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## THE PAINE CLUB IN PARIS.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THOMAS CARLYLE has remarked the tremendous ado made over the lives sacrificed in the French Revolution, whereas the number was so small compared with that of those slain in most wars of the time. Little is said of the comparatively vast numbers fallen in the struggles of the leagued monarchs to crush the Republic. Nevertheless, the historical imagination is right in regarding the scenes of the French Revolution with especial horror. For one thing, because that Revolution devoured its own children; for another thing, because they were such noble children,—men and women whose murder threw back the cause of liberty into a darkness and disgrace, which previously had been monopolised by royal despotism. The people have never emerged from that shadow. It was not the massacre of uniformed and hired soldiers, but of great and devoted leaders of the people. Whenever the historian fixes his scrutiny on one or another of those victims, he is pretty certain, in a majority of cases, to discover some great heart, some sublime and self-devoted enthusiasm, struck as by lightning in that black storm. The circle which in Paris gathered around Paine, as the exponent of republican principles, were animated by a passion for liberty so ardent that no sacrifice was withheld, but all was given with joy. Men like Duchâtelet, Lafayette, Condorcet, Anacharsis Clootz, and others threw away their titles and wealth as trifles. There were Englishmen eager to do the like. White's Hotel, where Paine resided, was a glowing centre of English enthusiasm. On November 18, 1797, a banquet was held there at which Sir Robert Smith and Lord Edward Fitzgerald—intimate friends of Paine—formally renounced their titles. Sir Robert proposed the toast: "A speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions." Another toast was: "Paine,—and the new way of making good books known by a royal proclamation and a King's Bench prosecution." Sir Robert was long a prisoner, and died of an illness contracted in prison. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was slain while struggling in Ireland for a revolutionary cause kindled from that in France.

I have not been entirely successful in identifying the hotel in the Passage des Pé tits Pères. At the

close of 1793 its name had been changed to "Philadelphia House," probably because Paine's residence there had drawn so many Americans. The house which I believe to have been the one, now comprises business offices, one room being occupied by a liberal club,—possibly the same as that in which the Paine Club gathered. The character of this club, formed in the latter part of 1792, may be gathered from debates of the time in another club, namely, the English House of Commons. For at that time the only reign of terror was in England. The Ministry had replied to Paine's "Rights of Man" by a royal proclamation against seditious literature. In consequence of this the Tory gentry became mobocrats; they collected and paid roughs throughout the country to burn Paine in effigy, and to harry the religious Nonconformists. A handbill was everywhere distributed and posted, entitled: "One pennyworth of truth from Thomas Bull to his brother John." In it were such sentences as the following: "Have you not read the Bible? Do you not know that it is there written that kings are the Lord's anointed? But whoever heard of an anointed republic?—Our national debt, for which we are now paying such heavy taxes, was doubled by the troubles in America, all brought upon us from the beginning by the Dissenters here and there. Did not Dr. Price write for them? And did not the Birmingham Doctor (late one of the 'kings' elect of France) encourage them and write mob principles of government to justify them?"

The Birmingham Doctor (Priestley) had his house gutted by the mob. Mr. Fox (December 14, 1792) reminded the House of Commons that these mobs had "church and king" for their watchword, never the "Rights of Man." Paine's work, he declared, had never produced one riot, but this invective against Dissenters, unless stopped, would endanger the personal safety of "that great man, Dr. Priestley, and every other Dissenter." Among the other Dissenters menaced was William Vidler, the second minister of our South Place Society,—a society originally founded in 1793. Fox appealed to the government to prosecute such libels against Dissenters as they were prosecuting Paine's "Rights of Man." But so far from doing this, the ministry utilised the mobs fomented by its

own adherents to justify surrounding London with militia, and calling a meeting of Parliament out of season, just before the trial of Paine. Erskine, Paine's lawyer, amid the furious denunciations of Paine, said that "such reflexions are not fair against a work now under prosecution. The trial is at hand, and the cause ought not to be prejudged." Burke, who now for the first time took his seat on the Treasury Bench, found it necessary to protest that he had not come over to that side by promise of a pension (Paine had charged him with already being a secret pensioner). He (Burke) was reminded of how he had once "exulted at the victories of that rebel Washington," and welcomed Franklin. "Franklin," he said, "was a native of America; Paine was born in England, and lived under the protection of our laws; but, instigated by his evil genius, he conspired against the very country which gave him birth, by attempting to introduce the new and pernicious doctrines of republicanism." Burke alluded to the English and Irish deputations then in Paris, which had congratulated the Convention on the defeat of the invaders of the Republic, and mentioned among those on the deputations J. Frost, Lord Semphill, D. Adams, and "Joel—Joel, the Prophet,"—i. e. Joel Barlow, who, by the way, formally became a French citizen February 17, 1793.

