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FROST AND FREEDOM.

BY F. L. OSWALD, M. D.

If a philosopher of ancient Rome should be permitted to re-visit the glimpses of the upper world, the discovery of the Lost Atlantis would probably surprise him much less than the development of a superior civilisation in climes which for ages had been inhabited only by unprogressive barbarians.

The stars of empire, in science, art, and industry, had, indeed, long proved a tendency to move with the shifting centres of political power, but from the earliest dawn of historical traditions to the close of the Middle Ages that movement had progressed in an almost due-westerly direction: From the highland homes of our Aryan ancestors to Persia, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and finally to Spain—for there is no doubt that the Spanish Moriscos were the chief heirs of Roman culture. The expulsion of the Moors seemed to have deprived Europe of that heritage, but about the middle of the sixteenth century the seed that had been extirpated from the soil of Andalusia began to germinate in Holland, in northern France, in Germany, Poland and Great Britain, the sea-port towns of the Mediterranean became marts for the products of northern industry, and before long the pæons of northern inventors drowned the echo of the classic Eureka; the Muses and Graces began to ramble in fur-coats; inspired poets brandished bottles of usquebaugh.

Had the overpopulation of the summerland-regions obliged the children of progress to colonise the higher latitudes? As if in special refutation of that conjecture Columbus had shortly before opened the gates of a new western world. Besides, large tracts of productive lands in southern Europe and northern Africa were hardly more than half-settled. Hundreds of square miles in the valley of the Guadalquivir remained tenantless, while emigrants from Lombardy sought new homes on the banks of the Thames and the Elbe. Still more suggestive is the northwest ward advance of the centres of enterprise on our own side of the Atlantic. A considerable percentage of the Mayflower pilgrims were at first inclined to regret the adverse gale which forced them to land six hundred miles north of their original goal, but the free choice of subsequent home-seekers made the path of that storm the chief highway of exodus. The frozen swamps of north-

ern New England were certainly not colonised for lack of room in the sunny terrace-lands of North Carolina.

It would be equally erroneous to suppose that the pioneers of progress were driven further and further north for lack of encouragement in the old southern homes of civilisation. Mohammed the Second was not the only southern ruler who tried in vain to foster the arts of peace, and the industries of northern Europe may be said to have born their first fruits in spite of manifold discouragements. The fervid enthusiasm of southern saints, too, is apt to get chilled north of the Alps, and the seed of Temperance has found a far more congenial home in Yemen than in Jutland.

But if frost cannot be said to strengthen the motives of our virtues, it certainly tends to mitigate the penalty of our vices. Sir Emerson Tennent inclines to the opinion that the Hindoo dread of fleshfood is something more than a prejudice, since his Cingalese servant, a fellow entirely unincumbered with religious scruples, was taken deadly sick after eating a lunch of boar-steaks on a warm morning. Eighteen ounces of solid food per meal for a man, and twelve ounces for a child, is considered a fair ration in many Bengal villages of the more prosperous sort, and an idler who should increase that average to forty ounces would be warned by his sanitary advisers. The experience of the traveler Chamisso, on the other hand, makes it probable that a native of Kamtschatka can devour sixteen pounds or 256 ounces, of fat meat, with perfect impunity, and Guinnard once saw a Patagonian chief finish eight installments of a stew that was handed him in brimful pots, holding at least a quart and a half a-piece. The test-cases of numerous Arctic voyagers have exploded the notion that a low temperature begets an instinctive craving for alcohol, but it is no use denying the fact that it mitigates the after effects of alcoholic intoxication. In other words, a northern toper cannot justify his foible on the ground of greater temptation, but only on the unholy plea of greater impunity. Alcohol cannot increase our vital vigor, but it will decrease it less in Scotland than in Spain—less even in a Spanish winter than in a Spanish summer:

"Junio, Julio de Agosto, dieta de ollas
Y tres nodios en bragillas."

—says a Castilian proverb. "During the dogdays take a pledge of abstinence and continence."

But such pledges are apt to get broken. The Spanish sinner who has been starved in Lent is not likely to become a saint in midsummer, though the effect of his excesses enforces the old proverb by remorseless arguments, and the many million-fold repetitions of that experience has gradually deflected the westward currents of emigration in a northerly direction.

