

A SKETCH AND AN APPRECIATION OF

# MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

FREETHINKER AND HUMANITARIAN

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An Address at the Paine-Conway Memorial  
Meeting of The Manhattan Liberal  
Club, January 31, 1908

BY EDWIN C. WALKER

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*It is my conviction, that there is not one wrong, not one evil, moral or physical, in this great nation [England] which may not be traced to the root of a guarded superstition. That means that every belief, defended by law, involves human sacrifices. Did not man suffer by it, it would need no protecting law.—Conway, "Lessons for To-day."*

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Published by Edwin C. Walker, 244 West 143rd Street,  
Manhattan, New York City, May, 1908

From

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NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

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*We must define intellect as that which emerges out of this conventional mass; not indeed unrelated to it, but carrying its slumbering powers to conscious realization and effective action through individual thought and will. Intellect must become individual that it may be universal. Conway, "Intellectual Suicide."*

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The scholar is not the retained advocate of the party that pays best. He is not the attorney for commerce, nor the professional casuist of those who would combine the advantages of conventionality with those of simple truth. Better he should again be a hermit than dwell in society at the cost of honor. As yet, alas, though subtle as the serpent, our scholarship has also its double tongue, uttering now that which is true, next that which is sordid. From the day when Shelley was banished from Oxford, no scholar has remained under the flag of the common Christianity save through a visible servility. But it is spiritual perjury! If we demand that the banker shall be honest in money matters, that the soldier shall be brave, that the judge shall be just, shall we be satisfied that he who is consecrated to Reason shall weakly or meanly part its sacred raiment among those who would fain trick out their lucrative creeds or customs with its divine sanctions?

There is needed a Scholar's caste, removed from the world of self-seekers; a brotherhood of those whose verdict is the dictate of absolute reason and rectitude; the fraternity of those who, amid a world that weighs eternal verities in their relation to gold and fashion, steadily say, "Unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."—*"An English Sinai,"* in *"The Earthward Pilgrimage."*

## In Apology

This fragmentary and otherwise very imperfect sketch of the life and labors of Dr. Moncure D. Conway is offered only because there is no money to pay for the preparation and printing of anything more adequate. Nearly all of it appeared first in *The Truth Seeker*, and the linotypes have been held for several months in the hope that it might be possible to bring the address out in a form more worthy of its subject than is this in which I am at last compelled to present it to you.

Unless one commands almost unlimited resources, it is practically impossible to bear the burden of the repeated corrections and resettings that are necessary in order to completely eliminate the archaic English spellings upon which the printers insist, and work out the defective and wrong-font matrixes which careless workmen use over and over regardless of protests. So this must go out with many cumbersome spellings and numberless wrong-font letters and broken faces. Machine composition has its economic advantages, but its seemingly almost conscious antipathy to the use of necessary compounds, its often horrible division of words at the end of lines, and the faults in casting render it very trying to the nerves of the careful writer and the intelligent reader.

There is no Conway bibliography extant, so far as I can discover. Of his works, a few are accessible in the New York Public Library. The Library of Congress has the largest collection, supplied by Dr. Conway himself. I shall be very glad to receive from any one who may read this, the title, date and place of publication, name of publisher, number of pages, style of binding, and other items of information concerning any book or pamphlet by Moncure D. Conway. Also, data refering to any magazine or newspaper article written by him.

EDWIN C. WALKER,

244 West 143d Street,  
Manhattan, New York.

## Moncure Daniel Conway

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Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the heart feels a languid grief,  
Laid on it for covering;  
And how sleep seems a goodly thing,  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

And how the swift beat of the brain  
Falters because it is in vain,  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf,  
Knowest thou not? and how the chief  
Of joys seems not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf,  
Bound up at last for harvesting;  
And how death seems a comely thing  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

These perfect lines, written by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, set to music by his friend Dannreuther, and given to Dr. Conway in 1874 for incorporation in his "The Angel of Death," voice the sometimes mood in the closing years of the life of this tireless worker for man.

### A Record of Struggles

In the preface to his "Autobiography" (1904) Moncure Conway says:

"The wisdom or unwisdom of a new generation must largely depend on its knowledge and

interpretation of the facts and forces that operated in the generations preceding, from which are bequeathed influences that become increasingly potent when shaped in accepted history. . . . I have been brought into personal relations with leading minds and characters which already are becoming quasi-classic figures to the youth around me, and already show the usual tendency to invest themselves with mythology. . . . A pilgrimage from pro-slavery to anti-slavery enthusiasm, from Methodism to Freethought, implies a career of contradictions. One who starts out at twenty to think for himself and pursue truth is likely to discover at seventy that one-third of his life was given to error, another third to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to efforts to unsay the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two-thirds."

We see that Conway realized, what many radicals forget, that the past, present and future are links in a chain that cannot be broken, and that forgetfulness of this brings in its train individual and social peril and catastrophe. The value of memorial meetings and papers consists far less in eulogies of dead leaders of thought and action than in summaries of their principles and pictures of their environment, with the record of their struggles to inculcate those principles and modify that environment. In a word, history before worship.

At the outset, I must indicate what I think is the relation of my part of this commemorative meeting to the parts taken by the other speakers. It was not merely the great work done by Mon-



cure Conway in the rehabilitation of the fame of Thomas Paine, important as that work was, that made him so commanding a figure in the world of letters and in the Freethought party. Farther along, it will be shown that the love of justice and the service of it were the vital elements in the life of this friend and leader so recently dead. He could not bear to witness the neglect of worthy character and intellectual power; still less could he endure the misrepresentation of that character and that mental energy. It was his love of justice—and with Moncure Conway justice was not simply a fair name with which men are prone to flatter, and disguise, if they may, their vengeance—it was this genuine love of justice that made him the biographer and vindicator of Paine, just as it had earlier led him to write his "Omitted Chapters of History," in order to take from the name of Edmund Randolph the stain of undeserved obloquy; it was this loathing for untruth and injustice that made him protest against the slander with which, through the centuries, the Christian world had clouded the reputation of Mary of Magdala. With Conway, "truth" was not an abstraction; it did not mean "*the truth*," something mystical and divinely given; it meant what science means by the word, the correspondence of statement to fact. That which Conway did for Paine's memory merges into and is a component of the vastly greater whole of the labor of the nearly sixty years that followed the first steps he took as a youth, when he entered upon what he so aptly calls his "Earthward Pilgrimage." *Earthward*, mind you; not "*earthly*" in

the theological sense of contumely. It was an Earthward Pilgrimage from the skies and the gods to the earth-home and to man, closer and closer, more and more powerfully drawn with every year of the too-quickly speeding existence.

