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## MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS: A STUDY IN EXTERMINATION.

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

IN THE attention which has been given to the gradual disappearance of the lower races of mankind, there is danger that we may lose sight of an allied movement which promises ere long to culminate in one of the mightiest changes in the domain of organic life ever experienced since the advent of man. The passing away of the barbarian is in some respects of even minor importance when compared with the extermination of the brute. The savage is going to the wall in almost recent times—the lower animal has been engaged in his unwilling retreat since the glacial period. And the beginning of his retrocession carries us back to a period when all that there was of humanity lay amid the angry elements of the lower life like an islet which the flood is about to engulf. It is not easy to realise that the beast we now ostracise once occupied every habitable part of the globe. It is even more difficult for the ordinary mind to look back to a period when the lower animal was not only tolerated as an equal, but sometimes worshipped as the abode of the divine. All the more need is there to recognise that we inherit from the brute much that we are accustomed to regard as distinctively and exclusively human. The lower animal is our ancestor in a far truer and deeper sense than is the Goth, the Roman, or the Greek. Not only has it yielded us the general features of its structure: it imposed upon man the first conditions of nascent human life during immense periods, and may thus be said to have laid the foundations of his civilisation. By far the greater part of the stress of competition through which the human ascent was made possible came from the brute environment. Even when man definitely gained the upper hand, the lower animals ruled his imagination in spite of the superiority of his intellect: they supplied symbols for his earliest religious conceptions, and tinged with their influence the whole fabric of his mental life. Impressed with the immense power wielded by the beasts around them, and understanding power only as expressed in organic shapes generically like their own—knowing the maleficent and beneficent forces of the external world only

through the familiar animal, now hostile to them as enemy, now useful to them as food—our ancestors not unnaturally imaged their earliest deities in brute form. The first religions were thus, in one aspect, great societies for the protection of animals—systems of propitiation whereby honors were paid to the few to secure more or less immunity from the many. Gradually, as men became more self-conscious, and grew to understanding of their superiority over the brute, human characters began to modify the purely animal shape of the primitive gods. The first stage of this mental ascent is represented by the wholly brute divinities of certain tribes of American Indians, the Hindu elephant deity Ganesha, the bird god of the Japanese, the fish deity of the islander of the South Pacific, the divine snake of the Aztecs, pictured as the mother of the human race, as well as by numerous other forms familiar to students of mythology. In the second stage come shapes like those of the Egyptian pantheon, where the deity is half human, half animal—where, on human shoulders, rest the heads of lion, ape, giraffe, crocodile, ram, serpent, ibis, jackal, and hawk; the fish god of the savage now acquires a human face; man and brute mingle together in the winged colossi of Assyrian halls; to the same stage belong the cherubim of the Hebrew, the horse-headed Kinnaras of the Hindu, the satyr, the centaur, the minotaur of the Greek. There is thus a gradual fall in the dignity of the animal that takes place *pari passu* with the rise of human self-consciousness, the slow ascent of man to recognition of his superiority; and when, in the last stage of popular religion the deity appears in wholly human shape, the brute is *ipso facto* pronounced to be no longer worthy of association with man in symbolic representations of the divine. But this gradual degradation of the animal does not culminate until Christianity adds to the discrimination against it the crushing weight of a belief that gives man the hope of an immortal destiny from which the brute is for ever excluded. Under the influence of the new faith, some of the fairest “humanities of old religion” are pronounced pagan; organisms once protected in the name of the All-Father are banished in his name from the mercy of the universe; and at last numerous animal

forms make grotesque or horrible the sacred temples to which they were once welcomed as divine. Through a change due not to the spirit, but to the mental attitude, of Christianity, the tolerant gospel of the oneness of life passes away; with the apotheosis of man there comes, naturally enough, the diabolisation of the brute.

As the sons outgrow the fathers and come to look upon them as rough, uncultured, and inferior, so human beings have come to treat with contempt the ancestral forms that gave them being and made even their highest endowments possible. No sooner have we made good our ascent than we hasten to kick away the ladder which has made it possible. As civilisation advances, nature retreats; as man spreads in swarms over the habitable globe, the lower animal shrinks fearfully from the territories once his own, until at last we find the most fair and wonderful of its kind in a few forgotten tracts where the savage man still lingers, flourishing there for a while under the shelter of pagan customs that still picture the brute as half-divine. And if a few of the lower wild have been hemmed in, as it were, by the advancing tangle of cities, we shoot these down for amusement, even when we do not need them for food. In our modern ethics of progress, the larger brute not in the service of man, yet strong enough to carry on the business of existence for himself, is an outlaw by common consent.

