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THE LESSON OF OUR FINANCIAL CRISIS.

BY HERMANN LIEB.

"THE finances of the country are completely demoralised"; of course they are, as the logic of events, for, if they were not the "eternal law of gravitation!" the "immutable law of justice!" were unmeaning ejaculations. There is just as much sense in supposing that the natural laws underlying the social organisation can be violated with impunity, as that an individual, carrying on a riotous living, can expect to keep his health and to live to a green old age. "It is loss of confidence," says one searcher for the cause of the prevailing "crisis,"—as the symptoms of social and political rottenness are politely termed; "it is the silver" says another, "it is the fear of a reduction of the tariff," says Governor McKinley, etc., etc. I may be mistaken, but, in my opinion, it all may be attributed to the departure from honest, broad-minded, ethical, political methods some thirty years ago; a departure from the *laissez faire, laissez passer* policy in the management of our government and the adoption of the paternalistic in its stead.

That this country had a most glorious beginning, who will deny; that in the history of mankind there never was a people so favored with endless natural opportunities and possibilities, with political institutions, admired and envied by the civilised world to this day? For almost seventy years the American people, with slight interruptions, were enjoying a degree of healthy prosperity in keeping with the natural growth of the country. Mr. Blaine himself, who can hardly be charged with Jeffersonian proclivities, in his "Twenty Years of Congress" is constrained to confess that up to the sixties "the business of the country was in a flourishing condition"; that "money was very abundant"; that "large enterprises were undertaken" and that "the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine." He said:

"After 1852 the Democrats had almost undisputed control of the government, and had gradually become a free-trade party. The principles involved in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people but among the *protective economists and even among the manufacturers to a large extent. So general was this acquiescence that in 1856 a protective tariff was not suggested*

or even hinted at by any one of the three parties which presented presidential candidates."

But a change from this satisfactory state of affairs was wrought through slavery agitation and a destructive war with all its demoralising tendencies. It brought forth a complete revolution in the economic management of the country; the old shibboleth "by and for the people" was set aside and the watchword "by the few and for the few" substituted; an era of jobbery and of wild speculation in and out of congress was inaugurated. What the outcome of this condition of things would be was prognosticated by President Lincoln, who, shortly before his death, wrote to a friend:

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing to a close. But I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned: an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before."

Have not Lincoln's apprehensions been realised to the letter, and in a much shorter time, doubtless, than he himself believed?

Wealth, which in all times has striven for political mastery, is to-day the standard of excellence. To become wealthy is to become wise, good, and great; and in proportion as wealth is exalted, labor is abased. With want and oppression, however, comes inquiry, and labor is beginning to show signs of political self-consciousness. Their leaders, who are applying themselves to economic truth, have discovered that the original cause of labor's grievances is unwise and vicious legislation. But, owing to want of clearness in the presentation of remedies and the personal schemes of politicians, a Babylonian confusion prevails in the minds of the masses. The most absurd fulminations of cranks and demagogues are seized upon and formulated into socialistic, anarchistic, corn-crib-loan, greenback, and fifty-four per cent. legal tender demands, according to location and circumstances, until one set of laws are required for the mechanic and laborer in cities, another for rural populations, and a third for the silver states of the West.

Under such a clamor for contradictory and unscientific legislation, vicious laws remain unrepealed and the robbing of the people goes merrily on. Degradation of labor, destitution and misery on the one side,—aristocratic tendencies, wasteful extravagance, and brutal indifference on the other; class distinction, offensive social disparities, mistrust, and hatred between the citizens of our country, are the disastrous consequences.

*Es ist der Fluch der bösen That,
Dass sie fortleugend
Böses muss gebären.*

[It is the curse of evil deed
That, propagating,
Evil it must breed.]

And what is the remedy offered? The repeal of the Sherman free-coinage silver bill to bring this country back to its normal condition? The attempted effort to arrest the decomposition of a tree, the roots of which are dying from neglect, by clearing it of some of its decaying branches, could not be more futile. It will afford only temporary relief. The remedy, to be effective, must fit the evil, and its application must be entrusted to clean hands. There must be a radical change in the politics of the country; and those, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, whose education has been almost exclusively materialistic and whose highest aspirations consist in the gratification of physical pleasures, are not the doctors from whom we may expect the proper remedy.

One of the two great political parties, the one which never ceases to claim Thomas Jefferson as its political patron-saint, and to assert its undying devotion to his "time-honored principles," would seem to have had a correct conception of the situation by pointing out the protective-tariff policy of its opponent as the immediate cause of our industrial and financial perplexities; for, in its last national convention, that party declared it to be "a fraud and a robbery of the great majority of the American people."

