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CRITICAL REMARKS ON WEISMANNISM.

BY PROF. GEORGE J. ROMANES.

WEISMANN has found, in the first place, as one result of his brilliant researches on the Hydromedusae, that the generative cells occur only in certain localised situations, which, however, vary greatly in different species, though they are always constant for the same species. He has also found that the varying situations in different species of the localised or generative areas, correspond place for place with successive stages in a process of gradual transposition which has occurred in the phylogeny of the Hydromedusae. Lastly, he has found that in each ontogeny these successive stages of transposition are repeated, with the result that during the individual life-time of one of these animals the germ-cells migrate through the body, from what used to be their ancestral situation to what is now the normal situation for that particular species. Such being the facts, Weismann argues from them that the germ-cells of the Hydromedusae are thus proved to present properties of a peculiar kind, which cannot be supplied by any of the other cells of the organism; for, if they could, whence the necessity for this migration of these particular cells? Of course it follows that these peculiar properties must depend on the presence of some peculiar substance, and that this is none other than the "germ-plasm," which here exhibits a demonstrable "continuity" throughout the entire phylogeny of these unquestionably very ancient Metazoa.

The second line of direct evidence in favor of the continuity of germ-plasm which Weismann has adduced is, that in the case of some invertebrated animals the sexual apparatus is demonstrably separated as reproductive cells (or cells which afterwards give rise to the reproductive glands) at a very early period of ontogeny—so early, indeed, in certain cases, that this separation constitutes actually the first stage in the process of ontogeny. Therefore, it is argued, we may regard it as antecedently improbable that the after-life of the individual can in any way affect the congenital endowments of its ova, seeing that the ova have been thus from the first anatomically isolated from all the other tissues of the organism.

The third and only other line of direct evidence is, that organisms which have been produced parthenogenetically, or without admixture of germ-plasms in any previous act of sexual fertilisation, do not exhibit congenital variations.

Taking, then, these three lines of verification separately, none of them need detain us long. For although the fact of the migration of germ-cells becomes one of great interest in relation to Weismann's theory *after the theory has been accepted*, the fact in itself does not furnish any evidence in support of the theory. In the first place, it tends equally well to support Galton's theory of stirp; and therefore does not lend any special countenance to the theory of germ-plasm—or the theory that there cannot now be, and never can have been, any communication at all between the plasm of the germ and that of the soma. In the second place, the fact of such migration is not incompatible even with the theory of pangenesis, or the theory which supposes such a communication to be extremely intimate. There may be many other reasons for this migration of germ-cells besides the one which Weismann's theory supposes. For example, the principle of physiological economy may very well have determined that it is better to continue for reproductive purposes the use of cells which have already been specialised and set apart for the execution of those purposes, than to discard these cells and transform others into a kind fitted to replace them. Even the theory of pangenesis requires us to assume a very high degree of specialisation on the part of germ-cells; and as it is the fact of such specialisation alone which is proved by Weismann's observations, I do not see that it constitutes any criterion between his theory of heredity and that of Darwin—still less, of course, between his theory and that of Galton. Lastly, in this connection we ought to remember that the Hydromedusae are organisms in which the specialisation in question happens to be least, as is shown by the fact that entire individuals admit of being reproduced from fragments of somatic tissues; so that these are organisms where we would least expect to meet with the migration of germ-cells, were the purpose of such migration that which Weismann suggests. This line of evidence therefore seems valueless.

Nor does it appear to me that the second line of evidence is of any more value. In the first place, there is no shadow of a reason for supposing that an apparently anatomical isolation of germ-cells necessarily entails a physiological isolation as regards their special function—all "physiological analogy," indeed, being opposed to such a view. In the second place, there is no proof of any anatomical isolation. In the third place, the fact relied upon to indicate such an isolation—viz., the early formation of germ-cells—is not a fact of any general occurrence. On the contrary, it obtains only in a comparatively small number of animals, while it does not obtain in any plants. In the Vertebrates, for example, the reproductive cells are not differentiated from the somatic cells till after the embryo has been fully formed; while in plants their development constitutes the very last stage of ontogeny. In the fourth place, the argument, even for what it is worth, is purely deductive; and deductive reasoning in such a case as this—where the phenomena are enormously complex, and our ignorance unusually profound—is always precarious. Lastly, in the fifth place, Weismann has now himself abandoned this argument. For in one of his later essays he says:

"Those instances of early separation of sexual from somatic cells, upon which I have often insisted as indicating the continuity of the germ-plasm, do not now appear to be of such conclusive importance as at the time when we were not sure about the localisation of the plasm in the nuclei. In the great majority of cases the germ-cells are not separated at the beginning of embryonic development, but only in some of the later stages. . . . It therefore follows that cases of early separation of the germ-cells afford no proof of a direct persistence of the parent germ-cells in those of the offspring."