In short, frost is an antidote. It moderates the intensity of blue to the victim of blue-devils; it makes pork-fritters digestible and mince-pies less immediately fatal, and it has at least indirectly modified the earth-blighting effect of pessimistic doctrines. The gospel of anti-physical dogmas was never able to get a proper foothold in latitudes where a man's daily food generally depends on his daily toil. Honey and wild locusts do not abound in the snow-drifts of North Dakota; in Norway there is no denying the fact that bodily exercise may profit a good deal if applied to a stack of cordwood. A stylite mounting a pillar in the Kansas prairies would be unhorsed by the first blizzard. On a hillside, fourteen miles east of Irkutsk, Professor Atkinson once saw a gang of convict-miners dig through thirty-eight feet of frozen soil, before they could reach a stratum of loose gravel. In a climate of that sort it must be decidedly difficult to persuade a native that mountains can be removed by faith; and the warning not to take thought of the morrow is naturally apt to be neglected where the morrow is so unaccustomed to take care of itself.

Hence the latent Protestantism of the North European nations, even at a time when Denmark was as full of convents as Italy. The precept of absolute obedience was always rather hard to enforce in those northern monasteries, and the divine right of kings is liable to be challenged by men who had learned self-reliance in their struggles with snow-tornadoes and famished wolves. "How is it, your slow-going countrymen were so fast in renouncing their allegiance to the church of their fathers?" Erasmus was once asked by an Italian prelate. "There was no time to lose—the costume of the Flagellants is too unhealthy in a climate like ours," said the facetious Hollander, and Henri Rochefort is probably right that the Czars will never succeed in freezing out the virility of their subjects, and ought to transfer their rebels to a sweat cure establishment, à la Cayenne. In the meantime, it is a suggestive fact that the northern vassals of paternal monarchs enjoy the prerogative of being handled with comparative soft gloves. The proverbial superciliousness of Prussian bureaucrats is said to have been toned down remarkably in the province of Sleswick-Holstein. Even in Russia the north provinces assert the prestige

of Government pets, and the attempt to curtail their privileges (as in the case of Finland) is defied in a manner which further south would be resented by wholesale edicts of banishment.

With that comparative freedom from the worst evils of tyranny, of fanaticism, alcoholic enervation and dyspepsia, the immunities of the North rather outweigh its climatic sorrows and might seem to justify the prediction that the *hegemony* of Caucasian culture, will ultimately erect its standard on the borders of the Arctic circle. The attempt to verify that prediction would, however, be wrecked on the obstacle of two physiological facts: Social culture is inseparable from the culture of certain plants which no arts of tillage will ever enable to flourish in the climate of Labrador, and the energy-stimulating influence of a low temperature reaches its maximum near the line where the sixty-fifth parallel crosses the fir-woods of northern Europe and at least ten degrees further south in our own hemisphere.

Our boasted latterday civilisation is, in fact, a hot-house product, and even hothouses cannot wholly dispense with the aid of sunlight. We cannot hope to feed the colonists of an Arctic Utopia on a harvest of pot-plants, and after deducting the manufacturing expenses of our artificial luxuries the net surplus of happiness would be too small to discount the gratuitous blessings of the South. Even in northern Lapland permanent settlers become stunted, both in their physical and mental development; there are still a few fairly comfortable villages in the valley of the Tornea River and on the shores of Lake Paitas; but further north the antidote of frost is administered in clearly indigestible quantities. The Laplanders are kinsmen of the northern Tartars, while their tall Swedish neighbors are descendants of the Caucasian Race; but about the end of the ninth century a specially enterprising tribe of that race, a horde of adventurous Northmen, settled the west coast of Iceland, with results summed up in the present condition of the frost-tortured islanders. The nine hundred winters of their national existence have shortened their average stature by nine inches and their average longevity by fifteen years. Their hereditary pluck has saved them from utter defeat in the struggle for survival, but their victories, like those of King Pyrrhus, have been purchased at a price that will prove ruinous in the course of a few repetitions.

While the belief in the value of life and earthly happiness remained an unquestioned tenet, the natives of the Mediterranean god-gardens were hardly tempted to colonise the frozen steppes of Sarmatia, and the revival of Nature worship may yet people Mexico with refugees from the rigor of Canadian blizzards and blue laws; but by that time the Spanish-American Repub-

lics might be "industrially organised," in the Belamite sense of the word, and the day, perhaps, is near when the overpopulation of the sunny latitudes will reduce the lovers of independence to the choice between the Boss-ship of a national workhouse and the solitude of a snowbound Arcadia.