We may, therefore, assume that the men thus named were members of the Paine Club at Philadelphia House. Another certainly was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who wrote to his mother (October 30, 1792): "I lodge with my friend Paine—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him that I never knew a man before possess." Another was Sir Robert Smith, Baronet, who, under Napoleon I., suffered a year's imprisonment, of which he died. There was also Franklin's friend, Benjamin Vaughan, a Member of Parliament, who, compromised by an intercepted letter, fled to France, and resided near Paris under the name of Jean Martin. Other Englishmen were Jeremiah Joyce, a Unitarian minister and author (coadjutor of Dr. Gregory in his "Cyclopædia"); J. Frost, who assisted Paine in his escape from England; Redhead Yorke, who, after imprisonment under Pitt, afterwards became one of his agents, yet loyal to Paine; Robert Merry, who in later years went with his wife, the actress (her stage name "Miss Brunton"), to Baltimore, where he died in 1798. Other Englishmen in the club were Sayer, Rayment, and Macdonald. These men were refugees from a reign of terror in England, which was filling its prisons with its best men. It is historically correct to say that at the close of 1792 that which would now be called a

real English<sup>o</sup> government held its Parliament not at Westminster, but at Philadelphia House, Paris, its members being the Paine Club.

Among the homes in which Paine found warm welcome was that of Gen. Achille Duchâtelet, son of the duke, grandson of the authoress. This noble family, in every sense of the word, lived at Auteuil, a beautiful suburb of Paris, an extension of Passy, where, in a house not yet identified, Franklin had resided. There also lived the Abbé Moullet, who preserved the arm chair in which Franklin used to sit, with the inscription, *Benjamin Franklin hic sedebat*. These friends of Franklin took Paine to their heart, and could talk to him in English. For, although Paine could read French with ease, he would never trust himself to converse on matters of political importance in any language but his own. Auteuil is now reached in forty minutes by the omnibus, but in those days it was a rural village. Paine was a guest of the Duchâtelet's soon after he had got to work in the Convention, as I have just discovered by a letter of his not hitherto brought to light. It is addressed "To Citizen Le Brun, Minister of Foreign Affaires, Paris."

"Auteuil, Friday, the 4th December, 1792. I enclose an Irish newspaper which has been sent to me from Belfast. It contains the address of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin (of which society I am a member) to the volunteers of Ireland. None of the English newspapers that I have seen have ventured to republish this address, and as there is no other copy of it than this which I send you, I request you not to let it go out of your possession. Before I received this newspaper I had drawn up a statement of the affairs of Ireland which I had communicated to my friend, General Duchâtelet at Auteuil, where I now am. I wish to confer with you on that subject, but as I do not speak French, and as the matter requires confidence, General Duchâtelet has desired me to say that if you can make it convenient to name a day to dine with him and me at Auteuil, he will with pleasure do the office of interpreter. I send this letter by my servant, but as it may not be convenient to you to give an answer directly, I have told him not to wait. Thomas Paine."

A French translation of the Irish address is bound up with this letter in the State Archives at Paris. It is violent enough to be reproduced by the Parnellites. Although Paine's letter to the minister is Quakerlike in its lack of complimentary phrases, this was a gesture of the time towards "Equality." A portrait of Paine as a "Conventionnel" shows him in elegant costume, and it will be noticed by the above note that he now has a servant.

Alas, it is mournful even at this distance to reflect that only a little later both Paine and his friend, Gen-

eral Duchâtelet, were prisoners. The latter poisoned himself in prison (1794).

Sampson Perry of London, having attacked the government in his paper, *The Argus*, fled from an indictment and reached Paris in January, 1793. In 1796 he gave an account of his visit to Paine, which has never, I believe, been printed in America.