The last line of direct evidence, or that derived from the alleged non-variability of parthenogenetic organisms, is, as Professor Vines has shown, opposed to fact. Therefore, in his later writings, Weismann has abandoned this line of evidence also.

Upon the whole, then, we must conclude with regard to the fundamental postulate of perpetual continuity, that there is actually no evidence of a direct kind in its favor.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.

IN THE BEGINNING.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

SATAN, having knowledge of the purpose of the Lord concerning creation, waxed curious thereupon.

So he gat him straightway to heaven, and having entered therein, he sat him down, as well as he could, poor devil, because of his tail.

Tell me now, O Lord, said he, what is this that I have heard with my ears concerning thy purpose?

Then the Lord explained unto Satan.

And Satan harkened politely till the explanation was overpast.

Which is more than can be said for some of the righteous who hear my words.

For they harken but a brief space, and lo! then wax they of a sudden wroth.

And shy names at me, and get up quickly and hie them hence.

Vexed am I, and sad for their wroth waxing and their name shyng.

But verily am I joyous at their hence hieing.

For it is better to dwell alone eternally than to be in the company of fools who comprehend you not.

Which may account in some measure for the facts, though not quite satisfactorily for the Lord's civility.

Satan also was civil, yet was he filled with all manner of incredulity.

This is a big contract that thou hast undertaken, O Lord, said he.

And the Lord admitted that it was.

I can see, said Satan, that thou canst mix chaos like dough, and spin worlds like tops.

But when it comes to making a man in thine own image, O Lord, thou wilt get badly left.

With that Satan gat him upon his feet, and chuckled, and said good day, and went forth unto his own place.

Not many ages after that,—to wit, in the Azoic age, Satan came again to heaven, quite early.

And rang, and was let in.

O Lord, said he; but thou art getting on finely with thy creation.

And the Lord admitted that he was.

Thou hast mixed thy chaos like dough, and spun thy worlds like tops.

But where is thy man that thou didst brag of afore-time?

Then did the Lord not kick Satan out of heaven because of his incredulity.

As the manner of so many who pass for his disciples now is.

No, not a bit of it, but he sent one of his angels out into the back yard for a morsel of protoplasm.

Which when Satan saw he could make nothing of but mud, or, at most, that it was like unto jelly.

Then thought he that the Lord had been too pre-vious.

So he smiled and said, Is this thy man?

And the Lord answered and said unto him, It hath the makings of one.

But, and if it be made in thine image, O Lord, said Satan, this protoplasm is a mighty poor likeness.

Then would Satan have gone; but the Lord told him not to be in a hurry, but, if he must go, to call later on.

The next morning, therefore, Satan called around again, when he found the jelly had become a moneron.

At which he only smiled and went his way.

But nevertheless,—for he was a persistent devil,—Satan called the following day about noon.

Then had the moneron grown into a tadpole.

And the tadpole wiggled.

And Satan, perceived the wiggling, and was frank and said, It wiggles.

And the Lord admitted that it did.

But thy man, O Lord, said Satan, ought he not to more than wiggle?

And the Lord admitted that he ought.

Shall I call again? said Satan.

And the Lord answered and said unto him, Call again.

So Satan did call yet other times.

And the mud which was like unto jelly, and became a moneron, and a tadpole.

Yea, verily the same grew fins and was a fish, and scales and was a turtle, and wings and was a bird, and hind legs and was a pterodactyl, and four hands and was an ape.

When Satan saw the fish he chirruped unto it that it leave the Lord and come to him.

But the fish took no notice of Satan whatsoever.

And the same was the case with the turtle and the bird and the pterodactyl and the ape; for neither had regard unto Satan.

Neither for his chirruping nor any beguiling, for they were of this world and wiser in their generation than the children of light.

But about the going down of the sun on the sixth age came Satan yet again.