The manliest males of our species will probably prefer the latter alternative, and the last habitable borders of the Far North will remain the chosen home of the Free.

THE LABOR PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.*

BY GEO. JULIAN HARNEY.

It is an old hyperbolic figure much in favor with popular orators to talk of "the eyes of England," the "eyes of Europe," etc.; but it is no exaggeration to say that a year ago "the eyes" of Europe, of Australia, and the United States were turned toward the East End of London. The dockers in their great Strike had the sympathetic good wishes of their fellow workers in every land where Labor and Capital stand in the like relation to each other that they do in Great Britain. Nor was that sympathy restricted to the working classes.

I have seen, with regret and pain, in certain "Labor organs" contumely and derision poured upon sympathisers and conciliators occupying some other social plane than that of the artisan and the laborer; being held up as enemies in disguise rather than as friends inspired by the best feelings of humanity. What do such champions of Labor mean?—what do they want? The so-called upper classes—I use this well-understood term for convenience, not that I believe in upper and lower, or classes and masses—are reproached, and have for ages laid themselves open to the reproach of active oppression, or heartless indifference to the sufferings of the many. Very well. But when from these classes step forth men to denounce the wrongs, aid and advocate the rights of the millions—why should they be repulsed or meet with scorn and hatred? One man *may* have in view the exaltation of his church; another, the preservation or the obtaining of a seat in Parliament; while another, believing in the coming peril of the higher classes *may* think that peril is to be averted by timely concessions, in the substitution of something like justice for wrong. But, excepting in any case where such designs are palpable and unquestionable, it is forbidden by every sentiment of honor to question the motives of those who set themselves the holy task of assuaging sorrow and raising up the fallen.

Looking back to a year ago, the events of that time present an aspect much to be admired. The steadfastness and pacific conduct of the dockers, the en-

ergy and the moderation of their leaders, and the earnest sympathy of friends and volunteers, untiring in their efforts to help the strikers to secure a substantial victory; these facts, together with the "crowning mercy" of the docks directors, combined to render the dockers' strike of 1889 one of the most memorable, perhaps the most glorious of struggles in the history of labor.

The dockers obtained their demand, the sixpence an hour, with special payment for overtime, and other valuable concessions. Their success had a widespread influence, and was the indirect, if not the direct, cause of an advance of wages and other advantages in many other callings, in, and far beyond the metropolis.

So far so good. I remember the time when the class of laborers employed in the loading and unloading shipping were paid but 3d. per hour. That was the payment, I happen to know, on Fresh Wharf, Lower Thames Street; and I believe it was the same at the London and St. Catherine's docks, fifty—sixty years ago. I doubt if in some skilled trades the workers receive as good wages as now the dockers receive at the rate of their sixpence an hour.

I wish that the history of labor struggles since October, 1889, could be regarded with as unalloyed satisfaction as the incidents and immediate result of the Dockers' Strike.

It was, I believe, one of the accepted conditions of the termination of the great strike that unionists and non-unionists were to work side by side, at least without the one being molested by the other. In the course of a few months the non-unionists have disappeared. If this elimination of the non-unionist element has been brought about by moral suasion, by fair and just means, there can be no cause for aught but approval and commendation. But if otherwise, then the voice of approval must be mute, even if the voice of condemnation is not heard.

I suppose there can be no doubt about the matter, as one sample, a sample only, attests. Some two or three weeks ago it was reported in the newspapers that six hundred dockers in Tilbury Docks had gone on strike to oust three non-unionists. Of course they succeeded. I wonder what has become of the luckless three!

But the refusal to work with non-unionists, the refusal to allow non-unionists to work, is not all, nor the worst. Having attained to a certain strength, which seems to give them absolute mastery, the dockers close their books and will not permit any further extension of membership. Nor is this all. Not only are those who have hesitated or neglected to become unionists to be henceforth excluded, but also weakly men, men who, from whatever cause, cannot prove themselves up to a certain standard of bodily strength

* From *The Newcastle Chronicle* (1890).

