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THE SAINT OF NEW YORK.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE United States may fairly regard as an event of national interest the inauguration of the City Club of New York. Nearly four hundred gentlemen, of both political parties, mostly of high position, wealth and ability, organised a society for the purpose of securing for their city real and honest municipal government, which it has never had. The evil they confront is the long subordination of the welfare of the city to national partizanship, its offices being regarded as part of the spoils with which party services are rewarded. These eminent republicans and democrats have pledged themselves to exclude national politics from municipal affairs and to oppose candidates proposed by Tammany Hall on the one hand or the republican machine on the other. The real struggle is against Tammany Hall which holds New York in the hollow of its hand. In so holding this city, Tammany holds also the State, and, in holding the State whose electors are the most numerous, that organisation largely controls the nation. But Tammany itself, these gentlemen declare, is held in the hand of its president, called its "Boss"—just now a personage named Croker. It is probable that the majority of Americans never heard of Mr. Croker, yet is he the most powerful individual political factor in the United States. When any election is drawing near the Tammany regiment gather in their Hall; the "Boss" sticks up before them on a Bulletin-Board the names of the Mayor and Alderman, or the Governor and State officers, or the President and electors, for whom they are to fight. No one dreams of asking how or why those names are selected. They all go out and work in primary meetings, when those names are always nominated. The nominees are certain of election if municipal, nearly certain if for the State, and have, if national, the only chance of carrying the State electors their party can give. No democrat opposed by Tammany can carry the State.

The origin and evolution of St. Tammany form the most extraordinary chapter in our national history.*

Tammany was the name of an ancient chieftain of the Delaware tribes, an aboriginal Charlemagne, invested from the early colonial time with a large mythology, in which he figures as the mightiest of warriors and most virtuous of rulers. Early in the American Revolution some officers and soldiers conciliated the aborigines by calling themselves "Sons of Tammany." Among such soldiers was one John Pintard of New York City, the virtual founder of the organisation, which dates from the period of Washington's first inauguration.

There is a tradition that when the first president was about to be sworn into office at Federal Hall, New York, no Bible was found in the building, and Chancellor Livingston sent for one to the masonic lodge in John Street. The Bible (edition of 1767, containing a portrait of George II.) is preserved in that Lodge, adorned with inscriptions. The masonic legend is that Washington kissed the open book, and the very page is shown; a page showing the picture of Issachar as "a strong ass couching down between two burdens." The legend sounds like the invention of some political philosopher who saw Washington between the two burdens of his time,—a radical democracy, and an obstinate devotion to the pomp and circumstance of royalty. The first month of Congress was given up to an acrimonious dispute between Representatives and the Senators about titles. Among the titles proposed for the President were "His Majesty," "His Elective Majesty," "High Mightiness." A committee of the Senate reported in favor of "His Highness the President of the United States, and Protector of their Liberties." "The Lower House," as some heady Senators called it, overruled all this, and compelled the Vice President, John Adams, to address the chief magistrate merely as "The President." It also struck out the phrase in which he proposed to thank the president,—"for his most gracious speech." Adams declared that he would never have "drawn sword" (purely metaphorical, in his case) if he had foreseen such a result. This aristocratic feeling found its centre in a powerful organisation known as the "Order of the Cincinnati," which preserved the hereditary feature, membership being confined to revolutionary of-

* I am permitted to use in this form researches made for the second volume of the *Memorial History of the City of New York*, edited by General Grant Wilson.

ficers and their descendants, in primogeniture. Washington was its first president, but had resigned because of the hereditary feature. He was retained on promise that this feature should be abolished, a promise unfulfilled to this day, when, however, the society of the Cincinnati has become so unimportant that few know or care anything about its regulations. Nevertheless, a hundred years ago, led by General Hamilton, Baron Steuben, and other powerful politicians, it filled the democracy with alarm. Tammany was the American answer to the Cincinnati. Its first public appearance was on old May Day (May 12th) 1789 when its members masqueraded as Indian chiefs, in paint and feathers, through the streets of New York. They called themselves "The Sons of St. Tammany, or the Columbian Order." The "Saint" was adopted in competition with the foreign Saints of other societies in New York—Patrick, Andrew, George. The new society included then people of different parties, like that which was last night organised to resist it, in its turn, as it once resisted the Cincinnati. The society called its place of meeting the "Wigwam," its officers Grand Sachem, Sachems, Sagamore, Wikinskie. Curiously enough it anticipated the French revolutionists in their wish to alter the names of the seasons, which Tammany distinguished as Blossoms, Fruits, Snows, Hunting. The months were "Moons." An old Tammanyite letter might be dated: "Manhattan, season of Fruits, 17th day of the 7th Moon, year of Discovery 300th, of Independence 16th, of the Institution 3rd." Of the grotesque aboriginal features the chief relics now are two large Indian figures kept in Tammany Hall. When the great "Boss," Tweed, was plundering the city he regarded these figures apparently as his "mascots" or "pals," and transferred them to his private rooms. (From which they were recovered by Mayor Abram Hewitt.) But in early times the aboriginal features of St. Tammany were of national importance. In 1790, while New York was still the Federal Capital, the Indians of the far South gave the whites much trouble (perhaps not so much as they received,) and an officer was sent by the president to negotiate with them. The tidings presently came that the chief of the Creeks and twenty-eight warriors were on their way to New York to form a treaty. The Sons of St. Tammany, in full paint and feathers, went out to meet the red men, introduced them to the president and ministers, showed them the sights of New York, gave them a banquet and speeches, and stood around them in the Federal Hall when the treaty was signed. The President's last visit to Federal Hall, New York, was to sign that treaty. He went in his New English coach-and-six, with all pomp, even the horses' hoofs painted. Addresses were interchanged, the President gave the Chief wampum and a paper of