Though each age may have chosen its special victims and exterminated in its own way, the disappearance of the larger animals may in almost every period be traced to the same human agency. If the New Zealanders could kill out the stately moa, we may be sure that our ancestors were not more merciful to the dinotherium, the palapteryx, or the dinoceras. In the American South the wandering children of the pampas first overcame the megatherium, and then built their fireplaces in his bones. It was no doubt owing to the assaults of man that the roaring of the sabre-toothed machairodus so soon died out from the Pentelican Hills, that the glyptodon finally threw aside its armor in tropical Brazil, and that the arrow-hunted mastodon and mammoth laid their bones in tundra and morass, in river bank, and ocean marge, of every continent under the sun. Where, now, is the hipparion that swarmed more plentifully than the quagga; the great auk, once known to both shores of the Atlantic; the dodo and the solitaire? As of old, with arrows, with poison, and with pits, one culture stage was used to supplant another, so to-day we let light into dark continents with hunting-knife and Remington rifle. A few years hence the river-horse will be seen no longer, and thus an animal already made picturesque by the poet will come to be known only through the descriptions of the paleontologist. A like fate is rapidly overtaking

the rhinoceros: in the Valley of Opam, along the Ganges, by the water courses of Abyssinia—in Borneo, Sumatra, the land of the Malay—this beast with plated sides is fast yielding to the assaults of the hunter. The far West persecuted the bison till the prairies ran with buffalo blood; in the far East the giraffe is yielding to the pressure of civilisation, and when Africa shall have been converted to the gospel of progress—which signifies the progress of the most mighty—this beautiful high-feeder will have gone the way of its extinct congener, the helladotherium—into museums of comparative anatomy. Remembering that the reindeer was exterminated in Europe ages before climate would have become its persecutor, and that the stag, formerly slain in England by hundreds, is now kept in precarious existence as a species by the careful nursing of armed gamekeepers and the interested protection of the law, we need not ask how long the American moose will survive the attacks of those who pursue it in the name of legalised sport.

Extermination goes on in river as well as on shore, by sea as well as on land. Note how rapidly the beaver is disappearing. Once this animal was known throughout the world: scarcely a rood of territory where water kissing land did not bring to the busiest commune that ever thrived, the bliss of a familiar environment. In countless shores, in the banks of lakes, rivers, and ponds—under fifty skies and climates—the social rodents blithely pursued their handicraft. They had the franchise of nature and nature's expansive smile. But when man came he cursed their innocent industry with avocations of his own. Where, now, is the weaver with branches, the builder of dams? Twenty centuries of human quest for pelt and pelf have left him scarcely a foothold even in the Siberian north, to which he has been driven in one hemisphere, or in the New World, where his presence is becoming rarer day by day. So a like pursuit menaces with early extinction the leviathan of the deep. Time was when this mightiest of mammals could suckle her young unharmed in waters arctic and antarctic—in meridional oceans and polyneesian seas. From the Bay of Biscay and the coasts of Britain and France; from the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea, and the Indian Ocean, the fleets have thrust her farther and farther poleward into the regions of unyielding cold. During ages of pursuit the whaler's needle of assault has pointed the northward way until Greenland knows the shrinking shoals no longer, and their spouting has died out from the waters of Baffin's Bay. So vast has been the slaughter that for hundreds of miles along the Polar Sea men have used the bones of the slain for the habitations of the living. In warmer oceans—off the coasts of Africa, Patagonia, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands—cetacean blood marks the track of the blubber hunter: for a few barrels of

oil the giant product of countless ages of nature's travail must be flung upon southern waters as the food of the petrel and the albatross. Yet commerce is not content. Once she armed the whaler with a mere barb of iron, and a ruin was wrought that threatened to turn the seas putrid. Now she gives him the Howitzer shell, the bomb lance, and the explosive bullet charged with gunpowder, strychnine, and curari. As long as a single carcass remains to be converted into money, she will follow it to the ends of the earth.

The habitants of forest and jungle are never much respected when the territory they occupy is needed for the uses of men. Yet the sportsman is usually far in advance of the civiliser, and wild animals are shot down by wilder men long before there can be any pretense that the good of human society demands their removal. To one of the proudest and most magnificent of forest animals—feeding, like man, on oxen, and therefore denounced for his carnivorous habits—no mercy has been shown. Since Tiglath-Pileser “destroyed 920 lions, of which 120 were laid dead at his feet, and 800 captured with his chariots of war,” the slaughter of this ruler among lower organisms has gone forward unceasingly. Upon ruthless exterminators like Cumming, Anderson, Baker, and Gérard, the world has lavished more praise of the mature, more admiration of the young, than has fallen to the lot of all the philanthropists that ever lived. The lion of rocky Macedonian fastnesses, that dared dispute with Xerxes the Great his passage through Thessaly—the lion figured by classic story and modern picture as nightly prowler among Egyptian ruins—the lion of Syria and of Palestine—all these have vanished, and the green kingdoms they once ruled lie buried beneath the dust that clings to the feet of men. A few generations more, and the maned carnivore will have ceased to exist. The rising tide of Anglo-Indian domination has driven him to forest islets soon to be submerged: already he ceases to be the alarm of the jungle, the victim of the shikar. Even in Africa the camp fires of progress obliterate his footsteps where to-day, between hunter and Hottentot, our enlarging civilisation hems him in.