There was no equivocation and no evasion in this declaration; it was the carefully prepared statement of a scholar and statesman (the present candidate for governor of Ohio), adopted as a substitute for a milder and less truthful one, by an overwhelming majority of the convention and subsequently ratified by the American people at the polls.

Has this emphatic and imperative demand been complied with? No, because a minor intervening question has wrought a change of thought.

It is broadly hinted that this vacillating policy is the shrewd work of the money-power and its allies, the protectionists, who in raising the hue and cry of silver, which at best is but *one* of the protected industries, have succeeded in shaking the first resolve of our "statesmen" and thus irreconcilably divided the forces

that formed a solid phalanx against the great tariff-robbery.

In this emergency, the Democratic party vividly reminds one of Dante's description of indecision and failure:

"And like the man who unwilld what he willed,
And for new thought doth change his first intent,
So that he cannot anywhere begin,
Such became I upon that slope obscure,
Because with thinking I consumed resolve,
That was so ready at the setting out."

THE STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

III.

IT is a droll illustration of the Puritanism surviving in the most liberal Society in England, in 1817, that the artistic music used on the occasion of Mr. Fox's welcome gave deep offense to a majority of the congregation. The committee passed a resolution: "That the practice of introducing into the service of this chapel solos, duetts, and sacred pieces in which the congregation cannot unite is quite incompatible with true devotion," etc. Voluntaries on the organ were forbidden, and it was ordered "that whenever Denmark is played, the duet in that tune is to be omitted." But the organist and the choir rebelled, and there was a tremendous controversy, so prolonged that for fifteen months no note was heard from the organ at all! This in a Society afterwards celebrated for the finest music in England. So little had Mr. Vidler's liberality extended in a secular direction, that when he was trying to eke out his salary by book-selling he left his partner because the latter published "The British Stage." Mr. Fox became celebrated as the best theatrical critic of his time.

For many years Mr. Fox's greatest service was in drawing the Unitarians out of their puritanical and sectarian narrowness. This he did not by direct assault or ridicule, but by interesting them in large public questions, of education and reform. The failure of the French Revolution had brought under eclipse the high visions that arose with it. The radicals were mourning their lost leaders—as Coleridge and Wordsworth—and faith in man was going down. Fox was the first to revive those visions, and raise again the song of the morning stars. He was entirely fearless, and, having become a uniting bond among the Unitarians, and their leader, he brought a sort of judgment day among them. In 1819 Richard Carlile was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of fifteen hundred pounds, for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason." The prosecution was begun by a Unitarian. There was loud applause in the court-room on the verdict of guilty. On the Sunday preceding the trial Mr. Fox arraigned the whole principle of such prosecutions; and on October 24, 1819, after the ver-

dict, but before the sentence, he gave a discourse which shines as the one religious candle in that dark time. Mr. Fox was then a firm believer in Christianity, and in the Bible, but his plea was the bravest word spoken in the pulpit since Tillotson went silent. He defended the rights of Atheists. "There is no medium in principle between the liberty of all and the tyranny of a particular sect. Christians, you kindle a flame in which yourselves may perish." The Congregation printed the discourse, and sent a unanimous protest to the government. In 1821 Mr. Fox again showed his fearlessness in denouncing the treatment which Queen Caroline, just deceased, had suffered: at the Society's annual dinner of that year the usual toast to the king was omitted.

Mr. Fox did much literary work. He helped J. S. Mill and Dr. Brabant to establish the *Westminster Review*, for which he wrote the first article. He wrote much for the *Retrospective Review*, among other things a valuable paper on Witchcraft (sixty pages). His congregation outgrew Parliament Court Chapel, and on May 22, 1823, the foundation stone of South Place Chapel was laid. The land cost six hundred pounds, and to-day can be sold for twenty thousand. The cost of the building was 3,546 pounds. It was opened on February 1, 1824, with discourses from himself and others which amounted to a fresh declaration of the only confession of faith on which he had accepted the pulpit in 1817—"I believe in the duty of free inquiry, and the right of religious liberty." But, strange as it may appear, all this time the authority of the Bible had not been brought into discussion. That Mr. Fox was a firm believer in that authority, even so late as 1827, is shown by a letter of great interest which, by the favor of Mr. Fox's daughter, I am able to insert here. It was written to Mr. Fox by a young lady of his congregation, Sarah Flower, since known to the world as Mrs. Adams, author of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." She was in her 22d year, and writes confessing her doubts about the Bible, caused by the questionings of Robert Browning, the poet, who was then aged fifteen! It will be seen that she feels certain that the confession will cause her friend and Minister pain. This document, which is of highest literary interest, I quote in full. It is dated November 23 (1827) from Harlow, her birthplace.