—though what that standard is does not appear—are also to be excluded. These exclusions seem to me cruel and monstrous.

Formerly, and but a few years ago, Trades Unionists fought against the tyranny of "the Document," and the attempts of millowners and other capitalists to compel them to renounce their unions as the condition of employment. The workers were justified in their resistance, and all men worthy of the name rejoiced in the defeat of the capitalists. But now the case is reversed. It is the men who dictate the terms of employment. Not content with their own perfect freedom to unite and combine, they refuse to all not in their unions the common right to labor. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," ran the primeval curse. But the new version is:—"Though willing to sweat, you shall not earn bread, unless we of the Union grant you leave, and admit you to share in our monopoly!"

With all his imaginative powers, Robert Burns could never have imagined such a state of things.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn."

The "lordly fellow-worm" indicated by the poet was the landlord, the capitalist, the rich man, the employer. To him it would have been inconceivable that the docker, or other Trades Unionist, should play the part of the "lordly fellow-worm."

I pass by with the merest mention the scenes of violence at Leeds, Southampton, and elsewhere. Mark: violence not directly against "the classes," but against those who belong to "the masses," and against third parties having no connection whatever with the question at issue between the dockers and directors. At Southampton, why should travellers to, or from, any part of the world, have been hindered in their outgoing, or their incoming because of some question at issue between the strikers and those they strike against? The world was not made for Cæsar! Granted. Was the world made for Trades Unionists alone? There are other people in the world who require more than standing room; who, as well as Cæsar and the docker, have certain "unalienable rights" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The "blackleg" is the *bête noir* of the unionist. What is a "blackleg"? If I understand, the opprobrious term is applied to the unemployed who are willing to take work voluntarily relinquished by men on strike. The strikers have the right to declare they will work only on certain conditions. But have they the right to prevent other men working? It is said

the "blacklegs" are idlers, loafers, "scalawags," in short, a disreputable class. It is assumed such persons abhor work. Surely if they seek work, that is the first sign of their reformation.

The "blackleg" is an evil, no doubt. But how is he to be eliminated? Strikes that are disastrous help to make "blacklegs," and unions that refuse admission to workers must add to the number of the unemployed, from whom the "blacklegs" come. What are the men to do excluded from the books of the Dockers' Union? Are they to starve? Or must we go back to the evil times following the spoliation of the Church when wholesale hangings took the place of relief and aid at the doors of monasteries—when death was the penalty of pauperism—and hangmen eliminated some seventy thousand of "sturdy beggars," for whom, as for the "blacklegs" now, there was "no place at Nature's board"?

In the old time insolent calumniators of the laboring classes were profuse in flinging about such choice epithets as "mob," "the rabble," "the unwashed," etc. Mild terms compared with those applied to the outcast "blacklegs." "Reptile" is about the mildest term! What a blaze of natural and justifiable indignation there would be if any member of "the classes" applied to "the masses" the language applied by some of "the people" to others of "the people"! Construed literally, it might be regarded as incitements to the maiming and murdering of "blacklegs." I protest against these methods of dealing with an acknowledged evil. Boycotting and savagery of word and deed may be condoned by trafficking politicians, but should be sternly discountenanced in our social troubles—difficult enough to dispose of without the addition of incitements to the brutalities of internecine conflicts.

It had been hoped that the Trades Congress convened to meet in Liverpool would at least have tried to so regulate the labor movement as to correct the fast-growing evils glanced at—merely glanced at—in these remarks. That hope has been disappointed.

The first great fault of the Congress was in its constitution. The delegates appear to have numbered from four hundred and fifty to four hundred and sixty. Assuming the whole number, or nearly the whole present, it would be next to impossible for four hundred and fifty delegates to act as a deliberative assembly. The House of Commons is a mob, and often a disorderly mob, of nearly seven hundred, sitting in a room ridiculously, because purposely, constructed to hold not more than half that number comfortably! I suppose the Trades Congress suffered in like manner from inadequate accommodation. The People's Charter proposed to reduce the number of M. P.'s to three hundred, and that would, at least, have mitigated the evil

of the present constitution of the Lower House. Had the Trades Congress been limited to one hundred and fifty, or even one hundred members, it would have been much more likely to have exhibited the attributes of a deliberative assembly. According to some of the papers, the dockers had fifty delegates; they might with as much reason have sent five hundred. They could as well, or even better, have been represented by one-fifth of the fifty. Fullness of representation does not depend upon number, but upon proportion.

