thropic progress; then, on the other hand, there are those who have approached this problem of the universe from the side of the natural, material world, using the same method, or that of free inquiry and free observation, taking in all the facts, and then trying to work out a philosophical theory that shall include all the facts and suit them. And it so happens that this morning we are to have both of these classes of minds that have contributed so largely to the Free Religious movement spoken for. A year ago, at our convention, reference was briefly made (all too briefly for the need) to two recent deaths,—the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the death of Charles Darwin,—two men who represented pre-eminently these two classes of minds that I have spoken of, two men who, perhaps more than any other two that could be named, have been instrumental in producing the Free Religious movement. To-day, we are to take a larger opportunity, give more adequate room for speaking of those men and of their contributions to the cause of freedom of thought, of social freedom, and of freedom in religion; and we are very happy in having with us to introduce that subject one who has always been welcome on the platform of the Free Religious Association, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and who would have come here last year to speak particularly of Emerson, had not sickness prevented. This year, he is here, and will introduce this large subject, including, however, in his address to-day not only Emerson, but Darwin; and his address will be followed by Mr. Mead and Mr. Chadwick, who will speak respectively of the two factors, the Emerson side and the Darwin side, in the Free Religious movement. I have now the great pleasure of introducing to you Colonel Higginson.

Address of Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—What I shall have to say will be, I suppose, mainly in the nature of a preface to what will be said more fully and elaborately by those who are more especially experts on their different themes, and who are to follow me. What I say will be said necessarily off-hand. In the midst of absorbing engagements, I have elaborated nothing; and I only hope that I shall not put you in the painful position of the readers of those German books, who, when they are committed to what they suppose is only a preface, find that it turns out longer than all the rest of the book put together.

What any one says about either of those great men who have been mentioned must, if he has ever met them, be to some degree personal in its character. No one ever met either of them in private, who could separate the works from the man afterward. I, at least, cannot. Therefore, I must speak a little with a view to their personality, and perhaps even their aspect in home life, although I trust I shall have grace not to go very far into that subject, remembering that this is an age which relentlessly gives us everything, and in the case of the Carlyle family does not even spare us the servants' wages and the washing bills.

It was my experience in England, eleven years ago, as I suppose it is often the experience of Americans in their first hurried run through Europe, more than once to have to make the selection for a given day between two different objects of interest. Sometimes, it comes to so close and definite a comparison that you even have to choose, not between one building and another building, one man and another man, but between a building and a man, or between a man and a building. I always went upon the principle, in such cases, that in England a building would probably last, but that even in England a man might not. I never have regretted surrendering Salisbury Cathedral for the sake of Tennyson, although Tennyson still lives. I shall be forever grateful that on a certain spring day I gave up York Minster for Darwin; for York Minster is only more beautiful with every year, while the visitor to England to-day finds it empty of its greatest naturalist. And I never shall forget,—what American ever forgets his first English lane and his first English village?—I never shall forget the delicious, dewy ride in early morning through the lovely lanes of Kent, amid all that soft greenness, that ancient moss, that venerable village, those haunts of ancient peace, up the gently sloping hill that led to one of those ideal English country houses, one of those cottages embowered, or, as one might almost say, coining a word, *enlawned* in verdure, which was in this case the home of Darwin. I remember that I felt as I approached it as Emerson felt, he said, at the foot of the stairs that led to an observatory, "This is the ladder to the stars." I never can quite hope to approach with more reverence any human home than that which filled my heart as I found myself there. Then came the hospitable welcome, the successive glimpses of that great man. I remember him as I first saw him coming toward me to meet me in the parlor,—a man whom I looked up physically as well as spiritually to recognize. He struck me at the moment, at the first glance, as looking like a more gracious and genial and benignant Bryant; having that noble aspect in his face which, mingled with too much coldness of expression, marked that great dead poet of ours. I remember that first impression of him; and I remember afterward, when, after dinner, his sons and I strolled out in the garden, he came to meet us. There was still this lofty figure, walking with some difficulty (for he was in poor health, then), resting one hand upon the shoulder of his wife, and the other hand propped upon a staff taller than himself, and singularly recalling some of his own speculations and some of the suggestions that I had heard made on his personal appearance. I remember still further, following out the same associations, how, when he came back into the house afterward and sat high, as he always did, on a sofa, with two or three thick cushions beneath him, that there, by his own fireside, he still held this long staff upright in both hands and resting against it. I thought I had seen a similar figure in books of natural history.

