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A SHORT STUDY IN FOLK-MUSIC.

BY L. J. VANCE.

I AM not concerned here about the origin of music. The question whether music arises from those sounds which the male makes during the excitement of courtship to captivate the female—the theory of Mr. Darwin—or whether music had its genesis in the sounds which the voice originates under the excitement of strong feeling—may be left unanswered at this time. We take folk-music as we hear it—as it is made by a bunch of hoofs tied together, by peas in a bladder, by a gourd filled with pebbles, by a *tomtom*, or by a Japanese fiddle.

We shall assume that music has been an art of gradual growth, and subject to the law of evolution. Thus, we are able to detect how savage music, as of the New Zealanders, develops into barbarous music, as that of the American Indians; to follow music from Egypt to Judæa, from Judæa to Greece. We shall show that music was crude and barbarous even in ancient Jerusalem; that, out of folk-songs of the European peasantry, out of the Greek system of notation and the few notes of Gregory, known as the Gregorian tones, has grown the vast structure of modern musical art, with all its intricacies, and with all its superb orchestration.

Such, in brief, has been the progress of “the youngest of the arts.” Beginning with words without melody or harmony, the art of Wagner ends with music without words.

Here, for the purposes of this inquiry, I will mention three styles of music in vogue among the lower races of man, and also in vogue among European folk.

First, we have the music of social life and activities, expressive of human nature in various moods and under different circumstances. This kind of music survived in popular melodies, which the early contrapuntists used as themes for their masses and motets. So too, the great composers have gone directly to the folk for inspiration; as, for example, Handel went to the Italian peasantry for the theme of his immortal *Messiah*, and Beethoven availed himself of Russian melodies in the quartets he dedicated to the prince of that country.

Secondly, we have martial music—strains which spring out of the “war whoops” of the Indian, and out of the ringing clash of spear and shield, to the sound of which the Spartans drilled in Pyrrhic dance. Such music tells of that fierce and fighting courage which made the warrior Teuton feared by the Roman. Many of the charming melodies in Weber’s *Preciosa* were taken from the vocal performance of Spanish soldiers.

In the third class, we arrange all religious music. It tells of the religious life of the folk—of the doings of the *Shaman*, or “medicine-man.” Next to song, noise is the great remedy used by the priest-doctor in curing the sick. The rattle is his favorite instrument. Above the rattle in the scale of musical instruments, says Dr. Tylor, is the drum, and it too has been to a great extent adopted by the sorcerer; it is an important implement to him in Lapland, in Siberia, among some North American and some South American tribes.*

The characteristic of ancient folk-music, both secular and religious, was noise. “Play skilfully and with a loud noise,” commands the Psalmist. The same desire for *fortissimo* is revealed in the scriptural allusion to the clapping of hands, and in the account of the regular stamping of the director of the Greek chorus. The works of Greek poets and philosophers are full of allusions to the “power” of music. In one popular Greek author, we read of a young flute-player bursting a blood-vessel and dying through the effort to obtain a very loud note.

What the music of the ancient was, one can only imagine. The musical works of Boethius and Vitruvius do not help us much. That Greek music was crude and barbarous may be proved by their system of notation, which could not represent music of any intricacy.

It is an open question whether American Indians had characters to designate tones.† The Micmacs, for instance, seem to have had an elaborate system of hieroglyphics to designate sounds, but they had no characters to designate tones.‡

* *Early History of Mankind*, p. 183.

† *Ueber die Musik der Nord-Amerikanischen Wilden*, by Theodor Baker

‡ *Journal of Am. F. Lore*, Vol. 3, p. 277. *Journal of Am. Ethnology* etc. Vol. 1, p. 133.

An important contribution to the study of folk-music has been made recently by Mr. J. Walter Fewkes. He used the phonograph to capture and record the music of the Zuni Indians. The results, he obtained, are at once striking and significant. His collaborator in the musical department, Mr. Gilman, states that, Zuni melodies are not based on that law of music, which we call scale. His greatest discovery was the use by the Zunis of intervals smaller than our semitones, and Zuni music is thus distinctly related to the music of the Maories of New Zealand and even to the music of the civilised Greeks.

Again, in many Zuni songs, we find the "Scotch snap"—a short followed by a long note with the accent on the first—which is so pronounced a feature in the music of our Southern negroes, and in Hungarian music. "What we have in these (Zuni) melodies," says Mr. Gilman, "is the musical growth out of which scales are elaborated, and not compositions undertaken in conformity to norms of interval order already fixed in the consciousness of singers."

