

GILES & CO.,

OR

VIEWS  INTERVIEWS

CONCERNING

CIVILIZATION.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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CIVILIZATION, whether it be contemplated as an operating force, or as an end, or manifestation of force, having ultimated in general results, is too broad and too deep a subject for other than the most philosophical and comprehensively informed mind to discuss in all of its relations, intelligently or profitably.

As a force, it has its origin, like all other forces of nature—if indeed there be more than one—in the mysterious realm of the unknowable—but coming within the range of human observation, it is recognized as a phase of that all-pervading spirit of unrest, which is manifested through all changes, and may be characterized as the aspiration of the finite toward the infinite.

As a result, civilization may be regarded as embracing almost everything pertaining to the

material surroundings, and general development of mankind so far as the race has been affected thereby.

It is not the purpose, therefore, of the author of the chapters to which this is introductory, to attempt an extensive, profound, or learned discussion of the subject of civilization—nor to sketch the history thereof, however briefly—proposing to himself only, the presentation of an intellectual olla-podrida for an evening's entertainment, the meats for which have been selected without especial discrimination—trusting and believing (otherwise he could not justify himself,) that his invited guests, whether few or many shall participate, will find therein, each one, somewhat that is agreeable to taste, and not altogether wanting in nutritious qualities.

If this introduction were to be read as introductions often are, after the last chapter of the book instead of before the first, it would be needless to ask the indulgence of a "suspension of opinion" respecting the merits of any one chapter, until all have been read—or to say that the opinions expressed by the various characters introduced are not necessarily, all of them, the opinions of the author.

# MONEY A CIVILIZER.

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## CHAPTER I.

GILES INTERVIEWED—MONEY A CIVILIZER.

John Jacob Giles is a man of great wealth, and business reputation, acquired through a long series of successful business operations.

Now in the "pride of place," and plentitude of power as a "man of means," he nevertheless began life poor and unaided. That is to say, he inherited no property and received no gifts from others by way of assistance. And yet it may be said truthfully, that he was born a capitalist. He inherited the chief elements of capital—energy, ambition, a vigorous organization, and an unlimited confidence in his own ability, to which he added early in life, implicit faith in the value and power of money.

Sitting in the office of this distinguished

man the other day, while he was intently occupied making a memorandum of the morning markets of the world from private information received through the instrumentality of a telephone, my mind wandered from its contemplation of that wonderful production of recent discovery or invention to naturally associated subjects—such as the many and important changes which had been effected in the material condition and surroundings of the people with whom I had been familiar—and the corresponding changes in the intellectual and moral expressions of the time, within the period of my own observation.

I thought of the broad productive fields, and cities populous, which had displaced the forest solitude familiar to my boyhood—and of the thundering trains laden with commerce and with men, plunging across the continent along those very lines where I had seen the savage aborigines in single files, with slow, reluctant tread, marching away toward the west, to disappear at length, like shadows lost in deeper shade. I thought, too, of still higher themes—such as the origin and destiny of man—of his descent and his ascent—and especially of the apparently increasing preponderance of

mental energies in the affairs of life—and the possible co-relation of material and spiritual forces, to be made manifest in some grand fore shadowed future of the race—and I remember now—(how strange the intercalation of ideas)—I thought of one who from the gray summit of three score years and ten, passed away, yet doubting if there were a “promised land”—my mother!

At length the still industrious millionaire completed his work, much to his own satisfaction, one might have thought, from his appearance at the time—and leaning back in his office chair, portly and serene, he looked at me with an interrogation point in either eye—and I said “GILES!” in a familiar way—(I am his family physician, and so he tolerates, if he does not really enjoy my society—he is shamefully afraid of dying)—I said “Giles: What do you think of these modern inventions?”

“Well, sir!” said Giles, “these modern inventions, such of them as I know anything about, appear to be very ingenious devices—very convenient, and very useful for business purposes.”

“Certainly!” I said, “but are they not something more? Do you not see in them a reflex

—a ‘materialization’ as it were of the spirit of our age and civilization?”

“I have never taken any stock in spiritual affairs,” said Giles, facetiously, “and civilization is nothing more than an incident, and natural outgrowth of business.”

“I must confess,” I said, “that I have never thought of civilization in just that light—perhaps you will be kind enough to illustrate your statement, so that I may more fully comprehend your idea?”

“Very well!” said Giles, “a statement of facts is all that is needed to make the matter plain.

“Mankind are born into this world with one grand predominating organic sentiment, or passion—the sentiment of ‘mine’ and ‘thine’—the ‘thine’ part of it being only a shadow of the ‘mine.’

“Out of this sentiment, or passion, which is but another name for the ‘love-of-self’ springs the impulse to accumulate—which is the origin of business. This passion, as a rule, ‘grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength’—so that the chief end of man, whatever the catechism may have to say about it, is to make money.

“In pursuing this appointed and proper object of existence—for what ultimate good or evil, God only knows—it is soon discovered that a great inequality—mental, moral, and physical—obtains among men, either from birth, or in the process of development, and the result is a separation into classes and gradations, in obedience to the imperative law of necessity. For all practical purposes these classes and gradations, however many, may be embraced in two general or grand divisions—the first of which is constituted of the few who are successful in accumulating wealth—the second is made up of all the rest—the multitude who, striving toward the same end, fail. The successful are also the capable, and by their success acquire power and assert its natural prerogative, command. Failure implies inferiority—and the multitude, weakened by their losses—for it is a rule of gold, whether a golden rule or not, to take from the unsuccessful even that which they had, and give it to the successful as a reward—the multitude I say accept subordination and servitude of some sort, willingly or otherwise. Out of this general relation of the many to the few, which is inevitable, spring the special relations of the

governed to governors—of slave to master—of labor to capital—of supply to demand—and hence the various gradations and occupations of men as agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, artisans, soldiers, and professional men—the result of whose combined operations constitutes civilization.”

“Am I to understand,” I said, “that according to your view of it, civilization is dependent upon, and is the result of a natural or inevitably developed inequality of mankind?”

“Certainly!” said Giles. “The born difference or rapidly developed inequality of the race, under the influence of a common inspiration—the love-of-self—which is the main-spring of all natural human action, is the source and pre-requisite of civilization—of which the pursuit of money, either for its own sake, or for the sake of power, dominion, or distinction which may be acquired thereby, is a chief feature.”

“A radical proposition,” I said, “and important if true.”

“True!” exclaimed Giles. “Do two and two make four? And civilization thus inaugurated is carried forward or sustained by the necessities growing out of these relations, which may



all be formulated by the terms 'demand' and 'supply.' 'Demand' representing capital in all of its forms—'supply' representing labor in every field of production."

"And is everybody benefited thereby?" I asked.

"A knotty question that," said Giles. "The rich are benefited, of course; but the poor, they are but a sorry set at best, and whether benefited or not, can be a matter of but little consequence. They are a necessity, it is true, and to that extent are objects of interest to the rich. They are the producers from whose labor all accumulations are derived. So that money has to see to it that they live, and are properly governed and kept at work. Troublesome and expensive, but a necessity as well."

"Do we not govern ourselves?" I said. And feeling the blood moving faster in my veins, indicative of some slight indignation, or wounded pride it may have been, I continued: "Do not the laboring classes, including the professions, pay largely more in proportion to their incomes or possessions towards the expenses of government, than do the rich? I pay more taxes than you do, Giles, and yet

you are a millionaire, and I have nothing but my household goods and my daily earnings."

"Oh!" said Giles, "that is not the way in which I estimate the matter. You see that whatever is paid out of the aggregate production of labor, for government or any other necessity, by the producer, only lessens the amount from which money draws its unfailing dividends. The larger the aggregate the greater will be our accumulations. It all comes out of us, or rather, it does not come in to us, as it would do surely, if not otherwise diverted. But that is an immaterial matter—as we should have to institute governments and hire governors and sheriffs and judges and a standing army, all the same, to keep the multitude of producers in subjection and at work, and to prevent them from wrenching back with violence, now and then, that which we take from them peaceably and legitimately. Govern themselves! We try to make them believe that they govern themselves—that 'governments are instituted by the people for the people,' and that 'all men are born free and equal,' and all such nonsense as that, and we pay demagogues and blatherskites to keep up the delusion, sending them to the legisla-

ture or to congress now and then, where we can control their votes without difficulty, as a reward. There is no proposition more self evident than this: 'Men who need to be governed, are incapable of governing themselves.' You might as well assume that all thieves would lock themselves up, and go to work for the State voluntarily; or that all murderers would go hang themselves, as to assume the natural capability and willingness of a people needing government to govern themselves."

"Do you mean to say, Giles," I said with some feeling, "that the people are all thieves or murderers?"

"All thieves by nature," said Giles, "that is to say, they are all wishing, and most of them endeavoring, in one way or another to acquire or get something, which of course belongs to some one else, for nothing—the essence of all business contemplating profits—which is one in constitution with theft, as speculation is one with gambling. So, too, all mankind are by nature, murderers; but not to the same degree that they are thieves, practically. Yet who has not at sometime in his life wished that his enemy were dead? Or that some rich relative, a parent, even, were taken away? Which is

as near of kin to murder as looking upon a woman lustfully is of kin to adultery. But it is not because men are thieves or murderers that they require to be governed, or that they are disqualified for self-government.

"The savages, who are pre eminently thieves, and whose chief delight is murder, are your only true democrats—real self-governors. And they are so because having no business qualifications or ambition, no wants beyond a nose-ring and a scalping knife; improvident for tomorrow; too lazy or too proud to labor willingly; too vicious and too stubborn for profitable slaves, they have never laid the foundation even of civil life, and hence have not developed the conditions and necessities which are inseparable therefrom. It is not because men are inclined to appropriate the goods of others, that laws are made, but because others have acquired and accumulated goods which need protection.

"The rights of property, as vested in possessions in the hands of the strong, precede the rights of men in the recognition of governments, and are enforced regardless of the clamor of the ignorant and powerless respecting their fancied rights; because money is at

the bottom of all governments, and dictates all policies, or defeats their ends, if inimical in purpose.

"Money is in fact the creator and sustainer; the life and spirit of civilization in every phase of its existence."

"But these modern inventions, Giles!" I said, "which are so marked a feature of our civilization—money surely has nothing to do with them! Genius invents! not money! Nor is genius itself a creation, or subordinate of gold. Free-born and aspiring ever, genius is not bound nor loosed by your laws of 'demand and supply,' and lives and breathes in an atmosphere of its own, uncontaminated by the sordid dust of your counting-rooms or your places of exchange!"

Giles laughed. "Sentiment," he said, "is well enough in its place; but between men of sense and experience it is rather aerial. There is not an inventor living, outside of a mad-house, who does not mingle with his dreams of wonderful mechanisms or discoveries, visions of gold—every one of them regarding a 'patent-right' as equivalent to an unlimited fortune. Nor has genius ever been known to descend from the airy altitude of your imagining to

confer its benefactions of either a useful or an ornamental character upon a people who had not developed an appreciation of its noble attributes, manifested by an ability and willingness to 'pay.'

"It is true that inventors have not often realized their expectations in this line; being like all other men of genius, poets, artists, and such trash, devoid of practical, business sense; but it is expectation which stimulates to action, whatever the reward may be."

"The reward of genius," I said, "is a consciousness of fame based upon a service rendered to mankind."

"More frequently," said Giles, "its reward is disappointment, hunger, insanity, and suicide."

"And money," I said, "knowing these facts, deliberately appropriates the productions of genius, and leaves it to such a chance."

"And why not!" said Giles, "Money is no respecter of persons. It appropriates all productions to its own use—having the sagacity and ability to do so—and is in no way responsible for the want of sagacity or ability on the part of those whose faculties and powers are limited to production alone. I shall make a thousand dollars to-day by advantages gained

through the instrumentality of that telephone—while the real inventor of the apparatus or discoverer of the principles involved may be, for what I know, hunting around for a cheaper boarding house, in order to sustain life while he perfects some new invention, or makes a contemplated improvement of this instrument.”

“Is money then so powerful?” I said, “so wise, and yet so cold and heartless?”

“Call it what you please,” said Giles, “facts are facts—and money cares but little for names or epithets. If you mean by ‘cold and heartless,’ that money discovers value where ever it exists, and uses the advantage of its own power in executing its purposes, looking out for ‘number one,’ and taking good care of itself—I answer yes, to your interrogatory. But it reflects the providence of its acts upon a multitude of incompetent and self-helpless people at the same time—much to their benefit.”

“That is to say,” I said, “you make them work, and allow them a subsistence out of what they produce?”

“Well,” said Giles, “it is a blessing to them that they are made to work. Work, of all things in this life of ours, has been misrepresented. We are taught from infancy on, that

work is a curse—a penalty—inflicted by the Almighty, for crime committed and guilt inherited. A great error! For at worst work is only such a ‘curse’ as was that which is said to have been inflicted upon the serpent for instigating man’s original transgression—which must have been intended as a ‘blessing in disguise’—as anatomists and physiologists agree that it would have been impossible for a snake to adopt any other method of locomotion with its peculiar structure of bones and muscles, than that prescribed, of ‘crawling on its belly in the dust.’ What would man have been—what would he be now—but for work? There is nothing like it for developing all that there is in man—all that is possible for the race.”

“Yes, I know,” I said, “one of the noticeable and characteristic distinguishments of the savage from the civilized man, is the fact that the civilized man works, while the savage does not. But might not money, with all of its sagacity and power, promote civilization, and still further benefit the race by dealing more generously, more honestly, I may say, with those whom it compels to toil?”

“Generously! honestly!” exclaimed Giles. “If you intend to insinuate that money is un-



generous, unjust, or unnecessarily oppressive, in its relation to the producer, let me inform you that the opprobrium which the indolent, incapable, and variously unsuccessful delight in casting upon the wealthy, as a class, is not justified by facts. There are many kinds and degrees of selfishness and dishonesty. All men are, by nature, but incarnations of the love of self. But prudence, discrimination, economy, and thrift are no more 'dishonesty' than recklessness, improvidence and waste are true generosity or benevolence!

"Business men of large and accumulating means are, as a class, more strictly honest in their dealing with other men than are ordinary laborers, mechanics, or even the much praised farmer. For if not naturally more honest, because of superiority of character the business man has learned that integrity in business matters is profitable, and essential to continuous prosperity—while your 'honest farmer' does not forecast his profit beyond the petty gain of immediate transactions—the good to be derived from an exaggeration of a load of wood—a misrepresentation of the quality of his butter—the age of his horse—or the character of his cow, when offering them for sale. It is not

until the man of business begins to fail—not until disaster stares him in the face, and threatens to degrade him by reducing him to the ranks of the unsuccessful, that he becomes dishonest, false and heartless. Beware of such!”

“Admitting,” I said, “all of your statements to be true, Giles—that money-producing and money-getting bear the relation to the development of the race which you have claimed for them—still there are other features of civilization to be considered. What have you to say of our free schools for the education of all classes—our benevolent institutions, hospitals, and asylums—and our religious establishments where the thunder of God’s word is hurled against the sin of covetousness, and the love of money is denounced by divine authority as the root of evil, and the rich man is practically denied an entrance into the kingdom of heaven? What relation do these things occupy to business? To money-makers and money-kings?”

Giles did not wince. And I must confess to some slight disappointment, (as I had thought to gall him in retaliation for his sneers at sentiment and his contempt for poets—I had my-

self composed indifferent verses in my younger days), when he replied with the utmost calmness and an air of self satisfaction—"Economy, sir! Economy! These are all human affairs—all human—and in the interest of money. You see, money has discovered, after a long experimental period, I grant you, that educated labor is much more productive than ignorant labor, and that its productions are more valuable where value depends upon the skill of the producer; so that after deducting the entire cost of our public schools from the aggregate production of wealth from which money draws its accumulations—the benefit of education is so apparent, that free schools may be regarded by money as first-class investments. At the same time it costs much less to govern an educated people than it would to govern the same people in a state of ignorance, as they are more obedient to law, and manifest greater respect for the rights of property. The ignorant are always dangerous—not on account of their strength or ability, but because of their blindness and ferocity when once aroused. Besides, the educated laborer is always looking forward to a time for himself or for his children when he or they will occupy

a different relation to money; when he or they will have acquired a fortune, and forced their way into the rank of wealth as associates and peers."

"And our public charities! are they not all beneficiary rather than benevolent? Do they not relieve us from intolerable burdens and dangers, by their custody of the imbecile and mad? And do they not return to society large numbers of self sustaining citizens by their restoration, to the insane, of the use of reasoning faculties?—and their education of the deaf and dumb and blind, who would otherwise have swollen the catalogue of public paupers, chargeable for maintenance to the 'general fund?' These too are good investments."

"And our religious institutions," I said, by way of reminder, thinking that Giles might be disposed to avoid so serious a subject.

"O, yes!" said Giles, "our churches! I belong to the church you know, and have a great respect for the institution, whatever it may say of me or of my occupation. But the church is no more independent of the power of money than any other human establishment. Who ever heard of a church edifice erected and furnished without money? Or who ever heard of

a missionary work being carried on without large drafts upon some treasury? Or who ever heard of a moneyed-member of any church having been seriously rebuked or refused communion, no matter what his reputation for piety, so that his life were within the bounds of public decency? And the voice of money! is it not heard from afar by the listening pastor who is waiting for a 'call?' Religion is a good thing, beyond a doubt—of great benefit to the world as an auxiliary of business. But if money did not find in it a good investment it would soon cease to patronize it, and religion would be remanded to the regions of superstition, from whence business rescued it for its own advancement."

"Religion an investment? Patronized by business? Having a commercial value?" I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Certainly!" said Giles. The church, with or without religion, is of great service to men of business, and they patronize it accordingly. One good priest, you see, where he has any influence, is worth a dozen policemen in keeping the people quiet and subordinate, 'subject to the powers that be,' you know, 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' you

know—mostly coin—always was so—and we pay them liberally for their work. Besides, church affairs interest our women-folk—occupy their idle hours, and save us from a world of annoyance.

Moses understood this business. Moses was a great man! Understood human nature perfectly. He had a whole race of men and women whom he had contrived to liberate from bondage—to subordinate, govern, and render self supporting without a single soldier, or even a common constable to begin with. But he was equal to the emergency, and so invented this church business with all of the trappings and ceremonials of a system of religion wherewith to amuse or awe the superstitious and ignorant, and thus maintain his ascendancy over them as the authorized agent and mouthpiece of Jehovah. Moses was a man of business. He would have been a rich man if he had lived in our time—no doubt of it. I have always admired the character of Moses, and think of him as having deserved a better fate. He ought at least to have had an 'A 1' monument erected in some first-class cemetery instead of being hid away in the

bushes of Beth-Peor, where no man could ever find his grave."

"Ah! I see!" I said. "The sentiments of 'money-making' and 'monuments' are closely allied—are they not?"

"In a narrower or broader sense" said Giles. "Yes. They were always associated, undoubtedly—whether recognized or not. Men of brains—of large capabilities and tireless energies do not devote their lives to money-making for the sake of coin. Great business men are not misers. Your mere miser, is an inferior creature—and is usually insane.

"In this country especially, where all men are born equal, theoretically, without hereditary honors, rank, title or distinguishment—while at the same time the organic impulse which moves and sustains the motion of every man born, who is a man, is to wrench from surrounding circumstances with whatever skill or force he may be capable of exerting, some kind of distinguishment, individualizing himself, and compelling recognition—money-making comes to represent the sum of all ambition—opening the shortest way to its most desirable ends."

"Such a motive, being organic, or constitu-

tional," I said, "and the main-spring of development in man, could not have been designed for evil! Why is it then, that money is regarded as a corrupter of man's nature?"

"Because of false teaching" said Giles—"and a want of comprehension of the subject.

"It would sound absurdly to say that 'bread is a corrupter of man's nature'—and yet starving men will steal—or even murder for a loaf of it. The solid men of money are not the corrupt—not even the more immoral men of the world. Vice and crime are intimately associated with poverty. The criminal classes, as a rule are quite reckless and indifferent to money, beyond their immediate necessities of food and drink, and vulgar amusement."

"And yet," I said, "men are corrupted by money. Or such at least, is our understanding of the facts presented. Legislators, Administrative Officers, Judges of Court, Jurors, Prosecuting Attorneys, the public Press, and the 'independent voter' are supposed to be especially vulnerable—corrupting and being corrupted by money."

"*With* money—not *by* money!" said the money King, haughtily. "Mere schemers, adventurers in business, politics, and the pro-



fessions—surface men, bubbles thrown up by an agitation of the mud and slime at the bottom of our civilization—men who are impatient of results—in haste to accomplish ends without regard to means—place-seekers, and place-holders in a government like ours, where the tenure of office is precarious and limited—often dependent upon the votes of an indiscriminating populace—such men may and often do accept money corruptly—and use money for corrupt purposes. But such men are ephemeral, both phenomenally and influentially. They are the excrescences, and not the solid body of the times. And the evil which they do with money in public as well as in private life, is over estimated wonderfully. That sentiment, or that vote which is merchantable, is not intrinsically virtuous—and is as likely to be bartered for some other commodity as for money. The press becomes mercenary only when struggling for an unmerited existence—and more votes are bought with whisky than with gold. The truth is this—money, or the love of money is good or bad in accordance with the uses to which it is appropriated, or for which it is desired.”

"And, why is it Giles," I said, "when so many are striving for wealth, that so few succeed?"

"Because," said Giles, "the entire surplus of production over consumption at any given time, is not sufficient to enrich all—or many. The few who become wealthy must do so, inevitably, at the expense of the many, who become, as it were, involuntary contributors to their success. Five 'gamblers,' were they to play 'poker' all night, and each should win the same amount that the others did, would find in the morning that neither of them had increased his 'pile.' But should four of them lose all that they had, and the other one should win all that they lost, he might find himself, possibly, enriched thereby.

"There being a material limit to the practicability of accumulation, the second impediment to universal success is to be credited to a lack of ability, and adaptability of the multitude who engage in the pursuit of wealth, as before suggested."

"In order then," I said, "that one man should become rich, he must by his superior ability or adaptability, secure from a multitude of 'involuntary contributors, something, for which they receive in return, nothing—or something which

is of less value than was that which they contributed! Is such the formula for money-making?"

"That is *a* formula," said Giles.—"the formula for money making in its lowest form, and meanest aspect. Money-making in its better aspects, and higher forms, returns value for value, but not in kind. Treasures accumulate in the hands of the few, but civilization is returned to the race.

"By the way—you are invited to Coleman's this evening—and will be there of course?"

"Perhaps," I said. And wishing Giles "good-morning" left him to resume his calculation of profits and losses—profits mostly, as I presumed to think.

As I opened the street door, the Giles carriage with liveried servants drew up to the curb—and Mrs. Giles, whose face rippled with animation, called to me from within, and after a moment's conversation, said in the most agreeable manner imaginable—"you will not fail to be at Coleman's this evening! I should miss your presence ever-so-much!"

He who professes to be insensitive to the presence and admiration of a beautiful and accomplished woman, is either a hypocrite or a

boor—and I determined from that moment to be “at Coleman’s”—although previous to that moment I had, in my mind and purpose declined the invitation. And yet, I said to myself as I walked away, rather resentfully than otherwise, “What do I care for Mrs. Giles!”

# WAR A CIVILIZER.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE COLEMANS—REV. MR. LILLIAN AND “THE GENERAL”—  
WAR AS A CIVILIZER—MRS. GILES—MAJOR SMYTHE—BLANCH  
BROWNE—AND THE OUTCAST.

There was a notable gathering of society at Coleman's new up-town residence. Notable as being the first unqualified recognition of the Colemans as members of society in full fellowship and good standing.

The Colemans consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, and two unmarried daughters—not young, but still in the bloom and beauty of mature maidenhood. There had been other children born in the family—one son at least—but his name is only mentioned in whispers by the knowing ones. Mr. Coleman, now fifty years of age, has followed, all his lifetime.

mechanical pursuits—until recently, working with his own hands in iron. Skillful and industrious, he succeeded in accumulating an humble competency—aided always faithfully and intelligently by Mrs. Coleman, who “kept boarders”—journeymen mechanics whom her husband employed. But it so happened, that, a few years since, an eccentric young machinist, whose history no one knew, boarding in the family, became desperately enamored of the elder daughter of the house, and observing with the interested eyes of affection the difficulty experienced and the time occupied by the object of his devotion, in her daily efforts to torture her lovely and luxuriant caucassian hair into a repulsive semblance of african wool, he invented an exceedingly simple yet ingenious instrument for instantaneously crimping or frizzing human hair.

The unimpassioned girl soon afterward rejected his proposals for a more intimate relationship, and he, self pitying, to end his sorrows, drowned himself. Coleman saw his opportunity, and patented the dead man’s device.

It was a little thing, to be used for an absurd purpose only; but fashion was supreme, the

instrument was perfect, the demand for it unlimited, and Coleman's fortune was secured.

He is the proprietor and manufacturer now of an article which costs twelve cents a dozen to put in market, and sells, the same number for twelve dollars.

Coleman's capital is estimated by millions—his daily income by thousands.

The Coleman residence, just occupied by the family on their return from a foreign tour, is as nearly perfect in style, finish and appointments as art and money can construct, with the exception of here or there a touch of vulgarity in decorations or furnishing wherein the architect was overruled—and the pictures on the walls, painted in Europe, for the American trade, by the square yard, and framed amazingly.

The gathering on this occasion was both large and brilliant in more than one sense of the words.

There were many men and women there, noticeable for their corporeal bulk ; and there were heads and necks and ears and breasts and hands that fairly flashed with the light of precious stones.

A few persons there were noticeable, also, for other than corporeal or pecuniary weight—

men whom society affiliates without assimilating—and still others, a very few, whom society tolerates, for reasons, without adopting them as members.

The Reverend Mr. Lillian, Rector of St. John's was there. Judge Noble, of the City Court—a distinguished General of the Army, with gentlemen of his staff—Rufus King Smythe, Editor of the Gazette—Shades, an Artist of merit, mentionable among the many whose names would add nothing to the interest of this report, were there—and Mrs. Giles, wife of the millionaire, whom I had “interviewed” on the subject of civilization the previous morning, as already recorded, was of the party prominent.

I was surprised, and more than pleased, to meet my old friend the General, on whose staff I had myself, as an officer of volunteers, served for four long years during the late war—as I had not learned of his arrival in the city, where he had been assigned to duty in command of the department. The Colemans had observed more closely than myself the current news, and had been fortunate in securing the General's presence, as he for a time constituted the cen-



ter of attraction around which all lesser notables and unnotables endeavored to revolve.