I remember, at a later visit,—for again, after an interval of six years, it was my privilege to spend a night in his house,—I remember the changed aspect of the man, the somewhat drooping figure, the rather shrunken form, the same infinite benignity and sweetness of bearing; and I remember then, early in the morning, looking out, before even the early family breakfast, and seeing him hurrying in from the remoter part of the green garden, with a great shawl wrapped around his head, his white hair and beard emerging from it,—a singularly unconscious, absorbed, eager figure. I asked his son afterward what his father was out there at that time in the morning for, in his impaired condition of health. "Oh, yes," said his son: "he is always at it. He always says he is not doing anything at all. But he always has one of his little experiments, as he calls them, going on out there in the garden; and he has to look at them two or three times every night."

Those glimpses, slight though they may be, with many that I cannot so freely speak of (for I cannot overcome that reluctance to give details of private interviews, which still lingers, as I think, among Americans, although our English cousins seem to have got bravely over it), fill my memory of Darwin. I never can see a man whose personal aspect is more in keeping with one's expectations, never one in whom the nobleness and sweetness of the inner life identify themselves more with all the action and the demeanor of the outward man.

And, turning from Darwin in his English home, his ancestral home, I might almost call it,—I do not know whether it was so, but every English home looks ancestral when a family has been in it for ten years,—turning from that to the typical American home of Emerson,—the home that it is needless to describe, because so many of us remember it,—one feels that in the one case for England, as in the other case for America, one would wish nothing taken from any memory, any glimpse, however slight, one may have had of such a home. And, when I remember almost the last glimpse I had of Emerson in his own home, it is as sitting with a look of perfect peace upon his face, with his little grandson on his knee, playing with the baby like any other benignant grandfather (or, perhaps I might say, father), dandling it in his left arm, and with his right arm raising and lowering the fingers of his hand and watching the baby's eager curiosity. "This," he said to me, "is a little philosopher. Look at him! He philosophizes on everything. He is philosophizing on my fingers." When I dismiss Emerson from my memory in that last picture, I feel that I have linked him with the coming generation, linked him with his own posterity. And what more, and what sweeter dismissal, can any human being have?

Emerson! Darwin! The two men who, more than any others, have represented this period. How daring it would be in me to attempt in half an hour a parallelism that would cost hours of thought and a large book to print it in! Let me only suggest to you three or four points where these lives were singularly brought side by side,—two or three points where two men who hardly took much direct cognizance of each other's work yet seem absolutely united, to those who look at them from the point of view which is represented here.

Here is the fact, in the first place, that each of these men temporarily—Emerson for America, first, then Darwin for England—assumed, for a time, for his own nation, the leadership of modern thought. There is no question, there can be no question to those who remember the points of contact between England and this country thirty years ago, that Emerson, beyond any Englishman, beyond any Anglo-Saxon, then represented for England and for America, and through them to Europe, the leadership of thought. You may suggest Carlyle, if you please. Carlyle was an impulse, "a voice crying in the wilderness." But the guiding thought of the age was with Emerson. There was a long time during which, instead of the shrines being European and the pilgrims American, as formerly, it seemed as if the process were at last reversed,—as if the shrines were American, and the pilgrims European. Concord was the shrine; and Concord represented to England, and through England to Continental writers,—we who lived in that period saw it recognized everywhere,—Concord represented the dawn of a new impulse, the impress of new thought upon the age. That impress was temporary, as all impressions are. It passed by. No sooner had it passed by than, in just the same way for England, and through England for the civilized world, Darwin recaptured for the Anglo-Saxon race that leadership in thought which we had too hastily supposed had passed to France and to Germany. We who can remember the close of the great line of the German metaphysicians, we who can remember the temporary sway of the French eclectics,—we know what a thing it was to have, by a sudden movement, —the movement of a hand, as it were,—the sceptre of thought restored to England that had been taken from England since the days of Newton. That impress still lasts, or is only partially showing signs of waning. At any rate, it existed. The parallelism between the two men, therefore, began with this extraordinary fact, that each in his turn held the leadership of thought in the name of the Anglo-Saxon race which they represented.