tobacco (substitute for the Calumet), and all, including Washington, joined in singing a chorus of peace. The costumed Sons of St. Tammany managed this business, and made their mark on the nation. The Cincinnati began to court them.

The leading Tammanyite at this time was the before-mentioned John Pintard. Most of them were tradesmen and mechanics, but Pintard was a University man and in fashionable society. He was editor of the leading republican paper, in which he published the whole of Paine's "Rights of Man." He was also, and at the same time, a member of the City Council, and of the State Legislature, which then sat in New York city. The foundation of the Historical Societies of both Massachusetts and New York (1791), was due to Pintard. The City Council gave Tammany a room in its Hall to show American antiquities. The St. Tammany Society made its next great impression by a stupendous banquet in celebration of the third centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus. There was set up in its Hall an illuminated obelisk. At the base a globe, emerging from chaos, presented America as a wilderness. At the top History, drawing a curtain, revealed a commercial port, and Columbus instructed by Science, who presented him with a compass and pointed to setting sun. Other figures were Columbus at Court, next in chains, where Liberty points him to the gratitude of posterity represented in the obelisk and the Sons of Tammany or the Columbian Order. Near the chained Columbus was the prone eagle and the inscription, "The Ingratitude of Kings;" elsewhere the eagle was seen soaring with a scroll inscribed "The Rights of Man." For some years after the transparency was exhibited in a museum with living tableaux.

So Tammany took root in New York. As the conflict between the Hamiltonians and the Jeffersonians—the Federalists and Republicans—waxed hot, Tammany called Jefferson its Great Grand Sachem. It was denounced as a "Jacobin" club. It was imitated by other clubs throughout the country. Gradually the earlier society developed what is now called "Tammany Hall." The two now co-exist, as wheel within a wheel. The old society preserves its character as a sort of charitable institution. A Tammanyite is not seen forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. The "Hall" was sixty or seventy years ago a place where politicians used to assemble and drink hot flagons, toddy and rum punch. Although they are not distinguished now for hard drinking, a good deal of their power lies in the fact that they are understood to be steadfastly against all the efforts of prohibitionists to break up the saloons. At the organisation of our new "City Club" most of those present were smoking their cigar-calumets, and on the tables were decanters of

whiskey. Few drank any, but I have a notion that the chief promoters wished to forestall any charge of prohibitionism. They mean to fight Tammany, no doubt; with some of its own political fire. Such then is the archaeological history of St. Tammany, probably little known to most members of that society. It will be seen that the society is to be credited with having checked a monarchical tendency in the beginning of our government. In the relative importance to-day of the two burdens between which our governmental Issachar couched, and which found their respective labels in the "Cincinnati" and "St. Tammany," the political history of the United States may be pondered. But Tammany, while it has lost its aboriginal costume, has developed a tendency to revert to the aboriginal mental condition to which Sir Henry Maine traces all partisanship. The Australian who travels hundreds of miles to join one tribe against another, merely because that tribe has the same "totem" with itself, reappears in the Tammanyite who fights for a candidate with his own badge, or "totem," without particularly caring whether the said nominee is an embezzler or a competent man. The comparison is borrowed from an eminent democrat who spoke at the City Club. The Hon. Abraham Hewitt, who once resigned his seat in Congress to become Mayor of New York, declared that he had owed both of those offices to Tammany, but had discovered by his former connection with that society that their reign was the pure autocracy of a "Boss," and entirely subversive of self-government. Such it has turned out to be. New York is practically without self-government. But although I have joined the new club I do not take an optimist view of its prospects as a municipal reformer. The moral forces of New York are largely mingled with pious fanaticism, and whenever they are aroused spend their thunder and lightning on private vices with which law has nothing to do, or on suppressing Sunday beer, with which it ought to have nothing to do. We sadly need some political school to teach such men as Comstock, Parkhurst and Co. the meaning of personal liberty, and the baseness of prurient espionage.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

