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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the Work of Conciliating Religion with Science.

No. 226. (Vol. V.—44.)

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1891.

Two Dollars per Year.
Single Copies, 5 Cts.

THEODORE PARKER'S GRAVE.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

WHILE in Florence in the spring of 1883 I visited the old Protestant cemetery, where, under cypresses and willows, lie the remains of celebrated English writers like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Frances Trollope, Walter Savage Landor, and Arthur Hugh Clough, and of not a few almost equally famous Americans, including Theodore Parker, Richard Hildreth, and Lorimer Graham. These exiled graves were generally marked by memorials worthy of the literature their occupants enriched and of the land in which they died, with the then exception of those of Parker and Hildreth, whose rude tombstones certainly did scant credit either to American Taste or national gratitude. I then and there resolved to do what I could to change this state of things at least in so far as concerned the grave of the great Boston divine. So shortly afterwards I began collecting subscriptions among the European friends and admirers of Parker, informing them that the money was to be used in beautifying his last resting-place. The responses were prompt, and the desire to do him honor spread from Europe to America. Among the many European subscribers were Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Jane Cobden, daughter of the great free trader; the late Paul Bert, the French scientist and statesman; M. Renan, the late M. Godin, creator of the Guise Social Palace; Mme. Jules Favre, widow of the celebrated French statesman and to-day Director of the State Superior Normal School for



THEODORE PARKER.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PREACHER, BORN AT LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AUGUST 24, 1810; DIED AT FLORENCE, ITALY, MAY 10, 1860.

HIS NAME IS ENGRAVED IN MARBLE, HIS VIRTUES IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE HE HELPED TO FREE FROM SLAVERY AND SUPERSTITION.

women at Sèvres; Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian author and republican leader; M. Frederik Bajer, of the Danish Parliament; M. H. E. Berner, of the Norwegian Parliament; the Rev. James Martineau, D. D.; Prof. Albert Réville, of the College of France; Prof. F. W. Newman, brother of the Cardinal; the late Richard A. Proctor, the Astronomer, etc. The list of American subscribers contains many well-known names, but I have mislaid it and so hesitate to draw up from memory an incomplete one.

In sending her subscription in 1886 Frances Power Cobbe wrote: "I visited the spot again—you know I was present at the funeral—about five years ago and then paid the *custode* to renew the violets and otherwise set it in order. But the cypresses—ugly ones they were—had grown so as to shadow it sadly. It is indeed far too humble and neglected."

M. Renan wrote: "I shall be very happy to have my name figure in an act of homage paid to Theodore Parker. He is, among contemporary thinkers, the one who has treated religious truth in the most elevated manner."

Mme. Concepcion Arenal, the distinguished Spanish author, says: "There are far more illustrious subscribers than I, but not one whose homage is more sincere nor

who has a more profound respect for his memory. Parker died far from, very far from, the spot where he was born; but he does not lie in a foreign land. The country of so human a man is the whole world."

M. Frederik Bajer, the republican member of the Danish Parliament, writes: "I regard Theodore Par-

ker as one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. If my fortune equalled my wishes and my sentiment of gratitude for Theodore Parker, I would give a million francs towards his monument."

Rowland Hill of Bedford, England, writes: "I love Theodore Parker with every fibre of my nature. He was one of God's bravest, holiest, helpfulest saints."

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Moncure D. Conway and to the generosity of the distinguished sculptor, Mr. W. W. Story, who would accept of no compensation for the modeling of the excellent medallion of Parker on the new monument, seen in our illustration, the bright white marble one which now replaces the plain, dull, grey headstone, was inaugurated on Thanksgiving Day in the presence of a large and select concourse of American and English residents and travelers. The arrangements were made by Miss Grace Ellery Channing, granddaughter of the celebrated divine, Dr. Channing. Mr. James Verner Long, the United States Consul at Florence, presided. The monument, completely hidden under the folds of a large American flag, was unveiled by Miss Channing. Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman, formerly United States Minister to Greece, and a distant relative of the Channings, delivered an admirable oration. The following sonnet, here published for the first time, was read by Mr. Henry G. Huntington, at one time American Vice Consul at Florence:

THEODORE PARKER.

I.

"His was a Life inspired by noble thought
And dauntless courage. Firm with purpose high
For freedom, Justice, Truth, Humanity,
Throughout his life he strenuously fought,
He practised what with fervid power he taught,
And love, believe, act, fear not was his cry,—
God to the brave and just is ever nigh,
And heaven must by the high strait way he sought.
Conquered by fell disease, Life's battle done
With all its pains, strife, cares,—Death's victory won,—
All that was mortal here is lain to rest.
But his undying thoughts, words, acts live on
To lift the fallen, cheer and aid the oppressed;
And to his memory here we place this stone.