Another mistake was the crowding of what in modern parlance is termed "the agenda" with resolutions, for the discussion of which three weeks would hardly have been sufficient, into the debates of one week. Debates, properly speaking, there were none. The greater portion of time occupied by leading speakers was with personal explanations. The most important, far-reaching questions were disposed of after ten, five, and even three minutes' speeches! Considering the number of debaters who could be permitted to speak at all, the Congress might well have been reduced to fifty members, and the cost in time and money of four hundred been saved.

Could anything be more absurd than the treatment by the Congress of the co-operative deputation? The co-operators have been reproached that, intent only on the making of big dividends, they have ignored, or continually deferred, putting co-operation to the test in relation to production. I suppose it was on this most important subject that the deputation attended to express the views of the leading and most advanced co-operators. On the question whether to grant the deputation a hearing, the Congress (strange to say) was equally divided. The president got over the difficulty in a way worthy of the wisdom of King Solomon. He decided to halve the deputation and allow *one* of the two to speak five minutes. Five minutes! The most thoroughly informed, the most explicit of speakers, restricted to five minutes, would naturally fail to give any adequate idea of the potency of co-operation applied to production. The pretence of hearing the deputation at all was a farce.

Valuable and praiseworthy resolutions were adopted. As to others less commendable, criticism would be useless. A word or two must, however, be said in reference to the contest over the Eight Hours Question.

It seems to me much less remarkable that the "Legal Eight Hours Day" was adopted by a majority, than that the hostile minority was so large—the more remarkable as the minority was headed by delegates from Manchester, which led the way in the earlier struggles for the reduction of the hours of labor; and, more, Manchester was the first place where journalistic and organised efforts were made in favor of eight hours, nearly sixty years ago.

My sympathies are with the eight hours advocates; but every thinking man must admit that the grave doubts and objections, not of capitalists, but of the workers represented by the minority in the Congress, are not to be set aside by the vote of a triumphant majority, the waving of hats, and loud hurrahs. Speech-making as at present abused is the curse of the land. But it does not follow that so important a question as that of eight hours should be decided upon after some half-dozen speeches of ten or five minutes each. Not the most able and terse of speakers could do justice to such a theme in any such time. Considering the far-reaching consequences—whether for good (as I believe) or for evil (as many fear)—of the adoption of the eight hours system, a week's discussion, calm and deliberate, would not have been an hour's waste of time before the president rose from his seat to put the question to the vote.

Last week I asked: Does the "People's Parliament," the Trades Congress, the direct representative of labor, present a more hopeful aspect than is presented by the House of Commons? I am sorry I cannot answer in the affirmative. But there will yet be time and abundant opportunity to guard against a repetition of the mistakes of the Liverpool Congress. If the trades desire a representative body which shall impress society at large and receive the country's endorsement, the delegates must be reduced to a number fitted to constitute a deliberative assembly; and the time for deliberation must not be restricted to the Procrustean limits of a week's discussion. So, haply, may be avoided the regrettable excitement, scenes of disorder, and most of the unsatisfactory procedure of the recent Congress.

The late Prince Consort, on a memorable occasion, observed that Parliamentary institutions were on their trial. Democracy—political and social—is now on its trial. Let not misgiving stifle hope. Let us rather cling to the belief that—despite regrettable incidents of the passing moment—the time will come—

When the despot and the anarchy alike shall pass away:
And morn shall break, and man awake in the light of a fairer day.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL.*

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

THE United States of North America is a nation without a name. Poets hail our country Columbia, and Europeans call us simply Americans. Yet these appellations are not, properly speaking, names. Attempts have been made to provide the nation with a name, yet so far all the attempts have proved failures.

We need not care about a name. When we need a name, it will be given us. Much more difficult would

* Reprinted from *America*.

it be to give ideals to a nation ; yet luckily, although we are a nation without a name, we are not a nation without ideals.

We have high and great ideals, although they are neglected and forgotten by many ; and some of our most influential politicians treacherously trample them under foot. We can say without boasting that our ideals are the noblest, the broadest, the loftiest of any in the world.