E. P. POWELL.

THERE is no subject that can be of importance superior to our common schools. The marvellous fact is, that with all the progress made in all other directions, in higher education as well, the curriculum of our common schools remains substantially as it was one hundred years ago. Nor do our prominent educators seem to consider this a matter of importance. I have looked over the recently issued volumes of reports made by W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, and while the courses of study for city schools,

and colored schools, and normal schools are carefully compiled, there is nothing said about the courses pursued in the common schools. But the character of the people, and the shifting of population, and maladjustment of production to traffic, all depend, as we may quickly see, on the kind of education given to the children in the country schools. It cannot have escaped the attention of all students that the deepest political problem of England and Germany, as well as of America, is how to reverse the drift toward urban residence. In this country one hundred years ago our agricultural population was over 90 per cent.; it is now less than 60 per cent. and dwindling. That is, the individualising tendency is giving way to the massing tendency. Our cities are filled largely with hordes of helpless creatures steadily degenerating, and always dependent. Has it occurred to our economists to look for the cause of this drift of population to education imparted in our general schools? Evidently if we are to have farmers we must create farmers. But the courses of study universally pursued in all our States eliminates every element that specifically tends to inform a child of matters pertaining to farm life and farming. That is biology, both as concerns plant-life and animal-life,—with the rare exception of physiology, is overlooked. Geology or the study of soils, rocks, water-courses, minerals is equally ignored. Chemistry or the analysis of soils and of waters; and the synthesis of manures, and whatever else pertains to prosperity and sanitation, is never thought of. On the contrary precisely those studies are pursued which naturally point toward trade and town life. Geography, beyond the merest elements, is properly a very advanced study; and should so be placed. As it is now used it possesses some value in the way of training the memory; and little else. If it wakens the interest of the pupil at all, it is in town matters, and not in agriculture. It needs no argument to show the need of botany and geology and zoology in order to any intelligent cultivation of land and domestic animals. These sciences deal with those things underfoot and all about the land holder. They make land, and things on the land pre-eminently interesting. They should of course compose the burden of early education in our common schools. But even worse is it that no provision is made for developing the powers of observation in younger pupils. From three or four till nine or ten the children are set down to learn to read and write. Nine out of ten are mentally dulled during this process; some of them are intellectually paralysed for any future bright mentality. It has not occurred to our legislators that these years should be devoted to the development of innate powers of seeing, hearing, feeling, and even smelling. The senses are the avenues through which the outer world must reach

the inner; and if neglected at this period are blocked, if not forever closed. Few children are taught to use their senses as well as they should. Not one of our senses but in civilisation is losing more or less of power in valuable directions. The Australian wild boys are able, on all fours, to track marauders by scent, as dogs, everywhere. But the nose is not our only neglected sense organ. Humboldt tells us that while on the Andes a portion of his party was detailed to follow another spur of the mountains. The time had come when they should be in sight. He had long watched for them, but could not discover any sign that they were within the range of vision. Expressing his anxiety to his Indian guides, they replied "Why there they are; and have been." Humboldt could yet see nothing; but pointing a powerful field glass in the direction indicated by the Indians, he could see his friends as mere specks moving. I do not care to enter into any extended demonstration of the possibilities of sense-development. But clearly it is for the advantage of the farmer to have senses quickly responsive to nature. Our common schools must follow the initiative, already taken in Germany, and to some extent in England, of comprising school gardens. Here the pupils have practical studies, not only in observation but in cultivation.

I purposely omitted the mention of entomology in the list of sciences needful, because I wish it as a decisive illustration of the advantage possessed by a properly educated farmer in the matter of profits. Our special fight in production is with insects. Yet very few of our agriculturists can successfully cope with those minute foes. They do not indeed know which are friends and which are enemies. The loss to our crops is at least one fourth of the whole; that from one enemy of the wheat was estimated at forty millions in one year in a single state. The damage from the codlin moth to the apple crop is still many millions each year to every state in the so-called "apple belt"; although horticulturists educated to some knowledge of entomology, have learned how to prevent this loss by spraying with arsenites. The real contest of agriculturists is with insects. These minute creatures have so far waged a successful warfare with us. To make farming pay, to say nothing of making it a delightful pursuit, entomology is an absolute requisite. But our schools do not refer to the subject. You would not so much as find out by the curriculum of our common schools that there was such a science; or that land-culture depended on it so largely for success.