II.

We can, alas! but throw a worthless wreath
Upon his grave, and heave a useless sigh;
But still though gone, his spirit hovers nigh
To strengthen us in hope and thought and faith,—
All that he said, was, did, is ours, till Death
Unfold the hoped-for Future and lift high
The veil that shrouds man's life in mystery,
And all this world has vanished like a breath,
Let us have Faith, that though no longer here
He still is going on, beyond this life,
Beyond its ignorant struggles, doubts and strife,
In some far region, in some higher sphere,
With loftier duties and with loftier life
Where all that here is dark at last is clear."

W. W. STORY.

Mr. Conway sent also two interesting inedited letters, written in August, 1859, from Montreux, Switzerland, where Parker was then staying, by Mr. Ed-

mund K. Blyth, of London. I make the following extract from the second of these letters:

"After seeing Chillon I returned to the Pension Kelterer to call on Theodore Parker. He was at home and gave me a very kind reception, and of course we talked of many subjects. Speaking of Buckle's 'History of Civilisation,' Mr. Parker said: 'In my opinion there have been five great books written in England. The first was Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' the second was Newton's 'Principia,' the third was Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding,' the fourth was Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' and the fifth is Buckle's 'History of Civilisation,' of course,' he continued, 'this is giving it great praise, and there are one or two things I don't agree with. I am sorry for his depreciation of moral culture. But yet I admire the book greatly. I wrote a review of it in one of the best of our periodicals, the *Christian Examiner*, and sent it to Mr. Buckle with whom I had a very pleasant correspondence in consequence.'

"Speaking of the 'revival' in America—I had asked him if it still continued—he said it had a good deal subsided though great attempts were made to keep it up. He regretted their existence and said: 'Some people think that piety is like an inundation—it must always be kept at a flood, or what we call in America a freshet, and consequently they do a great deal of damage to everything they come near. But these revivals, like the floods, are periodical; they die out and revive from time to time. The Nile has an inundation once a year, but it cannot keep up an inundation once a month.'

"Speaking of Washington Irving—whom I asked him if he knew—he said he was not acquainted with him and did not think he had done himself much credit by the 'Life of Washington' now in course of publication. It was not equal to his former writings. 'Washington,' he said, 'was a peculiarly high moral character, but intellectually was not great; he was not a man of the first order except morally. But his true, honest morality carried him through. I have read through all his dispatches and he never once uses the word glory. Now that is a striking difference between this character and such men as the Napoleons. Napoleon III. begins his proclamation to the army after the battle of Solferino: 'Soldiers you have covered yourselves with glory.' Washington, addressing his army after they had retreated before a superior enemy, shoeless and in the depth of winter, bleeding at every step, said: 'Soldiers you have had a hard time of it, but you have done your duty.' So Nelson addressed his men not 'Soldiers, England expects you to cover yourselves with glory,' but 'England expects every man to do his duty.' I said it was a pity that the life of such a man as Washington should be done in an unsatisfactory way; I regretted that Carlyle, who had done such justice to Oliver Cromwell, had not taken it up. 'Ah,' he said, 'I respect Carlyle greatly for what he is, but he cannot understand such a nature as Washington's. Carlyle is a giant himself and he can appreciate only giants. Cromwell and Frederick the Great were giants and therefore Carlyle appreciates them. But Frederick the Great lied through thick and thin. I think Cromwell would have told a lie; Washington never did or would have told one.'

Mr. Conway sent this extract from an unpublished discourse by Parker:

"We reverence the founders of New England. It is better to have been born of that stock than of kings and nobles. How shall we know them? Not by praying their prayers and believing their creeds. The times call on us for a nobler heroism than that—for the heroism of men who reverence God as the Infinite Father. Man is his highest work. Fidelity to our whole nature is our own highest duty. It is not the heroism of fear; the time for that has

gone by. But it is the heroism of love. You and I are not called on to leave father and mother for religion's sake, only to be faithful to our own soul, and to be true to our God, come what may. But there is as much demand for heroism of spirit now as ever, only the duty is not so difficult, and no man perils his life—only his respectability. To the heroism of our fathers, in highest reverence, let us add the nobler virtues, the heroism of love which works not with pike and gun, but with firm justice and patience. Let us build our fathers' monuments, not of marble but of men; building a church on faith in the Infinite Father and Faith in man as the true Son of God; our State on the unchanging justice of the Father and the unalienable rights of man; our society on the golden platform of mutual respect, forbearance and love; our individual character on free piety, free goodness and free thought. And we shall carry on the work which our fathers began, and some two hundred and thirty years after us there will be a long track across the world where the grass is greener and the flowers fairer and more fragrant, because our feet have trod the soil. Then men shall say of us: 'Poor and humble men, they saw but a few things; they revered their fathers but they did not hug their bones; they were true to their own consciences, and all the world is better because these men have been.'