So my task is to say something of the immediate antecedents of this splendid man, to follow in unsatisfactory haste that long trek from the fabled lands of angels and demons to this home of men and women and the children that renew them. There are two Pilgrimages here, that of the man whose activities objectively were concerned with the sufferings and joys of his kind; that of the mind that journeyed from error to partial truth, from one partial truth to another partial truth, until the moment when the golden bowl was shattered on the rocks of mortality.

#### **The "Scholar in Politics"**

Moncure Daniel Conway was one of our few splendid examples of the "scholar in politics," and by "politics" I mean the affairs of men considered in their larger aspects, involving the rights and activities of communities, states, nations, races, and world-embracing religious and secular federations. In the culminating years of the slavery struggle in America, he was intimately associated with nearly all the leading workers for emancipation; and with the progressive ministers and the great writers, men and women, of the country. During his thirty years ministry in London, he was at the centre of the intellectual and esthetic life of the generation, and touching hands with a multitude of the teachers of the preceding generation who passed off the stage in those three decades. Of

the great men of science of that period in England, the leading statesmen, the eminent independent clergymen, the poets, essayists, Orientalists, dramatists, tragedians, musicians, and wielders of brush and chisel, it is possible to name but few that he did not know well. With many, very many, of the most famous men and women of the age he was on terms of the closest confidence and cooperation. He knew the surviving exiles of '48, the men of Germany and Italy, the French victims of Napoleon the Little, fugitive Communards, Russians who had come to London for their lives, East Indians who had made a like journey in search of the knowledge of the West, even as later he visited Asia on his "Earthward Pilgrimage" in search of the lore of the East.

Of William Johnstone Fox, who for forty years had occupied the pulpit of South Place Chapel, where Conway spoke for thirty succeeding years, we read in Conway's "Autobiography" (ii, 54):

"He was for nearly twenty years the most famous orator in England; neither Bright nor Cobden could be compared with him; but in 1864, ten years after his public career had closed, the people generally who had idolized him hardly knew that he was living, and the new generation had no knowledge of him."

This should not be and I think will not be Conway's fate, for while he was keenly alive to and untiringly active in movements for the settlement of the "issues of his own time," he was by no means limited to these in his thought and sympathies; a large part of what he wrote is rich in the elements of race-energy and potential

growth that is not circumscribed by geography and time.

### Dominating Ideals

Conway (Pilgrimage, 355) mentions the story that when Ralph Waldo Emerson first stood before the Sphinx she said to him, "You're another." Emerson was not a Sphinx in the sense that his lips were sealed, but in that they opened often for the utterance of contrarious transcendentalisms. In the latter sense, Conway also was a Sphinx, for his positions could not always be harmonized, not even those of his later life. His emotional inheritances sometimes were at war with the conclusions of his studious and logical brain. But our retrospect of his whole mental existence must convince us that he never lost sight of the great and dominating ideals of his earlier years—peace, freedom, love, beauty, truth.

The strongest fiber in his being was the love of peace; on its negative side, the hatred of war. Freedom was a goal to be kept ever in view, but it was not to be reached through bloodshed. He grasped firmly the Freethought standard, and it "never touched the ground" in all his pilgrimage. Reason must settle all disputes; the wrongdoer is not to be killed, but directed from his evil ways through the enlightening of his mind and the quickening of his conscience. His consistent record as an opponent of war was the most precious possession of his old age, and the fear of smirching its whiteness, even in seeming, explains his repeated refusals to appear on a platform or at a banquet where there was the slightest danger that his presence might associate him in the pub-

lic mind with any who advocate or condone the use of force in modern reform, or are erroneously supposed to assume that attitude. This he often told me, but it was not until I had carefully read his "Autobiography" and his "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East" that I fully realized how imperative was the mandate he obeyed.

Slavery he hated because it represented violence and pain; if war represented more of these, then war was the greater evil and liberty was not to be sought by sword and cannon. So he stood for peaceable secession as against blood-cemented union.

An unshrinking and uncompromising apostle of his ideas, he was not an indiscriminating partisan as concerned persons. Whoever it might be from whom he must differ, whom he must criticize, at the same time he never failed to indicate that person's acceptable thought, never failed to concede his good qualities, to explain his taking a given attitude rather than to denounce him for that attitude. He would not deny to any one comradeship and opportunity because of race, because of nationality or lesser organization. With him, human rights did not depend upon "belonging"; as a Freethinker who knew why he was a Freethinker, he held all badges and labels of exclusiveness and exclusion as symbols of servitude and shame, as the stigmata of disgrace and degradation.

He was tender, loving, emotional. Art in all its forms appealed to him far more strongly than did nature outside of man. He knew the composers, singers, instrumentalists, painters, play-

house folk, wherever he went. The old Methodist hymns never lost their charm, while the bare walls of the Protestant house of worship repelled. We catch many glimpses of the esthetic passion of the man. Here is one: It is a Sunday in England with some distinguished Liberal friends in their home, and the only religious service has been the rendering of the whole of Handel's "Messiah" on the piano, without words. I quote (Auto. ii, 156):

"It was a beautiful day; the low windows opened on the flower garden and the landscape dressed in living green and blossoming trees. There we sat, souls who had passed through an era of storm and stress and left all prophetic and Messianic beliefs, but found in the oratorio hymns of an earth in travail."

#### Growing Radicalism

So he was one from whom religious garments dropped slowly, yet ceaselessly, bit by bit, in apprehension and pain. But if his advance was gradual, still it was more swift than that of his congregations, for ever and anon a conservative wing would go off and start anew in the hope of preserving some dogma threatened by his growing radicalism. Wherever he was, he was a storm-centre of thought.

He could learn, even against his hot zeal and prejudices, and continued to learn to the last hour of his life. Emerson gave the first impetus to his "Earthward Pilgrimage," while the rugged Carlyle and the lucid Francis William Newman and Kingdon Clifford probably were next in order of influence, Carlyle in particular cutting through

the transcendental cobwebs that impeded the freest movement of his mind. Spencer, one of his first friends in England; Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, and others of the great evolutionists of that epoch, contributed largely to his training and equipment.

