimpse of a final, fearful void, I know not. It was a black abyss with nothing in it. Overhead in like manner as below was hung a great dome, wherein a mighty monster dwelt, who winked continually, and whilst his lids were up glared like a face of brass, and when they were down he scowled, black as the gulf below, though on his features little fiends of blazing yellow disported, blinking like the big fiend himself, and one calm face, stolid and passionless peered out, sometimes round and coldly indifferent, and at others of different shapes, even (as if trying to get away from all view of what I shall tell you) shrunk to a thin, cadaverous glinting line.

"One shore of the gulf was distinctly visible. All the time I stood not far from its brink, and there I saw the solid, substantial abutment of what appeared to be a fine, strong, arched bridge. This was what first caught my eye. Of unsurpassed symmetry of shape, colossal in size, magnificent in design, beautiful with myriad adornments, and carvings and arabesques, quaint and fanciful, signs and symbols and intricate characters and tracery, of which indeed I could make little sense, only that graven on each voussoir was the single word 'Advance.'

"I say this structure had the appearance of being a bridge; whether it were one or not I leave to you—each for himself. I have a turn for mathematics, understand how, with given data, to measure angles and reckon curves and orbits. So I took from the springing line, along the sweep of the arch, point by point, the facts of situation I needed, and then made a map, plotted it down and studied it when done, if I might

be sure what sort of curve it was. No circle, that was sure; one could tell at an eye-glance, nor ellipse, nor curve of centres, few or many, odd or even. Eventually in my mind it resolved itself into this: was it a parabola or hyperbola? for my reckoning, though carried out mechanically and by equations to many places of decimals could not tell which.

"Neither could my eye or field-glass bring out, by perspective or otherwise, anything at all, since the rolling clouds came up out of the murk and continuously rolled and rolled along the farther parts of the bridge, and utterly forbade sight that way, though, perhaps had I been able to see from a higher altitude I might have gathered information, for I perceived rifts in the cloud ahead, but I confess, all too high up for me.

"Now on this bridge was a charger, and on the charger a shape. The steed was pallid in color, but the rider was clad in a robe blood red. What was very strange, as he sat astride, I noticed, looking very close, that his legs were firmly strapped beneath the coursers' belly, to the girth and, that his face was set not towards the front and pommel but to the rear and crupper. As he rode, seemingly all at ease, I hailed him: 'Rider, Red Rider,' I said, 'whence ridest thou, and whither dost thou ride, and why is thy face not set to see thy path, and wherefore art thou so tied as plainly not to be able to dismount? Tell me, Red Rider, if thou canst, these things.'

"The strange being, looking full at me, took some time to collect himself and then answered me about like this: 'I understand,' he said, 'how wonderful this journey of mine must seem to thee, and, saying that, I have said about all that I do really understand. I find myself as thou hast found me, and as countless others in times past have found me. Often in the past, deluded by sophistry of one sort or another, when the questions thou hast put were asked me, I have replied, saying that I understood and claiming to know what I did not know.

"'Listen; right before my face as I front rearward I perceive a long, well-travelled road, straight as an arrow, then curving, now winding, sometimes level, at others up and down, at one time smooth, at others rugged; at one through verdant meads, and by pleasant brooks, again amidst frowning cliffs and crackling glaciers. It seems to me that I have been among those scenes, but when I think soberly I am sure that this is not so; I—the I that is I—have never been except on this bridge, riding as you see, strapped as you see, robed as you see, helpless as you see. All else is a sort of a dream.

"'Whence did I ride? I know not. Whither I know not. I stare and stare and strive to forecast the course from the materials of the past. If I look up I

am blinded and dazzled, down I grow giddy with terror. I try to turn my head, but it is fixed in a vise. I feel a motion, and it seems progress, but when I reason it is only that something, the aggregate of many things, has slipped backward, and so I only hold my breath and stare and wonder.'"

The company, having listened with profound attention uttered a great sigh of relief when the recital ended. None spoke for a time, till at last the other traveller, who had not seemed in the least disturbed as the others were, began :

"My experience," he said, "has been of a quite different character. My journey took me to the head waters and afterwards along the entire course of a great river, from whose margin I observed all that I am about to relate. I came first to a little spring far up a mountain side, a spring that gushed and bubbled, and then—the waters having collected in a pool—flowed thence downward singing and prattling to the mossy banks and the hard-faced rocks. Soon, joined by other water courses, the flood grew big and bigger, till at a turn, yet high up among the hills, I came upon a tiny canoe, made of birch bark, and frail, and in it, a beautiful spirit, moving forward now and then, sometimes by what appeared fitful impulses, or again dallying at either bank with ferns and lotus flowers; sometimes paddling on with a sedate, wise look, and at others madly beating the water, all without (so at least it seemed to me) aim or purpose.