And as he looked over the picket fence of the garden he saw and beheld the ape, that he had lost his tail and had grown a thumb.

And Satan was confounded, and communed among himself, and concluded that this did, after all, begin to look like business.

So Satan tried his old trick and chirruped.

And lo! the man, pricking up his ears, spoke saying, Who said apples?

When Satan knew that it was of a truth a man who had thus spoken.

And then was he frank once more, and said unto the Lord that he owned up.

For verily thou hast mixed thy chaos like dough and spun thy worlds like tops, and now I perceive that thou hast made thy man.

And I perceive also that he is made in thine image, not because of any strong personal resemblance, nor yet by a strawberry mark.

But because when I chirruped unto him he hark-

ened, now know I that he hath the power to choose between thee and me.

So Satan went away, and communed yet again among himself.

And bethought him that the Lord had not invited him,—as he had aforetime cordially,—to call again.

Yet did Satan resolve that he would call again.

And he has called again,—many times, for he is a persistent devil,—even unto this day.

STORY OF AN OLD LONDON SOCIETY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IV.

ALTHOUGH the fact may not be of grateful remembrance to the Unitarian sect, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association was founded in South Place Chapel, and its first foreign secretary was Mr. Fox. There had been several small associations, and these had gathered their representatives in the Chapel on May 25th, 1825, when the more comprehensive association was discussed and agreed to, the organisation being completed next day at London Tavern. It is to be feared that the denomination little realises the historical significance and honor of its title. Adoption of the word "Foreign," omission of the word "Christian," denoted a new departure, due, not to British, but to Hindu influences. It was preceded by an interesting history. While Mr. Fox and others were in their agonies of revolution against English idolatry, a great Hindu, Rammohun Roy, already free, was trying to deliver his Oriental countrymen from idolatry. Then he helped in liberation of the West. It was Rammohun Roy who really caused the organisation of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. A scholar of ancient family, with wealth and education, he had mastered Oriental and Eastern languages, studied the old religions in their own lands, and suffered for his pure Theism. In 1803 he founded the Society which has developed into the Brahmo-Somaj. In 1811 he began the agitation against widow-burning, which was abolished eighteen years later. He had long been teaching his theistic views and had published selections from sacred books of the East, when he studied Hebrew and Greek in order to read the Bible in the original, and, in 1820, published his "Precepts of Jesus." His teacher in Greek was a Mr. Adams, a Baptist missionary. This gentleman made an effort to convert Rammohun Roy to orthodox Christianity, but was himself converted to the Hindu's faith. Some adherents of the Hindu teacher started theistic movements in various places, and those of Madras communicated with Mr. Fox. In September, 1820, the Parliament Court sent five guineas to the native Unitarians of Madras, and in 1824 twenty pounds were contributed to build an Anglo-Indian

Unitarian Chapel in Calcutta, still, I believe, used by the Brahma-Somaj. It was these facts, and the Hindu religious poetry translated by Rammohun Roy, which awakened Mr. Fox to a unity larger than Unitarianism. He had to conquer many prejudices about "heathenism" before he could found an Association large enough to include Rammohun Roy. That Hindu was, in fact, as a religious thinker, without a peer in Christendom. With him began the reaction of Oriental on Occidental thought, which has since been so fruitful.

The Unitarians generally, though they have rejected the best fruit of that foreign seed imported in 1825, rejoiced in its flower, which visibly expanded in London six years later. On May 25th, 1831, the Association held its sixth anniversary in South Place Chapel, and Rajah Rammohun Roy—now Ambassador to the British government—arrived just in time to be present. That was the Pentecostal day of London Liberalism. There were present Unitarians from France and Transylvania; and Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, was there. Rammohun Roy spoke briefly but impressively, and filled all present with enthusiasm by the charm of his personality. The great speech was, of course, by Mr. Fox, who in the course of his speech said:

"The Rajah remarked to me the other day, with some indignant feeling, that he had been shown a painting of Jesus, and the painter was false; he had given him the pale European countenance, not remembering that Jesus was an Oriental. The criticism was just. Those theologians have painted falsely, too, who have portrayed Christianity as a cold, intellectual religion, and not given it that rich Oriental coloring of fancy and of feeling with which the Scriptures glow, and by which they possess themselves not only of the mind, but of the heart and soul of man. O, thus may our religion appear, creating the whole human race anew in the image of their Creator!"