"You did not ask me to write, and perhaps will be little thankful for what you are like to receive; a regular confession of faith, or rather the want of it, from one whom you little suspect guilty of the heinous sin of unbelief. It reads like half jest; never was I more in earnest. My mind has been wandering a long time, and now it seems completely to have lost sight of that only hold against the assaults of the warring world,—a firm belief in the genuineness of the Scriptures. No, not the only one. I do believe in the existence of an all-wise and omnipotent Being,—and that, involving as it does the conviction that everything is working together for

good, brings with it comfort I would not resign for worlds. Still, I would fain go to my Bible as I used,—but I cannot. The cloud has come over me gradually, and I did not discover the darkness in which my soul was shrouded until, in seeking to give light to others, my own gloomy state became too settled to admit of doubt.

"It was in answering Robert Browning that my mind refused to bring forward arguments, turned recreant, and sided with the enemy.

"And when I went to Norwich [Musical Festival], oh, how much I lost! In all the choruses of praise to the Almighty my heart joined and seemed to lift itself above the world to celebrate the praises of him, to whom I owed the bliss of those feelings; but the rest of the 'Messiah' dwindled to a mere musical enjoyment; and the consciousness of what it might once have been to me brought the bitterest sensations of sadness, almost remorse. And now, as I sit and look up to the room in which I had first existence, and think of the mother who gave it, and watch the window of the chamber in which she yielded hers—in death as in life a fervent Christian—that thought links itself with another: how much rather would she I had never been born, than to be what I now am.

"I have a firm belief in a resurrection—at least, I think I have. But my mind is in a sad state, and before that goes, I must endeavor to build up my decaying faith. How is it to be done? I want to read a good ecclesiastical history as a first step. I dare not apply to papa. I dare not let him have a glimpse of the infatuation that possesses me. Had he been less rigid in his ideas of all kinds of unbelief; it would have been better for me. But I have had no one either to remove or confirm my doubts; and Heaven alone knows what uneasiness they have given me. I would give worlds to be a sincere believer, to go to my Bible as to a friend in the hour of trouble, feeling that whatever might befall, *that* would never desert me, and defying the world to rob me of its consolations.

"My life has been like a set of gems on a string of gold—a succession of bright and beautiful things without a dark thread to dim their lustre. But it will not be always thus. It is not thus now, and some resources I must have against the evil time, which is beginning to set in. The very study will be a delight, even if it has not the desired result. The consciousness that I have not examined as far as in me lies weighs heavily upon me, and to you I now look to direct my inquiries. 'Tis a bold step, and I wonder how I could bring myself to it. I have often longed to speak to you, but *that* I could not do. And now, it seems as if I could not bear to speak to any one, but I want quietly to read in my own room—what? Why, any books that you would deem suitable.

"I shall soon be at home [in London], and if you will lend them and let me read them, my mind will, at all events, be relieved from whatever portion of guilt may mingle with its present uneasiness. I hope this will not worry you. I would not be one to add to the annoyances that visit you; but that you have a sincere regard for me I now believe, and how it is returned let this confidence, which you possess unshared by any one beside, bear testimony.

"I long to come home. Harlow is not what it once was; and it has added to the feeling of loneliness which has been coming on. Though I may often be mirthful, I am not always happy. But I am in a sad mood this morning, and to-morrow may be brighter in the heavens and in the heart. So I will not write any more than one thing, and that you know already, that I am yours affectionately, Sally.

"Burn and forget, not me and those books, but the letter and low spirits."

Out of such pangs was born that hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee," for many years sung in South Place Chapel before it was heard outside; the hymn for

which six different tunes have been composed and which Christians are singing in every part of the world, unconscious as yet that it is really a hymn of their pilgrimage from the old faith to the new. I have before me, as I write, the first draft of the hymn, a beautiful autograph, written for choral responses,—and the heart of the world is responding.