The part that a long heredity may play in the development of the temperament and mentality of a man no less than in his physique is not to be ignored. Moncure Daniel Conway was born in Stafford County, in Northern Virginia, fifteen miles from Falmouth, March 3, 1832. He was a blend of the Conways, Daniels, Peytons, Moncures, Washingtons, Browns, Stones, and other early Virginia and Maryland families. The first Conways in Virginia came in 1640; the first Moncures, French Huguenots, by way of Scotland, in 1733. The Peytons, well known in England, intermarried with the Washingtons. The Browns, from Scotland, were in Maryland in 1708; the Stones, in 1649. The Catholic proprietor of Maryland, Lord Baltimore, made William Stone governor, because he wanted a Protestant who would be just as between Catholics and Protestants. Thomas Stone was a signer of the Declaration. The mother of Dr. Conway was a Daniel; the first of the American branch were in Virginia in 1634. The members of all these families were educated men and women, severally prominent in the social, professional, religious, political, judicial, and material life of the two colonies, later states. Conway says (Auto. i, 6):

“Sir Francis Galton’s works on Heredity put before me in a new form the catechetical question,

'Who made you?' Only when I was beginning to turn grey was any curiosity awakened in me to know how it was that I should carry the names of three large families into association with religious and political heresies unknown to my contemporary Virginians except as distant horrors. Who, then, made me?"

#### Sources of Conway's Skepticism

Then he tells how, when he was a boy of twelve, he overheard his grandfather, John Moncure Conway, say to his brother-in-law, "I can not believe that the father of mankind would send any human being into this world knowing that he would be damned." Of this grandfather again:

"One Sunday when leaving his office for dinner he saw a gentleman angrily bundled out of the only inn in the place because he had devoted the morning to a walk instead of going to church; he took the 'Sabbath-breaker' to his house and entertained him several days. The guest was A. Bronson Alcott, the Emersonian philosopher, who told me the story."

And there was capacity for untraditional thought on the other side of the house. His mother's uncle, Walter Daniel, left a Bible with a marginal note in his writing beside Judges i, 19, "The Lord was with Judah; and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain [hill country, Conway renders it]; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." The comment was: "Not omnipotent after all!" His great-great-grandfather, John Moncure, for twenty-six years rector of the parish of Overwharton, one evening had his game of



whist interrupted by a deputation of farmers requesting that he would next day pray for rain. He said at once, "Yes, I'll read the prayer, but it isn't going to rain till the moon changes" (Auto. i, 7).

Upon all of which Conway comments: "Can I not pick my skeptical soul out of these old people?" As concerned the slavery question, he had good precedents in his family, for his great-grandfather, Travers Daniel, presiding justice of Stafford county, was a strong emancipationist, and would have freed his slaves had not the laws of Virginia stood in the way. He imported from England in his own ship window curtains "representing Granville Sharp striking chains from negroes, and displayed them about his house," to the disturbance of mind of his neighbors.

The independent strain in the blood showed in another way. His father, "a gay and handsome youth of high social position," joined the then lowly Methodists, to the horror of *his* father. A brief estrangement ensued, and this "touch of martyrdom" brought to the young convert's side three of his sisters and two of his brothers. "Thus it was that our family became Methodist—the first of good social position in our region belonging to that sect."

#### Methodism of Earlier Years

In the close atmosphere of the strictest Methodism the boy Moncure passed his early years—two sermons on Sunday, Sunday school, only religious reading permitted on that day, even the fourth page of the Christian Advocate being barred, as it was literary and scientific; two prayer

meetings a week in the basement of his father's house, where his cultivated parents knelt together with the illiterate and unkempt who made up the membership of the new sect. "Every Sunday an hour was found for us—white and black children together—to be taught by my mother the catechism and listen to careful selections from the Bible. In some way this equal treatment of slaves got out, and some officious men came with a report that my mother was teaching negroes to read, which was illegal. It was not true, but it was prudent to avoid even the suspicion of such an offense in the house of a magistrate; so the mixed teaching ceased" (Auto. i, 21).

His parents' home was a headquarters for preachers. "Two of the most pious," he says, "were discovered to be impostors, but the majority were honest, hell-fearing men."

He attended Dickerson College, Carlisle, Pa., from which he was graduated when three months past seventeen. Once while there he and his brother and the other Southern students had their belongings packed to go home, their pro-slavery sensibilities having been roughly touched, as they thought; but the storm blew over. He started and edited a collegiate paper, and also was "converted" while there. He characterizes an address of his given at that time as a specimen of "the eloquence of inexperience," and adds that he felt "the burden of youth."

Going home, he found his father and uncle the respective lay leaders in Virginia of the divided Methodist church, split on the rock of slavery.

He joined a Southern Rights Association, wrote for the Southern Literary Messenger, and other Virginia papers, gave his first lecture, outside of college, when eighteen (the subject was "Panththeism") and studied law. "My scrap-book of crudities," he calls his collection of his effusions of this period. Just now some of Emerson's writings came in his way and added to the ferment in his mind, as did a work of Hawthorne's, a series of essays by Greeley, and a volume of Patent Office Reports. They helped to open to him a new industrial, intellectual, and ethical world, as did debates in Congress to which he listened. He wrote a pamphlet on the negro separate-origin theory, but it was not published. To the Constitutional Convention of Virginia (1850) he addressed a pamphlet urging free schools and compulsory education. His uncle printed 500 copies for him at the reduced price of \$50, a heavy strain on his literary earnings, and he gave them away to newspapers, ministers, professors, and public men. Troubled by Greeley's letters from Virginia to the Tribune, he wrote to that paper and Greeley replied editorially: "Never will Virginia's white children be generally schooled until her black ones shall cease to be sold. Our friend may be sure of this." This was in Conway's nineteenth year, and Greeley's prediction was stamped indelibly on his brain.

#### **His Plunge Into the Ministry**

Abandoning the law when prepared for admission to the bar, and giving up excellent prospects of a good position in Richmond journalism, he plunged into the Methodist ministry, preach-

ing his first sermon when just past nineteen. Riding the circuit, with Emerson, Coleridge, and Newman beside the Bible in his saddle-bags, he read and thought in the silence of the woods, and the result was that while he preached with fervor, he already was on his Earthward Pilgrimage. After a sermon in his home town of Falmouth, his Methodist father said with a laugh: "One thing is certain, Monc—should the devil ever aim at a Methodist preacher, you'll be safe." On this circuit, he encountered the Quakers, and was deeply impressed by their high character and the happiness of their lives. He corresponded with Emerson, read more widely, thought more deeply, grew more and more heretical in religion and politics, and entered Boston, February 26, 1853, as a student at Harvard Divinity School. He notes that at the hotel where he stopped "they have prayers morning and night, at which a piano with eolian addition is used."