In this speech Mr. Fox urged the establishment of Domestic Missions, and that was done. It is significant that this recognition that the true mission work was needed most in England should have occurred in the presence of the Hindu teacher. His Society did large charitable work and was energetic in all reforms. The congregation consisted mainly of educated people. Thomas Carlyle told me of his going to hear Fox. "His eloquence," said Carlyle, "was like opening a window through London fog into the blue sky. But," he added, "I went away feeling that Fox had been summoning these people to sit in judgment on matters of which they were no judges at all." I assured Carlyle that he was mistaken. Mr. Fox was teaching the teachers, men and women, who, or many of them, were centres of influence in their several spheres. And not only in England: in Washington, during my troubles about slavery (1856), and in Cincinnati, during our divisions about miracles, I had been valiantly

sustained by some who had been trained to the love of freedom in South Place Chapel.

Mr. Fox has a historical reputation in England as the "corn-law orator," along with Cobden and Bright. I heard Froude, the historian, describe Fox's eloquence as a noiseless storm, under which the people bent as trees. Another told me that he once saw the thousands in Covent Garden Theatre spontaneously rise, unable to retain their seats under his eloquence. But this was not the finer part of Mr. Fox. He was surrounded by young literary aspirants whom he stimulated, encouraged, helped. On that great day when Rammohun Roy was welcomed at South Place, a young lady came in with Mrs. Fox, and for the first time heard her name pronounced in public. He had encouraged her to write for three prizes, and she had won them all. This was Harriet Martineau, whose literary position was thenceforth assured, and whose gratitude to Fox ended only with her life.

The first original hymn ever sung at South Place, and the first original music, were the hymn of Harriet Martineau, and the music of Eliza Flower, for a memorial service on the death of Rammohun Roy, in 1833. The Hindu, who died suddenly at Bristol, desired to have written on his tomb the Persian line—"The true way of serving God is to do good to man." In his memorial discourse Mr. Fox dedicated himself and his Society to that rule of conduct. From that time he more and more abandoned Christian legends, and steadily advanced to the catholic Theism of which he became the foremost English apostle. The word "catholic" is especially appropriate in describing his Theism, for he was active in pleading for the relief of Catholics and Jews from the legal disabilities they long suffered. The Society repeatedly petitioned Parliament against those oppressions. The same year that witnessed the emancipation of Catholics left twelve deists in prison, and for these also South Place worked long before it became theistic. I have before me a sermon of his written out (he never read his sermons) in 1835, which has never been printed, and may be quoted as showing both his catholicity and his style.

"It was only a few days ago that I was witness to the adoration of a mere bit of wood. It was at the feast of the raising of the Cross, which is celebrated at this season in Catholic countries. I saw this bit of wood enshrined in gold, carried along by the priests in their flowing robes; and in the countenances of the kneeling multitude there was an expression of the most fervent devotion and gratitude, which was well worthy of remark; but not merely on account of the striking fact that an implement disgraceful as the gallows—indeed far more so, for no free man was crucified, whatever his crime might be—should by a strong association with a striking instance of moral heroism become an object of reverence. Far more than this. The people felt that sympathy with suffering greatness which made the tears run down their cheeks; and then they sympathised with the glorious triumph over the powers of evil. And what is this but the greatest and purest emo-

tion—that which shall at some future time, in this life or the next, become the realisation of the moral omnipresence of God in all that fulness of glory which the lofty imagination ascribes to the Eternal Spirit?"

In 1830 sacraments were discontinued at South Place Chapel. When a man gives the people his own flesh and blood to eat, he, and the recipients, find sacraments turned to fossils—not bread but stone. Not long after the minister ceased to preach from texts, and no longer confined his lessons to Hebrew and Christian scriptures. He was surrounded by a fine circle of literary friends—Hazlitt, Thomas Campbell, Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, John Stuart Mill, John Forster, R. H. Horne, Talfourd, the Brownings, Hennells, Flowers, Martineaus, Brays, Howitts, Clarkes, and many another. He was the right hand of Macready in the work of elevating the stage. He first recognised Tennyson, and on the first poem of Robert Browning cried "Eureka." This was while he edited *The Monthly Repository* (1831–1836) which contains the best history of the progress of English thought in those years. South Place was always sought out by eminent Americans. Longfellow told me that when he entered the Chapel the choir was singing his "Psalm of Life"—the first time he had ever heard any poem of his sung as a hymn. He afterwards dined with Mr. Fox. The South Place Society entertained many Americans at its annual dinners. At one of these Mr. Fox said:

"We are not, like the Edinburgh Reviewers, sick of hearing of America, as connected with civil and religious institutions. You well remember how often her sons have mixed with us at these social meetings—and how often we have found delight in contemplating that noble country with her broad rivers, her rich and yet uncultivated plains, her cities, ever and anon springing up in her desert wilds—with the horn of plenty in her hand, and the olive of peace on her brow, and crown and mitres under her feet. With feelings the most expansive to all our fellow creatures, and the most firm as regards our own principles, let us drink, 'Civil and religious liberty all the world over.'"

WILLIAM MACCALL.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
Must labor, must resign
His all too human creeds; and scan
Simply the way divine!"

—Matthew Arnold.

THE late William Maccall was a misfortunate genius who narrowly missed eminence. A comparative stranger to the *fin de siècle* generation, his record is nevertheless singular and arrestive—strikingly suggestive as illustrating the texture of accident, its thinness and transparency, that may separate like a funeral pall the light of fame from the incurious eyes of baffled constructors. Maccall constructed in literature and devised brilliantly; he pressed Carlyle closely in popular translations from the German, and sought other by-

ways in the hymns of Denmark and Swedish romance; and his annunciation of Individualism as a triune coherence of religion, philosophy, and politics, was at least original and classic. His friends in earlier days were of the intellectually illustrious, and occasionally the contrast was grimly pronounced, as in the instance of J. S. Mill; elsewhere the attraction was understandable, Christopher North and Carlyle to wit, whose gorgeous and expansive idiosyncrasies he shared and sometimes excelled. His poetry was of the color of the chiefest among melancholy bards, nearing, perhaps, most sympathetically the inspiration without the abandon of Heinrich Heine. Maccall was essentially an aggressively angular genius, and it is in relation to two of his most bristling angularities (pointed for Individualism and against Agnosticism) that the judicial favor of these columns is courted. The supremest suffrage of Individualism is impossible for the born slave and dangerous for the born tyrant,—each is the other inverted,—and Maccall wrecked his own promise in its exercise, but the purport of this essay is to submit that the excesses of Individualism tend to more blessedness, singly and communally, than the benevolently besotted schemes that ferment into adumbration from mentalities prompted by discontent, millenniumward.

Maccall was a unique insurgent. His mind was full of color and harmony, but he resented outline and proportion. The processes of his individualism lacked definiteness, and, failing logical limitations, it was inevitable that he should rebel against his own rebellions. His place was not in the modern world wherein he wandered like an alien,—he was distantly separated from the antique world, wherein alone he might have found rest in conquest. He was at feud with all his environments and lamented his feud. The feud was pardonable, but the lament was fatal. The world forgives and adores its brilliant truants when they return with discovered treasures of jewelled thought, but Maccall had not the trick of genius for heavenly commerce; he forgot that a thing of beauty, to be a joy forever, must represent an equivalent in the market it disdains. He passed to and fro in the wilderness, and whether his mantle was of song or prophecy, his message was unheeded, because of his self-distrust and contempt for the world, *because* he lived in it. The picturesque outcast was supremely gifted and was prodigal of his illuminations, yet his failure was signal and he accepted it without contest. He had a suicidal courage, but no patient audacity; his defeat was embittered with starvation, and only his pride was invulnerable. The average judgment is compact as average cabbages are—the world, if it condescended to appraise, would censure a poet who did not pay, a prophet who did not profit, a philosopher who evolved

not pounds but phantasies from the combinations of his brain. The significance has two interpretations.