"It was a deep satisfaction to hear Parker preach," says Mr. Moncure D. Conway in the letter accompanying these documents, "He never gave a poor sermon. He always appeared to realise the truth that was in the old Catholic plan of wheeling out the pulpit only when the priest had something particular to say. Every sermon of Parker's had the reality of an occasional utterance. And it was always crowded with digested information and vigorous thought. Every sermon had 'a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity.' He had his own Christian year, and a lesson for every season. The people sat breathlessly under his simple Saxon speech, with now a smile rippling over them and now a tear falling, and went away with a feeling of having been fed, as if with his own flesh and blood."

THE CHRISTMAS CULT AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE present age of theological controversy has witnessed the destruction of many religious beliefs and customs, and is destined to witness greater changes to come, but the Christmas festival promises to hold itself intact for all time, both as an occasion of religious and social celebration. This thought is one to impart cheer and excite reflection. It is one more desired evidence of the fact that the spirit of modern rationalism, so far from destroying certain dear and time-honored customs, aims only to put them to more high and intelligent use; that nineteenth century science and criticism are not foes of the religious life but powerful allies and helpers.

The Christmas cult has changed somewhat with the growth of time, taking to itself new forms, and modifying itself to suit the conditions of different climes and ages; but the Christmas spirit remains the same, in kind, from one period of time to another, though growing always in degree, and thus establishing anew from year to year its right to man's recognition and regard.

Even if it were not so easy to prove that our Christ-

mas festival antedates, in its main features, the Christian era by many centuries, it could readily be shown that in the present age it has become far more universal in its character than sectarian or even purely Christian. Literary students understand very well that there was a Shakespearean age before there was a Shakespeare, that in the works of Marlowe and other earlier representatives of that great era we have the dawn of the day of which the author of Hamlet was the risen luminary. So the student of comparative religion has learned that that expression of religious faith and devotion, united to a glowing moral ideal, called Christianity, had manifested itself to the world, in more or less tentative fashion, long before the birth of Mary's child; and that it continues to move and inspire many hearts which ignore or wholly reject the name.

The world will keep its Christmas festival, not because of its regard for the Christmas cult, but because the Christmas spirit is one that belongs to no age or people, only intensified in expression at this particular season of the year, and entering more and more into the hearts of men as common daily motive. The human significance of Christmas is far deeper than the religious; and when we have learned to use terms more carefully, and to estimate values more intelligently, we shall know that it is this human significance which imparts and explains the religious. The Christmas cult celebrates an event to which a mass of traditional lore, impossible to separate from it, must always impart a more mythical than real character, but the Christmas spirit has as little necessary connection with that cult, as the fragrance of a rose-bush with the pail in which the gardener has built to enclose it and other treasures in his keeping.

It is the Christmas spirit which in time will save the world, not in any theological sense, but in the widening sway which it demonstrates anew every year, of the principle of human brotherhood. Christianity embodies more perfectly than any other form of faith the idea of democracy in religion; and the Christmas season reiterates this thought in a hundred ways, compelling new and stronger belief in it. All the kindlier feelings of the heart are then aroused, crowding out the old assumptions of worth and difference based on the artificial and extrinsic.

Doubtless the great ideals of human freedom and progress would continue to advance without these recurring tidal seasons of special joy and thanksgiving, but it would be in a cold and spiritless fashion; as our rose-tree would doubtless grow and blossom under a mean temperature of seventy degrees, without the help of those days of intense vibrating heat middle July brings, when the earth reels as if intoxicated with the great drafts of the strong sunshine she has

imbibed;—but the ecstasy of being, when fulfillment is reached in a day, this the rose-tree would miss entirely.

No! Life would be a dull and plain affair without that adornment, social and moral, which it receives in these holiday seasons. And the most prized holiday of all the year will continue to be that which not only re-consecrates the ties of home and friendship, but adds the element of religious worship. To the rationalist,—by this I do not mean the man of clear, courageous intellect alone, but the man whose religious and philosophical creed is based on that consensus of testimony offered in his whole being, the emotional and active sides of his nature as well as logical—to the rationalist, then, the element of religious faith is not lost with those theological conceptions that once seemed its final expression. The spirit of worship—and the Christmas festival is but one expression of this spirit—will remain as long as the heart finds something outside or within itself worthy to trust and adore. Religions die, but religion lives! Many of the old sanctities have disappeared, but belief in something very good and sacred at the heart of things, still remains. It is this faith, abstract, but plainly realised and intense, which will finally unify and bring together the world of morals and the world of religion. Philosophy and practical effort will join hands for the betterment of mankind. Love and human trust will grow, the Christmas spirit will spread until it fills the earth and rules it from one year's end to another.

