

# The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XLI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889.

NUMBER 2131.

## The Independent.

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### AN AUTUMN SONG IN ENGLAND.

TO EUGENIA.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

SUMMER hay and harvest  
Come and gone again—  
Ah! the months are measured  
By the yellow wain,  
As the stately cargoes  
Down the valley sway;  
Golden wheat-sheaf mountains,  
Hills of scented hay.

Yearly for her children  
Earth, the Mother, pours  
Thus in rick and hay;  
Her sustaining stores;  
Heedless if the plowman  
Reap the seed he sows,  
If with grass and leaf-bud  
He o'erlive the snows.

Man she loves; but loves not  
With a mother's heart;  
'Tis the race that only  
In her care has part.  
For the whole providing,  
Deaf to each one's fate,  
She our tears and laughter,  
Eyes with smiles sedate.

Down a twilight ocean  
Men like swimmers go;  
Some sweet face beside them,  
Some few voices know.  
Faint and firm the Pole Star,  
Beaconing overhead,  
O'er the heaving billows  
Draws a silver thread.

Who knows when his nearest  
'Neath the flood shall go?  
Who, when Death may call him  
From the night below?  
Shall we see the spring-time,  
Hear the bird again?  
Ask no more, when autumn  
Brings the harvest wain?  
Swaying down the hillside,  
On the hedge it weaves  
Lines of golden wheat-straw  
That out last the leaves;  
Shall we see the spring-time  
Bud and burst again?  
Ask no more, Eugenia!  
Ask no more in vain!

OXFORD UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MAY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

VERY early in the day, before the house was light,  
When the earth was wrapt in slumber, when the sky was  
barred with white.

How often at my brother's side, with careless heart and  
gay,

I went into the wildwood to welcome in the May!

There was the slender bilberry, tossing in the breeze,  
With strings of milky blossoms, the darlings of the bees;  
Sly hepaticas were there, mingled white and blue,  
And hosts of pallid innocence, and violets and rue.

There was halting hobbie-bush, that vagrant of the woods,  
And maples with their crumpled leaves and downy elder-  
buds,

And sassafras and juniper, and all the spley train  
That tempt the browsing cattle to haunt a country lane!

Oh! many a knot and rosy wreath our eager fingers made,  
And many a snatch of childish song was echoed down the  
glade;

The water glistened like a ghost and slipped away in foam,  
And every roguish bird that sang was calling us from  
home!

I wonder if the old bridge is standing as of yore,  
Or if the phoebe keeps her place above the cottage door.  
Oh! when my sailor brother returns from far away,  
We'll go together through the wood and welcome in the  
May!

NORHAMPTON, MASS.

### SELF-EDUCATION.

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

PROF. ELIOT NORTON, in the *Princeton Review*, once made this statement:

"Such a spectacle as America affords to-day was never before witnessed. Sixty millions of people at peace and free from fear . . . fifty millions at least well-housed, well-fed, well-protected in their rights, in general sufficiently well instructed in the elements of learning to have possession of the means of self-improvement . . . it is, indeed, a magnificent spectacle."

It is well to look with pride on the past, it is wise calmly to survey the dangers which beset us, it is truly patriotic to plan nobly for the future. We must rightly estimate the value of material prosperity; but we can safely give heed to Matthew Arnold when he warns against the "worship of machinery"; we must not confuse means with the ends, or worse still, exchange them. Professor Norton, in the quoted paragraph, has made the distinction clear; our material prosperity, which releases us from hardship and wearisome toil, at the same time gives us leisure and imposes obligations to reach a higher plane of life.

What educational machinery have we devised for the intellectual and moral improvement of these fifty millions? We have a public school system which supplies "the means of self-improvement," academies and fitting schools for secondary education, colleges and universities for general culture and special training. Yet these higher opportunities are beyond the reach of the vast majority, who, by stress of circumstances, cannot take up residence at established institutions. Shall those who have lived half their lives, or those who have reluctantly left the path of learning just when the way grew pleasant, abandon hope of growing? Shall they trudge apathetically along a tedious rut? Shall they shift to the more fortunate students who crowd college halls, the responsibility which rests upon all the citizens of the republic, to raise the average of public intelligence?