We can only refer briefly to Dr. Franz Boas's study of Eskimo music.* There are two distinct classes of Eskimo melodies—one coincides with our major key and is identical with Chinese and some Indian keys; the second corresponds to our minor key. The relation of Eskimo melodies to their key note, as Professor Succo points out, resembles that of the Gregorian chants, especially the psalmodic ones among them.

To priest and ecclesiastic modern music owes a debt that can be hardly repaid. As an art factor, the contrapuntal studies of the monks and church-men cannot be over-estimated. Gregory the Great (590) collected the best music current in his day, added four new scales, and issued an antiphony or authorised book of ecclesiastical music. Thanks to Guido d'Arezzo's invention, the perpetuation of music became possible (1020). As a matter of fact, the early music-masters worked over popular tunes and folk-songs. So that, folk-music is really at the foundation of the European schools of music.

The rise of instrumental music as an independent branch of the art dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century. At that time vocal operatic music had made great progress, and the demands upon the orchestra was met by the great violin makers near Cremona and the organ makers in Italy in the seventeenth century. Thus, operas, sonatas, and quartets paved the way for the development of the modern symphony.

When Western Europe was without music-art of any kind, folk-melodies were in the air. The Mediæval songs all had music which is lost for ever. Here

and there a fragment of an old folk-song has come down to us. We have the words of the famous "Chanson de Roland" of Charlemagne's time, but where is the music that went with it?

There was a grand outburst of song and of music in the Middle Ages. The Troubadours in France, the Minne-singers in Germany, and the minstrels in England were now singing and playing in castle and Court. These strolling story-tellers and players took their song out of the people's mouths; their tales of love, chivalry and romance were carried along by popular folk-melodies. Thus, the minstrel's art is a musical bar, so to speak, between the old folk-song and that which modern musical art created for all time.

NICOLAUS LENAU.

BY EMMA POESCHE.

I.

GOETHE and SCHILLER, the two great German contemporaries, have found their way to the heart and mind of the whole civilised world. Of two other contemporary poets, Heine and Lenau, only the former has been universally recognised; Lenau's fame hardly reached beyond the limits of Austria and Germany, though his countrymen consider him one of their greatest lyric bards.

What may have been the reason of this apparent neglect of other nations, and particularly of the United States?

The average American has only heard of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, and Heine, the name of Nicolaus Lenau has never reached his ear nor met his eye.

Heine, with his satirical, excessive spirits and witty sallies, with his poems that seemed like brilliant shooting stars, falling suddenly into a foul swamp and changing to will-o-the-wisps before the eyes of the astonished spectator—Heine created a sensation in the world, startling the pious with his frivolities, animating the dull with his sarcasm, alluring the young with his fascinating songs. The blossom of his muse might be compared to a luxuriant growth of tulips, burning in Oriental colors and sending forth a lurid light.

How different the qualities of Lenau are! The poet of melancholy, with his tender sensibility, his truthfulness, his belief in friendship and ideal love. He had the sympathy of the sentimental only and the unhappy. His followers sent no trumpet blast over the earth, proclaiming a Prophet who had arisen to conduct poetry into new channels. The symbol of *his* muse is the violet, clad in the color of half-mourning, a blossom of sweetest fragrance only sought and plucked by those who are pure and sensitive. The following poems express his sad spirit:

* *Sixth An. Rep. Ethnology*, s. 635.

MELANCHOLY.

"Gentle, thoughtful melancholy,
Through this life thou art my guide;
May my star arise or slowly
Sink, I find thee at my side.

To ravines where eagles only
Dwell we two are wont to roam;
Where the pine stands dark and lonely,
Where the roaring waters foam.

Of my dead ones I am thinking.
Wildest tears of sorrow rise;
On thy heart my face is sinking
With its grief-heightened eyes."

MIST.

"Thou dreary mist, concealed are now
The valley with its stream,
The mountain with its wooded brow
And every sunny gleam.

O hide beneath thy night of grey
The earth so far and free;
Take all that saddens me away,—
Conceal the Past from me."

To understand Lenau's sadness one must study this poet's life, for his fate grew out of his character and education; it was so inextricably interwoven therewith, that he himself wrote in one of his letters: "My writings contain my life."