POINTS OF VIEW.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHAT a wide difference it makes whether we look upon the world from the point of view of art, the point of view of science or the intellect, or from the point of view of evangelical religion. Only from the latter point of view do we see what is called sin. The theologian looks upon the world and he sees wickedness, corruption, sin. The man of intellect looks upon it and he sees a thousand interesting problems and objects, issues, tendencies, struggles, failures, and fulfillments. The artist looks upon it and he sees pictures everywhere, form-proportion, light and shade, colors and values. How unartistic is the heaven of the theologian to the artist; how uninteresting and impossible to the man of science. You cannot make a picture all white; you cannot have power and motion, growth and development, in a world where there is no clashing or opposition, or imperfection; where there is no evil, but only the good of the pious enthusiast. To the scientist and to the artist, or poet, the world as we know it is a much more desirable place to live than the world as imagined and longed for by the devout of Christendom. Without sin in the world where would

be the merit of the saint? without hindrance and delays and disappointments how could character be developed? Indeed what a blank, meaningless world this would be if the principles of good and evil were not continually wrestling with each other in it. This is the verdict of the intellect, and the æsthetic faculties, and this is the fruit of the forbidden tree. We are not to know this, lest our struggle with evil be relaxed. There is no doubt need enough of the preacher to warn us of our dangers and to hold up before us the standard of the absolute good. Still Christendom has not yet succeeded in making its heaven attractive; that is, attractive to the intellect, or to the faculties that find their fulfillment in this world. We have to imagine ourselves differently constituted beings to see any joy in it, not merely beings of a higher spiritual capacity, but beings fundamentally different. The gods of the ancient world, the pagan gods, men more or less attractive; there was much in them that the natural man responded to. But the God of Christendom, the Jehovah of the Jews, or the Almighty Despot of Calvinism, is not attractive; we do not spontaneously like him, Jesus as portrayed in the Gospels is attractive or lovable, but as interpreted in the old theology he is not attractive. But our good brother says "you must be changed." Certainly, but this is just what the intellect in the natural man does not want to be. He wants to look at and to understand and appreciate these things from the same point of view he regards and appreciates, nature, life, the visible universe. The man is not changed when he becomes a poet, his feelings and capacities are heightened; he is not changed when he becomes a philosopher, his mind is deepened and enlarged. But to become a Christian, as our fathers understood it, he is to be radically broken up and turned about as St. Paul was. His point of view is shifted to another sphere. His interest is entirely transferred to another state of existence. To the Christian this is a lost and ruined world, the races of men are all on the road to perdition, the heathen nations have fed the fires of hell for ages, this life is but ashes and dung. For the intellect, or the natural man to sympathise with this view, would be to negative and discredit its own powers and aims. One of the first difficulties the man of science has with Christianity, is that it is not commensurate with the race or with history. What are you going to do, he asks, with the splendid peoples that lived before the time of Christ? As a phase of man's religious growth and culture he can understand it, but as a system that excludes from all possibilities of salvation the greater part of the human race, he is bound to repudiate it. Christianity affords the highest religious type. This is reasonable; that it inaugurated the only possible salvation, this is not reasonable. Our fathers got

along without steam and electricity, and found life tolerable. Greece flourished before Christ and achieved splendid results. Christianity is a great advance, but it is no more the beginning of man's spiritual life than Buddhism, or any other pagan religion was. All this is from the point of view of the impartial intellect, and is this point of view to be denied?

To the intellectual man evil is only the privation of good, as cold is the privation of heat. Indeed this is what St. Augustine speaking as a philosopher, said. As the life of the globe depends upon degrees of heat and cold, depends upon differences, fluctuations, inequalities, etc., so human development depends upon a mixture of good and evil. Overcome evil with good, that is growth in morals; overcome ignorance with knowledge, that is growth in intellect. Sin as a state of condemnation, or alienation from God, in consequence of Adam's transgression, of this theological conception of sin, what can the intellect know? It can know nothing. It sees that the condition of life everywhere is struggle, in the vegetable as well as in the animal worlds, in the spiritual as in the intellectual realm. It sees that the law of the survival of the fittest is everywhere operative. It sees that ideal good never is and never can be attained. The ideal is an air line; the practical is the devious path through bog and over hill.