We are hampered by conventional ideas of education. We must look at it more broadly. We must conceive of it as a growth, a continuous growth ending, as President Dwight says, "only with life itself." The so-called educated man is, in reality, simply being educated. The notion that there is any fixed limit to education, is fatal to real intellectual progress. The college graduate who thinks of his degree as a mint-mark, and the girl who is "finished" when she leaves school, are objects of pity. "Life is not a dignified repose, but a noble unrest."

The principle which simplifies the relation of every man and woman to education may be broadly stated thus: In a true sense all education is self-education—i. e., the result of personal effort and will. The results of education vary with the will power and the opportunities of the self-educator. The college with its trained instructors, its library, collections, apparatus, etc., not only offers the widest opportunity, but by its system demands less persistent effort upon the part of the student. Therefore for economy of time and labor, as well as for a philosophical and systematic development of the faculties, the college and the university are unrivaled. No individual student can expect to accomplish alone by his own efforts anything like the results he could attain within college walls. Any plan of so-called popular education which should claim to furnish in any sense a substitute for college opportunity would bear the mark of quackery upon the face of it.

But shall the self-educator, who spends a large part of the time in shop, or bank, in kitchen or nursery, be discouraged from attempts at systematic education, the pursuit of certain definite courses in history, science and art? Most emphatically, no. On the contrary, every encouragement and assistance should be offered to men and women, young or old, who have the pluck and perseverance to accomplish self-set tasks.

During the past eleven years, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has given direction to the reading of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. The average age of these readers is between thirty and forty years. Many of them have been associated in little companies known as "Local Circles," but the majority, perhaps, have studied alone in sitting-rooms, kitchens and work-shops. The course of reading gives what is called "The College Outlook." The classic

literatures are presented in specially prepared volumes, in which selected passages and brief biographical notices are arranged in the usual sequence of the college curriculum. From books written by the best authorities, and adapted to the reader's needs, he learns something about all the studies usually pursued in college. To claim that by reading never so diligently for forty minutes a day, nine months in the year, a man or woman can in a quadrennium accomplish at home the work of a college course, is manifestly absurd; but such a student may feel the satisfaction which comes with intellectual quickening, may gain a broader outlook over the world, may find life more than mere existence, may become a true well-rounded character tracing in history and Nature the hand of God. By such means, Chautauqua is trying to have a share in the intellectual advancement of our people, striving to read a deeper and nobler meaning into our *Magna Charta*, "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

BUFFALO, N. Y.

### AN OPEN LETTER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE reading and answering of letters from unknown correspondents occupies a large part of the time of every busy author; and every appreciative one must wish that he had more to give to it. The impulse to pour one's heart out to a stranger may seem more or less perplexing, according to our temperaments or tempers; but it is too powerful an impulse to be crushed, and often too pathetic not to be respected. An instance of this kind has recently disturbed me very much. I trust the friendliness of THE INDEPENDENT to help me out with a difficulty which will be readily understood when I say that I received, some time ago, from a stranger, a letter which, by every canon of Christian courtesy, should have been answered, and that I have lost the letter. With it, of course, having gone the stranger's address, I have no choice but to communicate with her, "if haply I may find her," through the public press, or leave her to form her own opinions of the religion and manners of her selected confidante.

I choose the former course without apology, for the reason that the case is one of far more than usual interest, and reaches quite beyond the personal relations. I cannot be mistaken in assuming that the readers of THE INDEPENDENT will follow it with intellectual respect and quickened consciences.

The letter was dated, I think, from the City of Washington, and ran somewhat to this effect:

"My dear Madame:—I beg your pardon for troubling you with the private affairs of a stranger, but I am in rare need of advice from some one whom I can trust to understand my motives. I feel sure that you will be patient with my intrusion and I will tell you as briefly as possible why I make it.

"I wish to go to the Sandwich Islands and take upon myself the mission from which death recently relieved Father Damien.

"I am not a Roman Catholic, but I am a Christian; and my heart turns to this work. I think I have counted the cost, and know what I am about to do, if I undertake it. I am ready for it, if it is best to take the step.

"I may add that I am entirely alone in the world, without near claim upon me of any kind. My aged parents have died. I took care of them to the end, and am now without home or kin.