Then, when you look at the manner in which this prominence came about, you find a second parallelism in this fact, that in neither case was the man an isolated phenomenon. Neither was the sudden flowering of a genealogy hitherto unknown, nor was either a sudden convert from some remote form of thinking. Each came to it by the gentlest, wholesomest, healthiest guidance of inheritance. Emerson was the son of a clergyman among the leaders of the liberal sort of his age; the grandson of a clergyman who, of all others, has left us the best description of the opening scenes of the Revolution; the descendant of a line of clergymen, on both sides, apart from these. Darwin, on the other hand, was the grandson of a man of science like himself, and only less noted than himself in his day; the son of a man of similar tastes; a man who very strangely took up and carried out scientifically the very surmises which his grandfather had only hazarded in a crude and half-deliberate way. How striking then was the correspondence between the two! Neither was born into mental subjugation, neither had to struggle into freedom. Both of them found the path open to them, and supports outside answering to the hereditary tendencies within. When I asked Darwin what he thought of what seemed then a singular circumstance, —that Huxley, antagonistic to the English Church, had had his child baptized into it, and that Tyndall was said to have approved that measure,—Darwin gently and charitably put the question by. But when I said that sometimes it happened to men to feel that their children ought to begin a little farther back than their own position, that it was fair to children not to start them at the utmost verge of the father's progress, but to begin in a little more conservative attitude, Darwin shook his head at that. "I see no need of it," said he. "My father and grandfather, so far as I can find out, were just as much heretics as I am; and when I look at my sons," he said, turning with an expression of infinite happiness to his two affectionate and high-minded sons, who sat by us,—"when I look at my sons, I do not see but that they have turned out as well as other people's sons, in spite of it." Both of these great men, therefore, had this parallelism also, that the thing came to them naturally. They were themselves a part of the evolution they proclaimed.

Then, as to that proclaiming, we find a third parallelism. What Darwin proclaimed we all know; and we sometimes speak as if Emerson, in his impatience of consecutive thought, his purely poetic method, was wholly antagonistic to Darwin. It seems to me just the other way. I should think that every one who was in active thought at the time when Darwin first came forward, every one here, at least, must remember how directly the training of Emerson prepared us to receive all that Darwin had to suggest. The thought of unity in creation,—Darwin justified, formulated it, gave a working hypothesis for it; an hypothesis which, though criticised now from so many points, perhaps destined to be criticised more and more, still has given such an enormous impetus to human thought. Darwin formulated the doctrine of the unity of creation; but it is impossible to put that unity into words more definite and unequivocal than those in which Emerson had stated it fifteen years before, not merely in his original book on *Nature*, but in his essay on Nature, in his second series of *Essays*. Do not be alarmed,—it is the only written quotation which I shall inflict upon you. In the second volume of his *Essays:* "How far off," he says, after speaking of the first geologic epochs, "how far off is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrived, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to oyster; further yet to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet it must come as surely as the atom has two sides." And elsewhere in the same essay he says: "Plants are the young of the earth. . . . The animal is the novice and probationer of a more advanced order; and man, though young, having tasted the first drop from the cup of thought, is already dissipated. The maples and ferns are uncorrupt; yet no doubt, when they come to consciousness, they too will curse and swear." Is not that evolution? Could any more effectual statement be made from the poet's side of that which slower science, fifteen years after, was to state as the origin of species? In the whole history of human thought, it seems to me there has been no such triumphant instance of the manner in which the poet and the man of science, working side by side, seeming to separate, unite at last, and give the world the great thought which is to renovate it,—not one-sided only, not orphaned, but with science for its father and poetry for its mother, a perfect birth, destined henceforward to live and to remould the world.