Wherever man is, the ideal will soar above him. Wherever man is, pain and conflict will attend him. One of our poets, Mr. Gilder, has dared affirm that wherever God is, are pain and struggle also.

"By all most noble in us, by the light that streams
Into our waking dreams,
Ah! we who know what Life is, let us live!
Clearer and freer who shall doubt?
Something of dust and darkness cast forever out;
But Life, still Life, that leads to higher Life,—
Even though the highest be not free from the immortal strife."

"For in all worlds there is no Life without a pang, and can be naught."

From the point of view of art and science the unconverted heathen is a more interesting creature than the converted. Our knowledge of this world tells us that the religion and civilisation of a higher race cannot be thrust upon a lower. Every people must work out its own salvation, must come to its religion by an original experience of its own. But the missionary, with his eye upon the other world, sees these pagan races in imminent danger of some terrible *post mortem* calamity, and he fancies he has the means to rescue them from it.

Our religious teachers have always admitted the intellectual difficulties in the way of their faith; the older ones have declared them unsurmountable. The intellect knows nothing of a revealed religion, of vicarious atonement and the like. All these things, all

the supernatural elements in our faith, have their origin and authority in the religious sentiment, in the hopes, fears, intuitions, and aspirations of mankind. Whatever proof these afford it is a kind of proof that cannot be addressed to our rational faculties.

The mere intellectual assent to a religious doctrine a scheme is usually barren, because religion has reference to action, conduct, life. The will, the heart, the imagination must be enlisted, the moral nature aroused. It is doubtful if the great mass of mankind give any intellectual assent to the doctrines of their faith. The fathers of the church in attempting to give an intellectual basis to them, were led into curious absurdities. Thus Irenæus said there must be four gospels, instead of three, because there were four winds, and four corners of heaven, etc. Our theologians, in their appeal to reason, have not fared much better. Worship, veneration, adoration, are not intellectual acts, but motions of the spirit. Our assent to a doctrine of science, on the other hand, is necessarily intellectual. It is not barren, because intellectual results are alone to be expected. The doctrine of evolution has stimulated the mind of our age to an unprecedented degree. It has a bearing upon religion only when religion appeals to the reason with a rival scheme of creation. Science alone can meet our demand for knowledge of the visible world. But after science has done its best, is not the mystery as deep as ever? Is there not the same ground for faith, worship, adoration, as ever?

The intellect cannot discredit itself, but it sees that man is not summed up in his knowing faculties. The whole world of emotion, aspiration, and intuition and therefore of religion lies outside of, or apart from these and need not fear them.

Religion is older than science, man worshipped and adored long before he sought the reasons and the meaning of things.

At the same time it must be owned that man has become less and less religious from the first dawn of civilisation to the present day. The intellectual point of view has prevailed more and more. With all our Christianity the ancient communities, Egypt, Greece, Rome, were much more religious than we are; that is, life, both individual and natural faced much more towards the unseen supernatural powers. Indeed the natural did hardly exist, the supernatural was all in all. The gods played the leading part in their histories, they really play no part at all in ours. Once a year our Chief Magistrate issues his formal thanksgiving proclamation and the people throughout the length and breadth of the land fall to and gorge themselves with roast turkey; this is our religious rite as a nation. With the ancient pagan peoples, religious motives entered into every act. Renan does not ex-

aggerate when he says that the "religion of the ancients was the spinal marrow of the nation itself." At Plataea both the Greeks and Persians refrained for ten days from making the attack because the oracles and the victims were unfavorable. The armies had their diviners upon whose word the general waited. Not military considerations, but religious considerations determined him when to strike. No expedition was undertaken without consulting the oracles, and no action fought without offering sacrifice. All through the middle ages see what a part religion, or what we now call superstition, played in the world!

With the ancient peoples religion bore no essential relation to morality; the most dark and revolting crimes were committed in the name of the gods. The great change in the modern world is that there is no religion without morality. This is the law for individuals. Nations are probably as immoral to-day as ever they were—just as selfish and revengeful.

The intellectual point of view is bound to prevail more and more. Our knowing faculties are certainly outstripping our intuitions and our devotional instincts. What will be the upshot?

The current religion gets into trouble the moment it would make its point of view coincide with the intellectual point of view, because its view is partial and personal; it seeks a particular good while the intellect seeks all truth, seeks to see the thing as it is in itself. Religion seeks to see the thing only as it stands related to its particular end helping or hindering. The man who is concerned about the safety of his soul sustains quite a different relation to the world from the man who is only concerned about what is true, or what is beautiful, or what is good, in and of themselves. Only the latter is a disinterested observer.

