

# THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 410. (VOL. IX.—27.)

CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1895.

One Dollar per Year.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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## MAXIME DU CAMP.

BY G. KOERNER.

FRANCIS XAVIER KRAUS has published in one of the last numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (German Review) his recollections of the distinguished French author, Maxime Du Camp. They are written in a masterly style. They do not propose to give us a biography of that writer, they rest upon an intimate personal intercourse with him, and a thorough knowledge of his works. These recollections are somewhat in the nature of Mr. Senior's celebrated conversations with the prominent characters of his time.

The essay of Prof. Kraus presupposes a general knowledge of the history of the first French Revolution, the first Empire, the Bourbon Restorations, of the July Government of Louis Philippe, the second Republic, the second Empire, and the third Republic. It is principally interesting as throwing entirely new light upon some of the most important incidents during those periods and upon some of the characters of the leading actors in that perhaps greatest drama in the history of the world.

If I am not greatly mistaken, a partial translation of the *Rundschau* article will not be quite unwelcome to the readers of *The Open Court*. I say "partial translation," for to give the whole of it would transcend the bounds within which articles for a weekly publication must be confined.

"The end of the century," says Prof. Kraus, at the beginning of his essay, "shows evidently a decadence of *belles lettres* literature—Spain excepted, the very remarkable literary movement of which we hope to see soon presented to us Germans by a competent pen. All the highly cultured countries of Europe manifest this decline, France not the least. There are no more Châteaubriands, Lamartines, Alfred De Mussets, Victor Hugos. Both the Dumas, George Sand, Balsac, and Flaubert are dead. The Chambers are devoid of a Guizot, a Thiers, a Montalembert, or Berryer. No Lacordaire, nor even a Ravnion or Dupanloup has ascended the pulpit of Nôtre Dame. Prosper Merrimé, Saint Beuve, and Taine have found successors, but no equals.

"*Transierunt*. And yet he would do injustice to

the France of 1895 who would make the disappearance of the greatest literary stars the only test for judging of her intellectual life. In the domain of the exact and experimental, of the historic and archæological and economical sciences, our Western neighbors within the last quarter of the century have been active in a most remarkable degree. In history and archæology France before 1870 counted great and brilliant names. But they were kept down by the weight of surrounding dilettantism. There were but few learned philologists and students of antiquity. Whole branches of the sciences, such as comparison of languages, even the philology of the Romance tongues, drew their lives from foreign countries. All that has been changed. France abounds to-day in a well-trained staff of eminent philologists, Orientalists, archæologists. The French schools founded within the last twenty years at Rome and Athens have educated a great number of learned men. The monuments of Egypt, Greece, and Mesopotamia are studied by superior specialists. Diligent investigators of inscriptions complete nobly the work of German research in that field. The method of German history of art has been naturalised in France by E. Muenz, De Lastene. Christian archæology reverts, after the death of De Rosse, to the esteemed Edmond Le Blanc, as its Nestor. Theology has also taken a higher stand. Since 1789 it had hardly an existence in France. The abolition of theological seats of learning, and the humiliating dependency of the clergy created by Napoleon's government, prevented the rise of a real theological science. The whole French theological literature, with the exception, perhaps, of the works of Carriere, between 1789 and 1870, will fall into deserved obscurity. From the great Bossuet phrases and declamations were borrowed, but of his genius there was no longer a trace. There was a lack of positive knowledge and criticism. Here, also, a change has taken place. In L. Duchesne French theology possessed the first great critical author since Mabillon. His edition of the *Book of the Popes* remains a masterly work of the science of to-day. His researches into the origin of Christianity in Gallia means the final burial of numerous fables. The Church of the present has for such men neither honors nor use; so much the better,

they will be the more surely preserved for the priesthood of science.

“It is only a section of the vast field of universal knowledge which I can review, but within that space France presents within the last quarter of our century a transition from a generally prevailing dilettante, declamatory, massy, hollow, and indefensible literature to a high, meritorious, intensive intellectual labor, founded upon correct principles and sustained with great energy.