His father could not conscientiously support his son at a Unitarian school, but he managed to make his way, the pay he received for playing the organ in the college chapel helping him a little.

"'Twas one of the charmed days  
When the genius of God doth flow,"

he writes of May 3, 1853, when he first met Emerson. Then commenced the intimate friendship which lasted to the end. Next he met Thoreau, and after that all the Unitarian and Abolitionist leaders, Agassiz, and the poets and prose masters of the Golden Age of New England culture. From the Rev. Jared Sparks, the historian, he first learned that Thomas Paine was a man

to be respected. In his Senior year he preached in Boston and other cities. In September, 1854, he went to Washington on the invitation of the Unitarian church there, one of the most important in the country, and became its pastor in his twenty-third year, which indicates his standing in Boston. Chief Justice Cranch of the District of Columbia, who had held his official position for fifty-four years, was a member of the Washington church. Conway delivered the funeral discourse and it was published by the society, making it one of the earliest items of the Conway bibliography.

#### Enthusiasm for "Leaves of Grass"

In 1855 Emerson called Conway's attention to "Leaves of Grass," then first published, and in September Conway visited Whitman in what was then "farther Brooklyn." Whitman told Conway that he was the first one who had visited him on account of his book. I can not forbear to quote a little here:

"Here too was a revelation of human realms of which my knowledge had been mainly academic. Even while among the humble Methodists, the pious people I knew were apart from the world, and since then I had moved among scholars or persons of marked individuality. Except the negroes, I had known nothing of the working masses. But Whitman—as I have known these many years—knew as little of the working class practically as I did. He had gone about among them in the disguise of their own dress, and was perfectly honest in his supposition that he had entered into their inmost nature. The Quaker

training tends to such illusion; it was so in the case of Thomas Paine, who wrote transcendental politics and labeled it 'Common Sense.' . . . My enthusiasm for 'Leaves of Grass' . . . was a sign and symptom that the weight of the world had begun to roll on me. In Methodism my burden had been metaphysical—a bundle of dogmas. The world at large was not then mine; for its woes and wrongs I was not at all responsible; they were far from me, and no one ever taught me that the world was to be healed, except at the millennium. The only evils were particular ones: A was a drunkard, B a thief, C a murderer, D had a cancer, and so on. When I escaped from the dogmatic burden, and took the pleasant rationalistic Christ on my shoulders, he was light as the babe St. Christopher undertook to carry across the river. But the new Christ became Jesus, was human, and all humanity came with him—the world-woe, the temporal evil and wrong. I was committed to deal with actual, visible, present hells instead of an invisible one in a possible future. Such was now my contract, and to bear the increasing load there was no divine vicar" (Auto. i, 218).

This marks a most important step in the Earthward Pilgrimage.

#### **In Behalf of Negro Education**

In conjunction with Samuel M. Janney, the leading Quaker of Virginia, he framed a petition to the Virginia legislature asking for the repeal of the law which forbade the teaching of slaves to read: "a private reply came from a leading member of the legislature, declaring that no such

petition could be read in that body." A similar answer came from North Carolina to Daniel Goodloe.

During the first presidential campaign of the Republican party, when Fremont was the standard-bearer, Conway's Washington church went to pieces over the slavery issue and he was dismissed by a bare majority, because he would not be silent on that vital question.

He now accepted an invitation to the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati (1856). Buchanan had defeated Fremont; two days after the inauguration, the Supreme Court gave the famous Dred Scott decision. It was a fruitful city and a momentous period for Conway. Earnest friends of his, either within or outside his church, were such men as Judge (later Governor) Hoadley, Judge Stallo—both historically placed as Freethinkers—Alphonso Taft, Stanley Matthews, and many others prominent in learning and position. He threw himself with ardor into every form of literary and artistic life, writing criticisms of "the classical concerts, the picture exhibitions, the operas, and plays." "At Cincinnati, I seemed for the first time to know something of all America." Here he found remnants of the colonies and other reminders of the work of George Rapp, Robert Owen, and Frances Wright. He read Frances Wright's "A Few Days in Athens" and her lectures, and "many a time," he says, "joined in the pilgrimages to her tomb." At Yellow Spring, Horace Mann had founded Antioch College, the first to educate men and women together. Mann was a Unitarian and

the greatest educator of his time, but he was frantic because of Dr. T. L. Nichols's radical community called "Memnona." He feared it would corrupt and bring disaster to his co-educational school. In 1860, Conway reviewed in his "Dial" Dr. Nichols's "Esperanza—the Land of Hope: A Work Written on the Gospel of Free Love," and with his ever-keen instinct for justice, took all pains to discover the facts concerning "Memnona," long a thing of history only, and he wrote tolerantly of principles which were new and largely antipathetic to him. Dr. Mann had characterized "Memnona" as "the superfetation of diabolism upon polygamy." Conway pointed out that, contrary to this prejudiced view, the asceticism and celibacy inaugurated there had carried Dr. Nichols and seven other leading members into the Roman church, one being at that time a nun in Cuba.

Among his correspondence, Conway found a letter from Modern Times, New York. "It seemed to come from some place in Bunyan's dreamland," he comments. Answering his inquiry, a friend in New York city wrote that it was "a village on Long Island founded on the principle that each person shall mind his or her own business"; upon which he satirically observes that "the place seemed even more mythical than before." At the first opportunity he went to Modern Times, made the acquaintance of Josiah Warren and his associates, and in his "Autobiography" he gives us several pages of chatty and kindly description of his visit and a summary of the principles of Warren. This was in keeping—wherever he went



throughout his life he sought out the Divergent no less than the Convergent, and gathered at first hand his materials for analysis and conclusion.

In 1857 or 8, his first book, "Facts for Today," was published.

