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FOOTBALL AND MANNERS.

MANY people have been disposed to consider our picture as to the effect of football on the manners as well as morals of its enthusiasts, as overdrawn, but the discussion over Hinkey is every day giving it strong support, and we commend this discussion to the careful consideration of parents. Hinkey is a young man of twenty-three, who will graduate next summer. He has been charged with a very serious offence—the form of cheating known as “slugging.” The old custom in Europe, and in later years in the South, was to meet such charges by fighting the person who made them. In later and more civilized times, the accused is expected to disprove them. In England, four years ago, Lord Durham charged Sir George Chetwynd with cheating in a race by having his horse “pulled.” Chetwynd had to answer or be ruled off the English race-courses. Arbitrators were accordingly appointed by the Jockey Club, and the parties appeared before them with their witnesses and some of the leading counsel of the English bar. Lord Durham proved his case, and Chetwynd disappeared from the turf.

Hinkey has never shown the slightest disposition to adopt any such course. The only defence he has produced is various declarations by his own friends that they have looked into the charges and found them false, or that “from inquiries they have made” they believe them to be false, or that the accuser is an infamous liar, or that football players, including Hinkey, are very honorable or religious men. The notion that it is the public, and not the Yale football men or Hinkey's private friends only, who need to be satisfied, does not seem to have occurred to them. What is wanted is proof, publicly offered, before some competent tribunal, in the presence of the other side, and subject to its cross-examination, that Hinkey did not on a certain date, in a certain match, “knee” a certain man. Thus far the proof offered by the accusers is overwhelmingly strong. A considerable number of honorable men say they saw it, though we believe on Hinkey's side hundreds are ready to swear they did not see it. But it all needs sifting by a court of some kind, and one of the objects of a college education is to make young men sensitive under charges of this nature, and eager for investigation. Any training which makes them shrink from such investigation, and meet imputations on their honor with abuse, or threats, or “cuss words,” fathers and mothers may rest assured, is bad.

That football seems to have some such effect may be readily gathered from the events of the last few weeks. It is only a week ago that a meeting of a Yale Alumni Association was held in Hartford, Conn. One of the principal persons present was a prominent New England clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Twichell. Not one word was said by him or any one else about the necessity of meeting

the charges against Hinkey in the way now customary among men of honor in the Northern States and in England. No one said Hinkey must clear himself. What Dr. Twichell said was that the charges “were calumnious and abominable,” and then a young man named Huntington, jr., declared that “if Hinkey would thrash the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, he would become the most popular man in the country.” The report does not record any protest against this language on the part of the clergyman, and it all ended in an invitation to Hinkey to a dinner. The whole scene was one which might well have been laid in South Carolina in the fifties, when we used to boil so over the Southern custom of “thrashing” critics. Who would have believed that such an illustration of manners and morals among college graduates would be possible in the heart of New England in the nineties, i. e. the presence of a divine? Well, nobody; at least nobody who did not foresee football. The other day in Florida, Mr. Metcalf, the former editor of the *Forum*, and now editor of the Jacksonville *Citizen*, was waited on by a local police commissioner and church member, who put a pistol to his head and threatened to kill him for some comments on his official conduct. We all said, particularly when the church took no notice of it, “How Southern!” But evidently we are not far from a similar state of things here if no means of abating the football mania can be discovered. Here is a young man who is supposed to have been learning to be modest, law-abiding, peaceable, reverent, patient, and honorable, in a richly endowed institution, and he is advised, in the presence of a pastor, to meet imputations on his character not with refutation, but with a big stick.