"I breakfasted with Paine about this time at the Philadelphia Hotel, and asked him which province in America he conceived the best calculated for a fugitive to settle in, and, as it were, to begin the world with no other means or pretensions than common sense and common honesty. Whether he saw the occasion and felt the tendency of this question I know not; but he turned it aside by the political news of the day, and added that he was going to dine with Petion, the mayor, and that he knew I should be welcome and be entertained. We went to the mayoralty together in a hackney coach, and were seated at a table about which were placed the following persons: Petion, the mayor of Paris, with his female relation, who did the honor of the table; Dumourier, the commander-in-chief of the French forces, and one of his aides-de-camp; Santerre, the commandant of the armed force of Paris, and an aide-de-camp; Condorcet; Brissot; Gaudet; Gensonnet; Danton; Kersaint; Clavière; Vergniaud; and Syèyes; which, with three other persons, whose names I do not now recollect, and including Paine and myself, made in all nineteen."

I have found an interesting account in the *Bien-Informé* for October 17, 1797 (a paper edited by Bonneville and Paine), of another refugee who came to Paine in Paris in 1793. This was Thomas Muir, a Scotch advocate. Towards the close of 1792 the radicals of Edinburgh got up a "Convention" in imitation of that inaugurated in France, (except that it was always opened with prayer,) and Muir was its leader. After the outlawry of Paine (December 18, 1794) the prosecutions were furious in England. Muir escaped to Paris, but imprudently ventured to return. He was tried and banished to Botany Bay for fourteen years. When the sentence was given, the judge ordered the tipstaff to remove those who were hissing. "My lord, they are all hissing," was the reply.

I now translate the account of Muir's subsequent adventures as printed by Bonneville and Paine (1797).

"The misfortunes of Thomas Muir, condemned in Scotland and transported to Botany Bay, are still present to our minds. His virtues and talents furnished a motive for his banishment: he was especially condemned for bringing some patriotic writings into circulation, amongst others the work of Thomas Paine, the 'Rights of Man.' About two years after his ar-

rival at Botany Bay, an American vessel, returning from the East Indies, took him on board and carried him to Havana, where he was imprisoned by the Spaniards, at that time allies of England. Put on board a frigate, he was making for Cadiz, from whence he was to be sent back to his persecutors, when a freak of fortune brought in his way some warships belonging to the Jarvis squadron. A fight ensued; the Spanish frigate, riddled with shot, was obliged to run aground. Muir was wounded in the head by a blow from the muzzle of a musket. The English arriving, claimed him. They were told that he was dead, and had just been thrown into the sea. The enemy, after plundering the ship, abandoned it as a useless hull which it would embarrass their cruise to keep afloat. But, by dint of time and labor, the stranded frigate was again made seaworthy and reached the port of Cadiz. There Muir was left a prisoner in hospital, and long lay between life and death. He has lost an eye. A Frenchman, just from Cadiz, who has visited that worthy friend of liberty, assures us that his health is almost restored. He has addressed his friend Thomas Paine a letter of which the following is an extract:

'Cadiz. August 4, 1797. Since the memorable evening when I said good-bye to you [at Paris] my sad and troubled life has been a medley of extraordinary events. I hope in a few months to tell you of them in person. I am at last, against all hope, cured of my numerous wounds. The Directory has treated me with great kindness of late; its solicitude for a helpless individual who has been most cruelly wronged is healing balm to all my senses. The Spaniards have kept me a prisoner under a pretext that I am a Scotchman; but I feel certain that the intervention of the Directory of the Great Republic will enable me to obtain my liberty. Remember me most kindly to all our friends, who are at the same time the friends of freedom, and of the happiness of the human race.

THOMAS MUIR.'

We learn that T. Muir was restored to liberty on the 16th of September by the intervention of the Directory.

Muir soon afterwards reached Paris, where he lived among his old friends until his death, in 1800.

In these old records one finds many an original "Man without a country." The Scotch advocate banished from Great Britain is held a prisoner by Spain in Havana because he is an offender against their ally; then, the alliance turning to enmity, Muir is held prisoner at Cadiz because he is British! Thomas Paine was elected to the French Convention as an American; he was outlawed by his native England; he was imprisoned in France for being an Englishman, and when he returned to America his vote was

refused on the pretext that he was not an American citizen! The time may arrive when these hardships of Paine will be quoted to prove his honor as the earliest Citizen of the World."

### BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

BY NOBUTA KISHIMOTO, M. A.