"I can refer you to—So-and-So, of such-a-place—if you wish to know anything about my antecedents or character and I have friends in — and — who can tell you what they think of my fitness for such a mission.

"I greatly desire your opinion, if you are willing to give it to me, of the wisdom and rightness of such a step. Will you, can you counsel me?

"I shall be grateful for your reply, and am  
Yours, very truly,

I was moved by this letter; and time, aided by the consciousness of carelessness, has not weakened the impression made by its tremendous moral purpose.

The world is becoming familiar now with the tragedy of Father Damien's sublime life; almost too familiar. We are beginning to accept it as we do all heroisms—so much material for our private entertainment when times are dull. We have made up our minds that the noblest deed since the Crucifixion has been done in our day; and that he whom we might be none the worse for

calling, reverently he it said, the Hawaiian Christ, has (in his own words) "climbed on top of his Golgotha," to the most piteously earned rest that human sacrifice can approach. We have added Father Damien, the self-elected leper for lepers' wretched sakes, to the short list of the inconceivable saints. We concede his spiritual supremacy as we do that of a superhuman being. His self-effacement seems to be as much outside of the possibilities of ordinary Christian surrender as that of one of the sons of God.

But here is one of ourselves; a person such as one may see any day, a solitary, thoughtful woman like hundreds of others whom the isolation of life leads into soul-sweetness rather than souls' bitterness. With a modesty and simplicity which go far to testify to the reality of her purposes she elects the Via Dolorosa of modern missions as quietly as another woman may decide to go to Paris or to study the violin.

Being, as I say, much moved by the letter of this noble woman, I mentioned it to a friend, who added emotion to emotion by the following prompt reply:

"Are you, then, so much surprised? Why I know another just such case. I have heard of still another. But of one I can testify, for it is the case of a personal friend. She is an artist, well-known and well-gifted. She has a brilliant career before her. She came to me last winter and said she wished to follow the mission of Father Damien. I told her not to go. I thought it a misdirection of gifts."

Direction or misdirection, who shall say? for the soul of another is a dark road. Every story has its own solemn plot, wrought by the hand of the Great Author. We are but miserable proof-readers, after all, when we try to guide the heart of our nearest and dearest. What bunglers at the life of a stranger!

What should I say to her who asked of me the bread of womanly, sisterly interest, and has received perforce the stone of silence? If her eyes ever fall upon these columns she may know that what I say before the world is, indeed, only what I could have said in the seclusion of a private letter: "You noble woman, I do not know! I respect you, I revere you, I humbly pray Heaven for the tithe of your self-obliteration, for the shadow of your Christianity—but whether you ought to go to Molokai and become a leper I do not know!"

It is easier to make one of two mistakes in dealing with a case of extraordinary heroism than it is, by moral accident, to hit the truth. There is the mind which inevitably says: The Hawaiian leper is no more urgent upon self-sacrifice than the outcast of New York. The home claim is the sacred one. It is not necessary to be romantic to be a Christian. Stay in the common roads and do the daily duty. Don't be tragic. Work like your fellow church-members and be satisfied.

Then there is the nature which just as inevitably urges: Why speak soft words of velvet themes? Life is a tragedy. Christianity is the highest sacrifice of self, or it is nothing. Because it may not be to your mind to live among horrible diseases and die on their crosses, why should you criticise the course of one to whom it is? The way of Christian work in clean and orderly lands—in sacred homes—with health and hope and the hand-clasp of your beloved to give life to soul and body—this is the silken way. There is another. It is rougher than death. We elect it. Give us God's blessing and let us go.

Now, either of these views of a given case may be the wrong one. One must be the right. At least if we have not the high grace ourselves to choose a consecration that shames most of the limp things which we call Christianity out of its pulpit and its pew—let us speak of that supreme sacrifice only on our knees.

The superb portrait of Father Damien, painted by Edward Clifford and given to the world in his little memorial volume, is in itself enough to scorch truth from error out of the impulsive enthusiasms which, just now, find it natural to cluster around the martyr's solemn life.