“Such a phenomenon cannot fail to excite a great interest. The French very often imagine that the Germans cannot sleep easy by the side of a France awakened to an intellectual activity, with high aspirations and manifestly prospering. Nothing can be a greater error. What is threatening to us, and always will be so threatening, is the possibility, which, considering the emotional Gallic temperament, ever exists, that a turbulent minority will temporarily seduce or terrorise the good sense of the French nation. We have no fears of the sound, honestly working enlightened people. Everybody with us, I believe, thinks that way, from the Emperor down to the peasant. Of the Emperor every one knows it who wants to know it. If France has no worse enemy than him, she could disband her army and sell her fine navy to the highest bidder. German culture, in which the Emperor shares, is fully conscious what a most important part France has had and still has in the intellectual culture of Europe. Germany knows that it would be almost barbarism to ignore this element or to desire its extinction.

“France at work is our best ally, even if the relations between the Quai d’Orsay and our imperial chancellor are still cool and reserved. Those men, however, who have weaned France from empty phrases and have led it to honest mental labor are the benefactors of France and friends of Germany whether they will or not.

“Amongst those are few who could equal in true merit the academician, who through many years was our guest and almost our fellow-citizen at beautiful Baden Baden, and of whom we have been bereaved sooner than was expected from his robust constitution, on the 8th of February, 1894, on the anniversary of his birth, which happened on the 8th of February, 1822.

“I am not going to write the life of Du Camp. He has done that himself, as far, at least, as his literary career is concerned, for the *Souvenirs litteraires* treat in fact only of his development as an author, of the events and elements which modified his literary existence, of the tendencies to which he devoted himself. The personal incidents of his life, particularly those after the death of his friend Flaubert, and what

refers to his residence in Germany, are left in the background in the *Souvenirs*. The whole of Maxime Du Camp cannot be learned from them. Without having had personal intercourse with him, no one could know him and judge of him as an individual. As an author he has given to the public a great part of himself, but there was enough left which could not be studied and enjoyed except at his home.

“When I saw Maxime Du Camp the last time at Baden Baden in the fall of 1893, I asked him what he then was writing about. ‘A book for children,’ he replied. A few months after this appeared his *Crépuscule—propos du soir*. This book was his last will and testament. In its way it was in truth a book for the youth, that is, for French youth, in which the author in the evening of a life rich in precious observations preaches most forcibly what the purport of his life has been. ‘Submission to the commands of duty, honest and conscientious labor, unselfish devotion to the highest ideals of humanity.’

“These *Propos du soir*, considered from a literary point of view, do not rise as high as the *Souvenirs*, which are fresher and more sparkling, and the colors of which are more varied and more powerful. They by no means represent a systematic work, like his works founded on the most exact researches of a vast material, on *Paris, Its Life and Its Convulsions*, they do not equal the *Charité privée* of Paris, of which some leaves are amongst the noblest produced by the literature of the nineteenth century. Written at an advanced age and under the pressure of a painful disease, the book is nevertheless highly interesting.

“Du Camp has described in a capital manner at the beginning of the *Crépuscule* the mental condition under which these conversations were written. It is that of an old man still in full possession of his mental faculties, but reminded by many things that the night is not far off. Renunciation and submission give to age the peculiar charm; give it the finest adornment of the sage, the indulgence in judging of things and men, so rare in fiery youth. The decline of physical power and increasing infirmities and sufferings, which make life so often a torture, loosen imperceptibly the ligatures by which we are habitually bound to the present. Our thoughts turn to the past. ‘Somewhat half drowsy,’ says Du Camp, ‘we look back to the past. Every one of us thinks it a lost paradise. It is an illusion, just such a one as is the sight of mountains and landscape scenery. From afar one sees only the harmony of smooth undulating lines and of luminous half-subdued colors. On nearer view, the beautiful vision vanishes. Sand, moors, rift and ugly rocks make our wanderings heavy and burdensome.’ It is just the same with the good old times. ‘If by some miracle we were set back,’ remarks Du Camp,

'into the Paris of seventy years ago, with its muddy, ill-paved streets, into a city without gas, without omnibuses, without tramways, with only a few miserable hacks, into a country without railroads, through which one has to travel in slow and mean stage-coaches, with a dear and badly-managed letter-post, into a country that knows not the electric telegraph, nor chloroform, into a time when a short sea-voyage took weeks or months, we would not be inclined to praise the good old times, much less those of preceding centuries.'

Upon death, Du Camp reflected like the dying Tasso. "If there was no death, nothing could be more miserable than man." What he hated about death was "the slow dissolution of the matter. Nothing has been left intact with the poor mortal. Physical pain takes hold of him, torturing him most cruelly. Who witnesses this struggle, in which the immorality of nature manifests itself with all-overpowering force, must he not at the last death-rattle breathe easier, when at last the suffering is over? Certain sects announce the departure of one of theirs in the usual phrase: Our brother is gone to rest. That reminds one of the exclamation of Martin Luther in the churchyard at Worms: '*Invideo quia quiescunt.*' I envy those here, for they do have rest."