"Sweet spirit,' I asked, 'how came you to be here alone and in so frail a boat? Where are they who should care for you?'

"The being looked at me with wide, wondering eyes, and then, as over his face rippled a smile like to the ripples of the wind on the still waters on which he floated, but, never answering, paddled swiftly away, dashing the waters into foam as he went.

"Then a mist floated up from the vale below and hid the canoe and the spirit shape, whilst I plodded slowly along the meandering stream, thinking somewhat sad thoughts of the spirit's fate. Sad thoughts they were because, above the plashing of his paddle, and the whirring winds and the babble of the brook higher up, below, out of the dense fog I heard the steady hum of a waterfall.

"Before him were rapids, sunken rocks, and then a cataract. Poor spirit, I thought, how unconsciously and all smiling and bearing your pretty burden of flowers you go to an untimely end.

"Yet, after all, he escaped these perils, and in due time, coming by a detour again to the stream, I perceived him once more, this time, curious as it seems, in a stout bateau, laden, not with flowers but fruits and grain and all kinds of produce, which, when I hailed him, he said, breathless and between the sweeps

of his oars, he was taking to a market down the river. Yes, the stream too had changed; that which had been a rill and then a brook had broadened out into a somewhat stately river, that, as I saw plainly, in the distance grew continually broader and broader.

"Poor spirit,' I said again to myself, 'I pity you, toiling on for a bare subsistence, your flowers withered, and without hope of rest.'

"But far across the waters I heard the spirit singing blithely at his task, and though darkness fell I heard in rhythm with the oars the song growing fainter in the gloom.

"In my journeying I came again, some time after, to the river. It was where a city was built, and in midstream a stately ship lay moored, and I saw upon the deck the captain of the ship, and it was the spirit once more. He saw me also, and in the midst of his arduous toil, (for he was superintending the lading of the ship and preparations for sailing,) he waved his hand gayly and smiled with the same sweet smile I had known before.

"I stood upon the wharf and watched the sails set, the anchor hove to the bow, and the canvas fill, and the wake glisten with shafts of silver.

"A citizen of the city happening to be near, I asked him where the ship was bound; but he only stared at me. Would I see the last of her, he said, I had better go to yon headland, which he pointed out. There, perhaps, if I had what he called faith, I might discern the course the ship would take when out of harbor on the open sea. 'But as to where she sails, ask me not,' he added, with a look of pain, 'for this port gives no clearance papers.'

"Well, I went to the headland, and stood there watching as the ship receded from the shore. She sailed on at first in smooth waters of the harbor; but a ways out she met the surges of the outer sea, and I heard the moaning of the surf as it beat upon the reef, and saw the glint of the sun upon the flashing foam, till at last, beyond the line of tumultuous breakers, she seemed for a moment to stand still, and then, her yards braced and all sails swelling in a favoring wind, she stood out to the open ocean.

"While I was wondering, (for I lacked the sort of faith that citizen spoke of,) I perceived a little pin-nace coming from the direction the ship had sailed, and as it drew near and nearer, propelled by stout oarsmen, I discerned that it bore a burden robed in black drapery, and all about plumes of black.

"Would you see the face of the Captain for the last time?' said the citizen, who had accompanied me. And when I drew near, the catafalque-bearers came and thrusting the drapery aside showed a face pallid, and cold, and still. And when they had thus disclosed his features to our brief view, the bearers

bore him away, to sleep, (so the citizen said,) his last long sleep.

"I had thought to have seen the face of the spirit, but his face that I saw reposing in the catafalque was a quite different one. It was not the spirit, but, as I knew, the pilot of the ship. A pilot's duty is to command the ship while it is in the harbor, through the channels to the sea, and past the harbor bar. There he gives over his command to the Captain.

"Of all this I said something to the friendly citizen; but he said, No, it was the face of the ship's captain I had seen—changed.

"'You cannot tell me,' I said, 'whither the ship is bound, and now you tell me she has lost her commander. How fares it with the ship? Is she drifting by chance of changing winds and tides through countless seas? To what end, then, was she launched? To what end was she stored at the wharves of your city with rich cargoes of merchandise?'