In the above letter may be recognised a tributary to the spiritual life and history of South Place. The letter was in advance of the opinions of Mr. Fox, who was by no means of sceptical temperament. He was acknowledged leader of the Unitarian denomination, and had Sarah Flower's letter never been written South Place might to-day be merely a sectarian chapel. What influence did the letter have on his opinions? He did not remove Sarah's doubts; she became even more sceptical as time went on; but Mr. Fox came over to her view. In my first part of this history it was told how the Calvinism of Elhanan Winchester yielded under the touch of a New England maiden, whose name he never knew—one sunbeam from her larger faith—and probably the last remnant of Calvinism that clung to the Society he founded, bibliolatry, yielded under the English maiden's heartbroken confession. Well named was Sarah Flower. Sweetest flowers have bitter buds. That budding doubt of hers blossomed under her minister's culture to beauty and fragrance, and by the fruit that followed many sad hearts like hers were nourished into strength and joy.

THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM—SPACE AND MATTER.

BY DR. JOHN E. PURDON.

PURE empty space, the concept of free motion along three mutually perpendicular right lines is unthinkable independent of its relations or its material content. It is the material content that determines the actual existence of space. The most pronounced idealist will not deny that matter is actual and real, involving relations as well as existence; for to do so would deny the existence of the ego, which is the correlate and supplement of matter.

What is matter independent of perception? The question is unanswerable and therefore only a verbal one. Matter out of consciousness is still regarded as the permanent possibility of sensations, and so far the life of each individual is a cosmical fact. If the whole human race were suddenly snuffed out of existence we do not believe that the universe of matter would vanish, and, therefore, supposing we are still talking about the same thing, we must grant it a spiritual existence, either as being in itself spiritual substance, restricted as to its form, or else the object of continuous perception in a mind analogous to our own.

In the one case the separate, mutually exclusive, elements of matter would determine a spatial monad-

ology in which the relations of the parts would be determined by inherent law; while in the second place the separate parts, still existing by hypothesis, would have their places determined with the laws of the perceiving mind.

Now whether such a mind, analogous in its laws and operations to our own, includes time and space in one form, through the transcending of the distinction of external and internal, it is unnecessary to inquire; for we (who acknowledge it) have evidence sufficient to show us that the operations of the human mind do transcend the restriction of time, through the anticipation of real events, which afterwards exhibit themselves to ordinary experience in terms of material change.

We cannot deny when we perceive matter that what is directly given to us is feeling in fixed form; but what it would be other than feeling that could be so perceived it would be impossible for us to conceive. Each man, under the same conditions, has the same perception, but his feelings are not my feelings and yet we have something in common. We have the whole universe, less the individual body, in common and from the fact that we can act independently through our muscles, we can each act upon every one else and change his perceptions, from the fact that we can move matter in the mass. The laws of nature are common property and produce universal results.

But what keeps matter out there in space?

It is the state of the feeling organism that determines its permanence for each in turn; and when the laws of the organism vary or enlarge (for we cannot suppose that they contradict, even though they may produce counteracting results) they bring into play forces in the external field of space which produce *as general results* as a muscular pull would do—physical mediumship, so called.

No one is inclined to deny that matter from the physical point of view, may be, and most probably is built up out of the ether, and so, that an action exerted on it through the ether may be found to produce unique and unexpected results. Such an action should be specific, and there is plenty of evidence to show that such an action is not only possible but actual. Light affects the body specifically; but the waste heat that is radiated from the organism is not different in its nature from that which comes from a hot stone, metal, or piece of wood. The lowly organised *Gymnotus* discharges genuine electricity from its body on purely physiological principles, and certainly, though the *modus operandi* be not apparent, the assumption that the most highly organised animal can operate on itself in an inverse process has nothing in it contradictory or absurd, particularly when we have the facts to back up the assumption. We know nothing at all

of the direct process whereby, through the interoperation of feeling and force, we construct our individual "matter" in a given case. We know (at any rate we must believe), that all do it in the same way, and that the universal machinery is at the disposal of each for its construction both as regards substance and form. This involves the recognition of the fact that the "ether of space," so-called, is the common property of living beings.

What is given to us pure and private since everything in space is common property? The succession in the subjective field of thought, the time-moments of the internal forms of sense, is the experience from which we must generalise to build up our world of space and time, and I think we have the means of doing it, at least symbolically. We must appeal to the logic of pure mathematics.

If we take eight elements, points, names, time-moments, anything in fact which possesses the property of divisibility into recognisably different parts, we can group them in a manner that will throw light upon this fundamental inquiry regarding space, time, matter, and form. The arrangement also suggests how it is possible to conceive that the fundamental thoughts of time and space, of progression and position may be not only related, but actually correlative. To explain.