"Du Camp, who was an unbeliever, was honest enough to confess that he became irritated at the sight of physical agony. 'When death performed his work, why should bodily torture be added? To cease to live should be sufficient. The rest is superfluous, and therefore rank injustice.'

"Nevertheless he did not fail to acknowledge the value of a religious conviction in this, the heaviest of all hours, and he would not blame those who in that hour resort to prayer. 'Life,' he said, 'is so rich in misfortunes, that everything ought to be preserved that can help man to support it. It is easy enough to deny God, but He has not been supplied as yet in the hearts of those who need faith. If the human race would strip itself of all spiritual ideas and sink into the bestiality of materialism, the individual could not in heavy afflictions restrain from praying, if it was only by an involuntary exclamation.'"

Maxime Du Camp scourges most severely vanity, according to him the first, perhaps the worst, of vices.

Mr. Kraus remarks that he was quite right in this, as it is a vice peculiarly Gallic, from which at all times and particularly since Louis XIV., the self-glorification and self-delusion in politics and literature has grown. From this vanity a great many other vices have sprung, such as intemperance, and gambling.

Du Camp confirms the extraordinary increase of alcoholism, of prodigality, of the race after money, and of the belief that wealth is the test of a man's worth. 'To be nothing but rich,' he observes, 'means

to be nothing.' He also denounces debauchery most bitterly, and in his work on Paris he has devoted a very remarkable chapter to this subject. He did not pose as an immaculate high-priest, but, as he tells us in his *Souvenirs*, he had at an early time rescued himself from the charming circle of the passions, and he frequently declared that from his experiences in life he had come to the conclusion that the man who had become the slave of women was lost to every high aspiration.

□ Amongst the Europeans dwelling on this side of the Alps the French generally travel least. On this point Du Camp differed widely from the mass of his fellow-citizens. He believed the best way to come to rest was to move about constantly. Liberty and sunshine had attracted him three times to the Far East. 'I do not know,' he says, 'what migrating bird beats his wings within me. When the south wind blows I become languid and miserable, like an exile thinking of his far-off fatherland. It is always the South and the Orient to which my dreams carry me. A sort of homesickness forces me back to the Land of the Palms. A family tradition,' he tells us at another place, 'makes his ancestors descend from the Spanish Moors.' His physiognomy harmonised with this supposition. He was tall, strongly built, his head was round, his hair black and woolly, his eyes of sparkling darkness, and his nose somewhat turned up.

"Our present time loses every day more and more the taste for nature. The rush to the large cities, the active business-life, the withdrawal of the higher classes from the simple joys of country-life, has broken the bands which connect us with nature. 'Contemplating nature,' he says, 'intoxicates me.' Yet he does not think it advisable to revisit scenes which gave unbounded pleasure to the youthful traveller. 'What you have seen,' says Du Camp, 'with your young eyes and have loved with your young hearts, let it remain in your remembrance intact, returning to them with an aged heart and without the feverish dreams of youth you will find all changed. *Vieilles amours et vieilles demeures il n'y faut point retourner.*'

"Du Camp is a decided enemy of bureaucracy. 'The positions of public functionaries,' he remarked, 'are an irremediable evil.' But how was this to be changed? The institutions of the France of to-day, which in great part date from the first Napoleon, have rather magnified than diminished it. The increasing democratisation has not upset it, and has not robbed the people of the enjoyment of millions of functionaries."

With very great satisfaction Du Camp has accepted the principle of universal military service, as the means of a national education, but he regretted that the system of volunteering for one year, introduced

into the French army after the German model, had not been maintained.

“He hated to enter into political life. ‘Politics,’ he once remarked, ‘gives back its adepts exhausted, humiliated, and despairing, when there is no further use for them.’ Politics, as Guizot has said, is a repulsive and wicked evil. To play at politics skilfully, it is necessary to get rid of every conviction, for conviction is by its nature an impeding luggage, which makes marching difficult, and may prevent the exercise of political acrobatics and wire-dancing.