The elephant, too,—by far the grandest and most marvellous of all organisms reared on forest lands,—is passing away in the very countries which nature made his own. Thousands of years distant from ours, men hunted him in the Tigris Valley, and the fashion thus set by Assyrian monarchs never died out. From Africa's northern fringe of culture they have hurled him back until scarcely a forest, however hidden, can give him shelter from the native spears. In India we see him driven southward into Ceylon, and northward to the chain of the Himalayas. From the Punjaub, where the Hindu Baber held imperial hunts; from the

jungles along the upper Indus, once the place of royal sport for Alexander, the Greek; out of Dshema forests and from Nepaul, the “one handed beast” has vanished utterly. The Indian potentate wasted his energies in the petty pomps of state; the European hunter massacred whole herds of his kind for the wanton pleasure of seeing giants fall; the native dug him pits, gave him poison, roasted him in the corral alive. But the deadliest of his enemies have been the lovers of ornament, the users of ivory, the world over. Men have coveted him for his tusks since the beginning of commerce. Is it wonder, when so large an organism can be slaughtered for so small a thing, that the elephant is dying out?

The time is thus near at hand when all these organisms—and many gentler and fairer than they—shall have become extinct; when the children of our successors will learn of their former existence only in books and museums; when naturalists will study them as a philologist studies a dead language. A later age than ours will fail to comprehend, not only the beauty of many aspects of brute existence, but also that wonder and fascination which particular animals impose upon us in spite of ourselves—feelings, such as William Blake has expressed in the lines:

“Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?”

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thy eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?”

It cannot be regarded as strange that the savage found something of the divine in the mysterious on-goings, the stealthy tread, the extraordinary might of the great carnivores, each reflecting, as it were, in its glittering eyes, the flashing lights that symbolise universe power in the heavens—each suggesting, in its tearing jaws and talons, its monstrous grip, the overwhelming forces of wind and wave. But when the day finally comes in which no man can say that he ever saw, or ever heard from any one who saw, a lion or tiger, a deer or a gazelle, a serpent or a jaguar—in which our posterity will have ideas as vague and inaccurate of the elephant as we to day have of the megatherium—in that day the living key to the mysteries of ancient myth and religion will have been for ever lost.

There are, of course, two aspects of this movement of extermination, and in ordinary speech they may be described as the sentimental and the practical. For while it is natural that we should regret extermination

and look with horror on the cruelties with which it is so often carried on, it seems to be equally natural that we should practice extermination, and stop our ears to the cries of the wounded animal which we pursue in sport or butcher for food. In these two aspects we see what we may call the synergic and the sympathetic attitudes of an organism towards its parts, and of the parts towards each other. An individual organism of which the parts are in closest relation to one another, all of them being subject to the will of the whole, is ever seeking to eliminate such of its parts as are useless and dangerous to its welfare, such as threaten its comfort or existence. In doing this it is exercising the function of synergy—the acting of all the parts as whole in the interest of all. In this case the function of sympathy is absent because the essential condition of sympathy is sense of likeness, and because an organism cannot have co-feeling with a minute part of itself. But in the collective human organism, where the parts are discrete individuals, generically like each other, each possessing feeling and will of its own, there exists both synergy and sympathy—on the one hand, the organised force of the whole mass dissociating or destroying parts inimical to it, on the other the sympathy of the individual part with another part or parts that suffer and are under stress. The application will now be clear to the case of animals. As men have spread over the earth and come more and more into contact with the lower life, the larger brutes, at any rate have entered into such close relations with human beings as to form with them co-parts of a great organism of terrestrial life. Man is naturally the dominant part of that organism; and while on the one hand, exercising the function of synergy, he has been eliminating elements hostile or useless to him, there has grown up within him as individual the new and essentially modern function of sympathy—the power of co-suffering with the injured, of feeling harm done to others as harm done to self. The wider aspects of these two functions cannot, of course, be discussed here. It is none the less important to bear in mind that the synergic function is destined to decrease, and the sympathetic function to increase in importance, as time goes on. In the lowest stage of human society the synergic function is at its highest and the sympathetic function at its lowest; in the highest stage of that society synergy will be at its lowest and sympathy at its highest. For sympathy is one of those characters of the higher individuality—here to be carefully distinguished from egoism, or lack of individuality, in the savage—which are destined to re-shape the whole social structure, for the reason that the social structure, being a product of the individualities which compose it, must take part in and express their ascent. It is this gradual modification of synergy by sympathy which is mani-