#### III. SACRED LITERATURE.

THE canonical books of Japanese Buddhism are exactly the same as those of Chinese Buddhism. I say "exactly the same" because not only were all these sacred books introduced into Japan in the course of time by Chinese teachers and Japanese pilgrims, but they were also read and used in their original Chinese form and were never translated into the Japanese language. This is also the case with the Confucian classics. As a rule, all educated Japanese scholars, whether Buddhist or Confucian, can read Chinese with ease and facility, so that for them there was no need of translating the sacred books of these two systems; while furthermore they did not like to spoil these sacred and elegantly written books by translating them into a foreign tongue. The reason why the Japanese study Chinese is not because the languages of these two countries are alike, as is sometimes supposed. On the contrary, these languages are fundamentally different from each other, to such an extent that it is no exaggeration to say there is no more resemblance between Japanese and Chinese than there is between English and Chinese. The reason must be sought in the fact that the Japanese civilisation originally came from the Asiatic continent, either directly from China or indirectly through Corea. Philosophy, literature, the sciences, and all the arts of civilisation are to be traced to continental sources. Thus the study of the Chinese language which was the means of transportation of these treasures became both a necessity and a fashion. The ordinary people who could not read Chinese seem to have been satisfied with an oral exposition of the teachings of Buddhism and Confucianism. If this were not so, I cannot see any other explanation why there is no vernacular translation of the Confucian or Buddhistic literature, as the case may be.

Now, what is the relation of these Buddhistic sacred books of China or Japan to those of Ceylon? We know in the first place that in both of these countries the whole Buddhistic literature is divided into three main divisions, known in India as "Tripitaka" and in China as "San-tsong," both meaning the same thing, viz., the "three treasures or baskets"; and that these three divisions of the texts are (1) the Vinaya-pitaka or code of discipline, (2) the Sutta-pitaka or sermons of Buddha, and (3) the Abhidharma-pitaka or

philosophy. In the second place, with respect to the contents of these three pitakas or baskets, there are so many points of agreement and resemblance that we are quite justified to conclude with the late Professor Beal that "the Chinese Buddhists derived their knowledge on these points [that is, on discipline and religious life] from the same sources as the Buddhists of the South, and the two schools, so far, are but offshoots of one primitive stock." Generally speaking, the Ceylon canon surpasses all others in point of arrangement, while the Chinese canon surpasses all others in point of copiousness.

Probably it is not out of place to say a few words in this connexion about the relative length of the Pāli canon and the Chinese canon of the Buddhist Scriptures. Dr. Rhys Davids, trying to remove great misconceptions with regard to the supposed enormous extent of the sacred books of Southern Buddhism, has examined the question and gives his conclusion in the following words: "The Buddhist Scriptures [the whole three Pitakas of the Southern School, exclusive of Nos. 10 and 11 of the Khuddaka Nikāya, whose extent is uncertain], therefore,—including all the repetitions, and all those books which consist of extracts from the others—contain *less than twice as many words as are found in our Bible*; and a translation of them into English would be about four times as long." Such is the length of the sacred books of the Southern Buddhists, and no one will say their length is enormous. But when one comes to know the real extent of the sacred books of the Northern Buddhists which form the basis of the Buddhist religion in China and in Japan, he will find that so-called "great misconceptions" are not necessarily misconceptions. "It is calculated," affirms the late Professor Beal, "that the whole work of the Indian translators in China, together with that of Hiouen Thsang amounts to about *seven hundred times the size of the New Testament*." Surely this is an enormous mass of literature.

I, as a Japanese, feel quite proud in being able to say that the whole collection of the books known as the "Sacred Teaching of the Three Treasures," which now stand on the shelves of the India Office Library in London, which is the only collection of the kind in the West, was furnished not by China but by Japan. Dr. Beal, who was the means of procuring these books, speaks of them in the opening pages of the Catalogue which he prepared for the India Office, as follows: "This collection was made and published by order of the Emperor (of China) Wan-lieh towards the end of the sixteenth century. It was reproduced, in Japan, in the sixth year of the Nengo (year period) Im-po [Em-po?], i. e., A. D. 1679, and afterwards issued with an imperial preface in the period Ten-wa, A. D. 1681-1683. As first received at the India Office, the

collection was contained in seven large boxes, carefully packed in lead, with padding of dry rushes and grass. The entire series of books was arranged in one hundred and three cases or covers; in each case there were, on an average, twenty volumes, so that the entire number of volumes is more than two thousand. Placed one above the other, the books in the collection would reach to a *height of about one hundred and ten feet.* "This body of literature," continues the same author elsewhere, "represents the entire series of sacred books taken during successive years from India to China and there translated, as well as the works of native Chinese priests, with commentaries, catalogues, and indexes. Here, then, is the groundwork of our knowledge of the Buddhist religion in China and Japan. It is plain that it will require many years before we can arrive at a correct estimate of the character of these books, or their value as authentic translations. But as far as is yet known, they contain valuable materials for a knowledge of Buddhism in all its periods of expansion or development, from the simple creed taught in the first instance by its founder down to the subtle and fine-drawn doctrine of the latest period of scholastic development."