“But a man like Du Camp could not entirely escape from entering into some relation with political ideas and events. Strictly speaking, he could not be identified with either of the great parties of the day. It was not of great importance to him in whose hands the government rested. A truly loyal and liberal government, bent to carry on a pure administration, was his ideal. Hence he did not oppose the government of July, and regretted its fall, though he conceded its faults. He had known slightly the prince-president, to whom he had shown his photographs of Oriental monuments and scenery, after he had returned from the East. After the *coup d'état* he never visited the *Elysée*. After the decree of the 17th of February, 1852, which guillotined the free press, he went over to Opposition. He conceded, however, that the France of 1852 was more eager to serve than her new master was eager to rule, and that Napoleon III. frequently regretted the want of ability and the overzealousness of his subordinates. If complaints reached him on that score, he used to shrug his shoulders, saying: ‘*Ces gens là sont trop bêtes.*’”

In his various visits to Italy, Du Camp had become thoroughly acquainted with the stupid despotisms of Naples and Sicily. Reason enough for him to join Garibaldi's expedition in 1860. He has described this adventure in his *L'expédition de deux Sicilies*. Many years ago he confessed to me that his partisanship for the independence of Italy had been the greatest error of his life.<sup>1</sup> The intimate relation existing between him and Prince Jerome Napoleon and his sister Mathilde may have contributed to bring him nearer to the imperial government towards the end of the Empire. In his *Souvenirs* he does not hesitate to characterise the ministry of Chasseloup-Laubat of 1869 as the best and most liberal he had lived to see in France since 1832. In the ministry of Olivier he had no confidence, yet he accepted a senatorship. The war of 1870 destroyed the prospect of a quiet develop-

<sup>1</sup>In spite of the generally sound and liberal political views of M. Du Camp, he still remained a Frenchman of the Richelieu and Thiers school, according to which the safety and greatness of France depends upon the weakness and distraction of her continental neighbors. He might have also thought that Italy had been guilty of ingratitude in not flying to the help of France, when engaged in her war with Germany, and when Italy entered into the Dreibund, which certainly every Frenchman bitterly deploras.—*Note of translator.*

ment of public affairs. The revolution of the 4th of September appeared to him as the greatest stupidity France ever committed. He bewailed the shortsightedness of those who thought everything to have been gained by getting rid of the Bonapartes.

“After the year 1871 Du Camp took a most gloomy view of the destiny of France. He put but small trust in the leading republican rulers, since he knew that but shortly before the fall of the Empire the very master-spirits amongst them had offered themselves to the Emperor. I do not know whether it is known what Du Camp told me, that Clément Duvernois and Leon Gambetta were willing to sell themselves to Louis Napoleon. Gambetta asked a domain, and, until he could find a place in the ministry, 100,000 livres rent.”<sup>1</sup>

After the death of Napoleon, Du Camp thought anything possible. The Orleans, he believed, might have had a chance, if they had been willing to spend ten millions. For a time he thought it not impossible for Boulanger to come to the front, and he felt deeply ashamed of his country that this might happen. Very amusing and not yet published is an anecdote, how Du Camp drew from the ‘brave General’ the secret of his policy. At one time when the General's star was in its zenith, a lady friend of Du Camp had been invited to a dinner, where she was to have the General at her side. She asked Du Camp how she should conduct herself with the General. He instructed her how to get along with him, who was so fond of women and of the bottle. When he would feel the effect of the wine, she should whisper to him: ‘*Que ferez-vous, quand vous serez empereur?*’ Boulanger fell into the trap, and, half-drunk from the champagne and the charms of his neighbor, answered: ‘*Bien je ferai la noce.*’ (I am going to amuse myself.)<sup>2</sup>

“Prince Jerome Napoleon saw in Napoleon I. the ideal of the revolution—fraternity and equality—realised, and he considered himself as the true representative of his uncle. His opposition to Napoleon III. was something more than jealousy and caprice; he saw in the second empire on many points a falsification of the genuine empire and of the ideas of 1789. How little he was inclined to abandon these principles, even for the highest price, was shown by a remarkable attempt to negotiate with him, which Du Camp communicated to me, and which, as far as I know, was never made known. The incident must have taken place soon after 1874. The hopes of the

<sup>1</sup>Until these charges are substantiated by other credible testimony, they ought not to be taken for granted. Du Camp was very bitter against the men of the third Republic, and a casual remark in a private conversation cannot be accepted as proof of Gambetta's political depravity. He was overambitious, a democratic absolutist, but not venal and mercenary.—*Note of translator.*

<sup>2</sup>This anecdote, if true, is liable to a different interpretation. The question was really a very indiscreet, if not an impertinent, one. Boulanger, however, may have taken it cavalierly as a mere jest, and may have answered it in the same way.—*Trans.*