A soldier by education and practice, the General had won laurels at the gates of Mexico in his youth; but soon afterward, impatient of the restraint and apparent waste of energies incident to a soldier's life in time of peace, he had resigned his commission as an officer and engaged in civil occupations as a man of business.

Generous by nature, yet stern in his integrity—with the cultivated sense of personal honor which is characteristic of the army officer of breeding and education, he had failed to make money in his new career—and when the cry of an alarmed government, like the shriek of a wounded mother stricken by her own sons, rang out upon the startled air, he was among the first of that multitude of patriots who sprang to arms and answered "I am here!"

Familiar with the General's tastes and habits, while those who did not join the dance in answer to the bewitching call of a full band of music were gravitating into various congenial groups, I secured the General's presence in the library, and introduced the reverend Rector of St. John's.

Mr. Lillian opened the conversation by saying, "I have been very much interested of late by the subject of heathen missions, and I would be obliged to you, General, for an expression of your opinion respecting the probability or practicability of civilizing and Christianizing our western savages by a renewed effort of the church through missionary labor."

"Waste of ammunition," said the General, in his prompt soldier-like manner. "You might as well send Bibles to the prairie wolves. The American Indian can never be civilized by any other than the only power which he respects, and that is the power of War. He is incapable of appreciating spiritual instruction—is devoid of any sentiment of gratitude or reciprocity—and is below the plane of reverence—fatal defects in the constitution of any being whom you might wish to civilize or benefit by religious teaching."

"What is to be done for him then?" said the Rector, evidently surprised, if not embarrassed by the General's sudden demolition of his pious projects.

"Chastised," said the General; "subjugated, exterminated, if need be. A savage he was created, and a savage he will continue to be as

long as he is permitted to roam at large and indulge his nature. War is the only remedy for that evil."

Seeing that the Rector was disposed to retire from the conversation but just begun, much as I have seen insects retire from doubtful objects against which they had run their sensitive and slender feelers, I said, presuming upon my former familiarity with the General, "Are you not viewing our red brethren through a military glass, not altogether achromatic just now, General? Do you indeed believe that there is no other than a military road from heathendom to civilization, along which the barbarian must be driven with bleeding feet by War?"

"Of course I do," said the General. "There is no other way. There never was any other way. What does civilization imply? A complete change in the manners, customs, occupations, surroundings, beliefs, and objects of life, of a stubborn, ignorant, vicious, indolent, superstitious people—which has to be accomplished by knocking down old barriers—upsetting old regimes—demolishing old customs—substituting old faiths with new ideas—all of which implies antagonism—Force!

“Every important advance of civilization is made in the same way—and is the result of similar conditions—the culmination of ‘irrepressible conflicts’ of interests or ideas—conflicts everywhere taking place between the statical and the dynamical—the conservative and the innovative—the institutional and the progressive—resulting in violence, and an appeal to War. War, the arbitrator. War, the iconoclast. War, the abolitionist. War, the propagandist. War, the pacificator, and forerunner of pale Peace!

“We talk about Religion—about Christianity and Love. About ‘beating swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks.’ About loving our enemies, and sending missionaries to the heathen—and some people may believe that the whole world has been civilized by the preaching of Evangelists—but history dispels the delusion, and illustrates the fact that War, red-handed and implacable, has been not only the great civilizer, but, also, the great christianizer of mankind—converting whole nations to the “true faith” by a single blow of its mailed arm! I believe in baptism, sir; baptism all over, in water. My mother was a Baptist, and I revere her memory and her reli-

gion ; but the baptism of blood, sir, administered by war to the heretic and heathen, has proved far more efficacious for conversion, if not for salvation, than the baptism of water, sir ; far more."

The General evidently felt that these last remarks, being of a theological character, were appropriately addressed to the Rector, although in response to my own interrogations—but the Rector declined the challenge, either from amazement or disgust, which, however, his perfect politeness prevented him from expressing at the time. So I said :

" But that was in the olden time, General ; in the early days of christianity and civilization as well—when mankind, with the exception of a few tribes or nationalities, were yet undeveloped—immature, and so slightly removed from the plane of ignorance and brutality upon which they were born, that force, violence, the baptism of blood, if it pleases you so to term it, was required to set their motions in the right direction. Men are born with legs, you know, but they have to learn to walk. Men are born with brains, but they have to learn to think—a long and tedious process of experiment and blundering with the best of us. So may it not

be possible, now that we, as a people, have received such education—have learned both to walk and to think, and have reached that plane of perception and of living, which in olden time individuals only, rarely endowed or naturally inspired were permitted to attain—from which they saw and heralded the possibilities since realized—that War is no longer requisite to the further progress of civilization, and may be dispensed with? Not without thanks for the good which it has done, but with advantages to be gained by bringing into greater prominence the arts of peace—encouraging the development of scientific truth, and more profound veneration for the absolute of Truth, from which proceed law, order and true liberty.”

“Not much!” was the General’s characteristic reply. “You over-estimate the advance already made—the positions already occupied. Mankind have not yet learned to think. Infants still in aspiration and intelligence, creatures of circumstance, fed and clothed and governed and furnished with such confused ideas as they may have by the few, but a little more mature—they are men in outward semblances only—whose sensations integrated into feelings, cul-

minate in passions and emotions, but fail to reach the altitude and dignity of reason.—Creatures whose civilization is veneering only, whose christianity is but a film.

“Dispense with war! How long would the most highly civilized and christian government on earth maintain its independence and integrity without its army—its war power?”

“The governments of despots,” I said, “are dependent upon their armies—but the governments of freemen, joint rulers in a great nation of co-operating sovereigns, expressive of an advanced civilization and a liberal religion, ‘the just powers of which are derived from the consent of the governed,’ should require no warlike presence to enforce that which is of consent.”

“Bosh!” said the General. “The acquiescence of minorities in the ordainments and laws of majorities is not consent—or is but constructively so, and would soon convert itself into protest, denial and resistance, were not the stalwart form of War forever present to be invoked or ordered into action, as the executive of authority derived, not from the consent of those for whom governments are required, but from the perception of moral and political

necessities made apparent to those who do not need governing.”.

The General's presence at this moment was demanded by some women who were desirous of sunning their new diamonds in the sheen of his old fame, and he withdrew from the conversation and the room at the same time.

“The General entertains remarkable opinions,” said the Rector to me, “and asserts them with great assurance—does he not?”

“The General is a commander by nature and by practice,” I replied “and his opinions partake of the qualities of his occupation. He marshals facts as he would men, antagonizes them as he would armies, and awards victory to the stronger battalions. The arbitrament with him admits of no dispute.”

“Which would be very well,” said the Rector “if he marshaled only facts, and not, sometimes, appearances for facts; and did not leave a brigade here and a regiment there out of action. What do you think of his assertions respecting our Indian tribes? It cannot be possible that any of the descendants of Adam, participators in the fall of man, should be precluded by organic qualities from partaking of redeeming grace when properly presented.



Christ made no exceptions when he commanded the gospel of repentance and forgiveness of sin to be preached in his name to all nations."

"It is true that they are savages, and so were our ancestors. They are, also, ferocious, cruel, and, perhaps, treacherous; but have they not been provoked beyond endurance? Deceived and cheated by government officials and their mercenary companions of the frontier—imposed upon and wronged whenever they have come in contact with white—"Christians," I suggested.) "No," exclaimed the Rector [rising from his chair and flashing indignation:] "infidels, atheists, scorners of God's word, deniers of Christ's name, and scoffers of his righteousness!"

"What!" I said, "the government of the United States, the representative of the highest civilization known on earth, recognized from sea to sea, and pole to pole, as the champion of freedom,—the asserter and defender of the rights of men, without regard to race or color or previous condition, cruel and inhuman!—deceiving the ignorant and defrauding the dependent—Christless and conscienceless!"

May it not well be asked if civilization is a failure?"

"I did not mean just that," said the Rector resuming his seat. "I referred more particularly to the multitude of lawless vagabonds and unprincipled speculators—land-hunters, gold-hunters, and seekers after gain of all kinds, who regard not the laws of man or God in their pursuits—evil spirits, outcasts of civilization, whose name is legion, seeking whom they may devour."

"And yet the government is responsible," I said "for public wrongs done by its citizens, as well as for the acts of its commissioned officers."

"The failure of a government to arrest and punish wrongdoers, having the power to do so, is equivalent to a sanction of, or participation in the wrong done—as the failure to protect and defend the rights of citizens, which the government has asserted, having the power to do so, is equivalent to a denial of such rights, and is much more cowardly and cruel.

"But I apprehend the failure of all peaceful efforts to civilize and christianize the red man of America, from the labors of the Jesuit Fathers two hundred years ago, to the present work

of the church amongst them, has resulted from influences and circumstances more considerable and suggestive than errors of government officials; or the contact of evil spirits cast out of the body of civilization, numerous and malignant as they undoubtedly have been.

"May it not be, indeed, that the difficulty is organic, as the General has suggested, and not to be removed by ordinary procedure. Is it not possible that the red man of America constitutes a type of mankind indigenous to the continent on which he was found—and where alone any trace of him, traditionary, historical or archæological has ever been discovered—organically distinct from the Asiatic man, although of the same species and genus, presenting characteristics as individual and peculiar as do many of the animals and plants indigenous to this continent, yet belonging or corresponding to species and genera familiar to the other hemisphere?"

"No," said the Rector. "There is but one species of man, and all of the tribes, nationalities and races of mankind descended from the same source. The unity of man's origin is an established fact. It admits of no questioning."

"By what authority has it been established so unequivocally," I asked.

"By the word of God," said the Rector. "I can refer to no higher authority."

"By which you mean," I said, "the Mosaic account of creation as recorded, with variations in the first and second chapters of Genesis?"

"Of course," said the Rector, "a full and satisfactory record."

"Is it not possible," I said, "even probable as seen in the light of undisputed facts of history and science, that the words rendered by translation 'man,' 'them' and 'Adam' in our version of the Hebrew scriptures, may have referred to the creation of man as a genus, and not as a person—to a general creation, and not to that of an individual? But it does not destroy the fact of organic differences in the types of mankind, nor of organic sentiments, dispositions and peculiarities corresponding to such differences of constitution, to believe as we may respecting the origin of man. So it may still be true that the wild man of America may present organic obstacles to civilization and Christianity which are not found in the constitution of the Asiatic man, differing as he may do from the Caucasian man in organi-

zation and natural disposition, if not so widely, yet correspondentially, as the South African horse differs from the horse of Asiatic breed. The American savage and the African horse are alike vicious and untameable, while both the man and horse of Asiatic origin, although braver and more spirited, are yet easily domesticated and receptive of instruction."

"A very plausible theory," said the Rector, "and convenient for the purpose of avoiding responsibility, as all such theories as contravene the word of God are designed to do.

"It is sufficient for me to know that the suggestions of modern science lead to a subversion of all faith in revealed religion to justify me in rejecting them without an examination."

"Is it true, that they do so?" I asked.

"It is a fact, as patent as it is lamentable," said the Rector, "that almost every scientist of eminence at the present time is a heretic, an infidel, or an atheist—and their disciples are not unlike them."

"Heretical they may be," I said, "in relation to dogmatical theology, and the assumptions of sectarian creeds—infidels, possibly to the requirements of the schools—but not deniers of the absolute of Truth and Good—the infinite

of Wisdom and of Love. Humble interrogators of God's works, in search of laws—patient students of creative thoughts as reflected from their images in things—open-minded men, accepting truth no matter how presented—or from what source—confessing error bravely, and rejecting falsehood promptly when exposed—commendable in disposition, and exemplary in life—”

“So much the more to be lamented,” said the Rector. “The influence of their example is more dangerous and regrettable than is the open wickedness of the most depraved. Moral upright—one might almost say, *pious*, infidelity is the shame and curse of civilization and our age.”

I was about to reply to this sad inference of the Rector's when Mrs. Lillian made her appearance, and, politely excusing his Reverence, led her husband away.

Thinking myself alone I turned around to make some disposition of my person other than seclusion, when who should I find already at my elbow, meek and mute, but Mrs. Giles, whose subtle flattery had influenced my determination to accept the Coleman invitation, as before suggested.

Ah! Mrs. Giles. How shall I now describe her? A woman of society and fashion. A leader of the ton. A model form, graceful and stately—a perfect frame on which to hang drapery—and a face almost (the world says “perfectly”) beautiful.

Of unknown parentage, Giles met her first at a celebrated sanitarium, where she was engaged in an occupation half social and half menial, as companion and nurse to a valetudinarian—a woman of great wealth—a loud, coarse, vulgar sort of person, but fashionably ill.

Giles saw the girl, was pleased with the commodity, felt of the market and purchased. He has since “realized” all and more than he then anticipated from the investment. She has gratified his pride and vanity in every particular of her life.—By her increasing popularity in society; by the admiration extended to her beauty, but more particularly to her style,—by her judicious display of his wealth through all of the modern channels of house, servants, dressing and entertainments—which he had neither time nor taste to do, although recognizing it as essential to his standing and influence in society. In short, by all of the tact and arts

of an intelligent and accomplished woman devoting her entire time and talent to one end—appearances.

All other little matters regarded as important by ordinary people in their domestic relations, such as pertain to the affections—giving birth to, and rearing children—and sanctifying home by making sacred all of the offices of wife and mother in it—Giles did not stop to consider. Or, if he did, no matter. He was great “on Change,” and she was queenly in society.

Mrs. Giles evidently had been standing where I found her for some time. Her presence and manner pleased and yet puzzled me. My official relation to her as family physician had often been more intimate—more priestly, as it were—than is that of the professional priest, although he ranks me as her spiritual adviser. I was not a stranger to the obscurity of her origin, which society had now forgotten—nor to the vague whispers of something suspicious about her former life, which only a few—rivals of her beauty—pretended to remember. But she appeared to me now as I had never seen her appear before.

“Do you know,” said the fascinating woman,



as I offered my arm, "that I have been listening to your conversation with the General and the Rector, about War, and the Indians, and Civilization, and such horrible things?"

"No," I said. "I thought of you as otherwise engaged."

"I should be flattered, I suppose, that you thought of me at all under such circumstances," she said. "But how was I engaged, as seen by your mind's eye! I am curious to know."

"As either waltzing with an idiot, playing cards with a hypocrite, or discussing the merits of some new milliner or modiste fresh from Paris, with Daws or Parrots of the female sex," I said.

"Complimentary, as usual," said Mrs. Giles. "But I accept the satire without resentment to-night, because I am in a humor to do so now, be it just or otherwise. I have known your opinion of women for a long time, and have felt keenly more than once your unconcealed contempt. And yet (need I blush to say it) I have been drawn toward you more and more because of it. Other men approach me with flattery and lies, indicative to me of a contempt more profound than yours—disclosing often ulterior purposes as vile as their falsehoods are

transparent, or their adulations silly. You have said hard things to me—plain truths, unexpected, sometimes, even from you—but I have borne them—can you believe it?—for the sake of truth; and I have thought that, like bitter medicine, perhaps there might be kindness in them. Was I mistaken?”

We had by this time reached the conservatory, which appeared to be unoccupied. We stopped to look at an aquarium of artistic design and exquisite workmanship. Mrs. Giles gazed for a long time silently into the water. At length she said: “These fishes, I suppose, are civilized; they live in a fine house certainly, and their food is all prepared for them. I wonder if they are happier or serve a nobler purpose by their living than do their untamed relatives of the brook or river?”

“You are becoming philosophical,” I said. “I should like to know what you think of civilization in general, or how it appears to you particularly at this moment.”

“It appears to me now,” said Mrs. Giles looking up from the aquarium, “like a universal masquerade, in which all of the world of men and women are striving to conceal from each other that which they really are and know

themselves to be—and to appear to each other to be that which they are not, and know themselves that they are not, and never can be—for which purposes they have levied contributions from the arts and sciences, corrupted religion and perverted nature.”

“Is such,” I said, “an emotional opinion—a feeling of the moment—or is it a profound conviction of your judgment?”

“Why do you ask?” she said, looking at me with full-orbed eyes. “Me, a woman—suspected even of having judgment. A woman fit only for companionship with idiots and chattering birds! You have not credited me with ordinary common sense, and now ask me for ‘profound convictions.’”

Mrs. Giles had released my arm, and we stood gazing into each other’s eyes.

“Go on,” I said, “I entreat you! I recall the offensive imputation, and confess that I begin to perceive that you, at least, are not what you have seemed to be. I have known women, not many, but a few, who appeared at times, to be capable of something more than mere feeling—a clairvoyance of truth, perhaps—but have never met a woman who seemed to be capable

of thinking—of consecutive and sustained ratiocination unless I ——”

“Do not,” she said, “please, do not overwhelm me with a word. You have thought me insincere, vain, crafty, if not worse ; and that I have no intellectual appreciation above a Daw or Parrot—no needs of heart not purely selfish, or to be satisfied by these gilded husks upon which society is fed, and by which it pretends, also, to be nourished, because I have concealed myself and them from the world so long and so successfully. And even now, when I unmask myself before your eyes, and let fall in your presence, as in no other’s, the figment with which I have been surrounded, you do not seem to recognize me.”

Impassioned words, and yet deliberately uttered. She did not withdraw her gaze. Her eyes were brilliant and her cheeks were flushed.

Is this sincerity or guile? Would she play the role of Vivian to my Merlin? Careful, now ; you stand on dangerous ground—I said to myself, and continuing my gaze, said chillingly to her—

“I comprehend you, madam !”

“Madam me no madams—now and here !”

she said. "I stand before you in my true character, stripped of all disguise—and yet you fail to recognize my real self—and civilization grows upon my perception as something more unreal—a phantasmagoria, as it were—a moving mass of shadowy images—a multitude of unsubstantial, gilded corpses in a world-wide cemetery, tricked out in splendid ceremonies, and marching to their own funerals."

"And you," I said, "a leading undertaker, with plumed hearse, marshaling the grand procession."

"Yes, I, too, must accept my fate and become again that which I have so long been—but an appearance," said Mrs. Giles, slowly and reflectively. "And the world thinks that I ought to be, and am happy and contented. Have I not a rich husband, who exacts nothing from me but appearances? Have I not a splendid home, with all the luxuries which wealth can purchase? Have I not silks and laces, velvets and diamonds in profusion? Have I not carriages and servants, ease and indolence, if I choose to indulge myself? What more could a mere woman possibly require to make her happy, what more could she enjoy in this life?"

Mrs. Giles hesitated for a moment, and then resumed with more animation. "Yes, an appearance only let me continue, now that you, whom I had come to look upon as a reality—the only man or ghost tolerated by society, who does not wear an embroidered chin-cloth in my presence, and gibber in my ears with cold and clammy breath inanities and lies, do not see the fact that underneath this shroud which I have worn, hateful as death to her it covers, there is a living soul."

Not Vivian, I thought—but who and what?

She must have read my mind—her answer was responsive.

"A slave. A child of nature and of love—without a care or sorrow to cloud the sky of youth—then sudden shocks of knowledge and of grief, and the cold clutch of Poverty carrying me away captive—then days of toil and misery, and nights of shivering in the lean embrace of my repulsive captor—until, glad of any change, I did not shrink from sale in open market, to become that which you see, a favorite slave in a luxurious harem of Christian civilization. Is your question answered?"

"A slave!" I echoed. "Is freedom then the substance of your aspirations?"

"Freedom and happiness," she said. "Do we not all aspire towards them?"

"And may attain," I answered.

"How, magician, how?" she said with eagerness.

"By once for all renouncing both," I said.

"Is not freedom then a birthright, and the pursuit of happiness a privilege inalienable? Or were not women included in that noun of multitude, 'all men?'" she asked.

"The right to pursue does not imply a certainty of overtaking, nor guarantee possession of the thing pursued," I said.

"Pursue happiness as an occupation and she will continuously fly from you and elude your chase. Pursue a nobler object and happiness will come to you of her own accord, and put her hand in yours, and look into your eyes, and crave a recognition."

"A woman and a fool—to be made game of, is your ideal of happiness!" said Mrs. Giles. "I hope that you enjoy the sport which she affords you."

"A woman but not a fool," I said. "A woman, be she more or less, obeying without being conscious of the fact, the laws of her own being and existence; in which obedience she is,

and only can be true to herself, and worthy of the beauty with which nature has endowed her."

"Mrs. Giles has caught the Doctor at last," I heard some one say in an undertone at this moment, and looking around discovered in close conversation, two persons—Major R. King Smythe, editor of the *Evening Gazette*, and Miss. Blanche Browne, general newspaper correspondent, partially concealed by a frame covered by creeping plants.

The words which had reached my ears were uttered by Miss. Browne, and addressed to Major Smythe, with the additional remarks: "She has been running after him for a long time, and I hope that she is satisfied with her conquest. Old Giles had better be barring his windows, and looking after his ducats and his diamonds, if he knows when he is well-off. She never cared a straw for him, aside from his money and position."

"And that is about all there is of him to care for, is it not?" said Major Smythe. "You cannot expect a woman of intelligence and spirit to waste her life in a vain endeavor to attach herself to something which is to her



nature repellant, instead of attractive. Can you?"

"She should not accept his name and money then," said the amiable female correspondent. "A woman who deliberately sells herself for worldly advantages, deserves her fate, whatever it may be, and should abide the contract."

"And the man who buys a wife, knowing that she does not and cannot love him—should he not also be content with his merchandise?" said the Major.

"Preposterous!" said Miss Browne. "A man to recognize the fact that he is not lovable, and that a woman cannot love him?—Such a case is not supposable. But I would like to write these people up; and I would do it, too, if it were not for some things. It would make such a nice dish for breakfast, wouldn't it!"

"Why not do it, then?" said the Major. "I see you have been making memorandums in your note-book."

"Well," said Miss Browne, "it would not pay, just now. Mrs. Giles and some of her friends are going to Washington next week, and she has invited me to go along with them. So you see that I could not afford to ventilate this little matter now—but it will keep."

"Ah!" said the Major, "there are other commodities in which you women speculate, beside your hearts, I see."

"While these people patronize you and permit you to associate with them on terms of apparent intimacy, you will reserve your virtuous indignation because of their flagrant vices—but should they at any future time slight or offend you—beware!—The morals of society will then demand protection, and our 'duty as a journalist' must be done without fear or favor."

The correspondent closed her note-book suddenly, and hitting the Major a sharp blow with it, said: "You are an old one, sure enough. But I am going to Washington any how!" And the two quietly passed on.

Mrs. Giles had heard this conversation, as well as myself, and turning to me for an interpretation of my thoughts, I said: "How readily appearances may be misconstrued, or mistaken for actual facts. And what conscienceless creatures these must be who devote their time and energies to collecting social garbage and carrying it as choice food to the daily press for distribution. And how depraved and insatiable must be the morbid appetite of society

for such filthy pabulum to make such catering profitable. Does civilization whitewash our exteriors only, and leave our chambers foul and pestilential! Is there no efficacy in Christianity to expurgate this pruriency of imagination, or to cast out this dirty devil of suspicion?"

"You are needlessly indignant," said Mrs. Giles. "There are many, many of us who know worse things of ourselves than are likely to be told of us by public or by private scandal-mongers. There are many hearts and houses wherein lie hidden stores of secret knowledge—some of weakness, some of shame, and some of infamy—whose owners live in constant apprehension, not of slander, but of the naked truth."

Little did I think at that moment of the tragic emphasis with which those words were so soon afterwards to be repeated in my memory!

It was still very dark without when I accepted a seat in Mrs. Giles's carriage (Mr. Giles having retired early from the Coleman entertainment, finding really nothing there to entertain him,) and as we were rolled along the almost deserted streets Mrs. Giles folded her arms about her person, and sat silent.

Feeling in some way responsible for the

moodiness manifested, I suggested, at length :  
“You are weary?”

“No,” was her brief yet full reply.

Oppressed by the continued silence, I made another effort, and said: “We will soon be there.”

“I wish it were further,” was her only response.

As I handed Mrs. Giles from her carriage to the door of her palatial residence, now in dark shadow, upon the broad and generous marble stairway leading to it, I stumbled upon the prostrate form of a human being—a poor wretch, redolent of wine and heavy with stupor—an outcast woman who had sought refuge and an hour’s repose upon the doorstep now so well obscured.

Mistaking me for a policeman, one of the necessities if not one of the beauties of civilization—half in fear and half in supplication the poor creature said: “I have not done anything; please let me be, I am so sick and tired; I cannot walk, I have not eaten anything for so long; please let me be.”

“If you had eaten more and drank less,” I said, “you would not have come to this.” Then, instantly ashamed of having entered

into judgment with a fellow mortal, although so vile to all outward sense as this one seemed to be, but whose heart's beat I had never felt, whose conscience I had never looked upon, I said: "But you must not lie here, whoever you may be. Get up; I will find food and shelter for you."

Mrs. Giles, with jeweled hand upon the gilded doorknob of her home, now turned her face and listened most attentively.

"O, I am so glad that you are not an officer," the fallen creature said. "You do not curse or kick me." Then languidly, "Please let me be, I am so sleepy."

"Get up, get up!" I said, "It is almost day—you must arise—you can't lie here—come, let me help you."

Slowly the houseless and abandoned thing assumed a sitting posture by my aid and urgency—and with a feeble, irresolute motion of her hands and arms moved back the long and tangled hair from her begrimed, yet pallid features.

Mrs. Giles now gazed intently, but without a word or motion.

The coachman at this instant turned his

vehicle, and the coach lamp cast a stream of light full on the stranger's face.

"Take her away: for God's sake, Doctor, take her away!" came from Mrs. Giles in a hoarse whisper. But before I had time to think or move—one short, sharp shriek that seemed to rend her heart—and one wild word, a revelation and a shock that paralyzed my thought escaped her lips—and her lovely head, magnificent in diamonded coiffure sank on her breast no less expensively adorned—and all her strength forsaking her at once, before I thought to stay her with an arm—her body, garmented in costly robes, unconscious, lay upon the senseless stone, beside—whom think you?—her own and only sister.

# JUSTICE.

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## CHAPTER III.