Our ideals are sublime because they are humanitarian, and thus this great republic of the West has become a bulwark against the evil powers of inherited errors and false conservatism. So long as it shall remain faithful to the principles upon which its constitution is founded, this republic will be a promise and a hope for the progress of mankind.

There is a prejudice in Europe against the ideals of America. It is fashionable in the old countries to represent Europe as the continent of ideal aspirations while America is described as the land where the dollar is almighty. Germans most of all are apt to praise the fatherland as the home of the ideal while the new world is supposed to be the seat of realistic avarice and egotism.

This is neither fair nor true, for there are as many and as great sacrifices made for pure ideal ends on this side of the Atlantic as on the other side. We maintain that Europe is less ideal than America. If impartial statistics could be compiled of all the gifts and legacies made for the public benefit, for artistic, scientific, and religious purposes, the American figures would by far exceed those of all Europe. In Germany the government has to do everything. It has to build the churches, to endow the universities, to create industrial and art institutions. If the government would not do it, all ideal work would be neglected, science would have to go begging, and the church would either pass out of existence or remain for a long time in a most wretched and undignified position. This state of affairs is not at all due to a lack of idealism among the people of the old world, but is a consequence of the paternal care of the government. The government provides for the ideal wants of its subjects ; so they get accustomed to being taken care of. There is scarcely anybody who considers it his duty to work for progress, except where he cannot help it, in his private business, in industrial and commercial lines. Scarcely anybody thinks of making a sacrifice for art, science, or the general welfare, and science and general welfare are looked upon as the business of kings and magistrates.

We live in a republic and the ideals of republican institutions are a sacred inheritance from the founders of this nation. We are no subjects of a czar or emperor, for in a republic every citizen is a king ; and

the government is the employé of the citizens. The highest officer of our government, the president of the United States is proud, when leaving the White House, of having tried to be a faithful public servant promoting the general welfare according to his best ability.

It is true that we are far—very far, from having realised our ideals. Our politics are full of unworthy actions, and many things happen of which we are or should be ashamed that they are possible at all in the home of the brave and the free. It is true also that many of our laws, far from expressing a spirit of justice and goodwill towards all mankind, are dictated by greed and egotism ; further it is true that national chauvinism and national vanity go so far as to make any, even the sincerest, criticism of our national faults odious. Nevertheless we have our ideals and our ideals will never be characterised in the one word humanitarianism.

How many there are who believe in the beneficial influence of petty advantages, unfairly gained by giving up the higher standard of justice and right ! How many there are who suppress the cosmopolitan spirit of our ideals and foster a narrow exclusiveness which they are pleased to call patriotism. Their sort of patriotism will never benefit our country but will work it serious injury.

Our fourth of July orators pronounce too many and too brazen flatteries upon our accomplishments, and speak too little about our duties, when they represent us as that nation upon the development of which the future fate of humanity depends. There is too much talk about our freedom, as if no liberty had existed before the declaration of independence. What a degradation of the characters of our ancestry ! Was it not love of liberty that set the sails of the Mayflower, was it not love of liberty that drove so many exiles over the Atlantic. Did the love of liberty not pulsate in the hearts of all the nationalities that make up our nation ? Were not the Saxons, the Teutons, the sons of Erin, the Swiss, the French, the Italians, jealous of their liberties ? does not their history prove the pride they took in preserving their rights and securing the dignity of their manhood ? Love of liberty fought the battle of the Teutoburg forest even before the Saxon separated from his German brothers to found the English nation. Love of liberty was described by Tacitus as the national trait of the barbarians of the North whose institutions and customs and language have with certain modifications devolved upon the present generation now living in America.

Let us not undervalue our forefathers for the sake of a local patriotism ; let us fully recognise the truth that we have inherited the most valuable treasures of our national ideals from former ages. In thus understanding how our civic life is rooted in the farthest past, we

shall at the same time look with confidence into the darkness of future eras. Our present state is but a stepping stone to the realisation of higher ideals, for the possible progress of mankind is infinite and our very shortcomings remind us of the work that is still to be done.

Let us cherish that kind of patriotism which takes pride in the humanitarian ideals of our nation.