## SPOOK MICE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

BETWEEN Pharisees and Philistines I find it sometimes very difficult to choose. When I am with the bigots I am an out and out "infidel." But then on the other hand after I have talked a while with an unbeliever, candidly, in nine cases out of ten, I get up and come away feeling more "orthodox" than radical.

I suppose you wonder how this can be. Well if you're a good listener, you'll not need to wonder long, because I shall tell you.

Of course it is one thing to tell a person a fact, and quite another to put understanding into him to comprehend the fact. That I know; but one thing I can't make out,—it seems so irrational,—and that is why most people listen,—not with their ears, but with their prejudices. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear" is a good motto; but (as Mr. Ingersoll says): "He that hath a thinker to think, let him think."

The better the thinking apparatus, the better the thought product. This is certainly so in abstruse matters of mathematics, for instance. And in philosophy it is much the same. But how is it in matters of religion?

Now, of course up jumps a Philistine to say that he "doesn't believe in religion"; and a Pharisee across the room bawls out: "Only believe and you shall be saved."

As it happens, my mind,—my thinking apparatus,—is so constituted that I want to know the meaning

of words. I am somewhat peculiar perhaps in this respect. I know that most people, liberal and illiberal alike, are quite content to take their meanings ready-made; but I can't do it.

There's that word "religion," for instance. Now, be honest with me, and yourself, you well-meaning Philistine, say if it is not a spook of a meaning you disbelieve in,—a spook of cant, hypocrisy, narrowness, dogmatism, stand-aside-I-am-holier-than-thou-ism? That it? Why, of course that's it. The real religion you respect every time. And you know it, too, when you see it. I even go so far as to say that some of you have got it, and don't know it either—of course it's not a very common type, sort of varioloid form of the disease, not "catching," but quite sufficient to prevent your taking the disorder in any severer form.

Then, as to "believe"; what does our orthodox friend mean, when he says, "only believe?"

Don't laugh, please, at a poor truth-seeker, and say I'm going round Robin Hood's barn; for I tell you frankly there's a great deal in belief. But if you take it all out in believing—ah, sure enough, that would be bad, and worse than bad, it would be nonsense.

If you ask my views as to what percentage of church members take it all out in "believing," why, I must ask you to excuse me; at least excuse me from making any calculation. I can guess; of course I can guess—say 0.005, or thereabouts of the average attendance. There's a guess to swear by—or at.

I don't suppose this periodical has a very extensive circulation among strict church people, but if any Episcopalian among you really hungers and thirsts after common sense let him come to me. If you are a good Episcopalian you ought to come; for what does it say in your prayer book: that "all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth." That's what I call a good, sensible prayer, and I am willing to be the humble instrument to carry on the work.

"Only believe." Well, well, that does look simple, doesn't it? And think what you get by it—life eternal, good comfortable quarters for all eternity. You think it's simple, do you? Just try and see how simple it is. I won't go through any process of logic; I just say, try; and I say, too, try all day, all year, all a life time, all forever, and you'll never, never get to believe by trying, but you'll go on,—whatever you profess,—believing what you're built to believe *in*.

To be sure, rational as well as doctrinal beliefs, change. Some are born to beliefs; some achieve beliefs, and some have beliefs thrust upon them, though these latter seldom stick. Belief is either automatic, unconscious, in which case the correct word is not be-

lief, but habit, or it is the effect of evidence, when alone it is genuine.

Is that the sort of thing our orthodox friends tell us to get? Alas! it ought perhaps to be, but it isn't. The kind they refer to seems more like the automatic variety.

As I look at it, in neither case is it worth much as a soul saver.

If it is difficult to believe by trying, equally so it is to disbelieve, or undo a belief once acquired. It is not only difficult; it is impossible. Only, curious as it may seem, this sort of belief has nothing in common with the other. The first is purely intellectual; the latter absolutely ideal. If you do not believe me, think of that person,—your wife perhaps,—whom you love best in the world, and see if it would be possible by any study, any patience, endeavor, or effort of will, to dismiss that love. Manifestly not. And what you cannot do yourself it is extremely doubtful if circumstances could do for you. Love—the true kind—survives all circumstances: evil report, neglect, unkindness, infidelity, even cruelty. The poet says:

"Then tell me how love cometh;  
It comes unsought, unset;  
Then tell me how love goeth,—  
That was not love which went."