One glance at that lofty face, beautiful as an archangel's and tender as a woman's, and strong only as a great man's can be, opens a new view of dedication to the heart. Self is divinely blotted out of it, but good sense controls it, and permanence of purpose, indifference to personal pain, and pathetic sensitiveness to the misery of others carve every line of a countenance which will be canonized in the souls of thousands of us, who never came nearer than a picture to the beauty of this Christ-like man.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

A CELEBRATED robber of Central India has recently been captured and has made a full confession of his life. His name is Tantia Bheel. More than fifty years ago he was arrested on a false charge and made his escape. He was re-arrested, served his term, was arrested again and still again; but before his last term was completed he made his escape and took to robbery. He organized a band and with them would swoop down on a village, rob it of its best, perhaps burn the village, and then take to the mountains. He has been called the Robin Hood of India, because he robbed the rich to help the poor. Last year he is said to have distributed 6,000 rupees among the poor, and he has often purchased bullocks to feed them. His name has been so widely known that a number of other bands, he declares, are now committing extensive robberies in his name.

PRESENT STATE OF THE EVOLUTION QUESTION.

WALLACE AND WEISMANN.

BY JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D.

THAT there is such a process as Evolution, whatever that may be, is now settled among naturalists. There is not a scientist under thirty years of age who does not believe in it in some form. Our theologians and religious journalists, who are ignorant of natural history, speak against it less frequently and dogmatically, tho they still claim a petty victory when evolutionists quarrel about some subordinate points. Meanwhile the question agitated is, Admitting Evolution to exist, what are its precise nature and its limits? At this moment this cannot be regarded as settled. The process is still a mystery. Vigorous attempts are being made to clear it up, with the prospect in the course of years of succeeding at least so far.

We have two important works recently published treating of this subject in a scientific manner. There is "Darwinism, an Exposition of The Theory of Natural Selection with some of its Applications." This is by Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of Evolution. We have also an English translation by Professor Meldola of the scattered papers of Weismann, who has been profoundly searching into the nature of Heredity.

It is clear that Evolution is not a simple force or law of Nature, such as gravitation and chemical affinity. It is a process involving several elements. I have called it an organized causation embracing a number of powers, the separate nature and co-operation of which it is the office of scientific men to determine. When they have advanced a few stages further, and filled up the gaps which stare us in the face, as we survey their discoveries we hope that natural theology, as it already discovers traces of use and design, may in the end be able to establish a FINAL CAUSE running through Evolution, seen not only in the structure of plants and animals, but in the mode of their production in the ages. We shall then have a successive teleology running through time as we have had for ages a contemporaneous teleology extending through space.

Dr. Wallace's work is the most important exposition of Evolution which has appeared since Darwin's original work on "The Origin of Species." In the early editions of that work Darwin accounted for development by Natural Selection. At a later date, in consequence of difficulties started and new theories propounded, he allowed a place to other agencies such as environment, use and disuse; made, with his usual candor, admissions to his critics and apparently abandoned, to some extent, his theory of Natural Selection as the exclusive or main potency in evolution. Now we have Wallace bringing us back to the original principle of Darwin, maintaining that "Natural Selection" with the "Survival of the Fittest" is, after all, the universal and main power in Evolution, giving a fuller account of this principle than has ever been done before, and defending his position by innumerable fresh illustrations. He has succeeded in showing that Natural Selection works everywhere in Nature, and works as a controlling and guiding power over other powers also working. But Evolution is a complex process, an organized co-operation of causes working to one end, and there are other agents besides selection; and natural science is seeking to discover them and explain their nature and mode of operation, and natural theology may show what the profound Leibnitz found everywhere in Nature, *causes working for ends.*

It has been objected to Darwin's exposition of his theory that he dwelt mainly on the variations made on cultivated plants and domestic animals. Thus he shows that all pigeons, of which one hundred and fifty variations can be distinguished, are derived from the slaty-blue rock, pigeon. Wallace takes up the native species and illustrates Natural Selection by numerous and varied illustrations from all parts of the vegetable and animal kingdoms and from widely scattered countries.