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR—FAMILY HISTORY—HERIDITY—  
JUDGE NOBLE AND THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—JUSTICE—RESPONSIBILITY, ETC

As I approached the City Hall the next day, where I proposed to myself to call on Judge Noble, whom I had met at Coleman's—I saw sitting on the marble steps in front of it, in the shadow of a group of statuary representing Mercy presenting a petition to Justice—a woman clad in rags, and holding in her arms a child. Recognizing an appeal for alms, without further consideration I thrust my hand into my pocket; but found, more to my regret than surprise, that it was empty. Turning my face away as if I had not seen the beggar, to hide

my embarrassment, I met the gaze of an officer of the court, or city, dressed in uniform—with a full display of blue and buttons. His face was one of those capable of expressing two characters with great facility. Touching the visor of his official cap to me—the amiable man outermost—he said: “She is not worthy of your generosity, sir.” Then turning to the woman—the brutal man predominating—he said, with an oath: “Move on; and don’t let me catch you here again imposing upon gentlemen.”

The creature obeyed without a look or a word of resentment, as if accustomed to such orders.

“Do you know her?” I said.

“O, yes,” said the official. “Everybody knows her in this quarter. She is a professional—and an old one. Her husband—or the man who lives with her is not far off, watching every motion. The child does not belong to her. It is rented for the business, and drugged to make it sleep and look sickly.”

“Has she always been a beggar?” I asked.

“Yes,” said the officer—“or something worse—and her mother was a beggar before her. But, when she died, not long since, it was found



that she had left quite an estate—money and houses.”

“Is this the only child of that mother?” I asked, becoming interested professionally.

“O, no,” said the officer. “There is or was a large family of them. One sister was frequently brought up for stealing, and served several terms in prison or the work house—but finally was declared insane, and is now in the asylum. She has one brother yet living, a decent sort of fellow when sober; a hard-working mechanic; but he has to have a spree regularly about once a month, and drinks away everything that he earns, and occasionally falls into prison. Another brother, a half brother perhaps—the old woman lived with a good many husbands off and on—seemed to belong to an entirely different class. He never associated with the rest of them—got to be well off in the world—had a nice family, and all that, but all of a sudden, without any known cause, he hung himself in his own house.”

“And what became of his family?” I asked. “Do you know anything of their history?”

“Yes, I was about to tell you,” said the officer. “There were two daughters, twin sisters, and one son. One of the sisters, alive yet,

went to the bad. She is in the city. She was a great celebrity among the 'bloods,' until she lost her beauty. It don't take long to travel a great way on that road, down hill from the start, you know. The other sister, after various experiences of one kind and another, went away from the city, and finally married a very wealthy gentleman, I forget the name, and is living up-town in grand style. The boy died of some kind of fits."

"Epilepsy," I suggested.

"Yes, that is what they called it."

Thanking the officer for his information, I passed on and into the Criminal Court-room. Judge Noble was in his magisterial seat, dispensing justice to a miscellaneous crowd of offenders, of every grade, sex, age, hue and nationality. One who is not familiar with the habitues of a city criminal court may imagine in vain the presentation. After the judge had dispatched his morning work and "adjourned," and the last bailiff had departed with the last culprit, and the atmosphere of the room had become somewhat purified by their absence; I said to Judge Noble, who had invited me to a seat by his side: "This is a feature of civilization—this court of yours—which puzzles me.

I do not know where to place the facts which I find here, so as to harmonize them with my theory of race-development as a result of civilization."

"As I look upon civilization from this bench, officially, and as I see it from other points of observation," said the Judge, "it presents many and widely-differing characteristics. But as the whole of truth cannot be comprehended by one mind, nor by one age, so no one feature of any great subject should be passed upon from a single presentation."

"You have had admirable opportunities," I said, "for studying civilization under varied circumstances."

"Yes," said the Judge, "here, in this great center of population, as nowhere else, can its extremes and intermediates be observed, harmonized, or contrasted. Here, as nowhere else, are to be found the highest culture, and the lowest nature; the grandest exaltation of character and life, and the deepest degradation of body and of soul. The exercise of virtues which would illumine the court of heaven, and practices of vice which would add dolor to the gloom of hell.

"Here, too, as nowhere else, civilization dis-

plays its most wonderful material achievements; its monuments of art and the trophies of its conquests.

“Here are its temples and its palaces, which ennoble thought, and expand the intellect by the grandeur of their proportions—and cultivate taste by the harmony of their outlines and the beauty of their decorations.

“Here are its luxurious homes—elevating character—refining the affections—quicken our sympathies—smoothing the asperities—and softening the indurations of man’s nature by the delicacy and purity of every thing pertaining to them.

“Here are its marts, where commerce comes on wings which it hath furnished, fleetier than the winds, to exchange commodities—the best of everything.

“Here are its manufactories, where giants mightier than Cyclops, more ingenious than Vulcan, in obedience to man’s will forge wonders more significant of supreme power and God-like attributes than were the armor of Achilles, the helmet of Pluto, the trident of Neptune, or Jupiter’s artillery.”

“Is it for better or for worse, Judge?” I asked, abruptly.

"Whether for better or for worse," said the Judge, "civilization is not of man's designing. As a force, it does not spring from, nor is it subject to man's will. As a result he but abides, suffers, or enjoys it. It pertains to the inevitable, and I for one have ceased to question the merits of the providential—which can only be determined by a knowledge of the universal and eternal—content to hide with Moses in the cleft of a rock while God is passing by—and, meanwhile sit in judgment on more limited affairs. My prosecuting attorney, however, a sprightly young man, recently admitted to the bar, could perhaps, tell you all about it; shall I introduce him?"

A facetious smile deepened the wrinkles about the corners of the Judge's eyes, as he said this; and I noticed a young man, with head erect, and hair combed back, exposing the full expanse of a white but rather narrow forehead, approaching—and the Judge presented "Mr. Eastman, criminal prosecutor."

Not caring to "interview" the prosecutor on the subject satisfactorily disposed of by the Judge, I said: "Giles tells me, Judge, that the accumulation of wealth is limited by necessities and laws, to a few individuals, and that their suc-

cess is ever at the expense of the many, whom he characterizes as 'unwilling contributors.' Does the same rule hold good in relation to other features of civilization, or to civilization as an aggregate? Are not the real benefits of civilization limited to a few, while the great multitude of mankind are not only not benefited, but are, a certain portion of them, at least, injured or degraded thereby?"

"Such is the appearance"—said the Judge—"but it is an appearance only. While but a few of the great number of producers of wealth become individually wealthy—and a few only of civilized mankind reach the higher planes of civilization—the great mass of wealth-producers are incalculably benefited by their own productiveness; and the great multitude of civilized people, falling short of the highest attainment, are yet wonderfully improved by the motions which they have made in progressing toward it; while but a few indeed fall below the level of their birth. The poor discover their own poverty only in the light of riches. Vice does not appear vile until exposed to the light of virtue."

"I am not so confident of the truth of that assertion"—said the prosecutor. "The light

of virtue does not seem to be very luminous in this vicinity. Every man you meet is either a criminal himself or ready to testify that every other man is guilty—and still vice is exceedingly apparent in this locality.”

“And yet, Judge,” I said, (ignoring the prosecutor’s interruption), “there is an element of civilized society, not inconsiderable it would seem, to one visiting your court, which appears to have progressed downward from an originally better state, and is now below redemption. Is this a sequence and necessity of civilization?”

“It is a fact,” said the Judge, “present and historical. It is a sequence so uniform as to imply a law and argue a necessity. But what the law or why the necessity—”

“It is not the result of law at all,” said the prosecutor. “And there is no necessity for it. It all comes of bad habits and bad associations. If civilization would shut down its ‘gin mills’ and close up its ‘gambling hells’ and houses of prostitution, this ‘sequence’ would soon disappear. Nine-tenths of all the crimes that come into this court for correction are traceable to the influence of bad whisky and bad women.”

“Man is a machine,” I said—(still address-

ing the judge)—“is a mechanism of blood, and brain, so constituted as to manifest motion, as the result of force applied. Is it not rational to infer that the direction and the character of motion manifested by the application of any given force, will be governed or influenced by the peculiarities, perfections or defects of the machine manifesting it? So that while the general tendency of the force of civilization as manifested in the motion of mankind, is to move man upward—yet in exceptional cases, because of defects or derangements of the mechanism of individuals—the force may drive them in a different direction?”

The Prosecuting Attorney thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and contemplated the frescoed ceiling of the court-room with an air of supreme contempt.

“I am neither a physiologist nor a psychologist,” said the Judge, “but the fact is coming to be recognized in our courts, that the intellect, will and affection, which constitute human mind—whatever may be their genesis—if not originally characterized by the organization out of which they spring—are yet materially influenced thereby. And it is also asserted, with an accumulation of facts appalling in character



to sustain the assertion—that there is a certain proclivity to vice—an irresistible determination, as it were, of disposition, inherent to certain types of organization, transmissible from parent to child, on and on, until the depraved type of organization is changed by miscegeneration with superior types, or by a law of self-limitation. The vulgar aphorism of the turf, ‘blood will tell,’ seems likely to become as applicable to men as to speed-horses; and it may come to pass that in all of our serious inquiries into character and conduct of individuals, we shall have to inquire into family histories, and know every man’s pedigree, in order to form a just estimate of the man himself. I begin to recognize the fact already, that, even in this country, it is no disgrace, one being himself respectable, to have descended from respectable ancestors.”

“Too proud to care from whence I came,” said the Prosecutor, addressing a frescoed female—an imaginary Vere de-Vere—overhead.

“We Americans,” I said, “who have in our assertion of the democratic doctrine of equality, denied ourselves all claims of ‘blood,’ and illustrated our indifference to them by our marriages—have been slow to recognize these

facts of heridity. But the facts themselves, and the laws which govern them, have not been pushed aside nor withheld from practically demonstrating their great importance."

"But there is another feature of our civilization, Judge, which you should be qualified to criticise. I refer to the tendency of our time, growing stronger day by day, from a growing perception of the facts just mentioned, perhaps, to limit more and more the moral responsibility, and hence the physical punishableness of wrongdoers, as individuals, and as a class. Capital punishment for whatever grade of crime is almost obsolete. We talk seriously of reformation instead of punishment as the proper function of the State in its relation to the criminal. Our tender sympathies are daily shocked by the complaints of some lugubrious or sentimental cut-throat or house-breaker, who has been subjected to discipline in our penitentiaries—and we demand for our convicts a better provision and kinder treatment than they were accustomed to, outside of prison walls. Even hell itself, once so hot and glowing, 'begins to pale its ineffectual fires' before this growing sentiment. Are we departing from, or only drawing nearer justice?"

"Justice," said the Judge, "is an unascertained and uncertain quantity in the problem of human affairs. Justice, considered as an abstract principle—an attribute of the absolute of truth—withdrawn from all embarrassing concretions, of social or political necessities, may not always be recognized, while gazing on that effigy which we call Justice, made up of rules of action, authorized by human rulers, limiting and directing the conduct of men.

"Justice as an abstract principle—the high-born ideal of spiritual conception—the blind Goddess with even balances—may consider and find weight in testimony too subtle and too abstruse for the perceptions of such an effigy, however clothed with power, and might therefore acquit of guilt and withhold from punishment multitudes whom substituted justice, basing judgments upon testimony which at best is but fragmentary—weighing only so much thereof as is gross and palpable—would inevitably convict and sentence."

"Very properly, too," said the Prosecutor, evincing satisfaction with the bare idea of conviction.

"Are we to infer, then," I said (now address-

ing Mr. Eastman) "that the judgments of Justice, if rendered upon higher planes of perception than are ordinarily occupied by our Courts of Justice, would, or might be improper, as tending to acquittal, rather than conviction, of the accused?"

"Certainly," said the Prosecutor, pleased with an opportunity to ventilate his opinions. "Justice, as an abstract principle, may be a nice theme for metaphysical disquisition—and the blind Goddess makes a fine subject for plastic art and decorations; but she is entirely out of place before a jury trying a horse-thief or a homicide. And any judgment rendered upon a plane of perceptions of justice higher than that occupied by society at any given time, would fail to be recognized as the judgment of Justice, and hence would fall short of accomplishing the true ends of justice—the protection of society in the enjoyments of its rights and privileges—peace and prosperity. Condemnation and punishment are the only features of Justice which wrongdoers recognize as corrective or restraining, and it will never do to veil them with ideal masks or sentimental bandages."

"There is force and pertinency in the argu-

ment," I said (bowing to the Prosecutor.) "But, for the reasons given, it would not be inconsistent with the true ends of justice, that in rendering judgment respect should be entertained for the constant progress and elevation of social conscience and intelligence. Otherwise judgments would not be recognized as just, having fallen below, instead of rising above, the common plane of social perceptions." Then turning to the Judge, I said, "In view of these facts, or assertions—to what extent should known depravity of organization, natural or pathological, be recognized by Justice as modifying circumstances affecting judgment?"

"The rights of society," said the Judge, "are always superior to the rights of individuals—and such depravity or perversity of organization must forever remain, to a great extent, within the knowledge only of skilled observers—not always or readily recognizable by the common senses of society. So that, while it is unquestionably within the proper purview of justice to consider such commemorative circumstances, established by science, as may affect the capability of persons accused of crime, to form and execute moral judgments,

or resist organic influences, and proclivities—it is difficult to state the degree within which it would be wholesome to recognize them as affecting judgment. My present opinion is that the whole force of such considerations should be expended upon modifications of sentence only. Condemn crime, no matter who commits it. Convict the criminal—but dispose of the actor according to his moral responsibilities, as affected by physical conditions, or otherwise.”

“Our courts are too lenient in that direction already,” said the Prosecutor. “All that a man has to do, who wishes to kill another, now, is to work up within himself an insane impulse—shoot—prove that his mother was hysterical—that his grandfather was eccentric—that his wife’s cousin committed suicide, and his defense is complete. He was insane, and irresponsible at the precise moment of shooting, and must be acquitted because irresponsible—and set free, because he has been perfectly sane ever since—and a sane man cannot be deprived of liberty without guilt. It is time, that this kind of imposture should be kicked out of court. And the ignorant quacks and mercenary doctors who would swear any man living

crazy for a consideration should be kicked out with it."

"I beg pardon, I said, "but having been called into court repeatedly as an expert in cases of homicide where insanity was pleaded as a defense, I have noticed that in every case where there was a latent sympathy in the public heart for the accused—a sentimental justification of the criminal act committed, in the minds of the community—however gross the violation of law may have been—the 'plea' of insanity itself, and not the opinion of medical witnesses supporting or discrediting it, has been listened to and accepted as the basis of acquittal. While in other cases, where no such sympathy or sentiment found place—although the accused were beyond all question insane, and so proven—neither the 'plea' of insanity nor the testimony sustaining it was listened to, and certain condemnation followed.

"But acquittal or conviction in these same cases, whether the plea of insanity was genuine, or a pretext only—whether the accused were really, at the time of committing criminal acts, madmen, or at the time of trial were only hypothetical maniacs, ingeniously substituted by high-minded attorneys for the true

culprits, in order to bewilder justice, was yet in keeping with that theory of justice which limits judgment by the social and intellectual perceptions of a jury—the judgments of which bear the same relation to real justice that such jurors bear, morally and intellectually, to the highest reaches of intelligence, learning, morality and refinement known to civilization.”

“Your observations of the use and effect of the plea of insanity as a defense in courts of justice,” said the Judge, “correspond with my own. It is used by skillful lawyers as a pretext, whereby a jury can acquit a person accused of crime, although the criminal act be fully and circumstantially proven, and yet conform to law and precedents. And, notwithstanding its fictitious nature in many cases it may subserve the purposes of justice. The statute is arbitrary—and precedent is sometimes superior to justice—while the sentiment of justice in the human mind is mobile, and corresponds to the conditions, surroundings and habits of a people. A shoots and kills B, because of an improper intimacy between B and the wife of A. C lies in wait and kills D with a club or knife, and robs him of his watch and purse. The crimes committed by both A and C are according to the



statute, the same, and the same penalty is prescribed by law. Popular sentiment justifies A, but condemns C indignantly. Administrative justice requires, therefore, either a statute modifying the character of such a crime as that committed by A, and the penalty attaching thereto, or a recognition of the propriety of the 'fiction' by which such a discrimination can be made between his act and that of C, as to satisfy the sentiment of justice at the time prevailing."

"Fiction!" sneered the Prosecutor. "Fraud! Imposture! more like. Murder is murder, and law ought to be law."

"Mr. Eastman believes in conviction," said the Judge.

"I believe in justice," said the Prosecutor. "I believe in justice and judgment—not in fiction or fraud."

"And that there is a higher standard of justice," said the Judge, "than common conscience or the sympathies of juries."

"And, it has seemed to me," I said, "that Justice has some rights, independent of the statutes, and the opinions of courts. Should not A, who shot B, because of improper relations with A's wife, who may have been herself the aggressor—in retaliation of the notorious

transgressions of her husband A, in a similar line of conduct—be required to turn the avenging pistol also, against his own brain, out of respect to Justice?”

“The rights of Justice,” said the Judge—  
“are among the reserved rights of God.”

# STUMP ORATORY.

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## CHAPTER IV.

A POLITICAL "STUMP SPEECH"—COL. DINSMORE'S PORTRAIT  
—MRS. DINSMORE'S IDEAS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

Having trespassed already upon the time, if not upon the patience, of Judge Noble, I took leave of "His Honor," and emerged into the busy street, where I soon found myself confronted by a procession of citizens, headed by a band of musicians, and flanked as well as tailed by a moving mixture of humanity and brutality, inextricable and indescribable. Ascertaining by inquiry that Col. Dinsmore, a celebrated stump-orator and candidate for congressman, was about to address the people, I dismissed my reflections on the subject of justice, joined the "crowd" and soon became a

listener. I had met Col. Dinsmore frequently, but had never seen him "on the stump," where he had won his reputation and his popularity as a citizen and politician.

The long but straggling procession having drawn itself up into an irregular mass in front of, and around an open platform erected for the occasion, the meeting was soon organized and the people cheered vociferously, while the band played with great energy "Lo, the conquering hero comes,"—and Colonel Dinsmore, accompanied by a committee, made his appearance and proceeded at once to business. He began his address by expressing great surprise and gratification at being met by so large and intelligent a concourse of his fellow citizens, and felt especially complimented by the presence of so many ladies. Dark as might be our political horizon—gloomy and foreboding as might be the clouds hanging threateningly overhead—he should never despair, he said, of the ultimate triumph of just principles and the consequent prosperity of our nation, while the bone and sinew, and the *beauty* of the land united in thus manifesting their approbation of the right, and their condemnation of the wrong. He thanked the people for the honors which

they had bestowed upon him, and the confidence which they had reposed in him, by selecting him from among so many "more worthy of the trust," to be their standard-bearer through a campaign, the importance of which could not be overestimated. History had epochs—Babylon had fallen—Thebes was a ruin—Venice was an echo—Greece, Rome, Carthage, where were they? And yet, he said, "history failed to furnish a *crisis* parallel to that now impending in our own fair land."

He then spoke of himself as one of the people—one whose sympathies and interests had ever been, and should ever be, identical with those of the hard but honest-handed yeomanry and mechanics of the land. He had not forgotten the days when himself had held the plow and swung the sledge—and he had found through all of the vicissitudes of an eventful life that his affections had grown stronger, and still stronger, for the laboring masses upon whose virtue and intelligence must forever rest the foundation of our government and the hope of freedom throughout the world. The farmer, the mechanic and the day-laborer of America could scarcely realize the immense responsibility which had been thrust

upon them—the incalculable importance of the trust for which future generations, of not only this, but other lands, would hold them accountable. He pledged himself solemnly to discharge his duty though the heavens should fall; and that he never—never would desert the people. He hoped, he said, “that his tongue might cleave to his mouth, his hand forget its cunning, and that his arm might drop from its articulation,” should he ever, by word or by deed, prove recreant to the vows which he had made to them. He then launched out upon a broad sea of eulogy, extolling the party which he represented with great warmth and enthusiasm. He boasted of having been born into the party—of his early consecration to its principles and its aims by his father (telling the story of Hannibal,) and protested that he had never deviated a hair’s breadth from its beaten pathway, nor lost sight for a moment of its ancient landmarks. He was proud of its history, and he gloried in its achievements.

He then assailed the opposition party with great vehemence. He denounced its purposes as infamous, and accused its leaders of all manner of crimes and misdemeanors which men are capable of committing—calling forth

round after round of applause from his delighted partisans. At length, in an excited philippic hurled at the administration, including all of its public officers, from the President of the United States down to the most insignificant postmaster in the land, he rounded a period by exclaiming: "They are a stench in the nostrils of all right-thinking men, and a foul blotch on the face of our civilization."

A voice from the outer circle of lookers-on unexpectedly responded, "*What do you know about civilization?*"

There was a jostling and a row for a moment in the immediate neighborhood of the questioner—some oaths and bandied epithets—but the orator, as if accepting the challenge retorted:

"The white livered traitor and black-hearted tool of administration hirelings would insinuate that the party which I am proud to represent is not composed of civilized people. I thank God that I do not represent a party which arrogates all of the wisdom, virtue, morality, and intelligence of the age. A party which accepts the philosophy of New England infidels as gospel truth, and the fanaticism of strong-minded women as statesmanship. A party of

self-righteous hypocrites, who in the name of freedom would rob the people of their rights and deprive them of their liberties. A party of aristocrats—of moneyed lords and bloated bondholders—shaping the legislation of the country in the interest of capital at the expense of labor—reveling themselves in the luxury of their ill-gotten gold; while you, and your wives and your little ones are left to starve in your enforced poverty! Of such a civilization as that party represents I am but too proud to confess my ignorance. Nevertheless, there is a civilization with which I am not entirely unfamiliar—a civilization which you and I and all of us will agree, is far more desirable, and infinitely more honorable to those who have adopted it, and live in accordance with its principles, than this vaunting pretense, which is now stalking through our land! A civilization which our honored Fathers established by their blood, upon the foundations of freedom and equality for all! The civilization of the constitution as it was handed down to us, unimpaired, from the founders of the republic—the good old-fashioned civilization of Washington and Jefferson, and the pure patriots and wise statesmen of an age, when it would have been



an everlasting infamy for a President to take bribes, or a cabinet officer to sell the patronage of government to thieves! A civilization which has extended the blessings of liberty over the grandest empire upon which the sun has ever shone! A civilization which shadows with its wings the highest mountains and the broadest plains—the longest rivers and the deepest lakes on earth! A civilization which makes one a land outstretched from sea to sea, from Plymouth Rock to California's golden strand: From Florida, luxurious with tropic sweets, where summer-silence sleeps beneath the shade of orange groves, and gentle winds fresh-laden with perfume from spicy islands of the southern seas forever blow—to bleak Alaska's barren shore, where wintry madness howls in icy bondage all the year! A civilization which opens wide its arms to welcome to our shores the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation and of every race! [“Barrin' the naygur,” suggested a voice. “And the haythen Chinees,” echoed another.] A civilization which makes you and me and every one of us peers of the proudest sovereigns of the world! A civilization which where e're our flowery flag is flung in triumph to the breeze

protects the humblest citizen who stands beneath its flowing folds, and no man or nation *dare* to lay hands upon him! A civilization which says to kings, "Avaunt!" and to aristocrats and lords, "Away! away!" A civilization which whitens with its commerce every sea, and brings back willing tribute from every foreign shore! A civilization"— The orator paused, took a drink—of water—wiped his hot perspiring head—pulled off his necktie—adjusted his pantaloons—now minus a suspender button in the rear—and, seemingly unable to recall any further paragraphs from his old Fourth of July orations, resumed his denunciation of the thieves and robbers then in office—gloomily dwelt upon the suffering condition of the people—their poverty, indebtedness, want of employment and prospective destitution, should the party then in power continue to control the Legislature—but promised immediate relief and a return to the palmiest days of prosperity and happiness should he succeed, and the party he represented, as he knew they would, in carrying the election. And so he sweated on through two long hours of false representations, false rhetoric, grandiloquence, and dreary platitudes of political stump oratory.

Colonel Dinsmore is what has been styled a "self-made man," which is equivalent to saying that he is a man who inherited nothing but ambition and energy, and has pushed his way in the world to some kind of notoriety by vigorously helping himself. His parents were members of a once distinguished family, but belonged to the impoverished branch of the same, which in order to escape from the humiliation of laboring in a land where labor was degrading to reputation, by reason of the inequality before the law of the typical laborer—the negro slave—migrated from the South into a State where labor was respectable, because the laborer was dignified by citizenship and held as an equal before the law. Colonel Dinsmore's early education was limited to such elements of information as a bright boy may "pick up" in a country school, taught three months only of each year. His later education has been of that desultory and superficial character which is to be acquired in the common school of party politics, with a partisan Press and stump orators for instructors. He indulged, early in life, the delusion that eloquence was far more desirable than wisdom—and that oratory superseded the necessity for knowledge in many of the

affairs of life. He had, therefore, dilligently applied himself to a cultivation of the art of public speaking, according to the methods and styles then most acceptable, and had reason to be proud of his success. As a more fitting arena for the display of his gifts and acquirements he had sought the bar—and with but a superficial knowledge of the literature or philosophy of law, gained admission to the ranks of a noble, dignified and learned profession, by the plebeianisation of the constitution of the State of which he was a citizen. The military title which decorates his name is a gratuity—and a fiction. When the country was in need of military men of commanding ability and patriotism, Colonel Dinsmore manifested a repugnance even to military affairs—leaving his native land, indeed, for a short time in order to escape the possibility of involuntary service. Colonel Dinsmore is—but I reserve a few finishing touches to be added to this portrait while sketching the outlines of Mrs. Dinsmore, the Colonel's wife.

