The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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CHARLES LAMB

Frontispiece to the Open Court.

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THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF CHARLES LAMB

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

SOME of the most erratic and contradictory statements have been made with regard to the religious opinions of Charles Lamb. In an official publication of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, as well as in the *Life* by B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), he is claimed as a Unitarian by education and habit, whilst W. Carew Hazlitt, though admitting that Lamb adopted Unitarianism, claims that he did so through the accident of education. These statements are opposed to fact and the evidence of Lamb's letters. Admission to Christ's Hospital, where Lamb spent several years of his early life, was, until well within the last half-century, limited strictly to members of the Church of England, and a certificate of baptism had to be produced before a boy could gain admission.

At Christ's Hospital, Lamb did steady work and, according to Leigh Hunt, Southey, and others, attained to the rank of Deputy Grecian. His achievements merited an exhibition, but one of the implied conditions of acceptance was preparation for Holy Orders. Lamb was unable to accept, not by reason of any religious opinions which he held or to which he was unable to subscribe, but because of his unfortunate impediment in speech—the same bar to Leigh Hunt's acceptance of the like distinction. It is evident that, at that time, Lamb must have been nominally, at any rate, a member of the Established Church. His inability to accept the exhibition explains why he did not pass on to Cambridge, as did Valentine Le Grice, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and other of his school companions. As Talfourd has said:

> This acquiescence in his different fortunes must have been a hard trial for the sweetness of his disposition; as he always, in after life, regarded the ancient seats of learning with the fondness of one who had been hardly divorced from them. He delighted when other duties did not hinder, to pass his vacations in their neighborhood and indulge in that fancied association with them which he has so beautifully mirrored in his "Sonnet written at Cambridge."

There is no hint of any inclination towards Unitarianism until after Lamb had left Christ's Hospital. His new opinions were undoubtedly the outcome of the influence of one who was to be a life-long friend—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, although another force in that direction may have been his aunt Hetty, with whom, in 1796, he used to attend the chapel at Hackney, of which Thomas Belsham was minister. Of this preacher, famous in Unitarian annals, he writes rather disparagingly in one of his letters, when he speaks of him as discoursing glibly of the attributes of the word "God" in the pulpit, when he says he "will talk of infinity with a tongue that dangles from a skull that never reached in thought and thorough imagination two inches, or further than from his hand to his mouth, or from the vestry to the soundingboard of the pulpit." The opinion of Miss Flora Masson that Lamb influenced Coleridge towards Unitarianism is in opposition to Lamb's own statement, for, in a letter to Coleridge on 28th January, 1798, he wrote:

To you I owe much under God. In my brief acquaintance with you in London, your conversation won me to the better course and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you: as it is, I do possess a certain improvable portion of devotional feelings, though when I view myself in the light of divine truth and not according to the measures of human judgment, I am altogether corrupt and sinful. This is no cant. I am very sincere.

Coleridge, says Hazlitt, adopted Unitarianism as the result of a strong conviction; "so strong that, with all the ardor of a convert, he sought to win proselytes to his chosen creed and purposed to spend his days in preaching it."

There is further evidence of Coleridge's influence over Lamb. In the earlier half of 1796, Lamb was himself a victim to an attack of insanity and in December of that year he wrote to Coleridge:

I almost burned your letters—I did as bad, I lent 'em to a friend to keep out of my brother's sight, should he come and make inquisition into our papers; for, much as he dwelt upon your conversation while you were among us, and delighted to be with you, it has been his fashion ever since to depreciate and cry you down: you were the cause of my madness—you and your "damned foolish sensibility and melancholy"; and he lamented with a true brotherly feeling that we ever met.

Coleridge evinced great admiration for Priestley. In some verse written 1794-6, there occurs the following:

> Lo, Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,
> Whom that my fleshly eye hath never seen,
> A childish pang of impotent regret
> Hath fill'd my heart.

By January, 1797, however, the pupil had outstripped his master, for Lamb then was "re-re-reading Priestley's Examination of the Scotch Doctors," which he recommended Coleridge to procure "and be exquisitely amused." A few days later, in another letter to Coleridge, he refers to "Priestley, whom I sin in almost adoring." In the same epistle he claims Wesley as an elevated character. He also begs his spiritual mentor to confirm him "in the faith of that great and glorious doctrine"—Necessarianism. He had just been reading Priestley "On Philosophical Necessity."

Because there is no record of his attendance at public worship later in life, Talfourd (himself a Unitarian until he was made a sergeant-at-law) and others have concluded that Lamb changed his opinions. The evidence is almost entirely opposed to such deduction. Coleridge, it is common knowledge, reverted to Trinitarianism and preached his last sermon as a Unitarian in the chapel of William Hazlitt, senior. Other of Lamb's friends—Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and George Dyer—were also Unitarians, the two last-named, old Christ's Hospital scholars, admittedly converts.

Much capital has been made of the famous Elian epistle "Unitarian Protests," which appeared first of all in the *London Magazine* for February, 1825, which may have led Hazlitt to the conclusion that Lamb, in his maturer life, "evinced no sympathy with the professors of his once-loved creed." The explanation of this epistle is as follows: In order that a marriage between Unitarians—then sometimes described as Freethinking Christians—might be legalized it was necessary for the ceremony to be performed in one of the churches of the Establishment, and occasionally the contracting parties would deposit a "Protest" with the clergyman in the vestry after the performance. This practice aroused the ire of Lamb, who regarded the act as contemptible, especially when compared with the sturdy Protestantism of the Quakers—"No penalties could have driven *them* into the churches." The month prior to the publication of this essay, Lamb wrote to Miss Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law, a letter in which he said: "In the next number I figure as a theologian! and have attacked my late brethren, the Unitarians. What Jack-Pudding tricks I shall play next, I know not: I am almost at the end of my tether." Whatever he may have intended to convey to Miss Hutchinson by the expression "late brethren," he certainly did not mean that he had become a Trinitarian in belief, for more than six years later—on 24th October, 1831—writing to Edwin Moxon, he said. "Did G[eorge] D[yer] send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism? Dear, blunder-

ing soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself." This letter, of course, tends somewhat to confuse the situation since Dyer was an intimate friend of Lamb and also a friend of Doctor Priestley, and must have been acquainted with the religious opinions of the former.

Lamb certainly was never at any time a rigid sectarian. "Being, as you know," he wrote to Southey, in August, 1825, "not quite a Churchman, I felt a jealousy at the Church taking to herself the whole deserts of Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, from Druid-extirpation downwards. I call all good Christians The Church, Capillarians and all. . . . May all our Churches flourish!" Undoubtedly at one time he entertained serious thoughts of becoming a Quaker and read with enjoyment William Penn's, "No Cross, No Crown." He was prevented from taking this step by attending one of their meetings and witnessing the bodily contortions which, in those days, formed a feature of the Quaker assemblings. "I detest," he wrote, "the vanity of a man thinking he speaks by the Spirit, when what he says an ordinary man might say without all that quaking and trembling." But he loved Quakerism in the books of Penn and Woolman, and he wrote to Bernard Barton, a Quaker, in December, 1828:

Thank you for your kind Sonnet. It does me good to see the Dedication to a Christian bishop. I am for a Comprehension, as Divines call it, but so as that the Church shall go a good deal more than half way over to the Silent Meeting-house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only *Professors* of Christianity as I read it in the Evangiles. I say *Professors;* marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities, they are at one with the sinful.

Lamb detested tittle-tattle and slander. On one occasion, condemning the "orthodox" habit of propagating false rumors, he wrote: "O Southey, Southey, how long would it be before you would find one of us Unitarians propagating such unwarrantable scandal."

Lamb's religious opinions were certainly of the straight-cut type and he viewed almost with consternation Coleridge's leanings towards mysticism and German philosophy. In October, 1796, he wrote to him—whom only a few months previously he had regarded almost as his religious instructor:

In your first fine consolatory epistle you say "you are a temporary sharer in human misery, that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine Nature." What more than this do those men say who are for exalting the man Christ Jesus into the second person of an unknown Trinity?—men whom you or I scruple not to call idolaters. Man, full of imperfections at best, and subject to wants which

momentarily remind him of dependence; man, a weak and ignorant being, "servile" from his birth "to all the skiey influences," with eyes sometimes open to discern the right path, but a head generally too busy to pursue it; man, in the pride of speculation, forgetting his nature and hailing in himself the future God, must make the angels laugh. Be not angry with me, Coleridge: I wish not to cavil. I know I cannot instruct you: I only wish to remind you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God, in the New Testament (our best guide) is represented to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a parent; and in my poor mind 'tis best for us so to consider of him, as our heavenly father, and our best friend, without indulging too bold conceptions of his nature.

Coleridge evidently replied promptly to this letter for four days afterwards we find Lamb writing again to him, evidently in answer to a further letter:

I am not ignorant that to be "a partaker of the divine nature" is a phrase to be met with in Scripture: I am only apprehensive, lest in these latter days, tinctured (some of us perhaps pretty deeply) with mystical notions and the pride of metaphysics, might be able to affix to such phrases a meaning which the primitive users of them, the simple fishermen of Galilee, for instance, never intended to convey. With that other part of your apology, I am not quite so well satisfied. You seem to me to have been straining your comparing faculties to bring together things infinitely distant and unlike—the feeble narrow-sphered operations of the human intellect and the everywhere diffused mind of Deity, the peerless wisdom of Jehovah. Even the expression appears to me inaccurate—"portion of Omnipresence." Omnipresence is an attribute, the very essence of which is unlimitedness. How can Omnipresence be affirmed of anything in part? But enough of this spirit of disputatiousness. Let us attend to the proper business of human life, and talk a little respecting our human concerns.

But, after all, are not opinions of minor importance when compared with acts and deeds? If Professor Jacks will condone the theft of the phrase, Lamb possessed in the highest degree an actable religion. Lamb's religion, says Benjamin Willis Martin, was "like that of most Unbelievers; too large to be labelled by a set of dogmas, too spacious to be packed within church or cathedral walls." The central fact of his life was devotion to duty, combined with a passionate desire for service to others. Once, in a spirit of banter, he wrote: "I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter that cuts the tombstones here what a stone with a short inscription will cost: just to say: 'Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.' Everybody will come there to love." That, indeed, was the religion of Charles Lamb. Thus writes B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall):

The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is, probably a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Everything was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who, in a moment of uncontrollable madness, had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentle woman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic.

We read of men giving up all their days to a single object: to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship, but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House.

The conduct of Charles Lamb was in striking contrast with that of his only brother, John, for whom he was always finding excuses. Abrupt almost to the point of rudeness, unprepossessing in manner, and deficient in courtesy, he seems to have made no friends, and even Charles was moved to write on one occasion, referring to his mother: "She would always love my brother above Mary, although he was not worth one-tenth of the affection which Mary had the right to claim." John wished to confine his sister in Bethlem Hospital, but Charles secured her release from the asylum in which she had been placed, by entering into a solemn undertaking to take care of her for all time. But there was also thrust upon him, at the age of twenty-two, owing to the possession of a lofty sense of duty, not only the lifelong care of a sister subject to frequent attacks of homicidal madness, but that of an imbecile father and an aunt who had become enfeebled as the result of the domestic tragedy which had deprived the brother and sister of their mother. For his sister's sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage—even an annual holiday had eventually to be abandoned for he thought there was something of dishonesty in any pleasures he took without her. Can the annals of literature, of science, of art, even of religion, produce a like record? The momentary sacrifices and acts of martyr-

dom contained in the annals of religious history fade into insignificance when placed alongside a life's devotion such as this.

Lamb's calmness in the midst of disappointments and misfortune rivalled that of the ancient Job or the modern Moslem. He remained unmoved when the Edinburgh reviewers, then recently launched on their slashing career and reckless in the enjoyment of their power, made elaborate merriment of *John Woodvil*, as he also did at the tremendously hostile reception of his own play, *Mr. H.*, and of Godwin's tragedy, *Antonio, or the Soldier's Return*, for which he had supplied the epilogue. It was something greater than philosophy that sustained him, and many incidents in his life remind one of the verse in Samuel Johnson's hymn:

> In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
> Abides; and when pain seems to have her will
> Or we despair, O may that peace rise slowly,
> Stronger than agony, and we be still.

There seems to have been only one solitary cry of anguish, during his long years of anxiety and suffering, when, in May, 1800, he wrote: "My heart is quite sick, and I don't know where to look for relief. My head is very bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead." At all other times he bowed his head in silence, uncomplaining.

Although he never asked for or received charity or was known even to borrow, he was always ready to lend or to give to any of his importunate or less fortunate acquaintances and would unhesitatingly press his gifts upon them if he thought they were in need, and yet he could write: "Heaven does not owe me sixpence for all I have given or lent (as they call it) to such importunity; I only gave it because I could not bear to refuse it"; but, he added: "I have done no good by my weakness."

Evidently he found spiritual sustenance in the study of the Scriptures, for, although he never talked much about his religion, he wrote once to Bernard Barton: "I can read the homely old version of the Psalms in our prayer books for an hour or two without weariness," while his reverence for Jesus is well depicted in the oft-repeated story of Hazlitt. When there was, on one occasion, a conversation on persons one would wish to have seen, Lamb waited till all others had spoken and then stammered out: "There is one man more. If Shakespeare came into the room we would all rise to meet him. But if That Person should come into it, we would all fall down and kiss the hem of His garment." Truly did he act up to the line he wrote in his Sonnet on "The Family Name":

No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

WILL AND CONSCIENCE

BY DR. CHARLES PLATT

LIFE has been traced through the species from the single cell to a complex of cells, to the elaborated organism, and centralization of the sense functions has been found to proceed *pari passu* with this body growth. The diffused sensibility of the simpler forms becomes specialized into a central nervous system, and, ultimately, with the formation of a brain, the "sensations" become correlated into "sense." One species, with a brain so sufficient to itself that it seems something apart from the rest of the body—a relationship which, I believe, gives "consciousness"—and with a complexity which has brought in the seeming possibility of choice—this one species is Man.

There are no breaks in the process of evolution; it is continuous, with steps that are almost imperceptible, from the single immortal cell of opening life to the complex mortal man. Just where in this series did the Will enter in? The term connotes volitional action, but the beginnings of Will must have long antedated its conscious expression.