festated in all the humanitarian tendencies of modern life; it is the same movement of ascent by which men, at first co-feeling only with their fellows, have acquired the power to co-feel with and protect the lower animals. But the movement is one which will culminate far too late to operate to the advantage of the larger organisms now awaiting their *coup de grace* at the hands of civilisation. It is already clear that only those can survive which are either useful to man as food, or capable of being employed in his service. And if we view the process which is going on in the light of the conversion of energy, it may be shown that, in a very true, if not literal sense, the lamb is devouring his old enemy the wolf, and the ox is eating up his ancient tormentor the lion, while the tiger, the giraffe, and the elephant are being as rapidly converted into show heifer and prize pig. Only when this metamorphosis has been fully accomplished can it be veraciously said that man wields dominion over the beasts of the field.

One other aspect of the relation of man to the lower animals is the remarkable fact—correlated with a triple aspect in the movement of mental development—that in the last stage of the human ascent men tend to go back to the essential characters of the pagan attitude towards the animal. In the first stage (apart from religious beliefs), men regarded themselves as on the same plane as the brute. In the second stage they deem themselves superior, the animal inferior. In the third stage the brute is viewed as belonging fundamentally to the same class as the human being. Science now formally recognises the lower animal as differing from man only by a difference of degree, and not by a total difference of kind. It is a manifestation of the tendency of the third stage that we have begun to regard domestic animals as entitled to our protection, and that even from a theological point of view man discusses the question whether the lower organisms are not as much entitled to a future life as ourselves.

It is also to be noted that men pass through like stages in their views of the universe. In the sacred song of the Hindu we read of Purusha, and that from the sacrifice of him sprang horses and all animals—the moon from his soul, the sun from his eyes; from his navel arose the air, from his head the sky, and from his feet the earth. The Scandinavians also pictured the universe as one; for the sons of Borr took the universe-giant Ymir, and of his flesh they formed the earth, of his blood the seas and waters, of his bones the mountains, of his teeth the rocks and stones, of his hair all manner of plants, of his skull the firmament, and of his brains the clouds. In Chaldean story, Bel, having cut the world-woman Omorca in twain, converts the two halves of her body into heaven and earth. For Egyptian, as for Greek, plants, stones,

metals, and other natural objects arose by like metamorphosis from the bodies of once worshipped gods. Among the Iroquois Indians Chokanipok was a universe-giant, whose limbs, bones, and blood had been utilised to the making of the world. To this day the South Australian regards the universe as the Great Tribe, to one of whose divisions he himself belongs, and all things animate or inanimate which belong to his class as portions of the body corporate, of which he himself is part.

What the savage thinks, what early man thought about the external world, is what science is thinking and proving more and more every day, namely, that the universe is no other than the living God of the theologian, and that out of the energy which constitutes it have been made all perceptible shapes and structures; that the universe is in truth the Great Tribe, that the differences which men note in their classifications are merely divisions of that tribe, and that all things, whether we call them "animate" or "inanimate," are portions of the body corporate of which man and the lower animals are themselves but parts.

#### GRIEF AT UNBELIEF.

THE REV. B. ROTHER Plymouth has written again in reply to the remarks made in connection with his letter to *The Open Court*, (published in No. 284, p. 3549,) as follows:

"To the Editor of *The Open Court* :

"Thank you for the copies of February 2d, containing the letter that I hastily scratched off to you without second thought, never imagining that it would appear in print.

"I intimated no fear of the most rigid examination for the Christian religion, only irritation at having a paper like yours sent to a clergyman who is supposed to know what ground he stands on in professing that religion.

"A righteous man has no fear of the bar of justice, but is it not an insult to bring him there? So with the religion of Christ. It has been attacked over and over again, and since it has successfully met every assault, it is a little vexing to have the same old weapons burnished up or remodeled and pointed against its impregnable walls, and those inside called on to examine their defences, that they may surrender before it is too late.

"The Christian faith courts examination from the honest inquirer, but some would attempt the pick and dynamite and call it examination.

"Unbelief *should*, I confess, awaken in me, as it did in my Master, only grief. Truly yours, B. ROTHER PLYMOUTH."