I have made good my assertion that while in all else we have made astonishing progress our common schools have hardly progressed beyond their condition in the eighteenth century. Higher schools, colleges

for the most part, and universities are modernised in methods, and in courses of study; but the way-side school, upon which depends our national character, and ability as agriculturists, has not been allowed to come under the force of evolution. The three malign consequences are, an unwholesome drift of population toward urban life; the necessity of an enormous increase of distributive traffic, in order to feed our herded multitudes,—thus making commerce proportionately still more powerful; and thirdly our remnant of agriculturists is left helpless to contend with natural foes, as well as drearily unable to read the vast volume spread open at their doors. Jefferson, with instinctive apprehension, warned us that a Republic could thrive only when fundamentally agricultural in its tendencies. "Agriculture," he says, "is a science of the very first order. It counts among its handmaids Chemistry, Mechanics, Geology, Physics, Botany. In every college and university a professorship of agriculture might be honored as foremost. Young men, closing their academical education with this, the crown of all other sciences, fascinated with its solid charms, and at a time when they are to choose an occupation,—instead of crowding other classes, would return to the farms of their fathers, their own, or those of others, and replenish and invigorate a calling, now languishing under contempt and oppression." The advice of this pre-eminent statesman was not heeded. Our commerce and our manufactures have grown with astounding rapidity; but now we find the underlying soul of production still languishes, unfostered and overlooked, in the vast educational system of the people. The farmers' problem, like the problem of labor and capital, pertains to general sociology, and concerns us from a scientific standpoint. Sooner or later we find that the real basis of human progress and prosperity is right education; and every possible phase of evil may with equal surety be traced to false or defective education.

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TYPE.

THERE is a little town in the New England states which lies aside from the rush and bustle of the world, but its inhabitants are not behind the times; they are quiet but thinking men and their thoughts are worthy of attention.

There were two friends in that town, a smith, and a type-setter. The one was a political orator and a freethinker, the other an author and a poet; the former strong, quick, and bold, the latter given to meditation, slow, and carefully weighing his words.

They were returning from a funeral, and said the freethinker to the poet: "There we see how wise it is not to compromise with superstitions of any kind. The friend we have buried was a freethinker as you

are and as I am, and the clergyman spoke at his grave in the old bombastic phrases of the immortality of the soul, and he really talked on as if that man were alive still. Could the dead have risen he would have bidden him hold his peace."

The clergyman was a unitarian of liberal views and in the opinion of many of his brethren unsound in doctrine, but he was dear to his parishioners, because instead of preaching the old theological dogmas, he taught what might be called a practical religion. He prayed little and his prayers were in the nature of injunctions to his flock, not petitions to God for benefits but rather exhortations to his people to perform their duties in this world. This clergyman had spoken of the mysteries of the soul which, though the body die, lives on.

"Well," said the type-setter, "I do not see why you do not allow the preacher to speak a truth in his own way. Would he not be misunderstood, if he spoke as you would express yourself?"

"I think not," was the quick reply, "for look here! What is a man? He is an organism, a million times more complex than a watch, and his soul consists of his constituent elements in their co-operative action. Break the watch and it is gone, prevent the co-operation of the organs of an organism, and its unity is lost; it dies. The soul of a human being is the product of the co-operation of its parts. When the organism is out of order, the soul is out of order, if the organism breaks up, the soul dies and it is gone forever."

"That is all very well," said the type setter, "but I don't think that it covers the question, for the soul of man is something more than the co-operation of his organs. Does not a man think? And has he not ideals?"

"What are man's thoughts," shouted the free-thinker, "but brain-action. All is mechanical. It seems you are not yet free from superstition."

"I grant you," answered the other slowly, "that brain-motions are mechanical. The physiological action of the brain may be called molecular mechanics. But does the soul consist in brain-action? Is it not something more? I think it is. Our brain action is a feeling and our feelings are of different kinds and each feeling has a meaning. The soul, as I understand it, lives in the meaning of the brain-action, and I find that the soul continues to exist and have its effects, although the brain may rot in the grave."

"Then you are a spiritualist," exclaimed the smith. "You believe that the soul can exist independently of its body."

"Oh no!" replied the type-setter, "I am no spiritualist. I do not believe that the soul can exist without a body. Spiritualism regards the soul as a substance and thus it is actually a psychological materialism.

Let us bear in mind that the soul is not matter but that subtle something of which ideas consist."

"Very well."

"Now what is your soul?"