Mrs. Dinsmore was born into what is known as a good family. Her maiden name was Marshall. Her father was a member of that great family, once the pride of Eastern Virginia,

which gave to the country the illustrious chief-justice, whose name he bore while living—and her mother was a Clifford. Mrs. Dinsmore's father emigrated soon after she was born, for reasons obverse to those which moved the Dinsmore's from the South. He was a man of ample fortune—the owner of a large landed property, and many slaves—but he withdrew from the place of his nativity and the associations of slavery (after having first emancipated and provided for the welfare of his old bond-servants), because of profound convictions of the sinfulness of the institution, and its evil influence upon society and civilization; convictions, however, it may be of interest to know, in which Mrs. Dinsmore's mother did not fully nor cheerfully participate—bearing, as she was compelled to do, the greater share of the burden imposed upon the family by the change of habits and associations necessarily implied. Mrs. Dinsmore, the only offspring of these parents, was left half-orphaned by her father's death while she was yet a child; but not without a large inheritance, present and prospective, from investments made. She was educated in, and graduated by, one of those transparent and unmitigated frauds in which our

country so abounds, a "female boarding school." She was herself beautiful, and she loved beauty. She was, by virtue of organic qualities, truthful, and she loved truth. She was likewise, by nature, just and joyous and free; and she loved justice and joy and freedom, not only for herself, but for all mankind. Open hearted, generous and sympathetic, the fine fibers of her own being were in harmony with the finer elements of nature everywhere. The trees, the birds, the flowers, the skies, the clouds, the stars, were all familiar, open books to her—wherein she read according to her mood, now fairy tales and now sublime orations. Herself heroic, through her warm fancies, she was a hero-worshiper. Spencer's and Tasso's verse had furnished her ideals. She was all this, and more—she was a woman—and fell helplessly in love with Colonel Dinsmore, while listening to one of his eloquent orations, the glowing sentences of which bewildered her imagination and blinded her judgment, while his voice full of masculine power and melody appealed to her senses thus exposed, with a force as irresistible and as mysterious as the influence of sex, and she yielded to the fascination and captivity without a struggle. Like "the lily maid

of Astolat," for a time she "lived in fantasy." But when at length he came, and spoke to her, she fluttered down to him, as might a dove long while on wing above some flood have done, finding at last whereon to rest her feet.

Colonel Dinsmore from that hour was to her all-in-all—the chosen and anointed one—the fulfillment of her prophetic dreams—the hero of her imaginations and her hopes—the Red-cross Knight with armor on, who would for her sake, (pardon the vanity, you who have outlived the romance of your love) champion the cause of truth against all error, hypocrisy, and lies. He was to her, as she exalted him with her affection, the noble, generous, invincible leader of brave men—the Baldwin, or the Tancred, of a grand crusade which she projected in the pious chivalry of love against all manner of infidelity and usurpations. And in the florid core of this fond dream she cherished the presumption that her life to him would be a strong support—a comfort and incentive which would keep him steadfast in all noble purposes! She felt indeed that such had been predestinated the true mission of her life—to supplement and sustain so great and good a man! And so she

laid her pure white hand in his, and her purer heart upon the marriage altar.

But some years have sped since then—and Mrs. Dinsmore now is but a sorrow-beaten wreck of her former hopefulness—defrauded, cheated out of every promised good of love's horoscoping. The mother of Col. Dinsmore's children, she has suffered and endured all of the more common vicissitudes of pain and sorrow; but the great surge of disappointment which overwhelmed her heart and warped her life beyond resilience, was the discovery, made too soon, (through what shocks of knowledge!) that Col. Dinsmore was not a hero, statesman or philanthropist—that his pretended devotion to principles was but an assumption and a mockery of truth—that his adulation of the people was but inverted satire and contempt—that his love for herself (what painful couching of love's opacities!) had been squandered in promiscuous dissipation—that all of his assumed virtues were but false faces worn to conceal his vulgar, brutal self—which, when unmasked, was to her delicate perceptions and exquisite sensibilities more hideous and loathsome than was the Prophet of Korhassan to his duped devotee when unveiled. That he was in public life a



pretender, sycophant, and demagogue—in private life a despot, coward, and liar!

In the clairvoyance of her healthful imagination Mrs. Dinsmore was a poet—almost a seer—and entertained high and noble, if somewhat fanciful ideas of civilization and its promises for the future of mankind. Sometimes in later days, before her final overthrow, her heart would answer to the call of ancient memories, and her mind rekindle for a time with flashes of unwonted brilliancy. In such a mood I found her once, but recently, although we sat beside the cradle of a child stricken by a malady almost surely fatal.

“Do you know, doctor,” she began, “that I would this child should live—aside from ordinary maternal considerations?”

“Certainly,” I said. “You see in him the promise which every mother sees in her man-child, before the grosser elements of manhood begin to show themselves, and threaten. A transfer of delusion from the known to the unknown.”

“How could you be so cruel?” she said, “you whose office and holy privilege it is to bind up wounds, and not to bruise them. But, no matter. Such considerations did not influ-

ence my thought, however selfish. I have been thinking of a day to come—a better day than this—not born for me, but one which this child might possibly enjoy. And should such be, though in this body I should be no more, there yet in him would live so much of me, that I should see it, also, through his eyes. You, doctor, may not believe, because not written in your physiologies—that the mother's blood still warms and nourishes and moulds the man-child's limbs and heart and brain, long after you have cut the frail umbilicus. And yet I know that in this child, not only I, but a long line of ancestors have being and existence. Is it not thus that we approach the infinite of life, from which we sprung through endless evolutions—self from self evolved?—Increasing ever in the goods of life as we draw nearer to the uncreated source, wherein Design and Cause, and End, all meet, and constitute the unit of all multiples? So it has seemed to me, at least—and I have seen, or dreamed, no matter which, that a time will come when, even here, through knowledges acquired, foreshadowed now, mankind will fully recognize this broad relationship—and all of the rights of men, as sons of God, will be so manifest,

through filial love and brotherly regard, that there will be not one so blind, nor yet so selfish, as to cavil, or to deny them. A time when each man will so vie with every other in a willing concession of his neighbor's rights, and such an abridgment of his own, as may seem essential to his neighbor's happiness, that mankind will then—and not till then—have reached a plane of freedom, recognized by few only, now, as possible of occupation in this life—where all denials, doubts and fears—all lusts and hates and selfishness and sin, will be beneath; and all around will lie in this expanse of light, pure love—and activity at last will have become far more desirable than rest. Do you believe in the millennium?"

"No!" I said. "Not if its coming depend upon a recognition and mutual concession of men's rights—and a complete renunciation of man's self—which would be implied—each loving each for each other's sake, and not as now for the sake of self—making as we do an investment of affection, which, if unreturned with accumulation is displaced by hate! I confess my skepticism."

"Why," she exclaimed. "How much further has mankind to go than he has already come,

to reach it? It may seem to be a great way ahead, but how far back does even our vision reach? All that civilization has as yet accomplished may seem to be but little—yet one step ahead implies the possibility, and is the prophecy of progression, endless. The emancipation of one slave, or of millions, is not much; but one freedman, made free because of higher recognition of the rights of men, is a landmark left behind which civilization will, bye and bye, look back to see, and marvel at the distance. You have not been down in the depths with me—nor could you go, being what you are, and other than a woman—but let me bear witness now, that from the bottom of the bottomless, one looking up may see the everlasting stars.”

“Such visions,” I said, “might compensate much sorrow”

“Offspring of sorrow!” she exclaimed, with an introspective closing of her eyes. Then, placing a tender arm about a child on either side of her, and bending tearfully over the sick one’s cradle, she said, “These,—and they—have been my only compensation.”

# CIVILIZATION A FAILURE.

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## CHAPTER V.

CIVILIZATION A FAILURE—DR. DAWSON—A CONSULTATION  
AND AN INTERVIEW.

When the funeral procession moved from the Dinsmore mansion, soon after the events related in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Dinsmore was not in a condition to accompany the remains of her only male child to the place of burial. Long nights of sleepless anxiety and watchfulness—day after day of abstinence from food, because of loss of appetite, resulting from mental impressions, had so far exhausted the vital energy of a body already impaired, that the final catastrophe, in which the world, and all created things seemed to be merging in catalysis, proved too much

for her resistance—and she sank into a state of unconsciousness—from which, after a time, she emerged, *insane!*

Doctor Dawson, an old and respectable practitioner of the healing art, who had been physician to the Marshall family when Mrs. Dinsmore was a child, was called in consultation to gratify Mrs. Dinsmore's aged and widowed mother, who leaned upon her as the "sole survivor of her house and heart,"—the venerable Mrs. Marshall.

Knowing Doctor Dawson to be a man of extensive miscellaneous information, and full of sententious humors and conceits, purposing to provoke some expressions on the subject uppermost in my mind, after we had discussed the condition of our patient in our professional way and ascertained how little either of us really knew which could be of service to her, I said, "This is a case, Doctor, which illustrates a grave form of disease which seems to be peculiar to civilized life. The brain of the savage appears to be exempt from, or incapable of taking on the pathological condition, essential and precedent to such manifestations of mental aberration. The incidents of civilization which contribute"—

The provocation was sufficient, Dr. Dawson already excited exclaimed. "Civilization, indeed! What fools we all are! It would have been infinitely better for mankind had they remained in a state of Nature—barbarian or savage;—and it would be better for us now, were we to return to such a life.

"What is civilization—but a departure from nature in all the particulars of living, and an hourly violation of her laws?—for which the whole world of civilized mankind is doing perpetual penance! Think of it! Setting ourselves up as wiser than our Maker—endeavoring to seize hold of and to control the forces which He alone can handle—running counter to His directions to the full extent of our liberty, and thinking to find a way at last whereby He may be evaded or ignored entirely. What have we gained by it thus far? What are we likely to gain? Did Sam Patch, who jumped Niagara, annihilate the force of gravitation or change its laws? Do we live longer, live happier, or lie down at last with less regret than did our barbarian ancestors? Wiser than all philosophy—wiser than all science are the suggestions of nature respecting man's living, had we but

wisdom enough to perceive, and profit by them."

"We do perceive, and profit by them," I said. "Civilization is not a departure from nature—it is a growth, or development in accordance with nature—the result of natural laws."

"By what means?—Through what influences?—I should like to know." Said the querulous old doctor.

"By the means of better and more food—better and more clothing—and the influence of accumulated learning!" I said.

"More and better food!—more and better clothes!" exclaimed the Doctor. "To what end? Indigestion, with its long train of evils, as a compensation for our misuse of food—consumption and a thousand nameless ills, cursing women—and through their infirmities, the race, as a result of 'our more and better clothes.'

"Learning! of course—we have much of it. But of what real value is it to the world?"

"HISTORY is but a collection of doubtful stories, beginning in tradition, and ending in falsehood.



"SCIENCE is the presumption of to-day calling the presumption of yesterday 'error.'

"PHILOSOPHY is nothing more than the psychical autobiography of self-conscious lunatics, whose incoherencies have been accepted as wisdom because incomprehensible.

"RELIGION—what is it but a system of pious frauds and vain pretenses, by which Popes and Priests, through the aspirations and the fears of mankind, by promises and threats, acquire and maintain a controlling power in the affairs of men?—and the poor fear-driven, self-loving multitude, with no more rationality than sheep, hope to escape the everlasting torments of imaginary hells and become the blissful inhabitants of imaginary heavens with childish anticipations of enjoyment, baseless as the illusions of distempered dreams, to be derived from experiences somewhat indefinite, but consisting for the most part, as understood by Christians, of musical exercises—playing on jews-harps and singing psalm tunes throughout an eternity of idleness!

Having said so much, the old doctor tapped his old-fashioned snuff-box ominously, and with old-fashioned politeness offered me the solace

of a pinch, and then helping himself liberally, he resumed :

“Civilization! O, no. Civilization is an impostor, sir!—a disturber of man’s peace—a destroyer of man’s life. An enchanter, sir!—more powerful than Merlen—more dreadful than Hecate! A task-maker, sir!—holding us in bondage, scourging us to toil—defenseless Calibans, tortured by this Prospero!

“See how it makes beasts of men by its subtle distillations—converting nature’s materials of refreshment into objects of intemperance and excess; driving men out and down in rapid degradation through devilhood into hogship, to be swallowed up at last by the great sea of evil!

“See how it makes fools of women, through the persuasions of its first-born, Fashion—disfiguring their forms and shortening their lives by insinuating diseases worse than pestilence, because slower and more painful, through the finest fibres of their beings—while babies, living and unborn, are sacrificed by thousands every day to gratify the vanity of this insatiable fiend.”

The Doctor paused, as if “too full for utterance.” But I was not satisfied to let the mat-

ter rest at this particular juncture. So I said, by way of suggestion only:

‘Our monuments of Art, and Engineering, Doctor.—Our Labor-saving inventions—our machinery—our use of Electricity and Steam—and——’

“Monuments of Art, and Engineering!” resumed the Doctor—the spirit of denial strong within him—“Monuments of injustice, imposition, and oppression! Monuments of the subordination and involuntary servitude of the masses of mankind effected through the institution of fictitious wants and unnatural necessities! How many lives do you think were sacrificed in building the pyramids of Egypt, the land from whence civilization sprung? Every monument of art and engineering, every palace, temple, capitol, or tomb—every grand canal, bridge, tunnel, or railway then or since constructed is suggestive of the same general condition—the servitude of man—compulsory labor! No free-will offerings these of Beauty’s worshippers. ‘*Compelled to work for bread we builded this,*’ should be the legend sculptured on every one of them. And O! the nondescripts—the works which some call art—which pass for pictures! Who but an

idiot, from whose dull eyes offended nature shrinks and hides her loveliness, would turn aside from the broad, transparent scenes, full of sentiment and sympathy, everywhere around us in the outdoor world, to gaze upon such unmeaning daubs—soulless creations of vacuous imbeciles, whose brains, if brains they have, are more distempered than their fellow-fool's, the Poet's—seeing what is not, and overlooking that which is, in all of the realms of nature.

“And your machines for saving labor? What a fiction! Machines for multiplying labor, more like—whereby the superfluous and ever-increasing wants of civilization may possibly be supplied—but saving not an hour of toil! Think of the diseases of overwork alone, which apply to us daily for remedies—the neuralgias, paralysis, and diseases of the heart especially. Contemplate the stiffened limbs and stolid faces of the multitude who dig the ore, and mine the coal, and 'tend the looms, and reap the fields, required to keep these 'labor-saving' wheels in motion. Think of the needless misery, pain, disease, and life, spun, woven and embroidered into the superfluous garments, which Bridget now must have, as well as my Lady Geraldine. Think of the pangs imprisoned in every iron

rail from here to San Francisco. I never hear a locomotive's scream but I think of it as of the long pent voice of agony—the escaping anguish of the sooty slaves who dived, and forged, and rolled and riveted its parts together."

"Without which locomotives," I said, "the millions of men, women and children, the common people of this land, who visited the grand Centennial, in 1876, and were delighted and instructed beyond expression by that wonderful display of the arts and accomplishments of civilization—making, as it were, a tour of the world in six days—would have had to remain at home, content through life with a vision of the world limited by cornfields and pasture lands, and the old roads to the village church or country mill."

"And would have been happier, thus content," said the Doctor—"than they are, or ever will be, after having seen the world, and stimulated appetites, and developed wants before unknown, but now insatiable, and to remain forever unsupplied."

"I see"—I said—"that you are not disposed to credit civilization with anything valuable. What have you to say to our learned Professions? Are we not something more and better

than the undeveloped savage? Do we not perform uses higher and more profitable to our fellow-men than are the functions of an unlettered and untrained barbarian?"

"The learned professions!" exclaimed the venerable cynic. "In the name of common sense, now, wherefore? Look at ourselves, to begin with. Doctors of Medicine by name, but what in fact? Quacks, impostors—everyone of us. We pretend that we can cure—that medicines will cure—and that we know how to administer them. Do we not know that nature only has such virtues and such intelligence? We cure! Medicines cure! Do not, also, the Homeopathsists? Behold the potency of diluted nothing!

"Doctors of Law—what are they? Were not civilization itself a fraud, and a violation of natural law, there would be no occupation for such gentry—who first mystify the affairs of government beyond the comprehension of inexperienced and unlearned citizens, and then demand large fees for making things appear—according to the necessities of the case!

"And, Doctors of Divinity! Last but not least in this sublime trinity of civilized pretension—what are they? Impostors, also, if not

worse—pretending to be familiar with, and to comprehend that which is unknown and incomprehensible—and to believe that which is from its own character unbelievable!

“Servants and followers of a Master born divine, (who, himself guiltless, gave his life, a willing sacrifice, that all mankind, however guilty and deserving punishment, might be spared the condemnation and the pain which they had incurred, but which He suffered and averted—one for all—God for man)—presuming nevertheless, to prescribe formulas and interpose terms more difficult to comprehend than the mysteries of law, to which all men must bow assent and profess conformity, or be cut off from participation in the merits of His divine propitiation—agreeing not among themselves, but representing sects innumerable, each claiming ‘right of way’ secured, and God’s commission to construct, equip, and operate through lines of transportation to the gates of bliss—‘reclining chairs or sleepers on all through trains.’

“Have you ever listened to the solemn prate of these self-appointed agents and representatives of the Almighty, about the origin of evil—the fall of man—and the stratagems de-

vised whereby the sad affair might be, partially at least, corrected—which they call the ‘plan of redemption.’ Or have you ever heard them pray, long prayers, and full of information: as if the Almighty, Allwise, and ever-present Creator and Ruler of the universe had been absent, or asleep, and was in need of such general and particular instruction before resuming his administration of affairs? Or have you looked upon their followers—the brethren—and tried them by the evidence which they claim to have been justified by in their pretense of holiness—the fruits by which they are supposed to know each other, and by which we should know them?—such as the presence in their hearts and the outward manifestation toward each other and the world, of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance! Do you know any of these fellows?

“Or are you familiar with the duties and obligations prescribed for the fraternity?—such as brotherly love, charity, forgiveness, thinking no evil one of another, patience, forbearance, returning good for evil, loving your enemies, and, climax of perfection, loving your neighbor as yourself? Did you ever see a Christian? In



the church to which my wife belongs, not one of them would return good for evil, if it were easier to do so than not to. As for loving their enemies, or their neighbors as prescribed; some of them may love their neighbors' wives better than they do their own: but as to loving their neighbors as they do themselves, the proposition is preposterous. Brother Jones and Brother Smith have lived in a state of chronic irritation, each toward the other, ever since I have known them. Deacon Brown may be humble, patient and forbearing—but if he is so, he has a queer way of showing it. Deacon Black may be forgiving, gentle, charitable, full of loving kindness and brotherly affection—but if that be true, more than half of his brethren in the church are liars. Sister White may think no evil of the sisters with whom she associates—but if she does, she ought to either talk as she thinks, or hold her tongue. And they do say that it is not 'all right' between Dr. Greene, the little pill hypocrite, who runs with the church for the sake of patronage—and Sister Blue, who boasts of enough virtue to supply a first-class sewing circle with credit. And, did you know it? Parson Adams drinks!—so they say—loves his 'tod.' Deacon Black

is 'fearful that the suspicion is not without foundation.' And I am told—I cannot now say by whom—that he has given his certificate, that Hostetter's Bitters have cured him of dyspepsia, rheumatism and bronchitis, and are good for every other infirmity of man. O, I tell you, I have watched these people now for more than fifty years, and I know all about them."

Doctor Dawson offered me his snuff-box again, but I declined the politeness intended—suggesting at the same time that these professing Christians after all, are, as a class, better than any other class of civilized society. "The crowd, for example," I said, "which assembles nightly at the 'varieties' or the hippodrome, will not compare favorably with the congregation which assembles in Parson Adams' church, or at any other place of Christian worship."

"O, of course," said the Doctor, "I admit all that, but if they pretended less, or practiced more, any of the virtues of their profession, I should think much better things of them."

As it was now growing late, or more strictly speaking, early—and I did not wish to discuss any of the points raised by the Doctor in his

rambling censure of everything pertaining to civilization, I took leave of the Dinsmore mansion now full of gloom, and the "ancient heathen," in whom I, nevertheless, recognized a man, rare, yet not altogether unknown—much sweeter and more kindly in disposition, and, in fact, than his words or manners indicated—a man in the shadow of whose misanthropy wells a fountain of love—beneath the frown of whose condemnation trickle tears of pity.

As I emerged into the open air, and saw the faint, gray ripples of the sea of dawn break on the fast-receding, yet mysterious shore of night, I felt exhilarated by the change, and drawing my garments closer in defense—the air was chilling—I said to myself as I walked along: "How limited are the perceptions of an individual—and yet how infinite the capacity of the human mind.

"How difficult to express the profundity of thought, and yet how voluble is speech when unobstructed by ideas.

"How wide must be one's scope of observation, and how just must be his treatment of facts observed, to entitle his opinions to consideration as approximating truth.

"How much one needs to know of many

things in order to estimate correctly any one thing. Ignorance and presumption see no relation between isolated and remote facts, estimating each by its separate quality and appearance.

“Wisdom discovers that all facts, however isolated or remote, are but fragments of one great truth, and are capable of harmonious reunion.”

# CAPITAL AND LABOR.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CAPITAL AND LABOR—A COMMUNIST INTERVIEWED.

It was not yet day when I reached one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The doors and windows on both sides of the street were closed and shuttered. The air was humid and chilling. Silence and gloom brooded over housetops and pavement. Here and there a human form was to be seen vanishing into some obscure cross street, or diving into some basement stairway, like birds of night or beasts of prey, seeking obscurity before the fast-approaching, intolerable light should overtake them. Now and then a butcher's cart, or an omnibus hastening to an early train, rumbled along the deserted street. All at once, as it

were, from every side entrance poured in a miniature procession of men, women and children, all coarsely clad, untidy, and wearing an expression of anxiety and discontent.

These were the "toiling millions" moving toward their appointed tasks—hastening, so as not to lose one hour of the precious ten allotted as a day in all estimates for wages.

One of these was walking immediately in front of me, muttering or growling to himself, and gesticulating occasionally with an emphasis that indicated much feeling. He was a man of mature age—broad-shouldered, muscular, with a large head and strongly marked features. I thought from his appearance, and the general fitness of his structure and manner, that he was a worker in iron. As I drew alongside of the artisan, by quickening my own step a little, I said cheerfully, "Good morning—these people seem to be moving early."

"Yes!" growled the man, looking at me suspiciously "such as we have to move early, and late, too, for that matter. Capital can take its own time for everything, but Labor has no choice but to work or starve—and that alternative may soon be denied us—as the

prospect now is that we shall have to work and starve, too!"

"How so?" I said.

"Another cut on wages," he replied. We can barely live at present rates. Any further reduction would be taking bread out of already hungry mouths. But it is very little that Capital cares for that, so its profits are secured."

"That is one side of the story," I said, "bad enough at best. But Capital, by which you mean the employers of labor, has its troubles and embarrassments as well—and is sometimes subjected to an alternative, when it must choose between a suspension of all operations and such a reduction of expenses as will protect it from actual loss. Because, Capital that is employed in a losing business soon dissipates itself and ceases to be capital. And under such circumstances, a reduction of wages is as essential to Labor as it is to Capital. For, when Capital is destroyed what becomes of Labor? The life of one is the life of the other also—their interests and their existence are identical."

"They ought to be," said the laborer with bitterness, "but they are not. Capital hoards all of the accumulations of prosperity, and

compels labor to bear all of the losses of adverse circumstances, instead of sharing both profits and losses, as it should do, and would—were justice to be done. But it is useless to talk about justice when Capital is a party interested, under any circumstances. Soulless, heartless, without pity, and without remorse, it coins the blood and brains of Labor as long as the process is profitable, and then retires from business with pocketed accumulations when it can exact nothing more of value from its victims, leaving Labor, bloodless and brainless, to take care of itself. Talk about freedom, equality, and fraternity! Better be slaves than what we are. If Capital owed the laborer as it owns labor, it would take care of him as a matter of self-interest, instead of turning him outdoor to starve and die, unpitied and unaided, as is often done now in this state of freedom.”

“Would you like to be a slave?” I said. “Would you like to exchange your present condition, bad as it may be, for that of bondage?—To become a chattel, you and your family, subject to sale and separation, to say nothing of the lash, and other indignities less endurable, incident to the slave system wherever it has prevailed?”



"I do not see in what respect I am better off now;" said the man, sullenly. "I do not know of any great privileges which Labor now enjoys, or indignities which it does not have to suffer."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Do you not feel and enjoy the self-respect which springs from consciousness of freedom, and the sacred rights of family relations and affection, which are seldom violated or encroached upon where Labor is free, but which are ever denied to slavery? Do you not appreciate the opportunity offered for the improvement of your own condition by the development of skill, capability, adaptation to constantly occurring and recurring circumstances, by perseverance, industry and good behavior? Do you not prize the privileges which your children may enjoy of education, on a level with the highest—opening the way before them to any position, however honorable, which they may become competent to fill? Desperate indeed must be your present blindness if you do not see these things."

"That all sounds very well to a mam who is himself comfortably provided for," said the smith, "but there is no music in it to the ears of one who is looking steadily into the face of

a grinning wolf—whose landlord has given him notice to quit because of rent unpaid—and whose groceryman has refused a week's credit, foreseeing that a reduction of wages will leave the laborer hopelessly behindhand. Besides, I do not see what right these rich men have to horde all of the money in the land, and live in luxury and idleness themselves, while other people, the very men who earned the money which they have gotten possession of—better men than they are, if their deserts were known—are driven to desperation by poverty and want. Why should there be an idle class, and a laboring class in the community? Who created the distinction, and what for? It is not right! It is not honest! It is not just! It is not human! And human nature will not bear with it forever! Labor will not submit to such injustice and oppression always! It is not so blind and ignorant and imbecile as Capital imagines it to be. It knows its rights, and will assert them."

"How?" I asked.

"By first demanding them—and then enforcing the demand!" he said, his whole figure animated by the anticipation.

"And what, may I ask, would be the first demand?" I said.

"Higher wages, and shorter days," said the smith. "More pay for less labor, thus equalizing the profits."

"And if Capital refuse, then what?" I said.

"Refuse to work until the terms are accepted," he replied.

"But suppose Capital still declines to accept the terms, what next?" I said.

"Take it by the throat, and make it disgorge the hard earnings which belong to us—the accumulated cash which Capital has forever been withholding from honest toil, and then divide it equally," he said. "That is what I would do, and I would not wait for an answer to the first demand before I did it, if I could have my way about it."

"Cash," I said, "however important, is not the only element of Capital. Capability, energy, ambition, enterprise, as well as cash are required to constitute Capital. So you would not have benefited Labor much by a subtraction from Capital of all of its cash accumulation, and a division of it equitably among the laborers. How much, indeed, do you suppose each one of us would have in dollars and cents,

were all of the cash in the country equally divided among the population?"

"Oh, I do not know," said the communist, "they have got piles of it. I would go through every bank and every private safe in the whole country before I stopped," he said.

"And be wonderfully disappointed when you got through," I said, "to find yourself in possession of \$15, perhaps, paper money and all, as your share of the vast accumulations of Capital. How long would that support you without labor? Besides, you could neither eat nor drink nor cover your body with hard cash, although you were the possessor of a world of it. Somebody would still have to toil to produce food and raiment, and the community would soon rearrange itself into the orderly gradations which it has already assumed, and which are essential to the development of the race and the progress of civilization."