At Cincinnati, his opening sermon was a plea for liberty for the slave, for reason, and for happiness as against Protestant asceticism. He demanded for woman freedom and occupation; for the unfortunate, a hospital for inebriates, and foundling hospitals, and homes for other social victims. "So did I confront the wealth and conservatism of my church, and they stood by me from first to last." In preparing for work along some of these lines, he was in consultation with Archbishop Purcell of the Roman Catholic church, who, remarks Conway, confirmed "my assertion that it was not sensuality that led women into vice, but that the want of lucrative occupation left them no alternatives but physical or moral suicide." He lectured for the Catholic St. Nicholas Institution, for the Turners, the Jewish societies, the actors, and filled evening appointments in a vacant Methodist pulpit.

In the Western Unitarian Conference of 1858 (he was now 26), he was intrusted with the preparation of the manifesto on slavery, and his declaration was adopted, reversing the "timid resolution of three years before." It caused the withdrawal of the strong St. Louis delegation. The incident created much comment, and he was described as an "ambitious agitator." In reply, he said to his people that "inhumanity in man or nation must always prove a demon of unrest." "A

legend on which twenty-three years later I published a volume then first arose before me as a prophecy: 'That fable of the Wandering Jew shall be dread reality to the heart which knowingly drives from its threshold the Christ who falls there in the form of those who now bear the cross of wrong and oppression, and toil up the weary hills of life to their continual crucifixion' (Auto. i, 275).

"A little recrudescence of prejudice against the Jews" carried Conway into the papers in their defense, and this made the Jews his friends, "and important friends they were," he avers; and he speaks of Rabbis Wise and Lilienthal as able and progressive leaders.

#### Emerson, Darwin, and Evolution

His literary studies were extending and his enthusiasm therein was increasing as that decade neared its end, while the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" freshened an interest in evolution that had been created by Emerson in 1853, when the latter had spoken of "the electric word pronounced by John Hunter a hundred years ago—'arrested and progressive development'—indicating the way upward from the invisible protoplasm to the highest organism—gave the poetic key to natural science—of which the theories of Geoffrey St. Hilaire, of Oken, of Goethe, of Agassiz, and Owen and Darwin [Erasmus] in zoology and botany, are the fruits showing unity and perfect order in physics." The suggestion of John Hunter, which Emerson had condensed into the phrase, "arrested and progressive development," was in these words:

“If we were capable of following the progress of increase of number of the parts of the most perfect animal, as they formed in succession, from the very first to its state of full perfection, we should probably be able to compare it to some of the incomplete animals themselves of every order of animals in creation, being at no stage different from some of those inferior orders; or in other words, if we were to take a series of animals, from the more imperfect to the perfect, we should probably find an imperfect animal corresponding with some stage of the most perfect.”

When, in 1883, Conway showed this to Huxley and Tyndall, they were startled that Emerson should have discovered this very early anticipation of the theory of Natural Selection. In his *Dial* for October, 1860, Conway points out that “our popular Christianity has not fulfilled the law of the higher formation. It must everywhere sum up all the preceding formations, and lose none of their contributions, as the animal generations are summed up in the forehead of man.” He adds in his “Autobiography”:

“It was to be twenty-five years before I discovered that the function of Human Selection was to take the place of Natural Selection, and develop the Calibans into beauty, but also that it was possible for man to develop himself and his world downward.”

It is not to be presumed that Dr. Conway meant to be understood as saying that human selection is *not* natural selection; he intended only to distinguish human from pre-human selection.

In 1859. Conway delivered lectures against

supernaturalism and the orthodox idea of God that shocked a part of his congregation and led to the secession later of a considerable number of the conservatives, who organized a new society. They could endure his political and other secular heresies, but when he laid profaning hands on the Ark of the Covenant of their primal superstitions, they were panic-stricken. This was another demonstration of the fact that, no matter what "reforms" may interest a man, you never can be sure of him until his brain has been cleared of the sediment of the religious flood; for until that hour comes he may at any moment pass back under the dominion of the fears that, together with wonder, lie at the foundations of all cults of supernaturalism.

Speaking of "superstition," I know of no better definition than that given by Conway himself in his book, "Republican Superstitions"—"A superstition is any belief not based upon evidence."

#### **His Vindication of Paine**

During the years immediately preceding the civil war, Conway sometimes attended the Sunday afternoon meetings of the small society of "Infidels." Listening from a quiet corner to the speeches and discussions of these earnest partisans, Conway learned much concerning Paine, which led to his discovery of very much more in his further unprejudiced investigations. The clerical fictions about Paine which had been poured into his ears in his youth now reminded him "that towers may be measured by the shadow they cast." The immediate fruit of his researches was a sermon on Paine, January 29,

1860. The announcement crowded the church. He had feared that some of his congregation might be disturbed, but instead he received a request to publish the address. The request was "signed by many eminent and wealthy citizens, some of whom did not belong to my congregation." Thereafter the Freethinkers frequented his church, and Moreau dedicated one of his works to Conway "as the first who had ever uttered from a pulpit a word favorable to Paine." Conway's address was printed under the title, "Thomas Paine. A Celebration."

From this period on there rested in Conway's mind the purpose sometime to place Paine in the right light in the eyes of the world. This purpose he put into splendid effect when he wrote the *Life of Paine* (2 vols., 1892), compiled and edited *Paine's Works* (4 vols., 1893-1896), and prosecuted further researches in the succeeding years, some of the results of which were made known through the Liberal press and other publications from time to time. It is quite probable that if there shall be posthumous publication of the papers embodying the results of the labors of the last years of Conway's life there will be revealed more of these treasures.

But the little group in Cincinnati did something more for Conway and through him for the world. I quote from page 305, vol. I, of the "Autobiography":

"My vindication of Paine and its unexpected success was felt by the Freethinkers in Cincinnati as a vindication of themselves also, and I felt it my opportunity for grappling with what

I considered their errors. My Theism was not indeed of the Paine type—I had passed from all dynamic Theism to the Theism evolved from Pantheism by the poets—but I found that in criticising the opinions of these Atheists I had undertaken a difficult task. Several of them—I remember the names of Colville, Miller, and Pickles—were shrewd disputants and steadily drove me to reconsider the basis of my beliefs. I entered upon a severely logical statement of the corollaries of Theism. In a course of discourses, I had rejected supernaturalism, to the distress of a third of my congregation, this being the first time that simple Theism had invaded any Western pulpit.

“That, however, was less disturbing than the sermon on ‘God,’ in which I maintained that the creation and government of the universe by an omnipotent and omniscient deity was inconsistent with any free will. I affirmed that the so-called free agency of man was a much over-rated notion. I contended that what theologians called the Will of God was a misconception; an all-wise and morally perfect deity could have no freedom. There can be but one very best, and to that he must adhere; the least deviation from it would undeify him.”