Will religion survive science? Not as dogma and creed, or as intellectual propositions, or belief in the supernatural, but as spiritual attraction, as faith, hope, love. When man ceases to feel, in some measure, the mystery and spirituality of the universe, and the presence of a power in which we live, and move, and have our being, he will have reverted his history and gone backwards instead of forwards.

CURRENT TOPICS.

JUDGING by the opinions of an intelligent and impartial press, Mr. Speaker Crisp is the most accomplished political acrobat that has appeared in modern times. He can throw a double somersault over all the questions of the day; like a chameleon he can change his complexion at will to bring it into harmony with surrounding colors; and he can nodulate through the rungs of a ladder like a bit of string. According to the contradictions of his friends and his enemies the election of Mr. Crisp was, and it was not, the triumph of a faction in the democratic party. It was, and it was not, a victory for the protection element. "Mr. Crisp is a pronounced advocate of free trade and free coinage," says one "organ"; and then another organ declares that "Crisp and his fol-

lowers have a leaning toward protection." Seeking information to guide me in political opinion I am puzzled when one of the "great dailies" informs me that "the election of Crisp amounts to a repudiation of the views of Mr. Mills," while another assures me that Crisp always "followed where Mills led," and another, that "Mr. Crisp stands squarely with Mr. Mills on the side of Jeffersonian ideas." One influential journal sounds the loud timbrel, and rejoices because "the election of Crisp means a boom for free silver"; and another, equally influential, sounds a louder timbrel and declares that "the election of Crisp means that the silver cranks will not be allowed to imperil the business of the country." All this is very confusing to a student of our political system; but it is a pleasure to see that all the disputants are harmonious on the doctrine that the committees are the perquisites of the Speaker, and that they are to be used not at all for the public service, but as rewards and punishments for the friends and foes of Mr. Crisp.

* * *

In the early part of the present century, when dueling was common in Ireland, there was a judge in that country by the name of Johnson, who had a man before him on trial for killing a friend in a duel. Charging the jury, Mr. Justice Johnson said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the Attorney General desires me to instruct you that the killing of one man by another in a duel is murder; and that is the law; but at the same time, gentlemen, allow me to remark that a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life." The prisoner was acquitted. It is interesting proof of the re-incarnation doctrine taught by theosophists that the soul of Mr. Justice Johnson of Ireland appears to be re-incarnated in Mr. Justice Thomas of South Dakota. Charging the grand jury lately, he told them that it was their duty to indict the saloon keepers of Deadwood for violating the prohibitory liquor law. "But at the same time, gentlemen," said Mr. Justice Thomas, "allow me to remark, that I do not believe in this prohibitory law. I do not believe in taking a man by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers and throwing him over the ramparts into heaven." The humor in both judges is of the same quality. Throwing a man, in spite of him, over the ramparts into heaven, as an effort of religious enthusiasm is comparatively harmless. The zeal that prompts it becomes mischievous only when the zealots, in their holy anger, throw a man over the ramparts into the other place, because he chooses to seek heaven in his own way. The evil comes when persuasion changes its form to punishment.

* * *

What I admire in the American people is their liberal treatment of office holders. I was in office once myself, and I remember that a grateful nation gave me the salary, and then paid a lot of deputies to do the work. My office was by appointment, but if it had been elective I have no doubt the government would not only have given me my salary, but would have allowed me to steal enough money to pay my election expenses too. I remember when "Doc" Ridley was elected Treasurer of Marbletown, the city council fixed his salary at one thousand dollars a year. A partisan friend who had hustled for "Doc" at the polls, complained of the Council, saying, "That reduces the salary to four hundred dollars, for 'Doc' had to pay six hundred dollars to be elected, and the Council ought to have considered that." This story has always been received with a sneer of incredulity whenever I have told it, as if it were one of those dull fictions which try to pass current as American humor; but what will the sceptical critics say to that very identical claim now set up by the Treasurer of Chicago, as appears by an interview reported in this morning's paper? Being asked if he intended to apply a certain part of the interest on the city funds to his own use, he said: "Why, certainly, I did not run for office for fun. I have my election expenses to pay, and my lawyer's fees—they were six thousand dol-

lars." This testifies to the generosity of the American people. Probably no other people in the world would be so liberal as to allow the winning candidate to take his election expenses in that way. The losing candidate pays his own bills. He gets no rebate whatever.