"If such are the requirements of civilization," said the implacable smith, "the freedom and equality of savage life would be preferable—decidedly so."

"The choice rests with yourself," I said, "you can escape from all of this injustice and oppression if you wish to. The wilderness is

not far of. Pack your household goods, all that you would require, upon your wife's shoulders (she being weaker than yourself, in accordance with the laws of nature and of savage life, must become your menial,) decorate your face with variegated stains and your head with plumes—drape your manly form with a dirty blanket, or the skin of some wild beast—take in your hands a hatchet, knife and gun, and march!—the happy band of Sitting Bull or Spotted Tail in the far West would welcome you—and once there, the remainder of your days might be passed in the lordly occupation and enjoyment of roaming at will, in search of food or enemies, sometimes full and sometimes famishing, but always free and independent of rapacious landlords and extortionate tradesmen, scorning alike both Capital and Labor, and witnessing with paternal pride and satisfaction your offspring naked and bronzed, sportive and ferocious as the native whelps of which they have become associates—growing up to—no, not to manhood—but mature, well-developed savagery, unconscious of the wretchedness of civilized life, from which by wise and timely flight you rescued them. Is it not a pleasant picture to contemplate?”

“Better a wild Wolf’s whelp or a Bear’s cub, with meat and heaven’s pure air to breathe in freedom, than a human child, doomed to tread the wheel of civilized servitude and breathe the foul, pent air of poverty; yet ever looking out upon the freedom and enjoyment of others supported in luxury and idleness by such unwilling toil and deprivation,” said the stubborn-minded laborer. “It is one thing to talk and philosophize, but quite another thing to feel and endure that which is forever unutterable—the sense of being wronged, and helpless; of being trampled upon and crushed out, yet entitled to existence and consideration. Wronged by every circumstance of life, by birth, by parentage, by government and laws, by individuals and society, by all the ‘mights’ which civilization imposes upon mankind, and sustains with unrelenting energy and power, as rights.”

“It is, indeed, one thing to feel,” I said, “and still another thing to think. And this is what Labor has to learn—to think more rationally and to feel less passionately. Labor will never right its wrongs or accomplish for itself any good by violence in its demeanor toward Capital. Capital and Labor live and increase

upon the same pabulum. They languish and die of the same disorders. Without Labor Capital would be useless, worthless, nothing! Destroy Capital and Labor would degenerate into a fierce, disorderly scramble for food, wasteful and exhausting—terminating inevitably, from necessity, in a final supremacy of the strong, and a complete subordination of the weak—its last estate being by far worse than the first.

“Better to ‘bear the ills we have,’ and strive to cure them by such means as are within our reach, ‘than fly to others that we know not of.’ Right and wrong are, and must forever be with us, relative terms. Mankind cannot command a knowledge of the absolute. But facts which come within the observation of every intelligent mind should teach us that the only human right which is universal, and natural to all, is the right of way. All other rights are limited by capacities and circumstances natural and acquired. And he is the wiser man who accepts the limitations of his nature and surroundings intelligently, and shapes his course accordingly.”

The discontented laborer turned suddenly away into a cross street, and I know not what

his contemplations were, although I followed him with my thoughts to his place of labor—and stood by him while he performed his unwilling and unrequited task—went with him to his humble and uninviting home, and to the evening meeting of his “Trade Union,” where I listened to the fierce declamation, and wild assertions of men like himself, bewildered by feelings they could not control, and thoughts which they were not capable of co-ordinating—and the insinuating sophistry of certain political craftsmen, whose stock-in-trade appeared to be a cunning misrepresentation of apparent facts—and an appeal to the lower and more brutal instincts of man’s nature, with promises, which the misguided, and self-deluded only, would for a moment trust. And—yes—I stopped with him by the way at a drinking house and contemplated with an intelligent sympathy his mad, misdirected effort to quench the fires of his volcanic nature by deep draughts of beer—forecasting all of its baleful sequences—money squandered—health impaired—intellect clouded—will weakened—judgment perverted—affections blunted—confidence sacrificed—and hopes destroyed. And I took a flying trip into the country to contemplate this man’s



cousins-german, the Grangers, with their burden of complaint, and their struggles between aspiration and ignorance—meeting at every turn individuals or groups of men, *ites* and *ismists* of every caste and hue—each with a protest or demand—running hither and thither for relief—blind, yet staggering toward the light—with here and there a demagogue, pious or political, complicating their embarrassment—intensifying their ignorance, and increasing their credulity by a multiplicity of words, not of wisdom, but of self seeking sophistry and lies. And I said to myself, as I returned, “How much of human effort is mere waste of energy—lost by a decomposition of forces transmitted through the curvatures and angles of ignorance and perversity.

“How much of thought is mere spasm, tremor, or convulsion, indicative of weakness and irritation—and how little is continuous and co-ordinated, indicative of strength and placidity of mind?

“He who would build a temple, and is not himself an architect, should employ one who has already demonstrated his capacity and skill as a builder—otherwise his edifice will fail to answer the purpose for which it was projected,

and will stand as a monument of the builder's caprice and folly.

"The result of ignorance, multiplied by no matter how large a factor of imbecility, is not wisdom.

"There is no blindness so lamentable as that which discerns a single ray of light—and mistakes it for a flood of sunbeams.

"The ignorance and stupidity of others become apparent and astonishing to us as our own knowledge and activity increase."

# INSANITY.

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## CHAPTER VII.

INSANITY AND CIVILIZATION—VISIT TO AN INSANE HOSPITAL—DR. HARRIS' INTERVIEWED—DR. DAWSON'S REMEDY.

Recalled to the sick chamber of Mrs. Dinsmore, some weeks after the consultation, referred to in a previous chapter, I found the patient, who had been left in charge of Dr. Dawson, in the second stage of a progressive malady; manifesting symptoms very different from those presented at the accession of the disease.

Instead of the deep brooding melancholy, and almost speechless depression, at first observable, Mrs. Dinsmore now was in a state of exhilaration—garrulous and uncontrollable. But the most remarkable manifestation, now prominent, was the extreme vulgarity and profanity

which characterized her purposeless, incessant speech. It was incredible that one so born, and reared as she had been—so carefully associated from her infancy, and so delicate and pure in her tastes and imaginations, should have ever heard from others the utterance of such words as came from her own lips now in rapid succession—and I could not but infer that such expressions originated spontaneously in the matrix of disease from which she was suffering. Her immediate family friends and neighbors, who had been assiduous in their attention and efforts to control and comfort her, were exhausted of all strength and patience. She had neither slept nor taken food for many days, and was with difficulty restrained from denuding herself of all garments.

It was soon determined to consign her to the custody of a public institution for treatment—and, accompanied by her mother, Dr. Dawson and myself, and an old family nurse, Mrs. Dinsmore was taken to the hospital for the insane, just without the city limits. Dr. Dawson and myself occupied a separate carriage—and I said to the Doctor, as we approached the imposing structure, with its well and tastefully cultivated grounds:

"There are no institutions standing upon public foundations which mark more distinctly the character of the age in which we live, or the degree of civilization to which we have attained, than those provided by public expense for the helpless and afflicted; for supplementing senses which have been lost, and restoring faculties which have been deranged."

"All of which," said Dr. Dawson, "might be a matter of self adulation, were not the afflictions and losses for which such provision has to be made, also characteristics of the age, and chargeable to the civilization of which you boast."

Arriving at the hospital, Mrs. Dinsmore had to be carried in by force, attended by violent resistance on her part, protests, execrations and wild screams. She denounced her mother and Dr. Dawson especially as conspirators and enemies—protesting her perfect soundness of mind and body, and demanding her liberty and rights as a free citizen.

The widowed mother, with Dr. Dawson and myself, were invited into the office, where the resident physician having charge of the insane women proceeded to make up the record of the case by asking Mrs. Marshall a series of ques-

tions, pertaining to age, occupation, social state, etc., and at length the direct question: "Has there ever been any insanity in her family, on father's or mother's side, to your knowledge?"

"No, indeed," said the venerable widow—her family pride touched to the quick. "My daughter is a Marshall, sir! There never was anything of the kind known in the family—never was anything of the kind—and my poor child would not have come to this if she had not been abused. She would never have had to suffer as she has done if her father had lived. Dr. Dawson knows all about her and our family."

The physician invited Mrs. Marshall into the parlor to be entertained by the matron, and returned to question Dr. Dawson respecting his knowledge of Mrs. Dinsmore's ancestors.

"There was never anything out of the way with the Marshalls," said Dr. Dawson, "and the Cliffords were a good family away back—one of the oldest—but some of the later generations got a 'bad streak' run in amongst them somewhere, through the Hunters or the Haxall's—it's astonishing how little of that kind of blood will spoil a whole family!—and some of them got to be rather wild, fond of sporting,

and drank too much. Mrs. Marshall's father, Dick Clifford, died of delirium tremens in Baltimore. He had been away from home for several weeks, and the family never knew the cause of his death, but that was what was the matter with him."

The superintendent of the hospital, Doctor Harris, now appeared, and recognizing Doctor Dawson and myself as "of the profession," invited us to an extended inspection of the hospital and its population. The building was large, containing a population of over seven hundred and fifty persons, six hundred and twenty of whom, men and women were supposed to be insane. The two grand divisions of the building, for the separate accommodation of the two sexes, were each subdivided into three sections, four stories in height, thus making twelve distinct apartments or wards for either sex. Each of these wards appeared to be complete in itself, consisting of a wide corridor, well lighted and ventilated, sleeping rooms, parlor, dining-room, bath and closet, but communicating with each other by short passage-ways. The inmates of each of these apartments or wards constituted a family by itself, and with the necessary attendants, its affairs were conducted

independently of all others, and presented its own characteristics—patients being associated thus, according to their conditions and peculiarities, subject to changes from one ward to another, as their own conditions or dispositions might change in the course of their progress, toward recovery, chronicity, or death. But before entering upon our tour of the hospital, I ventured to ask Dr. Harris a few questions, which he answered very courteously.

“Do you regard insanity as a disease, implying, necessarily, morbid conditions of bodily structures in all instances?” I said.

“Yes,” said the Doctor. “No matter whether we incline to metaphysical or to positive philosophy in our general consideration of the genesis and phenomena of mind—whether we study Plato, Descartes or Condillac, Swedenborg or Herbert Spencer in our pursuit of psychical knowledge, when we come to study insanity, or ‘mind diseased,’ with a view of ministering to it, we find ourselves compelled to look at mind or mental manifestations, from a physiological point of observation; and that whatever knowledge is now, or is likely to be found available for our purposes as physicians, pertains exclusively to organization, and the



laws of life and disease which pervade, control, or act upon it. And that so far, and so far only, as we have permitted observation of materials and facts to supersede speculation and theory, however innovative the one, or sanctified the other, by the indorsement of time or schoolmen, can we claim to have made progress in this branch of science."

"And what, according to your observation, do you regard as the principal cause or causes of insanity thus contemplated?" I asked.

"In general terms," said the Doctor. "Insanity is chargeable to civilization and ancestral delinquencies. These are the great predisposing causes of insanity. Civilization, as affecting the race—ancestral influences as affecting individual subjects."

"And how, may I ask, does civilization affect the race of man so as to predispose him to insanity?"

"Civilization," said Dr. Harris, "is a state or condition of any given portion of mankind which may have taken on the process essential thereto—characterized, *ethically* by higher and more complex ideas of moral and political government: *esthetically* by increased and more complex perceptions of human needs, intellectual

and material, which 'grow by what they feed on'—*generally* by an entire range of perceptions and recognitions sweeping planes of nature high above, yet, by inseparable gradations continuous with the plane of savage life. By an ascendancy at length of mental power over physical force; and the consequent creation of art, and an application thereof to the affairs of life—by which all of the excitations and experiences or motions of living are incalculably multiplied and hastened. These manifestations all being functional, imply increased capabilities of structure—which implies infallibly an increase in size and complexity of the organization upon which such manifestations depend. Implications which are verified by a comparison of the size, weight, and complexity of the brain of civilized mankind with the cerebral organs of lower animals, or of the undeveloped types of mankind. It is, at the same time, a law of organization, that the higher or more complex an organization may become, the more sensitive will it be to disturbing and disintegrating forces. Hence the inference that civilization predisposes to insanity, by rendering the organs of the mind—the brain, including its extensions

and appendages—more sensitive to influences which establish disease.”

“Ah! I see,” I said.

The philosophical superintendent turned his key, and we entered the wards occupied by insane men. Perfect order and perfect cleanliness were the first and most prominent features noticeable.

“Do you call these men insane?” I said to Dr. Harris.

“Some of them are convalescent,” said the Doctor, “but they are all infirm, and some of them are hopelessly impaired.”

A close observation revealed the fact that nearly all of the inmates appeared to be very ordinary persons. Not a head or face was to be seen that indicated superiority of organization or cultivation—and many of them were decidedly inferior in both expressions.

“What does this mean?” I said to Dr. Harris. “According to your theory—complexity of organization and function being the great predisposing cause of Insanity—should we not expect to find here the most highly organized and thoroughly refined people which civilization has developed? This population is certainly not derived from the intellectual,

educated, professional, or brain-working classes of society."

"O, no!" said Dr. Harris. "Men of large brains, if well-balanced, and well-trained, are not liable to become insane, from overwork, even; because training, use, exercise of all functional organization within the limits of its capacity, increase force, and are conservative of organic integrity. The philosopher's brain and the blacksmith's arm illustrate the assertion. The people whom you see here, and might see in any hospital or asylum for the insane in the country, while they have suffered from the all-pervading predisposing cause, civilization—inasmuch as the general type of brain organization has been affected thereby—are illustrations of the other, more limited and yet more demonstrable cause alluded to—that of ancestral delinquency. In other words, these persons, or most of them, have inherited certain qualities of organization, defects, depravities or obliquities of one kind or another, which, when operated upon by the special, immediate, or exciting causes of insanity, are more liable to be influenced thereby. Do you see that young man there? (pointing to a patient, who immediately approached us with

an air of pompous vanity, and a military salute.) That man, demented and beyond hope of improvement, was starved almost to death at Andersonville when a prisoner of war. Starvation was the exciting cause of his insanity, but you see that his head is below medium size, and his entire organization is defective. His father was a man of some distinction, but addicted to intemperance at times, and had twice in his life-time suffered epileptic seizures. Thousands were starved at Andersonville—many died of starvation there and elsewhere, but very few became insane as a consequence. All or any exciting causes of insanity must be met by a certain type or condition of organization in order to develop the disease.”

(“Nineteenth century! Prisoners of war! Starvation! Insanity! Civilization! My God!” muttered or ejaculated in an undertone my old friend Dr. Dawson.)

“And what are the chief or most common exciting causes of this malady?” I asked.

“They may be classified under two general heads,” said Dr. Harris: “‘Deprivation’ and ‘Excess.’

“Under the head ‘Deprivation’ should be

classed *Ignorance*,—want of education—mental training or a systematic use of the thinking organs—and consequent general neglect of all hygienic observances and appliances essential to the most perfect integrity of organization. *Insufficient nutriment*, or unwise selection, and unwholesome preparation of food, with reference to economy of material and its adaptability to organic needs.

“Under the head of ‘Excess’ should be classed: *Excessive physical labor*, protracted without sufficient intermediate rest—begun too early in life, and continued beyond the age of endurance, either from habit or necessity. *Excessive child-bearing*, under adverse circumstances. *Excessive venereal indulgence*, domestic and promiscuous. *Prostitution*, with its diseases. *Self-pollution*—and last, but not least, *excessive use of alcoholic drinks*.”

“And religion,” chimed in Dr. Dawson. “Religion drives more people mad than whisky does, according to my notion. And spiritualism—you have a great many spiritualists here, haven’t you? In my opinion they are all insane; all of them, at least, who were not born idiots.”

Dr. Harris smiled at the earnestness of my old friend, and said:

“I do not regard religion as a cause of insanity. The fact that an insane person talks about religion—prays or preaches—or thinks himself an apostle, or the Lord, even, is no indication that he was driven mad by religion. It is possible for the brain to receive such a shock or strain by suffering inordinate religious excitement, as to produce disease. So, too, the loss of sleep, incident to protracted religious meetings when attended by rustic people, whose habits are thus deranged—and loss of appetite, and consequent withholding from the brain for days or weeks of its accustomed and needed nutrition, incident to great anxiety, and what is called ‘conviction of sin’—together with unusual exposure of the body to variable temperatures—under such unfavorable conditions, may, and often do provoke brain-disease and develop insanity. But more frequently pneumonia, pleurisy, rheumatism or catarrhal fever is the result, and it is quite as rational to say ‘religious fever’ or ‘religious rheumatism’ as to say ‘religious insanity.’ As for Spiritualism, I do not find that a greater proportion of believers in the pretenses—I cannot say

doctrines—of modern spiritualists become inmates of insane hospitals, than is furnished by other believers in the supernatural, however interpreted, as affecting the opinions or conduct of men.

“Many insane persons manifest delusions of the special senses—and believe that they hear voices, see forms, hold conversations with spiritual personages—and feel sensations independent of contact with material substances, and all that; and much of the incoherency and inanity of the written communications of insane persons bears a marked resemblance to much of the printed trash which has been uttered by so-called spiritual mediums as coming from the spiritual world—which indicates some relationship between the condition of the mediumistic brain at the time of such utterances and the brains of some insane persons;—and I am of the opinion that all persons who sincerely believe that they hear spirit-voices, see spirit-forms, or feel the touch of spiritual beings, are either imposed upon by the juggling of mediums, or are so seriously impaired themselves as to be in danger of insanity.”

We passed through several wards, some quiet—some disturbed—but all clean and ap-



parently well controlled. There were many faces which expressed great pain and mental anguish. A few persons were noisy—some hilarious, and some were angry—but the great majority were either listless and indifferent, or sullen and morose. We saw but a few persons subjected to any kind of physical restraint.

“Where are your dungeons—strait-waist-coated and chained maniacs?” asked Dr. Dawson.

“We have none,” said Dr. Harris. “They are relics of barbarous ignorance and superstition, which have been banished by modern civilization.”

“How long since?” asked Dr. Dawson. “I have not heard of the fact!”

“Ever since Science had the courage to wrestle with Superstition, or the strength, rather, to prevail in the contest, the work has been progressing,” said Dr. Harris.

“To what particular superstition do you allude?” I asked.

“To that form of superstition which held insanity to be a spiritual depravity instead of the manifestation of physical disease. The old belief, which christianity accepted without questioning, supposably, from the Hebrews; that

the insane were victims of obsession—persons possessed of devils, which could only be cast out by exorcisms, prayers or punishments,” said Dr. Harris.

We passed across the “Administration building” into the wards occupied by women. The same characteristics of defective organization were presented in a more remarkable degree, if differing in any respect, which we observed in the male wards. The women were more noisy, demonstrative and garrulous than were the men. Like the men, all of them who talked with any degree of coherency, complained of the wrong and injustice done them by outsiders in bringing them to the hospital—and by the officers in detaining them, knowing, as they all did, that they (the patients) were not insane and never had been. All, excepting a few, whom the superintendent informed us had recovered, and would soon be discharged. These spoke kindly of the institution and its officers, and expressed gratitude for the benefits which they had received.

As we were about to leave the wards, a woman, whom I had noticed eyeing me for some time, approached me cautiously, and when she thought herself unobserved by the superin-

tendent, slipped a scrap of paper into my hand, and without a word retired. I had observed her with more than ordinary interest, I knew not why, before she made this motion, and as she moved away there was something in her form, her carriage, and the wealth and color of her hair which impressed me familiarly, as with a sense of recognition. After we passed out of the ward I handed the paper to the superintendent, who glanced over it and returned it to me, saying: "You can keep that as a souvenir of your visit to-day."

"Who is this woman?" I asked.

"A kleptomaniac," said Dr. Harris, "who after repeated convictions and imprisonments, was declared to be insane, and sent here for treatment."

"Are such cases amenable to treatment?" I inquired.

"No," said Dr. Harris. "The perversity of her organization is congenital, and not the result of morbid changes. We can sometimes restore diseased brains to nearly their normal standard of perfection, but we cannot remodel or effectually change the type of nutrition of mature brains, not affected by disease. This woman's perversity may be as great, and as uncontroll-

able, as it would be, were she the subject of disease—and the case is much more pitiable, because without remedy. And there are many such, for whose conduct the world has not yet learned to accord sufficient charity.”

“Do you know anything of her family, or friends, should she have any?” I inquired.

“No relatives or friends have ever inquired for her,” said Dr. Harris, “although she *claims* an extensive relationship. I know nothing of her family history.”

With many thanks we took our leave of Dr. Harris, and supporting the almost broken-hearted mother, the venerable widow Marshall, down the broad stairway, left the hospital.

“O, I am so fearful that my poor child will be abused—I regret almost that I consented to have her brought here,” said the sorrow-stricken woman as we moved away.

“It is a better place for her than her own home,” I said. “They have every appliance here for protecting her from herself, and caring for her as she should be cared for—and they know how, by long experience, it may best be done.”

“O, yes,” said the good woman, “but I have heard such tales of horrible abuses—neglects,

and punishments inflicted upon poor creatures in such places—I cannot help but fear.”

Placing Mrs. Marshall in her own carriage with her life-long servant, Jane, Dr. Dawson and myself resumed our seats and rode away.

“Another of the beauties of civilization,” said Dr. Dawson, looking back at the stately edifice. “Idiots, imbeciles and maniacs! If we lived in accordance with the suggestions of nature, this class of population, instead of increasing on our hands, would disappear.”

“How so?” I asked. “By what process?”

“By dying out,” said Dr. Dawson. “All that we should have to do would be to leave them to the operation of the law of ‘natural selection’—the ‘survival of the fittest’—aiding it perhaps by the exercise of a little wholesome capital punishment of the stronger specimens of the vicious and criminal classes—thus arresting the descent of depraved organizations—from which, it appears, vice, crime and insanity, as variable offspring of a common mother, are brought into existence. And how much better it would be to do so, than to continue the present practice of fostering, and protecting by every device known to civilization, the defective, depraved, weak or imbecile creatures born to

us, until they are sufficiently mature to reproduce themselves, with all of their infirmities and proclivities, and so contaminate others by miscegenation—against which crime no important obstacle has been presented—no protest seriously considered? Well, there is a law of compensation immanent in place and time; and civilization carries in its own bosom the worm which will at length reach its vitals and poison it to death.”

“I see,” I said. “The same old, old perception of the relation of things—whether presented in the Hebrew myth of the serpent beguiling Eve, and thus undermining Virtue—or the equally ancient superstition of the German mind—which represents the dragon Nidhæg-gur, father of all serpents, gnawing at the root of the ash tree Ygdrasell, which supports the earth and sky—to succeed at length in its destruction—embodying the same idea, the supremacy of evil. Is it not time that mankind should begin to develop a greater confidence in the power as well as in the wisdom of God, or good, and cease to encourage evil, or the devil, as we do, by forever betting on his triumph in the great contest of life!”

# WHAT THE BISHOP SAID.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GILES AGAIN—THE BISHOP AND THE RECTOR—A SCRAP  
OF FAMILY HISTORY.

The circumstance of coming into possession of a secret which affects a friend, otherwise than through confidence, tends to establish a new relation toward that friend, either of delicate reserve or closer intimacy, according to the circumstances of the case and the characteristics of the parties.

Since the memorable night when I accompanied Mrs. Giles from the Coleman entertainment I had from a feeling of reserve, neglected to call at the Giles mansion; but, as I found myself drawing near to it on my way from Dr. Dawson's office, where I had left that worthy

gentleman, overcoming my reluctance I determined to present myself.

Mrs. Giles was at home, and received me with cordiality—unchanged in manner, graceful, vivacious, self-possessed. “Wonderful woman!” I said to myself; “How much of this is real character? how much manner?” There were others present. The Rev. Mr. Lillian had evidently been entertaining Mrs. Giles *tete-a-tete*—and I heard a rich, melodious, masculine voice in the library which was new to me. Mrs. Giles with the quick perceptions of a woman, saw my curiosity, and said: “The Bishop is dining with us to-day informally, and I am glad that you have come just in time to join us. I had begun to fear that you had forgotten us, and was contemplating a serious illness, so as to have to send for you.”

“Timely, then,” I said. “He is the better physician who averts disease—not he who simply conducts it to a favorable termination.”

Dinner was announced. The Bishop and the Rector were seated on the right and left of Mr. Giles, and I on the right of the hostess’ chair. The Bishop was a stately man—of magnificent presence—with a highly intellectual cast of head and face. Yet he had, evidently,



a lively perception of the humorous and ludicrous, and a decided relish for amusement. He had been holding Giles in the library, with recitations of anecdotes incident to his adventures in the rural parishes of his diocese, and permitted only the ceremony of introduction, as Mr. Giles presented me—and the table “grace,” to interrupt his story. “Amen—well the women,” etc., etc., etc., ran together without the interposition of a semi colon.

The story which the Bishop was telling Giles with so much unctuousness, was of an old lady in the country—a good old dame—the mother of nineteen children—one dead and the remaining all baptized, if not confirmed—who was a faithful and devoted church-woman, but had been deluded and completely upset by the preaching of some half-crazed, fanatical creatures who had been going about the country holding out-door meetings—proclaiming the immediate collapse of all terrestrial affairs—the coming of the Lord and the final judgment: “The old lady,” he said “had learned ‘by heart’ the books of Daniel, and the Revelations of St. John—and had gone so far as to make ascension robes for herself and daughter in ex-

pectation that Gabriel's trump might be heard at any moment."

"The itinerant vagabonds!" said the Rector, referring to the out door preachers. "They ought to be suppressed by law! The State should provide severe penalties for the correction of such lunacies. I have no patience with them!"

"I am not so sure about that," said the Bishop, changing his manner instantly. "We all believe that such a grave catalysis is at some time to take place—and as it is only a question of time, these fellows may be as nearly right as we are, who are so indifferent and unconcerned."

"Ah," said the Rector, "but we are instructed by the Lord himself that of the day and the hour thereof no man knoweth—while these heretical mountebanks in the face of instruction set the time and presume to be wiser than the church itself. Self-appointed, unauthorized, unordained impostors! I say again they ought to be silenced."

"Tut, tut," said the Bishop; "This is a free country. Let everybody talk."

"Altogether too free, in my opinion," said the Rector. "There is as much need that

heretics be dealt with now as there ever was ; and if the State were wise it would sustain the church in enforcing such discipline as would save our flocks from these ferocious animals, pretending to preach the gospel."