Maccall acknowledged no massive initiator, no divine philosopher in Mr. Herbert Spencer. The mystical nomad was assailed in every sensitive nerve by the ponderous oracle. This was the inspiration of Maccall's quarrel with Agnosticism, which he superficially confounded with Spencerism. In his somewhat rhapsodical but fascinating volume of reviews on "The Newest Materialism" (1873), Maccall discussed the eminently respectable British thinker with reasoned offence. Spencer was denied the creative genius of books as well as philosophy. It was suggested that his talents were in the way of "good, solid, trustworthy articles, satisfying the requirements of an utilitarianage and savoring more of the encyclopædia than of nature," such as qualified "a writer to be a useful contributor to some of the larger and graver periodicals. But a system of philosophy extending over a dozen years, and costing the British householder the formidable sum of eight pounds sterling, would demand a colossal combination of Baconian faculties of which neither Mr. Spencer nor any Englishman of this generation has given evidence." Many fallacies were dissected, many eccentricities of style and defections of grammar were crisply ridiculed. And Maccall, individualist of individualists, registered his passionate complaint that Spencerian logic robbed sublime truths, not only of poetry and imagination, but of scientific worth, in the hard, dry, starved, and penurious pages under review. Many of us fervently assent to the doctrine that the majority of all majorities have been wrong,—that the minority is generally more righteous. Here the individualism of the soul represented by Maccall emerges into lurid contrast with the academic propositions frigidly stated by Spencer. Maccall contended for passion, enthusiasm, and electric contagion in the order of propaganda "*since man is a part of the universe and cannot depart from the conditions of the universe.*" The italics are mine and emphasise one of the vivid conclusions that perpetually arrest the student of Maccall, and for which we vainly quest in the vast platitudes of Spencerian exposition. That man is a part of the universe is obvious enough, but to base the truth of emotion on the truth of existence, and with swift confidence to blend cause and consequence in a single word of insight, was beyond Mr. Spencer and in advance of his estimable disciples. Yet, great is Diana of the Ephesians, great is the respectable insularity of the English; Mr. Spencer is the apotheosis of respectability, however unorthodox, and is accepted as seriously as he accepts himself: his copy-book, Individualism, is to be respectfully discussed, the cosmical deductions of a versatile vagrant to be serenely yawned at.

Having been permitted in these columns previously to suggest a view of Agnosticism independent of the Spencerian sanction and sympathetically approximating toward a catholic interpretation of Carusian Monism, I do not propose to solicit another indulgence in that direction. But it may be pardonable to indicate the defect of Maccall's review of Agnosticism,—the defect of disastrous misapprehension. Let us assume for a space that Mr. Spencer is politely eliminated—or, if necessity demand, abruptly so, even Jonah-wise—from the philosophical perspective apportioned to the scan that is named Agnostic. Mr. Spencer dismissed, the fetish-dogma, the pretentiously exaggerated petulance, yclept "The Unknowable," disappears like a vampire-dream. The sentiment concealed by the evil phrase quietly retreats within legitimate confines, i. e., the *unknown*, not the *unknowable*. What is unknown by this generation may be apprehended by the next; to mortgage the understanding of posterity were a burlesque swindle of the soul. The Agnosticism which does not know, is simply the humility, not the incapacity, of knowledge. There are two senses of unequal excellence,— "common sense" and "good sense." "Common sense" is full often sure that it knows. Good sense occasionally only knows that it does not know. Between splashing in the shallows of dead-certainty and cautiously essaying a passage on deep waters, which is the task of dignity and hope? There are two senses of mystery, and Maccall is only right in the vulgar sense when he announces that every religion had mystery as foundation and essence—the mystery of miracles and sensuous mysticism. But the mystery which science leaves with man after each hopeful conquest, increases a significance profoundly beyond the spaces of dominion over which the shadows of the supernatural hovered. The sceptical criticism of our day is touched with sadness that is not despair, melancholy that is not unlovely. It is not canker or leprosy, but the fineness of sense in the imminence of change and the harmonies of sunset. The light is subtle and holy in its grand decline, and there is a pensive note of human sorrow blending with the wandering melodies of the evening breezes. Between sunset and sunrise there is so much unrest and uncertainty. Then is the sense of mystery deepened, and the commonplaces of the day are transformed into confessions. Hard creeds were dissolved in the intellectual passion of noontide, but the orphaned heart strains after the sweeter aspect of them and traces in dreams the wraiths of them flying in the clouds. We are between the decline of belief and the assurance of reconstruction. Who shall say that the mystery of all existence has not deepened?—the birth of man, his relation to the universe, time and eternity, seed-time and harvest, love and death. Which of you that are

armed for progress shall fear to confess that the old arrogance was timidity,—that the new hesitancy is the courage of wisdom? Wherefore let us tarry awhile in soulful patience, confident through all vacillations that it is wise to wait and wiser to erect no landmarks as boundaries of the sunrise. We shall forget Mr. Herbert Spencer, forget that his brawling “Unknowable” was a solemn plagiarism, lifted without pantomime from the famous “Analogy” of Butler, who based revelation on the appeal to ignorance, without any papal flavor in his plea.