Sir William Hamilton, of Dublin, in his earlier days wrote a treatise to prove that algebra was the science of pure time, and in his later years discovered that quaternions, the pure algebra of space, might be developed from the symmetrical handling of certain triplet forms. This algebra of four units had three mutually perpendicular directed unit lines of reference for position in space and an undirected unit, positive or negative unity which he always believed was related to time. Now it is not only possible to arrange eight points in a linear series in eight different ways to obey the fundamental laws of quaternions, but it is possible to distribute eight points in solid three-fold space so as to obey in three mutually perpendicular visual planes the same laws; the distribution in two planes at right angles as naturally determining the third as two vectors at right angles determine their product.

But while the lines in space form a fixed and *natural* system, form the true algebraic counterpart of our mode of externality, (than which we cannot realise any other in terms of sense,) we can build up innumerable systems from the transpositions of named successions of things and their arrangements into sets. Here space and content is the result of a fixed limitation—the reality of things as they exist in experience and which first wakes up the mind from without through the action of matter upon sense—but that partial kind of the possible arrangements of things, i. e., of ultimate elements of sensibility must not be permitted to

set a limit to the actual in nature. And so with spiritualism and man's higher possibilities both as regards "matter" and "form."

Let us not dispute about words; if a new experience is born let us adopt it, and not bastardise it, denying our manhood and its relation to our own body and soul; relegating it to its father, the Devil, and otherwise behaving like those priests whose rôle the dogmatic man of science so often imitates! It is the duty of the investigator and more especially of the teacher to go and hunt out the truth, even if he has to associate with those who are too often liars and cheats. But no more of this. I give the formula or system built up from some of Hamilton's early work:

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	4	3	6	5	0	7	2
2	7	4	1	6	3	0	5
3	2	5	4	7	6	1	0
4	5	6	7	0	1	2	3
5	0	7	2	1	4	3	6
6	3	0	5	2	7	4	1
7	6	1	0	3	2	5	4

If we take the square root of positive unity, $\sqrt{45670123}$, it will give the six square roots derived from it in three polar pairs, as shown in the rows, and also the three other polar pairs shown in the columns. If we assume then that $\sqrt{45670123}$ represents negative unity, we have the system obeying the Hamiltonian laws of quaternions.

These laws are all contained in one formula:

$$i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1,$$

from which are derived the secondary laws.

$$ij = k, \quad jk = i, \quad ki = j, \\ ji = -k, \quad kj = -i, \quad ik = -j.$$

Now, remembering that 0 and 4 are the initials of positive and negative unity, we can take any of the other six to stand for *i*, *j*, or *k*, or for $-i$, $-j$, or $-k$, the behavior of the rows or columns as they operate on one another, fixing the rest after these have been taken. The rows and columns operate upon one another simply by counting, the analogue of the fundamental formal operation of the soul when the elements have been named, numbered, and ordered in some natural process.

I have not marked the symbols opposite the rows or columns as I want the idea to appear in its full significance, namely, the laws of the general identical with the laws of the particular. If the individual units are particulars, then the row in a manner represents a class, a qualified class built out of all the elements in a certain order. each row the qualified class-representative of its own initial symbol, while the square in its full equational significance is *the* Universal.

There are innumerable systems obeying the same laws which can be built up from these definitional

equations. They all illustrate the logical principle here hinted at.

Half a dozen different men might build up the same octavic set, making each his choice of one of the six available fourth root symbols, each man being thus, at first, analogous to an arbitrary line in space. When the time succession is fixed in 01234567, and the space property of reversibility is fixed in 45670123, the freedom and arbitrary element of cause or force is always sure to result in the same actual arrangement, though it may be differently built up by different elemental workers.

This is more than a pretty conceit; it is an application of the logic of quaternions to the genesis of the real in time and space. It is also indicative of the mode in which pseudo-systems, or those not corresponding to the reality of permanent experience, may be constituted. Matter is built out of the elements of feeling.

I have taken the liberty of presenting my view of a certain double controversy at present going on in that splendid instrument of education, *The Open Court*. I think that all formal abstract science is working towards the same direction, viz., a true theory of Man's limitation and also Man's enlargement. If philosophers would understand what they are disputing about there would be agreement where there is now difference, for the human mind is built on essentially the same lines.

Whether the void has a real existence or not, is merely a matter of words, and whether the individualised spirit of a man, who once lived on this earth, reappears through another man and shows his presence by signs, is also a matter of words and definitions. But whether each earthly man has an organism, constructed out of elements of feeling, that nearest experience we have of spirit, which survives the death of the body, is no longer a matter of words, but of very hard science. If its existence cannot be determined experimentally, it must be justified from an analysis of the laws and operations of the human mind, in their relation to the natural possibilities pointed out to us by the suggestions of pure mathematics.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

WHO IS HIS MOTHER?