Nicolaus Franz Niernbsch, Chevalier de Strehlenau (his *nom de plume* "Lenau" is taken from the two last syllables of his family name) was born Aug. 13th, 1802, at Csatad, a village near Temesvar in Hungary, where his father, having left his Cavalry Regiment, was employed as a government official. The maiden name of the poet's mother was Therese Maigraber, she being the descendant of a highly respected family in Ofen.

Lenau's parents had married for love, overcoming many obstacles to their union; still their matrimonial life can by no means be called a happy one. The retired army officer brought into his new civilian life an uncontrollable desire for freedom, long suppressed under the restraint of military discipline. A craving after pleasure and dissipation, a wish to play the "Grand Seigneur" and last but not least a passion for gambling which lead him step by step to his ruin.

One day, when he had gone to Temesvar for medical assistance, his little daughter being dangerously ill, he forgot his errand and the time that was fatally ebbing away, lingered at a gambling-house until he had lost every florin in his pocket; then he was detained in town by his creditors.

Meanwhile the little sufferer had breathed her last, and as the bereaved mother was watching beside the coffin, two of her husband's gambling companions came and demanded her signature to a check of 17,000 florins, the sum which he had lost. In order to save her husband from disgrace and prison the poor woman was compelled to sign this paper.

To complete the list of his iniquities he broke his marriage vow, so that the last tie of the old affection between him and his wife was severed.

But these excesses undermined his health, and death overtook Lenau's father when he was but twenty-nine years of age, an age most critical to those suffering with consumption.

The wealthy parents of the deceased offered a permanent home to their orphaned grandchildren, but the young widow did not accept the well-meant offer of her mother-in-law, who, a descendant of the Barons of Kellersberg, may have made it in too imperious a manner. So Therese kept her children, her pride, and her destitution, for henceforward the old Baroness declined to give her the slightest assistance. Therese was obliged to limit her needs to the utmost, until by her own mother's death she obtained an inheritance that rendered the widow and her three children more comfortable.

The tender-hearted woman, whose passionate love for her husband had been so cruelly crushed, now concentrated all the fervor of her soul upon her children, and particularly on her favorite boy "Nic" whom she idolised, and therefore spoiled. The latter received his first instruction in Ofen, showed great talent for music and excelled in playing the guitar. It is recorded that once when he was travelling in Tokay, a mere schoolboy, crowds of girls followed the young artist, allured by the magic strains of his instrument. But that instrument soon proved unsatisfactory to the aspiring youth, and he exchanged it for the violin.

Reared by a mother whose trials and misfortunes led her to seek the consolations of the Catholic church, the boy naturally inclined to devoutness; he said his morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardor, and often celebrated Mass at home, a chair representing the altar. It is not astonishing that such a boy should develop into a poet, who, keeping ever in view the supramundane, the divine, chooses with preference dogmatic subjects for his compositions, and tries to find liberation for humanity on religious ground.

Returning from Tokay, Therese, in order to economise, rented a house in the suburbs of Ofen, which was built in a cemetery and had originally served as a chapel, but was now deserted by the grave diggers. The impressions received from the strange and melancholy surroundings of Lenau's boyhood are echoed in his poetry.

Practical Ornithology formed a new tie between the poet-boy and nature. Listening to the winged inhabitants of the woods, he learned to imitate their rich modulations and wonderful sounds in whistling, perfecting himself to such a degree as to astonish experienced artists.

Growing up in a family circle of women, he soon began to feel himself a man, physically and mentally superior. On the other hand he was spoiled for practical life by his mother's indulgence, which rendered him irresolute and lacking in energy. His over-scrupulous conscientiousness may excuse these faults somewhat, at any rate it heightens our sympathy with his subsequent gloomy fate.

Like all great men he inherited his best qualities from his mother; her purity, her striving after the beautiful and sublime, her depth of feeling, her meditative melancholy, her fertile imagination, all were his. Fortunately his father bequeathed to him nothing worse than the taste for a roving life.

In 1816 the amiable young widow, not discouraged by the failure of her first matrimonial venture, accepted the hand of a physician, Dr. Vogel, and went with him and the children to live in Tokay. Nicolaus called the two years he spent there the happiest of his life. He pursued his studies under a tutor, but Therese was not satisfied with this mode of instruction for her favorite son, having ambitious plans for his future. Leaving the doctor in Tokay, she returned with her children, whose number had meanwhile increased to five, to Ofen, in order to facilitate "Nic's" education.