I think, from the foregoing, plain as a corollary to a proposition, we have logically, either that there are two kinds of "beliefs," or that one kind should be labeled differently, say as—"feeling" or "emotion."

For instance I believe that  $2 + 2 = 4$ . If I am an advanced mathematician I believe in the "binominal theorem" and the "method of least squares"; because in this rational region belief is a function of capacity of thought.

But again, if I am given a flower to smell, do I think of ciphering out its odor? No, I put it to my nose. If I am asked my views as to the flavor of a new strawberry, can I possibly give them intelligently by any chemical process of analysis? Absurd,—I taste the berry. In this emotional region belief is a function of feeling, taste a function of sensation.

In both regions belief is,—and must ever be,—the synonym of knowledge.

I am a Freethinker. If any man tells me that I must believe intellectually what I disbelieve radically, I point to the above argument.

But how I do run on. I started out with the very best intentions to tell a yarn; I even wrote the title to the yarn, and then,—just because my thinker worked that way,—blundered into some reasoning. Usually we start out to reason, and blunder into foolishness. Perhaps my way is the better. But now for the spook mice:

My little daughter Pollikins, old enough to read, but (if you catch my meaning) not yet quite old enough

to think, came home recently from school with a little mongrel pup in her arms. At first mamma was for turning the cur out, but then, you see, Pollikins cried, and the puppy was so cunning, it ended the usual way: mamma basely betrayed her trust, and when I came home in the evening all three, pup, Pollikins, and mamma, were having a frolic together.

The reasons (or wants of them) that actuate a "mamma," are not those of a man in the gas business. A pup about a house, especially if untrained, is a nuisance. But what was I to do? The coalition was too strong; I gave in, and the pup stayed on.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! That pup taught me a lesson; indeed a lot of lessons, which, as in duty bound, I shall try to pass on to you.

In the course of a week, the mischief that dog did would surprise you if told. I diligently impressed upon Pollikins the necessity of discipline,—certainty of reward for good conduct, inevitable "wallops" for evil, and celerity for both. There is only one way to train a conscious organism; that I taught Pollikins. If she had been left to herself, Pollikins would have been all right; but mamma (as I have known, lo! these many years) had "views" as well as I, and a warm heart, which no man in the gas business can have and thrive, so when the puppy misbehaved, and Pollikins "walloped" her, and she yelped, mamma interfered directly, reprov'd Pollikins for what she called "cruelty," and coddled the dog. Of course, this meant ruin.

At last, finding things going from bad to worse, I took a hand at training Capers. Did I tell you his name was Capers? Well, it was. I provided a little misfortune—a switch, and then I was going to get a few lumps of sugar, as a just reward for a righteous dog, when I made a discovery. It was in the evening, the gas up high, when who should come in but my brother-in-law. He and I always contrive to get up some kind of an argument; if it isn't the tariff it's the labor problem, and if not that religion; at which latter he holds his own remarkably well, though, as I tell him, he has so little that it ought to give him no trouble. However, we fell to talking, and I, keeping up my end, began to gesticulate. The moment I did so, a curious thing happened. Capers dashed out of the corner where he had been snoozing, and rushed frantically across the room, and round about, this way and that, as if possessed. My mother-in-law, who somehow never was thoroughly reconciled to the dog, bounced up on the sofa and screamed that he had a fit.

"Heaven be praised," thought I, if he had a fit even my little girl would be satisfied that Capers had outlived his usefulness. But no; it wasn't a fit he had, nor was it, as I suggested to brother Tom, that

the dog was hunting the facts he had omitted. What he really was hunting was the light from my glasses, focussed on the floor, prancing about as I gesticulated, and Capers after it, this way and that, full tilt.

Capers wasn't so very fond of sugar; but here was something in which he really took an interest. Since then we have gotten considerable amusement, Capers most of all, out of his antics. Then, too, I have utilised his passion for chasing the spook mice, I trust, to the pup's lasting good. By the lure of the chase for phantoms, I have taught him any number of useful and ornamental tricks: to stand on his hind legs, to give his paws, to sing, to swear, and to pray, all which he now does finely. And when he has been particularly virtuous, verily he has his reward: out come my glasses, the round spots of light focus on the patterns of the carpet, and dance hither and thither, Capers after them, delirious with joy and hope, mad as hops that he has never yet gotten his teeth into a material spook mouse, but quite convinced they are there.