Royalists had been wrecked, the Count De Chambord with his white flag had become impossible, the Orleans had missed the moment when the Duke D'Aumale could have taken up the lieutenancy of the Empire. There appeared in the house of Prince Jerome an old prelate of rank. It was the Cardinal of Bonneschose. The Prince knew that the Archbishop of Rouen was the trusted representative of the conservative union, and he asked him what he was bringing. 'I bring,' replied the Cardinal, 'the imperial crown to the heir of Napoleon, if he will consent to promise us, formally and solemnly, the restoration of the Pope to his worldly power.' The Prince answered with a brief and categorical 'No.' Twice the Cardinal returned. He declared that under the circumstances the conservative party would be satisfied with a written promise to be kept strictly secret. On the third visit the Cardinal stated he would be satisfied if the Prince would verbally promise to do what was possible to vindicate the rights of the Holy Father. Every time the Prince met the repeated offer, that if he consented all conservative parties would unite in calling him to the throne, with a decided '*Je ne veux pas.*' This broke up the negotiation, which reminds one of the history of the Cumenian Sybil. Later on Du Camp told me that the Prince regretted his rude refusal.

"In the fall of 1885, when I had become more intimately acquainted with Du Camp, I found him much of a pessimist. He thought that France was lost, that Germany was far more healthy, and he hoped much from the Hohenzollern, though he felt sure that the progress of dissolution of the States of Europe could not be prevented in the long run. Some one had observed to him that the universal suffrage was the bacillus which would infect all monarchies of Europe, and in the end destroy them. In his *Crépuscule* Du Camp admitted that this might be possible, but if the monarchies would not be much edified, perhaps the nations would not fare badly by it.

At another time he remarked that the universal suffrage was the '*revanche*' of France for Sadowa and Sedan. France and the Republic had been defeated, but had had its revenge in having inoculated the German Empire with the universal suffrage, on which every monarchy would founder.

When, as to politics, Du Camp had not taken a decided position, his enthusiasm for literature and the vocation of an author was pure and thorough. He says in his *Souvenirs*: 'I know of no more beautiful occupation than that of an independent and unselfish author.' He remained true to this idea to his last hour and has affirmed it in the *Crépuscule*: 'I owe to this modest profession of a pen-writer (*de plumitif*) the best joys of my life and the peace of my age. The

God of literature bears to-day the torch which enlightens the human kind.'

"When," remarks Prof. Kraus, "we may hereafter ask for an entry into the portals of heaven, we will hardly be asked, how much we have written, but, certainly, how much good we may have done. Much of our literary baggage will have no weight, but yet there are books which are of themselves a good deed. Du Camp has written one which must have been a very strong recommendation, when, armed with it, he presented himself to St. Peter. This is *Charité privée à Paris*. Who might not envy him for having written those four hundred pages?

"Maxime Du Camp was from his youth a free-thinker, and he has at several times expressed his belief that the future would belong to free thought. But he was not one of the ordinary unbelievers. Above all he was not a materialist. In his *Avant propos*, in his *Charité privée* he openly declared, 'For the nations, as well as for the individual, spiritualism has advanced the glory of the human race; it is the light which has illuminated the noblest and most elevated souls. Of all the motives for altruism, faith is the strongest. I conclude from this that in the labyrinth of life faith is as yet the best guide. I speak of this without any interest of my own, for I myself could never lay hold of it. Charity guarantees the existence of our civilisation. It is contended that morals are sufficient. I am of the opinion of Rivarol, who has said that "morals without religion is what justice is without law-courts." To take God away from us, is to make the world an orphan. Nihilism is of all evils the worst, for he who adores nothing comes very near to adoring himself. I speak of faith and not of the Church, matters that ought not to be confounded. The Church strives to rule the world, hence the opposition. It will be invincible if it will give up such an autocracy.'"

Du Camp had the purest and highest conceptions of charity. All alms were to him acceptable, even where the motives of the giver were of a dubious or impure character. But the highest concept of altruism appeared to him to be unselfishness, which found its highest reward in the precious feeling of the spender, that it was permitted to him to mitigate the misery of another, to sacrifice one's self in favor of suffering fellow-beings. Genuine charity he considered as a virtue, which knows of no difference or regard of party, nationality, or confession.

"To the end of his life he believed in the perfectibility of man. 'Perhaps,' he says, 'it is a dream, an illusion, but I will not give it up. It may be an irremediable evil with me, but I would not wish to be cured of it.'"