He begins with showing that all plants and animals, and all their organs are liable to vary in their descent. "Every one knows that in each litter of kittens or of puppies no two are alike." Of the higher tribes of animals each newly-born one has its own physiognomy. The variability is a general character of all common and wide-spread species of animals and plants, and it extends to every part and organ, whether in the shape or the internal structure. "It usually reaches from ten to twenty and sometimes even to twenty-five per cent. of the average size of the varying part." We may observe these variations in plants with which we are all familiar. Of the bramble forty-five species have been described; of willows (*Salix*), forty-one species; of hawkweed (*Hieracium*), thirty-two. Wallace shows that these numerous variations are sufficient to furnish abundant material for Natural Selection, and the survival of the useful, and the disappearance of the useless. Perhaps the phrase "Natural Selection" is somewhat misleading, as it seems to imply some discernment and choice on the part of the animal or plant of which there is certainly nothing, while there may be purpose on the part of Him who made them, and disposed and distributed them,]

Dr. Wallace explains the process:

"The theory of Natural Selection rests on two main classes of facts which apply to all organized beings without exception, and which thus take rank as fundamental principles or laws. The first is the power of rapid multiplication in a geometrical progression; the second, that the offspring always vary slightly from the parents, tho generally very closely resembling them. From the first fact or law there follows necessarily a constant struggle for existence, because while the offspring always exceed the parents in numbers, generally to an enormous extent, yet the total number of living organisms in the world does not and cannot increase year by year. . . . Of the whole annual increase of plants and animals only a small fraction survives. In the long run those survive which are best fitted by their perfect organization to escape the dangers that surround them. . . . Consequently every year on the average as many die as are born, plants as well as animals, and the majority by premature deaths. They kill each other in a thousand different ways; they starve each other by some consuming food that others want, and they are destroyed largely by cold and heat, by rain and storm, by flood and fire. There is thus a perpetual struggle among them which shall live and which shall die, and this struggle is tremendously severe, because so few can possibly remain alive—one in five, one in ten, often only one in a hundred, or even one in a thousand."

We are inclined to ask here, What need of so much death? I am not sure that I can give a complete answer to this question and clear up thoroughly the subject of the existence of pain under the government of a beneficent God. Still I can point to light reflected from the cloud. It is clearly the good purpose of God that the race should continue and not the individual. Dr. Wallace tells us that "illness, and what answers to poverty in animals, continued hunger, are quickly followed by unanticipated and almost painless extinction. The fights of wild beasts seem to us intolerably cruel, but it is ascertained that in the contest there is a nervous tension which prevents any pain from being felt." I am not sure that this altogether removes the difficulty, for we have all seen diseased and wounded animals exposed to torture for a considerable period. But this mystery of evil does not press with greater hardness upon the evolution than on the anti-evolution theory. Death is so awful to man because after it cometh the judgment—"the sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law." And from sin and the law both the lion which tears and the lamb which is torn are free. It is pleasant to discover that the doctrine of Evolution shows more fully to man than ever he had known before what infinite pains God has taken to continue the species both of plant and animal, to promote the comfort of the animal and enable it to realize its full capacity.

This is done very successfully and very beautifully in this work of Dr. Wallace. I intend to present some of the details and take full advantage of them in another paper on Final Cause in Evolution. But before closing this paper I must call attention to Wallace's closing chapter "Darwinism applied to Man."

Dr. Wallace is evidently not master of the nature and laws of man's mind as he is of those of the plant and animal kingdoms. But knowing well the precise nature of Evolution he has the sagacity to discover, and the courage to maintain, that in accounting for the forms and colors and structure of vegetables and animals it is not competent to explain the phenomena of men's intellectual and moral nature. Every one who has studied these has felt when Darwin comes to treat of them the giant has lost his strength. Wallace takes up the psychological subjects with which he is acquainted. He treats of the mathematical, the musical and artistic faculties and shows conclusively that the Darwinian theory does not admit of an application to them.

"It must be remembered that we are here dealing solely with the capability of the Darwinian theory to account for the origin of the mind as well as it accounts for the origin of the body of man, and must therefore recall the essential features of that theory. These are the preservation of useful varieties in the struggle of life, that no creature can be improved beyond its necessities for the time being; that the law acts by life and death and by the survival of the fittest. We have therefore to ask, what relation the successive stages of improvement of the mathematical faculty had to the life and death of its predecessors; to the struggle of tribe with tribe, or nation with nation, or the ultimate survival of one race and the extinction of another. If it cannot possibly have any such effects, then it cannot have been produced by Natural Selection. It is evident that in the struggles of savage man with the elements and with wild beasts, or of tribe with tribe, this faculty can have had no influence.