* * *

The other day I received by mail as a Christmas present an anonymous box of cigars; and ever since it came, I have been wondering who sent it. The handwriting on the box was not known to me, nor to the experts who thought they could open the secret by that key. Believing that I might as well search for Sir John Franklin, as for my bidden friend, I give him up, and after the manner of my grandchildren, I credit the gift to Santa Claus, the jolliest saint in the calendar, and the best. The smoke from one of the cigars inspires me to write on the evolution of Christmas in America. It is a curious bit of history that the puritans when they left England for this country, tried to leave Christmas behind them because it was a pagan festival, just as folks when moving from one house to another, try to lose a cat; but it followed them, and became as thoroughly adopted into American life and manners as into those of England or of Germany. The children of the puritans hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, eager and hopeful as the children of the ungodly. Before we can get rid of Christmas we must abolish the equator, for so long as that remains, the people north of it, will, as they have always done, hail with rejoicings the returning sun.

* * *

Although borrowing some of its ritual from England and some from Germany, the American Christmas is more German than English, for Santa Claus is German, and so is the Christmas tree. That exuberant plant sent its roots westward under the sea, and now blooms luxuriantly in America. It bears fruit abundantly at the Christmas time, symbol of the promised resurrection of the flowers and the corn. It ought to flourish always, because it blesses little children, and the memory of it keeps reverence for parents a spiritual influence to the end of life. Of all the Christmas pleasures, the Christmas tree is the most poetical and the most refined. It must be lighted with many candles, or its magic power is lost, for this illumination is a token and a pledge to our sun-worshipping forefathers that we reverence their old religion still. And I am told that the mistletoe which "hung in the castle hall" of the old baron in the ancient day, and which we still hang in our houses at Christmas, was the sacred plant of the Druids. I believe it, for there is a good deal of Druidism still extant in England. And Christmas is as generous and charitable a time in England, as it is in any land, although perhaps rather too much of an eating and a drinking time; but in excuse for that the English have the authority of Parliament. Six hundred years ago an act was passed to punish all persons "who did not duly honor the birthday of Christ according to the flesh, but pretended to honor it by fasting on that day." That law has never been repealed, so that the English are not to blame if the three persons in their Christmas trinity are roast beef, plum pudding, and beer, glorified and exalted in the Christmas hymn, which has been sung in England for more than three hundred years:

" Now thrice welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Roast beef and plum pudding,
Good ale and strong beer."

Even the mendicant singers who chant carols from door to door on Christmas morning, often mix up their religious benedictions with hints about beer, after this fashion:

" God bless you merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our saviour,
Was born on Christmas day."

I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year,
Your pockets full of money,
And your cellars full of beer."

* * *

A mixture of piety and pudding has always been popular in England, at least ever since the conquest of the island by the Saxons; and the English must be fed before they will heartily fight or pray. People of higher quality than the mendicant singers mix up in a bewildering way their Christmas hymns and their Christmas food. At Queen's College, Oxford, homage to Christmas is offered in the form of a great feast, at which the head of a wild boar is the chief divinity, sharing the worship of the day with God. The boar's head, adorned according to pagan rites, is borne on a big dish by two officers of the college, and preceded by a chorister in surplice and gown is carried in solemn procession to the dining hall. It is followed by two choristers of Magdalen college, also in surplice and gown, and these by officers of Queen's college, and in the extreme rear by "citizens generally"; and this has been the custom for 550 years. As the leading chorister begins the venerable chant, he touches the dish with his right hand singing at the same time this devotional hymn:

" The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio,
Caput aprî defero
Reddens laudes domino.

The boar's head as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servite canticò
Caput aprî defero
Reddens laudes domino."

In the above psalm of thanksgiving it will be noticed that the praise to the food is in English, the praise to the Lord in Latin, a distinction which many persons think is in harmony with the English national character. This may be so, but the worship offered by every people is most fervent when stimulated by abundant food.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EXPERIMENTS ARRANGED FOR STUDENTS IN GENERAL CHEMISTRY.
By *Edgar F. Smith* and *Harry F. Keller*. Second Edition, Enlarged, with 37 Illustrations. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co., 1891.

The translator of Prof. Richter's book, Edgar F. Smith, has worked out in company with Prof. Harry F. Keller, the former of the University of Pennsylvania, the latter of the Michigan Mining School a little monograph of 56 pages giving information as to how to provide and execute chemical experiments. The booklet is designed as a guide for beginners and can be used either for self-instruction or in the class room. References are made to Richter's "Inorganic Chemistry," but a teacher who uses it may easily employ any other book on the subject. It is a good idea to have the book throughout supplied with blank leaves for notes.