In the year 1860 we learn from Du Camp that he

was stricken down with a most painful disease, almost paralysing him for three years. He resorted to the baths of Baden Baden for relief and was restored to health. 'Those waters have saved me,' he writes in his *Souvenirs*.

"Since that time he has clung to Baden Baden. He could again indulge in excursions, in the pleasures of the chase. He used to pass the winter at Paris. But for a long series of years he resided in a villa of his own in the beautiful Lichtenthaler Avenue. There his Parisian friends called upon him, but there were found in his well-arranged and richly-ornamented home, Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Russians. His *salon* was like Du Camp himself, international. The owner of it, as he wrote himself, had travelled too much to believe with all his love for his own country that he belonged to an *elect* people. For him, in its absolute sense, a *grande nation* did not exist. His heart's desire would have been a union of Germany and France, in which both nations could have exchanged their good qualities and reconciled their defective ones.

His relation to the Grand Duke of Baden was very characteristic. The Grand Duke treated him as he would a confidential friend; Du Camp on his part felt great admiration for his royal host.

In concluding his essay, Prof. Kraus writes: "So lived this Frenchman amongst us, French to the core, and intimate with all of us, intimate more particularly with that Prince, whom the German people have recognised as the most experienced counsellor and as their truest friend. That relation belongs now to history and ought not to be forgotten—in spite of those who stir up hatred and ill-feeling, and for the encouraging example of those who aim at the reconciliation of the great nations. Maxime Du Camp has labored more than many others in that great work. He shall not fail to be honored by us. This thought has caused me to write this memoir, and, I venture to believe, in his spirit; and so may it be dedicated to his memory and to all who are of good-will—*pax omnibus bonae voluntatis*."

### THE FOREST.

BY PROF. WILHELM WINKLER.

IN THE fir forest everything is still apparelled in the green, fresh splendor of summer. Like the columns of a mighty dome stands the vast array of trees. Majestically the high tops and crowns are arched, and the morning sun envelops them in a golden web of rays.

What was each of these arboreal monarchs a hundred years ago?

A tiny, winged seed that had dropped from a cone. The rising breath of the valley, warmed by the heat

of the sun, bore it upwards to the heights, and like a descending arrow it buried itself in the earth's soft soil. The tiny water globules that hung on the moss about it, lovingly gave it to drink, and fostered it into life. Out of the dead seedlet a powerful young shoot sprang, later a promising sapling, and finally the forest giant at which we now are gazing with wonderment and joy.

\* \* \*

But how did the tree grow to such greatness and magnificence?

By the harmonious and concerted action of its roots, trunk, boughs, branches, and leaves, by the unselfish labor of the millions of cells that compose its various organs. Every cell labors in its narrow, modest sphere, apparently for itself alone, yet really for the whole. The work of all the cells together redounds to the benefit of the cellular tissues; the latter compose the various organs; and these unselfishly further the growth and prosperity of the proud plant.

Whence has the tree derived the great quantities of materials that form its colossal trunk, its countless powerful boughs?

Delicate rootlets, hardly visible to the naked eye, have conducted water to it, and in this water are held in solution nutritive substances extracted from the soil. The tiny, insignificant leaves have taken from the surrounding air the comparatively diminutive quantities of carbonic acid-gas and split it up into its elements—carbon, the most important building material of plants, and oxygen, the vital gas of man and animals. The cells, however, have retained and applied to the uses of the tree what according to natural law is the primary constituent of the plant kingdom, namely, carbon, and given back to the animal kingdom what is the prime and essential requisite of its life, namely, oxygen.

In ten thousand litres of atmospheric air, there are, as we know, only from three to four litres of carbonic acid-gas. And this petty quantity of gas forms the foundation of so much that is imposing and grand! That whole stupendous mass of forest that stretches before you, as far as the eye can reach, hiding mountains and hills like a solidified ocean, has passed through the little chemical laboratory of the pine needle and the cell.

Hour by hour, day by day, week by week, the needles have gathered their stores; line by line, inch by inch, step by step, the cells have builded, without haste, without turmoil; the prettiest witness of the words: "Pas à pas on va loin."

In the same way everything really great and permanent both in the State and in humanity grows, gradually and little by little.