"As with the mathematical so with the musical faculty it is impossible to trace any connection between its possession and the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence."

A like remark is made as to the artistic faculty. "And besides the three which have been specially referred to there are others which evidently belong to the same class, such as the metaphysical faculty" as also "the peculiar faculty of wit and humor."

I may add that there are other and higher powers and ideas (which Wallace has not noticed) which it would be still more palpably absurd to attribute to the law of Natural Selection; there is the conscience with its perceptions of good and evil, and the felt obligations of morality.

When a new and wonderful law of Nature is discovered

there is a tendency among enthusiastic scientists to extend it beyond its legitimate province. I am so old as to remember that when Sir Humphrey Davy made his brilliant discovery of the relationship of electric and chemical action every dabbler in science hastened to explain all the action of Nature by electricity. There is a like disposition in the present day to account for all Nature by Evolution, using the phrase in an undefined sense. I am glad to find that one of the two simultaneous discoverers of the law has come forward to show that there are higher parts of man's nature which it cannot possibly explain. The work of the past age has been to show that Evolution is a mighty power in Nature; the work of the present age is to show what it is precisely, to determine what are the various powers involved in the process and the limits to be set to its action.

While Dr. Wallace stands up so resolutely for a power above the material, the conclusion which he reaches as to the nature of that power is altogether unsatisfactory. The higher faculties in man seem to him to point clearly to an "unseen universe, to a world of spirits to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate, and to unconscious, conscious, and intellectual life," "which probably depend upon different degrees of spiritual influx." This seems to rise no higher than the vulgar spiritualism, the weaknesses and the deceptions of which have so often been exposed.

I argue the existence of a higher power than Evolution on a deeper ground than Dr. Wallace. I found it on the principle so well established and so universally acknowledged in all the physical sciences, since the discovery of the conservation of energy, that *there is nothing in the effect which was not potentially in the cause.* It follows that we cannot evolve an effect from what did not possess, in an undeveloped state, the qualities that are in the effect. We cannot evolve mind from matter, nor life from the lifeless, nor sensation from the insentient, nor intelligence from the unintelligent, nor morality from the non-moral. Following out this principle it looks as if there must have been ever and anon the introduction of new powers, whether naturally or supernaturally we know not, of sensation, life, instruction, intelligence, morality, producing successive epochs like the days of Genesis and the ages of geology. However this may be, it is certain that all this system and adaptation points to more than a vague spiritualism such as Wallace acknowledges; they show us a God above Nature who has such infinite perfections as to account for all that is Nature.

While Dr. Wallace has succeeded in showing that Natural Selection is a main, or the main instrument, in producing Evolution, and that it mixes itself and sways all other agencies, he has not proven that there are no other powers at work. There is environment; the plant and the animal become ampler when they have suitable soil and food, and they shrink when they have insufficient nourishment. Use draws forces toward the evolving process and disuse withdraws them. There is intelligence directing the physical agencies—Sir John Lubbock has shown how it appears in animals very low in the scale of creation. Dr. W. Cook has traced it in ants and spiders. Biologists have worked for years, probably for ages in detecting and tracing the separate and varied potencies at work in the process and in showing how they combine to produce the vast results in Nature, especially the derivation of the present from the past and the production of the harmony and consistency of the whole.

Dr. Weismann, whose papers are before us in two volumes, is seeking to penetrate into the depths of the mystery of Heredity and for this purpose to unfold the physiology of animal generation. We have left little space for considering his numerous observations and experiments, which are illustrated by plates. The truth is these are so technical in their nature that they cannot be discussed except in medical or purely scientific treatises.

Scientific men seem now to have discarded the old idea of a separate life or vital force—which I acknowledge had a very indefinite nature. But they have been compelled to call in a corresponding power which they are seeking to make more explicit. Darwin called in a *pangenesis* collecting material from all parts of the body and transmitting it to the new generation. Spencer has *physiological units* which serve the same purpose. And now Weismann stands up for a germ-plasm of a very complicated structure in the animal body.

"At every new birth a portion of the specific germ-plasm which the parent egg-cell contains is not used up in producing the offspring, but is reserved unchanged to produce the germ-cells of the following generation. Thus the germ-cells so far as regards their essential nature the germ-plasms, are not the product of the body itself (as Darwin held) but are related to one another in the same way as are a series of unicellular organisms derived from one another by a continuous course of simple division. . . . Thus the new germ-cells arise not at all out of the body of the individual but direct from the parent germ-cell."