Then again there is a fourth parallelism in the fact that this, as our chairman has justly indicated, was not in either man a merely barren ideal speculation. How promptly Emerson came from his closet to answer every call of public duty we know; and nothing was more delightful to me than to find Darwin, in the only letter I ever received from him, —a letter written after reading a little book of mine in regard to colored soldiers of the South,—expressing the most warm, cordial, trustful interest in the whole nature and prospect of the negro race, saying that for forty years he had been inclined to that opinion, and that time had only justified it. "Forty years ago," he said, "the observations I made in Brazil were such as your book only confirms." I cannot but remember with regret how at that period even our own great Agassiz—great in his domain, which the greater greatness of Darwin should not banish from our minds—had lent to Nott and Glidden the support of his own reputation in their miserably low estimate of the colored race, and how he admitted to me himself that it was largely the course of the colored soldiers in the war which had convinced him at last that the race which they represented ought no longer to be excluded from citizenship. Thus in Emerson and in Darwin we see the same readiness to recognize great practical truths in the affairs of men as to see the beauty and power of their ideal or scientific study.

Then, again, it is to be remembered forever with joy that both these men had the courage of their opinions. How far Emerson had it let this transmitted courage which he has given to all of us in New England for all these years answer,—the courage which he transmitted to Theodore Parker,—a courage which infused a finer and loftier strain in what might otherwise have been the too combative temperament of that other great man. In the case of Darwin, let the changed condition of England answer,—a change still, as our chairman has said, imperfect, but utterly transformed in its higher aspects since Darwin lived. The calm strength of Darwin, his unflinching acceptance of all the consequences of his thought, combined with his heroic refusal to leap to any consequences in advance of the facts, these have told on all English society to-day. They have told but imperfectly. Emerson has not wholly liberalized us. Darwin has not completely liberalized England. I felt, when the chairman just now gave his illustrations of the manner in which England still needed to be enlightened, that there was an instance that presses more home upon us than either which he mentioned, because it is a thing not to be found in the ranks of the conservatives, like the exclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh and the rejection of the Affirmation Act, but in the action of the reformers of England themselves. A thousand affirmation acts might be rejected and a generation of Bradlaughs kept out of the House of Commons with less injury to the progress of the world, less affront to free thought, than when, only the other day, if the newspapers tell truth, the University College of London, a free-thinking institution, an agnostic institution, an institution which was so fearful of religion that it would not have James Martineau for a professor because he was a clergyman,—when that institution rejected from the doors of its botany classes two young girls, Miss Besant and Miss Holyoke, because their fathers were atheists! We have our sins to answer for; but I do not know an institution in America which would do anything as bad as that.* There is not among us a heretic so great, there is not a man in *The Index* office or a man in the *Investigator* office, there is not even in the law office of Col. Robert Ingersoll himself, there is not a man in America with so bad a reputation, but what, if his daughters presented themselves at the door of any college, so far as I know, even the most conservative, that college would be eager to admit them, and give them all it could teach of botany; and, in the excess of its generosity, it would even fling in as much theology as they would accept in addition.

But, besides the analogy between Emerson and Darwin as to the courage of their opinions, it is also to be remembered that both of them had a quality almost as rare, which may be called the modesty of their opinions. Both of them recognized their own limitations. There is not in the history of literature, there is not in the history of thought, a more touching manifestation of intellectual humility than is to be found in Emerson's early letter to a man who had reproved him,—a man whom we now see to have been infinitely his inferior in everything that makes up thought, the Rev. Henry Ware. Emerson's letter to Ware, acknowledging the imperfections and defects of his own thought, waiving all claims for himself, stands supreme in the literature of such confessions. And always I think of Emerson in the manner in which he subordinated always his own philosophic thought before Alcott, in the way in which he subordinated his own poetic genius before Whitman, in the way in which all his life he was accepting and treating almost as his superiors men whom I, at least, can find only far below and behind him. I see the same thing even in the magnificent compliment paid by Darwin to Herbert Spencer. I—to my shame and reproach be it spoken, perhaps—am still compelled to see in that only an evidence of the same wonderful modesty of the great man.