As the last magnificent outcome, then, of the harmonious and constant collaboration of minute forces,

of the thrifty accumulation of diminutive masses, of patient waiting for the requisite lapse of time, our forest must be conceived, which enraptures our eye, purifies our air, and as the giver of wood and other bounties plays such an important part in the civilised life of man. With a thousand voices the wood seems to call out to the thoughtful lover of nature :

“Despise not small things, they conceal in them the germs of all that is great.”

But the wood has another and totally different significance. It is not only the purifier of the air, and the ornament of a country, but it is also its preserver, fructifier, and supporter.

The trunks, boughs, branches, and leaves of the wood, extending with their myriad arms into the air, hold fast the clouds, chain the snows and the rains, and store them up in their bosom, to send down with wise economy into the plains below the vital element of all life—water—spreading there, life, growth, bloom, and prosperity.

But let a region lose its forests, then the protective garment of the snow becomes its destruction, the blessing of the thunder-storm its curse. Think only of the avalanches which undo the industry of man, of the floods that convert mountains and valleys into barren wastes, plains into swamps.

Fortunate the land that still fosters its forests. Thrice fortunate the people that sturdily defends its forest against its two main foes : unseeing barbarism and an over-wrought civilisation, also rendered blind by a senseless greed of gain.

The narrow-souled commercial spirit of the Phœnicians robbed Lebanon of its magnificent cedar forests and made of the land in which once milk and honey flowed, a waterless desert. The blind, commercial greed of the republic of Venice desolated our Austrian Karst. In the barren, rainless, high plateaus of Spain, magnificent foliage once cast its refreshing shades and made of the home of the Moors a land of paradisiacal fertility.

Thus civilisation begins with making land productive, and ends, when once it enters devious ways, by making it desolate. It begins with barbarism, and ends, as history teaches us, again in barbarism, when the nations, corrupted by avarice and sensual indulgence, lose sight of the lessons of their eternal mother.

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Every tree is a product of united labor. But what happens if the harmonious co-operation of the individual parts of the tree be interrupted in some manner?

To cite only a single instance : if individual cells or associations of cells of the roots, trunk, or boughs, as the result of manifold influences, but particularly under the blighting effects of various fungi which destroy the

lives of plants, push their growth beyond the limits of their normal form, selfishly increase their size at the expense of other cells, and in accomplishing their end consume nutritive materials which should be applied to the support of the other cells, tissues, and organs of the tree ; in such cases that malignant cancerous affection well known to foresters, makes its appearance in the life of the tree.

The wood no longer grows the yearly rings at the affected spot ; nevertheless, the diseased organ at first swells forth in unwonted fulness. But if the skilful hand of the forester is not applied at the proper moment to set a limit to the new luxuriant growth, it will slowly but surely spread.

Gradually the saps of the tree all deteriorate. The whole tree begins to pine. Frequently its heart is seized with the rottenness produced and disseminated by the cancerous affection inhering in its bark.

The next tempest, that only clears the crowns of the sound trees of their withered leaves and twigs, stretches our tree, to all outward appearances sound, but inwardly rotten, to the ground.

“ Willst du dir und dir nur dienen, nirgends magst du Dank erwerben ;  
Schmachten wirst du und am Ekel vor dir selber musst du sterben.”

sings the poet.

\* \* \*

Involuntarily the life of the tree reminds us of the life of that larger co-operative society in which every man performs the office of a single cell—the State.

As in the tree so in the State the existence of the individual parts is conditioned solely by the whole, and the whole can exist only provided its parts flourish. As the individual cell separated from the tree, that is, detached from the community of cells, perishes ; as its life, growth, and prosperity is conditioned solely upon the existence of the tree ; so the tree as a whole can live, grow, and prosper only if its cells are solidly united together, and its organs co-operate unselfishly and harmoniously in the general well-being of the whole tree, and so indirectly in the well-being of each.

The same holds true of the labor of individual men and of individual classes. Here in the cellular community of the tree, perfect equality in the size, form, and function of the cells is absolutely impossible ; for, to make a tree, root-cells, bast-cells, wood-cells, leaf-cells, blossom-cells, and fruit-cells must exist, each of which has its destined functions to perform, in the service and for the welfare both of the tree and of itself.

So it is in the life of the State. Whilst the cells of the roots are gathering, painfully and laboriously, in the dark bosom of the earth, energy for the tree of which it is itself a part, the cells of the leaves are working in the glorious sunshine, the cells of the blos-

soms are scattering broadcast balsamic odors into the soft springtime airs. Similarly in that association of men called the State perfect equality in the functions and duties of individuals is a sheer impossibility, at least if the common ends are to be attained.