"My soul is my feeling and thinking."

"Exactly. But would it not be quite indifferent how you feel and think, if when you cease to feel and think, all your ideas are gone forever."

"Stop, I do not mean to say that, for I am not the only one who thinks and feels as I do. The books I read are still to be had and I teach my boys to think and act as I do."

"Don't you think that you thus transplant your ways of thinking into the minds of others."

"Certainly I do and I mean to do so."

"And did not you say that your ways of thinking constitute your soul?"

"Did I? Yes, I did!"

"Thus you preserve your soul or at least parts of your soul in others."

"Well in that sense, it will do, but I object to the very word immortality, for every individual soul dies, it is mortal and if it is dead, it is gone forever. Death is a finality and he who believes in any beyond is in my opinion still under the baneful influence of superstition."

"My dear friend," said the type-setter. "I am as radical as you are, but I differ from you. Listen. Many years ago, when I was a young fellow of twenty-five, I wrote a small volume—the one which you know. I wrote it in the evenings and when I had finished it, I set it in type in my leisure hours. Whenever I had finished sixteen pages I carried the form over to the printer, and I assure you I did it with a heavy heart. I had put my soul into the work and whenever I locked up a form, the taps of the hammer reminded me of the nailing of a coffin. A certain amount of work was done; whether it was good or bad it was now beyond redemption. The toil, the struggle, the activity, the labor was over. The black letters stood lifeless in rows and as soon as they had been returned from the press, they were distributed back into the cases. I say my soul was in the work. Was my soul gone when the type ceased to stand in that order in which it had represented my ideas? no! say rather my work was done and the soul lived. The soul lived a new life. It is a life of a greater and fuller activity, yet at the same time without toil, without labor, without trouble. This is an allegory, but it may fairly represent to you the truth that the soul of a beloved friend, father, mother, brother, or child may still be an active presence in our lives. It is a spiritual presence, it is not material as materialists regard substance or as spiritualists think of spirits which latter are too earthly in my view to deserve the name spirit,—but it is real nevertheless.

And all our work in life is a preparation for that other kind of existence which Christians call the beyond. The preparation for, the beyond, is or at least ought to be the purpose of every action of, the now. Thus I labored unmindful of my comfort to bring out my ideas in adequate words and have the type appear without misprints, for I knew as soon as I had locked up the forms, that any mistake I had made was gone beyond the possibility of mending. When on the following day I distributed the letters I thought of the words of Christ in his dying hour: It is finished. But what is finished? Certainly the work, not the life of the work, not its purport, its usefulness, its efficacy. The soul of the work lives. While the bookmaker toils, there is life in his efforts. After the distribution of the type, his labors cease but his book does not cease to exist, it enters a higher career of existence. That was a lesson to me and I am not sorry I learned it, and it came home to me whenever I received word that my book had met with a kind welcome and that ideas of mine had taken root in the souls of men. The body dies, that is true enough; but do not tell me that death is a finality. After death our soul begins a new kind of activity and it seems to me there lies a certain grandeur and a holy perfection in that kind of existence which is above anguish, pain, and anxiety, and yet full of efficacy and illimited, infinite in potentialities."

"I would fain answer you," impatiently said the smith. "It almost seems as though you intended to excuse the irrational dogmas of religion and the many sins which the church committed in past ages. I know you are a radical thinker and I'll forgive you. But are you not conscious that you subvert the principles of radicalism, the truth established by scientists and the ideals of the heroes of freethought?"

"No," said the type-setter, "I do nothing of the kind. Yet I see that if a man of science passes out of this life, that the truth he has brought out is not lost, when a man that struggled for right and justice sinks into the grave that his principles and aspirations are not buried with him; when a hero of thought dies his ideals remain with us. The body dies but the soul lives."

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

WITH or without authority, the newspapers are saying that Mr. Gladstone gives as the key to all his political changes this explanation: "I was educated to regard liberty as an evil; I have learned to regard it as a good." Good for men, he meant, but not for women; on the woman question, he still remains a Tory. Mr. Gladstone's explanation of his numerous political changes is a metaphysical picture showing the power of early training to influence the actions of old age. The genii who broke him to political harness, and brought him into Parliament more than sixty years ago still hold the reins upon his revolutionary spirit and check him up when his radical instincts threaten mischief to ancient in-

situations. By nature a destructive, he is through discipline and precept a conservative. Whenever any of his bonds give way they break by a pressure from without. No other great man was ever converted so much or so often as Mr. Gladstone. It has been his eccentric fortune to oppose as a duty, the numerous reforms which he afterwards thought it his duty to defend. Psychologically speaking, he has many a time sentenced himself in the astral body to imprisonment and fine, although the physical punishment was borne by others. Reacting on his own resistance he has been flung into the leadership of popular agitations which he formerly condemned and punished. He has had the sagacity and the audacity to assume command of the very storms that swept him off his feet. And when the Woman Suffrage movement in England becomes irresistible he will assume command of that; not because of its popularity or its political force, but because he will then himself believe in it.