"The time has passed," said the Bishop, "when a union of Church and State would be wise, if it ever were—and with the Anglican States it grows more and more impracticable with the progress of civilization. We are too jealous, as a people, of our rights, our personal liberties, including the liberty of conscience and of speech—too vain of our personal opinions—too arrogant in our personal judgments, to accept—and too liberal to demand conformity, or uniformity of thought, action or expression on compulsion from whatever authority."

"Civilization is going backward instead of forward, in my judgment," said the Rector. "The tendency of the age is toward anarchy in government, and paganism in religion. Nor is such a result to be unexpected by rational minds of a civilization which denies the name of God a place in the constitution of its government, and scouts the dictates of religion from its statute books."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" said the Bishop,

"Let religion mind her own business—educate the people—statesmen included, in the true faith, and practices of righteousness, and the government will take care of itself. The assumption of temporal power, and the administration of State affairs have always defiled the church, and driven out the pure and holy spirit of religion.

"Civilization going backward! What is the evidence! Victor Emanuel in Rome—Slavery abolished in the United States—Germany autonomised—France a sustained Republic—and English Freedom and English Justice extending their domain by bloodless conquests!"

"Civilization," said the Rector, "is of man. Religion is of God."

"And man himself," said the Bishop, "from what, and to what? The spirit of civilization is of Divine appointment, as well as the spirit of religion. Both act upon, and are manifested through the spirit of mankind—and the expression of the one has ever corresponded to, and will ever correspond to the expression of the other.

"Thus far in the history of mankind there have been but three well marked distinctive expressions, grades or degrees of civilization,

between which, however, there are a multitude of lesser degrees or gradations, including every phase of human development.

“The first and lower of these degrees might be termed the *civilization of Sense*. To it belong all persons, families or races, whose condition was, or is, relatively speaking, that of infancy—immaturity—lack of development and use of faculties and powers which pertain to full manhood.

“Religion manifested in connection with this degree of civilization is pure and unadulterated superstition. It finds expression in idolatry. It deifies the senses and sensuous objects, animate or inanimate. In its higher ranges it clothes self with Godlike attributes, and worships self through external observances, public ceremonials and pompous rites. Selfishness and fear are its chief characteristics.

“The next degree of civilization, which springs from that which is below it, in orderly succession, is the *civilization of Science*. To it belong individuals, families and races which have reached a greater intellectual maturity. It is the degree of civilization in which man achieves his great material conquests—in

which mind triumphs over matter—in which is developed the pride of intellect.

“The expression of religion corresponding to this degree of civilization is iconoclasm. It deifies reason. Drives out superstition—saps the foundation of all false pretenses—divorces church from state—and then stands shivering in the limbo of doubts and denials of its own creating—or floats out upon the sea of intellectual arrogance to buffet storms and suffer final wreck: unless it reach the third and higher degree of civilization immediately succeeding which is the *civilization of Freedom*. To this degree, individuals only, not families or nations, have attained. Yet, whatever may be predicated as of individual attainment may be inferred as possible for the family or race, to which the individual belongs.

“The characteristic of this degree of civilization is the final and complete emancipation of the human soul from the slavery of sense—self-hood, and sin.

“The expression of religion corresponding with this degree of civilization is that of love. Love, not of self, but of the neighbor—and of the Lord, as the divine incarnation of true love. It knows no god but God—and worships Him,

‘Not in yonder mountain nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth.’”

The Rector's face as he listened to these utterances of the Bishop was an interesting study for a physiognomist. Giles maintained a complaisant serenity, as much interested as he would have been by a recitation of one of Browning's poems, or a chapter from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Mrs. Giles' face exhibited unusual animation—the expression of a hungry soul receiving strong and appetizing food. I bowed appreciation, if not approbation, and the Bishop continued.

“Other forces affecting, or pertaining to the condition of man's development pass through similar transitions, as civilization progresses from below upward. Governments for example, growing out of, or up with, the civilization of Sense are but expressions of force—the supremacy of strength—hence the weak are slaves—the strong are lords, the stronger czars or emperors. Might is the criterion of right in all things.

“With the civilization of Science governments represent ideas—embody principles—recognize rights, and reflect sentiments—hence limitation

of kingly powers — representative forms — written constitutions, and statutory laws.

“With the civilization of Freedom, governments have not yet found expression. We can only anticipate what they may be. With the civilization of Sense, war is an organized brutal force, cruel and ferocious. Without argument it ignores diplomacy, makes no pretense of justifiableness—thirsts for blood—delights in slaughter—spares no weakness—takes no prisoners.

“With the civilization of Science, war avows a purpose—justifies its action—gives warning of its approach—proposes peace before it strikes—laments its own necessities—weeps over the devastation which it creates—spares the weak, and treats its prisoners as friends.

“With the civilization of Freedom, war will no longer show itself with pomp and circumstance, armaments and banners: but will expend its energies in moral conquests: growing toward that true and only peace in which the soul of man may find substantial rest.

“This is indeed the ultimate degree of civilization—the degree in which the human mind is opened to the highest possible perceptions of beauty, truth and justice. It is the true spiritual land of promise. Out of the Egypt of the



senses into which the famishing soul descended and was therein held captive, through the wilderness of science it gradually emerges into this fair land of freedom, flowing with milk and honey.

“With the civilization of Sense, beauty is one with the agreeable. With Science it becomes a principle, subject to definition. With this higher and ultimate degree, it is a “bright effluence of bright essence uncreate,”—and he alone is worthy to be called ‘artist’ who can arrest it by his forms, colors, combinations, and so reflect it upon the souls of those who are susceptible of impressions from it, that they will recognize its presence.

“Truth, which below was but a verdict of the senses, confirmed in its transition through the plane of science by a servile reason, in this higher region is recognized as the unit of all fragmentary facts harmonized and in orderly relationship.

“Justice, which below was unrecognized—and which intermediately was seen only as an intellectual policy, limited by self-involved necessities—here, also, is discerned as an everlasting principle, flowing through all causes

into all ends—executing judgment with unvarying precision.

“And last, but not least, Reverence, which below was either servile fear, or an intellectual perception of superiority, here becomes an emanation of gratitude and love more distinguishing to him from whose state it springs than were, below, the possessions of all wealth and worldly honor.

“Man distinguished from the brutes by intellectual endowments, is only distinguished by degrees of that which pertains to either. But man, distinguished from his fellow-man by genuine reverence, is exalted above him by discreet yet immeasurable gradations.”

The dinner was over. The Bishop, discarding from his mind all thoughts of civilization, had resumed his story-telling. The Rector had recovered somewhat from the shock of such rank heresy—which, had it come from an equal or an inferior, he would have anathematized with zealous indignation. And Mrs. Giles had succeeded, by inviting me to “see the children,” in securing a few moments for private conversation. The subject uppermost in her mind, of course, related to the incident of the night when last she saw me. She hastily related the

sequel of the occurrence with which I had been made familiar by my presence. She said that she had offered every assistance and every possible inducement to her sister, by which she thought to influence her, to abandon her wayward life, and recover as far as practicable her lost estate. She had offered to send her abroad, or to go with her, that she might be unrecognized, or protected, until she had regained her health. She had offered to set her up in business, whereby she might become self-supporting and independent, etc., etc., etc., "The poor girl," she said "had listened—had hesitated—had resolved—had promised—had remained for several days under her roof—and then, when everything seemed to be working happily, and with promise, the poor child had fled, leaving only a card behind—

*"I thank you. I have considered everything. It is impossible. My fate cries out, it is too late. I cannot bear the light. I go to my own place. Farewell."*

Mrs. Giles had heard nothing of her since. She could not make personal search, and knew of no one but myself in whom she wished to, or could confide. This sister and herself, she said, were twins. They had been reared and

educated together. Had been separated by the disaster which overtook their family after the death of their father—the disappearance of the estate, supposed to have been ample—through the management of administrators and the courts. She, the sister, had gone into a shop to learn a trade, while herself (Mrs. Giles) had accepted the position of friend and nurse to an invalid—a woman of wealth—and had traveled with her for several years in Europe, Egypt and the Pacific States. Had spent much time in all of the celebrated watering-places and fashionable resorts for invalids in the world, until at length she met and married Giles. Meantime, she said, she lost sight and knowledge of her sister: and since her return and settlement, now several years since, all efforts to discover her, which she had dared to make, situated as she had been, had proved unsuccessful—until that awful, awful night! Having said so much, Mrs. Giles placed in my hand a large roll of bank-notes, and begged of me to interest myself in finding the castaway, and doing for her whatever was possible to be done.

“May I ask one question,” I said, “not from

a gossiping curiosity, but from scientific interest."

"Certainly," she said. "Ask what you will; I have nothing further to conceal from you."

"Did your father die by his own hands?" I said.

"He did," was her prompt response.

"Thanks," I said. "What I can I will do. But you have entrusted me with a large sum. If in searching for your sister I should chance to find some other woman's sister, may I not, in your name"——

"No, no," she said, "not in my name, but in the name of Him who knows the secrets of all hearts, and knowing, pities and forgives—do as your heart dictates. Go, and may your efforts be crowned, as they deserve to be."

## IN THE SHADOW OF ST. JOHN'S.

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### CHAPTER IX.

"THE SOCIAL EVIL"—WALK AND TALK WITH THE RECTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Lillian and myself left the Giles mansion at the same time. The evening was already well advanced. The Rector's mind was evidently engaged in cogitating the remarks of his right reverend superior, the Bishop. The burden of my thought was—how to execute the commission which I had accepted from Mrs. Giles, without considering the full import of it, or the amount of labor it might require. Where should I begin my search for this outcast sister?—this fugitive from—not justice, nor punishment—but from mercy and forgiveness! Why did she fly? What force, inexorable and irresistible, moved

her on, against her own judgment and better sense? What wraith of a dead past drove her out again into the darkness of a life so wretched, after such a rescue and promise of salvation? Such were some of the questions, among many of a kindred nature, which forced themselves upon my attention as I walked along beside the equally absorbed and silent Rector.

It was but a few steps from that most fashionable quarter of the city, into streets notorious as the haunts of a degraded and abandoned population. Ignorance and squalor, poverty and vice here held supremacy. Just there, affluence and culture, health and refinement, were no less conspicuous. Yet between the two there seemed to be a distance immeasurable.

Our nearest way led through a portion of this disreputable quarter. We were neither of us timid men, and yet, as beastly and villainous appearing creatures, reeking with the fumes of filthy dens, from which, like ghouls or demons, they emerged, with drunken leer or savage stare, elbowed us in passing, the Rector instinctively drew closer to my side, and at length passed his arm within mine and leaned

upon me perceptibly. Feeling that conversation would be a relief to our immediate embarrassment, I said to Mr. Lillian :

“ Would not this be an admirable field for missionary labor ? Is not here, if anywhere, your true Timbuctoo ; your Birmah and South Sea islands ? What richer field of ignorance, depravity, savage or pagan vices can you find in Africa, Australia, or among the aborigines of this continent ? ”

“ Ah,” said the Rector, “ these creatures here are sinning against light and knowledge. The gospel has been preached to them, and they have no excuse for their depravity. The church is not responsible for their present nor for their future state. The mission of the church to the heathen, however, is an obligation—a matter of divine appointment.”

“ Is there then no hope—no remedy for these—nothing further to be done ? ” I said.

“ Not while their number gives them the balance of power in our city government, and political party leaders pander to their depraved ideas and habits in order to secure votes,” said the Rector. “ A prohibitory liquor law strictly enforced for the prevention of inebriety, and a house of correction well patronized for prosti-



tutes, are the only remedies of any value here, and these cannot be made available in such a government as ours."

"Such a population as this," I said, "is not peculiar to this city—nor to this country—nor to a democratic form of government. Wherever civilization has concentrated population—has builded great cities—the same result has followed. We must look deeper for the cause, and higher for the remedy of these great social evils which we see around us, than our city government, our laws, or constitution. I recognize the absurdity of predicating self-government upon the basis of such a population, or any other requiring to be governed. But there must be other factors to be considered in this important problem. Such a population as this is never found in rural districts, nor among uncivilized people."

"The cause of this condition," said the Rector, "is not obscure to any one who would not make it so from choice. It is a natural consequence of the innate, inherent depravity of man, aggravated by the devilish devices and atheistic teachings of science. And a population thus depraved must and should suffer condemnation, and the full penalty of their trans-

gressions. They have rejected grace time and time again—and now punishment is the only remedy, for their own evil, and for our protection.”

“I see,” I said. “You would remedy this state of affairs by force. You would arrest, prohibit, punish. You would banish sin by doing away with the sinner. Were every sinner here to night swept from the face of the earth, how long would it be before the same influences which effected present states, would reproduce the same conditions? ‘Put not your trust in princes’—nor in ‘chariots and horses;’ my dear sir. Political remedies are only sovereign over political maladies. Legislation has its limits. The authority of kings has metes and bounds. There is yet a higher law incorporated with the being of man himself. Men are only influenced by political enactments to the extent of their interests or fears.”

“And what human motives are there more potent than interest or fear?” asked the Rector. “Are they not the sum of human motive?”

“No,” I said. “Love is higher and stronger than interest—and hate is deeper and more powerful than fear. Against neither of these can you legislate successfully. They may be

modified—directed to a certain extent—but to remove or to destroy them Emperors are impotent. It is because these evils are grounded in the organic sentiments of man, and not in political error, that they cannot be prohibited by law or exterminated by decrees. All remedies should bear a definite relation to the malady which they are expected to cure. Prohibitory liquor-laws, no matter how frequently enacted, or how solemnly affirmed, do not reach the drunkard's appetite, nor obliterate the thirst which finds tongues in every animated molecule of his being. Houses of correction do not silence the passion of love—or drive out of living organization that subtle and all-pervading force inseparable from life, which seeks and finds expression in acts of reproduction. It is idle to talk of prohibition by 'a law'—when, for centuries it has been known to all of the civilized world, that neither the promise of heaven nor the fear of hell, however inviting the one or terrifying the other, has proved equal to the task of withholding the drunkard's hand from the poisoned cup, or a harlot's lips from a kiss of love."

"I should like to be an Autocrat for a short time," said the Rector. "I think I could upset

your theories, and would purify these haunts of iniquity without asking the question: 'Why do ye so?' "

"It would be possible," I said, "to clean out these purlieus as Hercules cleansed the Augean stables—or as by a great fire—provided you were in possession of and could maintain sufficient power—and your own life were secured against that vindictive and persistent hate which would beset your path, and seek diligently for your destruction. But should you, even for a time, succeed, by your exercise of autocratic power; your success would be at best but momentary. A continuous and protracted surveillance of mankind, extending to his appetites, sentiments and affections, on the part of governments has been found to be impracticable. Human nature repudiates the assumption of such authority. Civilization has found it to be obstructive, and so has become intolerant of it. Even religion is beginning to discover a better adaptation of means to ends than inquisitions, dungeons, or fagots for correcting the opinions and the conduct of men."

"It is an easy matter to find fault with almost any proposition," said the Rector. But it is sometimes difficult to substitute a better.

“What would you do with these evils which are like hydras in our midst—and especially this gigantic ‘social evil’ as it is vaguely named, which is the curse of all great cities?”

“I should carefully study and recognize all observable facts pertaining to the evil under consideration,” I said—“and everything relating to the personal history of men and women who are alike its agents and its victims. I should ascertain from whence these creatures come, and the predominating influence which leads or drives them to such a life. I should become familiar with their habits of thinking: and their modes of reasoning: in short, I would comprehend the sinner and the sin, before I attempted to heal the one or destroy the other. Then, knowing all that there is to be known on the subject, I would adopt whatever methods or appliances seemed to be suggested by the needs discovered.”

“Sin is sin,” said the Rector, “no matter in what guise or disguise it may appear—and having but one source there is but one method of treating it. ‘Cease to do evil!’ should be the command, and certain retribution should follow disobedience.”

“If this question of evil which we are now

considering," I said, "involved no interests beyond the mere matter of suffering or enjoyment on the part of those immediately engaged in its practices—it would dwindle into comparative insignificance, and might be treated in accordance with your inflexible ideas of transgression and retribution. But, unfortunately, such are not its limitations. One might look upon these men and women here, bestialized, degraded as they have come to be, almost below the plane of human sympathy, and be content to leave them to the police courts, and their own compensations. But this is only one feature of the monster—and all that is to be seen in these dens, is to its whole character, but as the loathesome body of the hissing serpent is to the far-reaching, subtle, deadly venom of its fangs."

"I do not comprehend your thought, perhaps," said the Rector. "To what do you allude?"

"To the diseases which are peculiar to this evil—infectious, constitutional—transmissible from parent to child, inflicting untold injuries upon the innocent and unsuspecting. What proportion, think you, of all the young men who reach maturity in our large cities escape

direct contamination from this evil, in its milder or more malignant forms? Not more than twenty in each hundred! Think of it! Not only are our sons, many of them, inoculated with this fearfully disorganizing, self-perpetuating poison; but our daughters, many of them, are necessarily compelled to become mothers of children cursed in their begetting—doomed to suffer from infirmities for which they were in no way responsible."

"The iniquities of the father visited upon the children," said the Rector. "There is no escape from the law."

"No escape," I said, "but is it not time that we made an effort to protect the father from such contamination? If not for his own sake, then for the sake of the innocent, the unborn, and the future health of the race."

"Ah!" said the Rector. "I perceive at last the drift of your speculations. You would compromise with sin, in order to avert some of the penalties which may fall too near home for your calm contemplation. You belong to a class of philosophers who would recognize prostitution as a legitimate occupation, and protect it by law—provided it would consent to certain sanitary regulations and restrictions

of a medico-legal nature, whereby libidinous fathers, present and prospective, might be protected from all danger of disease, and the sin itself made safe, and comparatively respectable. Why, sir; this very danger is the greatest safe-guard which society has to depend upon for protection. Why not exterminate it, root and branch, and have done with it?"

"‘Aye, there is the rub,’ Why not?" I said. "For many hundred years the Christian church has had this question under consideration, and is not now prepared to answer it intelligently. Commissioned by the divine Master to make war upon all manner of iniquity, it has nevertheless permitted this particular evil to remain practically unassailed; while it has grown and flourished in the shadow of every ‘St. Paul’s’ or ‘St. John’s’ that has ever been built. The church having failed, utterly and ignominiously, in its treatment of this evil, let Science now try what it can do toward a mitigation, at least, of its worst features."

"The church has never failed to do its duty toward all classes, and cannot justly be charged with failure because all sin has not disappeared from among men," said the Rector.

"What have you done for, or toward this



particular class of evil-doers?" I said. "You have built magnificent church edifices all around them, but have failed to invite or to secure their presence at your sacred exercises within. You have printed and distributed many 'tracts' in their midst, but have failed to so understand their nature and their needs as to present truth to them acceptably. You have sent an occasional missionary amongst them—but without the sustaining elements, and moral force, of an earnest human interest in the work on the part of your societies, essential to success. You have notified the Lord in your prayers, many, many times, of their continued presence in the world, by general allusion, rather than by specific representation—and you have asked him to send light into these dark places, where you have hesitated in doubt about the propriety of going yourselves to take it. And you have resisted every effort to modify or mitigate the consequences of their evil practices, choosing to let the innocent and the guilty suffer alike the most dreadful consequences, rather than to admit the failures, or inefficiency, of your own remedies! You, of the church, are not the only Doctors who would prefer to see your patients die under 'Regular' or Orthodox

treatment, than to have them recover through the influence of agencies not prescribed by your school."

"You either mistake or misstate the grounds of opposition which the church occupies in relation to your scheme of 'regulating prostitution.' We oppose that scheme because we think that its tendency would increase the evil by making it less offensive and less dangerous; and because we are opposed to all compromises with iniquity, all partnerships with sin!"

"And you are mistaken respecting the motives which actuate, and the results anticipated, to follow an adoption of the suggestions of social and sanitary science," I said.

"Having studied thoroughly the natural history of this monster, and become satisfied that we cannot utterly destroy, or cast it out, by any power of law or grace known to the world—and despairing of any further accomplishment by the labor of colporteurs, or unsustained missionaries—and having waited some centuries now, for the Lord to act upon the information given—all that we ask is, that, in the interest of civilization, of social science, and the future of mankind, we be permitted to extract the monster's teeth—believing as we do

that it would be better for all concerned—better for those who transgress—better for their neighbors and their friends—better for society and the race—better for the present time and all time to come!

“You talk about a ‘partnership with sin.’ As well might you talk of a partnership with pestilence, and refuse to vaccinate your children, or to hang out a sign of warning when the smallpox has invaded your household, because the original contamination might have been prevented by a strict enforcement of prohibitory laws!

“You talk about ‘compromises with iniquity!’—What is the highest attainment of mankind, or of individual man, in his effort to reach perfection, but a compromise with evil!

“Is not evil, after all, a relative circumstance, and not an absolute fact? Is not the greatest possible good attainable by man when brought into relation with absolute good, or God, evil? Was it not in the light of this great truth that the Master said, ‘There is no man good?’ Because we cannot utterly eradicate evil from the best man’s nature, shall we, who have some taint of sin about ourselves—put on airs of self-righteousness, and say to him, ‘go your

way—do all the harm to yourself and the rest of mankind, of which you are capable, and be damned!”

The Rector was about to reply, when our attention was suddenly attracted by an altercation of several exceedingly rough, brutal-looking men, with one woman, whom they were trying to force into an old, dilapidated hack, which was standing near the curb, in front of a “dive,” or drinking-cellar—but before we could catch more than a glimpse of the wretched creature with whom the brutes were struggling their purpose was accomplished—and the hack with closed doors, rattling in every joint like an effigy of death, drove rapidly away, and the men or fiends, whatever they were, as suddenly disappeared in the depths below.

But a few steps further on, so closely were the two places related, we passed into the shadow of the architecturally magnificent St. John's, and a moment afterward the Rector, wishing me “good night,” was lost to view in the sombre vestibule of the parsonage, his home.

I had some distance still before me, but falling in with an officer of the night whom I found

to be a man of middle age and mature intellect, I thought to plan, with his assistance, the preliminaries, if nothing more, of my search for Mrs. Giles' again lost sister. As I had seen the woman but once, and then only for a moment distinctly, I could give the officer but an imperfect description of her person, and I knew not the name she bore—yet asked for his advice and aid in prosecuting my search for her.

“There are so many women of this kind,” said the officer, “all answering to the same general description, that without her professional name as a clue we shall have to go to work systematically to find this one. Yet,” he said, “I anticipate no trouble in accomplishing the object, as women have but little faculty for hiding.”

“I shall trust hopefully to your sagacity and judgment,” I said.

“‘Far gone,’ you say, ‘in dissipation’—‘has been beautiful’—‘and more than ordinarily intelligent’—‘has ceased to adorn her person’—lost all self-respect—is scarred, probably,” the officer said, endeavoring to fix in his mind a definite picture of the object to be searched

for—and having completed the mental artwork, he continued—

“She may have been known once on this street—or, more likely, further up town, among the aristocratic houses, where sin is so decorous and so inviting—so free from outward stain and every appearance of evil as not to offend even the priestly visitant, who finds in his experience of nature that organic law is superior to statutory enactments—or to shock the refined sophist, who can justify his slight departure from the path of constancy by contrasting the general air of modesty, refinement and desire to please which pervades such places, with the, too often, vulgar familiarity or stolid indifference of marital relations, which, however legalized and technically chaste, have degenerated through various stages of disagreeableness or incompatibility, until all memory of conjugality has disappeared. It would be useless to look for her in that direction now, however. We must go back, and out of this street. Between St. John’s and St. Paul’s the shadow of one or the other of which forever rests upon it, there is a place, a small district of the city, vile enough, perhaps, to receive

and furnish occupation for even such as she. Shall we go there to-night?"

"Now," I said, eager to begin a quest which I knew would not permit my mind to rest until success or failure had terminated it.

"If you are not familiar with such haunts as these," said the officer, "prepare yourself for sights and sounds—and do not show surprise at anything."

"Born in the shadowy forest, matured in open country fields, yet, I am no novice here, and am not to be surprised by human beings, how ever strange their conduct. Lead on!" I said.

## IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S.

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### CHAPTER X.

"THE SOCIAL EVIL"—SEARCHING FOR AN OUTCAST—WALK  
AND TALK WITH AN OFFICER OF EXPERIENCE.

Retracing my steps, a few minutes' walk brought us back and into the quarter indicated by the officer. It was, truly, all that he had represented it to be. The Rector and myself, in our casual transit of the region, had caught but a glimpse of the peculiar local population. We had seen the outside only of their places of abode, and here or there a denizen, gliding in or out, reeling along the sidewalk, or lounging on door-sill or stairway, concealed in shadows. Now, interiors, some above and some below ground, one after another, were entered and explored.



The officer's badge constituted, everywhere, a sufficient passport, or if required, a potent "open sesame."

We had begun our search at the very bottom, undoubtedly. We had found and entered the "doleful pit," below which it would be impossible for human beings to descend.

The population which we met in each succeeding haunt was not dissimilar from that just left behind us. Two or three types of men and women embraced all grades. The men, without exception, appeared to have been variously degraded and brutalized, and bore the marks of dissipation and disease, poverty and crime. The women were fitting counterparts of the men, more beastialized and repulsive to the eye, or imagination, if possible, than were their confreres of the stronger sex. No old persons were to be seen amongst them, nor were any infants there observable.

The stagnant air of all these places was loaded with effluvia of an offensive and unwholesome nature; of which, however, the fumes of alcohol and tobacco took precedence everywhere. Drinking, smoking, gambling, dancing (the women in variable stages of nudity, corresponding to the requirements of their

more vulgar and depraved companions,) seemed to constitute the principal occupations visible. Those who were not thus engaged were either sleeping in corners, curled up like animals on the ground, or on broken benches; or were wandering about, cursing, raving or muttering, according to the degree of inebriety which had been reached at the time.

It was sad enough to see men and women of mature years, disfigured in features and character—blear-eyed, bloated, scarred and drunk—but still more painful to witness the presence of so many youths, already so low—boys and girls only, in years, but veterans in everything pertaining to a dissolute and criminal life.

If Judge Noble's court had presented features embarrassing to contemplate, the philanthropist and the philosopher might find here, I thought, still more incomprehensible enigmas.