That the football mania leads naturally to such displays is not difficult to show. One of its defences, by a Yale professor, insists on the “absolute necessity of personal encounters of some sort to the education of young men, especially men the strongest character.” This is the doctrine under which before the war the manners of Southern young men were formed, and to it were universally ascribed the savage street fights and the quarrelsome and lawless temper which disgraced Southern society and filled the North with horror. Its production to-day by a New England teacher for the benefit of New England youths, shocking as it is, is the direct product of the football craze. The game, in the first place, or rather the preparation for it, greatly exalts physical strength and prowess, and does so at the time of a man's life when he is most susceptible to such influences. He finds fame and honor in rich measure in the possession of such qualities, displayed, not in any useful industry, but simply in knocking people about, throwing them down, rolling them over, kicking and “kneeing” them. This is not all, however,

or the worst. It is the one game in which loss of temper, or even desire to win, tempts constantly to the infliction of personal injury on one's opponents. It is the one game, too, in which such injury can be inflicted by an exasperated player with least chance of detection. The proposal to increase the number of umpires, and the presence of police on the ground, to prevent cheating, show how great the temptation to cheat by the use of unlawful violence is, and how difficult it is to prevent it. And no man can live long under this temptation without finding growing up within him a savage temper, an indifference to suffering, and a disposition to meet criticism with kicks and cuffs.

We have been surprised by the appearance, within thirty years of our war and within the shadow of Memorial Hall, of the assertion that football was a good preparation for modern warfare. But it is still more surprising that we should so soon have forgotten the effect on the slaveholder which we used to ascribe to the unrestrained power of “larruping” the negroes. There is nothing better established by history than that the practice of committing violence on the bodies of fellow-men has an extremely bad effect on manners, that it diminishes the respect for humanity, begets indifference to persuasion, and greatly increases the respect for simple muscle. The history of pugilism, of naval and military flogging, of slavery, of torture, all makes this lesson clear and impressive. That we should have to argue it all over again, and should witness illustrations of it in New York and New England in 1894, is surely most singular, and, to a student of human nature, most interesting.

DESCARTES AND HIS WORKS.

AN edition of all the writings of Descartes really does not exist. Every collection is incomplete, and gives only translations either of the French writings into Latin or of the Latin writings into French. The French ministry of public instruction has now assumed the duty of bringing out a worthy edition. M. Charles in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for November 15, considers what arches have to be made and how much can be expected from the new edition. In regard to Descartes himself and his philosophy, extremely little is to be expected. He is the subject of one of the best biographies that ever was written, that of Baillet, which has totally eclipsed an earlier one in Latin by Pierre Borel, containing some valuable information not in Baillet. The frontispiece of Baillet's book, by the way, is engraved from the admirable portrait, familiar to everybody at first or second hand, by Franz Hals, in the Louvre. That engraving, though not remarkable otherwise, is interesting as showing details which to day can hardly be made out in the original without something to call attention to them. As for Descartes's writings, it would not matter much now if they were all destroyed. He himself called his philosophy an application of his geometry; but rather the achievement lay in showing how mathematical reasoning was to be applied to philosophy. It was an idea so simple, so statuesque, that we all get the full bene-

fit of it though we never look into the original expression of it. Every educated man reads the “Discours de la Méthode”—most educated men the “Méditations”—at least, it was so when a college life was a literary, and not an athletic, life. But few philosophers are less pored over. A metaphysician will devote more time to the histories of Cartesianism by Bordes-Demoulin and Bouillier than to the simple words of its author.

Of course, whoever wishes to understand the history of science will pay a more minute attention to the details of the writings of Descartes, and also to his correspondence. And it may be that diligent research will yet bring to light letters by him and to him not altogether unimportant for the study of the intellectual status of his times. But not very much can be expected, even in that direction—certainly nothing comparable for an instant with the mine of historical information with which the new edition of Huygens is enriching the world. After all, it is no great hardship to have to read Descartes in the *Elzevirs*, and in the various volumes of *Opera postuma* and *inedita* which have been dribbling down to us during the past two centuries and a half.