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In *The Forum*, for May, there is an article on the Silver question written by the Hon. Michael D. Harter, a member of Congress from Ohio. Mr. Harter, although a new member, has already achieved national distinction, not only by reason of his political knowledge, which is of a high order, but because of his political conscience, which is of a higher order still. He stands conspicuous as a statesman among politicians, and it is due to the courage of Mr. Harter that his party did not plunge over Niagara and go down into the whirlpool of defeat on the Silver question. His contribution to *The Forum* contains a great deal of political instruction, but in some places it shows a moral carelessness deserving of rebuke. It sanctions indirectly, and no doubt unintentionally, the economic error that America gets rich on the poverty of Europe, and the religious mistake that God hath made it so. Referring to the mischief already done by the coining of silver dollars to bury them in the ground, and advocating a reversal of that policy to save us from a predicted commercial panic, Mr. Harter says, "Great crops here and small ones abroad give us Heaven's opportunity to correct our mistakes of the past." The sentiment of that opinion springs from a selfish religion which is utterly unknown in Heaven, for no professors of that creed are there. Heaven does not blight the fields of Europe to give America an "opportunity." The religion of Heaven teaches that every man is interested in the welfare of every other man, and every nation in the prosperity of every other nation, and this is the moral foundation of true political economy. Mr. Harter warns his countrymen that Heaven may not blight the fields of Europe this year to save America from the folly of her statesmen; and he says, "If we continue this wild craze for free silver, fair crops in Europe next year will bankrupt the United States." The danger is the other way; and Mr. Harter may find by looking a little deeper down, that the "drain of gold," and the commercial peril he deplores are largely due, not to the "silver craze," but actually to the failure of the crops in Europe.

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A correspondent of the New York *Nation* complains of what he calls the "Law English" perpetrated by the Supreme Court of Illinois in the decisions of that unlearned and ungrammatical tribunal. In his letter he incloses a few samples such as this, "An attorney officing in the same building," an economical style very often adopted by writers out of ideas and short of words; and this, "We are satisfied that the testimony given by the appellee establish these facts"; and this, "The train ran from Quincy to Hannibal and return." As volunteer counsel for the Supreme Court I submit that these barbarisms may be the work of some printer fiend in complicity with an abandoned proof-reader, but the following comic solecism is far beyond the perverse ingenuity of printers and proof-readers. The Supreme Court of Illinois alone has the genius to produce it, "We cannot say that five thou-

sand dollars is a compensation too large for an injury so serious, and which at any moment may become strangulated and produce death." For that last offense I do not ask an acquittal for the Supreme Court, but a lenient sentence, because the court has merely followed the precedent set by the Illinois judge who in sentencing a culprit said, "Prisoner at the bar! You have had a good education, and Christian surroundings, instead of which you go about stealing sheep." The correspondent of *The Nation* criticises only the "Law English" of the Illinois Supreme Court, but if the grammar of the court offends him, what would he say to its jurisprudence if he could only see that? He would think that its English is better than its law. "If your honors please," chirruped the learned counsel, "I will now read a passage from Blackstone, bearing on the point." "Never mind reading that," said the Chief Justice, "this Court has read Blackstone." "Have you!" said the counsel, in a tone of delighted surprise, as he laid the book down, "Well, I never suspected that."

* * *

At last Congress has entered upon a benevolent work which will be of great value to the country. It has resolved itself into a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It will furnish reading matter for the people free of cost and thank them for accepting the boon. It will provide a free circulating library on a scale of magnitude which in the language of the lamented Mr. Barnum "has never before been attempted in this or any other country." Our ancient statesmen were never competent for such an enterprise, and would very likely have been astonished had they seen the scheme attempted, simple and innocent as it is. All there is of it is for an Honorable member to rise in his place, and begin to make a speech on the silver question, or on the tariff, or on the proposed public building for Slab City, or on any other anomaly under the sun, and after speaking thirty seconds, finish his oration thus: "But, Mr. Speaker, I see that it is now time for me to go to lunch, and as the point which I wish to impress upon the House is made clear to the meanest understanding by Dean Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels,' Part the Third where he describes the voyage to Laputa, I ask that 'Gulliver's Travels' be printed in the *Congressional Record* as a part of my remarks." Leave is given as a matter of course, and "Gulliver's Travels" is printed in the *Congressional Record*, at nobody's expense, because the government has plenty of paper and printing presses, and hired men on hand. It is then distributed by the million copies through the mails, also at nobody's expense, because the government has a post office of its own and can just as easily circulate the books as not. "Gulliver's Travels" having been transmuted by congressional alchemy into a "Public Document," goes free under the frank of any Honorable Member to "every home in the land." Lest I be accused of jesting I will quote Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts, who having pretended to make a speech on the tariff question, after saying little or nothing at the beginning of it, abruptly finished it thus: "But I will not detain the House with any remarks of my own, but will merely quote briefly a pamphlet by Mr. Welker Given." Mr. Welker Given's book on the Tariff is then made a part of Mr. Lodge's remarks, and by the process above explained, it goes free through the mails. Never was a plan of public education so comprehensive and so liberal as this.