And so another stage was traveled on the Earthward Pilgrimage!

#### On the Eve of Civil War

The clouds of civil war were throwing out their advance columns in 1859, and the land already was darkening with the shadows of coming death. John Brown’s raid on Harper’s Ferry

and his capture and execution well-nigh closed all ears to the counsels of reason. In his sermon of October 23, Conway said that Brown had been driven into madness by the murder of his sons in Kansas, perverting devotion to the principle of liberty into a morbid monomania. He thanked God that one man could go crazy for an idea, arraigned the nation for its crime against the negro, and declared that the Abolitionists, being non-resistants, would "denounce the methods" of Brown. He himself described the action of Brown as "worse than a crime—a blunder." But he had not fully taken into account the contagiousness of violence. After the sermon, Judge Stallo took him to his home and "argued earnestly" against his view and his "extreme peace principles." And anti-slavery men in the East—Garrison, Emerson, for examples—also were carried off their feet. On the other side, in Virginia, Governor Wise "raised a molehill into a volcano." The pro-slavery government at Washington used the raid as an indictment of the abolitionists, and "the canonization by them of Brown as a hero and martyr became inevitable." Neither side realized the situation of the other, nor could, for passion and panic blurred all eyes. Conway confesses with shame that "the enthusiasm and tears of [his] anti-slavery comrades" swept him from his solid anchorage, confused the calm judgment that dictated the discourse of October 23; the execution of Brown, on December 2, hurling against him the last wild wave of reason-dethroning emotion. "I did not indeed retract my testimony

against the method of bloodshed, except by implication.”

Three months later came James Redpath's "The Public Life of Captain John Brown." Redpath was a friend and follower of Brown, but there was enough in the book to set Conway to inquiring. Part of the result of this inquiry was given form in the novel, "Pine and Palm" (1887), where "Captain Brown (alias Gideon) figures in a light that could not please his admirers, but it is better than I could find for him now when, reading his career by the light of subsequent history, I am convinced that few men ever wrought so much evil.

#### John Brown's Victims

"On either side of the grave of a largely imaginary Brown wrathful Northerners and panic-stricken Southerners were speedily drawn up into hostile camps, and the only force was disarmed that might have prevented the catastrophe that followed. Up to that time the anti-slavery agitation had marched on the path of peace, and every year had brought further assurance of a high human victory in which South and North would equally triumph. But now we were all Brown's victims—even we anti-slavery men, pledged to the methods of peace. In my sermon already quoted on Brown's death, I did entreat that we should all 'do a manly Christian part in the development of his deed, and in controlling it lest it pass out of the lawful realm of the Prince of Peace,' but the plea was lost under my homage to the insanity of a man who had set the example of lynching slaveholders. Too



late I repented. For other anti-slavery men there might be some excuse; at least it appears to me now that there had remained in nearly every Northern breast, however liberal, some unconscious chord which Brown had touched, inherited from the old Puritan spirit and faith in the God of War. I had been brought up in no such faith, but in the belief that evil could be conquered only by the regeneration of the evil-doer."

I quote so much here because it throws a flood of light on the psychology and exalted ethics of Conway, and explains his attitude as the leading advocate of policies antithetical to those of the administration of Lincoln. And do I need to suggest that there is in all this a solemn lesson for the radicals of today who have to deal with almost infinitely more nicely balanced and terrible forces, potent for peace or slaughter as a careless breath or hand-touch shall determine?

How rapidly this clergyman was leaving behind him the orthodoxy of his church is indicated in this paragraph of his "Autobiography," which immediately follows the one just quoted:

"I had, however, been influenced by my youthful optimism to adopt the doctrine of a deity that 'shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' When civil war began to threaten the country, I did, indeed, modify my divinity. With some satisfaction I find in the Cincinnati Inquirer a letter signed 'A Soldier of the Constitution,' written after hearing one of my sermons, which says: 'Any man professing to be a Christian minister, who classes Jehovah, the

Christian's God, in the same category with Mars and Jupiter, and Odin, the barbarous and licentious creations of a heathen imagination, and says, as did Mr. Conway, that our God of Battles is no better than these pagan deities, should be indicted under the statute against blasphemy, if there be one in your state laws.'"

### **The Dial and Its Contributors**

The wide discussion provoked by his theological and philosophical heresies had its inevitable outcome in the establishment of a monthly of his own, *The Dial*, which appeared in January, 1860, and which expired at the end of the year, killed by the civil war. The prefatory word was remarkably fine, I think, especially in its symbolry of the floral dial. This is the closing paragraph:

"The *Dial* stands before you, reader, a legitimation of the Spirit of the Age, which aspires to be free—free in thought, doubt, utterance, love, and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolized not so much by the sun-clock in the yard, as by the floral dial of Linnaeus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others—it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing up of old superstitions and evils; it would be a *Dial* measuring time by growth."

The magazine "was well received"; "it had a large subscription list—the Jews especially interesting themselves—and received good notices from the press." The one of these that moved him most was in the *Ohio State Journal*, and he

soon learned that it was written by a very young man, William Dean Howells. In a few days they met, and became lifelong friends. Emerson, Howells, Orson Murray, Frothingham, were among the contributors, as was our old radical of North Carolina, Dr. M. E. Lazarus, who usually used his second name, Edgeworth, in writing for the press.

Almost my last communication from Dr. Conway was the request to find for him a volume of *The Dial*; which I succeeded in doing, after an extended search. But, alas! he stopped, in his beloved Paris, before it could reach his hand.

#### Idolatry of the Union

Conway heard Lincoln say in a speech in Cincinnati in 1859 that "slavery is wrong," and that "the government is expressly charged with the duty of providing 'for the general welfare.' We believe that the spreading out and perpetuity of the institution of slavery impairs the general welfare." The words "and perpetuity" had new and startling meaning for Conway, and he printed them in capitals in *The Dial* and voted for Lincoln. "It was the only vote I ever did cast for a president, having in Washington had no vote and in the later years no faith in any of the candidates or in the office" (*Autob.* i, 318).