Descartes's three dreams, which mark the beginning of his philosophical career, were dreamed November 10, 1619, and he died in February, 1650, during a visit to Queen Christina in Stockholm. He had carried with him to Sweden a chest containing those of his papers which he considered interesting, and while there had busied himself, at the Queen's command, with arranging them. After his death the papers in the chest were inventoried, and so were, separately, those which he had left behind in Holland. The inventory of the chest, given in brief form by Borel, was found not many years since in its original bad French among the papers of Christian Huygens. The other inventory we know nothing about, but it could have contained nothing valuable except letters; and the best of his letters were in the chest in Sweden. M. Adam clearly proves that there are only a few pages in that chest whose loss is to be regretted. The head of the house of Descartes, the elder brother of the great philosopher, looked upon him as the Squire du Perron, who was demeaning himself in an eccentric and scarcely dignified way in busying himself with science; and he readily made a present of the chest and its contents to the French ambassador in Sweden, M. Chanut. Chanut in turn gave it to his brother-in-law Clerselier, who published two volumes of posthumous writings. He intended to bring out a third, but died in 1684 without having done so, leaving the papers as a legacy to J. B. Legrand, together with 500 livres for whoever would undertake their publication. Legrand, in 1690, writes to a correspondent: “Je vous diray pour votre consolation, Monsieur, que tous les manuscrits de M. Descartes qui n'ont point été imprimés sont en ma possession, outre 120 lettres que j'ai recueillies de diverses personnes, sans parler des mémoires qui me sont venus de la part de sa famille.” There was a niece who seems to have conceived the idea that uncle René was rather a man to be proud of than otherwise; the more so as she looked upon his fame as an appanage of the family, a sort of addition to the coat of arms. The Abbé Legrand allowed Baillet the use of all the manuscripts. M. Adam suspects, on slight grounds, that Baillet's celebrated biography may be “at least in part” (which seems to us particularly weak, for it has certainly not been worked over unless possibly to render it more catholic) the

work of Legrand. Legrand, dying in 1704, left the papers and the 500 livres to a M. Marmion, who died the following year, bequeathing the papers and the 500 livres to the mother of the Abbé Legrand. Nothing more is known of their history.

One thing there was in that chest that human curiosity cannot but desire to see. Incidentally we may mention that the chest on its way to Paris was sunk in a river-boat, was recovered, and all the papers as well dried as might be, and that from them were printed some of the invaluable correspondence which is contained in the edition of Cousin (to mention the least rare book which contains the bulk of it). But the curiosity we mean is a blank book which Descartes began “Anno 1619, kalendis Januariis.” It began with a mathematical essay of eighteen leaves, entitled “Parnassus.” The conditions favorable to mathematical genius—the stuff of which it is made, was just at that instant in its most plastic state. One would be glad to see what it was that the man who, in a few months, was about to invent analytical geometry, then thought worthy of that ambitious title. Then “après six feuillets vides est un essai qui contient autres six feuillets, en prenant le liure d'un autre sens, les discours intitulés: *Olympica*.” Among those pieces was the narrative of the three dreams, not so very extraordinary in themselves, but producing an extraordinary impression upon Descartes. The inventory says that on the margin was written “11 Novembre cepi intelligere fundamentum inveni mirabilis.” But, according to Baillet, who had the book before him, there was a date, 10 Nov. 1619, in the text, and 11 Nov. 1620, in the margin. This affords an excellent touchstone for the precious simplicity of commentators. The writing, if we had it, would disclose how the marvellous discovery appeared to its author at its first conception, and before he began to think how to put it into a shape acceptable to the general public. Then, “reprentant le liure en droit sens,” two leaves of “quelques considérations sur les sciences.” Next, half a page of algebra. Then a few lines of *Democritica*. Then, again turning the book, five and one half leaves of *Experimenta*. Finally, four pages entitled, “*Præambula, initium sapientie est timor Domini*.” What a study for the psychologist would be there!

THE “MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY” A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

NEW YORK, December, 1894.

THE original manuscript of Thomas Paine's memorial, sent from his Luxembourg prison to Monroe, American Minister in Paris, is in possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison, London. I have recently compared it with the earliest and latest editions of the Memorial in England and America, and find that this very interesting document has never been really published in either country. I have no doubt that Mr. Morrison's MS. is the identical one written by Paine in prison. It bears evidence of preparation for the French translator in Paris, where alone it has appeared with any fulness. There are erasures of several passages, still quite legible, proper enough in the private Memorial, but which would not have been repeated in a copy for the press. It appeared in Paris with this long title:

“Mémoire de Thomas Payne, autographe et signé de sa main: adressé à M. Monroe, ministre des États-Unis en France, pour réclamer sa mise en liberté comme citoyen Américain, 10 Sept., 1794.