I presume to that pup's dying day he will continue to believe in material spook mice. But if he in his turn has pups, and his pups pups, by and by, sure, a great, big-brained pup,—a Darwin among dogs,—will arise, all the dogs will become infidel, and the fun of chasing spook mice will be over for the race. Alas! I can't help feeling that that will be a pity. Hear me out, please; I say it would be a pity, not that I believe in phantoms, but that even a phantom may be blessed, if it leads by the path of honest investigation truthward.

Suppose (it will do no harm to suppose) that the future brained dog, instead of confining his line of inquiry to an analysis or a calculation, instead of being satisfied that a chase for spook mice was wholly and forever futile, should—either led thereto by a process of reasoning little short of angelic, but, more likely, by the merest accident—chance to cast his eyes upward, and see the eye-glasses, and me, and beyond, and better yet, the light, and should have the ability to draw deductions, and trace correspondences between the silly, fluctuating, elusive specks and gleams on the floor and the focus, and the real great, stable, eternal Higher Power above.

It seems silly, doesn't it! to imagine such foolishness. And yet it's bound to come, not perhaps with Capers or his progeny, but with another, more learned, more agile, more arrogant, but scarcely less silly race.

If I chose I might perhaps make a very comical comparison between Capers and some of the early fathers. There is Moses, for instance. I could depict that worthy chasing a spook mouse in the burning bush, or cavorting with his Israelites across the Red Sea after another, and be as satiric, and materialistic, and scurrilous as you please. But I don't choose. I

respect Moses, and the bush, and the fire too much for that.

When we have at last given over our chase for the elusive and the illusive, and satisfied ourselves, as we think, that it is all delusive; when the ardor and rapture of aspiration for the material give room to a certain lethargy, and despair mocks and gibes at our inevitable failure, shall we then say, It is all failure; there is nothing tangible in the light, therefore there is no light? Fool, the light is the one reality. It is the light shining on the symbol that is holy. There is nothing sacred in an image, but the light is sacred.

And yet not a few who have read some of my writings tell me, more or less civilly, that I have no respect for anything sacred. Alas! how mistaken they are. I wish these people could look into my heart. But while in many ways they are transparent to me, I am opaque to them.

My home is not far from an orphan asylum, and sometimes when the windows are open, I hear the little imps carolling, and I shut off the cold faucet of philosophy and turn on the warm current of love for all mankind, and listen only to join the choir invisible while they sing:

" Jesus like a shepherd lead us;  
Much we need thy tender care,  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy folds prepare;  
Blesséd Jesus, blesséd Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are."

not ashamed to feel, as the urchins ought to but do not, the sublimest, perhaps, of all emotions,—the reverence of the thistle-down for the wind,—the submission of the lower to the nobler self.

Some call this sort of thing sentiment unworthy a thinker. Others, the orthodox, call me an unbeliever. And these, on Easter day, will go to their costly temples, sit in luxurious pews, see the altars piled high with lilies, and think perhaps in stifling thought they are doing honor to the Nazarene. As Whittier has written:

" Ye bow to ghastly symbols,  
To cross and scourge and thorn;  
Ye seek his Syrian manger  
Who in the heart is born."

#### SCIENCE AND REFORM.

##### THE FAR-WEST MIRAGE.

THE Spanish sailors of the Middle Ages used to while away the summer-night watches with traditions that seemed to foreshadow the discovery of the New World, but in the meantime often lured the precursors of Columbus to their ruin in the water-wastes of the stormy Atlantic. The successive discovery of Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Archipelago may account for the visions of storm-tossed mariners, whose fancy shaped vistas of Eden from the cloud-banks of the Western horizon; and on a similar theory we may explain the delusion of the East American farmer, who leaves the garden-land of the Alleghanies for the deserts of the Far West. The imposition of Western land-sharks may have helped to foster that exodus-mania, but its roots can be

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traced to the fact that for a long series of generations Anglo-Saxon agriculturists actually improved their condition by migration towards the lands of the setting sun. The Teuton settlers of Schleswig-Holstein were not aborigines of those fertile marshes and had probably come from some bleaker region further east—North Poland, perhaps, or the central plateaus of the Sarmatian plain. Then came the British land-grab and the progressive settlement of an island that derives its chief climatic blessings from the West. In America, too, the wisdom of Horace Greeley's advice remained unimpeachable till the migratory colonists had pushed their camps beyond the Mississippi and found to their cost that they had passed the goal of their ancestor's day-dream. General Fremont already recognised that fact in pointing out the analogies of our sage-brush deserts and the Mongolian steppes, and Hazen's pamphlet on "Our Barren Lands" ought to have opened the eyes of all but the wilfully blind. His predictions were more than justified by the fearful experience of drought-stricken settlers in Kansas, West Texas, and Nebraska, but the traditions of eighty preceding generations are not so easy to eradicate, and the admiration of the West, as the source of wealth, seems hardly less argument-proof than the adoration of the East as a source of wisdom.