But when Lincoln in his inaugural said he had no objection to a proposed amendment to the Constitution which had just passed the Congress, that amendment forbidding any amendment which would authorize the Congress to abolish any state institution, including slavery,

Conway and others were shocked. To him the "idolatry of the Union" "was inconceivable except as a commercial interest." He had no particular sentiment for the South as a section. "My enthusiasm had been for slavery, and it had turned into an enthusiasm for humanity which naturally sympathized with Garrison; the Union appeared to me an altar on which human sacrifices were offered—not merely in the millions of negroes, but even more in the peace and harmony of the white nation. I hated violence more than slavery, and, much as I disliked President Buchanan, thought him right in declining to coerce the seceding states."

The idea of a Union preserved by arms with slavery untouched was abhorrent to him and to such jurists as Stallo, Hoadley, and Alphonso Taft, and the anti-slavery leaders in the East, and he says that such utterances as this, from his first sermon after the fall of Sumter, expressed their convictions no less than his: "The American arms can win no victory nor conquer any peace which shall not be the victory of humanity from the wrongs that degrade and afflict humanity. In the Promethean games of Greece those who ran in the races all bore lighted torches, and he won the race who reached the goal first with his torch still lighted. If he reached the goal with his torch extinguished he lost the day. It was not, therefore, the swiftest racers who won the prize. Indeed, the swiftest were more apt to have their torches put out by the wind. It is thus with the contest on the American arena. Our true prize cannot be won

by getting the better of the South in an appeal to arms. What if, when we reach the goal, the torch of Liberty intrusted to America to bear in the van of nations be extinguished! What if, by some dishonorable treaty with this or that [border] state, which would be a good ally in war, we have pledged ourselves to continue enslavers of men, and come to claim the prize with the light of that sacred torch lost!" (Auto. i, 326.)

### His Plan to Abolish Slavery

Conway went to Washington and found his old church used as a depository of arms. "So had repelled light returned as lightning." He talked with his old friends, Rev. Dr. Furness and Senator Sumner, who "both trusted a good deal in God," he says. "I said that I had heard all my life that God would end slavery 'in his own good time,' but I had learned from history that when reformation was left to God he brought it about with hell-fire. That, I urged, was just our peril, and it could be averted only by using the natural weapon of liberty—namely, liberty itself. I knew slavery and slaveholders well; if the President and Congress should at once declare every slave in America free, every Southerner would have to stay at home and guard his slaves. There could be no war. We could then pay all the owners with the cost of the army for one month. Furness and Sumner earnestly accepted my doctrine, and Sumner begged me to devote myself to spreading it through the North and West" (Auto. i, 330).

This he did, and his maintenance of this

tion in Ohio led the irreconcilable Clement L. Vallandigham to say of him:

"It seems to us that about three months in Fort McHenry, in a strait uniform, with frequent introductions to the accommodating institution called the town pump, and without the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus, would have a tendency to improve the gentleman mentally and, for a while, at least, rid the community of a nuisance" (Auto. i, 338).

In a few months this "honest fanatic"—Conway's kindly description—was himself in prison as a traitor.

The Republic of Hayti asked for diplomatic relations; Washington, by Seward, answered that a black minister could not be received. Conway says:

"Then there arose before me as if in letters of flame—"The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.

"'And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder.'

#### His "Rejected Stone"

"Then I set myself to write the little book entitled, 'The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia.'"

The rejected stone was Justice.

The book had a tremendous circulation, and was reviewed by the whole press. A large edition was printed for distribution among the soldiers, Conway gladly relinquishing his royalty on these tens of thousands.

General Fremont, in Missouri, had proclaimed confiscate the property of those found in arms against the United States, "and their slaves, if any they have, are declared freemen." The proclamation sent a thrill of joy through the North, but the President canceled the proclamation and soon relieved Fremont of Southern command.

A vast indignation meeting was held in Cincinnati, Judge Stallo presiding. Conway's speech at this meeting so excited the New York Herald that it demanded his suppression by the government as a "reverend traitor." The gist of the passage in which The Herald found treason is in these lines:

"A decree that this government ignores the relation of slavery ends the war. There is from that moment no army in the South, but a home-guard."

Conway lectured in Washington early in 1862 and Sumner suggested that he call on the President, which he did in company with W. H. Channing, who had succeeded him in the Washington pulpit. The interview with Lincoln was prolonged and earnest, but neither could convince the other.

Proceeding from Washington to Boston, the literary men, including Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whipple, Fields, gave him a grand dinner at the Parker House. The next day, Emerson went over with him his forthcoming lecture before the Emancipation League. Its title was "The Golden Hour" and it was soon brought out in book form. Emerson adopted Conway's idea, already set forth, that slavery was the commis-

sariat of the Southern army, embodied it in his own coming lecture, "American Civilization," giving due credit, and it appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, April, 1862.

The President, so Senator Sumner informed him, would give him a consulate if he desired it—"which I did not," he says.

At the Western Unitarian Conference at Detroit, May, 1862, Conway offered this resolution:

"That in this conflict the watchword of our nation and our church and our government should be, Mercy to the South; death to slavery."

It was unanimously adopted.

#### **An Incident at the Conway Home.**

It is interesting to know that the portrait of the heretical and seditious son saved from destruction the old home in Virginia. His father was in Fredericksburg, his two brothers away in the Confederate ranks, and the house in charge of the slaves. As a detachment of Union soldiers was marching by a shot was fired from a window of Conway House or a corner of the yard and a man was wounded. It was never known who fired the shot. The soldiers were furious and began breaking up the furniture preparatory to destroying the house. But a youth who had known Conway in Washington caught sight of his portrait hanging in the mother's bedroom and cried to the others to stop. "The servants were called in and were much relieved when they found that it was to speak of my portrait. Old Eliza cried, 'It's Mars' Monc, the preacher, as good abolitionist as any of you!'"



This Conway House at Falmouth became a hospital and here, for a time, Walt Whitman nursed the soldiers, the second time that his path and Conway's had converged.

#### His Father's Slaves Taken North

After much difficulty, Conway got a pass to go down into Virginia and bring up his father's slaves, all within the Union lines, but before starting he found that they had got away and were quartered in a small house in Georgetown. How to get them into Ohio, where he purposed colonizing them, was a very serious problem. But finally he triumphed over all difficulties, the most grave being the Confederate mob in Baltimore by which they were surrounded and menaced for three hours while waiting for a train to the West, after being transported across the hostile city by the help of local free negroes.