Maccall's approach to the religious sentiment was ample, ardent, and magnificently tolerant. Yet his chivalrous mysticism while inexpressibly refreshing in this shoddy age was prone to deviate, and to plunge—one of his own mannerisms!—into “ecstatic abysses.” Phantasy and emotion were his all-in-all; science and the humanities were graceless and without favor. His exaltation of intuition of instinct meant his own intuitions, his own instincts, his religion was the effeminate side of his individualism. His very individualism was of the pining and repining order; there were no strenuous, stalwart qualities cohering therein; it was an evangel of valiant adjectives. Maccall was no fighter, still less a hero. Possibly that was the secret of his belittling of his friend Carlyle—a petty petulance, occasionally betrayed after Carlyle's death,—whenever hero-worship was in evidence. Whether any of the thousand children sprung from the intellectual loins of Carlyle gathered inspirations of honesty and heroism from his teaching, might be discussed but most certainly might not be decided by Maccall. But surely the adoration of heroes does not indispose for heroic action, if so, the better part of biography is invalid. Maccall received much from Carlyle and acknowledged nothing; the twain had singular resemblances of sorrow and revolt; each had the stern Scandanavian accent, although while the greater teacher created resolutions and echoes, the lesser was wholly ineffectual. Neither were subject to the world or its principalities and sovereigns; each in theatrical moments identified the universe with themselves, and demanded cosmical freedom for themselves, because their bosoms harbored all verities and excluded all figments,—mankind and the tribunals of mankind being figments rescued from chaos, in whatever measure of reverent attention might be crystallised from the activities of the reading public. Carlyle proclaimed the gospel of silence,—“don't palaver” he insisted in thirty odd volumes,—that his own deliverance might be heeded. Maccall adjudged the mass of literature a mixture of geometry and delirium, presently to be quieted in Nirvana the blest where his personal effulgence would sublime, if any gleam of intelligence emerged into the spectral and debatable realm. The millennial and celestial aspi-

rations of all men strangely, but certainly enshrine, precisely the measure of whatever treasure they secretly index in all their craving needs. Greasy hats shall be exchanged for jewelled crowns, tattered coats for splendid texture, cottages for mansions, aching limbs for airy wings, labor and sorrow for repose and blessedness, partings for reunions; and all the thousand passionate discords of the present pilgrimage for ten thousand eloquent melodies and lullabies, in the beautiful city which immortally survives the tempestuous wrecks and shards of all other delusions. Most pathetic of all is the man of high, but unconventional genius and convictions, speculating in the wilderness of all outcasts, that peradventure acclamation *may* come for his supreme but unsuccessful imaginations, when the gaslit boards and the clamorous harlequinade are of narrow time, and the stars are vivid on a transfigured stage, whereon, at least one lurid spell is magically emancipated, and critics are eternal gods. Haply Maccall remembers, haply he forgets. We know how deep is the curse of a granted prayer in our days of labor,—who shall gauge the everlasting repentance that might crown the nights of anguish behind the door of doom? Better perhaps the veiled angel hold the golden key unturned. One recalls a characteristic passage of Heinrich Heine:

“The poor soul says to the body: ‘I will not leave thee, I will remain with thee; with thee I will sink into night and death, with thee drink nothingness. Thou hast always been my second self, thou hast enveloped me lovingly, like a vestment of satin lined with ermine; alas! all naked, and despoiled of my dear body, a purely abstract being, I now must go and wander about up there like a happy nonentity, in the kingdom of light, in those cold spaces of heaven wherein silent centuries will gaze gapingly at me; they drag themselves along, full of weariness, and make a feeble clamping with their slippers of lead! Oh! it is horrible! Oh! stay with me, my well-beloved body!’

“The body says to the poor soul: ‘Oh, comfort thyself, distress not thyself thus. We must endure in silence the fate decreed for us by destiny. I was the wick of the lamp, it needs must be that I consume myself: thou spirit, thou shalt be chosen to shine up there, a pretty little star, of purest clarity. I, myself, am but a ray. I am only matter; vain spark, I must vanish, and become again that which I was—a few cinders. Therefore adieu, comfort thyself. Perhaps, after all, it is much more amusing than thou thinkest. If thou shouldst meet there the Great Bear in the vault of the planets, salute him a thousand times from me.’”