Is this grief at unbelief justified? We think not. True Christianity should be grieved at indifference only; it should welcome doubt and unbelief, for unbelief and doubt lead to inquiry, and inquiry is the search for truth. Truth, however, is exactly that which we want, not Christianity, nor dogma, nor blind faith. We want Christianity only if it is truth.

There are two kinds of Christianity: the one is the spirit of the lesson taught mankind in the life and death of Christ, the other is a system of dogmas which

historically originated with Jesus and claims that the acceptance of these dogmas is the indispensable condition of salvation. The former Christianity is the very soul of our civilisation, the latter an embarrassing dead weight on the feet of mankind obstructing all progress and higher development. The Jesus of the Gospels speaks in parables, but his followers prefer to have the dead letter to believe in, for, (as says Mephistopheles in Goethe's "Faust,"):

"An Worte lässt sich trefflich glauben,  
Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben."

[On words 'tis excellent believing,  
No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.]

It is so convenient to take parables literally. While it is troublesome to understand the living spirit, it is very easy to believe in a dead letter. The letter of Christian parables has been formulated by the fathers and ancient bishops into a system of beliefs, confessions of faith so called. There is a wonderful logicality about them, and they are admirably constructed in their joints; but let us not forget that they are subject to criticism, for they are the work of man, not of God, and, indeed, we have at present outgrown these old formulations of a past creed. But the authors who fashioned these confessions of faith stepped boldly forward and said to the people: "These be thy gods, O Israel"; and there are to-day many who still believe that these historical documents are the words of absolute truth."

We do not deny that parables are good things. On the contrary, parables are the vehicles which convey truth. All our words are symbols, and we communicate our ideas through symbols. Greek poets symbolise beauty as Aphrodite, time as Kronos, etc. There is no objection to this method; but he who ingenuously believes in the symbol itself, and not in the meaning conveyed by the symbol, is a pagan, an idolator, a heathen; and the Christian who believes in the literal truth of his symbolic books, parables, and confessions of faith stands upon the same standpoint: he also is a pagan, and we may qualify him as a Christian pagan.

Christianity, the true Christianity, is a moral factor in the world,—nay, it is *the* moral factor in the evolution of mankind.

Christianity teaches us that life is serious, it is not mere play. We do not live for happiness, but for the performance of duties; and the performance of our duties can be perfect only if the main-spring of our actions is love—love of that which is our duty, love of our neighbor, love even of our enemy. And our path naturally leads *per aspera ad astra, per crucem ad lucem*, through self-sacrifice to victory. This truth, mythologically and allegorically expressed in the Gospels in so many various ways, is a truth that science corroborates.

rates more and more. Let the mythology of Christianity go, the significance with which its symbols are filled is true.

This is the Christianity which animates the columns of *The Open Court*. This is the Religion of Truth, taught in those revelations of the All-Beings in whom we live and move and have our being, which surround us daily, and which in common parlance are called "facts." And this truth being provable by the usual scientific methods, has been called by us the Religion of Science.

Unbelief, doubt, the spirit of keen criticism, should not cause in the soul of anybody grief. Let him who doubts search for the truth, and he will find, perhaps after many anxieties, that the truth quickens and comforts.

If Jesus of Nazareth were in our midst to-day, and if he came unto his own, they, most assuredly, would receive him not. Think of Jesus in our churches of to-day! Would not the scene in the temple be repeated? Would He not again cast out those that sell and buy, and overturn the tables of the money-changers? And would not afterwards the result also be the same or similar?

We do not pursue the method of Jesus in the temple, for we are convinced of the impracticability of the task. We do not regard it as our duty to purge the temple of paganism and impurities. We leave the negative work of denunciation and destruction to others. Our work is constructive. We endeavor to build up, in the hope that errors will crumble away as soon as the positive truth has been recognised.

Christ's Christianity is not the dogmatism of the Christian churches, and we boldly claim that there is more of the spirit of Christ's Christianity in the unbelief, so called, that is propounded in the columns of *The Open Court*, than in the unshaken belief in dogmas taught in most of those journals which call themselves Christian.

P. C.

#### UNION OF LIBERAL CLERGYMEN.

THERE was a great meeting of liberal clergymen at Chicago last Monday, concerning which the Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones writes to the *Chicago Sunday Post* as follows:

"For me the recent coming together of the liberal ministers of Chicago in social compact for coöperative study, and, if possible, for coöperative work, is an event that deserves more than a passing notice. These men are forced together by outside pressure. The distrust in which they are all held by the so-called orthodox religionists of this city establishes their first bond of union. But there are more central forces that lead to this union. The unity of negations is cold and always uncertain. These men are finding each other, not on account of their common denials, but on account of their common affirmation. Not having to legislate about their convictions, discarding all creed tests and creed standards, they can the more cordially recognise the common principles that inspire them.