"The citizen could not answer my questions, but I knew that the spirit still lived, and was still in command of the ship, because I knew his face."

The company all thought these adventures very wonderful, and were urgent in their questions as to what curious worlds those were, "so vastly different," said they, "from our own." They knew not—neither the two travellers nor their entertainers—that I could have told them, for I had lived in both. Have you? Which do you prefer? The choice is free.

SHE DIED FOR ME.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

THE Doctor was a lean dark man, with sad eyes. They looked up, wide and singularly deep, as his visitor said: "I don't understand you half-way free-thinkers in the least. I am out and out. I have no patience with wishy-washiness. I just tell them straight that I haven't any use for their musty old frauds, nor their whole outfit of priests that live by them. But you—you know religion is all superstition, yet you go on talking to those people as if you accepted their belief in God and immortality and the vicarious atonement and the whole programme!"

The voice was loud and disagreeably disputative; just such a voice as one might expect from the hard mouth above the close-shaven chin.

"Perhaps I do, in a way," answered the doctor, slowly and a little wearily.

"Perhaps you do," was the testy echo; "oh, yes, perhaps you do, in a way! That's your fine-spun agnosticism. Perhaps the moon is green cheese, too, in a way, to a set of senses that have never existed!"

The Doctor shook his head and smiled a little denying smile. Just then the door opened, and an odd red-lipped, round-eyed, fuzzy-haired little thing

looked in curiously. The Doctor held out his hand: "Come, Sonya." The queer small figure, almost grotesquely dressed, came hopping to his side, stretching up her fat little confident hands.

"Your little girl, I presume?" said the visitor, with that air of polite boredom with which your born disputant bears an interruption of his favorite pastime.

"Yes,—mine," with a loving stroke upon the fuzzy head, "only *mine*—her mother is dead." The visitor was silent. "And that, you see," went on the Doctor, with a little catch in his voice, "is one of the reasons I believe—in a way. Sonya's mother was a very strong woman, strong every way. I was weak, not so much in my body as—"

He pressed the fuzzy head against his cheek and went on in an unnaturally dry voice: "In fact, I am so yet, too much. She was a midwife over there in Russia, and when we came here she urged me to study. We were poor, of course. It was in the days of the persecution and we had had to sacrifice everything. My Sonya was not born then, and her father was sent to Siberia. To us they gave forty-eight hours to sell all and go. So we had nothing. Only my sister had ever her courageous heart,—the heart I think of all our old forefathers in the wilderness. She always saw a Promised Land before her, always made a way through the desert to it. She kept us up; she never complained; she worked, she said, to rest—to rest from the thought of the lonely figure, or may be only a grave, there in the ice-blasts and the white desert."

The deep eyes looked far away to the eastward. There was a silence and a sigh, and then:

"Yes, she kept us up, and paid my way at college. I didn't wish it at first, but she would have it so, and, as I told you, she was stronger than I. And then the love of study came upon me, which is greater than all other loves; and I did not think of her part any more, the heavy, patient burden-bearing. I did not see how she grew wan and weak; and she—she never said, 'Look at me.'

"It was just a week before I graduated that I knew it first, when I came in and found her dead upon the bed. Just a week before! And she died and never knew she had not worked in vain. She would not let them send for me; she would not tell them where to find me; she said: 'Don't bother him. I shall be better.'

"It was black to me after that. I passed the examinations. I don't know how,—*somehow*. I fancied I had to, for her sake. Somewhere in those dark, numb days the explanation worked itself out to me, (at least, I believe it is an explanation,) that she is not dead, not really dead. I am not so weak and selfish as I was; that is because some of her strength was impressed on me. The better part of me is she; even the

little knowledge I have to soften pain, surely she bought it—it is hers. I do not know whether Jesus of Galilee died for others' sins or not, but I know surely that she died for me. And I should not be able to bear it, if I could not think she still lived,—if I did not know that her great unselfish spirit was not lost, only broken through the frail ego-bubble, and mixing, not in me alone, though truly much in me, but in every one she helped in her helpful life. And for that sake I love all determined ones, all patient, all devoted, all uncomplaining ones, whether they be what you would call enlightened or not, seeing her in them."

"Truly now," murmured the visitor, "I shouldn't."

"That is because, in spite of your freethought, you are orthodox and place reality in shadows," answered the other, looking very steadily at the falling snow and cuddling Sonya's head beneath his chin.

WAVES.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

My head upon my hand, and then a long-drawn sigh.