This theory is more specific than that of Darwin or Spencer. It is thus that a substance with a generative power "passes over from one generation to another" and preserves the continuity of the race.

According to this theory the acquired property of the individual is not inherited. Weismann holds this in op-

position to the common opinion. The offspring of horses whose tail is docked and of animals which had a limb mutilated, have the same organs which their parents originally had. The descent of acquired properties, say of the greyhound or deerhound, is produced by the law of selection and the union of the sexes.

I have no opinion to offer on this question. In due time it will be thoroughly sifted and what truth there is in it (and I believe there is some truth in it) established. But let us acknowledge that the mystery of our being and our birth has not yet been cleared up. In particular little or no light has been thrown on relation of mind and body united in every child born. We have proof of the existence of the body by the senses, and of mind by self-consciousness, but no means of knowing how they stand related. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to find, that Weismann and other biologists are proceeding on the right method and are sure in the end to gain satisfactory results. The science is already so far advanced that we may reverently inquire into the religious aspect of Evolution. In a second article I mean to ask: "Can we discover Final Cause in Evolution?"

PRINCETON, N. J.

### WOMEN AND MEN IN LITERATURE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN a thoughtful and interesting paper printed not long ago on the editorial page of a journal devoted to the interests of women, Mr. T. W. Higginson more than intimated that women are the chief conservators of literature in America, and that, on the other hand, the study of science has in a measure crowded literary interest out of the minds of our men. "Away from a few great cities," says Mr. Higginson, "those Americans who do serious work in the study of literature are generally women." In proof of this rather startling assertion, he describes a women's club in the city of Indianapolis (as he chooses to disguise Indianapolis) and makes a most interesting "cross-section" of its methods of work.

One cannot help sympathizing with the under-drift of Mr. Higginson's paper, which is a very chivalrous and eminently just tribute to the women of a city which, as he assures us, "may well be assumed as typical both from its own characteristics and because it has furnished the man and woman who will for the next four years have the calamity of being more talked about than any two persons in America"; but what if one knows that this tribute involves by implication an error which ought not to go into history? All that Mr. Higginson says about the "Katherine M— Club," of Indianapolis, is true; but what he does not say about the "Men's Literary Club" of that same city is misleading in the last degree. At the outset of his essay he says: "The nation is filled, especially in its great Northwestern belt, with literary societies of that sex (women) while those in which the sexes mingle in any fair proportion are very few, and those composed of men only are still rarer." Not long since I lectured to the Women's Club of Indianapolis and had the pleasure of seeing a large number of able-bodied and sound-looking men present with the ladies. A little later I was elected to membership (which, unfortunately, I could not accept) in the "Men's Literary Club," a very strong organization of the same city. This club has on its list none but the names of working members, and these include the signatures of persons in almost every respectable walk of life, and I am inclined to think the autograph of the most talked of man in America is among them.

It must not be assumed that I am taking issue with Mr. Higginson on the question of according to American women the fullest credit for their work. Women's clubs for the study of literature are as widespread in the Northwest and as valuable as he says they are; but the other side of the medal is well cut also, and it is his inability to see this that calls for serious comment. Men have not abandoned literary study in America, nor have they turned to statistics for want of interest in literature. I am acquainted with the conditions in this regard of many Western, Northwestern and Southern towns and cities, and I know of but few of these places where there does not exist a more or less efficient club of gentlemen whose organization is for the purpose of literary study. The women's clubs are there, too, and often the membership is from both sexes. In the small Indiana city which holds my home there are two strong literary clubs, one composed of men, the other of women. Each club upon extra occasions invites the opposite sex to be present at its meetings.

The large fact in this connection is that the magazines and the bookstores would fare but poorly were it not for the fascination which literature still exerts upon the holders of the purse-strings in American families. It has been my pleasure to see a United States Senator regaling himself in the reading of a popular magazine just after finishing the "ablest effort of his life"; and in the mid-heat of the recent presidential campaign I heard four weary and dusty politicians discuss, in a hotel parlor, the condition of American fiction! The judge comes down from his bench and takes home with him the latest review or magazine, the weary lawyer elevates his feet and while smoking his cigar gives his mind a little waft of freshness by reading the latest novel, and even the grocer and the butcher of our Western towns are not

above the weakness which enjoys a story by a good writer or an essay that has a beer-like froth on its surface.