BY HUDOR GENONE.

WHILE Jesus sat at meat in the house of one of his disciples a certain lawyer came unto him.

And there came also in with him a woman.

And the lawyer said unto Jesus, Behold this woman whom thou seest is mother unto him with whom thou sittest at meat.

She is now old and well stricken in years, insomuch

that she can no longer labor, and she hath none to provide for her.

And thy disciple suffereth not his mother to come into his house.

I pray thee, therefore, to command him to harken unto the voice of this woman, that she abide with him so long as she liveth.

Jesus said unto the disciple, Is this woman thy mother?

Then the disciple answering said unto Jesus, Master, she it was indeed who gave me birth.

But after I was born she left me to follow a life of pleasure, and another took me in and cared for me.

And that other lyeth ill even now in an upper chamber of this mine house, and I minister unto her daily and comfort her.

Jesus saith unto the lawyer, Thou hast heard what has been said—what sayest thou?

Then the lawyer answered, Can a man have two mothers? This woman whom I have brought unto thee, she is his mother.

Jesus saith unto him, Nay, not so. After the fashion of this world was he born of her.

That which is born of flesh is flesh. She gave him body and he shall give unto her meat.

But unto her who gave him love shall he give love; and who gave him a home in his youth shall he give a home in her old age.

For verily I say unto you, she only is a mother who is motherly.

Love only is love that is lovely.

God only is God being godly.

And I only am Christ being christly.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A RUMOR, probably false, is now in circulation to the effect that in the arrangement of committees in the new Congress, Mr. Springer will be deposed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Mr. Holman, the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," from the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations. The Democratic organ in Chicago, from which I get my Democratic views on men and affairs, thinks that Mr. Springer ought to be retained in his position, but that Mr. Holman ought to go, and it says: "It can be understood easily why Holman should not have his old place as chairman of the committee on appropriations, for he was an obstructionist, a chronic objector, and a cheese-paring reformer, while he increased, instead of reducing the whole amount appropriated." As a citizen of Chicago, interested in its prosperity, I must indorse that estimate of Mr. Holman; for, judging by the appropriations, this "Watch-dog of the Treasury" has not performed his duty well. He has been barking violently and scaring away a few wretched mendicants from the front gate, while sturdy burglars were breaking in at the back window. We could resign ourselves to that, but the principal Chicago objection to this "watch-dog" is, that he was watching when he ought to have been asleep; at the critical moment when our patriotic citizens were trying to get \$5,000,000 out of the United States treasury for the benefit of the World's Fair, Mr. Holman opposed that appropriation, so that we only got \$2,500,000,

instead of the \$5,000,000. Evidently, such a "watch-dog" is useless for our purposes. What we require is a sentinel who will watch the other fellows, and who will not be too vigilant when we ourselves are loitering around the treasury and trying to discover the combination of the public safe.

* * *

A gentleman by the name of Stewart, who represents in the national Senate the mountainous desolation called Nevada, is reported as boasting thus: "What is the use of talking compromise, when the friends of free silver have an actual majority in the United States Senate?" Some commentators regard this boast as bluffing, a practice upon which many of the inhabitants of that remote province depend for a living, but in this particular instance there is a dangerous probability that Mr. Stewart is betting on a strong hand. His little principality, containing 45,000 people altogether, is just as potent in the national Senate as New York, although New York has one hundred and thirty times the population and a thousand times the wealth of Nevada. This equal representation of unequal States is a solecism in government, and the aristocratic anomaly cannot last. For purposes of sentimental politics it may work well enough, but when it wrenches out of symmetry the farming, the manufacturing, and the commercial elements of social existence, when it affects money and material prosperity, minority rule in this country will be overthrown; and the Senate must be established like the House of Representatives on proportional representation, or be shorn of its political power, as the House of Lords was by the House of Commons in 1832. There are eleven so-called silver States, if we include among them Nebraska and the two Dakotas, casting altogether twenty-two votes in the United States Senate, although their combined population amounts to only 4,200,000, while New York alone contains a population of nearly 6,000,000 people. Considering that the free-silver sentiment is very strong in many of the other States, especially of the South, Mr. Stewart, with twenty-two votes for 4,000,000 people, appears to be playing merely the legitimate strength of his hand.