O what is this I feel, or whereof do I dream?

My solemn hope, my faith—what are they? For I seem
Forever wandering hand in hand with mystery.

A cloudless azure sky is looking down on me,

While sings the shimmering sea all musically, low;
Upon the crested waves my thoughts float to and fro,
Spending themselves perchance, alas! as aimlessly.

Ye subtle waves of thought, invisible! O what

Your power on Mother Earth, your future in the All?

From morning until eve you clamour and you call,

Forever questioning, alluring, answering not.

Against the rocks the ocean-waves break with dull sound;

But onward roll the waves of thought nor know a bound!

CORRESPONDENCE.

SABBATARIANISM AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

As a native of Massachusetts and a resident in it off and on during the political canvass of last Fall, I have read with much interest and some amusement Dr. Oswald's explanation in the December 12th *Open Court* of the State's majority vote on the woman's suffrage referendum. Advanced scientific men are apt to forget, especially if they are a little biased on some aspect of the subject under consideration, that the world also is advancing, and that it will not do to attempt to account for an event of to-day by a condition of things which may have existed several years ago. And as regards this vote, instead of its being caused by "the dread of an innovation, tending, through the temperance bias of the proposed new voters, to deliver the State into the hands of clerical fanatics," and by "the alliance of Sabbatarianism" with the suffrage movement, my observations on the spot led me to believe that it was caused by exactly the opposite fear.

Whatever may have been true of the old State once, all its able-bodied Sabbatarianism, or Sundayism, as, I suppose, the Doctor means, emigrated from it long since and went West, and

there is about as little fear of it there now as there is of Indians and bears. Not only in the cities, but also in the towns and villages, Sunday is used as freely and as variously, so far as law or even public opinion is concerned, as is any other day of the week. There is less church going there than in any other part of the Union. Roman Catholicism, not Puritanism, keeps it up. And, starting from Boston and going west, you can reckon the longitude you are in almost exactly by the increasing proportion of the population who can be seen Sunday morning on their way to religious worship.

Analysing the vote on the woman's suffrage referendum, the foundation of it was a stolid, subconscious jealousy of woman's superiority. It is the one thing in which alone multitudes of men are above women, and they doggedly hold on to it as their last hope of supremacy. Another element was the more wholesome apprehension that the granting of it would tend to make woman too much a public character and mar her specially feminine characteristics. Then there are some men like John Fiske, who theoretically and intellectually are progressives, but who historically and practically are the most timid standstills. We have lots of them in our Unitarian denomination; and the Episcopal woods are full of them. Lowell was one, writing with his mind *Credidimus Jovem Regnare*, but buried as to his body in the old prayer-book faith of two hundred years ago. And they all voted against the woman's suffrage proposition.

But what beyond these decided its fate was the dread not of its alliance with Sabbatarianism and Puritanic rigor, but of its alliance with radicalism and free love and a general loosening of social and moral restraints. As one man said, "So far as voting is concerned, I would just as lief my wife and daughters should go with me to the polls as to church; but if we open the doors to let their voting in, there is no knowing what hosts of other less desirable changes may follow in its train till by and by they will be going, the same as we men do, to drinking-saloons and gambling-hells." While there are probably not five thousand people in Massachusetts who associate woman's suffrage with Sabbatarianism, there are, perhaps, fifty thousand there who still associate it with free love, free divorce, free religion, a bloomer dress and no Sunday at all; and their votes and influence were solidly against the movement.

Another thing needs to be remembered. Massachusetts Puritanism with all its rigors was at its heart and for its day a movement in the direction of freedom. It did not go far itself, but it produced offspring that have not yet stopped going; and the experience of all ages shows that it is out of such old, gnarled roots and trunks, full of fanatical vigor, that branches grow laden with the sweetest fruits of liberty,—its Emersons, Channings, Parkers, Phillipses, and Garrisons. The Women's Temperance Union is such a root; and though we cannot sympathise with its present fanaticism and narrowness, shall we not ourselves cherish a philosophy which is broad and liberal enough to recognise the promise of what is at its heart?

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FABLES AND ESSAYS. By *John Bryan* of Ohio. New York: The Arts and Letters Co. 1895. Pages, 245.