With our humanitarian ideals we shall stand, and without them we shall fall. So long as our shores remain the place of refuge for the persecuted, so long as our banner appears as the star of hope to the oppressed, and so long as our politics, our customs, our principles rouse the sympathy of liberty-loving men, our nation will grow and prosper; the spirit of progress will find here its home and the human race will reach a higher stage of development than was ever attained upon earth.

This great aim, however, can be attained only by a strong faith in the rightfulness and final triumph of the ideal, by perseverance and earnest struggle, by a holy zeal for justice in small as well as in great things, by intrepid maintenance of personal independence and freedom for every loyal citizen, and by the rigid observance of all duties political and otherwise so that the electors cast their votes in honesty and the elected fill their offices with integrity.

Historical investigations proved that the golden age must not be sought in the past. May we not hope that it lies before us in the future? Without believing in a millennium upon earth, in a state of ideal perfection, or in a heaven of unmingled happiness, we yet confidently trust that we can successfully work for the realisation of the golden age in our beloved home on the western continent—where the conditions are such as to leave no choice for two alternatives: either the uneducated classes (among whom we have to count some of our richest citizens) will with their ballots and their influence in politics ruin the country, or they will, perhaps after many dearly bought experiences, be educated up to a higher moral plane.

Let us work for the American Ideal and let us hope for the future.

CURRENT TOPICS.

AMONG the most interesting traits of a free people is the freedom to give pet names to public men, especially to prominent politicians, or candidates for office. It is a pleasant thing to live in a land of liberty where we have the privilege of scolding in poetical figures of speech the persons who differ from us in opinion, and those whom we envy or hate. We ought to prize most highly the privilege of making faces at a man who was once President of the United States, and we should appreciate the precious right to call him "the stuffed prophet," a playful nickname given him by his enemies. Let us never surrender our sovereign prerogative of marking the Secretary of the Treasury by the descriptive title "Calico Charley," even though we know not why we call him so.

The ingenuity and taste we display in christening our statesmen excite the wonder of the world, and finely illustrate that comical exuberance which we call American humor. I once knew a Senator of the United States, from one of the big states too, who probably at some time or other had a Christian name, but in the shuffles of a political career it was lost, and he was familiarly known as "Coffee Pot"; and another, who was named by his parents John James, is called by an opposition paper "Jumping Jack," for no reason in the world that I can see, except that the initials of the real name and the nickname are the same. There is, it must be admitted, some coarseness in the titles we give to prominent men; but then, look at our freedom, and the stretch of our eagle's wings. As Elijah Program remarked of the estimable Chollop, "Rough he may be. So air our Bears. Wild he may be. So air our Buffaloes. But he is a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom, and his bright home is in the Settlin' Sun." Sometimes, however, the nickname is expressive and refined, as for instance, that given by Miss Anna Dickinson, the other day, to the Postmaster General, "Merciful Heavens' Wanamaker. This is a specimen of our more æsthetic style; and yet they say that Miss Dickinson is insane. I cannot believe it; and if the charge is true, then "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

* * *

There is very often great profit in a nickname. In fact it sometimes forms the capital stock of an aspiring politician; and when he happens to be a candidate, it is worth a hatful of votes at the polls. It is most effective when it brings its lucky owner down to a picturesque level with the common people and identifies him with their manners, their hardships, and their trials. In such a case it is more impressive and captivating than the patrician designations "Baron," "Earl," or "Duke." The descriptive nickname "Railsplitter," was a prouder title—for election purposes—than any to be found in courts of chivalry. An old rail, was a more illustrious coat of arms—for a candidate—than any picture in the books of Heraldry. We do not accuse a man of statesmanship when we call him "Old Tippecanoe," and yet the musical jingle of that nickname was a potent influence in the election of two Presidents of the United States. No doubt when General Cass "run for President" in 1848, he could show a statesman's record forty years long, but what availed it when the friends of the rival "nominee" lifted the whole contest out of politics by calling their candidate "Old Rough and Ready"? By this device they took the popular imagination captive, and elected their man. Sense yields to sentiment because reality is dull to those who dig, and weave, and spin.