And consider the individual. There is here, too, the same steady increase in elaboration. When the spermatozoon fuses with the nucleus of the ovum, the individual is complete. In this tiny, now fertilized, cell are all the inheritances, mental and otherwise, of the parents and of the race, and all the possibilities and potentialities of the man to be. The Will is here just as surely as may be a long nose or a pair of brown eyes. When the male and female elements unite, then begins the Will's first manifestation, the will of the ovum to grow and to multiply and to modify. Is, then, the Will inherent in the spermatozoon? It might seem so—but if we prick with the point of a dissecting needle the unfertilized egg of a frog, this egg, too, will grow and become ultimately a normal frog. Do not these facts at least suggest the truth of that scientific conception which interprets the will-to-grow as but a matter of appropriate stimulation, and the conscious will as but an elaboration of the primitive?

Let us take the question only on its higher plane, that of the choice effected in consciousness; and let us consider it from the standpoint of the physiological hypothesis of brain and nerve patterns.

When a "nerve force flows" over a given path, it brings about changes in the cells involved, changes which render a second passage more easy. And each time the nerve current flows, it cuts, as it were, a deeper channel, until, finally, a definite path is produced, a path to be departed from only with difficulty—a habit has been formed. In the brain, certain cells, having been once connected during the registering of some experience, tend to again connect when any of the group happens later to be stimulated. An odor, a sound, a taste, a word, may recall—revive—some picture, some complex of patterns, laid down, it may be, long in the past. The brain pattern, this group of cells acting in common is like a set-piece of fireworks, requiring but a spark to any one of its parts for the whole to be thrown into action. Here is the machinery of memory—what bearing has this on volition and choice?

The solution of any problem, according to this pattern conception, must lead by association to a great variety of more or less related cell groups—but many of these will contain along with the associated elements others which are truly antagonistic, and the solution of the problem becomes, therefore, a process of selection. The available and related patterns come up for examination and testing; each, in turn, is tentatively entered upon, looked over, as it were, and either accepted or rejected, as may be. We "choose" from our patterns that which best satisfies the conditions of our problem—but we have *seen* the others, and we believe that we might just as easily have chosen differently. Our ego, we feel, has simply exhibited its own natural privilege.

But what really determines selection in the nerve flow? Why did it not, for instance, enter the first pattern it came to? Watch a stream of water making its way over new ground, and see how it enters upon the various possibilities which offer, and see how it *seems* to select from these the most promising. The flow of nerve force is a physiological activity, and it is true to the general law governing all activity in that it must follow the path of least resistance—it follows here the channels of association that are best marked. Then there is another law here involved, the physiological law that easy functioning has a pleasure value. Resistance brings discomfort and even pain. After a hearty meal, a good digestion yields a sense of luxury—a poor digestion, something else. A

habit is easy, and pleasant because easy—the breaking of a habit is painful. The Parthenon is pleasing because its perspective is adjusted to the mechanics of the external muscles of the eye. The completion of all physiological acts normally brought to their goal brings relaxation and comfort. It is so with the mental processes, which, whatever we may think of their origin, are certainly physiological in expression.

As to the organic character of the check to the nerve current, as to the organic property which makes one pattern compatible and another not, no man can now say. We know little of the physical and chemical changes in a neuron, brought about by its activity, we know merely that some changes occur. We are as yet baffled in our search for the ultimate molecular explanation—but we do know surely some of the secondary phenomena, and these are not trivial. We know that the Will lies, physiologically, in the activity of certain brain cells—in groups of cells which, for convenience, we call patterns—and we know that this activity is a product of the blood supply and of stimulation. We know, too, that the gland secretions are also here involved, and that, in consequence, we have as a background, to at least many of our mental reactions, some body desire or emotion—that which the traditionalists and idealists often call "end" or "purpose." Desire, and a physiological functioning in harmony with it—this is as far as we can now go. The nerve currents follow the channels of least resistance, and find their satisfaction in unobstructed flow—when they can enter a pattern without effort the circuit from desire to action is at once happily completed, and this pattern then becomes "true." Where desire comes into conflict with experience or reason, where, in other words, old patterns conflict with new, then the decision follows a balancing—all patterns pertaining to the problem, both of body and of mind, are placed on the pans, and the decision is determined by their position.[1]

It may be objected that I am dealing here with judgment rather than with the will, but the process is the same. To borrow an illustration from M. Coué, any one can walk a six-inch plank, but elevate this plank sufficiently and its walking becomes a feat—the motor patterns of walking (the will-to-walk) may be here outweighed by the other patterns now brought into play.

[1] The concept of a balance carries with it, of course, that of a balancer—we need someone to hold the balance, and a someone, the same or another, to put on the weights. This old and familiar metaphor is used here, for its simplicity. It is easier to picture determinism under this figure than in the physiological form above adumbrated. Selection by the physiological hypothesis, be it remembered, does not require an outside guidance, it requires only a law—as in the case of the stream of water finding its way over new ground.

Where is the freedom of choice in these cases? The conditions of our problems are obviously set for us by forces external to our ego, and our patterns are set for us by our experience. Whether all or but part of our patterns shall come into play is determined for us by physiological considerations, and, in either case, the conclusion reached is but the algebraic sum of the contents of those functioning.

What about the prediction of behavior? Had man a free will there would be no prediction possible—and yet we know that, given some of the data, we are tempted always to essay a prediction. We say, "I believe this man will do—so-and-so." Or, "I believe he did this because of—so-and-so." We recognize, in other words, the existence of cause and effect—the very essence of determinism—and we recognize it no matter what our particular theory of the Will may be. We take pleasure in a well-written and well-acted play because we recognize that the players are acting true to form, true to our reasonable expectations, or true to our estimate of the possibilities. We have recognized the stimuli and we have discounted the responses. Still, no man's actions are absolutely predictable. Make the physiological explanation as complete as we may, and an uncertainty of final response must remain. And in this fact, in this element of uncertainty, there lies that which further strengthens our sense of the Will. We have expectation—the result of the possibility of prediction—and we have doubt—the result of its uncertainty. What then will the man do? Well, it is apparently up to the man to decide.

And then consider error. To err is human—it is, moreover, rather characteristically human. Man has departed from those simple instinctive reactions which guide the individual truly, and has not yet, in his new social life, attained to an efficient substitute. The argument, then, which has been made for free will as against determinism on the basis of man's adaptability, must fail. This adaptation nature has accomplished far better on a lower plane. Adaptation is an argument *for* determinism. An argument against might indeed be based on man's errors, but even this would be weak—man does not make errors enough, and such as he does make are easily explained by his lack of experience, by conflict of stimuli, by the artificiality of his social surroundings, and by those changes in condition which so often convert habitual actions, once learned as good, into things harmful.

Uncertainty of response is derived from many sources. We have, first of all, the uncertainty as to the nature of the patterns carried—

uncertainty as to what data the man has accumulated. Then there is the uncertainty as to the strength of the patterns and their associations—the physiological health determining whether or not a pattern once formed shall remain easily recoverable. There is, thirdly, the fact that many of the patterns lie in the unconscious mind, and are never really consciously available at all. And there is, finally, the uncertainty of the body influences, the physiological desires, the emotions, their strengths and the degree of their control. Slip-shod thinkers, lacking nerve vitality, or, which may be the same thing, having glandular errors which prevent the normal excitation of the nerve centers, are content to accept as the completion of the nerve flow anything that "will do"; they do not possess the energy to go on with the process to its normal end—their nerve impulses die out just as do their muscular. And then there are those others, of an impetuous nature, who rush to their decisions and to action. In these, the motor centers, the brain centers from which originate the impulses resulting in action, are unduly sensitive and too easily set going; they can not wait for the result of the completed nerve circuit, but act on the slightest provocation. The first pattern entered is "touched off," as it were, though it may later be recognized to have been a wrong one. Quick decisions are by no means an evidence of mental worth—they may be the reverse, an evidence of instability and weakness. Our intelligence tester should consider this.

Again I ask—where is our freedom of choice? However we regard our problem, we meet physiological factors, factors, moreover, often determined by elements of the body life far removed from the brain. There is the registered brain pattern, dependent for its existence and usefulness, not only upon opportunity, but also upon the organic properties and health of the nerve cells and their functioning; there is the perfection of the nerve associations, upon which the memory depends; there is the temperament, a matter of the glands; and there is, finally, governing the whole, the general body health. Does it not seem that a man's actions must be determined for him by a "resolution" of organic forces? If we could but know all the forces, and know, too, their relative strength, then we could calculate behavior just as surely as we can the path which a ball will take when the forces acting upon it are all known; but the fact is, in man, we can but guess at the forces, and man's actions, therefore, must remain, as has been said, unpredictable. Consider an example from one phase of "will" action. Force *A*, we will say, is a physiological desire derived from some body need. Force *B* is a social convention. Force *C* is a memory of one's mother. A prob-

lem presents to which all of these patterns are pertinent—what will the man do? Shall *A* sweep all before it with an overwhelming of *B* and *C*? Or shall *A* and *B* alone arise, and the decision be arrived at by their relative weight—or shall the balance be between *A* and *C* only? Suppose a case where *A* and *B* have first come to the fore and *A* has outweighed *B*, there is still the chance that *C* may later come into action and the balance thereby be reversed. Consider the remorse which follows the first case, where *A* has overwhelmed *B* and *C*—with the satisfaction of the dominant *A* and its consequent removal, *B* and *C* become in their turn overwhelming. One could make many variations with but three forces, but suppose, as would be nearer the case, that there were a thousand distinct and indistinct patterns all more or less related—who then would venture a prediction?

What becomes of responsibility should we accept this physiological control of our thoughts? Now it is not unfair to doubt whether those who ask this question are always interested in responsibility, *per se;* it is at least possible that they are more often concerned with the protection of their ego—but still, the necessity for responsibility is repeatedly urged. In the first place, what do we mean by responsibility? Is it the social or the individual, the legal or the ethical attitude that is in question? Disputants frequently argue with a fatal confusion of premises here. As it seems to the writer, there is in this physiological hypothesis a great responsibility, responsibility in all its several kinds. In the laying down of the patterns which are later to be our controls, it is culture, environment, education, the social ideals, hygiene and climate, food and body care which are the formative agents. Inheritance is part, but inheritance cares rather for the primitive tendencies, all the rest are really of the environment. Note the responsibility here of those who have power over environment, and note the *social* obligation. On the other hand, individual responsibility, a responsibility before the law, is equally imperative if society is to continue. No determinism, not even fatalism, can alter the fact that a man's act are *his* acts whatever may have been their origin. The Greek tragedians have well emphasized this. What interests society first of all is the question whether a man is fit to consort with, whether he is a social asset or only a liability. But note, too, that a man's legal responsibility, at least through obedience to the higher uncodified law, brings him also into touch with the group's moral responsibility. It is not sufficient for the social man to keep out of trouble, he must also share in the group's activities. He must share in the moral obligations of the

group even though he as an individual is himself controlled only by law. Socialism is now trying to codify these social attitudes.

In other words, with the individual and society there is a mutual accountability—duties of each to the other; a legal valuation of the individual according to the part he plays in the group, and a moral valuation of society according to its care of its members.

The moral responsibility, then, by this hypothesis, lies fundamentally with the group—and it lies, it must be seen, primarily in the training of the child. It is with childhood that society's opportunity comes, and it is with the child that its first duty lies. The child must be so developed that such patterns as are useful to itself and to others shall be laid down and made real. Useful patterns must be instilled into the child and made so prominent that they shall arise on all occasions when action is called for. A "strong will" is a matter of irresistable brain patterns—let all such be made good ones. Patterns of truth, honor and duty, for example should be made so vital that they shall be ever in the foreground of thought, and ready always to throw their weight in the making of decisions—when once so strong as to permit of no conscious conflict, then we have that best of all social men, the man of honor.

It has pleased certain critics of determinism to declare that it negatives the need for education. Is it not evident that it does just the reverse? It makes education not only hopeful, but possible! There could be no teaching of a truly wilful child, but if a child is swayed by the patterns he carries, then we can certainly teach him by altering and adding to these patterns. Consider the fact, already referred to, that many of the patterns which aid in the forming of decisions lie in the background of thought, below the threshold of consciousness. Such may never rise into consciousness at all, but they have their full influence for all that. Out of the vast storehouse of the unconscious, the weights are piled on one pan or the other of man's balance of thought all unknown to the man—the Will has been defined, even as the urge of the unconscious. Consider child-training in this connection. Childhood is the period above all others for the storing of the subconscious mind. Into this, each day, each hour, each moment pass experiences and perceptions, understood, misunderstood, and not understood, and even not noticed. Good, bad, and indifferent are all put away—to be "forgotten, maybe, but never to lose their thought-influencing power. Is instruction then useful? Rather, let us ask, is there anything that can be conceived of which is of equal importance, not only to the child, but, since the child is the father of the next generation, to all mankind?

I have spoken of the patterns of truth, honor and duty as being possible and necessary of production in the child. As a matter of fact, these already exist in potential in all normal children from birth —but in potential only, note, not ready for use: they need, as I have said to be cultivated. These are abstracts, composites derived from experience—the child can not grasp them as realities—but there is a racial experience as well as a personal, and it is through this that the child is prepared. Repeated experiences, each with something in common, can not come to man over and over again through the long history of the race without leaving their mark. In each individual, even the dullest, there must have been gradually laid down a potential complex of patterns representative of the race's experience, and the foundation, therefore, of its abstract conceptions. In any one individual these conceptions may remain, it is true, forever vague and nameless, but they exist in all and can generally be aroused to consciousness. It is in these abstracts, derived from the racial experience of what is good and bad that I would place "Conscience" —that indefinable feeling which refuses to take form, which has no words, but which is, nevertheless, always with us. Influences in the field of consciousness are intellectual; those which do not rise into consciousness we do not know, we just feel.

And here is the very last stand of man's egoism, the last strong tower of the citadel of his personality, in its turn assailed. Some have offered to sacrifice Will if they may only be left with a conscience. They have been willing to grant that a man's thought and act in the intellectual field might be determined by physiological causes, but the conscience, as a control of the moral act, they have claimed as his very soul. Must this claim be respected? Moral acts, both etymologically and historically, are but such as are in accordance with the *mores*. They are but the expression of the group's patterns of experience, and they vary with the group.

It may be felt that I have placed the Conscience in a region of the mind that is not over-clean. Freud has told us of an Unconscious that is black with primitive desire. Let me offer a one-line criticism of Freud. Man thinks with his brain, but the material for his thought is variously obtained. Freud's Unconscious is, to me, outside of the mind altogether; it consists of impulses conveyed to the mind from the body, of extra-cerebral impulses which may even antedate the mind's formation, and which the mind now merely translates.