The grandparents renewed their invitation, this time with more success than on a former occasion, for Therese left her son and his younger sister in their care. The doctor, a man of practical common sense, was much pleased with this arrangement, as it was of pecuniary advantage to his family. Not so the loving mother! Returning home, she induced her husband to take up his residence in Pressburg, in order to be nearer to the children.

"Nic" came to Vienna in the autumn of 1819 to devote himself to philosophical studies. He stayed at a boarding house, but spent his vacation at Stockerau, with his grandparents. It was there that he met his future brother-in-law, Anton Schurz, who became his most intimate and faithful friend.

The pale, dark-haired, gloomy looking "Nic" was not like his merry fellow-students who pursued practical studies with a view to making a living; he behaved rather like an amateur scholar, absorbing all that seemed interesting to him, rejecting what did not happen to please his fancy. And so it was with him all his life.

His grandparents wished him to study law in Vienna as soon as he should have finished his philosophical studies, that he might fit himself for a government career, but young Nicolaus did not approve of this plan, and thought he preferred the shorter course of the Hungarian law, which he could study at Pressburg near his beloved mother. No sooner had he gained his point, than he changed his mind and began to

study agriculture at a college which the Archduke Charles had founded on one of his estates. At the end of a year he tired of agriculture and returned to Vienna to study German law, accompanied by his mother, who had also followed him to his college. Three years he devoted to law, when suddenly he found that his talent was for medicine, and four additional years were given to assiduous study, the result of which was nervous prostration that compelled him to seek the mountains to recuperate his health.

When his medical studies were almost finished and his degree taken he returned to his first choice, and forgot all else in reading and studying philosophical problems, Spinoza's writings gained his particular attention. Thus the capricious youth devoted himself alternately to agriculture, jurisprudence and medicine, but speculative philosophy seemed most potent to chain his fickle fancy.

At the time when "Nic" opposed his grandmother's arrangements regarding his choice of a profession, he must have been in a very excited frame of mind. One day, returning from one of his ornithological rambles, he rushed into her drawing-room and was reprimanded by the old lady for his noisy enthusiasm and untidy appearance, to which "Nic" replied hotly: "I would rather starve than remain a slave in golden fetters." He left his grandparent's house that same day and surprised his family at Pressburg by his sudden arrival. The incident was soon forgotten and the domineering grandmother reconciled, but it is too characteristic of the hero of this sketch to be omitted.

11.

His first song "Jugendtraume," was published in 1828 with his real name attached to it, while his first poem under his *nom de plume* was printed in 1830. His early productions were imitations of Hoelty, Klopstock, and others, and it was not until later that our hero succeeded in being entirely original in his compositions. One characteristic ever adhered to his poems and his personality, that melancholy with which he was born and which he took with him to his grave. He was an enemy of all tyranny and oppression, and had the deepest sympathy with the Polish nation eloquently expressed in his "Polish Songs," which breathe the spirit of Poland in every line. They were inspired by one of his intimate friends, Nicolaus de Antoniewicz.

A circle of congenial friends gathered around Lenau. They met daily at their headquarters in the centre of Vienna, the so-called "Silver Café," and this small coterie soon proved a magnet for all bright intellects of the imperial city. The plain café is intimately connected with the memory of Lenau and

Austrian literature in general. Though our poet was capable of momentarily forgetting his gloomy inclinations in such brilliant company, the dark veil of melancholy seemed to wind itself closer around his head from day to day.

His first disappointment in love weighed heavily on his sensitive heart which was almost broken, when he found that he had squandered his first holy affection on a beautiful but unworthy girl. He could never forget this shock of his young life, his grief being echoed in many of his poems, such as "Dead Joy," "Sadness," "Mist," "Longing for Forgetfulness."

The loss of his noble mother was another shock to him; she died in 1829 after a lingering illness, breathing her last in Lenau's arms. She was not destined to witness her son's fame, but she highly appreciated his poetry when he read it to her. Many beautiful stanzas were written in her memory, which show how deeply her image was impressed on the son's faithful heart, even beyond the grave.