* * *

The President's message reads like a lecture on the follies of legislation, and there is something almost plaintive in its petition for the repeal of laws. Surrounded by financial wreck and ruin, the President says to Congress: "This is your doing. This is the result of your statutory laws." That a great people, capable of making steam engines and building ships, and of doing anything else that they wish to be done, should actually allow a set of political dunces to make laws in restraint of business and pay them for doing it, is a phenomenon miraculous to me. It seems to be so to the President, for he says: "The knowledge in business circles among our own people that our government cannot make its fiat equivalent to intrinsic value, nor keep inferior money on a parity with superior money by its own independent efforts, has resulted in such a lack of confidence at home in the stability of currency values, that capital refuses its aid to new enterprises, while millions are actually withdrawn from the channels of trade and commerce to become idle and unproductive in the hands of timid owners." The reproach will avail nothing, for, although surrounded by evidences of their fiatical imbecility, it is impossible to convince our makers of laws that they do not share with Omnipotence the fiat power. With admirable self-complacency they look upon the mischief they have done and prepare, with due solemnity, to make a few more fiat laws, and when they finally retire from the fiat business, they will boast of the number of years they spent in the public service. I would not like to see it, and yet it might serve as a useful warning, if, when some time-honored statesman dies, they would change the ancient formula, and write upon his tombstone this: "For thirty years, as a Representative and Senator in Congress, he looked faithfully after his

own interests, and devoted himself to the public injury." This would be a rather ungenerous epitaph, and yet it would correctly describe some of our most conspicuous public men.

* * *

A very good plan to "restore confidence" has been adopted by a New York bank whose resources have been somewhat crippled by the indiscretion of the president, who got away to Canada with most of the deposits. A new president having been appointed, the directors advertised his portrait and points of character in order to show that by the laws of appearance and physiognomy he would very likely make a better president of the bank than the other. The statement reads very like what the soldiers used to call a "descriptive roll," a sort of pen and ink portrait whereby the subject might be recognised at any future time. A similar "descriptive roll" of the former president is also given, so as to advertise the contrast. Both descriptions read very much as if they were written by one of those meandering phrenologists, who used to pick up a living by selling flattery to vain people at so much a head. "The new president," says the advertisement, "is a man of spare figure, apparently about sixty years of age, with features of a thoughtful and rather nervous cast." If comparisons are any guide to character, this information ought to be of some value, because the old president, who sent the "assets" up in a balloon, "possesses a powerful frame and great energy." Another point in favor of the new president is that "he is smooth shaven," while the old, bad president has a "full beard," which, however, "does not conceal his firm and energetic cast of features." The old president gave away a great many thousand dollars to hospitals, universities, industrial homes, the Young Men's Christian gymnasium, and to various Christian charities. In explanation of these gifts, he said he regarded them as "hostages to the Lord." It is clearer than print that a bank president has no right to give "hostages to the Lord," especially when they consist of other people's money. It is a comfort to the customers of the bank that the new president gives nothing to the Lord nor to anybody. The old president "was an attendant of the Church of the Pilgrims," while the new president doesn't care a silver dollar for the Pilgrims, and he would make Plymouth Rock available assets to macadamise the street. Another important thing to look after is the parentage of a bank president. The old president is the son of a Methodist minister and owned pews in two churches; the new president is the son of a banker and doesn't own a pew in anything. Would it not be a good plan for every bank to advertise the president in this manner? And a brief description of the cashier might be a good thing, too.

* * *

The comedy of prayer was played in the United States Senate a few days ago, in such a startling way as to excite the interest and attention of the Senators themselves, although as a rule they are armor-clad against the potency of prayer. The Senate has a praying machine of its own, in the form of a chaplain, whose duty it is to give the Senators a good character in all petitions to the throne of grace, and for the performance of this duty he is paid, not by the Senators themselves, but out of the public treasury. The present chaplain is new to the Senate, although he was for many years chaplain to the House of Representatives, where he had the habit of making some very good stump speeches in the form of invocations to the Almighty. As the proceedings begin with prayer, and the chaplain has the first word every morning, he has precedence over all the members, and can get in a few remarks on public affairs before anybody else has a chance. He availed himself of this privilege on the second morning of the extra session, in a way that astonished the Senators and actually straightened them out of their devotional attitude. The newspaper account of it reads like this: "At the sound of the gavel every Senator was upon his feet, with clasped hands and bowed head, to

listen to the customary invocation. It was the blind chaplain's second attempt to appeal for spiritual grace in the Senate. To the surprise of everybody he started in on a eulogy of the late Senator Leland Stanford." In the usual tombstone style he pleaded the virtues of the dead Senator, and, "as the eulogy proceeded the Senators gradually lifted their chins and lost their air of devoutness." This proves the eloquence of the prayer, for hitherto nothing but a drink has had the power to make a Senator "lift his chin." The Rev. Mr. Milburn has wisely taken this early opportunity to convince the Senators that they now have a chaplain who will give them absolution and a certificate of character good for seats in the celestial senate when they die. They need such an advocate very much, but it looks like spiritual petit larceny to pay him out of the public taxes instead of their own money.