Let us look at our problem from this standpoint. From the body rise desires; from both the conscious and the unconscious mind rise

patterns of ideas. The three groups are, or may be, thrown into conflict; a struggle takes place, and, if this be on the conscious plane then we say that our Will is being exercised, that we are making a choice. What we are really doing is watching a fight, and stand ready to acclaim the victor. If the desire wins out, we boast of our vigor; if it is the conscious idea, we boast of our intellect; if it is the unconscious ideal, then we boast of our conscience. When a man speaks of his conscience as "preventing," his language is truer than his thought. He thinks that he is here expressing a moral choice, but this is not so, his conscience did truly prevent—the weight of the stored traditions of his group has outweighed and prevented any contrary action.

Does determinism detract from man's dignity? This is a small matter scientifically, but it is not unimportant as regards acceptance of the idea. Well, determinism would at first sight seem to insult man's vanity—there would be but little opposition otherwise—but that it takes from his dignity is by no means so evident. As Doctor MacCunn has said: "Nor will our triumphs of self-control, if we be fortunate enough to achieve such, be the less welcome, if in the moment of conscious victory we think with gratitude of the men, the institutions, and the slowly-fashioned, deeply-cherished ideals that have given our resolves and aspirations that habitual well-compacted coherency, that deep root in our moral being, in which lies the open secret of their power." I do not know that the Doctor would thank me for quoting him in this article, but what he says seems peculiarly apt. Looked at rightly, not only does determinism leave us with pride, but it protects even our vanity, at least the vanity of possession.

But is the idea intellectually acceptable? Said Francis Howell, in 1824, "The World of Mind is to be studied as the World of Matter—under the influence of that one motive which alone is the proper incitement of philosophical labour, namely, the purely intellectual desire to know." Let us carry our thought to its logical conclusion. We arrive, I believe, not at pessimism, as the critics declare, but at something which indeed to our present habits of mind seems sadly uninspiring. For example: We may say, if we please, that we will take an objective attitude towards life, and do and strive to the best of our ability—leaving all these problems to the peace-disturbing scientists—but, as a matter of fact, we will do exactly as our patterns lead us. We will strive if our striving patterns be stronger than those which would lead us to indolence; we will engage in education if our patterns so direct, in child-training or what-not—or,

we will give ourselves over to this present disturbing inquiry, if this last should be what is ordered.

But suppose that determinism be true—will the knowledge of it do harm? I can not believe that truth can do harm. It would be a pitiful state of affairs were we to find that we must live on an idealism that is false; that in order to get on we must "josh" ourselves with egoistic flattery. But is it true? Ay! There is the rub! However, let us assume it to be true. Will man slump and do nothing under the influence of a deterministic belief? That depends, once more, upon his patterns—he will slump if his slumping patterns are dominant. On the other hand, however, he will continue to strive and make effort and do all that is noble, if these are the patterns that are weightiest. Queer, is it not? The only case where I can conceive of harm being done by the acceptance of determinism is where the good patterns, the duty patterns, are so weak that the trifling addition of this one new intellectual pattern will be sufficient to throw the balance against them. And, when you think it over, the possessor of such weak duty patterns is of but small importance anyway.

When one gets to this point in the inquiry, one is about ready once more to return to the traditional idealistic attitude. We are now ready—our patterns permitting—to drop the whole subject and to declare it a delusion. But is no compromise possible? May it not be that Determinism and Free-Will stand opposed only when regarded as exclusive controls?

Truth lies often in compromise—the ordinary teaching has well-nigh ruined the church, and it sometimes threatens even science—Aristotle was right, logical conclusions are generally absurd. Let us but recognize, as all must, that there is pervading the universe and ourselves a power which, at least as yet, surpasses our understanding. We need not be over-anxious as to the effects of determinism. Nature, to the man of science is neither cruel nor beneficent—but it has a divine order which is compelling of confidence. Law, to the man of science, offers a far better solution to the Problem of Job than does theology. The thought of the helpless, of the idiot, of the insane, would seem to proclaim aloud the truth of determinism. Science offers a law—he who obeys it fares well; he who defies it must suffer. Theology offers—Eve and her apple.

On the other hand, science, for its part, must not balk overhastily at spiritual interpretations. These are outside of science, but that does not mean that they are necessarily false. Even science itself is founded on hypotheses—there is no exact knowledge. Geom-

etry begins with unprovable axioms and postulates. An axiom is merely that which has as yet found no contrary pattern to combat it—the path down which science has traveled through the ages is fairly strewn with the débris of axioms.

Why not, then, add one more hypothesis? Why not, if it helps us, consider the ultimate Will as Life itself, as part of the Infinite Will—writing this last in "lower case" or in capitals as our taste may incline us? If we choose to do this—if our patterns so direct—then we are also at full liberty to retain the deterministic explanation of the Will's operation. The logical conclusions which seem so absurd are, after all, remember, only such as are derivable from the imperfect data now possessed. As men of science know, but sometimes forget, it would be utterly unscientific to claim for our knowledge any completeness. We guess that we have attained to but a trifling part of even the material facts now available—what lies beyond is known to neither university nor church.

A FORGOTTEN UTOPIA

BY JOHN WILSON TAYLOR

AS FAR as I know we have no portrait of Gemistus Pletho. We are therefore free to form our own mental picture of that fiery-spirited Greek who, in the fifteenth century, cherished to an extreme old age the conviction that he held the secret of the world's true and ultimate religion.

There have been many fanatics who were willing to die for a truth revealed to them alone. Pletho did not belong to their number. He had none of the Oriental abandon which almost seeks persecution as a visible mark of being a faithful servant of the Lord and of bearing witness among unbelievers to a special revelation from his divine master. Mental inebriation of this type was impossible for Pletho. He was a Greek in whom lived the ancient Hellenic sense of human dignity and a realization of the frailty of all things human. The truth might prevail or it might not, but it would have little chance of doing so unless he who saw it remained alive and influential in order to advance its interests.

Pletho, in his youth, having dared to question his ancestral faith, was forced to flee from his native land and to take refuge at the Turkish court. His spirit was not tamed, but he learned to be more careful in the future. He concealed his views except from a small group, the members of which were sworn to secrecy. Obtaining an appointment from the Emperor, he served as a judge for many years in the Peloponnese and enjoyed, throughout Greece and Italy, an enviable reputation as a scholar and a Platonic philosopher. Orthodox churchmen suspected him, but they could obtain no hold upon him.

The judge and celebrated scholar, however, remained none the less heretic. He received as pupils and instructed young men of promise who could in his judgment endure the blinding light of philosophic truth. To the more trustworthy he confided the hope which he had of giving to the less-gifted part of mankind a glimpse

of truth suited to their weaker vision. The many, in his opinion, needed a religion, which would, like an allegory or a parable, lead the mind toward the truth. Pletho therefore devised a religion for this purpose. For its actual realization in Greece he relied on the prince of the Peloponnese, whom he hoped to be able to persuade and win over to his views.

That a religion and a social order should be the work of one man who had planned and devised it seems strange to us, familiar as we are with the idea of evolution, social as well as biological. We look on a religion or a culture as the outcome of a complex process, the result of many factors. We find it difficult, therefore, to appreciate Pletho's confidence in the ability of a law-giver to reform Greece and the rest of the world. Nevertheless, Pletho's view was the generally accepted one until fairly recent centuries. Moses gave the Israelites their laws; Solon was the author of the Athenian polity; Lycurgus was responsible for Sparta's characteristic institutions. Plato, with his eye on Sparta, had hoped that he might find in Dionysius of Syracuse a Lycurgus who would found a perfect state, fashioned after an ideal model to which the tyrant's eyes should be opened by Plato. The hope was doomed to disappointment, to be sure, but that was a misfortune due to the unsuitable character of the prince in whom Plato had reposed his confidence. So Pletho thought in recalling his master Plato's disappointment. In his own case, however, he expected a more fortunate result, trusting that, by persuading Emanuel, Prince of the Peloponnese, he might succeed where his master had failed. There is a letter extant in which Pletho urged Emanuel to introduce reforms leading to the new order. He offered his own services, also, in helping to effect the changes.

Pletho's confidence was not justified by the results. The forces setting against his ambitions were too strong to be stemmed. His plans for the regeneration of mankind have been buried in oblivion. Their very magnitude made their fate certain. With a sublime assurance they proposed the setting aside of Christianity at a time when it had not yet suffered any major reverses, such as the Protestant revolt and the religious wars in the West or the triumph of an atheistic tyranny, such as has recently occurred in the East. Mohammedanism also was to be replaced, and at the very time when every advantage yielded by the Cross was being pressed with relentless vigor by the armies of the Crescent.

The form which the failure of Pletho's hopes took was that which he had long feared. There was in Greece an influential younger

contemporary of Pletho's, a scholar, to be sure, but a scholar whose chief zeal was for the faith. Gennadius watched the brilliant Platonist with wolfish eyes. He sensed from Pletho's guarded utterances the dangerous ideas lurking beneath, none the less dangerous for being concealed from the world at large. Pletho was conscious of being watched, and he confided to a friend that the chief obstacle to the fulfillment of his program was the continued influence of Gennadius.

Pletho divined truly. He had, throughout his life, kept within a small circle of intimate friends all knowledge of his plans for the regeneration of mankind. These plans were contained in a book, entitled, like Plato's work, *The Laws*. After Pletho's death, Gennadius obtained a copy of the book. Having become the Patriarch of Constantinople, he was charged with the duty of defending the faith. He read *The Laws*. His suspicions proved to have been more than justified. The work bespoke the most shameless heathenism. It taught a form of polytheism and denied the doctrine of revelation as the Church understood it. In pursuance of his duty as Patriarch, Gennadius issued an edict threatening excommunication for any one who should be found with a copy of *The Laws* and should retain it after a second demand for its surrender. All the copies were burned. From that in the possession of Gennadius, however, a number of pages were preserved as evidence of the reprehensible character of the book. These pages, containing several chapters and an index of the whole work, have been preserved to the present day and are sufficient to indicate the general character of the book. They were edited by C. Alexandre some 65 years ago, but they have been little noticed and insufficiently studied.

The work contains material of three kinds. It is concerned partly with doctrine, mainly modifications and ingenious elaborations of Platonic teachings. Another part consists of regulations for the management of the ideal state to be organized in accordance with the religious and ethical doctrines outlined in the book. Finally, there is a liturgy of hymns and ceremonies to be used in the new form of worship.

If Pletho had been as successful as St. Paul or Mohammed, *The Laws* would, in the normal course of events, have become a sacred book. It is probable, however, that from the nature of things, Pletho could not have been as successful as Mohammed or St. Paul. They were convinced of the literal truth of their messages. Pletho also was convinced of the truth of his religious doctrines, but not of their literal truth. They were intended, by means of allegory, to convey

philosophic truths which were not sufficiently simple to be imparted directly to the many. He did not take the popular form of his doctrines with the seriousness which is necessary for the founding of a religion. The book shows too clearly the marks of the thinker; it lacks the burning conviction that characterizes a divine revelation.

The religious dogma contained in the work is a consciously elaborated myth, intended to serve the same purpose as the "myths" of Plato. That is to say, it is a more or less concrete representation of truths incomprehensible to the many when stated in their abstract form. In an extant argumentative tract Pletho had urged the necessity of so adapting truth to the understanding of the many. A minute examination of the Plethonic theology shows that it consists of a system of deities related to each other as the various parts of Plato's world of Ideas are related to each other. In other words, although the gods of Pletho's polytheistic system had the names of the popular gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, they really constituted in their totality the world of Ideas as depicted by Plato. An increasing comprehension of the religion, then, on the part of a worshipper, was calculated to lead to an understanding of the ultimate truth regarding life, which Pletho believed to be contained in Platonism.

Pletho's ethical doctrine departed in certain respects from that of Plato, but its basis was similar. That is to say, it was, like Plato's, founded on a psychological dualism, a deep-seated and absolute division between reason and passion, between the soul and the body. Pletho, in company with the Stoics, went further than Plato. Plato's dualism was partially disguised by the presence of a third element in the soul of man. This *tertium quid* was the spirited element, which usually supported the reason but was not a part of it. Following the Stoics, Pletho found no place for the spirited element. The soul resolved itself into reason, the higher and godlike part, and appetite, the lower and animal part. Man's duty was to exalt the former and to subjugate the latter by means of self-control and rational thought.

Pletho's doctrine is distinct from that of the mystic. The end of action is not the ecstatic emotional conviction of an abstract unity. It is, on the contrary, a synoptic view of life attained by means of consistent and persistent thought. The appetites are not to be exterminated as St. Paul and even, at times, Plato would have them treated. They are to be ruled. In other words, they are to be retained; they have a value. It is not the habit of a Stoic, however, to admit that pleasure has value in itself. To uncover this opinion

in a Stoic, one must take him off his guard. So we find Pletho hating Epicurus and commending self-control. But one of his arguments has a strangely Epicurean ring. It rests on the consideration that enjoyment is enhanced by a temporary abstinence from pleasure. Again, he recommends a certain lavishness of expenditure in surrounding oneself with beautiful objects. At this point, however, he recalls himself to his Stoic ideals, adding that one should never forget in the midst of his beautiful surroundings that the true beauty is virtue and that it resides in the soul.

The pages of *The Laws* rescued from the fire contain a number of passages of regulations to be applied to the inhabitants of the ideal society. One of the more interesting of these passages is that relating to the institution of marriage. Pletho shows in this connection a certain super-Christian ferocity of spirit, yet his attitude is not specifically that of historic Christianity. That is to say, he does not regard the flesh as evil, nor does he consider it regrettable that the human race must be recruited by sexual differentiation. On the contrary, he went to some pains to construct a rationalized psychology of modesty in order to show that in reality the concealment practised in connection with the sexual act is by no means proof that the act is considered shameful. Nevertheless, such relations were regulated with an almost barbaric severity.

Pletho did not share his master's favor for a communism of women. His ideal state was to have a peculiarly strict form of monogamy, which he would make secure by savage penalties against irregularities and by providing a safety valve in the form of prostitution, which was to exist as an institution subsidiary to marriage. Thus, while male adulterers were to be burned at the stake, female adulterers were to be transferred to the class of those who sold their embraces for money. By resort to them, men whose passions were too strong to endure monogamy might find a "less accursed" outlet for their appetite and so might avoid tampering with married women or with those intended for marriage.

Death by fire is a savage form of execution which our humanitarian age does not inflict in cold blood. Pletho prescribed it, however, for such acts as seemed to him to be highly anti-social. Not only were adultery and murder included in the list, but also another crime highly dangerous to the polity and perhaps the most stubborn of all in resisting eradication. This crime was heresy, or, as Pletho characteristically put it, sophistry.