“Robespierre avait fait arrêter Th. Payne en 1793: il fut conduit au Luxembourg où le glaive fut longtemps suspendu sur sa tête. Après onze mois de captivité, il recouvra la liberté, sur la réclamation du ministre Américain—c'était après la chute de Robespierre. Il reprit sa place à la Convention, le 8 décembre, 1794 (18 frimaire an iii.)

“Ce mémoire contient des renseignements curieux sur la conduite politique de Th. Payne en France pendant la Révolution, et à l'époque du procès de Louis XVI. Ce n'est point, dit-il, comme Quaker qu'il ne vota pas la Mort du Roi, mais par un sentiment d'humanité, qui ne tenait à ses principes religieux.—VILLENAVE.”

Mathieu Guillaume Thérèse Villenave (born 1762) was a journalist. The date is not given, but the pamphlet appeared in 1795. It contains nearly all of the written Memorial, and a portrait of Paine “peint par Peil [Peale] à Philadelphie, dessiné par F. Bonneville, gravé par Sandoz.” The same picture is engraved in the American pamphlet (1796) containing the much-abridged Memorial, but beneath it, “Bolt sc. 1793.” In the latter pamphlet, published by “Benj. Franklin Bache, No. 113 Market Street,” extracts from the Memorial appear as an Appendix to the famous “Letter to George Washington.” About nine pages of the MS. are omitted, some of them perhaps by Bache, who had to consider the situation of the so-called “French Party” in America. This party might have been damaged by such a reminder of the wrongs of the Revolution as the subjoined sketch of a scene in the Convention, which has not been described by French or English historians, though briefly alluded to by Guizot and Louis Blanc. After stating that every American in Paris knew of his purpose to return to America so soon as a constitution was adopted in France, Paine continues:

“But it was not the Americans only, but the Convention also, that knew what my intentions were upon that subject. In my last discourse, delivered at the Tribune of the Convention, January 19, 1793, on the motion for suspending the execution of Louis XVI, I said (the Deputy Bancal read the translation in French): ‘It unfortunately happens that the person who is the subject of the present discussion is considered by the Americans as having been the friend of their revolution. His execution will be an affliction to them, and it is in your power not to wound the feelings of your ally. Could I speak the French language, I would descend to your bar, and in their name become your petitioner to respite the execution of the sentence.’—As the Convention was elected for the express purpose of forming a constitution, its continuance cannot be longer than four or five months more at furthest; and if, after my return to America, I should employ myself in writing the history of the French Revolution, I had rather record a thousand errors on the side of mercy than be obliged to tell one act of severe justice.”—“Ah, citizens! give not the tyrant of England the triumph of seeing the man perish on a scaffold who had aided my much-loved America.”

“Does this look as if I had abandoned America? If she abandons me in the situation I am in, to gratify the enemies of humanity, let that disgrace be to herself. But I know the people of America better than to believe it, tho' I undertake not to answer for every individual.”

“When this discourse was pronounced, Marat launched himself into the middle of the hall and said that I ‘voted against the punishment of death because I was a Quaker.’ I replied that I voted against it ‘both morally and politically.’ I certainly went a great way, considering the rage of the times.

“This fine portrait of Paine is one of two painted by Charles Wilson Peale, and is now in Independence Hall. The other was among the portraits of eminent Americans which, after long exhibition in Philadelphia by Rembrandt Peale, were sold by him to Mr. Anderson. They were purchased from him by the Boston Museum, with the exception of the Paine, which was bought by Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Mr. Jefferson intended to present it to some public institution, but it was burned with his house at Buzzard's Bay. I have his history from Mr. Jefferson, who adds: ‘The cruel fire ruined the splendid *Infidel*, so I presume the salute was satisfied.’