CHEMISTRY OF THE CARBON COMPOUNDS OR ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.
By Prof. *Victor von Richter*. Authorised translation by *Edgar F. Smith*. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. 1891.

Prof. Edgar F. Smith of the University of Pennsylvania has translated several text-books of Victor von Richter, Professor at Breslau, a prominent authority in chemical science. The present edition has been translated from the sixth German edition, and thanks to the author's kind assistance, publishers and translator made it possible to bring the book out almost simultaneously with the original in Germany. The present volume (pp. 1040) treats

the important subject of the carbon compounds generally called by chemists, after the precedence of Lavoisier, "organic chemistry." After an introduction on organic analysis, and on the chemical structure of carbon compounds, the methods as well as the theories of the subject and kindred topics (p. 1-65) we find in the special part a careful study of the fatty bodies or methane derivatives (marsh gas), all of which can be obtained from CH_4 (methane). They are further classified into saturated and unsaturated compounds. The second part treats of the aromatic or benzene compounds, all of which contain a group consisting of six carbon atoms, the simplest derivative of this series being C_6H_6 . Their relatively great stability distinguishes them from the fatty bodies. The recently investigated trimethylene and tetramethylene derivatives may be viewed as the transition stage from the methane compounds to those of benzene.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of the work a discussion of which belongs to journals that make a speciality of chemistry, but we may state that the book is most practically arranged excellently indexed and will be a most valuable and welcome help to the professor as well as the student of organic chemistry.

NOTES.

Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell, Secretary to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., has published "One Hundred Theses on the Foundations of Human Knowledge," which the author used as subjects of discussion for a private class in the philosophy of religion and which will serve as a basis of a monograph to be called "The Keys of the Two Kingdoms" to be elaborated during the coming year. The pamphlet consisting of 36 pp. only, is very useful as a summing up of the philosophical standpoint of a prominent Catholic thinker to which the Church officially has added its *Nihil obstat* under the sanction of the Archbishop Gibbons. We are far from agreeing with Mr. Snell and our difference begins in the very outset concerning "the channels of knowledge"; but we are glad to have this concise statement for it is of paramount importance to know exactly the points on which there is a disagreement. Mr. Snell lets an inquirer for truth pass through seven stages, Sceptis, Analysis, Pistis, viz. the recognition of a principle of sovereign verity, Katabasis, a descent to the testimony of the senses, Agnosis, the admission of the impossibility of constructing any tenable system of religious or ethical truth by reason and observation alone [here we disagree most decidedly]; Anabasis or the recognition of a revelation; and Gnosis the acceptance of the divine truth. We have to add that Mr. Snell classes the monistic views of Haeckel and Carus together as if they were identical. Yet it appears that there are differences in these two systems of thought which are of great consequence. Dr. Janes of Brooklyn in the Fiske Wakeman controversy pointed out some of these differences, and so far as we remember the incidents he was right in the main points.

It is a strange coincidence that Theodore Parker's monument was unveiled on Thanksgiving Day and that his American memorial, viz. the publication of Mr. Theodore Stanton's report of the unveiling in *The Open Court*, takes place on Christmas eve. Thanksgiving and Christmas are the most joyous festivals of the year, and yet they were selected, as it were, by providence to become a celebration of the memory of one of the greatest and dearest among our dead. But this coincidence should remind us that our grief should yield to the confidence that the lives of our beloved are not lost. When Theodore Parker lay on his death bed in Florence, he said something like this: "While I am dying here far away from my native country, there is another Theodore Parker in America and he is marching on and will fulfil his mission." That other Theodore Parker is his immortal soul which ever since his death has grown and is growing still; it is like a

leaven that is hid in a dough, till the whole be leavened. Let us remember then that our memorials are celebrated not for the dead but for the living. Those whom we call dead, because they are no longer among us in their bodily existence, remain with us and they can become a power for good to help us on our path onward in the realisation of our holiest ideals. Let them stay with us forever, but especially when we celebrate our most joyous festivals.

It is generally said that our time has ceased to be religious and we are fast approaching an era of irreligion. This is not so, for there has never been a time in which religious subjects have been probed as deeply as now, and the interest taken in the conflict between science and religion is certainly not less than ever before. The fact is that we begin to know now what Religion is. If religion is to be considered as the superstitions contained in the old religions, this age certainly, as Mr. Burroughs says in his article of this number, is the least religious of all. But if religion is to be considered as the truth in the old religions, we are nearer to it than ever, and we can confidently hope that we are approaching a new reformation which will be more radical and consistent than that of Luther.

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EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRES.

Dr. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR.

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