The heretic was one found teaching doctrines opposed to those on which the state was based. Utopias are, from their very nature,

static. Being a best form of society, a Utopia is worth preserving at all costs. So it comes about that the utopian finds himself in company with the extreme conservative, concurring with him in the imposition of the severest penalties on social or intellectual innovations. Both Pletho and his master Plato, each in his way, defied existing society, yet each prepared dire penalties for those who might defy the ideal society which he envisaged. It is apparently beyond human nature for one to construct a society of one's own without identifying one's interests with the continuity of the society's ideals. It would appear that in the past, at any rate, it has been beyond divine nature also. Zeus's cruelty was unbounded toward Prometheus, who prevented the annihilation of mankind and the creation of a race more satisfactory to Zeus. Jehovah did not hesitate to drown his first failure and to threaten with fire those who refused to accept his later plans.

Like most other Utopias, Pletho's was buried in oblivion. Possibly it had something to do with carrying its author also into oblivion. When, fourteen years after the death of Pletho, a vitriolic work appeared from the pen of George of Trebizond, vilifying both Plato and his deceased supporter Pletho, Cardinal Bessarion replied to the attack on Plato. Bessarion had been one of Pletho's pupils and had repeatedly expressed his respect for the opinions of his master, but on this occasion he said not a word in behalf of his former teacher. A knowledge of *The Laws* had in the meantime transpired. The work had apparently brought upon its author such a storm of indignation that his most powerful supporter found it advisable to seek shelter by ignoring his former relationship. *The Laws*, nevertheless, even in their fragmentary form, reveal better than any other work of Pletho the measure of the vigor and independence of that strange figure, who was among the most revered and the most hated men of his day.

JUSTICE AND SOCIAL EFFICIENCY

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

WE DO well to recognize a certain approach to political and economic justice in the growing demand that whatever work a man or body of men performs shall be suited to their individual capacity and genius; but we make a much closer and more sympathetic approach when we demand that this work shall be useful to society as a whole, not benefit one part and be detrimental to another part. Such a code would rule out all our recent war-industries, profiteering, mandatory government and class discriminations. But in the particular realm of education we feel that such political and economic justice will never be bought with bloodshed and turmoil, but will come naturally when everyone has become free to elect his own vocation and pursue whatever manual, intellectual or spiritual labor he is by nature most fit to pursue. The recent flush of popular excitement over Felix Adler's conception of social efficiency holding that society loses more than it gains by its forced misfits, its unnecessary poverty, its unequal distribution of labor, wealth, leisure, opportunity and responsibility, proves that people are ready for such ideas and will eagerly grasp them and translate them into action as soon as such a policy is given educational and governmental sanction.

The efficiency of social service means that justice has been applied to labor and the rewards of labor; it means that everyone is employed at some universally useful, wholesome and constructive work; it means that there are no more misfits, criminals, delinquents or sickly souls because the root cause of crime and delinquency has been removed. Those who can think straight know that the community and the world at large will automatically improve when once a resolute and unerring justice has been put into all our political, industrial and economic activities; they also realize what larger benefits, what nobler and more liberal forms of enlightenment and achievement will accrue to humanity as a whole when once we have inaugurated a system of social efficiency rather than one of social exploita-

tion, a system of service rather than one of profit and spoliation. But this truer, better, nobler and more efficient service cannot be had in a lukewarm polity made up part slave and part free, part cowardly, lazy, grasping or corrupt and part heroic, industrious, generous or devout. It can only be had when every person's peculiar talent, skill, ambition or capacity has been purified, exalted and given a chance to develop and express itself in his chosen line of work. And further, it must be a worthy, ethically just sort of work he is engaged in, else the resultant service be really detrimental and inefficient. A just division of labor, wealth and opportunity is the basic ideal, and the character education which aims at this among its other tasks, is lending great assistance and impetus to the growing revolt against social waste and non-essential industries; it is in a fair way to succeed, too, when nearly every sensible person is beginning to think that there is not much difference anyway between the *essential merits* of most employers and workers, between the functional values to society of most financial wizards or captains of industry and the lawyer who gives them clever advice or the clerk who "books" them properly on their income tax report.

It is but natural that we arrive sooner or later at some plan of social efficiency, seeing that the efficiency idea is running amuck in nearly every other phase of human activity. Misfits and delinquents, war-lords and spoils-mongers must be cut off from their too arbitrary power to injure and exploit society. If we cannot successfully segregate and reform them, then we had better invent some nice unobjectionable euthanasia whereby to rid ourselves of them. We must see and understand life through sympathy, not through cold and selfish calculations; and if we do this we will know why it is that no one will stay put for long at uncongenial labor, doing unsuitable tasks or performing unjust duties and disciplines. We will see that he is simply following natural law when he feels unmindful of his misfit obligations and seeks relief in idleness, inattention and absence, if not later on in actual inclinations toward revolt. But there should be no maudlin sympathy, no weak mercy, no coddling sentiment about the matter, else the world soon be nothing but an inferno of ravinage and revolution, crime and corruption. No artificial safeguard against this disaffection is really wanted or necessary, it is not a rational protection in case of continuous and intentional mischief; but there is a natural one in cases of innocent misfits, and that is to make the person's occupation fit his individual nature or capacity, give him something to do that is worthy of his talent and ambition, and I will guarantee that nine out of ten will

respond with genuine appreciation and reborn enthusiasm. I have found anyway that very few people will remain inert vulgarians when once they have been aroused to the wealth of beauty, truth, goodness and possibilities of improvement which abound on every side; very few will choose to remain idle, lazy, fickle or inattentive when once given a cheerful atmosphere where they may work or be occupied with what they want to do. Even the scatter-brains, the triflers and fools and fashion-slaves who dawdle away their years in pleasure-seeking and promiscuous pastimes, are merely lost souls; they have gone into the social discard largely because of an errant educational method which did not exercise a just or effective program of restraint and redemption while there was yet time for salvage. It is thus usually because of a fallacious or inadequate system of education that we have fools and scatter-brains, knaves and spoliators. If we had used some preventive or formative measures to forestall and transfigure these human imperfections before they matured their madness or mischief, there would have been no ignorance, malice, umbrage, crime, delinquency or corruption added to the misery and tribulation already so heavily weighing upon the world.

I know there are many diverse marplots and malefactors in the drama of life, the villains always outnumbering the heroes about twenty to one. I know that the major portion of the world's inhabitants is made up of various sorts of derelicts, debauchee, degenerate, devil-may-care fools, morons, hedonists, swindlers and parasites, all for the most part (as we find them today at least) worthless men, and others who are alert only to work some mischief on the world. But are they to be ignored as absolutely valueless unsalvable material? Are they so far beyond the call of goodness that we should shun them like a plague? Are they so thoughtless and devoid of common-sense that we, too, should totally estrange them from the philosophic fold? Who knows what a subtle part they play in the negative upward reach of human evolution? Sometimes I think that no one, however dull and sour and devilish he may be, is really beyond the reach of proper inspiration and suitable cultural influences. The modern world has more civilization than ever before in all its history, but it also has means of immediate communication and we are constantly being informed of crimes and cruelties more ruthless and far-reaching than any heretofore perpetrated. True enough, all these numerous villains, fools and delinquents have a certain mass-inertia that ordinary educational motivation does not seem able to overcome; even while we realize that their education

has been sadly neglected and their secondary enlightenment has been similarly left to the skew-sight plans of a wicked social hypothesis, we stand helplessly unable to reform or re-establish them in the righteous way. It is too late then, we say, to try to bring about social efficiency through justicial education because their characters have become warped and peccable, defective and corrupt. But we do find some relief in the clumsy practice of punitive restraint, that by dealing with them in terms of strict impartial penalties and just applications of inevitable retribution their strategems are somewhat cramped and their mischiefs somewhat curtailed. It is more an education by force of penal law that gets at such delinquents quicker and more effectively than any program of spiritual rehabilitation. The usual trouble is that your fool or knave, debauchee or criminal, never sees the purpose of the law, never sees the true discipline of bitter experience; his feeble faculty only giving him a sense of rancor and revenge. At the first opportunity then, he will try to avenge his supposed misery and mistreatment by committing some vulgar practice, malicious destruction or heinous crime.

However, I like to speak of the normal intellectual processes of sensible people; with them you can soon reach an understanding as to what a truly liberal education is, and how it includes the development of popular respect for justice, honor, sobriety, aspiration, reverence, health and socially useful occupations. Even today when a common school education is all that ninety per cent of the people in business ever get, there are many who have a liberal education so far as it means broadmindedness, tolerance, honor and justice. It is with them in mind that I will say that with the ordinarily upright men of today it is almost invariably held a good and sufficient education if they can only learn the elementary 3-R's, then something of their own natures, and take their whole after-life to study the humanities in the concrete, seeking the ever-elusive solution to the riddles of life, marking well and applying to their own careers the lessons of history and its mighty subject, evolution. But in this evolution they will give most studious attention to the course of civilization as it has painfully picked its way through savage passions and deceitful arts up to the modern world's overtures of fad and frolic, toil and tragedy, with all their subtle dramatic scores from the conflicting joys and sufferings of mankind. After several years of this sort of meditation with its attendant understanding and discipline in social feeling, there will arise the desire for friendly converse, amiable tournament and constructive programs of dissemination and instruction. They will then be ready to join others sim-

ilarly inclined, and with multiple force carry on the nobler aims of life, devoting their labors to worth-while achievements.

On the ground of this plan I see the beginnings of a truly worthy and representative democratic education, and with it will come, well to the front in popular sentiment and thought, those ideas so eternally the factors of every durable civilization, namely, honor, justice, wisdom, virtue, beauty, reverence, generosity, integrity, love and loyalty. But out of this plan we should not try to read a group-mood of organized exploit or mandatory economics nor an individualist dream of mercenary motive and rhyomistic rewards. The qualities of character and sentiments of mind which I have enumerated *do* make for an all-round social efficiency if we but cultivate and exercise them honestly, freely and without any base concessions to corrupt utility. In view of this situation then, I believe there would be a clearer recognition of justice and social efficiency if our educational methods aimed at teaching us *how to live* rather than that more worldling art, how to make a living. One thing at least in the way of a good result, the age would not be so deplorably over-ridden with fools and knaves hellbent on a vicarious livelihood, nor would our flickering torch of culture be so often snatched away and either quenched or used as a fire-brand by vandals or degenerates. But we can still have hope and faith, for we are still courageous, loyal and devout. Honest labor of hand, head and heart is always both worthy and useful; it makes for justice in one's opinions, honor in one's occupation, and benevolence in one's social relations. It gives rise to no petty rivalries, nor does it counter strange things with umbrage or misunderstanding. Umbrage is the cloud and misunderstanding is the shadow cast upon our lives by narrow flights of fancy, but they are soon dispelled by the wisdom, vision and virtue of one who really enjoys a liberal education—the complete and symmetrical education of heart and hand, mind and soul.

Happiness—Philosophies and Eventual Disillusionment

Why is it that most all of our popular happiness philosophies are finite and fallacious? Why are they neither sensible of life's proper principles nor considerate of the causes which invariably lead to an eventual disillusionment? I trust that there is no question about the apparent fact that they are grounded in narrow viewpoints, operate under functional fallacies and are hence subject to many a rebuff and disappointment.

On analysis we find that a certain amount of selfishness and hedonism is postulated or assumed in nearly every one of them. Their general creed is one of open rhyomism, ambitious only for realizing its insistent self-satisfactions and making its life pleasant and easy as possible. But the assumption is made on the finite grounds of half-wise understanding and the postulate is given from the pseudo-intellectual tower of a specious world-view. With a pinch-penny perspective and a distorted psychology, how can they be expected to be anything but fallacious, finite and sterile? Nay, more, how can they give us what they do not contain and cannot produce, for they add neither happiness nor philosophy to our lives? No such happiness as they dream of is possible; no such philosophy as they argue has ever been proven valid; and no such ethic as they prescribe has ever secured justice or social efficiency even so far as giving aid or comfort to the happy-stricken. Hence, I will say that they are simply futile and foolish attempts to get or enjoy the good things of life without putting forth the spiritual, mental and moral efforts which are necessary to their winning.

Under this aspect it seems that those of us who are intent on pursuing an honest character education must take good care lest we be fooled or misdirected. It is no easy trick anyway, this art of living; it is rather difficult and an activity requiring rare genius, noble motives and industrious spiritual application. I do not believe, therefore that anyone is very deeply philosophical when they make happiness the goal of their life and the reward of their toil. It is too elusive and vain; nay, it is even illusory and chimerical to think that the world was made so much for our little private happiness' sake that we can go ahead and build a whole philosophy and

scheme of life on that one ambitious assumption. On the other hand, I believe that such a condition would not so readily develop if there had been any honest educational measure brought to bear on our naive human nature, and surely there would have been no superficial happiness philosophy if these measures had started with the culture of staunch and lovable characters as the first requisite of a worthy and intelligent life.

It is thus in its relations to education and character that a happiness philosophy will always find its greatest test and often its nemesis. The processes of education, at least when nobly planned and honestly pursued, will go far to forestall any such shallow ideal as that of mere personal happiness. The true cultivation of those clean habits and spiritual aspirations which make up the foundation of a strong and virtuous character will also go far to prevent one's listening seriously to the seductions of satisfaction, the comfort of ease and the gratification of luxury. The vital antithesis is indicated in the opposition of these two irreconcilable attitudes toward life; the first embracing education and character in their full and strictly moral sense stands in direct contradistinction to the second which embraces practically any creed or code which does not require too much stringency on self-love and self-service. Not only is the fallacious ground of the latter hereby revealed, but we can also see presentiments of its ultimate failure, the eventual disillusionment which will prove that the whole scheme, happiness-ideal and all, was a clumsy piece of ignorance, pettiness and vulgarity, a superficial creed of painless gain and thoughtless pastime. Civilization, fortunately, demands more of our spiritual powers than this. It has not progressed thus far by lazy ease or aims toward slave-soul satisfactions, but more nobly and worthily because of the courage, genius and industry of a few heroic, saintly souls who valued character and education above the worldling interests of a mere physical life. Civilization is a spiritual projection, an expression of man's inward life as it affects the rest of the world; but if we could not read in it anything but material progress or refinements of mere physical interests and ambitions, then I would say that civilization was a sham, a sheer madness and meaningless waste of time.