What is the lesson of this self-defeated life? That limitless liberty is the necessity of all temperaments redeemed from the involuntary bias of driven oxen. How could any system of exaggerated altruism, definitely detail into comprehension of natures so rarely endowed for harvest, yet so sorrowfully spoiled by the very isolation that was the suffrage of their salvation? Maccall devised his frustrate gifts into a fluctuating, but opulent, bequest for whosoever may seek to appraise its treasures; he elected to suffer for his weird sincerity, rather than seek to profit by the supple

treacheries of literature and the pulpit,—even the Unitarian pulpit he occupied for many years. Such natures are among us, interpreting their own destiny and solving many difficult problems for the heedful. What would—what could, Authoritarian Socialism do with these luminous wanderers of vast microcosms, forever descending and redescending gulfs of speculation, or climbing Parnassian steepes of aspiring song? “Oh,” says the earthly-paradise person, his bosom panting with the humanitarian *Zeitgeist*, and the sagacity of the ages in his fraternal cranium,—“*we would make them do something useful for Everybody, and Everybody would do something useful for them!*” Truly a vision of Eldorado—or clownish conformity. And I have heard of clowns with broken hearts. But seriously, Socialism, as indicated by its discordant disciples, is simply organised selfishness. Selfishness is not the desire to live as we like to live, it is the desire to reform or coerce others into living as we like to live. Unselfishness means letting alone as a negative good, and tolerating nonconformity, accepting variety, rejoicing in the freedom of others, as a positive good. The most excellent sympathy is the sympathy of absolute freedom. It is a cowardly sympathy that pities small-pox because we, too, may some day suffer; the true Individualist would sympathise most with suffering he himself was free from by every security. In England, some sincere and much hypocritical sympathy has been aroused by the insanity of a distinguished poet, and there was a parallel in France. Such sympathy is inexpensive; heroic sympathy would pity the *success* which touched genius just the “little more.” Similarly, tears are diverted from the tragic Christhood to the merely painful crucifixion. Sentimental selfishness, which is Socialism in two words, reduces the heroic in petty perspective exactly as it extends the area of its own obnoxious egotism.

Finally, the men who chiefly benefit the race by reason of realising their own individuality and divining their own genius, have been not too often men who have been free from the obligation to toil. Oppositely, others, conscious of genius, have freed themselves from this obligation, and starvation has conspired their eloquence into subtler echoes—perhaps shattered their dower into marvellous imageries and dissolved their laments in dancing melodies. These twain extremes would be impossible under a régime of compulsion to labor, and surely this impossibility is not to be arrogantly decided by labor majorities; surely art should speak first, and the loyal inheritors of art should determine the balance. Let labor speak for itself, but the issues beyond remain with cultured minorities insurgent against all despotisms, whether of princes, popes, or peoples. It was the glory of the Renaissance that it interfered with no social problems, but encour-

aged the individual to free and natural and beautiful evolutions, and beauty and individuality grew out of art and humanity as the day emerges from the night. From the dark womb of a thousand silent years sprang a race of right royal children, who, standing alone in their freedom with nothing to consecrate the past or to make the future glorious, with no warrant save liberty and their own splendid aspirations, conjured with the parable of all beauty, carving, building, painting, and singing, till the lonely cry of Dante was as the liberation of all passionate expression in color, form, and music.

This was the crown of freedom, the fruits of Individualism. What shall it profit the world if it gain an assurance of bread and labor, yet destroy the soul of man? The soul in freedom dreams of beauty, in bondage it dies, because no beautiful dreams may blend with beautiful dawns.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

THERE was a tableau! Liberty's clear light
Shone never on a braver scene than that.
Here was a prison, there a Man, who sat
High in the halls of State! Beyond, the might
Of Ignorance and Mobs whose hireling Press
Yells at their bidding like the slaver's hounds,
Ready with coarse caprice to curse or bless,
To make or unmake rulers!—Lo, there sounds
A grating of the doors! And three poor men
Helpless and hated, having nought to give,
Come from their long-sealed tomb, look up, and live,
And thank this Man that they are free again.
And He—to all the world this Man dares say:
“Curse as you will! I have been just this day.”

THE OPEN COURT.

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