* * *

The credit for this new system of popular education is due to the Democrats, and may truly be called a Democratic Reform. It was begun in the House of Representatives, where some public spirited men anxious to give the people good political instruction free, tacked Mr. Henry George's book on to "these few feeble remarks, Mr. Speaker," and thus converted it into a Public Document, so that we shall now get "Protection or Free Trade" that standard work on Political Economy for nothing. Of course those Democratic members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful

Knowledge never read the treatise, for if they had they would have noticed that while at the beginning of it Mr. George demonstrates that Free Trade is a scientific theory, he tries to show at the end of the book that Free Trade is of no practical use at all. The most insidious argument against Free Trade that I know of is put by Mr. George himself in the ten concluding chapters of his book. As a campaign document it will prove a boomerang for the Free Traders. But perhaps those Honorable Members did not adopt those last ten chapters and print them in the *Record*. What surprises me a little is that Mr. Jerry Simpson of Kansas has become a zealous evangelist in the Society, and drops his mite into the Treasury of Knowledge in the shape of six lines of his own gospel, and six pages of the gospel according to Mr. Henry George, but if he is not slandered by public rumor, Mr. Simpson, since he has been in Washington, has adopted the effeminate habit of wearing socks, and this may account for his curious interest in public refinement and popular education. It is very gratifying that the republicans have not allowed party prejudice and political bigotry to warp their patriotism in this matter, for they have seconded the movement in the most disinterested way. In fact, they have really improved upon the strategy of the democrats, as they generally do. They promise to contribute more free literature to the people than the democrats ever did or ever can. Mr. Milliken of Maine has already given to the country by the *Congressional Record* route, five lines of his own argument, and fifteen pages of a campaign document on the Protection side. Mr. Johnson of Dakota contributes to the Education fund Mr. Robert P. Porter's book on the blessings of a Protective Tariff. Mr. Dolliver of Iowa, who has talent enough of his own if he had energy enough to use it, throws into the *Congressional Record* nine lines of his own, and five pages on something or other from an author named Horr. A celebrated Senator is going to insert Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in his next "effort" to illustrate the weary journey of an eager soul towards the Presidential throne. And so the good work will go on until all the literature we need from Othello to Goody Two Shoes will come to us in the *Congressional Record* free.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HIT HIM IN HIS WIND!

To the Editor of The Open Court :

FAR be it from my intention to provoke a controversy as to the meaning of ultimate "necessity." No one ought to go into a fray when it is a foregone conclusion that he will be worsted. Speaking of "frays" reminds me of what happened during my Third Class year at West Point. A classmate of mine named Tom took umbrage at something I said or did, and gave me some "lip." According to the barbaric code then in vogue (and now too for all I know) there was no alternative between being branded as a poltroon and tendering a gauge of battle. I tendered the gauge. It was not Christian conduct; but it was better,—it was wise.

My second arranged matters. He settled with Tom's man that the fight should be "stand up," and according to the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury. As it happened, although brim full of pluck and resolved to die, if needs were, with an untarnished scutcheon, I had never even so much as heard that there was a Marquis of Queensbury. But,—as you may have noticed,—many a man fights according to the rules of one of whose name he is ignorant.

We fell out of ranks after dress parade, cut supper, and proceeded across the plain to Fort Clinton,—the Bladensburg of that locality. My man gave me a few tremors by producing a bottle, which he filled at the hydrant, and a big sponge (sponged from the chemical laboratory) which he soaked. It looked so blood-thirsty I trembled, and the more that whilst on our way across

the cavalry ground, he regaled me with vivacious, and, I now fancy, somewhat mendacious accounts of conflicts wherein the vanquished was injured for life. He primed me with instructions, all of which I ignored for technicality, and dilated, as it seemed to me with needless severity, upon Tom's merits as a "bruiser."