* * *

The comedy of the "Two Governors," now being played in the state of Nebraska, seems to be an infringement of the copyright of Pinafore. There is much pathos in that memorable scene where the gold-laced captain changes places with the common sailor on being informed by Little Buttercup that she had mixed them up when babies in such a careless way that the wrong baby got into the right place, and the right baby into the wrong place. Some people have doubted the probability of the incident illustrated in that scene, but a very close imitation of it was presented the other day in the State of Nebraska, when Governor Boyd surrendered his office and glided into private life, as soon as he found out that through some careless mixing up, he was not Governor of Nebraska, and that another man was. With every disposition to treat such a serious matter with due solemnity, I half suspect that the whole performance is another bit of American humor, and that I am the victim of a practical joke. So like broad comedy is it, that I should not be at all surprised if both Governors were to step on to the portico of the capital, and sing a comic duet, with the usual accompaniment of a double shuffle dance. It is a delightful piece of Harlequinade. Here is a man, elected Gov-

error by the people, sworn into office, and governing in style, when, Presto, he vanishes, through the window, and another man begins governing who was not elected at all. The reason given is worthy of the pantomime; it appears that the duly elected Governor was not eligible to the office because his father was only half a citizen; that is, he had been only half naturalised. He had taken out his first papers but not the second. A good deal of sympathy is felt for Governor Thayer, who has been so magically made governor. It is so uncomfortable to sit in another man's Chair of State, and to wear another man's clothes. He will probably abdicate.

* * *

In the fight at Tom Taggart's, down there in Southern Illinois, a truthful account of which may be found in the poetry of John Hay, we are informed that Col. Blood fired at Judge Flinn, and missed him, the bullet striking an innocent bystander, one of the admiring spectators of the fight. In the language of the historian, "it took Seth Bludsoe atwixt the eyes, and caused him great surprise." The surprise of Mr. Bludsoe was trifling when compared with that of Mr. Henry W. Blair, late Senator from New Hampshire, and Ambassador designate to China, when informed that the Chinese government would not receive him, because to the Chinese people he was *persona non grata*. This decision took Mr. Blair "atwixt the eyes," and caused great surprise, not only to him, but also to the President, who had commissioned him to represent the United States at the Court of China. The surprise came from the discovery that the "Heathen Chinese" had the same feelings as other people, and that the Chinese government had a sensitive National spirit. Mr. Blair, when in the Senate, had been conspicuous for his intolerance towards the Chinese. He had spoken of them always with scorn and bitterness, he had legislated harshly against them, and had inflamed the Anti-Chinese prejudices of his own countrymen. With an egotism dull as leather he affects to be astonished when the Chinese government with dignified self-respect refuses to receive him. Another surprise is this, that Mr. Blair himself did not have spirit enough to decline the mission, knowing how unwelcome he would be to the Chinese, and that he could not expect any courtesies in China except those official civilities due to him as Minister from the United States.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT.

BY WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

"If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?"

(Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*.)

ANSWER.

BY LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

"What do I gain?" Must you be paid a price?
When did Truth barter for a man's belief?
Come she with joy we hail her, bring she grief
We hail her still; her name is our device.

She needs no cabbage-garden paradise
To feed a faith whose lingering days grow brief;
Above all saviours she shall reign the chief
Though some may sell and some deny her throne.

"What do I gain?" O Finder of the way,
Whose white feet passing crush the seeds of doubt,
Immortal Truth, we know wherewith you pay:—

Faith in the fellowship of worlds about
This flower of thought that lives in human clay,
One with the soul of things past finding out.

NOTES.

We regret to learn that Mr. George Julian Harney of Richmond, England, is just now disabled by a severe attack of rheumatism. Mr. Harney is one of the most eminent of the working-men statesmen of Great Britain, almost the last survivor of the Chartist leaders who agitated England fifty years ago, the political teachers of the Russells, and the Gladstones who have reaped where they have not sown, the harvests planted by the Chartists in toil, and sorrow, and persecution. For a long time Mr. Harney has been a contributor to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and his articles in that paper on the labor question and the social problems are among the best in tone, temper, and instruction that we have ever read. They are, of course, not so tempestuous as the speeches he used to make in his "hot youth," but they abound in practical good sense, and they are illustrated by incidents and apt quotations drawn from a remarkable memory. His articles on "The Two Parliaments," the House of Commons, and the Labor Congress at Liverpool, are good specimens of his peculiar style. We print one of them in this issue of *The Open Court*. It would appear from this that the Labor Parliament was not much wiser or better than the other, and equally imbued with the spirit of class legislation.

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