"At length, much to my relief, the ticket-agent appeared at the window. I saw that, like the other officials, he was angry, but he was a fine-looking Marylander. He turned into flint as I approached; and when I asked the price of tickets, he said sharply, 'I can't let those negroes go on this road at any price.' I knew that he would have to let them go, but knew also that he could make things very uncomfortable for us. I silently presented my military order to the disagreeable and handsome agent, and he began to read it. He had read but two or three words of it when he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'The paper says that these are your father's slaves.' 'They are,' I replied. 'Why, Sir, they would bring a good deal

of money in Baltimore!' 'Possibly,' I replied. Whereupon (moved, probably, by supposing that I was making a great sacrifice) he said, 'By God, you shall have every car on this road if you want it.'

So the seventy negroes were taken to Ohio and settled at Yellow Spring, where they did well.

In September, 1863, appeared the Boston Commonwealth. It was financed by wealthy anti-slavery Republicans and edited by Moncure D. Conway and Frank B. Sanborn. It was on the best terms with Garrison's Liberator, paid attention to literature, and in its columns several young writers made their bows to the public, among these being Louisa Alcott.

Conway rejoiced in the President's emancipation proclamation, limited as was its field. "But," he mournfully writes, "when our ecstasy had passed, some of us perceived that while freedom had got a paper proclamation, the cannon-ball proclamation had gone to slavery. The anti-slavery generals were in the North; the military posts where slaves might become free were under military generals or governors notoriously hostile to emancipation. The three generals who had proclaimed freedom to the slaves in their departments—Fremont, Phelps, and Hunter—had all been removed, and to the slaves these removals were pro-slavery proclamations which they understood, while this of the New Year they could not read even if it were allowed to reach them."

Among the most effective obstructionists was

Stanley, an old politician of North Carolina, appointed military governor of the reconquered portion of that state. Boston sent a delegation to talk with the President, Wendell Phillips, Moncure Conway, and Elizur Wright being prominent members. The interview was amicable but resultless. On this visit, Conway preached to the Senate, having an audience of nearly 2,000 and pressing home his arguments for freedom for all.

"Complications with England were arising; our golden hour for ending at once both the war and slavery had passed." In February, Phillips suggested that Conway go to England to lecture for a few months and "persuade the English that the North is right." The proprietor of The Commonwealth agreed to give him \$1,000 for two letters a week; Phillips, Wright, Longfellow, and others raised \$700. He started in April, 1863, armed with a letter of introduction from Emerson to Carlyle, another from Geo. W. Curtis to Browning, several from Garrison to the anti-slavery leaders, while from Mr. and Mrs. George Stearns he carried a life-size bust of John Brown for Victor Hugo. In his diary, written on the steamship City of Washington, he says:

"I have brought along John Stuart Mill's new book on 'Liberty,' published in Boston the day I left. It is a book of wonderful truisms, of startling commonplaces. In reading it one feels that such a book should be in the course of college study everywhere, so axiomatic are the laws it states; and yet there is scarcely a state

on earth that would not be revolutionized by a practical adoption of its principles. Mr. Mill's views of social and individual liberty are in the direction of those stated by William von Humboldt in his 'Sphere and Duties of Government.' 'The grand, leading principle,' says Humboldt, 'towards which every argument unfolded in these pages directly converges, is the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity.'"

There is not time to follow Conway to England; to trace the footsteps of his thirty-years' pilgrimage there. Nor can I go with him now on his visit to the Wise Men of the East; nor let you get a glimpse of the rich treasures stored in such books of his as "Republican Superstitions," "The Wandering Jew," "Lessons for To-Day," "The Earthward Pilgrimage," "Idols and Ideals," "Travels in South Kensington," and the "Lives" of Hawthorne, Emerson, and Carlyle. Neither can I take you with me now into a score of other fields where I have spent so many delighted and instructed hours. All this must await the pleasure of Father Time and the great god Plutus; it is my hope to put into other papers a small part of what I have been compelled to leave out of this.

#### **An Ideal Biographer of Paine**

I think that you will agree with me that Moncure Daniel Conway was just the man that could have been expected to lift Thomas Paine again into the honoring gaze of his countrymen of the world; I think you will agree that he was a much more important figure in the ethical and

remorseless enough in the South—one who was asked if he had ever been in a certain Virginia town answered, 'Yes, I was there three weeks one Sunday'—but nowhere else in the world was I ever so waylaid and plundered by the Sabbath as in Honolulu."

Again: The missionaries—"Their theology alone might have been innocuous, for the Hawaiians could not have understood it; the moral system, the superstition that nudity is wicked, that gaiety and pleasure are offensive to God, and consequent changes in their ways of life—as Charles Darwin pointed out—these are the things fatal to tropical tribes. Dr. Titus M. Coan, quoted by Darwin in his 'Descent of Man,' says, 'The [Hawaiian] natives have undergone a greater change in their habits of life in fifty years than Englishmen in a thousand years.'"

Speaking of the distinguished English men and women who raised a fund to buy clothes for the native women of Australia, Conway says: "It was these pious prudes who killed off the Tasmanians. It was the belief of every scientific man I met that they all were attacked by tuberculosis soon after they put on clothing." Of a group of Australian natives: "Were it not for the filthy skins and blankets on which the British prudes insist, they would by no means be repulsive."

Of Australasian federation: "Where either individuals or states are fettered together, their movements must be that of the slowest; and the slowest is apt to be the colleague that refuses to move at all, unless backward. The more free

individuals, whether men or communities, the more chances for those variations from which higher forms are developed. The old shout of 'Liberty and Union, one and inseparable,' has a fine sound, but so has the prophecy of the lion and the lamb lying down together. The lamb will be inside the lion, and Liberty be devoured by over-centralization."

### Justice, Peace—and Farewell

I have said that the dominant note in Conway's message was the plea for peace, and so I cannot do better in closing than to give to you his latest suggestion and prayer, offered to us all in these simple and earnest words composing the last paragraphs of his Autobiography:

"And now at the end of my work, I offer yet a new plan for ending war—namely, that the friends of peace and justice shall insist on a demand that every declaration of war shall be regarded as a sentence of death by one people on another, and shall be made only after a full and formal judicial inquiry and trial, at which the accused people shall be fairly represented. This was suggested to me by my old friend, Professor Newman, who remarked that no war in history had been preceded by a judicial trial of the issue. The meanest prisoner can not be executed without a trial. A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences—it sentences a people to be slain and mutilated, their women to be widowed, their children orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed. The real motives of every declaration of war are unavowed and unavowable. Let them be dragged