"These men find themselves inspired by a common faith in

progress, a common reverence for law, a common gratitude to science, a common openness for new revelations further on. These men find themselves in substantial agreement as to the nature and purpose of the church, the scope and power of religion. To them the church is a comradeship in the interests of the higher life, a school of the humanities, a training school for those who would help the miserable, a workshop where love is foreman. The church is for this world and not the next; character is the aim.

"The evangelical churches so called have been forced into the wisdom of coöperation. They present a common front not only against the moral evils of society but also against what to some of us seem to be great intellectual and social good. They are suspicious of intellectual progress, they are pledged to curtail theological thought. They call philosophers, naturalists, and theological investigators: heretics, infidels, foes of religion and dangerous to the spirit. We recognise in these men helpers of the spirit, friends of the higher life, allies, not foes to religion. When the laymen and women that are in essential accord with these liberal ministers find each other out and stand together they will be able to make a dent upon the superstition and bigotry that bans so many men and things religiously which are blessing immeasurably these very men.

"These liberal ministers represent an organised strength in the city of Chicago, which, taken together, already outweighs in influence, wealth, and intelligence probably any one of the great orthodox sects in the city. This fraternity includes in Chicago and immediate vicinity the independent societies presided over by Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Acton, of Aurora; five Universalist societies under the pastoral charge of the Revs. Canfield, Harris, Dinsmore, White, of Englewood, and Johonnot, of Oak Park; three congregations of Reformed Jews, represented by Drs. Hirsch, Moses, and Stolz; six Unitarian societies in charge of Messrs. Fenn, Milsted, Blake, Jones, Gould, of Hinsdale, and Penny, of Geneva; the Ethical Culture Society, led by Mr. Mangasarian, and that large, uncounted class of people, the thoughtful, truth-seeking, unchurched, but earnest believers in the fundamentals of universal religion. For, as Dr. Thomas says, 'there are no outsiders in our fellowship. In our collective capacity as liberal ministers, at least, we propose to take them all in and offer our hand to any one who is willing to take it. Believing with Longfellow:

"That in all ages every human heart is human,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
And are lifted up and strengthened.' "

"We have no revolutionary plans, no startling departures to suggest. We do not propose to interfere with the autonomy of any existing society or denomination. Thus far these ministers are but haltingly following, not leading, a great movement—a movement so great and so deep that it is hardly felt; it is a groundswell and not a wind; it is a movement towards the great free church of America, democratic in its recognition of the intellectual liberty of each individual, and republican in its government that will brook no hierarchial or priestly interference.

"There are not many indications that this coming liberal church of America is to take the name of any of the most liberal denominations now in existence, but there are many indications that the liberal denominations are making great and direct contributions to this liberal church. In the West, at least, there will be few churches organised in the future that will take distinctively the name 'Unitarian' or 'Universalist.' The three liberal organisations perfected within the last few months in the State of Illinois have avoided the name in order to better get the thing, viz., the people's churches at Princeton and Peoria and the Church of Good-Will at Streator. But all the same the coming church will be the church of Channing's faith in man, Theodore Parker's thirst

for truth and love of progress, Ballou and Chapin's and Whittier's trust in the eternal goodness, the redeemed and released thirst after righteousness of Judaism and Emerson's 'Gospel of Light'

The West is full of 'people out in search of a religion.' Will not a religion that is scientific and a science that is religious, a reverent reason and reasonable reverence, satisfy them?

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

WHEN Robinson Crusoe rescued his man Friday who was about to be roasted at the cannibal barbecue, the grateful heathen crawled in the sand and placing his head under the foot of Crusoe signified thereby that henceforward Friday would be the slave of his deliverer. The gratitude of the barbarian atones for his act of self-abasement, but what shall redeem from utter contempt the servility of those degenerate Americans who from pure 'umbleness grovel in the sand before a hero, and figuratively place his heel upon their heads. Man worship in this country has nearly reached idolatry, and the ancient spirit of self-respect is fading out of us. The office of laureate has been abolished in England, but not in the United States. Here, every newspaper employs professional flatterers and laureates to praise the very shoestrings of a President, and metaphorically stick his hat like old Gesler's, on a pole, for the admiration and homage of a people whose fathers fought a king.