### NOISE MARTYRDOM.

There is no doubt that, next to stimulant-vice, noise is the chief cause of the constant increase in the number and malignity of nervous disorders. The racket of modern civilisation is getting worse every year, and the trouble is that the affliction does not readily admit of subjective remedies. "Why don't you stop up your ears and let Bedlam roar away?" asks our optimistic friend; but his question would be answered if he should try his own plan. The attempt to obstruct the sense of hearing by mechanical appliances results in a continuous humming in the ears,—a phenomenon as troublesome as any external noise, and unrelieved by the blest pauses of silence that mitigate the horror of street uproar in all but the busiest cities of Christendom. The voices of traffic are too manifold to be abated by municipal by-laws,—though the citizens of Sybaris are said to have managed the thing by banishing noisy trades to the suburbs,—but a considerable step in the right direction is the plan of making indoor life less obstreperous. An Antwerp correspondent describes a model sitting-room exhibited at the World's Fair and abounding in noiseless appliances of electricity. The windows will glide up and down without the faintest creak; on the simple pressure of a button the doors will swing open as if on magic hinges. Electric calefactores will take the place of crackling chimney-fires, and cans of tea and water will be kept warm by coils of wire underneath the cooking apparatus.

### ANTI-MONGOL PRECAUTIONS.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has, after all, reported adversely on a bill enabling Japanese to become citizens of the United States. The danger of a mass invasion from the land of the Mikado is not very serious, but the reports from the seat of war may have suggested a misgiving that the Children of the Setting Sun are apt to make up in pluck what they lack in numbers. Committee-members from the Pacific Slope may also have learned to appreciate the mercantile ability of the "Asiatic Yankees." "What made you object to my chum?" asked the friend of a tourist who had in vain sought admission to the sportsman's club of a German summer-resort, "don't you consider him a first-class sportsman?" "Oh yes, and a gentleman, too," replied the candid native, "but you know he has practised buck-shooting in Ceylon, and we have not many deer to spare."

### A LIVELY NEIGHBORHOOD.

The delta of the Zambesi River is so infested with pirates that the Portuguese settlers take the last sacraments of the Church before entrusting their lives to a ferry-boat, and travellers on the

Rio Grande frontier will soon have to adopt a similar precaution. The entire Mexican border from Matamoros to El Paso swarms with cutthroats, and in the State of Chihuahua alone highway robberies have reached an average of a dozen a week. Further west matters are even worse: the Yaqui Indians have descended from their highland strongholds, and the state of affairs near Hermosillo seems to rival the Faustrecht chaos of the Middle Ages. Is it the chance of escape to a land of strangers, that makes border-regions so specially liable to afflictions of that sort? For Spanish Americans are by no means all "Children of Chaos." The citizens of Oaxaca are as law-abiding as any Saxons, and the Province of Vera Paz almost deserves its poetic name: "The Land of True Peace."

### VACATION PRIVILEGES.

The new Bishop of Bath and Wells denounces the thirst of gold as the root of all evil and wants his countrymen to cease sacrificing their hope of a spiritual competency to the restless pursuit of a financial surplus. The antithesis of the venerable reformer is well pointed, but he might as well try to stop the rush for office in a country where Government employment is the only road to honor and prosperity. In China a man has to be either a mandarin or a cipher, and under the present system of British Sunday laws a law-abiding citizen has either to acquire the means of indulging in the luxury of a yearly vacation or wear out his life in drudgery, aggravated rather than relieved, by the deadly tedium of a Puritan Sabbath.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

### NOTES.

For a more exhaustive explanation of Mr. Alfred W. Martin's views concerning the demands of unsectarian or universal religion, mooted in *The Open Court* for August 9th, we may refer interested readers to the *Free Church Record*, Vol. II, No. 4, wherein the subject of "Christianity and Universal Religion" is more fully treated. By addressing Mr. Samuel Collyer, Tacoma, Wash., copies of this issue of the *Record* can be obtained.

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