However, scared as I was, I kept on, and in due season we stood up together, Tom appearing much larger and more muscular than I had ever imagined possible. I spare you any account of the rounds. Tom's nose (which he wore big and imposing) was in my front, and the sole idea possessing me was to hit it. As at first I made no great business success at this my second thought to help matters by advice.

"Hit him in the wind, Hudor!" was the form his advice took; but I was too busy to heed, and kept right on my way. "Hit him in the wind! In the wind!" cried my man, till, vexed at his persistence, I turned right around, and inquired sharply: "Where in h—l is his wind?"

Perhaps you think that yarn hasn't any moral. It lacks dignity, I admit that cheerfully, for a philosophical journal; but I'll be bound there's a moral to it. I can't reason it out, but I feel it.

If I have any mission,—which some doubt,—it certainly is not to the philosophers, and perhaps I did wrong to instance the asymptote as a fact "not precisely determined by law."

What I meant was the "actual determinedness" was the fact not actually determined. I know now I ought to have said that in the first place. Oh! dear! dear! who would be a philosopher? With the best intentions in the world, as soon as I write I go astray, and speak nonsense. In time, I trust, with plenty of fresh air, and exercise, and good wholesome nourishing food, such as I find in *The Open Court* and *The Monist* I may get to the true inwardness of things. I regret to say that I am not there yet.

HUDOR GENONE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

GREAT HOPES FOR GREAT SOULS. By *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*. Chicago: All Souls Church. 1892.

The title of this pamphlet is a misnomer. It may be true, as the author states, that "only great souls can have great hopes," and further, that great hopes "come not from great arguments but from great souls," but surely when once formed and uttered the hopes may be indulged in by small souls as well as great. Every one who has any thought for the future may hope that poverty and disease will someday be things of the past, and that good will at last triumph over evil in family, social, and political life. He may even hope for the time when religion shall be "a sublime following of the ideal," and when churches shall become "training-schools of character instead of being the guardians of dogmas." As to the hope of immortality, this is the common heritage of all Christians, but we would like to ask the author where is the "experience of the past" which warrants the expectation that "the mind that has used the body religiously may reach the point where it can do without that body and be the better off." This appeal to experience, which is supported by the statement made near the close of the pamphlet, that to doubt of immortality is "to deny science and to honor no truth," is not consistent with the deprecation of argument. This is valuable only so far as it is based on experience. We do not see how Mr. Jones's propositions can be maintained from a scientific point of view. c. s. w.

NOTES.

The Rev. W. G. Todd of Topeka, Kansas, is trying the experiment of a "People's Church," adapted to the spiritual and social needs of working men, and "especially those who feel ostracised by other churches, either on account of their social position or their attitude of unbelief towards what goes by the name of religion." The quotation is from the prospectus which explains

the aim and proposed methods of the People's Church. Its general aim appears to be not worship but "respect, reverence, and love for the divine ideal of character in itself as it is foreshadowed to man by the orderly operations of the Supreme Intelligence in the Universe." And to make this ideal of character concrete "in such laws and customs of society as shall further the ends of human justice and social harmony." The methods by which this is to be attained are in brief, "the study of the natural revelation of God to-day," "purifying from the dross of superstition the so-called supernatural revelation of past ages," and by promoting "the social companionship of a true fraternity of brothers and sisters based only on the respectability inhering in personal merit. The religion of the People's Church is to be a "Natural Religion," founded on a belief in "God, the one absolute unity of all," as he is revealed in the Scriptures of Evolution. Mr. Todd gave proof of his earnestness and sincerity by offering to devote his time "to the up-building of a People's Church, on the average wages of the mechanic." The aim's of the People's Church are high, its methods rational, and under the guidance of a zealous, and unselfish man as Mr. Todd appears to be, it will doubtless do much good. It comes when the time is ripe for it, and it ought to succeed.

Some time ago *Public Opinion*, the eclectic journal of Washington and New York, offered \$300.00 in cash prizes for the best three essays on the question "What, if any, changes in existing plans are necessary to secure an equitable distribution of the burden of taxation for the support of the National, State, and Municipal Governments?"

The competition has attracted much interest, and the committee, consisting of Hon. Josiah P. Quincy of Boston, Hon. Jno. A. Price, Chairman of Nat'l Board of Trade, and Mr. W. H. Page, Editor of *The Forum*, have just awarded the first prize to Mr. Walter E. Weyl of Philadelphia; the second to Mr. Robert Luce, editor of *The Writer*, Boston; and the third to Mr. Bolton Hall of New York. The successful essays are published in *Public Opinion* of April 23d.

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