The author of *Fables and Essays* "humbly begs the public's pardon for perpetrating the book upon it." He has copyrighted it but only to prevent others from selling it at a gainful price. Otherwise he is against copyright and exclaims: "What if Jesus had copyrighted and charged a fee for his Sermon on the Mount?" In fact the author confesses that far from preventing the circulation of his book he should be "much obliged to the public for reading it at all, let alone pay a profit on its manufacture." He says in the Preface:

"One who gathers and writes news is worthy of hire: but what shall we say of the author who button-holes the impatient public upon the street and harangues it, and then, hat in hand, begs the strolling buffoon's fee?"

Addressing the reader, he adds:

"I expect you will pardon me, for you know as well as I there are emergencies in nature which a person can't help; there are times when a thing can no longer be concealed, and publication is a relief.

"I've had these manuscripts about me for years and tried to suppress them until those who knew me gave me a character of mystery and whispered among themselves that they expected something unusual from me: I've even 'sat on the safety-valve' until I knew the explosion could no longer be delayed.

"I even got my hair cut quite short and ordered fashionable clothes: but all to no purpose. So here I am, again begging your pardon, and thanking you in advance for granting it. If you read my book at all I shall feel that I have not exploded in vain."

Having read this Preface, we find a note which refers us to an additional Preface on page 119, where we are informed that "as the printing of this book proceeds the author finds that he has got the wrong Preface to the wrong book," and now, we are told that everything in this book, including the Preface, was written within the last four months prior to its publication, and the printer has taken much of it wet from his pen. The author further begs the reader to not judge his book by any single part of it, but to be easy on him in certain spots, adding: "Perhaps I myself am as good an illustration of some of the fables and other points as the reader is."

The contents of the book consists of fables in the usual style, each with a moral attached to it,—some of them equal to the best Æsopian fables, some of them mediocre, and some poor. He who knows how difficult it is to invent new fables that are neither dry nor trivial, will forgive him his literary sins and only remember the good fables. The author opposes woman emancipation; he jeers at the quarrels between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and exposes the various petty vices common among men. To give a fair specimen of the contents we here reproduce a few short fables.

"THE MAID AND THE FOWLS.

"A young cock, who had been brought but recently into the farm-yard, asked an older cock why it was that when the farmer, who was master of all the lands, came to his door the fowls were indifferent toward him or ran away in fear; but when the maid came to the door they ran to her in great numbers.

"She often comes to the door to shake the table-cloth," said the older cock.

"Moral: 1. Generous persons will have many friends. 2. We often get credit for generosity when we do not deserve it.

"EVERY TREE LEANS.

"A woodman and his son went into the forest to fell trees. Having decided to cut down a certain tree, the son asked his father on which sides he should cut the notches.

"It will fall easiest," said the man, "in the direction toward which it leans. Every tree leans a little; every tree has its way to fall."

"Moral: Every character has its weaker side.

"THE GREY SQUIRREL AND THE POLITICIANS.

"Two politicians of different parties went into a forest to hunt squirrels. Having treed a squirrel, one of them stood on one side of the tree and one on the other. One of them at last drew aim at the squirrel, when the latter cried out:

"What are you—Republican or Democrat?"

"Republican," said the man; "what is that to you?"

"It is a good deal to me, sir," said the squirrel; "if you

were a Democrat you might shoot all day at me, for they never hit a mark they aim at."

"That squirrel is too smart to be killed," said the man, lowering his gun.

"By this time the other man took aim, when the squirrel called out;

"Democrat or Republican?"

"Democrat," said the man.

"Then you had better shoot at that black squirrel in the other tree yonder."

"As the Democrat turned his head to look for the black squirrel, the grey squirrel crept down the trunk of the tree into a hole and was safe.

"Hello!" cried the two men, at once standing together: "Come out, Mr. Squirrel, and we shall be friends. We won't shoot."

"Honor bright?" barked the squirrel from behind the side of the hole.

"Honor bright," said the men.

"At this the squirrel came to the door of the hole.

"Why did you ask our politics?" said the men.

"I did it," said the squirrel, "to gain time to escape. My old father used to say that he could tell a Democrat 'by the way he shot;' but you can't do it now. As you are politicians I can't trust either of you. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Moral: Between the two parties the people have a hard time."

NOTES.

Louis Prang & Co. of Boston have again appeared in the field with a rich and dainty selection of Christmas and New Year's cards and calendars, designed by native artists and preserving the high reputation of the house. We note especially Bessie Grey's booklet of wild violets *From a Poet's Garden*, containing passages selected from Shelley, with appropriate illustrations.

Mr. H. L. Green informs us that with the January number *The Free-thought Magazine*, which is the most prominent exponent of progressive liberalism, will be enlarged.

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