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A laureate on the staff of *The Chicago Herald* telegraphs from Washington that "Mr. Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland, and Baby Ruth, will stop at the Arlington Hotel." This relieves the public anxiety concerning little Ruth, and we shall no longer be afraid that her parents will leave her on the road somewhere, or send her to some second class hotel; a proceeding not altogether without excuse if what the laureate says is true that "The presidential board bill will be \$475 a day. I thought at first it was \$4.75, but I find that there is no misprint, and that it means \$475 (four hundred and seventy-five). It is none of my business, of course, but I think the figures are high, especially when "as soon as it was learned that Mr. Cleveland had engaged quarters at the Arlington the proprietor was obliged to refuse applications almost daily from persons who offered \$50 a day and upward"; not \$0.50 nor \$5.00, but \$50 a day. With such a profitable guest causing such a rush of idolators to that hotel "the proprietor" might afford to board Mr. Cleveland, and Mrs. Cleveland, and even Baby Ruth for nothing; as he very likely will.

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Reading a little further down in the dispatches, I am not so sure that \$475 a day is too much, considering the style and splendor of the furniture, a catalogue of which is given by the laureate who describes it all in the exuberant and superlative rhetoric of an auctioneer; "soft draperies, delicately wrought lace, and lustrous silk." Of course "the walls are covered with rare pictures, and rich rugs adorn the floor." A vein of poetry runs through the information that "luxurious chairs and divans invite indolence," but the rest of it seems to have been copied from an advertisement which the laureate found in the *Herald*, "a glittering array of china and cut glass, handsome bronzes, famous pottery, beautiful and frail"; all of which combine, says the laureate, "to render the apartment most regal in its splendor." But all that "regal splendor," all that glory and magnificence are but the array of an ordinary lodging house compared with the imperial spoons, borrowed especially for this occasion to give a tinge of monarchy to the rest of the furniture and remove any taint of democracy that might linger in the rooms. All snobdom throbs with ecstasy to learn that those American carpets and other paraphernalia are to be presented at court, as it were, under the patronage of some second hand cutlery and crockery from the palace of St. Cloud. "It may be interesting to know," says the laureate, "that Mrs. Cleve-

land will use a knife and fork and spoon which were once the property of the Empress Eugenie, and that Mr. Cleveland will drink his coffee from a cup that once belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte." "Interesting to know" is too mild a phrase for it. We cannot be sufficiently grateful for the information that our American manners are to be ornamented by some faded veneering from the old curiosity shop of an empire.

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So many hypocritical excuses, mostly patriotic, have been offered for the pension system, that I feel as if I were taking moral refreshment when I hear an honest politician frankly declare in the United States Senate that the public money is a campaign fund available to both parties as payment for the soldier vote. With admirable candor Senator Palmer in opposing some amendment aimed at the pension system said that no political party "would ever refuse to make proper appropriations for pensions." This, while unusually ingenuous, might have been more sincere if he had said "proper and improper," for that was what he meant, or there is no force in the rest of his argument. He said, "it has been a race between political parties for many years as to which should be most earnest in its liberality to the old soldiers." This was very true, and then like a magician taking an audience into his confidence and showing how his tricks were done, Senator Palmer thus uncovers the reason for this munificent "liberality"; he "apprehended that that race would continue so long as the old fellows amounted to so much as they now do at the polls." With such a confession as that made in the United States Senate, I wonder not that the country waits impatiently for the veterans to die. What the "old fellows" amounted to in the war counts for nothing; the question is, what do they amount to now "at the polls"? I think a pension must be a perpetual enjoyment, but if I should get one for the battles and the marches, I would rather not hear it proclaimed in the national senate that I got it for my services "at the polls."

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Yesterday was Washington's birthday, and Chicago honored the anniversary in a somewhat stilted and artificial way. The celebration, while not exactly exclusive, was a very select "affair." There was no spontaneous uprising of the people, no patriotic magnetism in the streets, no enthusiasm among the multitude. There was a good deal of sounding brass at the Auditorium, and some tinkling cymbals at the Union League Club, but the popular spirit was not warmed; it was not even appealed to, for the genius of the American revolution was not welcome at the festival. The Tory patronage bestowed on Washington gave a chill to that resistance-to-tyranny Americanism, that fight-for-liberty Americanism, of which Washington was the most illustrious example in his day. It seemed as if the intention was to conceal rather than to reveal Washington. Edward Everett Hale, himself a great American, a man of genius whose massive head is crowned with the glory of a life of work well done, was so limited and fettered by the spirit of aristocracy hovering about him, that at the banquet of the Union League Club the colossal Washington shrunk in his hands until it became the statuette of a country squire; and something even smaller than that, "the ideal American gentleman." And he "hoped that some young American artist would be inspired by his hint to picture Washington acting as foreman of a county grand jury." I hope not. Let the young artist paint Washington at his greatest and his best; as President of the Constitutional Convention, if he will; or better yet, as President of the United States; or, best of all, as the chief of a brave and liberty-loving people fighting for independence.