Aspiration, however, comes upon us to urge renewed avowals of the right, the good, the true, the beautiful, the just. It is the best result of education, that much-maligned because much-misunderstood system of coaxing, teaching and inspiring efforts which is not always a futile devotion. Occasionally, there comes an energetic soul aiming high and honorably to take a man's part and do a

man's duty in the world. Then does education become a success, for a man of noble character and virtuous aspirations will be its invariable product. He will seek no inert happiness, no sham credential of reputation, no specious social prestige or political power, but will be quite content and satisfied if he can only fill his life with kindly thoughts and deeds of valor, being sober, cheerful, generous, faithful, courageous and devout. His conduct will be directed, not by aims for self, but by the social sympathies he has at heart; not by cunning strategems and greed for spoils, but by the honor, integrity and fair dealing which are his basic mottoes. There is no eventual disillusionment in store for him because he is already wise, already too intelligent to succumb to the treacherous charms of a false ideal. The good man of today is generally one of education and character, but of character always, whether or not educated in the popular sense.

No one denies, I hope, that civilization, both as an ideal and a ceaseless effort is based on character, and that character is based on spiritual energy and moral discrimination. The actual foundation of any worth-while achievement is always to be found in people's characters, in their moral strength and stamina, in how they respect just authority and revere the precepts of their wise and virtuous predecessors. I know of no other scheme which can be used instead of this one, so it seems to be our lot to take it and make the best of its patterns. Moral choice in education should be more strongly emphasized so as to bring out the characters of the pupils; for it is all too tardily evident in later life when a person's moral education has been neglected. Were we to devote more time and effort to the development of character as the only spiritual heritage of fifty thousand years, and give less attention to those popular conceptions of education, we would soon rid the world of much of its fickle folly, fashion-madness, cultural veneer and ethical mischief. Above all, we would soon discount its many phases of functional fallacy so often given concrete expression in hate, selfishness, pride, extravagance, greed, deceit and corrupt ambition. With these staring us in the face on every hand we should know that there are certainly a lot of specious happiness-philosophies in the world urging their devotees on toward a chimerical conquest of impossible satisfactions. Poor fools, that they do not see their folly and never worry about the mischief they do or the misery they cause.

However, our future is not altogether pejoristic and foreboding; it is not a jeering gargoyle on the cornice of life and offers something besides a brusk disillusionment from our dreams. With

a responsive appreciation and honest practice of the noble principles which a true character education aims to teach and inspire, no one need fear some imminent catastrophe nor feel depressed with the impending disaster of declining spiritual power. No one suffers disenchantment who holds worthy ideals; no one is disappointed who lives a life of meekness and renunciation. It is only the seekers after the world, spoliators, scheming knaves and gullible fools who are ready meat for disillusionment and despair. Anyone who can see clearly has no illusions about life, and hence is not subject to disillusionment. But I think that you will also find that he has no specious happiness philosophy either, and is therefore immune from practically all of the world's numerous plagues of war, greed, immorality and crime. It all devolves upon the chief facts and functions of morality—character and education. If these have been neglected, then we can only expect to find people with cheap aims in life, worldling ambitions, corrupt policies, mercenary motives and vulgar vanities—in a word, vice and ignorance.

When President Butler of Columbia advised our colleges to educate only the fit, he did not thereby rule out those merely physically unfit but those *morally* unfit. It is the delinquent, the imbecile, the depraved debauchee and unaspiring hedonist who is unworthy of our efforts at education and uplift; in fact, they usually sneer and ridicule whatever we try to do for their welfare, and being unfit, they are determined to stay unfit. So then, by their own election, if they want to be unfit morally and intellectually (leaving no question as to their wanting also to be spiritually unfit) we should make socially unfit, also—that is, segregate them and let them disgust each other or work their mischiefs among themselves. They will probably die the sooner and the world will be relieved of a useless burden of wickedness and woe. I have no weak mercy or maudlin sympathy to offer them. In this life, a man must choose the good intentionally and with conscious sense of his own redemption, he must seek wisdom with determination and discretion else he miss the primary delicacies of enlightenment. He must, above all, be honest and devout, brave and resolute, if he wants to achieve his full manhood as an intelligent, spiritual factor in the social life and accomplishment of the world. Without these, what use is it to try to educate or inspire him, he will ignore tradition, ridicule idealism, misunderstand intellectual power, doubt morality, be cynical about public service and dissatisfied with our dispensation of justice. He may be in hot pursuit of pleasure and what he calls happiness the while you are trying to revise his world-conception or restore his

sanity; but be not overly hasty with anxiety nor persistent with your efforts. Just let Nature take her inevitable course and there will soon enough be another disillusionment to go down in that long weary chronicle of man's struggle toward civilized achievement, social efficiency, justice and common-sense.

In conclusion, I will say that the proper method of education is along the lines of morality, vocational guidance, intellectual honesty and spiritual tolerance, while its proper business is to develop good citizens, useful workers, men of genius in art, science, religion and philosophy, mystics, saints, heroes, poets and sages. It should aim to build up strong and exemplary characters; it should try to recognize and stimulate every phase of creative power, giving guidance and encouragement to the development of every form of moral energy and social communion. Only that educational program is worthy of our support which is alert to the spiritual needs of a community, the state or nation, and provides means for satisfying those needs efficiently and justly. There is no liberal art that can compare with the art of living, and that is what a real education is supposed to teach. But if we have no foundation in character, no footing in virtue nor understanding in wisdom, then how can we ever realize true happiness, peace or prosperity in our lives? It may be popular to seek the mediocre level of Main Street philistines, but it is certainly not suitable to the laws of life or Nature. They demand rare courage, truth, love, justice, generosity, amiable converse, tolerance, hope, faith and largesse in whatever broad achievement we desire to make; and I believe it is the proper business of education to see that we get a few pointers on the sort of character whose leading features are thereby enumerated.

CLIENT BY A CLIENT

BY F. VON A. CABEEN

INTRODUCTION

Quevedo, that delightful Spanish romancer, recounts his "Visions," what he saw through his wonderful glasses, furnished by that great optician, Genius. By their aid he looked into his present, and into the future. The legal horizon of today, was beyond the power of his lenses, though Quevedo relates an experience of himself and the demon when they made one of their visits to hell.

"Without doubt," said the notaries, "we are the book merchants of manuscripts; we compose and publish our works, to which the public accord the same faith, as to things they have themselves seen; we are faithful public witnesses, the guarantees of contracts, promises, and obligations; the guardians of titles, rights, and privileges; our testimony is true, infallible; above suspicion, deceit, and fraud."

"Why," said the devil, are you come to hell? for if you fulfilled those duties, you are honest people, and I declare, not only useful, but necessary to the public; for between ourselves, there is so little public sincerity, that if one could not prove, by writings and witnesses, the price at which he bought or sold, he would often find himself cheated of his money."

"It is," said one of the notaries, "for some antidates or superfluous ciphers, that we are damned, judge you, if the matter is of such vital consequence; one is so often deceived by writings, and one figure is so easily substituted for another;—the pen, too, slips sometimes, and a nought is easily made!"

"You are right, in truth," said the devil, addressing himself to me, "they wrong these poor people, in sending them to us; they have committed trifling faults, while they do not punish the apothecaries, even, for putting up the recipes sent them. I have a great mind to send these unfortunate persons home again. Go; return, my friends; you have suffered great injustice."

With due humility, after such a recorder, let us relate our experience.

CLIENT

"CLIENT—, Client—, Client—," came in slow, but distinct tones, from a prosperous looking man, on a rustic bench, in a public garden. Over, and over again came the repetition of these words. His gaze was fixed on a miniature water-fall, which flashed sunbeams into his eyes.

He was on one of those slat seats one soon learns are "hard wood." If the resting place had been iron, he would have exclaimed with Saint Laurence, "You heathen seem to like the odor of my roasting flesh."

External surroundings, he did not notice. The glaring sign, "These flowers are under the protection of the public," stared at him. The hollyhocks, like clusters of tall candles, sprang upwards from a base of broad leaves for the bottom of their candelabra; some of the illuminants Nature had beautiful colored lights of bloom, springing from them, along their sides and tips. Some purple, some pink, some white. Their colors were pure and brilliant, not harsh like the electrician is so pleased to annoy the eye with when he tries to stimulate them with his tinted incandescent bulbs.

A great mass of phlox was close to hand, its spicy odors reached the lingerer on the seat. Before and around the sitter were clumps of blooming roses, whose sweet scent assailed his nostrils as the zephyrs wafted them to him.

The intent gazer had hooked his arms behind him through the slats of his seat, looking fixedly at the flashing sunlight from the cascade.

As Kipling writes in *Kim,* "A very few white people, but many Asiatics, can throw themselves into a mazement as it were by repeating their own name over and over again to themselves, letting the mind go free upon speculation as to what is called personal identity. When one grows older, the power usually departs, but while it lasts it may descend upon a man at any moment."

"Client? Client? Client? What is a client? The man muttered, rapt from all other thoughts, with his pupils contracted to pin-points.

Every circumstance and surrounding was most favorable for self-hypnotism. A sultry day, the scent hanging heavily from the nearby flowers, the steady light flashing from the water upon which the gaze was concentrated without visualizing it. The mind, absorbed by the one idea (what is a client?), repeated over and over.

People passed in loud conversation, children rushed past shouting, on squeaky toys, without disturbing the sitter. He remained thus for some duration, suddenly arousing as if from a deep sleep, he soliloquized.

"I have not been asleep, but what a strange vision (if so it may be called) I have had. My class-mates thought me worthy of honors they could confer. My later associates deemed me fit to sit on boards of different kinds, both business and otherwise. I was treated with deference by all.

"Chance, made me a client, and sent me to one who was reputed to be an eminent member of the bar. Another client of another lawyer told me his man's initials were D. L. and W., whose client said were his marked characteristics—which stood for 'Delay, Linger and Wait.' Other clients informed me the whole tribe of practitioners truly had the same failings.

"One fell by necessity into the unwritten rules of these chapels of the law. 'Come to chapel at the hour you are told. Drop every other engagement and remain seated in uninteresting antirooms. The chairs are calculated to put you in training for the torments of the lower regions. Become resigned to being told to come back after lunch tomorrow, next week, etc. Do not fret, if informed that your matter had not been reached by the court and had been postponed. Always be impressed when another lawyer, not your own, enters the latter's office. This arrival preserves a haughty manner towards the waiting throng of clients. His demeanor intimates that you are all a stupid crowd to have chosen D. L. and W. for a councilor. The intruder talks long and loud, ostensibly on business, but the most of the time is consumed upon what you consider matters far removed from the law.

"One becomes tired of gazing at the engravings of noted but long since dead jurists, for they could not have been considered, when alive, 'things of beauty and joys forever.' On the contrary, they remind you of inquisitors and portraits of distinguished malefactors, that should have paid the penalty for their crimes by hanging on gallows, not office walls, if their countenances are to be believed.

"How I have listened," said the dreamer, "to the tales of other

clients, who were awaiting an interview with the priest of the legal chapel (our lawyer).

"A self-assertive, positive man, held forth at length, to a timid, shrinking client on 'Principal.' 'I care not,' said he, 'for the small sum involved in my controversy, but for the principal I must maintain. I have secured several trials in the lower courts where judges and juries do not comprehend the principal I am striving for. Now I am trying to get a hearing before a higher court.'

"'It must have cost you some money,' replied the meek man. 'Is the amount involved considerable?'

"'No, the money is a trifle to me, and I would not feel it if I had to pay it. I think it originally was something between fifty and one hundred dollars. I have already spent six hundred dollars in litigation. But think, my dear sir, of the principal I am fighting for.'

"'It seems to me six hundred dollars is a large interest to pay for such a principal. But everyone to his liking,' answered the meek one.

"On the other side of me, a strenuous, assertive woman, was trying to hold the attention of a poor little widow to the tale of woe about the relator's husband, from whom she was seeking a divorce. According to the wife, her spouse had committed all the crimes in the conjugal calendar. She discoursed without stopping for forty-five minutes. The clerk saved the widow further infliction by telling her she could go, as the time for the interest on her mortgage of her home was extended.

"I thought of the observation of the Lama in *Kim*. 'The husbands of the talkative have a great reward hereafter.'

"The Courts claim our attention at times. In low tones, we discuss our surroundings—juries interest us, and we discouragingly note that about only two of their number show by their countenances any ray of intelligence. We infer, the other ten, will be guided in their verdicts by these two, if they agree with each other.

"I overheard a discussion between two of my fellow clients concerning the judge. 'He is called by the lawyers, "Judge Necessity," said one.' 'Is that his proper name?' demanded his hearer. 'Oh, no, but he is named that by the practitioners because he knows no law,' was the reply.

"'He reminds me of Buddha,' observed the first speaker, evidently a cultivated man, 'though the high desk behind which he sits conceals him below the waist, I imagine him sitting cross-legged as the Deity is represented. When he places the tips of his fingers together solemnly before him in sight of all, he approaches closely

the attitude of the idol. He maintains a severe immobile face. When he speaks, it is in measured tones that seem to issue mysteriously from the lips of this human effigy. His words are supposed to be oracular, like the augurs of old, and of great wisdom.'

"He may be sitting cross-legged, like a boss tailor, and gives forth as much wisdom, as he does to his employees.' replied an irreverent one.

"'Did you notice how deferential and obsequious the tipstaves are to the judges—familiar with most of the lawyers—and positively overbearing to all others here?' observed another.

"'That is easily understood,' said a voice. 'They are appointed by the judges through endorsements from the lawyers. Not being elected, the tipstaves care nothing for and look with contempt upon this assemblage of voters.'

"'Silence,' came in thundering tones from the nearest tipstave, who glared at our party while they instantly became mum and shrank frightened into themselves.

"'Phew, that was a hot shot that lawyer gave the other, but he got a good one back,' timidly whispered a client behind, adding, 'they are both as mad as fury and look as if they would like to kill each other.'

"'Remember the poem, "The Devil's Thoughts"?' said his neighbor, quoting:

"'He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled: for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.'

"'That stimulated wrath will be charged in their bills to their clients to the extent they can stand,' was uttered in bitter tones by another.

"'Pshaw!' interjected a third, 'this is Common Pleas Court—beasts are gentle here compared to the way they roar in Quarter Sessions. That's the court for thrills; this is tame.'

"'Did any of you gentlemen ever see the Court-in-Bank?' uttered a shrinking little man. 'I was told at my lawyer's office he was with this court. As I wished to see him very much, I went to all the banks and trust companies in town, but could not find any court in them.'

"'The court you wanted means two or more judges sitting together without any jury and pretending to listen to the lawyers arguing over cases they have heard all about before,' remarked a frequent litigant. 'After the counsel are through jawing, they hand to

the clerk their briefs, which purport to be what they have just yelled at the judges. These printed prevarications the judges are supposed to read at some time (God knows when), and make up their minds about it, when they are not bothered by the noise made when they are supposed to have heard them.'

"Some fell to discussing what sort of men the plaintiff and defendant were in the case they were listening to.