Nor is it simply light reading or study that occupies the leisure moments of these men. I find them interested in the most serious problems of literary culture, a fact which to my view presents one of the most characteristic phases of American civilization. During the winter just past I was sojourning in a small town on the Gulf coast. There I found a literary club composed of both men and women who were meeting together every week to discuss books and authors, and I made the acquaintance of a number of gentlemen who appeared to be most devoted literary students for the mere pleasure of the study. On the library table of one of these I saw current copies of all the magazines (both literary and scientific) with which I am familiar. These are not isolated instances—not the exceptions; but in my experience and observation they form the rule. In the homes of the West and the South, even those of isolated country families, I find men who are strangely studious and singularly impressed with old-fashioned notions regarding the value of the classics. Small colleges, each the hive for a small swarm of intelligent professors, are to be found in all the better towns of our country, and these aided by the churches which have come to be the cradles of local literary influences, tend to engender a thoughtful, critical atmosphere in which people learn to reverence knowledge. One noteworthy feature of the men's literary clubs is their thorough Americanism in the selection of subjects and methods of discussion. Current American literature furnishes the largest part of the material for investigation at the stated meetings, and I have remarked a most gratifying air of timeliness and recentness about the papers read there; it marks a certain wide-awake, up-to-date condition of the members of these clubs. Indeed, if I were drawing a line between the scope and purpose of the study of the men's clubs and those of the women's clubs I should do so by emphasizing the *laudator temporis acti* character of what the women do and by calling attention to the stress laid upon the latest literary news by the men. It is a singular fact that in a column of "personals" edited by an American woman the personals are invariably concerning what Lord or Lady So-and-so is doing or what has happened to Millionaire This-or-that; rarely do they refer to a literary, a scientific or an artistic person or event. On the contrary, if the column of personals is prepared by a man, the lords and ladies, the millionaires and the merely notorious folk give place to those who have attained to some intellectual eminence or who have won the right (by some worthy achievement) to be accounted noteworthy. Of course I do not here include the base-ball and prize-ring columns, tho I confess that, even from a moral point of view, it seems to me better for an American to care for the doings of John L. Sullivan than for the performances of some titled English nobody whose only claim on our attention lies in his so-called nobility.

The women's clubs are somewhat given, as Mr. Higginson suggests, to the study of the far-away of the present and the remote of the past; moreover, the alien in literature seems to them best worth looking into. They desire to study the classics, but they never or rarely dream that America may have a classic or two. This objection will not, it is hoped, hold good very long; for, as Mr. Higginson well says: "The conservative instinct of woman bids her cling to literature as something too precious in itself to deserve the rudeness of our skeptical realism, and if indeed she must keep the tradition alive the need is trebled that she shall walk apace with the times. In another essay printed in the journal already mentioned, Mr. Higginson (whom I quote so freely on account of the value of what he says) remarks that "at the present time, in England and America, it is women, not men, whose publishers try to eke out the claims of their books by hinting that they are a little indecent." Fortunately the instances are few (if glaring) that tend to sustain this statement, but the statement nevertheless holds good as regards our country; for among noteworthy American male authors I do not recall one who has cared to venture as far as two or three of our women into the field of indecent fiction. This would seem to indicate that literary men have held themselves closer than have literary women to the pulse of the American heart, and have studied with better effect the currents of American taste. If women are inclined to be too conservative as a body, they certainly are apt as individuals to leap far toward the other extreme when once they cut themselves loose from their natural moorings. Perhaps this is because they carry into their work more of sentiment and emotion than can be properly borne by the fiber of their creations.

If I can read the signs of the times the outlook for women in the ways of literature is extremely encouraging; but the time is probably still far distant when men will abandon literary study for statistics, or when women will take general control of the serious work of letters. The matter of most moment in this connection is not which sex shall make our literature, but it is that good, pure and lastingly valuable literature shall be made by both sexes.

CHAWFORDSVILLE, IND.