With the cool, deliberate zeal of a practiced detective, my official companion pushed his inquiries in every direction; being, or appearing to be, acquainted with every one of the chief personages, proprietors, and others whom we met. But after several hours of dilligent application he advised a postponement of our search until the succeeding night, when he thought our

prospects would be better for success, as we could begin early in the evening, before the more intelligent, or more trustworthy witnesses had retired, or were too drunk to be depended upon; "for," said the officer, "although there may be '*truth in wine*,' according to the old aphorism, it is also true that *all drunken men are liars*."

"What information have you acquired thus far, if any?" I asked.

"A questionable trace only," said the officer. "There was a woman here early in the evening, a stranger to this locality, whose place of abode is not known to any one whom I have interrogated; who came in company with some 'bruisers,' also strangers, and who was, after an unusually wild 'spree,' forced into a hack by her companions, who disappeared themselves soon afterward. This case answers as well as any other to your imperfect description, and I shall find the hackman in the morning who carried her away, and learn from him who the woman was, and where he left her. She may be the very person in whom we are interested."

Recalling instantly the incident which the Rector and myself had witnessed, I was satis-

fied of the correctness of the officer's information; and, notwithstanding the fact that the circumstance related, might have been as applicable to a hundred other persons of her class as it might be to her, I still felt a consciousness that he had struck the right trail, and so dismissed all doubt from my mind respecting our ultimate success, in which I felt so deep an interest—an interest which, I may as well confess now, had been growing deeper and broader every hour since this self-imposed duty had been entered upon; which had come now to embrace something more than a mere desire to serve an interesting woman—or the more noble purpose of ministering to an outcast and fallen sister. It had expanded, indeed, with every fact observed—with every suggestion made while contemplating the real life and environments of men and women of her class—taking them all into consideration—their relation to society and to civilization. Question after question had arisen in my mind, haunting it at first like nebulous or inchoate ideas—but afterward asserting and re-asserting themselves, until they became prominently distinct, and assumed the importance of sphinx questions—which must be answered. And should I not find in this fugitive

for whom I had begun pursuit—this sister of my friend, the rich and potent Mrs. Giles; one whose intelligent testimony, based upon experiences embracing every phase of the subject, would be of itself an answer? Was my original sentiment, or motive, vitiated by the intrusion of this new element? I thought not; not more than is the humane and tender sympathy of the benevolent physician vitiated by his interested inquiry into the natural history of disease while administering to the needs of his suffering patients.

Among the many questions which thus assumed form and consequence in my mind, were these: In obedience to what law of physical or social organization is this phenomenon, "the social evil," developed? What purpose does it serve, if any, in the economy of civilization, and the development of the race? These questions having taken possession of my mind, or precedence therein, I began to interrogate the experienced man and officer at my side as we emerged from the "regions below," having abandoned our quest, for the time being.

"Is the so-called 'social evil,' by which I mean the entire corollary of evils which per-

tain to, and are inseparable from prostitution, increasing?" I asked.

"It has not increased perceptibly within the period of my observation," said the officer. "The rate of mortality is so high, however, for the population devoted to it, that the number of fresh subjects required to supply the waste of material is very great in the aggregate. Five years is the average longevity of a prostitute after she begins to 'ply her vocation' publicly—and the life of others associated and identified with this evil is correspondingly abbreviated—and there are no children, or so few at least as not to be estimated, born to them."

"From your knowledge of persons engaged in the business indicated, of all grades, from highest to lowest," I asked, "do they not seek and adopt the life from choice—anticipating enjoyment or happiness therefrom?—or are they all, or many of them, victims of untoward circumstances—driven against their inclinations, or their will, into ways which end in this evil? I have listened to half a dozen tales to-night, from women of mature years, protesting that the life was loathsome to themselves—that they were driven to it by personal or social wrongs, suffered beyond endurance—the

perfidy of deceitful men—the cruelty of husband, father, step-mother, aunt or guardian—the tyranny of poverty, and the deaf ear of society to the appeals of want! How much dependence can be placed upon such testimony?”

“None whatever!” said the officer. “Such stories constitute a mere wile—a method which they have of exciting an interest in the mind and feelings of a stranger, whom they have reason to suspect of ignorance or tenderheartedness—an art which they practice upon any one who they see has not yet sounded the depth of their depravity. Like their congeners of whatever self-debauchery, *they are all liars*, especially in relation to their own histories—and they find these stories ready-made for them, and traditionally preserved in every house which has been inhabited by their kind.

“Like every other vice or virtue, prostitution is the result of certain excitations or influences, which are active and potential, operating upon certain conditions, predispositions or inclinations, which determine the effect of such force when applied.

“Two women may be suffering from a single cause—starvation, for example. Hunger stands

toward each of them in the relation of a powerful agent or force. One of these will die in her integrity, of inanition; the other will resort to evil practices, sooner or later, to supply her wants: each acting according to the strength or weakness of predisposing conditions. The organic quality of either of these two women, and not the exciting cause will determine the result.

"There are notable exceptions, perhaps, but in my judgment the entire class should be regarded as naturally vicious and depraved."

"What do you mean by 'naturally vicious and depraved?' Are not all men by nature totally depraved?" I said.

"That last question is out of my line," said the officer. "I mean by the naturally depraved, those who seek to do evil as if evil to them were good; persons or classes who are not restrained from doing evil by any perception of injury to others or themselves to flow from their acts. Conscienceless people I mean, who consider only the immediate pleasure or profit which may accrue to themselves from whatever they may purpose to do—who ignore always remote consequences. People who never do right, for the sake of right—who never refrain



from doing wrong, because of a recognition of wrong. But there are other evidences of the fact that these persons are naturally, or organically bad."

"What?" I asked. "And let me suggest that facts, or phenomena observed, are far more valuable than opinions, unsustained by such observations."

"Their 'Elective Affinities'"—said the officer. "The class of men with whom they naturally affiliate. Gamblers—sporting-men of all kinds, rough or genteel—thieves, counterfeiters, confidence men, prize-fighters, panderers, pimps, politicians of a low order—men who are ambitious to organize conspiracies against constitutional authority and the execution of just laws—all such find congenial associates here."

"Better men are not denied a welcome—are they?" I said.

"No," said the officer. "But their intercourse with better men (for it cannot be denied that the material support of this evil, for the most part, is derived from such) is a matter of business, exclusively—for gain alone. It is true that such persons, all consciously low men and women, delight in degrading others to their own level—and all abandoned or pub-

licly corrupt persons point to the secret practices of the apparently, or professedly virtuous with satisfaction and sneers. They believe that all pretense of virtue is hypocrisy—that there is no such a thing—and the more exalted the standing of their victims the more pleasurable to them is their triumph.

“That such a life, with all of its consequences, is resorted to as a matter of choice, is further proven by the fact that its subjects are practically irreclaimable. None, or but few of those who adopt the life, ever afterwards return to ways of virtue, no matter what may have been their experiences of pain or disappointment here.”

“Is not their sin a sin of ignorance—largely? What is their standing as a class in relation to learning?” I asked.

“Illiterate—nearly all of them,” said the officer.

“From what class of community is their number recruited?” I asked.

“From the poor and laboring,” said the officer.

“Overworked and uncompensated,” I suggested.

“Yes,” said the officer, “in many instances.

But there are thousands of others, worked equally as hard, and as unreasonably and insufficiently compensated as those are who make such circumstances an excuse for crime—persons who resist the same temptations, and greater perhaps, successfully. I know of women now, accomplished women, who have known what it was to live in affluence, and associate with the best, working diligently from twelve to eighteen hours a day for less than twenty cents. Yet they struggle on and on, as they have done for years before, against a tide of adversity which never seems to ebb—baffling the insidious suggestions or direct propositions of wily enemies—creatures of their own sex, whose business or occupation it is to lead others astray—and of still viler men, ever ready to take advantage of the weak and helpless—whose generosity toward needy women is often wonderfully quickened by the possible advantage to be taken of their necessities.”

“We are not then, in your estimation, creatures of circumstances, created alike, with like proclivities and responsibilities, with characters interchangeable with change of surroundings and influences, temptations and necessities?” I said.

"No," said the officer. "We are not. There is a natural, or 'born difference.' The strong and well disposed, make and resist 'circumstances' successfully, while the weak, indifferent, or vile by nature, permit 'circumstances' to influence, or control them; especially if 'circumstances' tend to move them in the direction of their natural inclinations. Temptation comes from within ourselves, not from without. External objects may excite our appetites and passions, but the object does not constitute the temptation."

"What opportunity is there offered by society, and what inducement is there held out to this class of evil-doers, for their reformation?" I asked.

"Not the shadow of a shade," said the officer.

"And yet," I said, "they are essentially human, and not altogether devoid of the nobler traits of humanity; manifesting feelings and emotions worthy of the better; and sometimes performing acts of true heroism, or genuine nobility. Am I correctly informed?"

"Yes," said the officer. "But these traits and actions are but impulses and incidents, they are not principles and purposes. Yet, I would

not disparage them below their merits. The best of us are not perfect; the worst are not without some good."

We had by this time reached a point from which our ways led in different directions. After we had parted company, I said to myself, reflectively, in review of the scenes and incidents of the night—"It must be that civilization acts upon the people as a ferment, effecting a separation of compounds and elements—the pure from the impure—the spiritual and ethereal from the coarse and vulgar. Humanity, in its primitive or savage condition, occupies a common plane—a dead-level, as it were, of character and life. But when stirred by this chemic-leaven—this insidious and irresistible force of civilization, its elements are all disturbed and compelled to seek new relations and affinities, forming new groups or societies, unknown to the original state—rising or falling above or below the original plane, according to the specific gravity of each—finding each its own place, and arranging itself in order corresponding to its inherent qualities."

(Query:—Without such ferment and separation, would civilization be possible?)

"And yet," I said, "there must be a general

or aggregate advance, and improvement—otherwise civilization would be a failure.”

My old friend Dawson thinks that the race is degenerating physically and morally, under the influence of civilization—but my old friend Dawson may be, and probably is mistaken. The longevity of the race is perceptibly increasing. Which fact indicates physical improvement, in connection with our modern civilization.—And scientific observation has confirmed the inference to be drawn from one of the commandments, that there is a definite relation between the length of our days in the land, and the development of certain high moral characteristics. The race, in its aggregate capacity, therefore is advancing morally.

“But, oh!” I said, “these lower planes!—these vats, full of offense into which are drained the ‘lees’ of civilization, although it be for the purification of society—these pits into which are cast or crawl all manner of refuse humanity—passing rapidly into dissolution and decay, and generating from their own impurities vile things that writhe, and crawl, and feed with undiminished appetite and insatiable greed upon such substance! Are these not the true ‘hells’ of sensuous life—toward which ever creep or fly

with the precision of predominating loves, all those whose lives have made such associations desirable? The 'obverse' of yonder 'reverse,' where purity and peace, luxury and joy, attract their 'own'—high ground whereon are builded temples for the worship of divinity, and homes for sweet communion of loving kindred—wherein the voice of infancy and age commingle in the harmony of well appointed living.

"These conditions, then, are not accidents, but incidents. They are not the result of error, but are in obedience to law—the primal law of necessity. Change or remove the necessity, and these conditions would disappear as certainly as they now appear in all of their deformity.

"Nor is civilization, after all, a departure from nature. The relation of the race toward the laws of race-development are changed by civilization—but all of the laws of nature are still potent and active, and ever conspire for good. Even in this extremity of evil, witness the conservative energy of nature in the interest of the race—cutting short with righteous judgment the lives of the vicious and debauched, and arresting with supreme wisdom the process of reproduction from their loins. How

wonderful is the adjustment in all of the realms of Nature, of Design, Means, and End!

O Nature, thou art wond'rous kind,  
And faithful in thy ministry;  
There is no priest that's like to thee,  
Thou healer of the heart and mind!

"Nature! Why not God? What is nature?  
Not alone the earth and skies, nor the things  
that dwell therein—but the invisible intelligence and power which were "in the beginning" and yet are—

Forever with us, in us, through—  
Creator and sustainer, Lord,  
God, the All-father, Holy-Word,  
The Infinite, the Good, the True!

What care we for a sound or name—  
"Jehovah," "Jove," "Odin," or "Fo,"  
Or "Nature's sweet suggestions," so  
Our recognitions are the same!

So "Love" and "Wisdom" both appear  
Conjoined and immanent in space  
And time, 'though dwelling in no place  
Apart from all that we see here!

Having thus, unconsciously as it were, "dropped into poetry," or rhythmic ideation, as I made my way silently and alone along the



deserted streets, I was suddenly recalled to my senses and a knowledge of my whereabouts by the solemn sound of a great tower clock, striking an early morning hour, almost immediately overhead; and looking up involuntarily, I saw a gilded cross uplifted by a graceful spire, kissed by the first pure rays of dawn, and glowing with a soft celestial radiance, high above the dull cold mists which still were clinging to the earth on which I trod, like cerements of death.

# MENTAL AND PHYSICAL.

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## CHAPTER XI.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST—AN ABLE EDITOR—AND AN ABLE EDITORIAL.

I had not been, I trust, a stranger to church spires, or unfamiliar with the emblem of self-renunciation, and the mediatorial sacrifice—nor could the sounds of a tower-clock striking a morning hour have been entirely new to my senses. And yet, at the precise moment alluded to in the foregoing chapter, all of these things impressed me with new sensations. Never had I listened to the sound of striking bells which seemed so loud, and yet so musical. Never had church spire seemed so tall and graceful, or so animate and suggestive. Never had

cross appeared so beautiful, and so expressive of sentiment emblematised.

Recognizing all of this as phenomenal, I looked around inquiringly to see if other familiar objects would present to my senses similar transfiguration—when, instantly I heard a voice, and these words distinctly uttered—"I am the way—wherefore hast thou denied me!"

Acquainted as I had long been by observation and study with the psychical phenomena of perverted sensation—and especially with the illusions of the auditory sense, yet I confess to some surprise and trepidity. But soon recovering self-confidence I felt my pulse, and found it "out of time"—and discovered, also, that my skin was hot and dry—that my head felt as if the scalp had been removed—and that my whole frame was tremulous. "Ah," I said. I understand this matter. Two nights practically without sleep—and as many days of insufficient nutrition, from sheer neglect, and pre-occupancy of the sensorium!—A violation of one of Doctor Dawson's laws of nature, and the inevitable penalty! But this penalty, if it be such, is not so very disagreeable. My steps seem to be light, and the very stones beneath my feet look bright and beautiful.

Yes—but this is the beginning only, of what end? Justice sits enthroned in every molecule of my being, and executes her own judgments.

The first sensations excited by a deadly poison may be agreeable—even pleasurable. I will *eat* and *sleep*!

“MacBeth—hath—murdered—sleep”—word by word was pulsed across my forehead, and seen distinctly as if the line had been printed on a card and held before my eyes.

Interested in the new phenomenon, I said to myself: “In that direction madness lies,”—and soon reaching a well conducted and popular restaurant, I entered, and ordered at once a “Porter house steak, under done—Eggs, poached, on toast—and a pot of milk.” Holding the pencil with which I had written the order in my hand, while the servant was procuring the required food, my arm began to tremble, and the pencil was moved, as if about to write, with a series of irregular, and indefinite motions. Ah, ha! I said—this becomes interesting. Many persons would attribute all of this to Spiritual force, or influence. Let me investigate. “Is there a spirit present who wishes to communicate with me?” This was said mentally—as I leaned over the table, support-

ing my head with my left hand and arm. The question was no more than formed in my mind, when my right fore-arm became violently agitated, and after describing a great variety of geometrical figures, the pencil in my hand began to make legible characters—and at length to write words—all of which seemed to be effected independent of my will—independent certainly of conscious volition or aid. What was written I need not state. It was not complimentary to myself, but was neither wiser, more profound nor more thoughtful than many another analysis of self in which I had indulged with conscious deliberation. The language used was, perhaps, more violent, but not so well co-ordinated as would have been characteristic of my ordinary ideation—and when I called for a signature—demanded the name of the “spirit” addressing me—I received as an answer—“I am the spirit of Accusation.” Being further pressed, I received the further reply—“I am the spirit of your own conscience.”

By this time the servant had arrived with my food, in excellent condition—but to my surprise, I found that I had lost all craving—all appetite for the dishes served, however savory the meat. But with a knowledge of my imme-

diate necessities, I drank from the pot of milk, and slowly devoured the substantial accessories which I had ordered.

While thus engaged, I endeavored to divert the current of my thoughts into new channels—and said to myself—What a process of integration and disintegration of material is this mode of life, from conception to final dissolution! And what a Song it is! What a Poem! Rhythmic in all recurrences of activity and rest when in a state of health—‘Jangling and out of tune’ when interrupted by deprivation, or excess! It is true that we are so constituted as to indulge in a broad range of liberties—to deviate widely from a median line of conduct, and still retain a fair degree of integrity of structure and of motion. But our capabilities in this respect are limited. Beyond a certain divergence we can not go with impunity—and our lines of longitude are shortened by the sum of our latitudinal deflections.

As I was thus cogitating, and slowly masticating, many persons entered the hall, unnoticed, so far as I was concerned, until some one stopped near me, and remarked “not much of a Vegetarian, Doctor, I should judge from appearances.” I looked up, and recognizing the

Editor whom I had seen at Coleman's—Major Smythe, invited him to be seated at my table. As he complied with my request, I said, in reply to his suggestion—"No, I have not time just now, to manufacture blood as rapidly as I require it, and with as little expenditure of vital energy as is necessary, from roots and grass, however inoffensive or abundant. The Ox from which this Steak was cut, the fowl that laid these Eggs, had nothing else to do—no other important function to perform. I am under great obligation, I am sure, to the patient Ox for his labor and devotion while converting immense quantities of hay, potatoes, turnips, cabbage and corn into this single pound of delicious Steak, so well adapted to my immediate necessities!"

"You allude to 'immediate necessities'"—said the Editor, "from which I infer that other necessities might be supplied by a different selection of food—am I correct?"

"Certainly!" I said. "Man, with his capabilities and habits, traversing the Globe, living in all temperatures, and following all manner of pursuits, can not be limited in his range of acquisition, or his ideas of what may constitute his food, without crippling his power, and dwarf-

ing his attainments. He should be so intelligent, and so instructed however, respecting himself and his true relation to nutrition, as to be qualified to select where selection is possible, and adapt his food material to the necessities of his system under a variety of circumstances, of both health and disease. He should know enough at least, not to fit out an Arctic Expedition with Graham biscuit and watermelons—or a tropical Cruiser with train oil and tallow for steady diet ! ”

“Nature would protect any fool from such folly,” said the Major.

“One would think so,” I said,—“but she does not ! ” “Just such absurdities are committed every day, in our family kitchens—more especially in the dietary of our farming communities—and the sustentation of common laborers. Nature groans and protests with myriad pains, aches and disquietudes—which are silenced as far as practicable with Whisky, Beer, Tobacco and Opium—with such terrible consequences as we are all familiar with—against which we cry out lustily, as Editors, Preachers, Doctors and ‘Reformers’—like so many solemn faced lunatics, mistaking the true object of as-



sault, and expending our energies and valor fighting Goat-herds and Windmills."

"Cooking ought to belong to a profession," said the Major—"and a knowledge of it should be taught as a Science!"

"Yes," I said, "and the time will come when it will be. When it comes to be known, as it will, that food and clothing, including habitations and surroundings, have more influence in determining the moral and intellectual development of the race, than the Statutes, Catechisms, or Confessions of whatever State, denomination, or faith—'Social Science,' which is, or is to be, the 'Science of living' will place this subject in its proper light, and give to it proper consideration."

Major Smythe, during the colloquy of which the foregoing is all that is necessary to report, had drank two cups of strong coffee—eaten a small bit of dry toast, and supplemented his breakfast with a cigar as he left the Restaurant.

I had the satisfaction however of seeing an "Able Editorial" in the *Evening Gazette* of the same day, on the subject of "Intemperance as a sequence of bad diet."

I had but stepped into the street when a bright eyed, barefooted, dirty little urchin accosted me with a quizzically expressed "Buy it?"—at the same time thrusting a newspaper in front of me, but not in such a manner as to expose its caption. Supposing it to be a morning issue—and yielding from habit to the importunity of the child, I took the paper, and handed the little nomad a dime. Feeling about in his garments in many places where there might have been pockets, as if in search for change, the young tradesman announced with a regretful tone and manner that he had no change. I said—"no matter," as he knew I would, and walked on. A glance at my purchase revealed the fact that I had been 'sold'—the journal which I had purchased bearing date—no matter when—and a glance up the street disclosed another fact, that the little rascal, the incipient merchant—the Railroad wrecker—Savings Bank's or Insurance Company's President, and possible Chief Magistrate of the Nation in the not distant future, was out of reach of my smiling indignation.

Glancing over the pages of the then ancient Journal with the curiosity of an Antiquary, my eye caught the word "civilization"

In the midst of a double leaded column, which I read, as I walked along, from the middle both ways, but reproduce here in its proper sequence.

"The Proclamation of the President"—so read the able editorial—"announcing the ratification of the fifteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which confers all of the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship upon a race of people but recently released from bondage and servitude, is a source of unqualified gratification to every intelligent patriot and philanthropist throughout the land. The irrepressible conflict which had raged so long in American politics is thus, happily, ended. The law of humanity which was higher than the Constitution, has thus become a part of the Constitution.

"The declaration of principles underlying our national existence, so long stigmatised by a practical denial of their truth on the part of the late slave holding States, has at length been vindicated by this solemn enactment of the people. All men in this country, now, are not only free and equal by virtue of inherent and inalienable rights, but are assured by this proclamation that the Government will protect

them in the exercise of such freedom and equality, "without regard to race or color, or previous condition of servitude." This we call progress! This is a great stride in the onward march of American Civilization. We feel to rejoice over the result—and to return thanks for the consummation, so long and so devoutly wished.

"No other result could have justified the sacrifice which the nation has been compelled to make, passing as it has done through the terrible ordeal of an internecine and bloody war. It is true that many, perhaps most of those who participated personally in that conflict, even to laying down their lives in battle, did not contemplate, nor probably, desire such a sequence. But again, and again, let us be thankful that "There is a providence that sits aloft and shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Men's projects are at best but subterfuge and indirections. God governs by eternal and irrevocable laws. And they, and they only may be deemed as wise who recognize a Providence Divine in all events, and when discovered move in harmony therewith.

Our neighbors over the way, may, and will in-

dulge their brutal propensities and vulgar taste by a tirade against the party and the individuals who have been instrumental in accomplishing this grand result. They may, as they have ever done, slander and traduce the purest and the ablest men who ever sat in the council of the people. They may, and they doubtless will continue to ridicule and malign the race of men thus clothed with the garments of political civility. But by so doing they will only illustrate the depravity of their own natures—the brutality of their own instincts—the plane of civilization on which they properly should move. Ignorant of the higher laws of political economy, and social science, they adhere to the obsolete creed—"Once a slave always a slave,"—"Once ignorant and depraved predestinates perpetual ignorance and depravity."

"We envy not their philosophy—their conscience or their self respect. Civilization feels the burden of such men and makes haste, but slowly, because of them! But its progress is not permanently impeded, nor its footsteps turned aside thereby. From time to time in the silent courts of the unseen realm of ideas, judgments are entered up, and swift messengers are as often sent to emblazon on the walls

of such selfish sensual Egotists, the old, old legend, "Weighed in a balance and found wanting,"—"take yourselves away!"

"Civilization, meanwhile, conscious of its high destiny, abides its time. The world is not prepared to pass judgment upon its highest aims. The summit toward which it moves is not now, nor ever will be unveiled to human eyes.

"Let the "*Jeffersonian*" then rage on. Its opposition, and its criticism—in fact all things that emanate from that foul source, are condemned by their inherent qualities.

"But, once more—all honor to the men and to the party who have stood so nobly by their principles, and thus redeemed the name and fame of Freedom in America.

"The fifteenth amendment is a part of the constitution."

Happening to know the person alluded to as "our neighbors over the way," the editor of the opposition journal—a man of more than ordinary ability and culture—of generous impulses and humane sentiments—I might have omitted so much of the foregoing editorial, as I cut it from the "*Palladium of the Constitution and Herald of Liberty*," as referred to him—but could not afford to thus mar my editorial picture.

# PARSON ADAMS.

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## CHAPTER XII.

PARSON ADAMS—CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION—FOUND.

Reclining on my office lounge, having slept an hour or two after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, while the morning sunlight shining through the window lattice, was making bars of gold upon the carpet, who should disturb my repose, by an early call, but Parson Adams, the minister, respecting whom Doctor Dawson had made such damaging insinuations.

Parson Adams, as he stood before me, was a man of more than medium size; broad-browed, open eyed, large-nosed, genial; though resolute mouthed, with a well-nourished and well-clothed body. His hair was fine; his ears were sym-

metrical; his hands were shapely; his feet were arched. He stood erect, and held my eyes with his while he addressed me. There was no "odor of sanctity" perceptible in his garments—there was no tone of his profession in his voice, nor suggestion of it in his articulation. Yet, he was a man in whose presence, although unknown, the profane would close their mouths instinctively—from whose presence the obscene would find excuse to suddenly withdraw. Science or experience—perhaps both, had taught the Parson that brain-labor, being the work of a higher, more refined, and more complex organ than is required for locomotion only, needs and demands more and better food for its proper sustentation than bones and muscles call for, and he had evidently profited by the instruction. I saw at a glance that the innuendoes of Doctor Dawson, supported by the fears of Deacon Black, were but idle surmises of the ignorant, or the mere tattle of envious and malicious small-souled "professors" of religion—who had grown gray beneath the dropping of an ordinary sectarian sanctuary, from which nothing but the dust and ashes of an obsolete creed or doctrinal Christianity had often fallen—old members whose in-



grained sentiments had therefore been scandalized, and whose authority had been weakened by a new departure, inaugurated by Parson Adams, who had responded to an unusually loud "call" from the younger members of the society, and had proved himself to be a large-hearted, liberal-minded man, whose mission was to the needy; the hungry and unfed; not the self-provident, and self-satisfied, who so abound among all societies. Like all men of energy and purpose, polite by nature, or through culture, he made known the object of his visit briefly, directly, and without delay.

"He had come," he said, "to interest me professionally in a case which presented to him some features of unusual interest." (The subject was an outcast from society, who had come under his observation while exploring some of the lower haunts of vice and misery in the city.) "A miserable abandoned creature," he said that she was, "The wreck of what had been a noble soul, benumbed and paralyzed by shocks of sin—held in a body once as perfect as ever human mother shaped—now scarred and mutilated by dissipation and disease—a wretch indeed, 'upon whose bones impurity had made a feast.' He thought, however, that he had discovered some

living elements in her case—some redeeming qualities, not well defined, but encouraging him to think that she might be saved; ‘provided (and to this end he sought my services—‘not to be unpaid,’ he said,) she could first be restored to health and common comfort.’ “For (and he spoke with earnestness) these creatures must have food and clothes and medicines and occupation, and friends in whom they have confidence—must be regenerated in a physical and material sense before the work of spiritual regeneration can be begun in them.”