"'You cannot correctly judge men by their faces and appearances,' commented one; continuing, said, 'I, like the rest of you, pass hours in my lawyer's antiroom. He has considerable criminal practice. Mild-mannered men I frequently learn are clients accused of homicide and manslaughter. One pleasing, well-mannered, good-looking woman, who seemed like a church worker, was accused of being a prominent adventuress and confidence operator. A particularly smooth, cultivated and interesting man, with a frank open countenance, was charged with robbing homes in which he had secured a position as butler. He was convicted at his trial. It was proved that he had been acting in many states in the Union without detection, but slipped up here. Irate and fierce-looking men proved to be justly outraged good citizens that some sharper had fleeced.'

"'Keep away from the Orphan's Court as long as possible,' yawned one, 'sooner or later you will get there and you will find it dryer than the dust of Saharah. As far as I could determine, its judges were principally engaged in undoing what men had done before their death, as to the disposition of their money. One would be led to believe that most people who made wills were out of their minds when they did so. At least if not crazy, were weak-minded, because they did not leave what was expected to certain people. From their opponents contention, you will wonder that you have never heard of the deceased's wonderful intellect and brilliancy, prior to his demise. You will also find that the inheritance laws were enacted principally to provide fees and commissions for sundry and diverse persons whose usefulness to the inheritor the latter fails to grasp. The essential point here seems to be, to keep the beneficiaries out of their money as long as possible. To keep these despicable people (the heirs) from positively starving to death (which would inconvenience the attorneys) the latter are forced to do illegal things in a legal way. If perchance a trust company is the disburser, you had better pawn anything you can to get food and then go to the cheapest places to eat. In other words, it is a forced hunger strike without an apparent limit of time.'

"'This court is dismissed until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock,' sang out the tipstave.

"Like a moving picture, I was transplanted instantly to a tropical island floating in a vast sea of sand. I and my fellow clients were seated at a bounteous table in the midst of date palms and equatorial flora. Birds of brilliant plumage flitted about, sparkling fountains sprayed around us, cooling the gentle breeze that fanned the gathering; delicious viands, luscious fruits and inviting ices were before us. Strangest of all, quiet, smiling and willing attendants, vied with each other to serve us. The company gazed with amazement at the servitors who contrasted so strongly with the waiters of their previous existence. The haughty, overbearing ruffians who acted as if they were disguised Malay pirates, Bulgarian atrocities or bandits of other nations, were not there. No haughty painted jesebels, no supercilious beings, or gun-men from the tenderloin, grudgingly, hurled the guest's food at them. These barbarians, metaphorically covering you automatic revolvers, in the guise of scowls to compel your surrender of half the amount of your check as a tip. Here nothing was expected or demanded.

"'This must be heaven,' exclaimed one, as he assimilated his surroundings.

"'Yes, and there is Hell,' voiced one, pointed to the encompassing desert. Some of my sanctimonious friends would be sure they were in the realms of bliss. Their fondest expectations are that they may be saved, and view some of their acquaintances enduring the torture of the damned,' observed a client.

"'Look out there.'

"'That is a mirage,' announced another. 'Miles and miles away but seemingly close enough for us to recognize the caravans. See how weary and thirsty they seem, but are *hurrying* (strange to say) hither. Note those large solemn camels resting on sand dunes. The faces are the countenances of judges we have seen, the others, lower down, bear the physiognomies of our late masters, our lawyers.'

"A client interrupted with a verse by the poet Bigelow:

"'Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The right an' the wrongs o' these maters I vow—
God sends country lawyers, and other wise fellows
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
For John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right, if he hollers out Gee.'

"The vision vanished, and I am a client."

THE AMERICAN PULPIT ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON

Of the discourses delivered in small towns, that of Rev. Henry E. Butler of Keeseville, New York is worthy of mention. His text was "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not." He pointed out the blindness of America to the evils of slavery, and the long, hard road by which it had been led to freedom. He pleaded for stern justice to be meted out to the leaders of the rebellion, but for a spirit of mercy and forgiveness to the rank and file. Mr. Butler delivered this sermon on the second Sunday, and it shows the marks of careful preparation.

Well prepared, also, are the sermons of Rev. W. R. Gordon, of Schraalenberg, New Jersey, and Rev. Peter Russell, of Eckley, Pennsylvania.

New York and Boston had preachers of greater ability than Anamosa, Iowa, and Jacksonville, Illinois, but the sermons of William G. Hammond at Anamosa, and L. M. Glover of Jacksonville are not greatly outclassed by those in the larger cities.

In Springfield, Lincoln's home town, the *State Journal* for Monday morning, April 17, said:

"Yesterday was a sad day in this city. Our citizens, as though fleeing from some great sorrow, flocked to the churches, which were unusually well attended, several of them being filled to overflowing. In some of the churches the pulpits were draped in mourning, and the services were most solemn, impressive and appropriate to the occasion."

On subsequent Sundays, down to and including the date of the public funeral, the Springfield churches, as reported in the local papers, recognized in solemn and fitting terms the death of President Lincoln.

At Bloomington, on the morning of the President's death, more than a thousand listeners gathered around a wagon from which platform Mr. W. S. Dodd read from the Chicago *Tribune* the details which the noon train brought in, there being no possibility of supplying daily papers for the crowd. The next morning the *Pantagraph* told the story of the day, including that of the editor's trip from Chicago that morning, and the signs of sorrow seen in every town. One man who was alleged to have expressed pleasure was very nearly lynched; and one minister, who was believed to be a Copperhead, and whose utterance of grief was believed to be inadequate, was forced to resign his pulpit. The other ministers, as reported in the *Pantagraph,* spoke nobly:

"The churches were all draped in mourning. Probably there was never a day before when so many persons attended divine service. Many of the ladies appeared in mourning. In some of the churches the weeping and sobbing almost disturbed the services."

At a mass meeting, resolutions were adopted, and nearly all the pastors were called to speak to the resolutions:

"In the name of five thousand people" said the *Pantagraph* "we desire to thank our ministry for the noble and sensible and practical stand which they took on this occasion. They have endeared themselves to our people as they never did before."

In many of the cities of the South there were services of mourning. In Lexington, Kentucky, the City Council attended in a body the church of Rev. Dr. C. B. Parsons, and the *National Unionist* stated that at least one third of the congregation had to stand outside. Emblems of mourning were abundant, and those houses that did not display signs of sorrow were criticised in the press. The Lexington *Observer and Reporter* was pro-Union but Anti-Lincoln, and was suspended during a portion of the war. This paper had dealt flippantly with Lincoln's second Inaugural, saying that:

"He commits himself to nothing—covers his footsteps as fast as he makes them—utters old similes—deals in meaningless generalities, and finally leaves the reader in a perfectly stupified state of bewilderment as to what his views really are."

After his death, however, its tone was most appreciative, and its comment on the local church services was sympathetic, though not detailed.

The Funeral Sermon delivered by Rev. P. D. Gulley in the White House on the Wednesday following the assassination is well known. But there were several other sermons in Washington, some of them

preached on the day following his death. One of these was by Rev. Charles H. Hall, in the Church of the Epiphany. Washington observed, also, the day of the President's proclamation, and one of the printed sermons is by Rev. T. R. Howlett of Calvary Baptist Church.

There were sermons delivered in hospitals and sermons delivered in prisons. A Baltimore lady, imprisoned in the Carrol Prison in Washington tells of this among the other indignities that she suffered, that of being compelled to listen to a sermon on the death of Lincoln.

A number of sermons on Lincoln were delivered in the South. Most of those that were printed are by Northern chaplains to their soldiers, or by northern ministers to northern congregations in southern cities. But not all were of this character. Some sermons by southern preachers mourned for Lincoln as the best friend of the south, and expressed the hope that the nation would not judge the whole south by the rash act of one man.

Among the sermons delivered in the south are those by Rev. Charles Lowe of Massachusetts, in the Unitarian Church at Charleston, South Carolina; those of Rev. David S. Coddington before officers and soldiers of the same city; Rev. T. E. Bliss, in the Union Church at Memphis, Tennessee; and Rev. Edward C. Slater, at Paducah, Kentucky. At Island Number Ten, in the Mississippi, Rolfe S. Saunders delivered an oration, but not until April 25.

In Gettysburg, Pa., Rev. D. T. Carnahan, of the Presbyterian Church, preached a sermon on Lincoln, not on the Sunday immediately following his death, but on the day of Presidential appointment, June 1. It was a good sermon, well prepared and well received. It quotes from Lincoln's address to his old neighbors at Springfield, from his words to a company of ministers, as reported by Dr. Gurley, and from both of Lincoln's inaugural addresses. But it does not quote from the Gettysburg address, nor convey any suggestion that the people of Gettysburg had any knowledge of or pride in it. We may not over-emphasize the argument from silence, but if a prophet is without honor in his own country, so may be the address of a prophet in the country where it is delivered.

Among those who quoted the Gettysburg address, or referred to it as proof of Lincoln's power, were Drs. A. N. Littlejohn and James Eells of New York, and Henry Wilder Foote, Warren H. Cudworth, W. S. Studley, James Reed and R. H. Neale of Boston. They did not refer to it in the familiar way to which we are accustomed. They said such words as these by Dr. Neale:

"Let me, in conclusion, refer to one of the most interesting inci-

dents in the history of our departed President. At the consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg, after the eloquent address of Mr. Everett (alas! that he, too, is gone), Mr. Lincoln made a few most impressive remarks. He said that the best way to honor the heroes that had fallen on that bloody field was to consecrate ourselves more fully to the cause for which they bled. There was another thought within, he afterwards remarked, in a private conversation; and it was, that he should himself consecrate his own heart to God. He hoped, he said, that through divine assistance he had done this; and thus had arisen in his bosom the sweet, precious, sublime emotions of a new and spiritual life. It is well, friends, that we should manifest our grief under this great and oppressive bereavement: we cannot and ought not to restrain our tears. It is right that tokens of mourning should be hung out from every dwelling. The whole nation and foreign lands will unite in doing honor to the distinguished dead. But no higher honor can be paid to the memory of Abraham Lincoln than to imitate his example in giving ourselves more fully to the cause in which he fell a martyr, and individually in prayer, and on bended knee, to consecrate our own heart to God."—(*Boston Sermons,* pp. 174-175).

Rev. Dr. John McClintock declared Lincoln not only morally good, but intellectually great—an affirmation not frequently made in these sermons. It is interesting to note that he cited as a proof of the President's power, "his little speech" at Gettysburg, which he thought possibly his hearers might remember:

"I do not sympathyze with much that has been said in disparagement of his intellect, although mere mental gifts, of the highest order, might well have been eclipsed, in the popular estimation, by the sublimity of that moral power which overshadowed all his other qualities. But it is stupid to talk of him as a man of mean intellect. He had a giant's work to do, and he has done it nobly. Called upon to steer the ship of state through the mightiest and most rapid tide of events that ever swept over a nation, he guided her safely, and was within sight of the harbor, when he was struck down at the helm. Even in his speeches and writings, where defects of form reveal the want of early culture and give room for the carping of petty critics who can see no farther than the form, I do not fear to say that the calm criticism of history will find marks of the highest power of mind. Do you remember his little speech over the graves of our martyrs at Gettysburg? I remember the thrill with which I read it, across the sea. It is Greek-like in its simple majesty of thought,

and even in the exquisite felicity of some of its phrases. Nor could that have been a mean intellect which enabled this simple son of the people, standing among men who piqued themselves upon their refinement and culture, among men of large acquirements and polished speech, to hold on his own way among them, to take or reject their advice, to hear all plans and all arguments, and after all to be the real ruler of the nation and of the times. With such gifts as God gave him, he was enabled to pierce to the very core of a matter, while others, with their fine rhetoric, could only talk around it."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 133-134).

How many ministers quoted, in whole or in part, Lincoln's favorite poem, as a reminder that even such an exalted position as his was not beyond the reach of death? Rev. Henry J. Fox, of New York, quoted four lines of it (*The Martyr's Monument,* p. 351) crediting it to Frank J. Carpenter's book. It is quoted in full by Rev. J. D. Fulton (*Boston Sermons,* pp 337-338). I think there were one or two other instances, but I do not recall them with certainty.

These sermons contain many illusions to the death of William the Silent as offering a parallel for that of Lincoln. Indeed, it was difficult for them not to overdo this part of their discourse. Drs. Robinson, Cuyler, Thompson and Rogers of New York City and Drs. Webb and Manning of Boston are only a few to whom this historic parallel occurred. Dr. Manning's quotation is in point:

"Let me quote from history, 'On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown,—such as was worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggar's medals, while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard (the murderer) presented himself at the doorway and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that it was merely a person who came for a passport; ordering, at the same time, a secretary to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone that she had never seen so villan-

ous a countenance. Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspect of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room which was on the ground-floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half-way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

"Such was the death, and such the last exclamation of the great and good father of modern liberty, the son and sire of illustrious princes, the wise subverter of despotisms, the champion of popular rights, to whom, more than to any other man perhaps, the world is indebted for free institutions and free ideas. Who can doubt, if strength had been left our good President when the fatal bullet struck him, that he also would have exclaimed, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people?' "—(*Boston Sermons,* pp. 61-62).

It is interesting to note how many of the peachers either chose for their texts the verses in Deuteronomy that tell of the death of Moses, or in the course of their sermons made allusion to the parallel. Lincoln, like Moses, had led his people through the wilderness, and died in the sight of the Promised Land, which he himself did not enter. In New York Beecher, Bellow and Tyng made allusion to the parallel. In Boston, Murray, Lothrop, Fulton and Webb employed it. Among those who used it in other cities were Rev. Dr. Humphrey, of Chicago. He said:

"There can be no parallel between the death of our beloved Saviour and that of our President, except that both were victims to the hands of enmity and violence—both perished in a righteous cause, but Good Friday of 1865 will ever be remembered by America as affording to the nation and to the cause of humanity doubly an occasion for tears. There was greater similitude between Moses and our President, but he was a leader only, not a Saviour. Four millions of bondsmen will talk of him today as the Moses who has brought them out of Egypt, their feet already in the bed of Jordan, while he lies on the Pisgah from which he has at least been permitted to look into the promised land of deliverence."—(*Chicago Journal*, April 17, 1865).