His grandmother died about the same time, having reached the goodly age of 86 years. He inherited a small fortune which made him independent, at least for a time. He resolved to travel, thought of going to America, being desirous of seeing the land of free institutions which had always been of special interest to the dreamy philanthropist, but finally decided on going to Germany. Leaving his Austrian home, his friends and relatives, he was eager to forget the grief of parting and wished to form new ties during his visit to the Suabian poets in Stuttgart.

His collection of poems had grown sufficiently to fill a small volume and he succeeded in interesting in his own behalf the publishing firm of T. G. Cotta, famous for its editions of the German classics. Having enjoyed the hospitality of G. Schwab, he dedicated to him his first volume of poems as a token of heartfelt gratitude.

The original manner in which he recited his own weird sobbing stanzas, won for him the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact. He soon found a second home among his congenial fellow poets, among whom Ludwig Uhland, with his classical simplicity and grandeur, seemed to be regarded as the star. The Austrian guest charmed not only the men, but also bewitched the women. In the days of his boyhood girls had followed the strains of his guitar, now women listened with rapture to the sweet verses of the man, establishing what might be called a Lenau worship. Of course this adulation spoiled and unfitted him for the storms of life, seeming like a continuation of his mother's unwise indulgence.

It would have been strange, had his heart remained untouched in the midst of his feminine admirers. Who could resist a blooming, graceful girl singing Beetho-

ven's wonderful song "Adelaide," interpreting it with exquisite feeling? Not Lenau, for he fell in love with Charlotte, a young lady of much musical talent. Her high culture, sweetness of disposition and admiration for the poet seemed almost to force him into happiness. Both had a deep affection for each other—and still the word was not spoken. Lenau renounced her, lacking energy to struggle with the dark spirits within him, believing himself doomed to a sad fate and unwilling to involve the beloved girl in his own imagined ruin. His "Reed Songs" are dedicated to her, one of which reads as follows:

"On the silent lake reposes
Moonlight, gentle and serene,
Weaving all its pallid roses
In a wreath of rushes green.
Stags beyond the hill-side wander,
Glance through dimness o'er the sea;
Now and then the reedbirds yonder
Stir the rushes dreamily.
From mine eye a tear is flowing;
Through mine inmost being glide
Thoughts of thee so sweet and glowing,
Like a prayer at eventide!"

From Stuttgart Lenau went to Heidelberg to complete his medical studies; here he was once more seized with a longing to go to America, and this time his visions of grand scenery and boundless tracts of land, proved irresistible. He joined an association of two hundred emigrants, formed for settling on the Missouri, and invested five thousand florins in the enterprise. He wrote to his brother-in-law Schurz as follows: "I wish to hear the Niagara and sing Niagara songs, it is indispensably necessary for my poetical education, my poetry lives and works in nature, and nature is in America more beautiful than in Europe. An immense number of new impressions is in store for me, and endless abundance of magnificent scenery, untouched as the virgin soil of the primeval forest."

Lenau set out for America in the middle of June 1832. After a long stormy voyage on board a sailing vessel, he landed in Baltimore about the middle of October, bringing with him "a great admiration for the ocean, which, when calm, awakened a longing for friends and native mountains, when enraged, showed to man his own insignificance as compared with the rolling billows."

America disappointed him from beginning to end. "Instead of wine they have cider," he wrote home (it was before the time of the California vineyards), "they have no nightingales, and it takes the voice of a Niagara to preach to the American people that there are higher aims in life than worshipping their great idol—money," etc. Nevertheless he was deeply impressed by her great natural beauty as revealed to him in the primeval forests of the West, the valley of the Hudson and the Niagara Falls.

He bought a horse in Baltimore and started for the West, having refused the singular invitation of a German student to accompany the latter on a musical tour and play the violin.

The Emigrant's Association at Würtemberg proving a failure, he bought 1400 acres of forest land of the government of the United States, rented it to a fellow passenger from the sailing vessel, but was afterwards sadly disappointed in this man.

His long horseback rides through the damp fogs of the western forests made our hero rheumatic, besides he was tormented with the remaining effects of scurvy, contracted on board the vessel, and an old wound that he had once received in falling out of a sleigh, all these ailments made him very uncomfortable and confined him to his bed during the long winter months. No wonder that his muse became more gloomy and melancholy than of yore, which did not seem to detract from his power, as he wrote some of his most famous poems at this time.

Spring returned and with it his strength; mustering all the energy he was capable of, he went to see the Niagara Falls, hastened to New York, embarked, re-crossed the Atlantic and landed in Bremen in June 1833.