And then, again, that leads naturally to one point more of parallelism. It seems to me that each of these great men in dying is like the other in this, that each has, in a strict sense, founded no school, left no disciple. This antecedent hereditary power of thought, coming through several generations, seems to have reached its climax in each; and, when each passes, what follows to take its place? You say, in Darwin's case, Is it not founding a school to have had, in the German list, I think it is three hundred and twelve separate books written about him? Is not that founding a school? No. As long as a man has only a dozen books written about him, he may have founded a school. When the number of books is counted by hundreds, the school is scattered: the Nile is lost among the multitude of its outlets. No: it seems to me that no one to-day dares to be so unscientific as Emerson on one side, or to be so purely scientific as Darwin on the other side. Instead of the essentially poetic method of Emerson,—if you can say that there is such a thing as a poetic method of Emerson,—we have the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, whose merits I do not question, but which aims at and continually strives for something which Emerson never even wished for in his life,—that is, to have a system. In the case of Darwin, we have,—since I have already got myself into disgrace with a good many of my present audience, I may as well go a little farther, and disgrace myself yet more, —in the case of Darwin, instead of his slow, deliberate, careful, scientific method, his inexhaustibly laborious research after facts, his stopping for years, if necessary, for knowledge of some one fact that will fill his gap, and telling you that he has stopped there, and why he has stopped there,—instead of that, in the writer who is, more than any one, the recognized leader of the school of evolution, or the school which calls itself evolution, we have a vast miscellaneous activity of mind, an enormous drag-net flung out everywhere, bringing in all sorts of things, valuable and valueless, together; treating history as a thing to be written in advance of the facts, not after the facts; treating science as a study in which you are to provide yourselves with a system, and then pick out your facts to prove it. We have, as it seems to me,—I know how irreverent I shall seem to many,—we have in the method of Herbert Spencer the antipodes of the method of Darwin. If one is science, the other is not science. So, at least, it seems to me.

These points of parallelism between the careers and the intellectual position of these great men are at least so absorbingly interesting that they may justify me perhaps for having lingered too long upon them, and for having exercised over those who are to speak afterward that tyranny of the first comer who uses up more than his share of the time, and then graciously apologizes for it, and says he is very sorry. I can only say this, in closing: Let us all be grateful to the end of time that we have lived in an age where the two great representatives of intellect were men who needed no commiseration, no apology, no evasion of the truth: not balancing their faults against their virtues, their calamities against their successes, but exhibiting to us two noble careers, each clear and almost perfect in its way. They never antagonized each other. Neither of them ever antagonized anybody, or had a dispute with any one. Both of them led lives truly satisfactory and noble to dwell upon. How much that is! What satisfaction we often have to take in this world in the most contradictory and inadequate lives! If we can only get something out of each life that seems noble, that usually seems a good deal to us. And yet here were two lives in which we find nothing to lament. I read the other day, in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, his account of an occasion in England when he was invited to dine with a friend, and was promised three things. He was promised turtle and venison, and a great man. He says: "I accepted the invitation. The turtle was good, the venison was delicious, but the great man was intolerable." In a world of half greatness, in a world of incompleteness, what peculiar good fortune is ours to have lived in the presence of two lives so symmetrical and noble that we can only find material for comparison between the two, but no material for apologies or regret in the case of either!

*Mr. Higginson had evidently trusted to some imperfect newspaper report of this incident. Mrs. Besant and Miss Bradlaugh are the ladies rejected. An account of the matter, taken from the London *Inquirer*, may be found in another column.—ED.

A TRANSLATION OF CARDINAL SIMEONI'S CIRCULAR TO THE IRISH BISHOPS.

Whatever judgment may be entertained respecting Parnell and his purposes, it is known for certain that too many of his underlings have, in many cases, adopted a method of action which is manifestly at variance with that which the Supreme Pontiff enunciated in his letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and which was contained in the instructions of this Sacred Congregation unanimously received by the bishops of Ireland in their very latest convention at Dublin. Certainly, this letter did not deny the