As in most of these sermons, Lincoln was called a Moses, so in not a few of them and very naturally, Andrew Johnson was recognized as a Joshua. In Boston, Rev. John E. Todd and Rev. J. M. Manning, made the allusion, though guardedly, and without naming him. But Rev. A. A. Miner, Pastor of the Second Universalist Church, the old church of Hosea Ballou, did not think of Lincoln as a Moses, though he held Lincoln in high esteem, but looked upon Joshua as the coming Moses:

"And shall we not find a satisfactory leader in our new, let me say, God-given President. It is true he is as yet untried. But four years ago Abraham Lincoln was untried; and the trial has endeared him to all hearts—has called forth a nation's gratitude in his re-election to the highest office in our gift, and made his death the occasion of a deeper and more general sorrow than we had ever before known. Who can say that his mantle has not fallen on one altogether worthy of it? President Johnson, though untried in that office, is not unknown to the country. Through a long public career, his fidelity has been unquestioned. Born and reared in the midst of slavery, he knows its baneful influence and its crushing power. Cherishing in purest affection the Union and Liberty, he has felt the iron of secession enter his soul. Acquainted minutely and in detail with the spirit and purpose of the rebel leaders, he may be better prepared than Mr. Lincoln himself to estimate their deep demerit, and mete to them the meed of justice as traitors before the law.

"It is narrated of Mr. Johnson that, in October last, on an occasion of addressing some thousands of colored people in the city of Nashville, if I remember correctly, he exhorted them to patience, and assured them that God could raise up for them a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness. His auditors shouted, 'You shall be our Moses!'

Mr. Johnson modestly replied that he was not equal to so important a labor. But they repeated their claim, 'You shall be our Moses; we want no other than you.' 'Well, then,' said Mr. Johnson, 'I will be your Moses.' Was this incident prophetic?

"I have rejoiced that our merchants and men of business, both in Boston and New York, have made haste to give him assurances of confidence and support. He will be surrounded, I trust, by the same experienced advisers who have stayed up the hands of his predecessor, and can command the same resources, and the support of the same constituency, as have borne us through the storm of the last four years. Shall we not all welcome him, then, to our hearts, and pray the blessing of God to be with him?"—(*Boston Sermons,* pp. 288-289).

Rev. W. S. Studley of Boston hailed Andrew Johnson as the instrument of swift retributive justice:

"Ay, woe to Slavery!—woe to its perjured, bloody-handed champion, Jefferson Davis!—woe to its adherents and defenders, its advocates and apologists, whether in Carolina or Massachusetts! Behold, the hour of its destruction is at hand! Nay, this very Easter Sunday is the day of its resurrection!—its resurrection to everlasting shame and contempt!—its resurrection to complete and eternal damnation! Its doom is sealed!

"To-day, for one, I would rather be the murdered President, or the wounded Secretary, than to be the man, who, in this hour of the nation's sorrow, has no prayer to offer for the final and utter extermination of that system which has lifted itself so long against our peace.

"When slavery did this last and most brutal of all its deeds, it doubtless thought to intimidate the future rulers of this land from meting out to the traitors the punishment which their crimes deserve. But it made a fearful mistake. In dealing with traitors, Andrew Johnson's little finger will be thicker than Abraham Lincoln's loins. If the old president chastised them with whips, the new president will chastise them with scorpions. Here is what he said only last week in a public address on the occasion of the fall of Richmond:

" 'Treason is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes; and for him guilty of it,—for him that is willing to lift his impious hand against the authority of the nation,—I would say death is too easy a punishment. My notion is that treason must be made odious; that traitors must be punished and impoverished: their social power broken.

"'You, my friends, have traitors in your very midst, and treason needs rebuke and punishment here as well as elsewhere. It is not the men in the field who are the greatest traitors. It is the men who have encouraged them to imperil their lives, while they themselves have remained at home, expending their means, and exerting all their power, to overthrow the government. Hence, I say this: 'the halter to intelligent, influential traitors!' But to the honest boy, to the deluded man, who have been deceived into the rebel ranks, I would extend leniency. I would say return to your allegiance, renew your support to the government, and become good citizens; but the leaders I would hang.'

"Nor is this a new-born sentiment in the heart of Andrew Johnson; for as long ago as the second of March, 1861, in a thrilling speech, which created an unparalleled outbreak of enthusiasm in the galleries of the Senate Chamber, he said:

"'Show me the man who makes war on the government, and fires on its vessels, and I will show you a traitor. *And, if I were President of the United States, I would have all such arrested, and when tried and convicted, by the eternal God, I would have them hung!*'

"There is hope, therefore, in the bright beams of this Easter sun! Our ruler knows how to deal with traitors!"—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 229-231).

Rev. J. H. Neale of Boston expressed his faith in Andrew Johnson:

"I have confidence in his successor. President Johnson's opinions and policy are known, and will be approved by the loyal people. There is now a roused but I believe a healthful public sentiment, which will not be satisfied until rebellion is exterminated and consumed, root and branch, and its blossoms go up as the dust."—(*Boston Sermons*, p. 172).

The report that Andrew Johnson was intoxicated on the day of his inauguration appears everywhere to have been current and generally believed. The ministers offered no apology for speaking of it, though they apologized for him. He was ill and took an overdose; he did wrong but it was not his custom; he did it but was sorry for it; these were their excuses. Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk of Boston said:

"Another sentiment is now called into action.

"5. *Fear.* A new pilot takes the helm. Mysteriously, he did not command our respect on the solemn day in which the nation put the crown upon his brow, and he took the solemn oath of office. He

has repented: this is all we ask of him. Everything else in his history inspires hope, respect, and gratitude. But still, it is not the hand that held the rudder-wheel on those tempestuous nights in which we were running through those narrow channels where ruin lay on either side. Fear naturally arises in such circumstances. It would come up if you were in a steamship at sea, among icebergs, with a captain who had sailed only river-craft until now."—(*Boston Sermons,* p. 41).

A calm and discriminating appreciation of Lincoln, and a call for the support of Andrew Johnson in his new responsibilities was spoken by Rev. Elbert S. Porter:

"Abraham Lincoln was the representative of popular rights, manhood, and liberty. The people weep because they loved him in character as a President, and as a man. The assassin who struck him, assailed every loyal citizen through him—and dealt a murderous blow upon the nation, in murdering its head. We have our duties. We must stand by the successor of Mr. Lincoln. Andrew Johnson is worthy of our support. He is now our Chief Magistrate —and as he wears the mantle of his immediate predecessor, so let us give him the support of our prayers and our loyal devotion to the cause he serves. Henceforth the name, fame, and virtues of each are in the keeping of so much of the world as delight to honor rare ability, unimpeachable integrity, and fervent devotion to the rights of all mankind. Washington was indeed the father of his country, and some future Bancroft shall record on the page of history that Abraham Lincoln was the political saviour of what Washington and his compatriots had founded. We weep, but we shall dry our tears in the sunlight of Hope. The President is no more—but the Republic lives. Let it be perpetual."—(*Our Martyred President,* p. 240).

Dr. William Ives Budington concluded his sermon with a paragraph expressive of his confidence in Andrew Johnson, which was all the more marked because of its implication that his congregation knew and probably believed the report that Johnson had been drunk on the day of his inauguration. Dr. Budington was not always so charitable as in this instance, in which he almost made that intoxication a virtue:

"I cannot cease speaking without commending to your prayers and confidence him who is called so suddenly to the Chief Magistracy of the land. I feel compelled to do this, because of the unfortunate impression made upon the country by Mr. Johnson at the late inaugu-

ration. With a haste as unreasonable as it is uncharitable, he has been condemned, as if an act proved a habit. There is not a man in this assembly who would not feel that the deepest injustice had been done him by such treatment. Admitting the worst that has been said, or that *can* be said, of Mr. Johnson's condition on that day, it is as susceptible of a favorable interpretation as of an unfavorable. It *may* have been, nay, we are bound to believe it *was* an accident, pure and simple—proof only of an enfeebled body, and of an anxiety, in spite of sickness, to discharge a public duty. We have the amplest assurances that this was the case. The Vice-President, now President of the United States, is entitled to the respectful confidence of the American people. The strong and generous testimony of General Burnside, yesterday, in New York, is sufficient, and will be cordially regarded as such by all loyal and patriotic citizens. Let us give him our confidence, and pray for him, as we did for his lamented predecessor."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 126-127).

Some of the ministers distrusted Andrew Johnson, but some of them were most hearty in their support of him, believing that the nation just then needed his stern and vindictive disposition. Rev. Edwin B. Webb of Shawmut Church, Boston, said:

"Andrew Johnson, who now becomes the chief magistrate, by the mysterious providence of God, is unquestionably an able man. He has been much in public life, and never failed—except in his speech on inauguration day—to meet the exigencies of his position. Besides, he has had a schooling in Tennessee which may have prepared him to lead at this very time. When I was in Washington, four years ago, I heard much in his praise. He told the secessionists, who were just then leaving their seats in the Senate to inaugurate the rebellion,—told them to their faces, for substance,—"were I President of the United States, I would arrest you as traitors, and try you as traitors, and convict you as traitors, and hang you as traitors." And judging from the speech which he made at Washington after the news of the fall of Richmond, he has not changed his mind.

"We want no revenge: we will wait the forms and processes of law. We want justice tempered with mercy. We want the leaders punished, but the masses pardoned. Let us confide in him as our President. And do you make crime odious; disfranchise every man who has held office in the rebel government, and every commissioned officer in the rebel army; make the halter certain to the intelligent and influential, who are guilty of perjury and treason, and so make yourself a terror to him that doeth evil, and a praise to him that

doeth good,—and we will stand by you, Andrew Johnson."—(*Boston Sermons,* pp. 158-159).

Among the ministers who hailed Andrew Johnson, there was now and then one who believed him almost a Messiah because of his experience with secession and his stern hatred of all that belonged with the spirit of the rebellion. On Martha's Vineyard, the Methodist minister, Rev. S. Reed of Edgartown said:

"But hark! While the nation is uttering its wail of sorrow there comes another voice. We turn and look. No sooner does our President expire than we see advance to take his place one of determined mien and quick of step. In his voice there is a certain sound, and a flashing light in his eye.

"Who is this that cometh from Tennessee, with dyed garments from the fields of blood? We hear him answer, 'I am Johnson, and I now speak with authority.' But wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy appearance like him that treadeth in the winefat? He answers, 'Because I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me; I come from the scenes of secession and murder; I have witnessed the deep, damning guilt of treason; therefore will I tread down our enemies in my fury, and I will sprinkle their blood upon my garments, for the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of the redeemed is come.'

"In the very presence of the lifeless form of our beloved Lincoln, Mr. Johnson says, 'I pity the deluded masses of the Southern people, but upon the leaders, the responsible men of this Rebellion, I would execute the penalty of the law.'

"To that declaration there comes from the hearts of all loyal Americans a hearty Amen; Amen comes from the desolated homes and hearts through our land; Amen comes from the graves where sleep our noble soldiers.

"In the name of our outraged, weeping nation, we say, Welcome, Johnson! In the name of Heaven's injured innocence, in the name of Liberty so long in chains, now rising in her beauty, we say to President Johnson, Welcome to the chair of National Government, and may the law of eternal justice ever encircle that chair!"

Rev. Dr. J. E. Rockwell felt that the death of Lincoln was an evidence of the moral slump which the war had brought to the nation. These words sound strangely modern:

"Infidelity makes open and unblushing assaults upon all that is sacred in his word and character. The institutions of religion have become subjects of conventional debates and angry discussion. The

press teems with the most direct assaults upon the laws and authority of God, as made known in his word, and the minds of multitudes are tainted with the dreadful poison. Look at many who are high in office and political influence, and how little evidence they give of any respect for the word of God as laying any claim to public and national obedience. Look at our broken and dishonored Sabbaths. How many turn their feet away from the sanctuary; how crowded are all our great avenues with old and young, intent only on pleasure, even amid the very sound of the Sabbath bells. And what evidence do we here find of a growing disregard for Divine law and authority. Such evidence is found, too, in the increasing sin of profanity, in the prevalence of intemperance, and the open and gross violation of all healthful laws for its suppression. Such is the horrible increase of infidel and licentious literature, showing a most depraved state of public morals that could either demand or sanction such infamous and demoralizing sources of vice and profligacy. Such is the open and growing disregard for sound and wholesome laws, and a want of submission to constituted authority, culminating at last in treason and rebellion, and aided and encouraged by men who have thus sought to gratify their party prejudices or personal ambition. These and a thousand similar evils have been terrible indications that our nation has been drifting away from its allegiance to God and casting aside his authority and law."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 278-279).

Dr. John McClintock called on his hearers to exercise undying hatred of slavery, but a forgiving spirit toward the people of the South:

"One more lesson, and not the least. If anything I have said, or anything that you read or hear in these sad days, breeds within you a single revengeful feeling, even towards the leaders of this rebellion, then think of Abraham Lincoln, and pray God to make you merciful. Think of the prayer of Christ, which the President said, after his Saviour, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' Let there be no place for revenge in our souls; justice we may and must demand, but revenge, never. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' I counsel you also to discountenance all disorder, all attempts by private persons to avenge the public wrong, or even to punish sympathizers with treason. I have been sorry to hear from the lips of generous young men, under the pangs of the President's assassination, sentiments of bitterness and indignation, amounting almost to fierceness. It is natural, no doubt, but what is natural is

not always right. Indulge this spirit, and you may hear next that this man's house or that man's house should be mobbed. Mobs are alien to our northern soil; they belong to another atmosphere than that of free schools and free men. The region of slavery was their natural home; let us have none of them. And soon, when the last shackles shall have fallen, and throughout our land, from sea to sea, there shall be no master and no slave, the blessed Peace shall come, for which we have looked, and prayed, and fought so long, when the Republic shall be established upon the eternal foundations of Freedom and Justice, to stand, we trust, by the blessing of God, down to the last syllable of recorded Time."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 143-144).

Dr. Charles S. Robinson, so well and favorably known as a hymnologist, was a good hater in his way. His were words of marked severity:

"If there ever was a time in which to obey the command, 'Be ye angry, and sin not,' that time has come now. 'There was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt unto this day; consider it, take advice, and speak your minds.'

"Let a vast public sentiment be aroused and organized, that shall exhibit this vile wickedness in its true light. Let us invoke Christendom to make it an eternal hissing. With a recoil of feeling so violent that it wearies my will, and shocks my very being, with uttermost loathing for an offence so abominable; seeing in it that keen, fine relish of depravity that marks it not only as devilish, but one of the master-works of the prince of devils, I stand simply appalled—wondering, with unspeakable wonder, how it can be accepted by any creature wearing the form of civilized humanity! It is an outrage on the community, whose tolerance it defies. It is an insult to decency, a rebuke to forbearance, an offence unto God. It is without the power of language to reach the condemnation it merits. The words of denunciation die on my lips in their own feebleness. It is with an affecting sense of gratitude to God that I discover the positive poverty of my mother-tongue in epithets of vileness befitting its description. As much as in you is, live peaceably with all men; but there ought to be a voice of opinion so stern, so outspoken, that no man of credited decency should stand tamely by and hear a crime, so unparalleled in its baseness, even extenuated."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 96-97).