How often has not that which many have looked upon as higher privileges in the State, on closer examination turned out to be only an alluring burden, reminding the man of insight of that beautiful fairy-tale of the garment of the Happy One which could not be found, but least of all among those who to all outward appearances seemed the most happy.

Many men are unable their whole life long to see their own real happiness, because their eyes are constantly fixed on the supposed, but oftentimes unreal, happiness of their neighbors.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

"The Miniature Series," which has been running now since May (Macmillan & Co.), is a paper-bound monthly Library, single copies twenty-five cents each, and will contain for the coming year, to mention only a few numbers: *Shakespeare's England*, by William Winter; *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock; *The Choice of Books*, by Frederic Harrison; *The Aims of Literary Study*, by Hiram Corson; and *Amiel's Journal*, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago is about to edit, with introductions, a series of books called *The Modern Reader's Bible*, being selections from the Sacred Scriptures. This series has principally literary and educational ends in view, although it cannot fail ultimately of a salutary ethical and religious outcome. It is based upon the belief, or rather fact, that the Bible must be adapted to the needs of the modern reader, if its literary form and religious contents are to be at all appreciated and not misunderstood. The text will be that of the revised version, and will embody the best results of the new criticism, as to the arrangement of the passages, insertion of the names of speakers in dialogue, etc. The first volumes issued will comprehend "Wisdom Literature" and will be made up of Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Job. Macmillan & Co. are to be the publishers. The same publishing house also announces for early publication, in the same line, Professor Cheyne's new work *Introduction to the Book of Isaiah*.

Among the valuable educational books which D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston publish, is to be noted, as a commendable departure in the line of elementary instruction, *A Laboratory Manual in Elementary Biology*, by Emanuel R. Boyer, lecturer in biology, Extension Department, University of Chicago. This little book (235 pages) is designed to serve as a guide in the practical laboratory study of animal and plant morphology, in preparatory and high schools. Explanations and descriptions of the methods and instruments employed are given, and also directions for sketches and drawings, a list of works of reference, and an index with derivations of technical terms. The studies embrace the Amœba, Fresh-Water Sponge, Fresh-Water Hydra, Star-Fish, Earthworm, Crayfish, Grasshopper, Fresh-Water Mussel, River Perch, Frog, Turtle, Pigeon, Cat, Green Slime, and the Yeast Plant, Brook-silk, Green Felt, Stonewort, Liverwort, Common Fern, Scotch Pine, Trillium, Seeds and Seedlings. Students of intelligence could easily use this book without a teacher, as a full account of the laboratory equipment and technique is given.

Some very practical and sensible suggestions are offered *Towards Utopia* by "A Free Lance" in a book recently published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. "Whilst we have many popular imaginative descriptions of this *completed* future state," the author says, "it is perhaps somewhat less usual to enquire what precisely are some of the individual *natural* processes by which that happy consummation can be brought about; what, if anything, can be done by us of to-day to hasten the progress; and *what price, if any, must be paid for Utopia.*" His book is a *sample* of the kind of answer which he judges must be given to such questions. We mention the titles of a few chapters to show the practical spirit with which the author has addressed his question: "Universal Honesty the Best Policy"; "The Great Servant-Question"; "A Digression Upon Caste-Sympathy"; "On Choosing the Least Evil, with Farther Remarks Upon Luxury and Waste"; "The Problem of Unpleasant Occupations, and the Apotheosis of Manual Work"; "God the Almighty Dollar." The book will bear reading by non-Utopians and even by practical householders.

#### NOTES.

The Archæological Institute of America and the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens offer for the year 1895-96 two *Fellowships in Classical Archæology*, each of the value of six hundred dollars. These Fellowships are open to all Bachelors of Arts of Universities and Colleges in the United States. The holders of these Fellowships will be required to prosecute the study of classical archæology in Greek lands for a period of ten months, to follow up during this time some definite subject of research, and to present at the end of the school year a paper embodying the results of his investigations. Application for the coming year must be made on the blank form furnished by the Committee on Fellowships, and must be in its hands before July 15, 1895. For special information about the School, address Prof. T. D. Seymour, New Haven, Conn.; for blank forms of application for a Fellowship, address Prof. John Williams White, Cambridge, Mass.

## THE OPEN COURT

"THE MONON," 324 DEARBORN STREET.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Post Office Drawer F.

E. C. HEGELER, PUBLISHER.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR

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