* * *

We are now at the beginning of the convention season, and whatever may be the fate of the wheat and corn, the crop of resolutions will surely be abundant and of good quality. Soon the campaign orator, warbling like the mocking bird, will be flitting from stump to stump, binding the voters as with a spell, and predicting ten thousand majority for the ticket in Buncombe county alone. Soon the perambulating free circus, acrobats, clowns, donkeys and all, will be upon the road, furnishing me for nothing a recreation more delightful and improving than a trip to the seashore. I admit that in the Shakespearian drama we may find some fairly good philosophical comedy, but the versatility of Sir John Falstaff himself is not equal to the impudence and humor furnished gratis by the stump orator in a political campaign. I wish I could spend a couple of months in Ohio this fall, and travel from county to county, listening, for instance, to Colonel W. A. Taylor, who gave this pledge yesterday to the Ohio Democratic State Convention: "From this hour until the sun goes down upon a Democratic victory in November, my voice will never be silent." Whether the affrighted people take to the woods or not, the hewgag of Colonel Taylor must and shall be heard. I hope that Colonel Crites, the chairman of the convention, will be as devoted as Col. Taylor and supply election music for the people until the "ides of November," as another oratorical colonel described election day. How great must be the campaign value of a colonel who can talk like this: "While the so-called 'Little Napoleon' is there meeting his final Waterloo in the arena of national politics, let us make this little bantam of Ohio a dead bird by placing in the pit with him to-day one of our proud Democratic roosters with nobler spurs, who shall drive him completely from the Buckeye roost upon which for nearly two years he has so gracefully posed, over which he has so defiantly dominated and all of which he has so basely polluted." For persons who are not politically well, and who need "intellectual treats," Ohio is the place to spend the election season.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARM-SWINGING AS SURVIVAL.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

With some diffidence I would say a word in reply to Mr. Robinson's remarks—which have just come to my notice—a *propos* of my note on "Swinging the Arms in Walking as Survival." If this swinging it a survival of hand (foot) over and beyond hand-motion, if we swing arms "because our tree-climbing ancestors used to swing by them," should not the movement be with up-lifted arms, somewhat like the overhand stroke in swimming, and should there not also be a tendency toward clutching? On the contrary, as matter of fact, is not the swing toward a quadrupedal trot rather than toward arboreal swinging, and does not the palm tend to open—plantigrade act—rather than to grasp? Further,

professional pedestrians, who evidently make it a point to find out the most effectual modes of arm assistance to walking, adopt generally, I believe, pawing movements, strikingly quadrupedal; whereas, on Mr. Robinson's theory, they should use a rapid overhand, clutching motion. It is then, I think, not the arboreality of our ancestors that survives in pedestrian arm-swinging, as it does very markedly in the holding-on power of infants, so admirably investigated by Mr. Robinson, but rather the simple quadrupedal locomotion which our arboreal ancestors inherited and employed when on *terra firma*. When the first men took to earth and bipedal progression became common, the hastening of speed by arm-swinging came as pre-arboreal instinct. I am also inclined to think that the arm movements are in part due to a natural tendency toward balancing, and that thorough investigation will show them as thus a complication of pre-arboreal reversion and balancing.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

NOTES.

We publish in this number a representative article on spiritualism, written by a prominent Spiritualist. Dr. John E. Purdon cannot be classed with the great mass of his fellow believers; he has a peculiar standpoint of his own, which is interesting and worth the trouble of understanding. He bases his faith in the existence of a world-spirit and also in the immortality of man's spiritual personality upon certain doctrines of modern mathematics, following partly Bishop Berkeley, and partly the inventor of quaternions Sir William Rowan Hamilton—the latter not to be confounded with the metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton. With Dr. Purdon we also accept the spirituality of existence and we enjoy his exposition and application of the Hamiltonian formulæ, which are very ingenious, but do not appear to us conclusive in what they are supposed to prove.

THE OPEN COURT.

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