Rev. Rufus Ellis of Boston called for a tempered and merciful justice, which apparently did not please all who heard it; for he

added a foot-note which said that he did not desire that the leaders of the rebellion be pardoned, and he added that he thought better of Andrew Johnson than he had previously thought:

"There is a crime unto death. It ought not to be lightly dealt with. Let no man ask that it may be forgiven; but, when the ministers of God who bear not the sword in vain have fulfilled their office, and the criminal has received the stern sentence, let us remember, were it only for the honor and the love which we bear to our dead, the generous and humane spirit that was so large a part of his noble manhood. I confess that I have not thought that they mourn for him wisely, who, renouncing his spirit before his poor outraged clay was cold, propose to be bitter and revengeful in fact, though not of course in name, as he was not. Friends,—*Christian* friends,—followers of him whose first disciples were as loving as they were just, let us not forget the many sad warnings of man's history, the cheats which his deceitful heart has put upon him; let us not forget that what is begun in righteousness and love is often ended, and not well, in unrighteousness and wrath. We shall have lost our noble leader indeed, if we lose his spirit, the wise and considerate mind, the excellent judgment, the tender, humane heart, that were in him; if, with all the wrongs, cruel wrongs, foul wrongs, that we have suffered as a nation, we forget that we are a Christian nation, and proceed to demand, and that, too, in the name of our gentle sufferer, measures of severity which he would never have sanctioned; so taking advantage of his dying, to thwart one of the high aims of his living. You know that I have spoken in but one voice from the beginning of this war, pleading for its rightfulness in the sight of the highest Christianity; and so you will not misunderstand my warning, lest, misled by passion, and not following, as we suppose, our man of peace, we inaugurate a reign of terror and blood. God grant that our martyr may be our deliverer; that he who was raised up in the most manifest providence of the Lord to be our counsellor and guide in our years of sore trial, may still rule and bless the people from the hiding-place of spiritual power; and, if we have had occasion to distrust him who is now called to the highest seat, may our fears be changed into hopes, and the desire of the nation be accomplished!* —(*Boston Sermons,* pp. 241-242).

* The preacher desires that the paragraphs above may not be interpreted as recommending lenity to the authors of privy conspiracy and rebellion; and he is glad to add that the circumstances, well known to the country, which led so many to distrust our present national Chief Magistrate, have been explained, by those who speak with authority, to his entire satisfaction.

The appeals to self-control were calm and sensible. For the most part they were based on the highest motives; but the ministers were sensible enough not to make these the only grounds for a plea for calmness. Dr. John E. Todd of Boston said:

"There is another feeling which naturally succeeds the emotions of horror and grief; it is *rage*. I would not say a word to inflame the passions and exasperation which are already filling the public mind. I would rather say that which may soothe excited feelings. It is a time for every man to lay upon himself a strong control. It is easy at such a time to be ungenerous and unjust. Let us discountenance all violence and passion, and seek the punishment of evil-doers only through the legally constituted channels. Let us not be violent even in our defence of the fallen. Let us remember that there is one thing more sacred than even friendship, and that is liberty. The contemptible creatures who profess to rejoice in the work of an assassin are not worth spending rage upon; there is nobler game afoot. Let us not waste too much passion upon the perpetrators of this dastardly crime;—not that they are not deserving of indignant condemnation, and condign punishment; they *must* receive it. But their importance is not commensurate with the mischief which they have done. To lavish indignation upon them is to misuse and waste it.

"Let us not jump hastily to the conclusion that the perpetrators of this vile deed were in the employ or the counsels of the enemy. For one, I do not believe that the Southern leaders are too honorable to stoop to such a deed; I do not believe that they are too shrewd to see that it would injure rather than serve them. But let us not come to conclusions without proof. We can wait for the light of evidence."—(*Boston Sermons*, pp. 83-84).

A fine example of the spirit of magnanimity displayed in some of these sermons is found in that by Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York, in a sermon from 2 Kings vi:21, in which Elisha refused permission to smite the captured Syrians but announced that bread and water be set before them, and that they be sent back to their homes:

"The intelligent leaders in this rebellion deserve no pity from any human being. Let them go. Some other land must be their home. Their own attained relations and results will be punishment and sorrow enough in time to come. Their property is justly forfeited to the nation which they have attempted to destroy, and to the oppressed, over whom they have tyrannized and triumphed. If the just utterance of law condemns them personally to suffer as traitors,

let no life be taken in the spirit of vengeance. Let the world see one instance of a Government that is great enough to ask no revenge, and self-confident and self-sustaining enough to need no retributive violence to maintain the majesty of its authority. Let the Lord's own example be to the utmost extent of personal relations, our rule and purpose, determined in the spirit of union and patience and kindness, to edify and restore, in the widest possible application of the spirit, consistent with the nations safety and the honor of the laws,—the multitudes who have been swept down the current of rebellion, by the dominant influence and example of those whom they have been taught to regard as their leaders in the path of public duty.

"There may be great difficulties in the details of the resustication of our afflicted land. But there can be none which such a spirit and purpose as were displayed in President Lincoln would not soon overcome and remove. And upon nothing will memory more delight to dwell than upon that high forgiving temper which lifts up a fallen foe, restores a wandering brother, and repays the cruelty of hatred by an overwhelming benignity and love. Little was he known in character and tendency by those who met his first administration with violent threats, and reproachful libels. And little has the real spirit of this Northern people been known by the great body of the South, who really know but little upon any subject, but as their accredited superiors have been accustomed to teach them. They have heard from their highest rebel officers nothing but terms of low and ribaldrous reproach and scorn applied to us. They have called us hyenas, and satisfied their hatred by the freedom of unlimited abuse. But in reality people have not been ready to meet the first offer of conciliation with the most cordial response of kindness. Let that spirit now prevail. Open the arms of fraternal concord. Spread through all the land the priceless blessings of liberty and education to all the people. Give the full rights of respected and acknowledged citizenship to all. Blot out, cover up the last remnant of that slavery which has been parent and the child of every species of oppression—the one line of division between the grave that holds the monument and the memory of our beloved President a mingled grove of the pine-tree and the palm, the orange and the apple, to flourish in immortal union, and to rival each other only in the beauty of their growth, the abundance of their fruit, and the perennial verdure of their living foliage, that God may be glorified in all and by all for ever."—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 83-84).

Fairly typical of the appeal to religious conviction and to confi-

dence in the stability of government is the closing paragraph in the sermon of Rev. James P. Eells, D. D.:

"My countrymen, let us rise to-day to a more distinct conviction that this nation is under the direction of God. Thousands of martyrs have been sacrificed at its altar; and at last, when we thought no more would be demanded, we have been obliged to yield the most illustrious of them all. In this fresh baptism of blood, let us consecrate it to Jehovah, and hold ourselves in readiness for any demands such consecration may make of us. Let us feel that for this brief life we can make no worthier or more valuable contribution to our race, than our resolute, sincere devotion to the interests of right, liberty, and religion. Nay, there can be no more worthy or valuable treasure laid up for the life eternal! The life eternal! how near to its confines do we every moment stand! God grant that all of us may be prepared, through his grace, when the summons shall come to us, to leave forever our stations and work on earth, for the service and the bliss of heaven!"—(*Our Martyred President*, p. 232).

Rev. Josiah P. Thompson of Broadway Tabernacle was one of the men who cited the Gettysburg address as proof of Lincoln's greatness. That address, he said, possessed "a grand simplicity worthy of Demosthenes."

Dr. Thompson declared that the leaders in the rebellion deserved capital punishment; but he did not favor inflicting that penalty upon them:

"There may be a justice more terrible than the scaffold, or there may be a living infamy worse than death.

"If now we strip all who have knowingly, freely, and persistently upheld this rebellion, of their property and their citizenship, they will become beggared and infamous outcasts; fleeing the country, not as hunted exiles courting sympathy abroad and creating sympathy at home, but like Cain, with the brand upon their forehead, and with a punishment greater than they can bear. They will not dare to return to the South, for their wealth being gone, and their social and political power broken, they would find none so poor to do them reverence; nor would they risk their lives among the common people, whom they have deceived and ruined."—(*Our Martyred President*, p. 212).

A number of noted men other than ministers delivered addresses on appointed days subsequent to Sunday, April 16. Few if any senators, members of Congress or judges delivered addresses on the first Sunday. But a "Great funeral oration," as it was not unjustly

called, was delivered by a woman, on that day next following the Saturday on which Lincoln died. Toward the close of Saturday, as the preface states, Miss Emma Hardinge received an invitation to speak in Cooper Union at 3 o'clock on the following afternoon. Three thousand people are said to have been present. Miss Hardinge did not write the address, but it was stenographically reported—phonographically, they called it in that day. The address, if coldly criticized, must be adjudged as something less than the "great oration" which was described at the time; but it is one of the best of the addresses delivered on that day, and it is said to have evoked applause—a tribute paid to but two other of the Lincoln funeral addresses that of Rev. M. P. Gaddis of Cincinnati, and the address of Miss Hardinge.

Were these sermons eloquent? Do they display great oratorical ability? That is too much to claim or expect. These ministers were not for the most part great men; they were just ordinary ministers of Christ, with their regular round of parish duties, suddenly confronted with an unexpected demand and they met it with no thought that we should now be subjecting their sermons to homiletic analysis. It is enough to claim for them that they were honest, earnest and courageous; that they met the people on the level of their common grief and lifted them to a higher plane of thinking and emotion, giving them a measure of confidence and new hope. The sermon that sends a man home the better is a good sermon. In very few of these sermons is there any attempt at oratory, and what appears as oratory is chastened with a praiseworthy self-restraint. Yet a good many of these sermons are truly eloquent. They are distinctly better examples of true oratory than we could reasonably have expected. Here and there are sermons in which occur powerful passages.

Theodore L. Cuyler and Henry Ward Beecher were not in their own pulpits in Brooklyn on the day following Lincoln's death. They were at Fort Sumter, raising the flag over that fortress on the anniversary of its having been hauled down. Returning on the steamer "Oceanus" they heard as they embarked that Lincoln was dead. Cuyler delivered an address on board the steamer of which address there is a report in a volume issued in commemoration of the re-occupation of the fort. Also, before embarking, he had spoken to the colored children at Charleston. On Sunday, April 23, Cuyler and Beecher were both in their own pulpits in Brooklyn, and Cuyler said:

"And now that great, child-like, generous heart has ceased to throb. Those deep, melancholy eyes—deep wells of sorrow as they

always looked to me—are dimmed forever. Those gaunt ungainly limbs with which he strode along his patient way under the burthen, are laid to rest. The hand that broke four million of fetters is lifeless clay! Lincoln in his coffin has put a world in tears. Never was a man so mourned; never before did all Christendom stand mourners around one single bier. That pistol-shot at Washington echoes round the world in the universal wail of humanity. God pity our noble friends abroad when they hear the tidings! Kossuth will weep as he wept for the lost crown of Maria Theresa. John Bright's heart will bleed as it bled but yesterday over the grave of Cobden. Garibaldi will clasp that little grandson to his bosom with a tenderer love, that the child bears the name of 'Abraham Lincoln.' Our missionaries in Syria and China and the Pacific Isles will drop warm tears on the pages of those Bibles that they are rendering into heathen tongues. Here at home I see the sorrow in every eye; the air is heavy with the grief; 'there is not a house in which there is not one dead.'

"Intense as is our grief, who shall fathom the sorrow of those to whom he brought the boon of freedom, when they shall learn of the death of their liberator? What wails shall mingle with the voices of the sea along Carolina's shore! Miriam's timbrel in a moment drowned in Rachel's cry of anguish!

"Last Saturday morning I addressed one thousand freedmen's children in the doomed city of Charleston. When I said to them, 'May I invite for you your father Lincoln to come to Charleston and see the little folks he has made free?' a thousand black hands flew up with a shout. Alas! at that moment a silent corpse lay in the East Room at Washington. On reaching Fortress Monroe,—under the first stunning blow of the awful tidings, I went aside to a group of poor negro women who were gathered about a huckster's table, which was hung with a few coarse strips of black muslin. 'Well, friends, the good man is gone.' 'Yes, sah,' spake out a gray-haired Aunt Chloe—'yes, sah! Linkun's dead! They killed our best friend. But God be libin yet. Dey can't kill Him. I'se sure of dat!' How instinctively the childish faith of those long-suffering hearts reached up to the Almighty arm! In that poor freedwoman's broken ejaculation, 'Linkum dead—but God still libin,' I find the only solace for your heart and mine."—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 169-171).

On the same Sunday morning, April 23, Beecher was in his own pulpit. The intervening week had shown the stability of American

institutions. Even Wall Street had stood like a rock; the death of Lincoln did not affect the nation's credit. Beecher had returned from the south, weighed down with sorrow, but he had risen to a majestic sense of confidence in God and in America. As he neared the close of his sermon, his congregation that had been in tears burst out four times in applause:

"This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venomous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, without temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, and corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

"The blow has signally failed. The cause is not stricken, it is strengthened. This nation is dissolved—but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The Government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences. [Applause].

"Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver nor fall one-half of one per cent? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

"Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have

expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, 'Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe.' [Applause].

"Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. [Applause]. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. [Applause]. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which, not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy."—(*Our Martyred President*, pp. 44-46).

It was characteristic of Beecher thus to rise from deep sorrow to almost jubilant confidence, and to carry his congregation with him. It was equally characteristic that, having done this, he should turn, and in the very next paragraph move them to tears as he described the inarticulate grief of the freedmen, and then move on with a full tide of oratorical power to his peroration, one of the most eloquent ever heard in the American pulpit:

"You I can comfort, but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming.

Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead,* DEAD, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

"Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"—(*Our Martyred President,* pp. 47-48).

This essay was prepared in the spring of 1923, and the substance of it was used as an address on the anniversary of Lincoln's death. It was then enlarged and prepared for this publication, and scheduled for appearance, as it does appear, in the autumn of the same year. As thus published, it has a timeliness which was not anticipated when the essay was prepared. The death of President Harding, August 3, 1923, and the transcontinental journey from San Francisco to Washington and back to his old home in Marion, and the services held in his memory in thousands of cities and villages, has many suggestions by way of comparison and contrast. But that would call for a separate article. The death of Harding occurred in midsummer, when many ministers were upon their vacations; but the services were notable, and showed again the ability of the American pulpit to interpret in terms of religious faith and comfort a great national sorrow.