“Is that the gospel which you preach?” I said.

“A part of it,” said the Parson, with a smile of conscious strength; “the ‘Alpha’ only, not the ‘Omega.’”

“It is not the gospel of society, I think—nor of the church?” I said, interrogatively.

“Questions not worthy of discussion,” said the Parson (with so sincere and yet so courteous an air as to inflict no sense of rebuke for what might have been construed as impertinence); “It is the gospel of humanity. And as the human is and ever must be the continent and basis of the divine in man, receiving, clothing and sustaining it while occupying its rela-

tion to the plane of sense, it must in some sort be made worthy of such fellowship. And, inasmuch as all things higher rest upon, and are continuous with things which are lower—inseparable from, although underneath them—therefore the human soul cannot be withdrawn from its surroundings, to be fed and clothed and beautified and comforted with spiritual things, while yet the body into which, for wise purposes, it was born, and, for a time at least, must dwell, is left to languish, hungry, naked and in pain.”

I declined the Parson’s check, but, weary as I was, went out with him, asking many questions.

“What,” I asked, “is your estimate of civilization in its relation to Christianity and the destiny of mankind?”

“Civilization and Christianity,” said the Parson, “in my estimation, are but parts of the same subject—discrete, although inseparable, degrees of the same general progression.

“Civilization pertains to the lower planes of human development, and affects the material conditions and surroundings of the people. It clears away forests, opens fields, plants vineyards and orchards, builds cities, develops art,

and applies it to all of the affairs of life ; patronizes learning, recognizes law, and establishes order among men. Its highest perceptions, however, are intellectual only ; its greatest refinements sensuous, exclusively, finding expression in courtesy of manners and luxury of living. Christianity, in its essence, pertains to the higher planes of human development, and affects the spiritual conditions and manifestations of mankind, his wisdom and his will, his intellect and affections, harmonizing them in a true marriage relation, upon a higher plane of perceptions of the origin and destiny of man.

“ Civilization therefore underlies and supports Christianity, as the body underlies and supports the soul—as the material underlies and supports the spiritual throughout the universe. Civilization in the order of race development precedes Christianity, as the buoyant air precedes the wings which are enabled by it to arise: without which they would remain forever folded or impotent. The succession is orderly and natural, and is further proven by the fact that individuals and families of mankind have attained high degrees of civilization without having reached the grand altitude of Christianity, both before and since the advent

of its great exemplar; while no man or race of men have ever reached that plane of open vision where humanity stands transfigured in the light of spiritual truth, and the divine in man predominates the human, without first having become civilized. As John was to Jesus, so is civilization to Christianity; a voice in the wilderness crying, 'Prepare ye the way, and make his paths straight.' And every effort to reverse this order, to establish 'the kingdom' first, by whatever methods of force or persuasion, and to 'prepare the way' after, will as surely fail as would an effort of astronomers, if such folly were supposable, to arrest the motion of the planets or reverse the orderly succession of the seasons. But, fortunately, all things are in motion—and that which was last, in the order of development, shall be first or nearest us—and that which was as midnight, shall become as midday—and that which was as winter shall become as summer."

"But night succeeds night—and winter will again return, however warm and glowing may be the present hour," I said.

"Yes," said the Parson, "but the motions of the material universe, which control the succession of the seasons, are orbital, or circular

only—however orderly—while the motions of the spiritual universe are spiral as well as orbital—hence progressive—its objects moving forever on, and upward. There is no axial plane, or dead-level, for the human soul.”

“But may there not be, is there not in fact, a progression downward?” I said. “What account is to be made of this element—this moiety of mankind which civilization seems to degrade, instead of elevating? which Christianity seems to repel with force instead of attracting? Are these human souls, also, in motion? Must they too, ever and forever on, and down, in the direction of their spiration?”

“Ah,” said the Parson with a sigh, “our vision is so limited in some directions—our knowledge so confined—it were well for us not to be too anxious, however inquisitive, about some things. Positive philosophy recognizes the fact that all human knowledge begins and ends in the ‘unknown;’ outside of which forever lies the ‘unknowable.’ Spiritual philosophy substitutes ‘faith’ for the ‘unknown’ and for the ‘unknowable’ the ‘everlasting Father.’”

“Natural science,” I said, “recognizes the fact, that for every seed which germinates and brings forth its kind in nature, myriads are ex-

pended as superfluous ; having served only to illustrate the affluence and conservative wisdom of the Creator. That for every tree matured, multitudes which sprang with energy from the fecund germ, reached only certain stages of development—some having dwarfed, some died, and through the operation of natural laws returned to dust and thin air, resolved into their original elements. The strong survive, the weak perish. Does spiritual philosophy recognize correspondential facts or phenomena? Do souls, like plants, grown in dark places, fail to mature? Do the weak, deformed, mutilated monstrosities of soul conceptions shrivel and decay, or become vastated in or by their own evil? ”

“Beyond the present state,” said the Parson, “spiritual philosophy has neither facts nor phenomena upon which to base an assertion respecting the conditions or results of spiritual life. That is to say, it has no such evidence as would be accepted by a scientific investigator as demonstrative, and convincing beyond a doubt. Nor can we claim to be specifically enlightened on the subject by divine authority. Much has been taught and much accepted as having been revealed through inspiration, as

recorded in the Scriptures, about the future state of man: but John the Evangelist, who, if not himself inspired, was beyond doubt familiar with the holy books of his own time and people, and knew what they taught, said, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be,' and I know of no more authoritative revelation since.

"The mass of crude, sensuous or incoherent testimony of modern 'seers' and phenomenologists, relating to the future state, and the laws of spirit-life in the hereafter—admitting even all that is claimed for it by way of authenticity—is yet too fragmentary, contradictory, puerile or unintelligible to be accepted as suggestive even of the truth.

"So, too, 'The Memorable Relations' of Swedenborg, however the mind may be influenced by his teaching otherwise, fail to convince us of their verity, and tend to excite a suspicion of unsoundness of the philosopher's special senses, rather than to establish his philosophy. Therefore, all that can be inferred rationally, or believed intelligently, respecting the life of man as a spiritual being hereafter, must be derived from the knowledge of the spirit in man now and here, and the laws which affect or govern it in present conditions."



"It were less revolting," I said, "however little we may know about it, to think of these poor souls as having fallen out by the wayside, like wounded soldiers from advancing lines, to answer at roll call no more; than to contemplate them as struggling on forever and forever, without a hope for succor or for sympathy—crippled, and in agony!"

"Infinitely less," said the Parson. "But as these creatures adopt and lead the lives which they do here, from choice—seeking society congenial to their tastes, and in accordance with the laws of life affiliations—the laws of predominating loves, or natural delights—accepting all that seems so wretched and full of misery, as desirable—in preference, at least, to that which seems to us delightful—from which they fly with dread or scorn—may it not be that the place to which they go, with all which that implies, of state, association, life—is so adapted to their needs as to be infinitely merciful in its provision, and in perfect keeping with our highest ideas of the divine Providence, derived from observations of God's works, or from contemplation of his attributes! May it not be true that hell itself, lurid and horrible as imagination

may have pictured it to be, as seen by angels from above; is yet, when seen through demons' eyes as they approach it, homelike and cheerful!"

We had by this time reached a narrow street or alley, and had passed through between two rows of grand and imposing buildings, to a low, dilapidated structure in their rear, shut out by them from public view, but not far removed from the very heart of the great city. I need not describe the place more particularly. Worse, if possible, than the caves of sin and death which I had explored the night before, in search of a poor wandering soul. It would have made a fitting gate-house to the realms of woe, over which might well have been inscribed the lines of the immortal Florentine:

"Through me the way is to the city dolent—  
Through me the way is to eternal dole—  
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

The brave Parson, nothing daunted, however, opened, and unannounced we entered. The door closed behind us with a groan that made me shrink and shiver, and again I was reminded of the gloomy poet's words; for here, also, in this "inferno" might have been heard

“Languages diverse—horrible dialects—  
Accents of anger—words of agony—  
And voices high and hoarse.”

We soon found the object of our search. In a dark, damp, unventilated room, crouched upon a bed of straw and rags, alone and silent, indifferent to our coming—dimly perceived at first, but more distinctly seen as our eyes became more familiar with this gloom—who should I recognize but my old acquaintance of the night and door-step—the object of my late anxiety—Mrs. Giles’ abandoned sister!

I stopped and touched her wrist a moment, then placed my hand upon her side, and said: “Our mission here is ended, Parson. Kindlier hands than ours have just been laid upon her.”

The Parson bowed his head in silent reverence and supplication. The atmosphere in which he breathed lost its impurity. The ground whereon he stood seemed holy.

As thus we stood—the Parson’s face glowing with a light almost ineffable in that dark room—I, striving with steadfast purpose to comprehend the law whereby we had become each what we were—and she, the passion-driven, sin-wrecked courtesan, dead at my feet, (from whose

death mask and hair and form sprang instant recognitions of so many living, reminding me of the beggar's face, seen on the court house steps, and the insane woman who had interested me when at the hospital, as well as her stately sister)—the room was entered by a human being, a man in contour, but evidently belonging to the lowest type of civilized mankind. Strong, muscular, of medium height; his brow was narrow, dark and sullen—his eyes were sunken, small and bleary—his nose was lost between his cheeks—his hair was bristly and unkempt—his ears were massive and ill formed—his hands were clumsy and his fingers gnarled—his limbs were crooked and his feet were flat. He leaned against the doorpost for support, holding in one hand a battered hat, and in the other the insignia of his class, a hackman's whip. From head to foot the creature was unclean.

Surprised at first, he stood and gazed. Then seeming to recover consciousness he said, "Dead! is she, sur-r?"

"Dead," I replied, intent in my reflections, as I composed the still soft limbs of the remains, and closed the staring eyes through which the soul had fled, and trained the long, brown,

disheveled locks, which matched so perfectly the glory of a well-remembered head, into more seemly forms, without looking at my interrogator.

"I thought she might be, y'r honor," continued the apparition. "The b'ys put her into my hack last night, and I fetched her home. She had made a hard night of it—had a sup or two too much, maybe, but she wern't the worst one in the wur-rld for all that, and I just come by, y'r honor, to look after her a bit."

I looked at the Parson and then at the man, the one redolent of refinement, luxury and joy, and radiant with that light of love divine which emanates only from the self-renounced, who, having turned their faces toward the Lord, reach out their hands to help their fellow-men—the other, dark and sodden with ignorance, poverty and crime, made more conspicuous by the contrast in which he stood—then at myself, midway between the savage and the saint—remembering at the same time all of the various persons with whom I had been so recently engaged—and I said, or thought (I could not then have broken silence), "This, this is civilization! Here are the extremes and intermedi-

ates, the planes and the degrees between which and upon which mankind, by individuals and families, nations and races, may be found and classified. And this is the design and end of civilization—to move man upward from sensuous perceptions to spiritual recognitions—from ‘nature’s darkness into the light of heaven.’”

# CHRISTIAN, OR PAGAN?

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## CHAPTER XIII.

FUNERAL RITES—CHRISTIAN, OR PAGAN—MRS. GILES AGAIN!

After sending the hackman, who would necessarily be an important witness in the case, with a notice of the finding of a dead woman, to the office of the Coroner, I dispatched a Courier from the nearest station with a private message to Mrs. Giles, detailing the incidents of my search for, and accidental finding of her sister; promising to follow in person as soon as practicable. Parson Adams and myself then turned our steps toward the place from whence we came—both of us for a long time remaining silent.

At length I said: "That poor creature having lived a life of infamy, and died impenitent,

perhaps by her own hands, is not entitled, I suppose, to 'Christian burial'—is she?"

"As Christian burial is a rite," said the Parson, "which can in no manner affect the dead, and should always be conducted for the benefit of the living—I know of no good reason why any one should refuse to bury this or any other human body with befitting ceremonies.

"For myself, as a Protestant Christian Minister, who does not claim to exercise authority or influence over the human soul, or its conditions after its departure from the plane of life upon which my labors are appointed, I never preach to the literally dead, and not much about them. My ministry is to the living."

"Do you not regard the ordinary rites of Christian burial—as conducted by the various sects, as especially beneficial to the living?" I asked.

"Respect for the dead," said the Parson, "as manifested in ceremonials, sepulture, monuments and memorials, seems to be organic with mankind, and has ever found expression corresponding to the moral and intellectual development of the race. Witness the Pyramids and Tombs of Egypt—the careful sepulture practiced by the Hebrews—the rites, cere-



monies and commemorations of the Greeks and Romans—the veneration of the Chinese.”

“But these,” I said, “are all characteristic of Pagan Civilization. Is not Christian Civilization an advancement of the race?”

“Christian Civilization in its better aspects,” said the Parson, “is the fruit, or ultimatum of all previous culture. But it is not a thing distinct from all precedent, however remarkable the development of some new features.

“Much of what is regarded now as essentially Christian—the externals of Christianity—its manners and customs—civil, social, and religious observances, are but adaptations from Pagan Civilization, which the propagandists of Christianity found it expedient to adopt in their career of conquest over Pagan and barbarian lands, from the midland to the northern sea, although without sanction, or instruction from the life or word of the great Master!

“Christian burial, for example, is but an adaptation of Roman ceremonies.

“Pagan Rome, the Civilization and Religion of which was derived from Pagan Greece, which was indebted largely to idolatrous Egypt for its learning, attended the funerals of its dead citizens with music, pall bearers, floral decorations

and long processions—and if of sufficient distinction, the body was borne on its way to sepulture, or incineration, into the Forum, where a public oration was pronounced in honor of the departed.

“Christian Rome, from whence emanated nearly all Christian ceremonies and Church customs, variously modified by the sects, and time, substituted the chapel for the forum, and the funeral sermon for the eulogy or oration. The sprinkling of earth upon the coffin with which we consign our dead to the grave, was practiced by the Romans and the Greeks, for centuries. Our ‘thirty days’ of ceremonial mourning—for public officers or members of societies—and the year for widow’s weeds, are ancient customs, also, however ‘religiously observed’ by us.”

“Customs,” I said, “not in themselves immoral, which satisfy the wants of a civilized people, are neither better nor worse for having originated among pagan or heathen people. Greek and Roman Civilization we know, reached a high plane of development. Only in Science and Religion can we claim to have made advancement.”

“I do not complain of the past,” said the

Parson. "Truth and Good are eternal, as well as universal principles—belonging to no age—no especial race of mankind. It is our duty to improve the age—and the people with whom we dwell, to the extent of our capabilities—testing neither good nor evil by the reputation of the time or place of its first appearance. That good may come even out of Nazareth, however usually forgotten, should be remembered now. We should recognize the fact, also, that good is more than evil—that truth is mightier than falsehood—that right in the conflict of ages, overcomes and displaces wrong—that molecules and worlds are alike subjects of order, and obedient to law—that man is not an exceptional creature—that his creation was not an experiment—his destiny not a peradventure. That his natural state is not a matter of accident or inadvertence—that his acquired or regenerate condition is not the result of stratagem or diplomacy. In short, God governs the universe!

"If any man have a Religion that will better meet the requirements of a human soul which has developed through whatever form of Civilization into a perception of its own spiritual needs, than the Religion of JESUS, with all of its

pagan embarrassments, has done, or is capable of doing, withdrawn from such concretions, let him preach it! The world will listen, test, and accept it gladly. It is because Christianity is the best and highest manifestation of Religion known to man, that the highest and best Civilization accepts it as answering to the needs of men, thus circumstanced—and, although, from time to time, in keeping with the progress of Civilization itself, the perceptions of mankind require that the central truth of Christianity be more and more withdrawn from pagan environments, it still remains, and will forever, equal to all human soul-necessities."

"It has seemed to me," I said, "that the Hebrewisms with which Christianity has ever been encrusted were more burdensome, and obstructive to its fuller influence upon a high order of Civilization than any of the paganism of Greek, Roman or German origin, with which it may have become embarrassed."

"To what do you allude?" said the Parson.

"To the incorporation," I said, "of the Hebrew Scriptures as an essential element in the body of christianity—demanding an unquestioning acceptance of certain humanly selected books, as of divine origin—plenarily inspired—

directly communicated to certain especial favorites and proteges of the Father of all mankind—protected through all translation against possible error—and binding as the word of God in their mastery over the human soul!”

“An extreme assertion of an extreme view of the subject,” said the Parson—“but even so accepted, and incorporated, of what particular burden, or obstruction incident thereto can you complain?”

“By its assumption of infallibility it antagonizes, and retards all tendencies to progression, civil or religious. For a thousand years it was the barrier against which Freedom surged, and the bulwark of human slavery in Christian lands. In the tenor of its teaching, respecting both man and God, despots, both religious and political have found warrant for their persecutions, intolerance and oppressions. And by its erroneous assertions respecting natural phenomena it compels science to occupy an attitude of apparent hostility to all of the claims of Christianity—and has, until now, impeded every advance which science has, notwithstanding, made.”

“Suggestions which are neither new nor unfamiliar to any thinking mind of the present

age," said the Parson, "but how far rational, or answerable, I have not time nor inclination just now to discuss. I will say this much, however, for the benefit of cavilers and skeptics, respecting the inspiration of the Hebrew Scriptures which Christianity has accepted, and from which it derives warrant for its pretensions, in a theological sense, that, civilized as we may have become—learned as we may be, as professors of Religion, Morals, Philosophy, Law, and Medicine, yet there are none of us who may not be both benefited, and instructed, by a more thorough knowledge and understanding of these books."

"Granted, without discussion," I said—as I gave the Parson my hand—having reached a point from which our paths diverged. "And let me add, that I believe myself to be a wiser and better man for the hours which I have spent with you to-day."

The Parson said, "Good bye—we shall meet again."—And so, we parted.

But there was something in his touch, and something in his eye that made me feel a kindness, or a-kin-ness toward this man, which was more intimate, and more comprehensive than that of natural consanguinity—a fellowship of

soul and heart, which, however egotistic it may seem to say so, no one ever feels, who has not some right to recognize, and, within himself, at least, assert the fact.

The Coroner's inquest would be held in a few hours at furthest, and I should be a witness, necessarily. Should I have to tell all that I knew about the poor victim of her own depravity? How should I protect Mrs. Giles—and society itself from the demoralizing effect of such a shock as must follow a full revelation of facts as they existed? Shall I see the *Press* in advance, and secure a suppression of names, at least? Such were some of the questions which burdened my mind, as I left the Parson, and which determined me at length to go at once to Mrs. Giles and consult her respecting the whole matter.

Mrs. Giles answered my bell in person. She had undoubtedly been waiting, and expecting me. She did not seem to have been surprised or shocked by the information which my message had conveyed to her. Her eyes were very brilliant—although the expression of her face was serious—or at least earnest. She took my hand cordially—perhaps a little tremor was perceptible in her touch—and

led me to a double chair, curved like a letter S, richly upholstered—one seat of which she occupied herself, after I had accepted the other. Her arm and hand rested on the upholstering between us. She looked steadily into my eyes for a few moments, and then said "Well?" To which I replied, "You know the result of my labor—I have executed your orders—sadly enough, it is true, but faithfully—and have come to ask of what further service I can be to you. You have but to command me."

Mrs. Giles did not withdraw her earnest gaze, nor speak for some moments. At length she said, as if the words came from an inner consciousness, which she had been consulting, "It were fitter now that I should serve, than accept service from any one. I see wherein I erred in my conduct toward *her*. Poor child! Where is she now? *How* is it with her? No worse than in this world—that much I know! No Priest need tell me of a life more dreadful than this may be! You have no doubt of the identity?"

"No. Not the least," I said—at the same time handing Mrs. Giles a long lock of richly colored hair which I had cut from her sister's head—and a trinket of some value which I had



found concealed upon her person, and removed without observation, while feeling for the motion of a heart to beat no more forever.

Mrs. Giles received them both, apparently unmoved, but kissed the human relic before concealing it near her own heart—and handed back to me the trinket, saying; “This is yours. You may open it to-morrow—please do not do so before. You were not mistaken—nor am I! She has gone to her own place—and I—have you provided for her burial?”

“I have not,” I said, “but will, as you may wish it.”

“She shall be buried then to-night, at ten. Call for me at that hour. I must go with you!” said Mrs. Giles.

“Do you wish to have a clergyman present?” I said.

“What!” said Mrs. Giles—“A Priest to consign her soul to perdition, and drive me away from all faith in God? No: we can consign her body to the dust alone—nor need we any witnesses.” Then, after a short silence, she added—“The human heart in which true love has found an abiding place is wiser than all priestcraft.”

"And no man has found consent in his own heart," I said—"to condemn that which he has truly loved to everlasting torment. Is God's love less, or other than a man's, when man loves other than himself? If it be so, then man has no means of measuring, estimating, or inferring even, what the love of God may be; and it becomes therefore to him as nothing."

"Mr. Giles will not go with us to-night, I presume?—Does he know——"

"He does not know!" said Mrs. Giles. "He need not be informed. No duty lies in that direction. He will not be at home to-night."

"And Mr. Lillian?" I said, "He might go with you as a friend!"

"As a friend," said Mrs. Giles, "I have no need of *him*. As a Priest, *she* has none. He knows nothing of my family history—still less, if possible of my soul-life. Mr. Lillian is a conscientious man—but his conscience is purely theological. He is a church functionary who performs his prescribed duties with accuracy and fidelity—but he so forgets the character and life of his great exemplar, that he degrades the human in his own nature, by his assumptions of the divine."

"Has he not been—might he not be a help to you now?" I said.

"He who could be anything to me now," said Mrs. Giles, "would have to be broader, higher, and wiser than a mere church officer, of whatever grade. He would have to be a man—Godlike in his comprehension of my weakness and my strength—Christlike in his compassion and his tenderness—yet so human in his sympathy and nearness that I might feel his presence like an atmosphere of love surrounding me, at all times, and everywhere, and filling all outward space with infinite expansions. Such an one might have saved my sister. Twin soul of my soul—I, only, know what her needs have been, knowing my own necessities. Born of the same travail into this world, I know not why we should not appear together in the next. You may think it a strange fancy, but it seems to me more like the yearning of a spiritual being, than the transitory sentiment of a human mind."

"You should not indulge such fancies too freely," I said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because," I said, "our coming into this world was not a matter of volition with us—

and our going hence should not be. Neither should the time nor circumstance of our departure be a matter of too serious or protracted consideration, inasmuch as we can not by any possible anxiety or research find out from whence we came, or whereto we go. All human estimates of duty should be limited to matters which pertain to the 'Everlasting Now'—as all human effort should be directed to the performance of whatever lies nearest us to be done. Life is but brief, at longest term, although expended hour by hour in uses. No one should think of life as burdensome who does not suffer irremediable pain, while yet there is left the faculty to think, or do."

"I do not hear you now," she said. "Ah, well! I know myself as no one else can know—the danger and the dread—but my Redeemer has not heard—my Savior will not come."

"Is there not one," I said, "who waits for all to come to Him! One who requires only to be sought—willing and anxious to be found—whose promises are comprehensive—whose"

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"Please, no more!"—said Mrs. Giles—I know the story, and have pondered it for years. I might listen to it again from Mr. Lillian, but

not from you. At least, not now. I fear, in fact I know, that, measured by any standard creed, I am not a christian. Not that I do not recognize the depravity of my own nature—and the possibility as well as the necessity of spiritual regeneration—and the imperishable need of a Christ, as a response to the Sphinx which dwells in every human soul. But my Christ must be to me an actual presence—so near to me at least, that I can feel his hands with blessing on my head, and kneeling touch with reverence and love his garment's hem. Others may find their Lord in the Sacramental bread, and be healed, and satisfied. I can not. Others may think that they reach their's through prayer and consecration. Let them. My needs are greater, and more urgent. Nor have I ever been consoled by the reflection that another, brother, or friend—servant or Lord, had suffered, however willingly, for my sins. No burden has ever thus been lifted from my heart. Nor have I ever found pleasure in the contemplation of a promised life, thus won for me—the conditions of which, beside, have never been made known. From my earliest remembrance I have not estimated life as others seem to do—I have not loved life here,

for life's sake—and the representations which have been made to me of life hereafter, even had they been verified by knowledges of sense, would have failed to intensify my wish for immortality. Barren indeed, and full of pain as life here is, to most of us; its possibilities are far more desirable than anything which we have been taught to expect from the life to come. It may be well for us that it is so. Were it otherwise, I should not be here now."

"Can it be possible," I said to myself, as I gazed in silence upon this lovely woman, whose bended head was resting on her folded arms, half buried in the soft upholstery between us—"Can it be possible that the dreadful leaven of ancestral evil is fermenting in her veins! No, surely now, she has escaped the Nemesis which pursued her ancestors, and smote her nearest kindred—having passed her by."

There was no self-pity in her manner—no fault-finding in the tone of her complaint. Her speech seemed to be a deliberate utterance of mature, and well considered thoughts. I had no words to offer by way of criticism or consolation. My sympathy was too dominant for speech. I should have laid my hand upon her

head involuntarily—had not a servant at that moment announced a visitor. Mrs. Giles instantly resumed her dignity and grace. A bright society-smile returned to her somewhat shaded countenance, as she stepped forward to receive her guest. I heard the Bishop's rich sonorous voice as she met him in the vestibule—and slipping myself through a passage, with which I was familiar, to the street, I saw Mrs. Giles no more . . . save in memory—and as reflected from an exquisitely drawn and colored miniature which I found in the locket taken from her sister's body—a lovely image of a lovely woman.

She had not escaped the baleful heritage of her house.

Sitting in the very chair which I had occupied with her but a few hours before—dressed in a long white robe, immaculate, and flowing from her marvelously perfect shoulders and limbs in graceful folds—her hair all unconfined save by a single band close to her head—which rested on her folded arms as it had done when I was sitting by her—before the hour appointed for my call to take her to her sister's funeral had yet arrived, she had been found, oblivious to all earthly calls—indifferent to all human

visitors! A tiny vial lay empty in the vacant seat which I had occupied—with this legend delicately engraved upon the Italian label which betrayed its origin and purpose: “Let him gainsay who knows.”