Germany greeted him with enthusiasm, and he came home to find himself famous.

The nation had discovered that his poetry was unique in its rhythm and melody, rich in its depth of thought and variety of original and faithful pictures of nature. The plastic perfection of the latter gained for him the name of "Sculptor of thought." His manliness blended with child-like simplicity, his sorrow, his sweet lyric poetry, won the heart of all. His later epic productions may be grander, but his first lyric verses cannot be surpassed in poetic beauty and artistic finish.

Returning to his native land, Austria, he did not meet with the same enthusiasm that had greeted him in Germany. The merry, pleasure-loving Austrians could not enter so readily into the gloomy spirit of their compatriot, and it was only when the admiration of the sister-country made it a matter of honor for them that they began to applaud him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CLOCK OR THE WATCHES.

In a remote corner of Atlantea there is a township where dwell some old-fashioned folks. On almost every subject their opinions disagree, and being of strong convictions they have many sharp disputes.

Among the hottest of their controversies, yet unsettled, is the great rebellion of the watches against the clock, a civil strife of which we give the following account.

There is a big church in the village, and a clock is fixed in the steeple. In the days of old when time-pieces were scarce the clock was looked upon by the congregation and all the villagers as the standard of time, and it is a tradition among the people that the clock was not made by man; but that it was created by Time himself. The legend is that Time is incarnate in the clock.

The good old folks of Atlantea reverence Time as a personal being, and as it was their custom for many centuries to burn those who thought otherwise, it has become ungrammatical in their tongue to speak of Time in the neuter gender.

They speak of Time as He or Him, and they begin these words with capitals, whenever they have reference to Time.

The clock in the steeple did not always keep correct time, but the pastor of the church regulated it as occasion required, and it was claimed and admitted that Time himself had commissioned him to do so. At any rate, the people who lived about the church were satisfied. They all believed in the clock alike, and made their appointments with the understanding that the hour fixed meant "church steeple" time. Whether the clock was fast, or slow, mattered little, for all the parties concerned in appointments were equally satisfied with any change in the time, whenever the change was made by the pastor, and indicated by the church-steeple clock. And in all matters of dispute the church-steeple clock was the ultimate authority from which there was no appeal.

The result of the pastor's meddling was a quarrel between the church-steeple clock and the almanack, resulting in a separation of the villagers into sects, for some of them believed in the almanack and others in the clock. As they learned more and more about astronomy, mathematics, and other sciences, they thought they would make time-pieces of their own, in harmony with the almanack, so they learned the trade of watch-making; and there are now many people in the township who own their own watches.

The first man who owned a watch found out very soon that the church-steeple clock was out of order, and he was imprudent enough to contradict it, saying that he had no faith in it, nor in the pastor who pretended to regulate it by authority from Time. He was at once arraigned by the authorities, imprisoned in the public jail, tried for blasphemy, condemned according to the laws of the town, and ceremoniously burned in the market-place for the glory and honor of the great, everlasting Time.

That was many and many a year ago, and since then the owners of watches have become too numerous to be burned, and the magistrates have abolished the punishment they formerly imposed upon the men who

owned watches. Although still heretical, it is no longer criminal to say that the clock is wrong.

The owners of watches became unruly. A seditious spirit was noticeable among them, and it seemed for a time as if order was giving place to chaos, and that anarchy would prevail.

The authorities became doubtful about what they ought to do. It was impossible to put the watch owners to death, as formerly, and it was not advisable to confiscate the watches. There were even some faithful church members who owned watches and thought it no wrong to own them, so long as the watches agreed with the church-steeple clock. So it was decreed that watches should be tolerated on the condition that in proclaiming the hour they agreed with the church-steeple clock, the key of which had been given to the pastor by Time himself, and as the hours and the days were regulated by the representative of Time himself no time of day could be correct unless it was that given by the church-steeple clock.

There were, however, some folks living at a great distance from the church, very conscientious and intelligent people, who had great confidence in their watches; and their watches were, to some extent, kept in agreement among themselves, while they differed considerably from church-steeple time. These good folks protested against the tyranny of the clock and established, in a great mass-meeting a principle that is known even to this day, as the liberty of watches.