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At the beginning of his oration on Washington, Mr. Hale gave us a key to the mysteries of the festival in these words: "When Putnams, the great publishers, asked me to write for them the life

of Washington, I said I would do so on one condition: I must omit all reference to the French war; I proposed to say nothing about the American revolution, and I proposed to leave the Presidency to some other historian." This explains the reason why there was no backbone in the celebration. Mr. Hale was to speak of Washington, and "say nothing about the American revolution," a subject which is rather disagreeable at a high toned meeting; for 'pon honor, you know, there is nothing so rasping to the nerves of Lord Dundreary as a reference to the American revolution; and we have more Dundrearys in America than they ever had in England. The biography of Washington, leaving out of it the French war, the American revolution, and the Presidency of the United States, would fit hundreds of other men of his time; and so far as Mr. Hale described Washington, outside of all there was of Washington, he did his work excellently well; as also did a little girl, nine years old, who lives in the same street with me. The other day she went to her grandfather and said: "I have to write a composition on George Washington; will you help me to do it?" And the old man said: "No, it is not fair to the other children that grandfathers help little girls to write their compositions; you must do it yourself"; and she did it in these words: "George Washington was the first President of the United States. He was born in Virginia, and his birthday was the 22d of February. He never went to college, and his school-books are still kept, and they are very neat. He was a strong boy and could manage horses well; and he was the only boy that never told a lie." Now, that biography, expanded so as to fit the Auditorium, is very much like the composition of Mr. Edward Everett Hale. Although the little girl does say something about the Presidency, she agrees with Mr. Hale in leaving out all reference to the French war and the American revolution.

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Under the present law in Illinois a two years' course of study is necessary before an aspirant can be eligible for admission to the bar, but a bill is now before the legislature, which, if enacted into law, will add another year to the length of this probationary term; the intention being to make it thirty-three per cent. harder than it is now for a man to adopt the lawyer trade for a living. In its own feeble way the proposed law will help to make liberty dearer and life harder. It is the old mendicant appeal of mediocrity for protection against genius. The excuse for the change is that it will "raise the standard of the profession" and give us better lawyers, the very reverse of which is true, for excellence in the profession will be more easily attained by throwing down every barrier to genius, and by making the law trade absolutely free to every form of talent and to every variety of learning. Let any man practice law who feels within himself that he has a "call" to the bar; and instead of adding another string to the barb-wire fence, let us remove the two strings that are already there. If our law-makers are not willing to do that, let them leave the bar as it is for the present and try to raise the standard of the bench. Let them pass a law, declaring that before any man shall be eligible to the great office of judge, he shall spend five years in the diligent study of the law, and two years more in the equally diligent study of moral science. Then let him be examined by competent men, who shall decide whether or not he has learned anything in the seven years.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOCIALISM FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION. By the Rev. F. M. Sprague. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893.

"This work," says the author in the preface, "was begun as an investigation, continued as a study, and completed as a conviction. That conviction is, that some form of Christian Socialism affords the only basis of peace between the hostile forces of society." Mr. Sprague is a serious thinker and an enthusiastic be-

liever in this peculiar solution of the labor problem. We find many admirable sentiments in his book, but must confess that he has not succeeded in convincing us.

NOTES.

THE author of "The Dear Old Hand," the beautiful poetical tribute paid to a mother, which appeared in No. 284 of *The Open Court*, makes the following statement as to how the poem came to be written:

"The poet of poets assures us," he writes, "that there is a 'destiny that shapes our ends.' I assure you that we had a providence in the form of a loving mother, who provided for our extremities stockings and mittens for a period of over three-quarters of a century. The stitches taken must have reached far into hundreds of millions, for she passed her ninetieth year before she surrendered the knitting needles. The song refers to a son, Thomas Henderson, who fell at the battle of Shiloh, fighting in defense of his adopted country. Another son lost a leg at the battle of Corinth, and she continued to knit his stockings as long as her hand retained its cunning and her eyes the light of love, and even after their light was partially quenched in the gloom that ends in that night called death. Perhaps the amount of yarn consumed during the seventy-five years of her motherhood would fill a large room from carpet to ceiling, and the threads would surely reach at least three times around the planet. The double click of the knitting needles seemed always to say, ever and ever: 'I love them! I love them!'

"The author of the song had been the glad recipient of two pairs of soft, white lamb's wool stockings on a cold December evening, knit by the dear old hand after she was ninety years of age. He sat down and composed these verses before he slept and sent them to her at Dale Delight, on Henderson Prairie, Iowa, by the next mail.

"She lived six years longer and heard them sung annually on her birthday by a chorus of voices, including over sixty of her descendants, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren."

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