There are some old documents of great authority still extant, which tell wondrous tales about the laws of time; and they give rules for constructing time-pieces and for keeping them in order. These documents are believed by many of the town folks to have been dictated by Time himself, and those who protested against the tyranny of the clock relied in their arguments mainly upon a claim that the clock was not built according to the instructions given in Time's own words, and that the pastor had no right to regulate the clock, nor to interfere with time regulations otherwise than in strict harmony with these old revelations.

The civil strife between the watches and the clock was carried on with varying fortune, and although the watches maintained their freedom, the party of the clock is very strong. It still declares, often in opposition to the sun itself, that the church-steeple clock must be regarded as the absolute and infallible standard of time; and where the watches are few it compels obedience to the clock.

The party of the watches is also powerful, but not united like the party of the clock. Some have made clocks of their own according to the hints contained in the old records, and they declare that these clocks, being in agreement with the revelations made by Time

will give us the exact hour of the day as well as of the night. There are others who believe that the clock system itself is wrong, that Time reveals himself in the watch system alone; and that therefore the church-steeple clock is the Anti-Time, whose mission it is to bring ruin by making all the watches false.

There are others again who believe that the watch itself creates the time, and is the measure of time; that there is no real time outside the watch, and therefore every watch is equally right and equally wrong. It is the right and duty of every man to keep his appointments according to his own watch, whether its hands revolve in harmony with the revolutions of the earth or not. Some others go a step further. They draw, as they claim, the last radical consequence of the principle of liberty which allows the watches to declare any time they please. They say that it is an imposition to demand of anyone that he observe any time regulations. Certain classes of the town folks, so they say, have an interest in establishing time rules. Time existed only for their benefit; the rich were to blame for the introduction of the belief in time. There is no time at all, and there ought to be no time regulation whatever, either by watches or by clocks. "Down with the clocks" is their party cry, and they advise everyone who owns a watch, to keep it private, and not make the unfair demand of others to have their time regulated in any way.

There is also an idea prevalent that time regulations should be directly based upon natural phenomena such as sunrise and sunset; others again declare that that is inadvisable because time is a deep and inscrutable mystery. Whether or not time exists, no one can know. Time regulation, however, should not be made by a clock, but should be decided by a majority vote, for the lapse of time must after all be made subservient to the welfare of the people, and the welfare of the people might to-day demand a quicker and to-morrow a slower lapse of time.

The most curious proposition is that which goes by the name of pure Time. It has been made of late by a very sincere enthusiast for time regulation, who says: "We need not have any standard for time regulation at all. Let us have pure Time without any standard of time measurement. The right time is that which the watches that are right, indicate." This man would not regulate his watch according to the clock, nor would he allow its regulation according to the sun, for, as he correctly observes, there is no regularity in sunrise or sunset. There is no time in nature nor anything that could guide us in regulating the time. All time measurement is due to the watch, and the principle of the watch is a deep mystery.

There are a few people scattered among the folks of the township who do not believe that time exists as

a person, but they believe that events which occur in succession may be measured; that in this way past and future moments can be determined with great accuracy, and that in this sense, time exists, not only in watches and clocks but also generally. Our time-pieces, so they think, are correct when they enable us to measure the changes and to make and keep our appointments.

This class of people who are greatly in the minority, trust that time measurement is possible according to the usual scientific methods at our disposal. Just as we measure the size of things either in feet or metres, or other standards, so we can measure the changes that take place. They believe that clocks and watches serve a good purpose, and can be well regulated according to some change that constantly takes place in nature with strict regularity. As such, they have proposed what is called the "astronomical day."

This view is very objectionable to the party of the clock as well as to the party of the watches, for its representatives do not believe in the legends of the supernatural origin either of the church-steeple clock, or of other clocks, or of the watches; and not even of the revelations. It is the generally prevailing opinion that this view will go far in weakening the respect that is due to Time, and will induce people to neglect their appointments. It has been charged against it that there can be no changes in the world without Time, and if Time is not a personal being, it would be as well if Time had no existence. Thus, according to the opinions of both parties, that of the clock and that of the watches, this view is utterly untenable; yet even granted it were right in theory, it would be impractical in real life, for only a few could understand it, and its usefulness would be limited to astronomy.

Such is the state of affairs at present. What will come of it, we cannot tell.

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(Selected and translated from the German.)

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

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By Time's ever-flowing sea,

Takes into his little hand

Drops from out eternity.

Gathers yonder little child

Whispers of humanity,

Writes them in a little book,

Calls them the "World's History."

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